

THE DIGGER

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He wasn't so good with a rifle, couldn't
throw hand-grenades much,
And when in a fight, though his nerves
was all right,
He got in the other men's way;
But put him before a piano, believe me,
the kid had the touch;
He knew every note that had ever been
wrote—
Oh, Buddy, that soldier could play!
He'd make you feel classical music 'way
down to the tip of your spine,
Your pulses would thrill and the heart
of you fill
With songs and with marches of war,
Or you would be swaying to ragtime
that tingled and bubbled like wine,
Till sudden you'd find that with care
you was blind,
You didn't know why or what for!

He'd find an old battered piano some-
where in a ruined chateau,
With half the strings broke and the key-
board a joke
And both of the pedals napoo;
But if the white keys wasn't present
he'd play on the black ones, and so
He'd pick out an air we could whistle
to, there—
And say, but it cheered us, beaucoup!
For some guys is best in the trenches,
and others is best down at Tours;
But he done his bit with each key that
he hit.
His fingers was magical things
That wove us a spell of enchantment
against all we had to endure
And gave us the heart to go on with
our part,
By tunes from a boxful of strings.

He wasn't much use with a shovel,
though willing and anxious enough;
His hands wasn't made for the ditch-
digger's trade,
But they could dig down in your soul
And bring up your dreams and your
visions to make you forget life was
tough
Forget, for a time, all the muck and
the slime
Of some damned detestable hole.
No matter how weary or sleepless or
worn with the march he might be,
He'd coax from the keys any tune that
you please
If there was a box he could try.
And if I was passing out medals, I'd
slip him the old D.S.C.
The service he gave was to help us to
live
And help us to know how to die!

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A smartly-dressed woman was sitting in
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man, in getting in, accidentally trod on
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A TRUE STORY.

"DESTINY!"

As John Grant knocked at the door of the house where Nellie Shannon lived he experienced a sensation that was new to him. It was a feeling of fear.

Picture a squarely built man of twenty-nine, brisk, keen-eyed, and firm of jaw. A barrister on the Scottish circuit, John Grant's future was assured. His ability in his profession was well recognised in legal circles, and a prosperous and distinguished career lay open before him.

In addition to good looks and perfect health, he was the fortunate possessor of considerable private means.

And now he was at the point of setting the keystone to a life of success and happiness—marriage with a beautiful and charming girl.

This afternoon he was going to ask Nellie Shannon to be his wife. Of the reply he had little doubt. That she would refuse him was almost unthinkable.

Already her father and mother had indicated only too clearly that they would welcome him as their son-in-law.

Nellie was devoted to her parents. It was certain that she would accede to their wishes.

For she had shown her admiration of Grant. He was of the straight, clean-living type that every woman trusts instinctively.

Since she was a little child she had known and respected him. True, until latterly she had thought of him more in the light of a big brother than of a prospective husband.

Yet he was an undeniable "catch." The attitude of her girl friends towards him showed that so very plainly.

Yes, she respected him, admired him, genuinely liked and trusted him.

He would give her wealth, position, and all the love and affection his strong and loyal character was capable of.

And yet—

The door of the solid and comfortable looking house opened. Grant was shown into the drawing-room, where he awaited with mixed feeling the arrival of Nellie.

This room, its furniture and arrangement, were as familiar to him as his own home, for he had known the Shannons since he was a boy. Strolling across to the window he gazed pensively out.

So wrapped up in his thoughts did he become that he did not hear the door open and a girl enter the room.

Nellie Shannon was just eighteen. Of middle height, slim and graceful, her pretty face and winsome manner had already wrought havoc with the hearts of a number of young men whom she had encountered. "Wake up, John!"

At the sound of her voice Grant turned quickly round.

"I'm sorry, Nellie. I was miles away."

How exciting! I'd love to know what your thoughts were. Is it any use offering a penny for them?"

Grant hesitated.

"You can hear them for nothing," he said slowly, "if you'd like to."

They sat down on the sofa side by side, and she glanced at him with a puzzled look in her expressive blue eyes.

For a moment Grant did not speak. Then, in level tones, he said:

"I was thinking, Nellie, about you."

Nellie smiled.

"Oh, what's the use of beating about the bush?" he continued, speaking more quickly. "You know—you must know what I've come to say. We've known each other so long. Why, I remember you, Nellie, since you were a wee kiddie. I've watched you grow up, and waited patiently with only one thought. I've thrown myself into my work for only one end!"

Nellie rose quietly, and walked to a small table, where a large bowl of red roses lay.

With slightly trembling hands she took out a blossom and idly fingered it.

The rays of the afternoon sun poured into the room through the open window. It was July, 1914.

In the distance could be heard the hum of traffic and the shouting of newsboys. Grant stood up.

"You know I love you very dearly, Nellie," he said. "Will you marry me?"

Nellie looked down for a second at the rose she held before reply. Then she made as if to clear her throat.

"Yes," she said quietly.

Grant walked across the room and took her hands in his.

At that moment the door opened, and a maid entered the room.

"Mr Fenton!" announced the maid.

A tall young man of twenty came in. His eyes lit up as they fell upon Nellie. Then he saw Grant and paused for an instant, indecisive.

Nellie came between them.

"Let me introduce you to Mr Grant, Dick," she said steadily, "to whom I've just become engaged."

"Engaged?"

There was no mistaking the note of surprise in Fenton's voice as he repeated the word.

Grant watched the younger man closely. He noted that Fenton coloured and then became a trifle pale.

Then the two men shook hands politely.

Nellie looked a trifle anxious, and made some trivial remark about the weather.

The situation was relieved by the entry into the room of Nellie's mother, and presently the four were taking tea together.

But, half an hour later, pleading an appointment, Grant made his escape.

Nellie came into the hall with him whilst he got his hat and coat.

"When are you coming again?" she asked.

"Can I come to-morrow?"

She nodded.

He looked into her face, but the light in her eyes he sought was not there.

He kissed her, and a moment later had left the house.

As he walked along the street, passing soon into a busy thoroughfare amidst the noise of traffic, the picture of her serious, grave face excluded all other thoughts from his mind.

Newsboys were shouting.

Placards bearing the words: Great Britain's Ultimatum to Germany, were exhibited on every hand.

But John Grant neither saw nor heard.

All the while the same sentence rang again and again through his head.

"She does not care for me."

A shouting newsboy obstructed him. Mechanically he bought a paper.

II.

Two years later Lieut. John Grant sat in a dug-out in the reserve line of trenches writing a letter.

It was only a couple of days since he had come back from a brief leave to England.

From the day of his engagement to Nellie much had happened to him.

On the outbreak of war he had enlisted in the ranks of a territorial regiment, and, after months of training, had been sent to France.

When he had experienced a spell of active service he received his commission on the field in a famous Highland regiment.

Leave was scarce in those early days; his opportunities to see Nellie had been few and far between.

But he had written regularly to her, and loyally she had written to him with the same regularity.

Yet always he detected a restraint—a reserve in her attitude towards him.

Out at the front, where night watches and tours of duty gave him frequent opportunity for quiet thinking, he had faced the truth ruthlessly.

Nellie had promised to marry him, and would keep her promise if he held her to it, but he knew only too well that there was someone else to whom she had lost her heart.

He more than suspected who this someone was. He knew.

It was Dick Fenton.

On his last leave Grant had asked after Fenton in an outwardly casual manner.

The startled look that leapt to Nellie's eyes told its own story. Then he learnt that Fenton, too, was at the front.

And so he left Nellie, with a smile on his face but a weight lying heavy on his heart.

To-night he was writing to her. To-morrow—well, who could say what to-morrow would bring forth?

In a few hours his company would move forward to the front line trench. At dawn they were timed to go over the top.

He glanced at his wrist-watch.

Soon the company "runner" would collect the letters. Like himself, the other officers and men were seizing the chance to write a few lines to the ones they loved.

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ed. For many of these were fated to be their last words home.

"She doesn't care," thought Grant. "It's Fenton she loves. It's Fenton who can make her happy."

A new line of thought occurred to him. "Supposing I'm hit to-morrow—mauled or maimed? How can I marry her then. Yet even that would be better if she really cared than marry without love."

"It's no good, John Grant!" he said savagely to himself. "You must face facts. It was her people's wish that Nellie should marry me, never her own."

Thereupon he tore up what he had written, and, taking a clean sheet of paper wrote to Nellie, breaking off their engagement.

A few minutes to five next morning John Grant with his platoon crawled out from their trench and formed up on the "tape line" in No Man's Land.

Then suddenly the darkness was vivid with flashes, and the air rent by screaming shells.

The men scrambled to their feet, and slowly followed our barrage forward.

Soon the enemy's guns began their reply. As he staggered forward through the dust and smoke John Grant was conscious of a sound like the harsh tearing of canvas—a spurt of flame, and the rush of hot fumes.

Then he remembered no more.

III.

The I. and A. liner Marotah had had an uneventful voyage on the way out to Suez. She was bound for Bombay, and fortunately the weather in the Bay of Biscay had been exceptionally calm.

At Suez a few passengers disembarked, and one or two fresh ones came aboard.

Amongst the latter was a queer little clergyman, with humped shoulders and white hair.

His eyesight was evidently very poor, for he wore smoke-tinted spectacles—though these may have been partly to hide a livid scar that marred the right-hand side of his face.

For the first few days he kept to his cabin, but later, when the Marotah was ploughing her way through the Indian Ocean, he showed himself more frequently on deck.

Of course Mrs Drew soon found out about him.

Mrs Drew was a garrulous widow of uncertain age with whom gossip was a mania.

"His name's MacKenzie," she told everyone, "and he's a missionary. He's very Scotch and rather quaint, but quite nice really."

To do her justice, Mrs Drew gossiped to the minister in return, telling him the history, as far as she had been able to discover it, of everyone on board.

"Who is the pretty young lady with the elderly friend?" he asked Mrs Drew one afternoon.

"Oh, that's Miss Shannon—Nellie Shannon," replied the latter. "The older lady is her aunt, who's taking Nellie to her parents in India. Nellie's going to get married as soon as she arrives there. What's the matter?"

The little clergyman had broken out into a fit of coughing.

"Nothing," he replied, "I suffer slightly from asthma, that's all."

"When they get out there, Nellie Shannon is going to marry that tall young man over there—Mr Fenton."

"Ah!"

It was late afternoon, and a slight breeze was beginning to get up. On the

horizon a dark gathering of clouds looked rather ominous.

The officer of the watch eyed the horizon uneasily. The locality through which they were passing possessed an unhealthy reputation for bad squalls.

Gradually the swell increased, and the ship began to pitch and roll with increasing vigour.

Soon the decks were deserted. The passengers sought the saloons or their cabins.

By the time night fell the gale was blowing hard. A heavy sea was running and, to make matters worse, a thunderstorm broke overhead.

The liner was tossed about like a cork. Sleep was impossible. In their cabins the passengers clung to their bunks, badly scared. At midnight the thunderstorm abated, but the gale continued to blow with terrific violence.

Suddenly a crash was heard. A tremendous shock shook the vessel from stem to stern.

The captain, who remained on his bridge throughout the storm, was the first to grasp the truth.

"Great heavens!" he cried "We've struck a derelict!"

Almost at once the Marotah began to settle by the head.

Below, amongst the passengers, a panic had set in. Struggling furiously, they poured on deck.

With terror outweighing all other considerations, they rushed blindly for the boats.

Most of the deck-lights had been shattered by the storm. In the darkness the confusion was appalling.

Men and women fell to be trampled on and unable to rise.

Presidently a tremendous hissing drowned all other sound. The engineers were releasing the steam to prevent the boilers from bursting.

And all the while, despite closed bulkheads, the head of the Marotah settled lower, and her decks slanted steeper and steeper.

Then the water submerged the dynamos, the remaining lights went out.

Dazed and half-unconscious Nellie Shannon felt herself lifted from her feet and carried along the deck.

Soon she lost consciousness altogether. Without knowing it she had been strapped to one of the life-saving rafts on the upper deck.

The Marotah sank deeper.

In the darkness, at the stern of the vessel, a misshapen figure of a man with a hunch-back calmly removed his smoked glasses, folded them in their case, and deliberately placed them in his hip pocket.

Then he dived into the sea.

The next moment the Marotah slid downward, and the air was rendered awful by the cries of the doomed.

IV.

It was day. The storm of the previous night had spent itself. Once more the surface of the sea was restored to calmness, and the tropical sun beat down from a cloudless sky.

About the scene of last night's tragedy pieces of wreckage and driftwood floated.

A few miles away from this spot, swaying evenly with the motion of the water, was a small raft.

Damaged and splintered though it was, this life-saving device had safely weathered the storm, and faithfully served its purpose.

Strapped to the raft about their waists were a girl and a man. Yet there was

(Continued on Page Four.)

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Passing Notes

BY JACQUES.

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

Those headlines again! The Southland Daily News recently had the following:—

THE MODERN CRIMINAL.

OPERATIONS IN BRITAIN.

EVERY MAN AN EXPERT THIEF.

Rather sweeping, this.

Tales are being told out of school regarding the recent visit to Samoa. The Parliamentary Party's pretext for the picnic was that they wished to investigate thoroughly, and at first-hand conditions in our new dependency, and the labour members reason for joining in was, according to the member for Grey Lynn that it was as well to "watch the other fellow." And it was. It would seem that the tweedledum—tweedledee crowd were disposed only to enquire in one direction—that of the cheap—labour-loving planter, who was fully prepared for the party's advent, and had them abundantly supplied with pamphlets and other literature to prove the need for indentured labour. Independent enquiry of the Samoans themselves was severely discouraged, not only by the planter, but by the bulk of the parliamentary party. True, on one occasion there was an interview with some chiefs, who, had been instructed by the Samoans to ventilate certain matters, but, according to Mr Bartram, Captain Cotton and Sir James Allen reached the chiefs first, and somehow tied their tongues. Still, despite all obstacles, the independent enquirers managed to elicit from the Samoans some of their opinions, and have been telling us about them. First we are told, there is no shortage of labour in Samoa at present—or would not be, if the planter was prepared to pay a decent living wage to the Samoan worker. The planter says that the cocoa and copra industries will not bear high wages. If that were true, it would be well to let them die, for, as the late Richard Seddon once stated, no industry which could not afford healthy living conditions to those engaged in it was any good to any country. But its truth may be doubted in view of the fact that the Samoan worker, on his own scrap of land, and with his own crude methods and appliances, can make nearly as much a day as the planter wants to pay his labourer in a month.

Secondly, it is said that the Samoans wish to preserve their racial purity, of which they are very proud, and which is threatened with destruction by the wholesale influx of Chinese and other coolie labour. If this is their desire, then it should certainly take priority over the planters' greedy wish for cheaper labour. Our rights in Samoa are narrowly limited by those of the Samoans themselves, and if we ignore this fact it is probable that the Samoan will grow to think that the difference between German rule and British—or New Zealand—rule is just the difference between the frying pan and the fire.

Reports of motor accidents make flat reading. They are "stated by frequency into commonest common-place." There is a dreary sameness about them all. Somebody is either incompetent or reckless—and hey presto! several beds are requisitioned in the nearest hospital, and the local undertaker finds it hard to keep the smile off his usually severe face. Sometimes the reckless or incompetent one breaks his own neck only, and then the world goes on its way rejoicing. But more often he escapes scot free, worse luck, while his passengers, or some wretched pedestrian wake up in heaven or the hospital. And, nearly always, it is a "regrettable accident," no blame being attachable to anyone. But is it not about time that some steps were taken to safeguard the public's lives and limbs. True, we already have some half-hearted regulations, limiting speed, providing a minimum age limit for taxi-drivers (though not for the drivers of private cars) etc. But these fall far short of the public need. It is time that the powers that be took the matter up in earnest, and insist that no one shall drive a motor car in public until he has proved his fitness by the most rigorous tests. This, while not annihilating the possibility of accident, would certainly reduce the present jeopardy to life and limb.

Speaking of motor hogs. I recently came across a curious passage in an old book, which had a strange ring of historic coincidence or prophecy about it. It ran as follows:—

"At the close of the eighteenth, and the beginning of the nineteenth century, the borderland between France and Germany was infested by bands of desperadoes, who were a terror to all the peaceful inhabitants. Bands of brigands roamed about, committing every kind of atrocity. They were often called Chauffeurs, or Scorchers. . . . Sometimes they were called Garotters, or Stranglers."

Well they must have been milder mannered people in those days. Now the man who has just managed to save his skin by skipping nimbly out of the way of a Chauffeur or Scorchers does not call him a Garotter or Strangler. He generally calls him a ———— And, as a rule the epithets are quite in place.

THE TRAVELLER.

I've loops o' string in the place of buttons, I've mostly holes for a shirt; My boots are bust and my hat's a goner I'm gritty with dust an' dirt; An' I'm siting here on a bollard watch-in' the China ships go forth, Seein' the black little tugs come slidin' with timber booms from the North, Sittin' an' seein' the broad Pacific break at my feet in foam; . . . Me that was born with a taste for travel in a back alley at home.

They put me to school when I was a nipper, at the Board School down in the slums, And some o' the kids was good at spellin' and some at figures and sums; And whether I went or whether I didn't they learned me nothing' at all, Only I'd watch the flies go walkin' over the maps on the wall, Strollin' over the lakes an' mountains over the plains an' sea— As if they was born with a taste for travel. . . . Somethin' the same as me!

If I'd been born a rich man's youngster with lots o' money to burn, It wouldn't ha' gone in marble mansions and statues at every turn. It wouldn't ha' gone in wine and women, or dogs an' horses an' play, Nor in collectin' bricks an' bracks in a harmless kind of way; I'd ha' gone bowlin' in yachts and my way (but I couldn't ha liked it more!) Me that was born with a taste for travel—the same if you're rich or poor. I'd ha' gone howlin' in yachts and rollin' in plush-padded Pullman cars The same as I've seen 'em when I lay restin' at night-time under the stars, Me that have beat the ties and rode the bumpers from sea to sea, Me that have sweated in stokeholds and dined off moldy salt-horse and tea; Me that have melted like grease at Perm and froze like boards off the Horn, All along of a taste for travel, that was in me when I was born.

I ain't got folks an' I ain't got money, I ain't got nothin' at all, But a sort of a queer old thirst that keeps me movin' till I fall, And many a time I've been short o' shelter and many a time o' grub, But I've got away from the row o' houses, the streets, an' the corner pub— And here by the side of a sea that's shinin' under a skyline flame, Me that was born for travel, give thanks because o' the same.

—C. Fox Smith, in "The Soldier," Sydney, N.S.W.

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INVERCARGILL.

DESTINY.

Continued from Page Two.)

also a third figure—a blackcoated figure who had been thrown by Fate against this very raft to scramble upon it in the darkness of the night.

For fate is wont to play grim jokes at times—though we try to pretend that the workings of Destiny are mere accidents by calling them coincidence.

And so it was that Pastor MacKenzie found himself on a raft in mid-ocean with Nellie Shannon and Dick Fenton for company.

When the light of dawn had come, the clergyman had recovered from his pocket his inevitable smoked glasses, and had donned them to protect his eyes from the tropical sun.

Presently the girl stirred slightly, and opened her eyes.

But her consciousness was slow awakening, and a long while passed before she realised where she was and what had happened.

An hour passed.

In the afternoon both Nellie and Dick were awake. The raft contained a small water-keg, and from this the two drank greedily.

MacKenzie looked on with anxious eyes. "We must take care of the water," he ventured mildly. "That's all we've got."

"We shall be picked up soon," said Dick.

"We're bound to be."

"I hope so."

"Is there any doubt about it?" asked Nellie.

The clergyman shook his head dubiously.

"I was only advising caution," he said. "In case the storm had blown us off the usual shipping route."

"I see," said Dick. "In that case we'd better ration the water straightaway. How much do you estimate we've got?"

MacKenzie inspected the keg.

"Two days' supply at the outside—"

He paused. "For two people, that is."

"Well, there are three of us," said Nellie, her pale, drawn features relaxing momentarily into the ghost of a smile.

"Yes," said MacKenzie thoughtfully. "If there were only two it would last a day longer."

The evening passed slowly. Taking watches in turn, the three survivors scanned the horizon about them for signs of a ship.

Then with tropical suddenness day gave way to night.

With the darkness came lowered spirits and depression. Dick and Nellie sat close together on the raft, talking in low earnest tones with his protecting arm about her shoulders. MacKenzie kept somewhat aloof.

"If we're not picked up by the day after to-morrow," said Dick presently, "we—" He left the sentence unfinished.

"Never mind, Dick," said Nellie bravely.

Dick squeezed her small hand reassuringly.

"You two are very fond of each other," came the voice of MacKenzie from the darkness.

"We were to be married when we landed in India," said Dick.

dearly, Miss Shannon?"

"And you love this young man very much?"

"Dick is the only man I have ever loved—or ever could love," replied Nellie softly.

"Do you realise," said MacKenzie, "that I am a clergyman? I could marry you even here if you wished it. So that if anything were to happen, you can go to meet your Maker with the comfort of knowing you are man and wife."

Thus it came about in the darkness, on a raft in mid-ocean, the marriage was solemnised between Dick Fenton and Nellie Shannon.

Around them the sea glowed phosphorescent; above them the sky gleamed with a million jewels.

The night drew on, and presently Nellie and Dick fell into a dreamless sleep.

But the hunchback clergyman did not sleep. He sat crouched up with his face between his hands.

Then he took a small note-book from his pocket, extracted a pencil, and with slow, laborious care commenced to write.

For a long while he wrote steadily till at last he had finished.

Then, tearing the pages from the book, he carefully folded them, and after a moment's thought, slipped them underneath the raft-strap that was buckled about Nellie's waist.

He gazed for a few minutes at the stars then very quietly dived into the water.

He swam some distance from the raft with swift, vigorous strokes, never looking back.

And thus he swam on and on, until at last exhaustion overcame him.

Then he ceased his efforts and sank, never to rise to the surface again.

Soon after daybreak Dick awoke. Over-

coming the stiffness of his limbs, he rose to his feet. At once he missed the clergyman.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "He must have fallen overboard in the night."

But before Dick had time to realise the full meaning of his discovery, the smoke of a steamer on the horizon caught his eye.

Excitedly he seized a stray piece of sailcloth from the raft, and began to wave it.

"Nellie!" he cried, "we're saved. There's a ship in sight."

At the sound of Dick's voice, Nellie opened her eyes. She unbuckled the strap about her waist. As she did so, her hand encountered a few folded sheets of paper.

Wonderingly, she unfolded them.

"Dearest Nellie," the note ran, "I am scrawling this little message of good luck to you before I take my long farewell."

"My one thought through life has been of your welfare and happiness. That is why I realised you from an engagement which I realised was the outcome of family pressure, and not from the true dictates of your heart."

"I realised that you never really cared for me, but for Fenton. I realised that youth attracts youth, and that you looked on me as a friend and not as a lover."

"I thank Heaven I took that step, for the next day I was hit."

"I lay for twenty-four hours before I was picked up, and was reported 'missing'—believed killed."

"I expect you read this in the casualty lists."

"After eighteen months in hospital, I was released—the broken man I now am."

"My spine is permanently injured, and my sight affected. My hair has turned quite white—I am but a shadow of what I formerly was."

"Of course, in my profession I was a finished man. Fortunately the Church was open to me, and I became a missionary."

"I will not weary you with the depressing details of my broken, shattered life. Suffice it to say that I have never ceased to love you with all my heart."

"I have little more to say. What worldly belongings I possess, dear, have long been assigned to you in my will. I pray Heaven that you will be picked up safely by a passing vessel, that you may live to enjoy the life of happiness I wish you."

"God bless you, dear. When I have finished writing this, I am going to give my useless, broken body to the sea for good."

"With every good wish for your lasting happiness, I am taking this last goodbye. From your devoted friend, John Grant."

As Nellie was reading the last words of the letter, Dick called her excitedly.

"Look, Nellie! They've seen us! We're saved—saved!"

But Nellie's eyes were brimming with tears, and a dull pain tore her heart, for she knew she had lost something as precious as life itself—the love of a gallant gentleman.

The End.

BATTLEFIELD MEMORIALS.**NEW ZEALAND'S MONUMENTS.**

A correspondent recently wrote to the Wellington "Evening Post" pointing out that while Australia was at work erecting war memorials at Poirer, Polygon Wood, Mont St. Quentin, and elsewhere, the New Zealand Government apparently was doing nothing. The writer wanted to know what ground had been secured on the battlefields where New Zealanders fell, and what steps had been taken towards erecting Memorials.

This enquiry drew a reply, from which it is learned that New Zealand has been allotted four sites in France and Belgium, by a Military Advisory Committee acting under the Imperial War Graves Committee. These sites are: At the Somme (Factory Corner), Messines (The Square), at the Gravenstafel Cross-roads, and at Le Quesnoy. Other nominated places were Anzac and Palestine, though it is not known what transpired in this latter respect. The Belgian Government has generously undertaken that certain places shall be reserved for this purpose without restriction. The French Government has not undertaken to acquire the sites but will approve what is requested, and pass a decree giving them the status of public memorials, but leaving it to the committee to acquire the actual properties.

No mention is made of a Memorial in Ypres, but all must agree that there should be a memorial erected in that ruined city, besides one at Gravenstafel, to commemorate the New Zealanders who fell at Passchendaele and who gave their lives in holding the trenches at Glencorse and Polygon Woods.

The Nature Column.

(BY "STUDENT.")

Mr Jules Tapper who is a keen nature student, has lately returned from a trip to the Titi or mutton-bird islands. He supplies us with some welcome and interesting notes in regard to some of the native birds which are becoming rare.

On the islands to the South of Stewart Island he found that rare bird the Saddleback quite common. The bird is so tame that it may be caught in the hand without great difficulty. It seems to be more or less of a ground bird and feeds either on the grass or small insects in the grass. Mr Tapper says the maroon coloured saddle was very prominent on all the birds noticed by him.

The friendly little robin, once so plentiful around Invercargill and now found in only a few isolated localities in Southland, is also in numbers on the islands. The Parakeets are numerous and sometimes quite a pest to the mutton-birders, as they settle on the lines where the mutton birds are drying and eat the fat. Is this bird trying to emulate its distant relation the Kea?

In connection with the Parakeets Mr Tapper mentioned that on the islands to the South of Stewart Island the Parakeets were all yellow heads and those on the islands off Half Moon Bay were all red-headed.

Apparently these islands—landing on which is forbidden without leave—have become miniature sanctuaries, and every effort should be made to induce the native owners to respect the bird-life found on them.

The land birds apparently have an enemy in one of the sea birds which is described as a fierce hungry brute.

The Saddleback was reported from Stewart Island some years ago but nothing has been heard of it since. "Student" would be pleased to hear from anybody who has seen this or any other rare bird there of late years.

A few weeks ago the writer had the privilege of an afternoon round Invercargill with one of the Dominion's foremost geologists. A visit to the heap of gravel from the bores at the Water Tower elicited some facts which should prove of interest to those taking an interest in the record of the rocks. This gravel which extends to something like 120ft in depth, is practically all quartz. Many years ago when people were more serious, and a branch of the N.Z. Institute flourished in Invercargill, the origin of this gravel was discussed. There are no mountains round the Southland plain with any quantity of quartz in them, and local scientists were unable to explain where the large masses of quartz gravel came from. A Mr Hamilton put forward the ingenious theory that the quartz came from gilded lignite, the carbon having changed places with silica. He tabled several specimens partly lignite partly silica. This theory however has not been generally accepted.

The geologist on examining the gravel, stated, that in his opinion the quartz had been in masses and had come from a schist district. The only country around here that is schistose is Stewart Island. In all probability therefore, the rivers in ancient days flowed from the direction of Stewart Island towards Invercargill, which is opposite to the direction now maintained. This reversal of the direction of flow is not uncommon. The geologist instancing South Australia where the rivers of present day flow in a contrary direction to the old watercourses. At a point 80ft in the bore is found a stratum of pure milky white gravel. This is probably the same as the outcrop in Bluff Harbour, and which forms one of Southland's rather unique exports. This white gravel would make a fitting facing for our soldiers' memorial.

On the same afternoon a visit was paid to the outcrop of rock which occurs at the junction of the Makarewa and Oreti rivers. This outcrop which is not very widely known is not marked on any geological map. Examination of the rock showed that it was in a state of decomposition, this being shown by the little green crystals appearing in it. It was very difficult to decide whether the rock was sedimentary or igneous in composition. Specimens were taken and in due time microscopic sections will reveal the origin. It is probably an igneous rock for from the Bluff to the Lakes District rocks of this character outcrop.

The Ruapeke granite of which mention has been made lately in the newspaper is somewhat similar to the Bluff Hill granite—which is a plutonic rock, i.e., an igneous rock which has cooled at a great depth. The proper name for the Bluff rock is novite. At some future time I may give a few notes on the Bluff hill, and the interesting rocks adjoining it at Greenhills.

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SIR JOHN MILLBANK, a successful, but stern judge, quarrels with his only son,

JACK, who leaves his father's house to fight his own way in the world; and whilst serving with the Australian contingent, under the name of Dick Foster, he meets, and falls in love with

KITTY, the adopted daughter of Sir John. However, Sir John has arranged for her marriage with

LORD HAVERHAM. In a moment of despair, Kitty writes to Dick, asking him to meet her in the Blue Room at Rivercourt Mansions. At the appointed hour, Lord Haverham goes to the Blue Room to write some letters, and, unbeknown to the guests, Sir John meets him there. An altercation arises between the two men, resulting in the accidental death of Lord Haverham. Later, Dick arrives in the Blue Room, is caught and accused of murder, and found guilty. Whilst passing the sentence of death, Sir John recognises the prisoner as his own son Jack! A few days later, Sir John interviews the prisoner at his private residence under escort of the warders, and tells him he will have to serve at least three years' imprisonment. Just as they are leaving, Dick with the assistance of Kitty makes his escape, and that night they decide to drive into Wimmerleigh; but the car breaks down, and they are forced to accept the hospitality of

BEAUMONT CHASE, a millionaire. The following morning, Dick's host informs him that Sir John had called during the night and taken his daughter away. Dick, believing this story, leaves that morning for Wimmerleigh. Kitty goes down to breakfast, and is cross-examined by Mr Chase, but on his promise of assistance tells him the whole story. "Will you prove to me that you will not follow Dick Foster if I send him to a place of safety?" he asks. "Prove it," asks Kitty. "How can I prove it, Mr Chase?" "Will you consent to marry someone else?" he says in a low tone.

PELHAM WEBB ARRIVES.

Kitty started, not comprehending. "I do not understand," she said. "I shall never marry."

"It is hard to believe that, Miss Millbank," replied the man significantly, his ardent gaze fixed upon her fair face.

"But it is true," she returned gravely. "Mr Foster is all the world to me. There can never be room in my heart for anyone else, even though I never see him again. I would lay down my life for him."

She spoke sadly, but with a frank simplicity that was indescribably girlish. Even Beaumont Chase was moved, but he was not turned from his purpose.

Indeed, this girl, so different from the other women he had met in his varied career, attracted him more than ever.

"You would lay down your life for Dick Foster?" he said quietly. "Is that just a fashion of speech, or do you mean it?"

"I mean it," answered Kitty, meeting his gaze without flinching.

"I may remind you of that before the day is out," said the millionaire. "It is not likely that you will be asked to give up your life, but there are other more reasonable sacrifices you may be called upon to make if you are really serious in your desire to help young Foster."

"Oh, sir!" cried Kitty with sudden im-

petuosity, "you will save him! You have the power and you will use it. You will not let this cruel and unjust plot succeed. Dick is innocent. He is good and true and brave. You will not let his wicked enemies triumph over him. You will save him, Mr Chase! Promise me you will save him."

"Have no fear, Miss Millbank," said the millionaire quietly, "we will save him together, you and I!"

There was an odd significance in his tone. The girl was conscious of it, though she did not understand it.

"What can I do?" she cried passionately. "I am helpless, helpless."

The millionaire smiled mysteriously.

"That remains to be seen, Miss Millbank," he said softly. "It is possible, my dear young lady, that you do not know your power even yet. In a little time—"

He stopped abruptly, becoming aware that a servant, unseen and unheard, had approached across the lawn from the house and now stood at his elbow.

"Well?" he said curtly.

"There is a person just arrived, sir, who insists upon seeing you. He gives the name of Pelham Webb."

Beaumont Chase smiled and gave a quick glance at Kitty.

"It is the man I told you about," he said.

"Very well," he added, again addressing the servant, "show him into the library—no! not the library, into the Green Hall."

As he made the correction, a faint smile appeared upon his lips.

The servant hurried away to carry out his instructions, and the millionaire turned again to Kitty.

"This is the detective man who has been dogging me. Of course, he is really after you and young Foster. I will hear what he has to say and find out what he knows. I want you to overhear our interview. You know the conservatory which communicates with the Green Hall?"

"Yes."

"I want you to conceal yourself there and keep quite quiet. I will bring the man near enough for you to overhear everything that passes between us."

The girl looked at him, puzzled. She felt he must have some motive for this rather curious proposal, but she could not guess what it was.

"Very well," she said slowly, "if you think it best."

"I do," he answered. "I want you to learn from this man's own lips just what he knows and what he is prepared to do. Then perhaps you and I will be able to devise some plan for outwitting him."

They parted on the terrace and entered the house by different doors.

THE PRICE.

The Green Hall was a very noble reception-room at the south-western extremity of the castle-like building.

At one end was a conservatory filled with ferns and palms and costly flowers. Sliding glass doors enabled the conservatory to be shut off from the Green Hall, but these were now open.

Beaumont Chase, entering the room from the other end found awaiting him a sharp-featured little man of about forty.

"Mr Pelham Webb, I think?" he said pleasantly.

The man bowed.

"You want to see me on business?"

"Yes, sir, rather serious business."

"All business is serious to a man of pleasure such as I am, Mr Webb," replied the millionaire genially. "However, we won't be unduly mournful over it will we?"

He rang a bell and to the servant who almost instantly appeared he said:

"Whisky and soda, and cigars."

Then he led his visitor down the speci-

ous apartment to a little table which stood near the entrance to the conservatory.

He dropped into a chair and nodded towards another.

"Make yourself comfortable, Mr Webb," he said.

The detective seated himself, but with deliberation. His manner was of one who is very much on his guard.

"You have heard of me, Mr Chase?" he inquired.

"Who has not?" replied the other politely. "Pelham Webb, the friend of justice, the righter of wrongs and the terror of evil-doers."

The little man bowed stiffly.

"You know the object of my visit here to-day?" he remarked.

"I can guess something of it," replied the millionaire, "but I should prefer you to state it in your own words. Just tell me what you want, and if I can help you, I will."

There was a brief interruption to the conversation owing to the arrival of a servant with the whisky and cigars.

When the man had departed, and they were once more alone together, the detective was the first to speak.

"If you mean what you say, Mr Chase, you will save me and others a great deal of trouble," he said.

"I always mean what I say," retorted the millionaire with his half-mocking smile.

The detective had an uneasy feeling that he was being played with, and an ugly look came into his little eyes.

Nevertheless he kept calm.

"You will not deny that a young woman and a young man arrived here a few nights ago by motor car, and that you gave them shelter?" he said.

"Deny it? Why should I deny it? It is perfectly true."

"The young lady was running away from home; the man was a fugitive from justice. You understand that by assisting them you render yourself liable—"

"One minute," interposed Beaumont Chase from behind a cloud of tobacco smoke, "who are you acting for?"

"The friends of the young lady."

"I see. Then you are not interested in what becomes of the man?"

"On the contrary, I am very much interested. I intend to seize him and hand him over to the regular police."

"You think you can do that?"

"Yes."

"You know where he is?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"On board your steam yacht, the 'Flying Spray,' now lying off a certain little fishing village on the Suffolk coast."

The millionaire smiled.

"You have been busy, Mr Webb," he said pleasantly. "I compliment you. But, having discovered so much by your own genius, why do you come to me?"

"I will be frank, Mr Chase," said the little man, leaning forward confidentially. "The family to which the young girl belongs is a very distinguished family, and they wish to avoid any scandal."

"Quite so, but you are not instructed by Mr Justice Millbank."

"I am instructed by those who are acting for him. And they are naturally very anxious that Miss Millbank should return home at once."

"Naturally, and I think I can help you there. I will do my best to persuade her to return. Now as to the man, you are determined to have him?"

"Yes."

"I can't persuade you to drop that side of the case? Why not let the lad have a dash for liberty?"

"That is quite impossible."

"And you want me to hand him over?"

"Yes."

"If I refuse?"

"It will make no difference to him. We shall act without you; but in that case, it will be difficult to keep the affair out of the papers. We wish to avoid that for the sake of the foolish young girl."

"I see. Does anyone besides yourself know where Dick Foster is hiding?"

"Not yet. For the present I am keeping to myself all the information I have acquired."

"Good. Now look here, Webb. You are a clever fellow. You are just the man I want. How would you like to become my own private inquiry agent at a fixed salary?"

"I am not seeking a situation, thank you, Mr Chase," said the little man stiffly.

Mr Beaumont Chase, leaning back in his chair, took his cigar from his lips and watched the blue smoke coiling from its tip. (Continued on page 6.)

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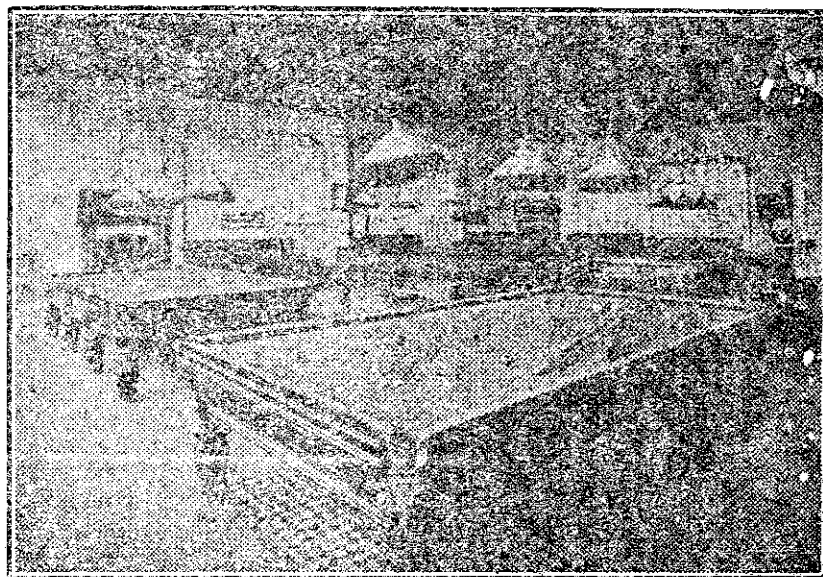
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BILLIARD NOTES.

BRINGING THE WHITE OUT OF BAULK.

As it is not nearly so bad to have the white in baulk as to have the red there when ball in hand, a player so placed that he has only a choice between a difficult in-off from the white and a difficult in-off from the red, and aware that it is beyond his ability to get either stroke without leaving the object-ball in baulk, should always play the in-off from the white, whenever the red is in such a position that an in-off or a pot would be on from baulk.

A cannon would be a difficult shot to get, and the in-offs are both of a similar nature. Whilst not exactly easy, neither in-off is—for a fair player—too difficult just as a stroke. Of course, I don't mean for a moment to suggest that a really good player could not go in off either ball by means of a slow screw without sending the object ball into baulk. At the same time, such a stroke requires very clever handling, and is certainly quite beyond the compass of ordinary players. Placed as the balls are, most players, after having had a look at both the in-offs, and finds nothing to choose between them, would play at the red simply because the stroke counts more, and perhaps also on the off-chance of the red being doubled into some pocket—which one they are not at all particular.

If the in-off from the white be played and the ball remains in baulk, by all means keep it out if possible, or drive it in and out—the red is in good position for an in-off from baulk, and therefore there is always the possibility of getting the red into a favourable position for such a pot as will leave the cue ball well situated for an in-off from the white, thus bringing that ball into play again.

AN IN-OFF FROM THE RED IN PREFERENCE TO AN EASIER IN-OFF FROM THE WHITE

A position with the two object balls in baulk. The location of the balls is such that the in-off from the white is an ab-

solutely easy shot, but the in-off from the red is rather more difficult. In cases like this, it is certainly a better game to play the more difficult in-off from the red, on the principle that it is better to leave the white in baulk than the red.

It will often happen that both the object balls are inside the baulk-line, and the striker's ball is so placed—in baulk or otherwise—that whereas there is an easy in-off from the red, the cannon is an uncertain stroke. Many players have a very mistaken notion that, under these conditions, they should always play the cannon, in order not to be ball in hand with one of the balls in baulk, and they contend that they are thereby playing what they call the game. But they forget that what may be the game for one player is often certainly not the game for a less able player.

Under such conditions, with the cannon very uncertain, the striker should play the in-off from the red, trying to leave the red in position for another in-off, for by being able to continue playing at the red there is always the possibility of working it into a favourable position for a pot, should this be desirable by reason of the white in baulk being well located for an in-off. Besides, if this desired position does not come off, there will always be a cannon of some kind or another to fall back upon, and, if the worst come to the worst, and a very difficult one present itself, it may not be much more difficult than the first cannon that the striker would not tackle, and, in the meantime, a nice few may have been scored off the red.

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JUDGMENT.

(Continued from Page 5.)

tip as though he were greatly interested in it.

"Wouldn't the amount of the salary offered make any difference?" he asked casually.

"I think not," said the detective coldly.

"Suppose I offered you five thousand pounds a year and paid the first two years salary in advance?" suggested the millionaire quietly.

The little detective, well-trained as he was to control his feelings, could not altogether hide the effect upon him of this extraordinary suggestion.

He gave a little jump in his chair, and something like a gasp of astonishment escaped him.

"You—you are serious?" he said unsteadily.

"Quite."

"That is a firm offer?"

"Absolutely."

Mr Pelham Webb drew a deep breath. "If I accept your offer, I shall have to drop this case," he said.

"Naturally. I could not share you with anyone else, I should want your exclusive services."

"I see," began the detective slowly. "I—er—I am afraid—"

"Think it over," interrupted Beaumont Chase, rising to his feet. "I can give you half an hour. Take a stroll by yourself in the grounds. I can put you on to a number of very curious cases—cases that have been worrying me for years. You won't be idle if you decide to come to me. But don't decide in a hurry—think it over. Meet me here in half an hour."

As he spoke, he linked his arm in the little man's and led him into one of the windows opening on to the terrace.

Before he quite knew what was happening, Mr Pelham Webb found himself out in the beautiful grounds of Beaumont Hall, alone.

Beaumont Chase slowly retraced his steps across the room until he came to the conservatory.

On the threshold he paused and seemed to be thinking.

His handsome face wore a very grave expression.

And while he waited, Kitty suddenly emerged from her hiding place and confronted him.

Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes were very bright, and to the man it seemed that never had she looked more beautiful.

"You heard all?" he asked.

"Every word!" she replied eagerly. "Oh, Mr Chase, how splendid you are! How generous! You will give this horrid little man all that money and—and Dick will escape."

"It is a large sum of money," Beaumont Chase uttered the words quietly and thoughtfully, and a startled look came into the girl's eyes.

A sudden fear seized her and all the colour faded from her cheeks.

"But you will give it to him!" she exclaimed eagerly. "You will not draw back now! You will not let him take Dick, you will give him the money!"

The man's calm gaze was fixed on the girl's excited face.

"I have never in my life given anything away," he said quietly.

Kitty stared at him, her lips parted.

"But I have bought many things," he went on; "and whenever I wanted a thing I have always been ready to pay the price of it."

"And you want to save Dick!" cried Kitty eagerly.

"No; I don't think so! Why should I take any interest in the young man?"

Kitty gasped. She was terrified and bewildered. If this man did not mean to help her, why was he playing with her in this fashion? What did he mean?

Desperately she determined to come to an explanation.

"You are rich," she said impetuously. "This money is nothing to you. You have it in your power to save an innocent man from a cruel fate. After all your kindness, I will not believe you intend to betray him to his enemies. Why do you torture me? How can you be so cruel?"

"Have you forgotten what I told you, Miss Millbank?" said the man, remaining perfectly calm and unruffled. "If Foster is to be saved, you must help. It cannot be done by me alone. You must do your part."

"I will do anything!" cried Kitty impulsively.

"Very well, then; I think it can be managed. In the first place, you must return to your father's house at once. Do you consent to that?"

"Yes, yes; I will go back!"

"He is very ill and he needs you. Your place is by his side. He is so ill that he has not yet been informed of your absence. If you go back to-day, he need never know of your—er—your escapade."

"I will go back," said Kitty nervously; "I only want your promise that you will protect Dick."

"I will promise that. I will undertake to get him safely out of the country. I will so arrange that he disappears completely, leaving no trace behind. In another country under another name he can begin life afresh."

"Oh sir! how can I thank you! How—" The man raised his hand and checked her impetuous flow of gratitude.

"One minute! I will do all that, but I must make myself secure. There is a condition attached to my promise—a condition, which you must agree to—otherwise I can do nothing, the law must take its course, and Foster will be arrested and compelled to complete his sentence."

"What is your condition?" said Kitty. And fear was in her heart though she knew not why.

"You will make no attempt to follow or communicate with Foster," said Chase. The girl nodded.

"I agree," she said in a low voice.

"For a whole year you will hear nothing. At the end of that period the hue and cry after Foster will have died down and you will know that he is safe. I shall bring you proof of it."

"Yes?"

"Then will be the danger for me. You will want to follow him. That will put the police again on his track, and my complicity in the affair will come to light, with results extremely disagreeable to me."

"I promise you have nothing to fear. If you will only save Dick, I—I promise never to see him again," cried poor Kitty pitifully the hot tears rushing to her eyes.

"Pardon me, that is not enough. At the end of the year, when you know Foster is doing well and has gone out of your life for ever, I shall introduce you, in your father's house, to a gentleman of your own class, possessed of ample means and in every way eligible. Will you consent to marry him?"

The amazing proposal, so carefully led up to, was out at last.

The millionaire spoke calmly and deliberately. There was something almost cold and business-like in his tone and manner, and it was behind an impenetrable mask that he concealed his real feelings.

Kitty fell back as though she had received an actual blow and stared open-eyed and open-mouthed at the speaker.

"Marry? Marry someone I don't know? You can't be serious, I—I shall never marry."

"Then I can do nothing for you," replied the man quietly. "I regret it, but I have thought this matter out very seriously. And I can see no other way. If I agree to save young Foster, you must consent to marry the man I choose for you in a year's time from to-day. That is my final condition. Please say yes or no."

White to the lips the girl stared at him, scarcely believing her ears.

But it did not take her long to become convinced that the terrible man before her was absolutely serious. As she gazed at him, a great horror took possession of her soul.

A moment ago she had told herself that she was prepared to make any sacrifice to save Dick. But she had never dreamed of this.

She loved Dick Foster with all the passionate ardour of a young girl's first love, and her whole being revolted at the thought of giving herself to any other man.

Her first impulse was to fling herself upon her knees and beg for mercy, but the cold, resolute look in the man's eyes restrained her.

Then she thought of Dick as a hunted man. With her mind's eye she saw him seized and dragged back to a prison cell. She saw him in a convict's garb, condemned for long years to wear out a cruel existence under the soul-deadening tortures inflicted upon him by coarse and brutal warders.

She could save him from that! She, and she alone! But the price!

She shivered with a sickening sense of horror and disgust, and when she tried to speak no words would come.

A slight sound at the other end of the room startled her and broke the almost unendurable tension.

She glanced in the direction and saw that one of the big French windows was opening and that a man was about to enter.

It was Pelham Webb!

The half-hour was up and the detective was returning for his answer.

On perceiving that Beaumont Chase was not alone, the little man was about to withdraw, but the millionaire beckoned him to enter.

"Come in, Mr Webb," he said easily.

"This is the young lady you are in search of. You will be glad to hear she has decided to return to her father's house to-day."

(Continued on Page 10.)

DRAUGHTS.

(Conducted By F. Hutchins.)

The annual meeting of the Laverca-gill Draughts Club will be held in the Athenaeum smoke-room at 7.30 p.m., on Wednesday, 28th April. A revival in the game is anticipated and it is intended to start a tourney next month. A good attendance is required and newcomers will be very welcome. Come along and make the coming season a success.

At the smoke concert tendered to the visiting players at the Timaru Draughts tournament a remarkably able speech was given by Mr Patterson in reply to the toast "chess and kindred games." Mr Patterson is a chess player and he said, "He would not attempt to say which game was the best. Both games would exercise the intellectual faculties to the full extent of their powers. None of us could become perfect at either game. They both tended to correct thinking and could be taught in the schools with great benefit. They would assist to develop the perceptive faculties and he ventured to say that if our legislators had received a training in chess or draughts our laws would be better. The same faculties that helped us to solve chess and draught problems would help us to solve our social problems."

In conclusion he told a humorous little story of two old Scotchmen who used to meet regularly for a tussle over the draught board. One of them died and the other one seemed very much cut-up about it. He was wandering round one day looking very down-hearted, when a friend met him and tried to cheer him up. He told him that as death was inevitable to all of us sooner or later, it was foolish of him to grieve too much for poor Jock. "It isn't that," said Sandy, "but the devil was a game up on me."

Solution of Problem 4.

Black: 7. Kings on 19 and 28.
White: 16. Kings on 6 and 12.

White to play and draw.

6.9A 28.24 9.14 24.20 16.11
7.16 14.18 Drawn.

A.—If White plays 6.2, Black wins by 28.24, 2.11, 24.20.

Another early trap in the Bristol although old is worth remembering. It is brought about by the following play—

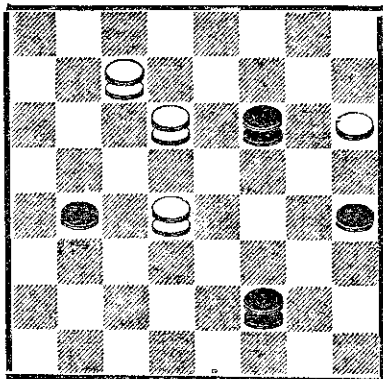
11.16 12.19 4.8 12.19 8.12 9.18
24.20 22.18 23.16 27.23 21.17 26.23
16.19 8.11 8.12 3.8A 12.19 18.27
23.16 27.23 32.27 23.16 18.14

White wins.

A.—11.16, 20.11, 7.16, 18.15, 16.20, 23.16, 10.19, etc draws.

The following is an end game played in the championship tourney between Boreham and Calderwood.

Boreham: White, 21, Kings 15, 23 and 27.



Calderwood: Black, 13, 16, Kings, 6 and 22.

White to play.

Boreham 23.18 and Calderwood drew by 6.10, some of us thought that Boreham should have won. I submit the following play to win.

15.11 16.20 11.15 6.1 23.18
22.26 15.19 26.30A 27.23 1.5
18.22 5.1 23.18 1.5 21.17
5.1 17.14 1.5 14.10 5.1
18.14, White wins.

A.—26.31 27.23 1.5 18.22 5.1
21.17 1.5 17.14 5.1 14.9
1.5 22.18 5.14 18.9 13.17
9.14 17.22 14.18 22.25 18.15
25.30 23.27 31.24 19.28 and White wins.

This does not exhaust the play on it and I invite criticism.

ORIGINAL.

AHMET.

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

(By 11/1275.)

MAHMOUD STARTS FOR MECCA.

CHAPTER V.

Abu Sulieman, professedly to prove his sanctity, but in reality to avoid the vengeance of Mahmoud, set out on his pilgrimage to the Kebra at Mecca.

At least that was what he gave out in the bazaars but the sly old ruffian had in reality been the whole time in the pay of the Turks, and from information he had acquired during the time he had been attached to the forces as interpreter, he knew that there was the probability of an attack by the Turks on the Suez Canal. From his Turkish masters he also knew that such attack was more imminent than was dreamed of by the British intelligence department. Thus he thought to cross the canal at Kantara, and by striking south-east towards Rodhsalem to get in touch with the advancing Turks, and hand over to them his latest information as to the strength and disposition of the British forces.

To this end he proceeded to Salhieh by train, and stayed for three days with a kinsman, who procured him a camel, and obtained a quantity of provisions and dhourra (camel food) in readiness for the journey across the desert.

Then on the fourth night, accompanied by his kinsman, Abu Sulieman started at sunset for Kantara, taking care to avoid the signal and pilot stations and the railway station with its guard of Sikh soldiers. To the north of the pilot station they found a dahabea the crew of which for a small consideration set Abu Sulieman and his camel across the canal, his kinsman returning to Salhieh. Abu, after returning thanks to Allah for bringing him so far on his journey, set the nose of his camel south-east and started for Rodhsalem.

During this time Mahmoud had been by no means idle. Starting the day after Abu Sulieman, he followed the latter to Salhieh, having found out the old man's movements, through the good offices of some of his brother moghassils, for as says the proverb, "What shall be hid from the washers of the dead? Shall not they know the going and the coming of all men?"

Sitting then in a corner of the Sok at Salhieh, drinking coffee, and pretending to be overcome with the fumes of hashish, he heard the kinsman of Abu Sulieman strike the bargain for Abu's camel.

Now Mahmoud, although ignorant of modern geography, possessed what was common to all Arabs, a highly developed sense of direction, and he was well aware that the land route to Mecca did not run past Rodhsalem, but he also knew that there was a Turkish post there, also he had heard the bazaar rumours as to a large army concentrating there to attack the Canal.

Thus, when Abu Sulieman and his kinsman started for Kantara Mahmoud followed them, keeping to the sleepers of the military railway.

Abu's kinsman Ibrahim was returning to Salhieh, when his camel stopped dead beside a palm tree, after crossing the fresh-water canal. There was a graces rope across the track about breast high, which had checked the beast, and on dismounting to remove the obstruction, Ibrahim felt a sharp pain in the back. He rolled over with a gasp and Mahmoud to moghassil arose wiping a long and particularly nasty-looking knife, which, after carefully wiping, he placed in his belt. He next heaved the body of the victim into the canal and removing the rope from across the track, he mounted the camel and, turning south, made off in the direction of Ismailia.

The next morning, shortly after day-break, he was at the British Commandant's office, with the news that a spy by name of Abu Sulieman was crossing the desert to Rodhsalem.

Little time was lost in communicating with headquarters in Cairo, whence it was found that an interpreter named Abu Sulieman was missing from his usual haunts, and a patrol of the "Bikanir Camel Corps" was sent across the desert in the direction of Rodhsalem with orders to intercept the spy if possible.

The patrol was absent for three days, during which time Mahmoud was kept in

custody. On the return of the patrol the Officer in Command reported that he had obtained touch with the Turkish advance guard some thirty kilos east of Rodhsalem, that they were too strong for him to push back in order to see what force lay behind, and that he had made all speed back to report. He had seen no signs of Abu Sulieman, although two of his men had followed a camel track back and found that it started from the north of Kantara, and was fairly fresh, and that as the tracks led toward the Turkish force he had little doubt that the story told by Mahmoud was true and that the spy had succeeded in reaching the enemy.

An aeroplane was sent out to reconnoitre, and reported a strong Turkish force moving rapidly towards the canal, evidently with the intention of cutting it near Serapeum.

At once all was orderly bustle and confusion. In a few hours troops arrived by trains from Suez, Alexandria, and Cairo and were moved to the threatened zone. Before daybreak of the next day they were dug in on the west bank of the canal.

All this time on her, Ahmet, had been with the Umpteenth Aussies, and each day had made him more familiar with military life until with the easy adaptability of the young he was to all intents and purposes quite what he called a "dean-koom soger."

At last Ahmet asked when the sham fight would begin, and they laughed and said that it was a real fight this time, and that it was a dinkum war, and not at all a bad old war after all.

Then the regiments began to march away, Tommies, New Zealanders, and Aussies, Scotties with their kilts and swart Ghurkas with their kookries at their sides. At last the Umpteenth moved off, and Ahmet in the confusion managed to secret himself on the train. It is quite true that no one had given him permission to go, but then no one had given him a thought, or he would certainly have been left behind.

He was cunning enough to keep hidden till the troops detrained at Serapeum, when he slipped off in the darkness, and waited till daylight to join his company.

The next morning he made his way to the canal and reported that Sergt. Mackenzie had rejoined. The "skipper" had no means of sending him back to Helmeih, and was too busy to worry about him, and after rating him for coming without permission, sent him to the company cook to get some food.

The men were at breakfast when Ahmet arrived, and were delighted to find that their mascot had followed them. Ahmet had the time of his life, also the feed of his life, for all sorts of dainties were pressed upon him.

His company, being in reserve, did not take part in the ensuing fight and the men expressed their disapproval of this fact in a manner that taught Ahmet a variety of words, which he added with great gusto to his already large vocabulary. The language was particularly lurid when broken and defeated the Turkish Army had retired, and they were ordered to form the burial parties. Ahmet accompanied them on this duty, and wondering over the scene of the fight, he found a wounded man whose face seemed oddly familiar to him.

He, of course, knew nothing of the other's treachery and was surprised, and not a little puzzled as to how Abu came to be there. He ran to the captain of his company and told him that Abu Sulieman the Haj and interpreter was lying greatly hurt. The Captain who had by no means the same respect for Abu at once ordered that he should be placed under a guard and his capture reported to Headquarters.

Abu was removed in an ambulance drawn by two mules and driven by a native driver, whose face was muffled. Ahmet, who was there to see the old man off peered into the face of the driver, wondering who it could be and why the man had his face muffled. Imagine his astonishment when as the cart moved off the driver let fall his muffer and disclosed the features of Mahmoud, the moghassil, his own father.

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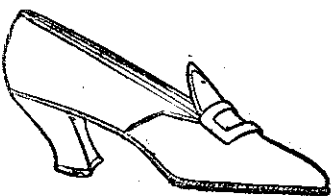
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SPORTING.

A generous patron of the trotting game in Southland is going out of it for a while in George Hunter of Wyndham. George has owned one or two good ones in his day, and report has it that he has a couple of very fast ones in Oaknut and Coldwater just now. Both of these as well as some other nicely bred ones will be sold at Wyndham on Saturday. The luck he has had this season would sicken anyone of the game, but we hope to see him come in again in the near future, and that Dame Fortune will turn her wheel his way.

Old Chudie won a race at the Grey-mouth Autumn Meeting. He started third favourite in a field of four and won by a neck.

Benefit did no good at the Westland and Greymouth Easter Meetings.

Arty Wilson with his successes at Lawrence and Beaumont has now 18½ wins to his credit and is fourteenth on the list. He incidentally now heads the Otago jockeys, Billy Robinson with 18 being next on the list.

Thistlecrown did not get away with the stake he won on the second day of the Riverton meeting without his connections having to explain his reversal of favour, the stipendiary steward, who by the way, appeared to be a very easy going official, accepting the explanation offered.

Old Rongahere has broken down again, and the turf has now probably seen the last of him.

Captain Eric Russell did not hold Matilda long the second time. She is reported to have cost the sporting lawyer a lot of money before he went away. Let us hope he has got it all back from the profit he made on the last sale of her.

Mine Host Bert Stiven hasn't been airing his colours for some time. But both Rokelaine and Mohawk may be ready about the same time as the Dunedin Winter Show is on.

Trotting men in Christchurch are very indignant that H. R. H. Prince of Wales is not going to see a high class trotting meeting in the colony. They are not nearly so indignant as trotting men in and around Invercargill who are not allowed to have any sort of trotting meeting in their town. Now then Digger John Bruce Thomson, ex-president of the Southland Trotting Club, what about getting to it?

Some Digger wants to know which took the boys down for most of the gratuity money, the other might promise them a tell, but the tote would certainly always give them some sort of run for their money, the other might promise them a sheep run.

Bert Stiven hasn't lost hope of catching a race or so with Mohawk yet. When the tracks get softer he will have the services of two smart sprinters in Rokelaine and Mohawk.

Our trotting men are now looking forward to the big meeting to be held at Forbury early next month. It will be the last chance for trotters to earn their winter oats this season, and it won't be hard to find triers.

What about a job as huntsman or whip to the Birchwood Hounds' diggers? The Club is inviting applications to be considered on Saturday night.

It is reported that a leading firm of "diggers" down the street are short odd favourites for the vacant secretaryship of the local Racing Club. They should be able to fill the bill between them very well, and with an experienced and successful president like Mr Hazlett to guide them they would soon become proficient in all that was required to run an institution like the Southland Racing Club.

Digger Hazlett is credited in a northern journal with the intention of taking his horses up to Wingatui to be trained. It is not likely that he will shift Samiel this season for Jimmy Hymers has got him very fit, and he is bound to win a good race before the three days at Wingatui next June are finished.

There are a lot of horses that have been raced this season in Southland that have not paid their way. The racing game is where one learns to lose well, and we met a lot of 'em in the trenches who had been trained on the turf. Every one of them was an out-and-out sport and a good mate. The "tote" may attract a lot of our cash, but it teaches a man to take his losses like a sport—and there is no better way.

His owners were naturally pleased with Burrangong's good and honest running at Riverton, and would now like to spare him the indignity they intended for him. Watty always was of a kind nature, and many diggers have very kindly remembrances of little things he said and did for them during the war. Some sports who stayed at home were all talk, but some were talkers, workers and payers, and Burrangong's owner was one of the latter. Diggers always share in Burrangong's successes and, alas, his losses too.

Trainers, like farmers, now that the crops are secured, will welcome the rain this week. Tracks are very hard and horses who have been racing on them will welcome something softer to train on before the Ashburton and Timaru meetings next month.

OLD TIMERS AT RIVERTON.

Reading my notes of old "timers" watching the steeplechases at Riverton last week, has reminded an old sporting friend of mine about other riders, amateurs and others who used to cross the Riverton country, as he puts it, during the nineteenth century. "Well over thirty years ago," he says, "the Riverton course was on the opposite side of the road to where it is now, and in those days Ted Saunders and an old grey called Waiau were nearly invincible. Farquhar McKay and "Wallace County," Fred Wilson, now ill at Queenstown, poor chap, and "Civis" and Johnny Smith, who was then in his prime and kept a good hotel at Otatau, were contemporaries, and what a fine lot of horsemen they were. Then "wee" Archy McGavock and "Aparima," who on one occasion had to go an extra round to get the money, and Watty Duncan, a grand horseman, but —, were top notchers. The latter was a professional jockey who dearly loved a steeplechase, and he won the Great Western Steeplechase four years running, amongst the good ones he rode were "Huntsman" and "Peter Simple." Billy Saunders, the local secretary, who is quarrelling with his job, was another who rode four winners in four consecutive rides over Riverton. But Farquhar McKay, outstayed all these. He started 'way back in the 'eighties, and like that good whisky "Johnny Walker," was still going strong when the new century had started. Ever since he has been clerk of the course. Let us hope that now hunting is going to start again we will develop another lot of Arthur Gerrards, Farquhar McKays, Archy McGavocks, Fred Wilsons, Johnny Smiths, Billy Saunders, and Watty Duncans, just to keep the jumping game clean and interesting. There was no going to the first fence in those days. None of that mob would ever return to the enclosure if a horse baulked with them. It had to fall once or twice before they would give in. And what a good lot of horses we used to muster in those days! Perhaps they couldn't go as fast as Zarkoma or Silverspire, but they would lose them in the country they had to jump in those good old days. Waiau, Civis, Aparima, Patchwork, Nimrod (a holy terror to pull), Grace Darling (I think the best of the lot if she had been given a fair chance), old Seaward (a great horse when well), Huntsman (an unlucky horse), Peter Simple (a rare safe fencer), and a host of others I can't call to mind just now." I would just like to add to my friend's reminiscences that Alex Melvor was one of the successful horsemen over Riverton country, and nearly twenty years ago was one of our best hurdle race riders. He and his friends won some money in those days with The Earl.

A fabric closely resembling silk is now being manufactured from trees that are natives of the tropical regions of Asia, Africa, and South America.

Get More Fun out of Life

Let this booklet tell you how

Say good-bye to hum-drum days. Spend no more hours. Get out into Indianland. Revel in the splendours of its matchless scenery, its unlimited sport. Travel. Enjoy better health.

Here is a booklet which tells you something of the fun of motorcycling—shows you something of the great good time that would be yours if you owned an

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Please send me your booklet *Out of the World of Hum Drum*. I incur no obligation by this request.

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Do you own a motor cycle?

(Please fill in "YES" or "NO.")

TO THE DIGGER IN SEARCH OF LAND.

We beg to say that we have a large selection of FARMS 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.

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BRANCHES

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Tea Rooms — Top Floor by Elevator

Quality - Value - Variety - Service.

Finest in the World.

WATSON'S No. 10 WHISKY.

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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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EXCHANGE MART.

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Phone—15.



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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,

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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.

253 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—

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ESK STREET, INVERCARGILL.

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

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

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Money to Lend on approved security at current rates.

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

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Rooms over Wesley Brothers, Dee street.

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"The Digger."

FRIDAY, APRIL 16, 1920.

ANNUAL MEETING.

Another year has passed and the secretary's attention is directed to the preparation of the report for presentation to the Annual Meeting. The report will be somewhat lengthy, but will embrace every sphere of activity that the R.S.A. has entered into during the past year.

The field covered is very wide and will be interesting to returned men who have the welfare of the Association at heart. There are others who frequently ask what the Association is doing. If there is any sincerity in the enquiry of the man who frequently complains about the work of the R.S.A., then by attending the annual meeting it will readily be found that a vast amount of good work is being done as indicated by correspondence published elsewhere in these columns. If there are complaints; then the meeting will provide ample opportunity for ventilating them. Every returned man who is anxious to see justice meted out to soldiers and their dependents, is at least under a moral obligation to attend and help the cause that meets with universal approval from one end of the Dominion to the other. The present executive has done good work and it will rest with the meeting to appoint an executive who will pay strict attention to the work of the R.S.A. and stand firm against the forces which are antagonistic to the welfare of the R.S.A., and which stand in the way of the soldier's widow, or otherwise, receiving straightforward treatment.

The executive have been enterprising in launching this journal, which, as we said in our first issue, will conserve the interests of returned men. Its columns are open to you and should be availed of. If returned men and dependents stand united behind the "Digger" we shall make it a force felt, and will arrest the attention of M.P. who placed so little value upon us, that the questions submitted prior to last election were practically ignored. The management committee who have control of the "Digger" have given untiring effort in connection with this journal, and a report will be submitted to the meeting which will make more ex-

plicit the aims and aspirations of the R.S.A. through its medium. Every one who can possibly attend from town or country is asked to make a special effort to attend a meeting which means so much for the effective working of the Association.

THE DIGGER'S LETTER BOX.

CLATS WITH THE EDITOR.

His Worship the Mayor and Councillors, Invercargill:—Gentlemen, at your last meeting you received a letter from the R.S.A. asking you to make concessions to limless men on the tramcars. It would, of course, have been effective had you made concessions without your attention being drawn to the matter, but, that you should hold the matter over for consideration and to make enquiries as to what is being done in other places shows a lack of decision which is a very essential element in the make up of a council. Had you decided to make the concessions asked for, your action would have met with universal approval from the ratapayers. In this case, at least, you could have decided the matter without referring it to anyone outside of Invercargill, as it is not a matter calling for any outsiders' opinions as to what we shall do with our tramway system.

(To the Editor.)

Sir,—The Annual Meeting of the Invercargill Returned Soldiers' Association is advertised for 8 p.m. on Friday, the 23rd inst., and I hope that all returned men will make a note of this time and date and will endeavour to be present at the meeting. The Returned Soldiers' Association is possibly less "noisy" than it used to be, and the members of the Association will share with the executive some measure of satisfaction in the fact that less "noise" is now necessary. The policy of the Association can be summed up under two simple headings. (1) To protect and help all returned soldiers and soldiers' dependants who are suffering in any form as a result of the war, and who are, for various reasons, unable to look after themselves. (2) To give information and advice to soldiers and to their dependants on legislation which directly affects them. The second of these objects we leave largely to our permanent secretary and to the editor of our official newspaper, "The Digger," but if we are to continue the good work we have been able to do in connection with the first of our objects we must have, not only a strong executive, but also the enthusiastic support of all of our members. The meeting on Friday, the 23rd inst., promises to be a busy one. Many important matters will come up for consideration, and I hope that we shall have a full and enthusiastic attendance.—I am, etc.,

R. B. CAWS,
President,

Invercargill Returned Soldiers' Assn.
April 14, 1920.

WRIT SARCASTIC.

POINTS FOR POINTERS.

"The Penman" contributes these pertinent points for R.S.A. men:—

Points for Returned Soldiers.—When the Annual Meeting is nearly due, or if a General Meeting be called, the following points are worthy of remembrance:—
1.—Don't come to the meetings.
2.—But if you do come—come late.
3.—If the weather doesn't suit you—don't think of coming.

4.—If you do attend a meeting, find fault with the officers and other members.

5.—Never accept an office, as it is easier to criticise than to do things.

6.—Nevertheless, get sore if you are not appointed on a committee; but if you are appointed do not attend committee meetings.

7.—If asked by the chairman to give an opinion regarding some important matter, tell him you have nothing to say. After the meeting tell everyone how things ought to be done.

8.—Do nothing more than is absolutely necessary; but when other members roll up their sleeves and do it all, how about how the business is run by a clique.

9.—Hold back your fees as long as possible; or don't pay at all.

10.—Don't think about getting new members. Let the organiser do it all. He's paid for it—you're not.

ACCOMMODATION is urgently required for visiting Freemasons and their wives during Grand Lodge Communication from 1st till 5th May. Anyone having single or double-bedded rooms available during those dates is requested to notify the Secretary, Box 272, Invercargill, as early as possible. The terms offered are: 10/- per day for full board, or 6/- per day for bed and breakfast only.

COUNTRY NOTES.

NIGHTCAPS.

VALEDICTORY.

Mr J. Shepherd, who has been stationmaster at Nightcaps for some time, has been transferred to Wyndham and leaves at an early date to take up his new duties. Prior to his departure members and the staff and a few business people met together in Mr Todd's office, on Saturday evening, and presented Mr Shepherd with a token of appreciation in the form of a case of Loewe pipes. Mr T. Todd was in the chair, and several complimentary speeches were made, eulogising the good qualities of the guest of the evening. All testified to the reliability of the departing officer and his ability in training those under his charge. Mr Shepherd suitably replied, thanking the friends for their kind words, and for their token of appreciation. Mr Turnbull, the newly-appointed stationmaster, was present, and he received a hearty welcome to the district.

Mr Hugh Knox, an old identity of this district, died on Saturday at Invercargill at the advanced age of 90 years. His remains will be brought to Nightcaps and interred in the local cemetery.

A post office is to be erected in Nightcaps and a very hopeful sign was the presence of the Public Works Engineer and the chairman and clerk and the Town Board viewing the site to make arrangements for draining the sections.

WAIKAWA.

A very enjoyable evening was spent in Waikawa on the 5th inst., when the bachelors of the district entertained their friends at a ball. As the evening was fine an exceptionally large crowd congregated from far and wide. Forty-six couples took part in the grand march, and the dancing was so well patronised during the evening that several dances were put on twice to allow all the couples to take part in them. Wybrow Bros.' orchestra rendered excellent music.

Mr C. Wybrow proved an excellent M.C. The guests were entertained at intervals during the evening with some very fine songs, etc. Everything good was handed round in a way very creditable to those who had this work in hand.

The only regrettable occurrence to mar the pleasure of the evening was a nasty cut Mr Stanley Dawson received in the hand while opening a lemonade bottle. Fortunately he was able to resume dancing after receiving first aid at the able hands of the local postmistress.

The badge of the R.S.A. was very much in evidence, a large number of returned soldiers being present.

LAKE COUNTY.

DIGGER'S FAIL.

The Returned Soldiers' Association in Queenstown have been holding a fair for the purpose of furnishing the club's rooms also towards the soldiers' memorial fund. That the support forthcoming would be great we had anticipated, but the amount of £200 was very creditable indeed. What with a good secretary and the loyal support of the Queenstown folk the R.S.A. is assured of a prosperous future.

The Arrowtown Borough Council has accepted the offer of Mr Printz, electrical engineer, of Invercargill, to report and prepare an estimate as to the cost of installing plant to supply the borough with electricity.

It is estimated that about 2,000 people spent the holidays at Queenstown at Easter. The weather throughout was ideal and with the regatta Queenstown was the centre of much activity. It is difficult to imagine, anyone going to Queenstown without enjoying the outing. The trip up the lake is delightful and cannot fail to appeal to anyone whether of a scientific turn of mind or not.

OTAUTAU.

The local St. Andrew's Society held a meeting the other evening and it was decided to hold a social and dance on Thursday, April 22. A very attractive programme is being arranged and there is every prospect of a very enjoyable evening. Mr J. L. McG. Watson and party from Invercargill will attend, also all local talent will contribute to the programme. The proceeds will be devoted to the pipe band which was recently formed.

The local tennis club held a very successful dance in the Town Hall. Mr R. Collett acted as M.C. Mrs Cupples provided the music. The ladies provided an attractive display of good things and a

very enjoyable evening was spent.

The recreation ground has been in a bad state of repair for some time and with the object of improving it the football club have arranged a series of dances throughout the winter. Mr Jellyman will supply the music and Mr R. Collett will act as M.C. Mr A. Sutherland, of Invercargill, will teach the latest dances.

WAIKAIKAI.

On Good Friday the Invercargill and Waikaiti cricket teams played a match on the recreation grounds. The result was a win for Waikaiti. The local ladies generously entertained the visitors and players and a very happy time was spent.

On Easter Monday the Caledonian sports were held and were favoured with good weather, and were very successful. A large number of visitors availed themselves of the outing and the surrounding districts were well represented.

ANZAC DAY.

Arrangements are now well in hand for the memorial service to our fallen comrades in the Municipal Theatre on Sunday, April 25th.

Returned soldiers will parade at the Drill Hall at 2 p.m. sharp, and fall in on their markers in order of precedence of units.

The parade will march to the theatre at a dead slow pace preceded by the firing party, and will take up seats specially reserved for them in the body of the theatre. The ceremony as arranged will be a most impressive one, and will be conducted throughout by returned men.

Returned men are specially requested, if at all possible to parade in uniform, but failing that in mufti wearing the Badge of the Association.

The dress circle, gallery and part of the stalls will be reserved for the general public. At the conclusion of the service the parade will fall in on their markers outside the theatre entrance and march to the South African Troopers' Memorial where a short service will be carried out in commemoration of our comrades who fell in the South African campaign.

In connection with the memorial services on Anzac Day, wreaths from units etc., may be deposited at the Soldiers' Club not later than 4 p.m. on Saturday, 24th April.

WEDDING BELLS.

Southland weather has been very generous of late and was particularly so last Wednesday, when Mr R. Tapper was married to Miss Dorothy Trotter, daughter of Mrs Trotter of Christchurch. Mr Tapper was well-known amongst returned soldiers, having left with the Main Body (Otago Mounted, 7th Southland Squadron.) He saw service at Gallipoli and was in charge of the last party at the evacuation. He went to France and later gained his commission in the field. He was then transferred to the Otago Infantry and was gassed at Passchendaele, being invalided home in May, 1918. The ceremony, which was very impressive and accompanied by delightful music, was conducted by the Rev. Gilbert in St. Paul's Church, Dee street. The bride, who was given away by Mr J. R. Brown, wore a delightful dress—chameuse, satin, with overdress of nimon trimmed with pearls. The veil was worn mop-top fashion, was very pretty. The chief bridesmaid was Miss Florence (Popsy) Trotter of Riverton, and Miss Nancy Irving and Miss Isobel Trotter, both of Woodlands. They wore beautiful dresses of Salmon pink crepe-de-chene and back velvet lace.

After the ceremony the happy couple, bridesmaids and guests, motored to Mr Brown's residence, Mill Road, to partake of the wedding breakfast. A happy time was spent and the following toasts were honoured: "The King," Rev. Gilbert; "The Bride," Rev. Gilbert, replied to by Mr Tapper; "The Bridesmaids," proposed by Mr Tapper, responded to by Mr C. J. Tapper; "The Bride's Parents," proposed by Mr C. J. Tapper, responded to by Mr J. D. Trotter; "The Bridegroom," proposed by Mr Couser, replied to by Mr C. J. Tapper; "Mr and Mrs J. R. Brown," proposed by the bridegroom, responded to by Mr J. R. Brown. The bride's travelling costume was of fawn with a pretty blue hat, and cape furs and muff, which was the present of the bridegroom. The bride's present to the bridegroom was a gold signet ring. The bridegroom's present to each of the bridesmaids was a beautiful gold bracelet.

After a very pleasant time the happy couple left for their honeymoon, which will be spent travelling in the north and finally to their future home "Tapu" St.

THE new Briscoe five-seater Model. Price £465. Economical and powerful. Watts and Grieve, Ltd.

FOR SALE, 1 Siddley English Car; five-seater; in good order. Price £220. Apply Watts and Grieve, Ltd.

BOXING! BOXING!

IN reply to numerous inquiries I will enrol pupils of primary schools for BOXING Lessons. Class starts MONDAY, 19th April, at 5.30 (after school). No pupils enrolled after class starts.

F. C. JARVIS,
Confectioner, Dee street.
Phone—1370.

tion, Lake Waikaremoana, Wairoa, Hawke's Bay.

Some of the guests present were:— Mr and Mrs Tapper, Napier (bridegroom's parents), Mrs Dr Trotter and daughters (Riverton), Mrs and Mrs J. Trotter (Woodlands), Mr and Mrs Couser (Robinhood), Mr Stewart Macpherson (Totara), Mr E. Tapper, Mrs Anderson, Miss Wolfe, Mrs Waldron, Mr and Mrs W. Brown, Mrs Earle, Mr Greenslade, Mr and Mrs Harvey, Mr Irving, Mr Douglas Trotter, Mr Sinclair Trotter, Mr Harold Brown, Mr E. M. Gilmour, Messrs Phillips senr. and junr., and Mr and Mrs Cooper.

THE SOUTHLAND PRISONERS AND PATIENTS AID SOCIETY.

LADIES' AUXILIARY.

On Monday afternoon the Ladies' Auxiliary of the above Society met in Lewis's tea-rooms for the purpose of saying farewell to Mrs Edward Howard who has been the Auxiliary secretary and treasurer since its formation nearly six years ago. She and her husband are returning to their home in England. The unusually large attendance of members proved the esteem in which she is held, and their appreciation of her services while in Invercargill. Afternoon tea gave opportunity for much pleasant conversation after which the special business of the meeting began.

The president, Mrs Baird, briefly traced the history of the Auxiliary which was begun, she said to assist the parent society when war conditions made the business of collecting the needed income too much for the time at the disposal of the members. Mrs Howard proved an enthusiastic, energetic and successful officer, and each year had seen an advance in the sum she was able to hand to Mr Bicknell, the general secretary. As the work makes an appeal to all Southland as well as to the city an effort has been made to secure collectors in the different country towns, a visit to Gore having resulted in the formation of a most efficient branch which has rendered substantial aid. Waikaka, Fortrose, Dipton, Mossburn, Tuturau and Oreti have all made a start with very satisfactory results. At the recent annual meeting it was stated that since the ladies came to its assistance the committee had had no financial anxiety. For that state of things much of the credit was doubtless due to Mrs Howard. The president concluded by wishing Mrs Howard and her husband a pleasant voyage and a glad welcome at its close, and assuring her that the good work she had done here would keep her memory ever green amongst us.

Mrs Howard made a reply marked by much modesty, sincerity and good feeling, which elicited hearty applause.

The resignation of Mrs Searell from the committee because of her coming departure from the town was accepted with much regret. The new secretary and treasurer, Mrs Thomas Hyde, was then introduced and much satisfaction was expressed at her ready acceptance of office. She acknowledged the honour done her and expressed fear of falling short of the attainments of her predecessor, but added that she would do what she could willingly.

Mrs J. Callender and Miss Margaret Hunter, two ladies well-known for their work in connection with the Red Cross Society were appointed to fill the vacancies on the committee, at which general satisfaction and pleasure was expressed.

A choice show of new and dainty laces and embroideries, etc. These goods are now on sale at prices 25 to 100 per cent. below the manufacturers' cost to day. See these specials. Chinese hand made laces and insertions, in many new designs, 1 to 6 inches wide, from 9d to 5/11 yard. A big selection in cotton Torchon, valances, Maltese, and Fillet laces and insertions, from 2d to 1/- yard. Dainty camisole embroideries in longcloth, muslin and organdie, from 2/11 to 5/6. Embroidery flouncing, 30 to 42 inches wide, 2/11 to 10/6 yard. Embroidery edgings and matchings from 8d to 5/11. Embroidery medallions, various shapes, from 1d each to 5/11 yard. Baskets of remnants at quick sale prices. See fancy department for lovely display of new goods. 1/- in £ discount on cash sales at H. and J. Smith, Ltd., Progressive Stores, Invercargill, and Gore.



THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Invercargill Returned Soldiers' Association will be held in the Lecture Room, Soldiers' Club, on FRIDAY, APRIL 23rd, 1920, at 7.30 p.m.

BUSINESS:

1. Annual Report and Balance Sheet.
2. Election of President and
3. Ten Members of Executive.
4. Election of R.S.A. Representative for Repatriation Board.
5. Election of Auditor.
6. Organisation of Club—proposal to elect Independent Club Committee.
7. Report on Digger Newspaper.
8. Election of Digger Board of Management (five members required).
9. General organisation — sub-associations, etc., and
10. General.

NOTE.—Members are requested to make a special endeavour to be present.

L. S. GRAHAM,
Secretary.

THE RETURNED SOLDIERS of DIPTON and District extend a hearty invitation to all to attend a BALL in the Dipton Public Hall on FRIDAY EVENING, April 23.

Grand March at 8.30 p.m.

W. CASSIN,
Hon. Secretary.

REMEMBER ANZAC DAY.

AND the best way of remembering it is to read about it and the book we recommend is

"THE NEW ZEALANDERS AT GALLIPOLI."

(By Major Waite.)

This is the first volume of the N.Z. Official History and a book that every Digger should possess.

Profusely illustrated from actual Photographs.

Price 6/- Posted 6/6.

BIBLE DEPOT.

ATHENAEUM BUILDINGS.

SOUTHLAND RACING CLUB.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the position of SECRETARY to above Racing Club, with or without the use of offices or rooms.

Applicants to state salary required, also remuneration for use of rooms if provided in game.

Address to President, Southland Racing Club, Box 305, Invercargill, on or before WEDNESDAY, April 23, 1920.

SOUTHLAND COUNTY.

Election of two Representatives on the Bluff Harbour Board, to represent the Electors of Southland County, including those of Winton Borough, and Wyndham, and Lumsden Town Districts.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an election of TWO REPRESENTATIVES on the Bluff Harbour Board will be held on—

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23, 1920.

Candidates for the office must be nominated in the manner prescribed in "The Local Elections and Polls Act, 1908," and its amendments.

Nomination Papers in the form prescribed must be delivered to the Returning Officer or addressed to him and delivered at the Southland County Council Office, Clyde street, Invercargill, not later than noon on MONDAY, APRIL 19, 1920.

Nomination papers can be had on application to the undersigned.

A. J. SERVICE,
Returning Officer.
County Office,
Invercargill, April 10, 1920.

LODGE SOUTHERN CROSS No. 9.
LODGE ST. JOHN No. 94.
LODGE VICTORIA No. 147.
LODGE WAIHOPAI No. 189.

MEMBERS of the above-named lodges are invited to attend a General Meeting in the Refectory, Freemasons' Hall, Forth street, Invercargill, on THURSDAY, 22nd instant, at 8 p.m.

BUSINESS: To receive report of General Committee arranging for G. L. Communication.

Visiting Brethren are cordially invited.
By Order Prov. G.M.

You Get The BEST Quality

FOR THE LOWEST PRICE

At "THE EXHIBITION."



YOUR WINTER COAT may be selected with every confidence from our large showing. The styles are true to the season, the qualities of the cloths assure maximum wear, while the prices are as low as it is possible to make them.

TWEED COATS, in all the newest materials and styles, at 84/-, 87/6, 90/-, 95/-, 99/6, to 10 guineas.

VELOUR COATS with smart pleated backs and large convertible collars. Prices £6 6s to £7 10s.

COVERT COATS, featuring the latest semi-fitting style, together with smart belted effects. The best of wearing Coats. Prices 99/6, 105/-, to £7 15s.

FUR COLLARS for the above, attached ready to wear in Black, Brown, and Grey. Prices 17/6, 21/-, 27/6, to 59/6.

FURS RENOVATED at the lowest possible charges.

200 of our famous WOOL GOLF COATS just opened. In Heather, Silver, Mid and Dark Grey, Brown, and Cream.

NO BETTER VALUE OFFERING THAN THESE.

The "TRIXIE," smart roll effect; two pockets and belt, at 37/6.

The "PEGGY" same style, but larger and with sash belt, at 42/6.

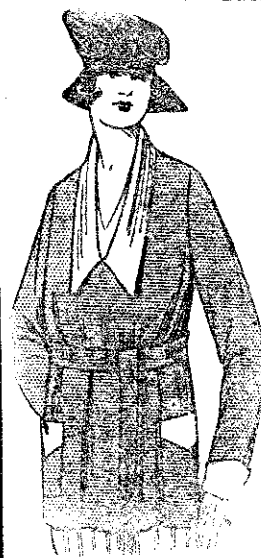
The "ISA," with sailor collar and sash belt, at 42/6.

The "MARGARET," with contrasting colours on collars and cuffs, 55/-

The "VIOLET," a lovely roll collar coat, with double belt. This Coat is the new three-quarter length; £75/-

7/11 is the price of a special line of WINCEYETTE BLOUSES, in striped effects. The best value offer

COSTUMES in every style and quality. Prices 84/-, 90/-, to 17 guineas.



Thomson & Beattie, Ltd.

"THE QUALITY HOUSE,"

'Phone 130.

P.O. Box 46.

TAY STREET, INVERCARGILL.



Returned Soldier's Association.

ANZAC DAY MEMORIAL SERVICE,

MUNICIPAL THEATRE.

Sunday, April 25th, at 3 p.m.

RETURNED SOLDIERS will PARADE (in uniform if possible) at the Drill Hall, at 2 p.m.

ORDER OF PARADE :-

Firing Party, Trumpeters, Band, Gun Carriages.

Returned Soldiers in Uniform in order of precedence of Units.

Returned Soldiers in Mufti.

All citizens are invited to the memorial Service in the Theatre.

A. Evans, Convenor.

GREAT DOMINION FAIR and ART UNION.

KING'S HALL—APRIL 14 to 24.

(In Aid of Dominion Band.)

SPECIAL ENGAGEMENT OF MUSS DOREEN DORE (N.Z. Premier Dancer).

PONY WEIGHT-GUESSING.

BAKING COMPETITION.

NOVELTY BIKE RACE.

Admission by Art Union Ticket, 1/-; or 6d without.

Buy your Art Union Tickets NOW.

First prize valued £50.

ALEX. SUTHERLAND,
Organising Secretary.

SOUTHLAND A. AND P. ASSOCIATION.

GRAND WINTER SHOW.

Will be held in the

DRILL HALL,

On

TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY,

4th and 5th MAY.

Entries close on SATURDAY, 24th April.

D. CUTHBERTSON,

Secretary.

Box 145.

N.Z. Chambers, Esk street.

Book to Read.

WITH Winter coming on apace we turn our attention to BOOKS—Books of interest.

Here are some of the latest in the popular bound edition:—

"The Woman's Way," "Lorrie," by Chas. Garvice.

"The Girl who was too Good Looking," "The Wrong Mr Right," by Bertha Ruck.

"The Stepmother," by Annie S. Swan.

"Round the Corner in Gay Street," "The Indifference of Juliet," "Mrs Red Pepper," "The Second Violin," by Grace Richmond.

"Black Rock," by Ralph Connor.

"Red Men and White," "Lady Baltimore," by Owen Wister.

"Eric Brighteyes," "Cleopatra," "Heart of the World," "Swallow," by H. Rider Haggard.

"The Trampled Cross," "The Man Who Rose Again," by Joseph Hocking.

"The Return of Sherlock Holmes," by A. Conan Doyle.

All at 2/6. 3/- posted.

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INVERCARGILL.

GOOD COMMISSION.

NEWS-RUNNERS wanted to establish weekly house to house connection for the

"DIGGER."

Apply—

DIGGER OFFICE.
Early Next Week.

JUDGMENT.

(Continued from Page 6.)

The detective advanced and bowed his little eyes snapping furtively.

"Well, have you considered my suggestion?" inquired Chase carelessly.

The little man bowed again.

"Yes, sir; and I regret I cannot see my way to accept your generous offer."

"Ah!"

"Unless—"

"Well?"

"You double it!" returned the little man, with an almost impudent grin.

The millionaire laughed.

Then he turned to Kitty:

"Our friend puts a high value on his services, Miss Millbank. Do you advise me to engage him even at his own terms?"

Kitty was standing rigid her face deathly white.

Her slim, graceful form swayed and seemed about to fall, but with a desperate effort she steadied herself and gazed at the man without flinching.

"You will do what you think best, Mr Chase," she said breathlessly.

"No, Miss Millbank," he replied gravely. "I shall be guided entirely by you. It is for you to decide. I will accept his terms if—"

"If I?"

"Yes; if you accept mine."

There was a moment's tense silence and then the girl's lips moved.

Her words were just audible.

"I consent," she said.

And then the whole room seemed to spin round, a blaze of light filled her vision, and then darkness enveloped her and she fell to the ground unconscious.

When she awoke she found herself, wrapped in a voluminous rug, in a great motor car, which was racing swiftly through a peaceful sun-lit country landscape.

(Another thrilling instalment next week.)

SOUTH OTAGO NOTES.

On Wednesday, March 30, the Owaka R.S.A. held their annual union in Ford's Coffee Palace. There was an attendance of about 60, over which the President (Mr C. Cooper) presided and a very enjoyable time was spent. In replying to the toast of the "Army, Navy and Auxiliary Forces" Lieut-Col. D. Colquhoun (District Organiser), expressed the pleasure it gave him to be present and to see such a large muster of returned men—larger than he had seen at any similar function in Otago. He contended that it would be necessary to maintain a small but highly trained force, probably of non-commissioned officers, as a basis on which a larger army could be built, as was done by the British Army during the late war. This Army finished more efficient than at the beginning, even though it had grown to such proportions in so short a time. The speaker gave a very clear exposition of the organisation and the aims of the returned soldiers' associations. All spheres of the work were touched on and the Government Departments with which they worked, and the methods adopted by the executive to assist the soldiers, but it was also necessary for the individual to make an effort. The aims of the Government were to settle the soldiers satisfactorily in civil life. Men were enjoined not to nurse a grievance, but to seek the help of the association, who would assist them to have matters righted if they had a claim. The main details of the speech were on the lines of the one recently reported in full. Lieut-Col. Colquhoun said he was pleased to see that the Owaka branch was active, and advised returned men to pull together. The speech was received and appreciated by all.

Other toasts were: The "R.S.A." proposed by Mr Richardson, and replied to by Mr Forsyth; "The Fallen Comrades" proposed by Mr Farquhar and replied to by Mr T. Maginness, who paid a feeling tribute to those who died that we might live. The toast was honoured in silence. The "Ladies" was proposed by Mr Parker, and Mr T. Barr replied. "The Guests and Hon. Members," proposed by Mr Cooper and replied to by Mr Hayward. "The Press" proposed by Mr Maginness and replied to by Mr Parker; "The Host and Hostess" proposed by Mr Forsyth. Songs and recitations were given by Messrs C. Frith, Rogers, McLochlan, Duff and Kent.

Matters in connection with the Balclutha Association are on the move and the prospects are for a revival of interest in R.S.A. matters. Mr Drummond has been elected President and he has with him a strong, energetic committee. A fine light has been erected at the entrance to

the rooms, and a signpost has also been put in position, to direct visitors to the Club rooms. There is a fine reading room and billiard room in the Association rooms, so that visitors can spend a pleasant hour or two when in Balclutha. The membership is a large one and it is hoped the Association will have a rosier time than it has in the past. Lack of interest has been the bug-bear in the past, but with the new committee and the prospects of an increased district, things should improve.

The Hon. J. C. Parr, Minister of Education visited Balclutha on Thursday, 15th, and opened the new infant department at the school. Enlarged photos of three of the teachers (Major Turner, Lieuts. Wade and Johnston) were also unveiled. The function was an interesting one.

The Loyal Dalton Lodge, M.U.L.O.O.F. have secured a fine roll of honour for members who took part in the war, also a memorial tablet to those who were killed. The former contains 84 names and the latter 21. Of the single members of the Lodge, 75 per cent. went away. The unveiling takes place on May 8th.

The Otago District of the M.U.L.O.O.F., are entertaining our soldier members at a smoke concert in Dunedin on May 19th.

Preparations for the visit of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales are now being made. The Prince will make a stop of about 15 minutes at Balclutha and it is proposed to present him with an address.

Bentar, a little hamlet adjacent to Balclutha, held an interesting ceremony a week ago, when they unveiled a beautiful monument as a tribute to the men who left the district. The monument, which is of Aberdeen granite, contains the names of 6 who were killed and 10 who returned. Kingsland and Ferguson (Invercargill) were the contractors and the work is a credit to all concerned.

Football promises to be keen in South Otago this season and the competitions should be interesting. There are five first grade and three second grade teams entered, while a schools' competition will also be run this season.

Some time ago, the Balclutha Returned Soldiers' Association called for applications for the position of Secretary (part time position). On Wednesday, April 7th., the Executive held a special meeting to consider the applications now being received. It was decided to appoint Mr A. C. Laing of Dunedin, to the position. The Acting-Secretary, Mr J. F. Walsh, reported on the financial position of the which indicated about 400 on the roll. It was resolved that the Acting-Secretary be asked to prepare a statement of assets, liabilities, etc., up to March 1st., and submit same to a meeting to be held on Monday next.

HOSPITAL MATTERS.

At the meeting of the Clutha County Council on Friday, 9th inst., a report was received from Drs Yungley and Wyllie, who recently visited the district to ascertain the hospital and medical needs of the place. The report recommended that cottage hospitals be erected at Balclutha and Owaka, some to be under the control of the Otago Hospital Board. Members expressed general dissatisfaction and considered the report as "bosh," "biased," "rigmarole," but said it was only what was to be expected seeing the Otago Hospital Board had been the instigators of the enquiry. The opinion of the people of both Bruce and Clutha counties is for a separate district and as the report is against such a step being taken it is only natural it would be only "received." The opinion of the writer is that as long as we get a hospital, no matter who controls it, we should be satisfied. We have gone on long enough under the old regime and any improvement will be welcome.

At the same meeting and also at the meeting of the Borough Council the estimated expenditure of the Otago Hospital Board for the ensuing year was brought forward, which provided for an increase of 50 per cent. on the levies paid by local bodies. Both councils decided to enter a strong protest to the Prime Minister against the increase and it was suggested that delegates from both bodies wait on the Premier to this effect as soon as official notice of the levy is received from the Board.

In Vienna a man's overcoat costs £200, a woman's costume £250 to £1000, and a loaf of white bread 30s.

FURNITURE.

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

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INVERCARGILL R.S.A.

A meeting of the executive was held recently. The secretary reported 24 new members. The Southland War Funds Association wrote stating that the issue of tobacco and cigarettes would be discontinued. The men had through the N.Z.E.F. being rendered non-existent by the Defence Department automatically become civilians. The executive considered that this was not justifiable grounds as the men were still in hospital and the need was the same. It was decided that the President and Secretary wait upon the committee.

A formal not was received from the Town Council stating that the question of allowing concessions to returned soldiers who were limbless was being considered.

Mr McLean reported on the Dominion Conference.

The following letter presented at the meeting is published in full as showing the official attitude towards this matter:

New Zealand Military Forces,
Headquarters, Otago Military District,
Dunedin, 26th March, 1920.

Dear Sir,—Reference your memo. of the 18th February re the issue of clothing, and in continuation of this office memo. 11/3 of the 15th March, as pointed out in the latter, the matter was referred to Headquarters, Wellington, for a ruling.

It was pointed out that the renovated clothing has been taken into stock and forms part of issues to territorials, etc., in the usual way. All clothing before renovation is thoroughly laundered and disinfected, and there should be no objection on the part of any individual to its issue.—Yours Faithfully,

(Sgd.) T. W. McDONALD,

Colonel,
Commanding Otago Military District.

Members generally were of opinion that although it had to be worn in the war zone there was no need for it now, and strong disapproval was evident that returned men in hospitals and under treatment was to be issued second-hand clothing. It was decided to present the official attitude to the Red Cross, asking their co-operation in the matter.

The following letter from the Town Council is published for the information of all concerned:—

Town Hall, Invercargill, N.Z.,
26th March, 1920.

RE FREE BURIAL OF SOLDIERS.

Dear Sir,—I am desired to forward you a copy of a letter which was addressed to the Minister of Internal Affairs dated 7th July, 1917:—

"In reply to yours dated 18th June, 1917, I have pleasure to inform you that the question of cemetery allotment and interment expenses to members of the Expeditionary Forces who died prior to their discharge from such forces, has been considered by my Council. The Council will be very pleased to comply with your wishes, viz., 'that burial plots for such soldiers should be supplied free of cost,' and will later on, as you desire, permit the erection by the Government of suitable headstones. I might mention that the Council is considering a suggestion forwarded by His Worship the Mayor to grant the relatives of those who have been buried on the battlefield, the right to erect a memorial stone, if they so desire it, down one of the principal roads in the cemetery, thus forming a Soldiers' Avenue. His Worship considers that if this idea was given effect to, it would, without doubt, be largely availed of, and would thus be a lasting memorial to those brave lads who laid down their lives for King and Empire."

I might add that the Soldiers' Avenue has been since authorised, and that it is hoped your Association may find the foregoing information useful.—Yours Faithfully,

(Sgd.) F. BURWELL,
Town Clerk.



POULTRY NOTES.

The following table gives the weights of the leading pens in last year's competition. Mr Dempster's pen wins the prize for the heaviest weight of eggs:—

	Total Eggs.	Total Weight.
R. H. Dempster ...	1324	2913 0.744
J. E. Anderson ...	1323	2788 3.560
Mrs Gorinski ...	1338	2779 5.522
G. Preston ...	1329	2777 9.760
H. Stratton ...	1364	2775 3.656
C. Thomson ...	1443	2749 1.760
P. W. Shacklock ...	1306	2704 3.392
H. S. Woodnorth ...	1356	2607 8.104

The Southland competition commences its fifth year at Kew to-morrow (Saturday), and there are some very fine teams and single birds entered. A few of the pens contain birds a bit on the backward side, this no doubt is due to the bad weather of early summer and to the poor quality of feed that has been on the market. The Teams Competition only brought forward 32 pens as against 40 last year. As usual the White Leghorns is strongly represented, being entered in 27 pens, Brown eghorns two pens, Buff Leghorns one pen, Barred Plymouth Rocks 1 pen, and Rhode Island Reds one pen. The 40 Single Pens are made up of 36 White Leghorns, one Brown Leghorn, one Buff Leghorn, 1 Silver Wyandotte and one Barred Plymouth Rock. The Duck Competition brought forth 8 entries, all Indian Runners.

The alterations to the old pens have made a wonderful improvement and this year the birds should be much more comfortable and in better trim for the 48 weeks before them.

The Single Pens are without doubt the finest in the Dominion and world's records have every chance of being put up at the local test.

The ducks are particularly well cared for being housed in the pens that were originally intended for the fowls, but as the entries were eight short the committee decided to use the empty pens for the ducks.

The following the the entries and pen numbers:—

SIX BIRD PENS.

HEAVY BREEDS.

—Barred Plymouth Rocks.—
1—Enterprise Poultry Farm (J. Casey), Gore.

—Rhode Island Reds.—

3—J. Stevens and Hunter, Invercargill.

LIGHT BREEDS.

—White Leghorns.—

Pen No. Owner.

6—T. E. Davis, Invercargill.

7—J. Stevens and Hunter, Invercargill.

9—A. Provan, Riverton.

10—D. F. McDougall, Riverton.

12—Oxford Poultry Farm, Sth. Dunedin.

13—R. H. Dempster, Wright's Bush.

15—T. J. Horan, Invercargill.

16—P. Nelson, Bluff.

18—Andrew Love, Green Island.

21—J. H. Uren, Waitahuna.

22—P. W. Shacklock, Dunedin.

25—Wilson Bros., Winton.

26—Mrs M. A. King, Riverton.

27—W. Allison, North Invercargill.

28—A. Walker, Riverton.

29—F. A. Williams, South Invercargill.

30—Waitoitai Stud Farm, Palmerston N.

31—H. S. Woodnorth, Winton.

32—Mrs C. Thomson, Invercargill.

33—E. Williamson, Riverton.

34—R. Preston, Bluff.

35—Mrs Kelly, Riverton.

36—Miss H. King, Riverton.

37—H. T. Stratton, Invercargill.

38—J. E. Anderson, Invercargill.
39—Mrs F. Gorinski, Invercargill.
40—Chas. Thomson, Invercargill.

—Buff Leghorns.—

4—W. Rogers, South Invercargill.

—Brown Leghorns.—

19—R. J. A. Clarke, Kennington.

24—F. G. Munnings, Hedgehope.

DUCKS.

—Indian Runner Ducks.—

2—Mr R. J. Clarke, Kennington.

5—T. A. Swale, Kennington.

8—Master H. McDougall, Riverton.

11—J. Stevens and Hunter, Invercargill.

14—C. H. McDougall, Riverton.

17—W. T. Green, Christchurch.

23—A. Pearce, Invercargill.

—White Indian Runner Ducks.—

20—J. C. Wilson, Nightcaps.

SINGLE BIRDS.

—White Leghorns.—

Pen No. Owner.

1—Mrs Jno. Stevens, Invercargill.

2—H. T. Stratton, Invercargill.

4—C. Thomson, Invercargill.

5—Wilson Bros., Winton.

6—J. H. Uren, Waitahuna.

7—J. E. Anderson, Invercargill.

8—Mrs C. Thomson, Invercargill.

9—J. Stevens and Hunter, Invercargill.

10—W. Allison, Invercargill.

12—R. Preston, Bluff.

13—W. K. Hamilton, Gore.

14—P. W. Shacklock, Dunedin.

15—S. L. Beer, Riverton.

16—P. Nelson, Bluff.

17—E. Williamson, Riverton.

18—H. S. Woodnorth, Winton.

21—Waitoitai Stud Farm, Palmerston N.

22—D. F. McDougall, Riverton.

23—Andrew Love, Green Island.

24—R. H. Dempster, Wright's Bush.

25—Smart Bros., Mosgiel.

26—T. E. Davis, Invercargill.

27—Mrs Kelly, Riverton.

28—G. Preston, Bluff.

29—A. Provan, Riverton.

30—Mrs King, Riverton.

31—A. E. Morris, Invercargill.

32—A. Walker, Riverton.

33—R. J. A. Clarke, Kennington.

34—Mrs F. Gorinski, Invercargill.

35—J. Stevens and Hunter, Invercargill.

36—S. A. Faircloth, Invercargill.

37—Mrs S. A. Faircloth, Invercargill.

38—Mrs A. Provan, Riverton.

40—Master Faircloth, Invercargill.

—Black Minorca.—

59—Oxford Poultry Farm, Dunedin.

—Wyandotte.—

3—Miss H. King, Riverton.

—Brown Leghorn.—

19—E. G. Munnings, Hedgehope.

—Buff Leghorn.—

20—W. E. Rogers, Invercargill.

—Barred Plymouth Rock.—

11—Enterprise Poultry Farm (J. Casey), Gore.

IT IS TO LAUGH.

Sir Oliver Lodge tells us that in 10 years or so no one will use coal, as we will get our heat from atoms.

We will keep our combustible atoms in the safe instead of the coal bin. A few powerful of atoms will keep you warm a whole winter.

Coal strikes will be a thing of the past, but instead we may have to deal with the Pea-Atom Union.

The coal chute and the coal scuttle will go the way of the dodo. Light, heat and power will be served a la carte.

It is the age of extravagant claims; and nothing startles us any longer. In fact, personally, we are only interested in those who will keep us laughing at humanity.

Airplanes and atoms and milleniums are all right; but Laughter is the only helmsman that will keep this crazy ship of a world from going plump to the bottom.

Rather fifty years of Momo than a cycle of old Doc. Lodge.

"HIGHLANDER" MILK PRODUCTS

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

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Is a guarantee of quality and nation-
ality.

It can always be depended upon.

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H. L. HAY,
Secretary.

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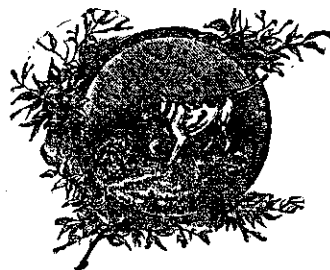
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Kennel Notes.

The New Zealand Kennel Club has
allocated the challenges for 1920 as fol-
lows:—

Auckland Kennel Club.—Pointers,
cockers, Poms., Scotch and Skye terriers,
Old English sheepdog, Yorkshires, Chichi-
ans, Pekes, and bulldogs.

Dunedin Fanciers' Club.—Setters, re-
trievers, field spaniels, Airedales.

Otago Kennel Club.—Cockers, Irish ter-
riers, deerhounds, greyhounds, bearded
collies, Esquimaux.

Wanganui.—Pekingese, greyhounds,
smooth collies, bearded collies, Yorkshires,
fox terriers.

Wellington Kennel Club.—Pugs, Irish
terriers, Borzois, bull terriers, Irish water
spaniels, West Highland, great Danes,
St. Bernards.

Hawke's Bay Kennel Club.—Bulldogs,
setters, Australians, Poms, Sydney silkies,
great Danes.

Stratford A. and P.—Smooth collies,
beardies, Airedales, O.E. sheepdogs.

Dannevirke A. and P.—Rough-coated
collies, Pekingese, fox terriers.

Ashburton.—Pugs, Sydney silkies, Aus-
tralian.

Christchurch P. and K. C.—Poms.,
Pekes, Yorkshires.

Huntley P. and K.C.—Smooth collies,
beardies, bull terriers.

Wairarapa A. and P.—Retrievers, grey-
hounds.

Hawke's Bay A. and P.—R.C. collies
and smooth collies, Irish water spaniels.

New Zealand Toy Dog Club.—Sydney
silkies, Australians.

South Island British Bulldog Club.—
Bulldogs.

Manawatu Kennel Club.—Pointers,
Cockers, retrievers, Scotch, Skye, deer-
hounds.

Mr Hutton, of Dunedin, a member of
the N.Z.K.C. executive, writes asking us
to explain that 1920 should read 1920-
1921. Had we known this before there
would have been no questions asked re-
garding the challenges.

Mr Gibson, of Dunedin, is very pleased
at having secured a nice litter of puppies
by "Waitaki Darkie," out of "Maimore
Beauty." The litter comprised seven pups,
but he lost four the first week leaving two
dogs and one bitch now doing well.

Mr C. G. Warren, another Dunedin
cocker breeder, has just received a good
litter of ten pups from "Biddy X."
"Maimore Prince," the dam, is at pre-
sent nursing five puppies.

A new fancier, whom we welcome to the
ranks is Mr E. Porteous.

Mr Porteous has linked up with Mr
N. Critchfield and their intention is to
make things shift as far as smooth fox
terriers are concerned.

Some new blood is to arrive soon as an
order has been placed in a northern city
for something fairly hot.

The Invercargill Kennel Club has re-
ceived affiliation and can now carry out its
plans for the coming show.

Bulldog exhibitors in the north, as well
as those in the south, will be pleased to
learn that Mr P. B. Witt has consented
to judge bulldogs at the local show.

Though Mr Witt has not carried on
breeding operations in his kennels for some
time past he still retains that good stud
dog Captain Halsey. Captain, though not
much shown, was always a favourite dog
in the fancy and was well known as a
champion swimmer.

"Wee Willie Winkie," a Scotch terrier
of some breeding, has changed hands and
left for Dunedin recently. It took a fair
price to tempt Mr Stanley Hall to part
with his "die hard."

A young fox terrier in Mr Hall's kennels
is coming on apace and should be very
nice by show time, that is if he avoids all
"sharp knocks."

Fanciers would do well to commence
their preparation at once for the coming
their preparation at once for the coming
show. The dog will look none the worse
for the extra grooming.

Teach your dog to lead well, have him
believe that he enjoys the business. How
often have we witnessed good dogs taking
a back seat through want of training prior
to exhibition.

A judge likes good manners in the ring,
and a mannerly dog which shows that he
is pleased with himself will add up points
under the heading of general appearance.

Huntley P. and K.C., have been awarded
challenges for the following breeds:—

Smooth collies, beardies, and bull terriers.

As the above club is not likely to hold
a show this year the Invercargill K.C. is
almost sure to have these allotments trans-
ferred to them.

We don't expect to see any one lift the
bull terrier certificate, as we have not
seen one of the breed in Southland for
years.

Beardies and smooth collies are plentiful
and for these a good entry should be made.

In a previous issue we spoke of the
Dunedin Kennel Club and so offended
our brethren in that city. The correct
name is Otago Kennel Club. We don't
suppose that Otago includes both islands.

WORK OF THE R.S.A.

FACTS THAT SPEAK FOR THEM- SELVES.

There are a great number of people who
are unaware of the work the R.S.A. is
doing in achieving the adjustment of
what are manifest wrongs and admitted
by the Department to be so.

A popular conception is that it exists
for the purpose of utilising the facilities
of a club-room where grievances are con-
jured up which have no practical exis-
tence. Returned Soldier's themselves who
have become absorbed into the commercial
life of the community frequently lose in-
terest in the R.S.A., not knowing what is
being achieved. The following corres-
pondence will speak for itself and give a
fair indication as to the extensive work of
the R.S.A. We have not permission to
publish the name, consequently it is de-
leted, but it is a case which actually em-
anated from Thornbury.

WIDOWED MOTHER'S ALLOWANCE

August 29th, 1919.

Officer in Charge,
War Expenses,
Wellington.

Dear Sir,—The above-named man has
informed me that his mother Mrs. W—
applied for Widowed Mother's Allowance
in June 1917, and received notice that the
matter was receiving attention. An al-
lotment of 3s per day was made by W—
to his cousin T. B. — of Thornbury,
who during W—'s absence on Active Ser-
vice was looking after Mrs W—, who is
too old to be left without the care and
attention of some responsible person.
Could you kindly give me any information
regarding your decision on the matter?—
Yours Faithfully,

(Sgd.) L. S. GRAHAM,
Secretary

(Reply.)

War Expenses Office,
New Zealand Military Forces,
Wellington,

3rd September, 1919.

Dear Sir,—I have to acknowledge re-
ceipt of your letter of the 29th ultimo.
In connection with claim for Widowed
Mother's Separation Allowance on account
of the above named soldier, and have to
inform you that the matter is now receiv-
ing attention, and you will be further
communicated with at a later date.—
Yours Faithfully,

(Sgd.) A. MACKAY,
for Officer-in-Charge, War Expenses.

The Secretary,
Returned Soldiers' Association,
Invercargill.

War Expenses Office,
New Zealand Military Forces,
Wellington, 19th September, 1919.

Dear Sir,—With further reference to
your letter of the 29th ultimo. In con-
nection with payment of Widowed Mother's
Separation Allowance on account of the
above-named soldier, I have to state that
after consideration of the circumstances
of her case Mrs. W— has been deemed
eligible for the allowance as from 11th
of May, 1917. A warrant for £58 12s 6d
covering the arrears thus due up to Sep-
tember 17th, 1918, is being forwarded im-
mediately for payment to Mr T. B. —
(on the applicant's behalf) by the Post-
master at Invercargill.—Yours Faithfully,

(Sgd.) R. HOLLIS,
For Officer-in-Charge War Expense.

Officer in Charge,
War Expenses,
Wellington.

Dear Sir,—In further reference to your
letter of September 29th re the above-
named man's application for widowed
Mother's Separation Allowance, W— has
now asked that an application be for-
warded for a retrospective allowance

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bought. We have a nice range of new
Wallpapers. Remember that we Frame
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TAY ST., INVERCARGILL.

bringing the amount up to 3s per day dur-
ing the time of his absence. He has al-
ready received a warrant for £58 12s 6d
covering arrears due to September 17th.,
1918.—Yours Faithfully,

(Sgd.) L. S. GRAHAM
Secretary, Invercargill R.S.A.

Officer in Charge,
War Expenses,
Wellington.

27th January, 1920.

Dear Sir,—In further reference to my
communication under date of 14th Novem-
ber, 1919, re the above-named man ap-
plying on his behalf for retrospective in-
creased separation allowance for his wid-
owed mother and which letter has not
been answered, I again make application
for such retrospective allowance. W—
sailed with the 22nd Reinforcements on
the 16th of February, 1917, returning to
New Zealand on the 20th August, 1919.
He has already received a warrant for £58
12s 6d which represents Widowed Mother's
Allowance at the rate of 1s per day.
This application therefore is for the dif-
ference between amount already received
and retrospective allowance increased rate,
that is 3s per day.—Yours Faithfully,

(Sgd.) L. S. GRAHAM,
Secretary, Invercargill R.S.A.

(Reply.)

War Expenses Office,
New Zealand Military Forces,
Wellington, 28th January, 1920.

Dear Sir,—With reference to your letter
of the 14th November last in connection
with claim for Widowed Mother's Separation
Allowance lodged on account of the
above-named soldier, I have to state that
in the circumstances of this case, a grant
of 3s per day has been approved of in
respect of the full period of the soldier's
service—£159 18s—less the allowance al-
ready paid (£58 12s 6d) leaving a balance
of £101 5s 6d. Payment of this sum is
being arranged in the course of a few
days to the soldier's allottee—Mr T. B. —
of Thornbury, Invercargill, and I shall be
pleased if you will have W— advised
of this arrangement.—Yours Faithfully,

(Sgd.) R. C. HOLLIS.

For Officer-in-Charge War Expenses.

D. R. DOUBLE,
FRUITERER, TAY STREET.
'Phone—270.

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MEDALS AND RIBBONS.

DEFENCE HEADQUARTERS
RULINGS.

There are 200,000 war medals of all sorts and degrees to be issued in this Dominion, when they are available. It is going to be a big job, but, presumably, most of them will be issued through the post, for the soldiers are scattered now, and it will not be possible for most to attend special parades (which is the usual procedure) to receive them from the G.O.C. or O.C. district. Victoria Crosses, if there are any now to be distributed, and all honours directly conferred by the King, will, of course, be presented personally by his Excellency the Governor, and the presentation of medals for gallant conduct or meritorious service is made by the Minister of Defence, a General Officer, or, at the discretion of the G.O.C., they may be presented by local authorities, though it is usual for them to be presented at military parades.

Defence Headquarters forwards the following information concerning medals, how to obtain them, and when to wear them, or the ribbons:—

Returned soldiers entitled to medals for gallantry or meritorious service may have them forwarded by registered post on application to the officer-in-charge Base Records. The same procedure may be adopted in the case of the General Service and Victory Medals, when they are ready for issue. It is advisable, however, for soldiers to have them formally presented if they can possibly attend.

Although it is not customary to wear ribbons on civilian costume, there is no reason against doing so, and Defence Headquarters says that ex-soldiers should make it their custom to wear medals when attending public functions in plain clothes since medals or ribbons are the insignia of honourable service rendered to the State.

No relative or parent of a soldier who has lost his life is entitled to wear decorations, medals or the ribbons awarded to the man for service in the field. It is the same with awards made posthumously—the decoration or medal, though handed to a relative, must not be worn.

As a further note it may be mentioned that, in addition to the 1914, or 1914-15 Star issued to those entitled to one or the other, every soldier who entered a theatre of war will be entitled to receive the British General Service Medal and the Allied Victory Medal. These are now being manufactured in England, but since, when they do arrive here, they will require to be engraved, it will be some considerable time before they are available.

Of Interest to Women.

SIMPLIFICATION AND LABOUR
SAVING.

Having made up our minds that there is room for improvement, much needed amendment, in fact, in the domestic word our next task is to consider how that reform can be brought into effect.

The first means are named above: Simplification of living and economy of labour by new appliances and rearrangement. Everyone knows that a great deal of simplification has already taken place in domestic affairs during the past twenty or thirty years. Little girls no longer wear frilled muslin pinafores every day, or any day for that matter; embroidered pantaloons, too, are a thing of the past. And the grandmothers of the rising generation remembering the desperate and despairing dawns in the knees of stockings would rise up wondering at their own stupidity who never thought of three-quarter socks. No longer do we oil our hair—not regularly anyway—and hang starched antimacassars over the chair backs to keep off the oil. No longer do we erect canopies over our beds and enlarge the glass panes of our windows, merely to have the larger area to clean. The starched shirt-front is gone, and the stiffened and glazed cuff and the Georgian cravat. And with the disappearance of every cumbersome and unnecessary fashion, may we not say devoutly, "we are blest that Rome is rid of him!"

But there is much yet to be done in the clearing line. Though we have simplified our clothing until the starched front and boned bodice and frilled pinafore of yesterday would view with disdain and secret envy the soft shirt and waist and belted overall of to-day, we have not carried the reform so far in our furnishings and we have gone little or no distance in the matter with our diet.

People still clutter their houses with a good deal of unnecessary furniture and superfluous ornaments. What dust they must have gathered those multitudinous nick-nacks on the what-nots of the past; and what dust still accumulates on the vases and figures and plaques that encumber the mantelpieces and shelves and tables at the present day! And dust must be dusted, and dusting takes time. The eye needs to be trained to the beauty of sparseness, severity and choice in ornamentation; and the hand will rejoice in a vast of unnecessary labour abolished. Cases or cabinets, too, with doors, for books and china, save labour in comparison with open shelves, by keeping out the dust. The simpler and sparer the furnishing and ornamentation, the greater is the real artistic beauty and the less the labour and time used in keeping the establishment clean. Every one who has read "The Turn of Mind," remembers the dark servant's verdict on the great black-lacquered statue. "She mighty hard to dust! Yes, sah, dus' get in all dem wrinkles." Let's have as few wrinkles as possible.

Then our diet. Here we approach a topic that must be handled tenderly. Interfere between the British worker and his beef, between the housewife and her pickles, and you may rue the day you set out to reform a recalcitrant world. But the fact remains, we eat too much, and two-thirds of many a woman's working day are spent in the preparation of food and the washing of dishes and pots. I have heard a woman, tired to death of cooking, declare she would willingly live on a boiled egg.

If you ask women why they cook so much they almost invariably answer that men require it. "You must give a man meat." Sometimes you "must" give it to him three times a day. And to interfere with the traditional menu, is to advertise yourself a crank.

But the fact remains, and is gradually forcing itself into notice, that we do eat too much, and our eating entails too much cooking.

Diet depends largely on occupation, but we question whether even those who are engaged in active out-door work require three meals of the traditional character and dimensions. They have never known the profound satisfaction of being thoroughly hungry—not just peckish, but really empty—if they have always eaten those three meals.

As for those with lighter physical work, or an indoor life, they are only busy clogging up their body-cells with waste products and poisons when they eat meat two or three times a day and load their digestive organs with successive heavy repasts.

Did not the doctors discover that rationing in England was good for the national health?

And if we were hungrier, we ordinary,

well-fed people, we should require less variety and curiousness in the preparation of food. There is no sauce like a sharp appetite, pickles would be out-of-date—they are bad for the digestion anyhow.

What a to-do there would be if some "autocrat of the breakfast table" could reduce all Invercargill to two slices of toast, one cup of tea, cocoa, hot water, or milk, and in the case of outdoor workers a piece of cheese or one egg, for breakfast. But all Invercargill would be healthier and in the end happier. And how the cost of living would go down! How, soon would sausages and chops, and ham, and bacon descend from their loftiness. If cheese and eggs are too dear, take porridge and milk, and let the toast be made of brown bread whatever! Let's think about it and next week consider labour-saving from the other point of view.

Children's Column.

(By "Mater.")

THE BUBBLE FAIRIES.

It was a very hot afternoon, and a little girl was sitting in the garden all by herself. Enid was not lonely, although she had no brothers and sisters to romp with her. On this special afternoon, she was very busy blowing bubbles. This was her favourite game, and she would never tire of watching the beautiful colours as they floated away, and each time, Enid would try and blow a bigger one than the last.

"Oh, how I wish I could blow a bubble as big as myself, and then I could see exactly what is inside!" exclaimed Enid.

Again she blew a bubble into the air, and this time it grew and grew, and became larger and larger, and Enid became more excited, for it was the biggest bubble she had ever seen.

And there in the sun it floated about, revealing its colours, so wonderful. Suddenly, Enid watching it, cried out:

"Why, there are fairies living inside!"

And it was perfectly true. Inside the bubble little figures were dancing and bopping about. "Oh, how beautiful! Can't you come outside and speak to me?" Enid, full of wonder still, peered into the fairy ball, for it had now become as big as herself.

But the fairies gave no answer, but beckoned her to go inside.

"I can never get inside there, it is too delicate for me. I should break it," explained Enid. "You must come out and talk to me." But still the fairies did not speak, but danced up and down in their dainty sphere.

"I know," said Enid, as an idea passed through her head. "They can't get out, and want me to help them; well, the next thing is how do I get inside?"

She walked softly round the bubble to find a way in, but not a door or window could be seen. Enid was feeling quite sad that she was unable to get to the dainty little creatures, who looked so anxious to get out.

"Well, I'm going through. I don't see any other way, and the dear little things are still beckoning to me."

So Enid, her mind made up, closed her eyes and took a deep breath, and plunged towards the bubble. What happened, she doesn't quite remember, but it is a well-known fact that the bubble did burst, and she heard tiny voices singing, and had seen the beautiful colours of their gossamer wings, and their dainty gowns of scarlet and silver, yellow and green.

And then suddenly everything became quite still, and a fairy, more beautiful than all the rest, gaily tripped up to where Enid was sitting, and spoke to her in a sweet voice. "I have come to thank you for giving us our deliverance to-day," began the fairy. "You are the first mortal who has dared to break the spell, which has been cast over us so long."

"Long, long ago, the bad imps of the Forest of Tears, waged war on the good fairies. The imps carried off many prisoners, and imprisoned them in a bubble, and would not let us have our freedom until some mortal child should think for herself, and find some way to release us."

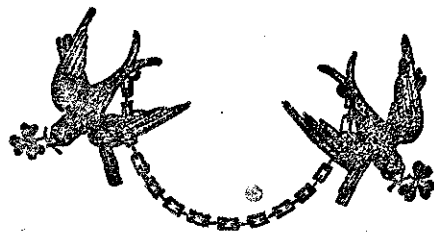
"I am proud to have helped you, and will always remember how I once helped the bubble fairies."

And when Enid grew older, it was always joy for her when a beautiful bubble burst, for she knew of the joy in Fairyland.

The doctor stood at the bedside of the sick man. "Did you administer the sleeping draught at nine o'clock as I directed?" he inquired of the wife. "Yes," she answered with a sniff, "but it seemed a pity to have to wake the poor man out of the first sound sleep he'd had in four days to give it to him."

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The Home.

SOME TOMATO RECIPES.

Tomatoes are delightfully cheap just now, and these dishes will, therefore, be within the reach of everyone. A little stewed tomato or tomato puree is very nice with a poached egg, and a couple of tablespoonsful will greatly improve the flavour of an omelette.

Tomato Rice.—Wash 2oz of rice thoroughly and cook in half a pint of milk until quite soft. Then flavour with salt and pepper. Take one pound of tomato puree, add the rice and beat together until smooth. Stir in 1oz of butter. Serve very hot with or without, grated cheese.

Tomato Pudding.—Take six small tomatoes. Cut them in slices and place in an enamelled saucepan. Add 1oz butter, a teaspoon of chopped parsley, salt, pepper, and a very little cayenne. Pour over it one pint of stock. Boil until quite soft and pass it through a sieve or fine colander. Add 1oz of anchovy essence. Thicken with 1oz butter and 1/2oz flour previously mixed together in another pan with some of the tomato mixture. Stir over the fire until the sauce-thickens, and it is then ready for use.

Steak and Tomato Pudding.—Mix some fine salt with a dust of cayenne, some black pepper, and a little grated nutmeg. Cut about 1 1/2lb of lean steak into moderately small, thin slices, and dust them with the salt. Shred 6oz of good beef suet finely and put into a basin with one of flour, a pinch of salt, and a teaspoonful of baking powder. Rub the suet into water enough to make it a smooth and fairly soft paste. Turn the paste on to a floured board and roll it out to about one-third of an inch in thickness. Then line a pudding basin which has been buttered. Remove the skins from some tomatoes, cut them into quarters, and take out the seeds. Place a layer of meat rolls in the basin and cover them with some pieces of tomato; then scatter a little bacon and onion over them and continue in the same way until the basin is full. Pour in rather less than a pint of stock or water and cover in the pudding with a layer of the paste about 1/2in thick. Trim it neatly and moisten the edge with a little water against the under paste, so that it will adhere. Slip the cloth into boiling water and tie firmly over the basin. Boil for four hours, taking care not to let the water boil over the top of the basin.

Tomato Patties.—These patties are a very palatable substitute for meat. Ingredients: Rather more than a quarter of a pound of bread crumbs, two ounces of beef suet, two large tomatoes, one egg, pepper, salt and a teaspoonful of meat essence and two tablespoonsful of self-raising flour. Skin and chop tomatoes, mix them thoroughly with other ingredients. Form the preparation into round, flat patties and fry them in hot fat a golden brown colour. They are delicious eaten hot.

Tomato Shape.—Put half the contents of a tin of tomatoes into a stewpan with a whole onion, 1 1/2oz of nut margarine, a blade of mace, a little salt, pepper, and a pinch of castor sugar; cover the pan closely, and let the tomatoes simmer for half-an-hour. Then add a pint of water and 2oz sago, and let the latter cook

gently until it is practically dissolved; ascertain that there is sufficient flavouring and rub the whole through a fine sieve into a basin. Rinse a china mould with cold water, and pour in the prepared tomato and leave it until it is sufficiently firm to turn out; serve it surrounded by cooked green peas or haricot beans (from which the skins have been removed), in either case dressed with mayonnaise sauce. The latter sauce should not be considered a luxury by non-meat eaters, as it is rich in dietetic properties and it will therefore add to the food value of the tomato shape.

SUMMER DRINKS.

Barley Water.—Four ounces pearl barley, two quarts of water, the rind and juice of half lemon, sugar if liked. Wash the barley and put into a saucepan with cold water to cover; bring to the boil, and strain. Put the barley into a jug with the thinly-peeled rind of half a lemon; and two quarts of boiling water. Let it stand till cold; add the lemon juice, strain, sweeten to taste, and serve. The barley should be used for a pudding or soup.

Apple Punch.—Do not throw away the apple peelings and cores, but wash and boil them well, adding the thinly-cut rind of a lemon and the strained juice. Sweeten with a little sugar, golden syrup, or honey. Add a few cloves and a little cold tea. Strain it when well boiled and serve very cold.

Ginger Beer.—Boil one pound of sugar and one ounce of powdered ginger, to half-gallon of water. Put one heaped teaspoonful of cream of tartar into a large saucepan. Pour the boiling liquid on to it. Add another half-gallon of water, and when luke-warm put in one teaspoonful of brewer's yeast and the juice of a lemon. Cover and leave for twenty-four hours, and then bottle and keep for a week or so before using.

Iced Coffee.—Make half-pint of very strong black coffee; mix with it one pint of milk and half-pint of cream. Sweeten to taste. Freeze in an ice machine or let the jug stand surrounded by ice, for some hours. If liked, a spoonful of sweetened whipped cream can be served on each glass or cupful of coffee.

Spiced Lemonade.—Make a lemon syrup as follows:—Squeeze the juice from four lemons and chip the rind from one. Add one cupful of sugar, one cupful and a half of water, three whole cloves, and half a teaspoonful cinnamon. Cook until the sugar is well dissolved and the spices mixed, adding more water if necessary to keep the syrup thin. Cool and use one quarter of a glassful for each one, filling the glasses with very fine chopped ice.

Apple Lemonade.—Cook until tender dried apples, including the skin and core, in enough water to cover. Strain through a jelly bag, add a cupful of sugar to each cupful of juice, bring to a boil, then cool. For each glassful of apple lemonade, use half a cupful of the apple syrup, the juice of half a lemon, and water and ice to fill the glass. Serve with a candied cherry floating on top.

Mint Ice Squeeze the juice of one lemon over a handful of mint leaves, in the bottom of a tall glass. Crush well; add four teaspoonfuls of sugar and sufficient ice and water to fill the glass.

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CITY AREA.—Choice home of 6 rooms; every possible convenience; concrete paths, etc. Ten minutes' walk from P.O. Price, £1175. For genuine sale, as the owner is leaving Southland.

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

Supplied in the following sizes—

No. 1—Holds 20 Dozen.
No. 2—Holds 25 Dozen.
No. 3—Holds 10 Dozen.

Also Separate Trays to fit petrol cases—
4½ dozen.

Price on application

—FOR—

YOUR NEXT SUIT CALL
AND SEE US.

WE WILL GIVE YOU EVERY
SATISFACTION.

J. H. Geddes & Sons,

HIGH-CLASS TAILORS,
Dee street,
INVERCARGILL.

Pasture Notes.

(BY E. BRUCE LEVY.)

ASSISTANT BIOLOGIST, WERAROA
STATE FARM.

GRASSING OF FERN LANDS.

It is the endeavour of the farmers of New Zealand to grass almost every conceivable class of country from the limits of the sea-shore to the line of perpetual snow, the waste lands, the mountain sides, the steep hillsides, the level plains, the rocky river deposits, the fertile alluvial greywache, the swampy places, the pakihi and the arid desert, the stiffish clay and the friable loams, the volcanic papa and the limestone.

Roughly there are three distinct seasons when an attempt is made to establish pasture plants:—

- 1.—In the early spring, along with cereals, or in a spring cultivation of winter sown cereals;
- 2.—Along with rape in November.
- 3.—With or without a winter cereal in the autumn;

and there is fourthly nature herself at work covering the land surface with vegetation most adapted to the soil and climatic conditions.

Again, there are roughly speaking four methods of applying the seed to the land:

- a.—Broadcasting on prepared surface;
- b.—Drilling on prepared surface;
- a.—Broadcasting on prepared surface; top-dressing on already existing pasture that has thinned out or is too wet to burn or too rough to plough;
- d.—More or less natural seeding by wind, by animals in their wool, by tramping, and by their dung.

Whether on ploughed land or on unploughed land the attempt is made to grass all types mainly with European grasses and clovers irrespective of whether or not the soil and climatic conditions are such as to be favourable or otherwise to the germination and establishment of that seed. A great deal of consideration, of course, is given to those species likely to take and hold, but there is the great danger of farmers attempting to grass with grasses and just a little too poor for those particular species. Consequently, right from the start those plants are at a disadvantage, while the poorer elements, unless killed outright, are stimulated by the act of burning or by the ploughing and working—cover for instance. In America the tendency is to the establishment of pure species of pasture plants, while in Europe—as in New Zealand—the tendency is to establish a mixture of pasture plants—pure sowings being rarely carried out.

Consideration given to Mixtures for
Varying Classes of Country:

The species that one will use on one's own respective land is often quite a difficult point to settle. In sowing down of mixed pastures on really good first-class 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 temporary pasture establishment only those species which are rapid at establishment and growth are included. In short rotation pastures, where the running out of the pasture is accepted by the farmer as an unavoidable defect of the district, only those species which will yield well for two or three years are used, the pasture being broken up when the desired constituent has been displaced by quite worthless grasses and clovers, or perhaps killed out by grub, or given place to bare ground; and again in certain permanent pastures, necessarily so in virtue of the steepness of the country or logged state. On such country one has to so regulate his seeding that not only is rapid feed provided, but also that when those temporary elements are run out the transition into permanent grass is so guided that undesirable successions do not come in, such as tainui, bid-a-bid, bracken, scrub, fuchsia, wineberry, and blackberry. In other words the farmer must consider:—

- 1.—Not only the temporary elements, and
- 2.—The semi-permanent elements, but also
- 3.—Those grasses which will remain quite permanent, although perhaps of a lower feeding value than the earlier constituents.

Permanent and Temporary Elements:

At the present time it is the custom to sow down pasture with grasses and clovers, some of which will act as temporary elements, that will give rapid feed soon after sowing; and others that are supposed

to come on later to provide the permanent elements; or in other words two one sowing is meant to serve a dual purpose:—

- 1.—To secure firstly a temporary pasture followed by
- 2.—A permanent one after the temporary elements have been eaten out,

and the practice goes so far as to include, over and above the temporary elements, such a grain as oats and barley, but the culminating slight to the principles of pasture establishment is not only including the cereal but allowing it to run to a cereal crop, which is harvested for grain or chaff; and this not always in a moist climate but even in a climate where the moisture is scanty, and at any time not even sufficient for the successful establishment of the grass. It is true that the grass, or some of it at least, lingers on and finally comes away in the subsequent spring, but the principle is bad and the method cheap and nasty. Not only should the cereal cover be abandoned for permanent pasture work, but in the establishment of permanent pastures the strictly temporary elements should be reduced if not cut out altogether, particularly so Italian Rye. Italian Rye has a most depressing effect on the establishment of the permanent elements, especially Cocksfoot, Crested Dogtail, and White Clover. Whether or not the depressing effect is due to some toxic principle exuded by the plant, or whether it is a simple crowding out, has not yet been determined, but the depressing effect is marked and sure. And even when a small quantity is included on no consideration should it be allowed to get away. The effect it has on White Clover is to draw it up off the ground so that the natural stolon development of the clover cannot take place and when this is the case the clover may go out in a single season. It seems to me that by far the most satisfactory method to adopt is not to aim at a dual purpose sowing, but in one paddock to sow a purely temporary pasture and in the other the permanent pasture from which practically all the temporary elements have been excluded.

DEAD MULE GULLY.

THE PLATOON GOES IN.

(Published by Arrangement.)

(Copyright.)

They had marched from one sector, reputed "quiet" in the technical language of the Army (but not without its weekly toll of death, and always with its daily and nightly stress of labour with pick and shovel), and now, after this "rest," they were on their way to another sector once more to "hold the line."

They had marched through Ouderdonk, through the wreckage of that remnant of Dickebusch which still served as billets for a labour company and for a unit of Tommy transport, and so they came to that jumping-off place known as "Railway Dugouts."

Railway Dugouts lay (and possibly still does) amidst all the noisomeness, the incredible desolation, of what was once Zillebeke, once a setting for a Watteau pastoral, a pleasant land of little chateaux, of artificial lakes, of formal gardens and straight-stemmed, decorative trees. But no New Zealand soldiers had seen it so—they could not imagine that such things had been, for as they saw the place it was nothing but a wilderness, ruined, dishonoured, spoiled.

There was not even brick or stone to mark the place where the gay little chateaux had been; it seemed they must have been engulfed in that Sargasso of mud which stretched in unrelieved hideousness wherever one looked. The trees were shattered stumps, or they stretched splintered arms in mute appeal to Heaven for the beauty of which they were once a part. The lakes and streams had been blown out of all existence by the three years' deluge of shells which had made the name of this region a word of horror to the soldier; where they had been were spreading areas of filthy shallows, burdened with corruption and sinister with evil, as was all that landscape, scattered with rusty iron ammunition boxes, broken guns, smashed waggons; pitted with shell craters, littered with dead horses and the torn equipment of dead men.

IN THE DUGOUTS.

The dugouts—long corridors of them, fitted with tiers of narrow bunks made of timber and wire-netting—had been dug beneath the high embankment which had once carried express trains across this low country. Many soldiers, of all nationalities, had occupied these dugouts in passing, and they were fetid, rat-riddled, dark, and crawling with vermin, but they

were safety, and therefore a place to be thankful for.

Inside, the men lay on the broken bunks for there was no room to sit, in a gloom that was only emphasized by the pin-points of light from a few guttering candle-ends. They had eaten their evening meal of stew and bread, and now, with their valises for pillows, their great-coats for covering, and their equipment and rifles beside them, they were only waiting for the darkness when they would march to Hooze Crater, and then, once more, make their way to those too-familiar heights by way of the grim track which was called Dead Mule Gully.

Only by night, or on days when rain made observation impossible, was it advisable to take troops that way; and even then there was no safety for the enemy's gunners knew well where Hooze Crater and Dead Mule Gully lay, and on the darkest night or the dreariest day they would send over an unexpected burst of shells, knowing that such times were favourable for the movement of troops. The men, who had been there before, took what rest they could before the hazardous tramp commenced, and tried not to think of what the coming days held for them, for, as Job has said: "The morning is to them even as the shadow of death. For they know the terrors of the shadow of death."

THE DREARY MARCH.

A corporal came groping and stumbling through the gloom: "No. 3 platoon, get ready."

The men crawled from their bunks, carefully pocketing their precious bits of candle, and dragged their gear outside, where, though the hour was not much past 5 o'clock, the grey mist of a Flanders winter evening was already enshrouding the place, and a dark sky was lowering with passage of rain. They buttoned their greatcoats, wriggled themselves into their equipment, and took up their burdens; for some carried shovels, and some picks, and others were weighted with sandbags full of rations.

Two by two, in sections of ten, with wide intervals between, the company moved off. Motives of economy, in men, made it advisable to march in file, in little bunches, for if a shell should land upon the road there would be fewer killed and maimed than if the men were marching in the solidity of platoons.

Along the cobbled road, its boulder-like blocks upheaved by the traffic of countless transport waggons, or by shell-fire, they tramped stolidly and silently through the gathering dark, now and again passing some fragment of ruin, looming ghostly through the mist, or a broken motor lorry thrust hurriedly from the highway into the stinking ditch.

From the cobbled road they branched on to a track, part duck-boards, part mud, which led between holes, and small, decaying dugouts on the flat—though occasionally a faint light glowing through a crevice would show that not all the dilapidated caves were untenanted. At last they reached that road of plants, built hurriedly in the immediate wake of battle over wreckage and decay, and there they formed once more into groups. Though they strove to preserve the proper intervals, the spaces would keep shortening, despite urgent demands, passed along the line, to "shorten step in the rear," and vehement questions from sergeants as to what this and that section meant by crowding up, or the bitter complaint of some burdened man lagging in the rear: "Go on; double, why don't yer? Are y' go dead anxious to get there?"

THE SOMBRE ROAD.

They were anxious to get there, for even a trench is preferable to a filthy road which at any moment may be swept by a burst of heavy shells. A halt was called, and the men rested awhile beside a mound of great howitzer shells, salvaged along with much other useful debris from the quagmire over which the plank road ran like a bridge, but though it was a needed rest, yet the men were impatient to get on.

Already the threatened rain was falling, making the darkness even more eerie with forboding and anxiety. They could not see, but they knew that for miles along, on either side, the road was piled with wrecked waggons, tossed aside to clear the way for the living, and marking the places where horses and men had died in the enveloping mud. They knew that around them lay desolation—splintered trees dotting a bogland of shell craters which flowed in icy water one to another as far as eyes could reach, a wilderness in which, half-submerged were the crumpled iron shelters of artillerymen, overturned limbers, and abandoned guns, for they were nearing the gigantic mine-hole of Hooze Crater.

Another half an hour of tramping through the slush, over the tilting, squirting planks, and Hooze Crater was reached, and another halt was called before

the next, and worse, stage up Dead Mule Gully.

In single file, headed by the captain and a guide, the first section of the first platoon started the ascent of that place of pitfalls, but so slow, so toilsome was the way in the absolute blackness of that night of rain, that it was long after the first platoon had moved off that the last received the order to move.

DEAD MULE GULLY.

This was Dead Mule Gully, a shell-shattered, sodden place, up the gamut sides of which a tortuous track wound, and where, in the drenched daylight (for it seemed always to rain here) the pitiful relics that had given the track its name were only too obvious. They lay, bloated and rigid, in all conceivable attitudes, half-buried in mud or stranded upon some clay-bank, surrounded by water discoloured with their blood—dozens of mules, still fast in the slime which held them when they had been shot to pieces, screaming in terror, their heavily-laden panniers dragging them deeper and deeper into the slough.

Even at night the mules made their presence apparent, and the track was bad enough without their unpleasant reminder of mortality. The duck-boards—what was left of them—were broken, uncertain and covered thickly with greasy mud, on which hob-nailed boots could get no secure footing. The cold rain mingled with the perspiration which trickled from beneath the men's steel helmets as they staggered upwards under their heavy burdens, treading tentatively, straining onwards with hard-drawn breaths. Now and again a man fell, and had to be helped to his feet, and sometimes a man, sleeping not delicately enough, would have to be dragged by force from the clay into which he had sunk.

THE PRECARIOUS TRACK.

Here where there had been duck-boards, was a huge shell-hole, here a single duck-board lay precariously over another water-filled crater. Low voices passed the word from man to man: "Broken duckboard here." "Shell-hole here." "Keep to the left—shell-hole." "Look out for wire." So, very slowly, with effort, in a black drizzle, through which we could not see, the climb was made, but not without bitter mutterings and revilement. Close at hand a weary Lewis-gun corporal overbalanced and fell with a splash into a deep shell-hole, and again the long line halted as his mates dragged the shivering man out; and even then he must plunge in again to rescue his precious weapon from the mud.

At last, low voices were heard speaking guardedly out of the darkness in a broad North of England accent.

"How many more miles have we got to go to get to this 'possie' of yours?" asked the exasperated voice of a Digger. "Not fur, choom, not fur—about 300 yards after ye pass the old tank on the right, an' coomin' up again the pillbox." A few gas-shells wobbled overhead, making that queer, gobbling sound which identified them, but they burst far to the right, with a "plop!" and the night was too wet for their exhalations to spread far enough to affect any one of the platoon.

TAKING OVER.

The intermittent duck-boards gave place to a sort of track of slippery clay, but it was still upwards, though the lungs were sore, and rifle and equipment seemed so heavy that one swayed with the weight. . . . And then, right by the track, there was the derelict tank, squatting half-buried in the mud, its snout lifted impotently to the sky, and ahead, a darker blur upon the darkness, loomed the squat bulk of the pillbox. The last platoon had gained the top, and beyond, in the hollow, there sprouted the blossoming flares which marked the enemy's trenches.

A guide, speaking the same thick Northern dialect, came forward. Another two hundred yards across a slippery track winding amidst holes, along a paved road, and on which, dimly discerned in the sickly, fading light of the flares, there still sprawled some enemy dead (which no one had found time, or sufficient reason, to bury), and a trench was reached.

There was a challenge and a password, and the sergeants, relieving and relieved, consulted. The word was given, and the men dropped into the trench, flinging off their burdens with as much alacrity as the Tommies shouldered theirs and scrambled out on to the track. They moved off without any delay, and the men who did not immediately have to mount guard, pulled their ground sheets about their heads, and huddled in groups in the most sheltered corners of a sloppy, newly-dug trench, there to doze as best they could and to await what revelation the dawn would bring of this, their latest home.

The longest warship constructed and soon to go into commission is the British battle-cruiser Hood, which is 900ft long and 42,000 tons full-load displacement.

THE HOME COMING.

New Zealand Expeditionary Force.

We shall return to the land we were
born in;
To sun-baked gully and bare brown
plain,
To the musical lilt of the creek down-
falling
Through shadowy ways of the Bush en-
trailing.
—Ah, the smell of the Bush in rain!—
To the tree-fern glade, and the gorge
again;
To the gold of the Kowhai, the glory
of Rata.

We shall return.

We shall return to the Sea, our Mother,
By cliff and island and storm-vexed
beaches
Where the green wave breaks, and the
scud is flying.
To the mutton-birds' haunt, and the
gulls' wild crying.
On shingle-banks where the drift-wood
bleaches;
Where kelp sways slowly in sheltered
reaches
Of land-locked harbours like sapphires
lying.

We shall return.

We shall return to the graves of our
forebears,
On many a headland, many a hill,
Nameless Mounds through the tussock
breaking
Where the Pioneers sleep till the day of
awaking;
The sunlit lingers, the flax blades
thrill
As the weka passes, and all is still;
To the spirit that breeds in the strength
of the ranges.

We shall return.

We shall return to the white-bosomed
city
Gliding by waterways blue and serene
To warehouse and spire and roof up-
rising
Beyond the lighthouse, sudden, surpris-
ing;
And by wharf and street and glint of
green,
And blaze of gardens set between
To the deep-verandahed homes of our
childhood.

We shall return.

We shall return—but we leave them
lonely
Brothers in suffering, brothers in
mirth;
East and West they are lying scattered.
All that is left of them mangled and
shattered—
Aliens hidden in alien earth,
Nevermore by dark or by dawning
Will they return!

Ah! but they live in the hearts of their
comrades—
They move with the water, mix with
the star—
Sweep with the wind through the up-
land places—
Steal with the Spring into flower-
strewn spaces—
Flush with the sunset on snowfields
afar.
Safer than we—immortal they are.
In their life of their country, the love
of their people

They are at home.

—From the "British Australasian."

REFLECTIONS.

In France I used to like to stroll
With sparkling-eyed Marie:
A barnmaid—yes—but, bless her soul,
None truer lived than she!
We'd wander nightly, hand in hand;
How sweet those memories are—
Alas, I miss my barnmaid, and
Alas, I miss the bar!

Marie was not so strong for style,
Nor keen for etiquette,
But she could cheer me with her smile,
And she could spoon, you bet!
Her glance was like a warm caress:
By George, she was a star!
And so I'm longing for her—yes,
And longing for her bar.

Of course, my sweetheart here in town
Means all the world to me;
I'd not attempt to turn her down
For any sweet Marie.

A barnmaid wife might prove too gay,
My whole career might mar,
So I'll forget Marie; but, say—
Could you forget that bar?

Roderick: "I've often gone on the stage
without a bite to eat." Antony: "And
come off again with enough vegetables to
last a month."

HORTICULTURE.

Last week ordering and planting were discussed, and incidentally manuring, particularly as to roses, but other subjects were not reached. In small gardens manuring is woefully neglected except perhaps as to vegetables, persons sometimes spending considerable sums on plants and getting but poor results through not giving either a little money or trouble to manuring. Artificial garden manures are easily used and on the whole give very good results. If applied in winter or spring when there is a good rainfall the more soluble kinds may be applied to the surface raked or forked in lightly but when the weather is getting dry should be worked into a fair depth as on the surface they seem to add to the dryness. Bone dust should always be dug in fairly deep as it is simply wasted on the surface. Stable manure is most valuable as in addition to its manurial qualities the humus provides the ideal bed for the young roots and with a little manure gives best possible results. Fowl manure must be applied carefully as owing to its strength if used carelessly it is liable to burn or rot the roots but if used carefully is invaluable for giving strong quick growth, it also enriches the ground for a considerable period as it contains all the salts (ammonia potash etc.), that are so greatly lost in the urine from the manure of animals that urinate. For most soils and almost all plants lime is beneficial.

To get back to ordering; shrubs should be procured and planted early. Photodendrons are noble shrubs and although the season of bloom for an individual plant is not long the foliage is handsome, and by a succession of varieties a considerable period is covered, but unfortunately there are many varieties of very little attraction and in most gardens where you see one or two varieties only, they are disappointing and the owners, after growing them for a number of years are loth to root them out and get desirable varieties. For goodness sake don't be afraid but if you have something that does not please you root it out and get something that you will be proud of. Nurseriesmen are often to blame, the customer probably orders by colour asking, say, for a red and a white, Alarm and Rachel are sent along according to catalogue colour, and after growing them for a few years the disappointment is put up with. Insist upon getting those with big trusses and large flowers and if you get such varieties as Auguste van Geert (a rosy red), Charles Lawson (pale salmon pink and perfectly lovely), Pink Pearl and others of the same class, you will be delighted. The Persian lilacs both lilac and white in colour are excellent small shrubs. The Exochorda is a nice white flowering deciduous shrub which grows fairly tall. Acuba Japonica is a very useful dwarf shrub with large leaves variegated yellow and green. Prostranthera rotundifolia is lovely as a shrub, when young, completely covered with its light or dark lavender coloured flowers and looking like a lavender or violet coloured manuka. White Broom grows very quickly, is ornamental and excellent for cutting, young plants give lovely sprays for decoration and it is therefore desirable to remove old plants and grow young ones from time to time, fine for church decoration. Many natives are also well worth growing. Plagianthus (or Gaya) Lyalli being perhaps the best of our small native trees, deciduous, hardy, marvellously quick growing, and giving a perfect wealth of its large pure white flowers in midsummer; Manuka Nicholi with its rich bronzy foliage and glowing crimson flowers is a gem; Rata grows well, the foliage is striking and it will bloom when about three feet high, slow growing but makes magnificent specimens, blooming freely, as it gets older and reaches 8 to 10 feet in height in specimen shrub form, stands cutting back and breaks again freely.

A BALLAD OF PREFACES.

In authorship's crowded arena
Triumphant that writer excels
Whose will find the way to subpoena
A foreword by Barrie or Wells.
And, oh, how sublimely he sells—
How warmly the critics acclaim
A witness whose signature spells
A bright and illustrious name!
The planning of Mr Saltena
With art a rare preface foretells—
Introduced by Sir James adds so keen a
Delight to the mirth it impels.
Barbellion's Diary tells
Of unfulfilled longing for fame,
Although in its vestibule dwells
A bright and illustrious name.
From Bangor to fair Pasadena
A flood of advertisement wells.
Adventure of Bab or Bettina
An eager perusal compels.
A high tide of royalties swells.
Floats proudly the bark that can
claim.

MOTORING NOTES.

Twelve months ago to-day two Invercargill citizens resigned from good positions and better prospects to make a business of their own. The go-aheadness of our western cousins caught their fancy, so they betook themselves to Indianapolis, Indiana, U.S.A. During four months they studied wit, sleeves uprolled and perfected themselves in the latest process of "making old tires new." They bought an expensive plant—at a half thousand pounds—and shipped it, and after many shipping delays fitted it up in Kelvin Buildings, Kelvin street.

During the three months that their expert work has been in demand from New Plymouth to Taupape they have treated a full four hundred motor tyres. Of these only five have been sent back for re-touching. These statistics speak volumes for the process, the most up-to-date vulcanising treatment known, that these enterprising and energetic young men have introduced to the motoring public of Southland. A visit to their factory will repay anyone desirous of being shown something new in tyre-doctoring.

The commonest failure of wooden wheels is the development of annoying squeaks. This trouble may be remedied by driving wooden wedges into the spiders where the spokes have become loosened. Car owners frequently neglect to give due attention to the hub bolts of their wooden wheels. These bolts pass through the wheel and hold the hub plate in position. If in the rear wheels the hub bolts are permitted to become loose, the wheel will be thrown out of alignment. This will make driving difficult and inevitably tyre wear will be enormously increased.

Some kinds of water form a deposit in the radiator and water passages, and this is all the greater if the water used is dirty, with the result that the circulation is retarded and the engine runs hotter than it should. A satisfactory way to clean out the deposit within the radiator is to make up a solution of one pound of washing soda in two gallons of hot water. This is poured into the radiator, which is then filled with plain water and the engine is then run slowly for half an hour, when the soda solution is entirely drained off and the radiator refilled with clean water. This cleaning out should be done several times a year, and more particularly where the thermo-siphon system is used.

A new form of non-puncturable tyre has been patented in the United States. It consists of a series of half-round curved shields, united to form a complete ring, which is interposed between the inner tube and the outer shoe of the tyre. This forms an inexpensive armour protecting the inner tube which is not liable to get out of order, and which does not materially interfere with the resiliency or cushioning effect as a whole. The formation of the armour in separate sections, easily interfere with the resiliency or cushioning the owner quickly and conveniently to place the armour in position or to remove it from the tyre whenever it is desired to change the shoe or the inner tube.

A list of daily outputs of American motor-car manufacturers for the months of June, July and August last, has been published in an American motor journal. Though by no means complete, several well-known makes being absent, the figures help to visualise the immense efforts put forth in American factories. The total daily average output of the 33 manufacturers listed is 6644 cars in June, 6773 in July, and 7003 in August. The most noteworthy individual examples are those of the Ford works, with an average output of 3033 machines per day during the three months mentioned, the Buick with 800 a day, and the Dodge with 417 a day.

The well-known aviator, Mr Glenn H. Curtiss, has built a camp car, which amounts to a compact hotel on wheels. It is hitched to an automobile and can be whisked along at the speed of fifty to sixty miles an hour without the owner being conscious of his added burden. The "motor bungalow," as one of his friends calls it, is a compact vehicle with windows front and rear, doors on either side, strongly but lightly constructed of wood veneer. It has a kitchen, pantry, toilet facilities, an ice-box, clothes and bedding lockers, electric lights, a running water system, seats, a table, and even carries a tout cot for use of the chauffeur. It's readily useful characteristics, however, become apparent when it is opened for camp service. By raising the sides and inserting screen frames, the vehicle may be made up into two complete rooms with ample sleeping facilities for two people in the fore end, and four people in the after end.

GARDEN NOTES.

STABLE MANURE.

Stable manure is capable of much good or a good deal of harm in a garden, according to whether it is properly prepared and used or otherwise. If it is in a dry littersy state when dug in it may and probably will be a harbour for woodlice, unless it is well mixed with the soil. The common practice is to push a lot of it into the trench and cover it with the soil from the next spit. There is no harm done by placing layers of manure in the lower trenches, but if it is dry or very littersy it will do harm under the top spit of soil. Apart from probable infestation by woodlice, dry manure in such a position will prevent capillary action during dry weather and so deprive plants of moisture that should be drawn from the lower levels. It may also create a wet, soggy condition of soil during wet weather. Manure of a strawy nature should be well mixed with the soil. Manure of a heavier nature, or that which is free from much litter should be well covered with soil—that is, it should be dug in deeply, so that a surface of clean soil well broken up can be secured for sowing the seeds.

GROWING ASPARAGUS.

It was formerly the practice to plant asparagus on raised beds. The practice has been so generally abandoned that it does not seem to be advisable to describe that method of planting. The plants are now put on the flat, a method that is better than raised beds, inasmuch as it gives the roots a wider and freer run. Before proceeding to plant the ultimate aim should be determined. There are three things to choose between—namely, good heads of ordinary types, giant heads and blanched heads. Blanched heads are secured by a covering of soil. These are most appreciated on the Continent of Europe, and are required by canning-factories. Heads are made green by allowing them to make their growth in the air clear of the soil; the lower portion of such heads are blanched. Green heads are said to have more flavour than white, and are preferred by most British people. Good heads are grown by planting in rows 30in apart, the plants being 15in asunder in the rows. Giant heads are secured by planting at greater distances apart—rows 4ft apart, plants at least 3ft asunder. The distance last mentioned may appear extravagant, but this is not really so in the end. After a few years the plants will practically fill the space.

CABBAGE MOTH.

It is possible to save small lots of affected cabbages if sufficient attention is paid to them but the saving of large areas depends mainly on getting growing-weather. The worst infestations occur during very dry summers. Under such conditions it is practically impossible to save the crops, except where the soil naturally holds a good deal of moisture. When the season is cold and wet the moth is not troublesome. Between the two extremes there is the medium season, when the plants may grow fairly well, and yet there may be a fairly heavy infestation. Under such circumstances the crops can be saved. Spraying large areas in an effective manner is a practical impossibility. In addition to the habit the larvae have of descending to the ground when disturbed and returning to the plant when danger is past, their work is mostly done on the under-side of the leaves, where it is difficult to reach them. I have found it best to concentrate attention on the saving of the young leaves forming in the centre of the plants. If these are injured by the insects growth must cease. A little hellebore powder dusted into the centres of the plants will save them from injury, and if some nitrate of soda is given to the roots there is every likelihood of the plants doing well. Cultivation between the plants should be frequent, and if the implement used brushes against the outer leaves it will cause many of the larvae to drop to the ground, and a proportion of them is sure to be buried in the soil.

BRUSSELS SPROUTS.

About this time the plants are almost always attacked by a grey aphid, which, unless it is checked, speedily ruins the plants. Spraying with Vistolene or XL plants. Spraying with Vistolene or XL easiest method of control. Forebible syringing with boiling water is quite effective. The usable parts of these plants are the little rosettes that form in the axils of the leaves. The question is sometimes asked whether the leaves should be cut off to encourage the growth of the rosettes or sprouts. The answer is emphatically No. The sprouts will not develop properly without the leaves, which should not be cut off until they turn yellow. Seedman's catalogue show the plant without leaves, the leaves being removed to show the sprouts.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.

252 ACRES LEASEHOLD. Rent 16s per year; 16 acres oats and grass; carrying capacity 300 ewes, cattle and horses. Building: Four-roomed house, dairy, stable, cow shed, shearing shed and sheep pen. Railway 1/2-mile, school 1/2-mile, P.O. 1/2-mile. Price £7 per acre. Owner would exchange for a small dairy farm or property.

160 ACRES FREEHOLD.

20 Acres oats, 20 acres turnips, and few acres maiden bush; balance grass. Four-roomed house, 8-stalled cowshed, Rail six miles; school and post office 1/2-mile, one mile to factory. Price £10 per acre. Owner would exchange for a property.

If you wish to sell, purchase or exchange a property in any part of New Zealand, 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 respect. The Harley is an open twin of 4 1/2 h.p. with plenty of ground clearance.

Three speed gear-box and clutch run in oil.

Enclosed single drive chain oil engine.

Perfect Mechanical Lubrication.

Induction pipe heated by exhaust together with dust proof carburettor.

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

It is sturdily built and has opened 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; 6 acres at £5; 270 acres at £7. On easy terms.

ROSEDALE (North Invercargill)—17 Acres at £35; 9 acres at £40; 6 acres at £45. The cheapest suburban land on the market to-day.

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FATHER'S PERQUISITE.

A woman whose husband, a soldier, was stationed abroad, went to register her new baby. After answering all the necessary questions she put down five shillings. "There is no charge," said the registrar.

"What," answered the mother, and after thinking, murmured: "Wait till he comes home. It has cost me five shillings every time he has registered our children."

SCIENCE NOTES.

MACHINES CONTROLLED BY SOUND

The control of electrical machinery by sound, and even by inaudible vibrations, is claimed by an Australian aviator. In his late demonstration, a small model motor-car was fitted with the essential batteries, without wires or ordinary wireless apparatus, and by the blowing of a whistle the car was started, directed to the right or left, and stopped. Control was practicable up to a distance of a mile. The inventor has given attention also to other machines, and is said to have had successful results in the control of air-planes and torpedoes.

A SPIRAL BELT PUMP.

A novel pump has recently made its appearance. It consists simply of a spiral spring belt, a grooved weight which turns with the bottom loop of the belt and holds the latter in place and a driving crank and pulley for turning the belt. Despite this simple construction the pump is capable of lifting a thousand gallons of water per hour from a depth of 300 feet even worked only by hand according to reports. The coil-like cable is sunk to any depth by the rotating weight. Obeying the law of capillary attraction, the water lodges between the turns of the spiral spring and only falls out when it reaches the top of the pump.

A TWELVE-MILE SHAFT.

At the meeting of the British Association in 1904, Mr (now Sir) Charles Parsons discussed at some length the feasibility of sinking a shaft to a depth of twelve miles in the earth; about ten times the depth of any shaft in existence. He concluded that the work could be accomplished in 85 years at a cost of £5,000,000. Subsequently exhaustive experiments to determine whether rock-pressure at so great a depth would crush the shaft in and destroy it proved that the construction of even deeper shafts was practicable; viz., 15 miles in limestone and 30 miles in granite. The cost of a shaft 12 miles deep, at present-day prices, would not be much more than the cost of one day of the recent war to Great Britain alone.

WASHING CARPETS ELECTRICALLY

A newly-developed electrical carpet washer makes possible the washing of carpets without taking them off the floor. No water touches the rug or carpet. Instead, a warm "sudsy" cleaning compound is scrubbed down to the bottom of the nap so as to clean every fibre thoroughly and take out all dirt or grit. Two brushes, made of soft, yielding rubber, are oscillated by an electric motor 500 times a minute, thus, the maker declares duplicating the scrubbing motion of the human hand. The soap compound which is used by the carpet washer is said to contain no harmful chemicals or animal fats.

REBUILDING FRANCE WITH TANKS

After having established itself as one of the most destructive weapons of the recent war, the tank, in various modified forms, is now building up another reputation as one of the greatest tools in the hands of the reconstructors of devastated Europe. Credit in generous measure is due the British authorities for their ingenious application of the erstwhile military tank to a large number of distinctly peacetime tasks. Thus the British have modified their small and large tanks for service as tractors for road work, agricultural purposes and canal-boat towing. More recently they have equipped some of their largest tanks with powerful derricks and clam-shell buckets for the purpose of aiding in the work of clearing the ruins of devastated France and Belgium. This machine has remarkable facilities for operating on any kind of clearing the ruins of devastated France it may be.

A HARD SUBSTANCE.

If aluminium oxide be vitrified at a temperature below its temperature of fusion, a product of great density and hardness is obtained possessing properties peculiarly favourable to the manufacture of many tools. This process is now employed for the production of "drawing-stones" for the purpose of the finest metal wire drawing. The degree of hardness of this substance resembles that of sapphire and it exhibits uncommonly little sign of wear and tear after use.

SHORT STORIES.

MRS MALAPROP.

A daily paper has opened its columns to examples of the speech of Mrs Malaprop. The mistress in one house, according to her cook, was "a perfect ptarmigan."

That is good, but as good was the char-lady who came one day to announce that she must absent herself because her husband was "bad with information in his inside," while she herself was suffering terribly with "algebra in her face."

The Irish servant was so surprised at something that she "stood there putrified," and another, English this time, had reasons for objecting to marriages between white women and coloured men. "What I always say," she said in decided accents, "is that everybody should marry into their own sex."

THE DAMSEL AND THE EMPEROR.

The Emperor Alexander of Russia during the occupation of Paris was present at the anniversary of one of the hospitals.

Plates for contributions were passed around by the ladies who patronised the institution. The plate presented to the Emperor was held by an extremely pretty girl.

The Emperor dropped in a handful of gold and whispered, "That is for beautiful bright eyes."

The charming little damsel courtesied and immediately presented the plate again.

"What?" said the Emperor; "more?"

"Yes, sir," said she; "now I want something for the poor."

KEEPING IT SECRET.

A good many years ago, the councillor of the Austrian Embassy in Berlin was very deaf, and used to shout the most confidential matters at the top of his voice. One day (relates a British diplomatist, who recently published some racy reminiscences) the inmates of the British Embassy, some little distance away, heard him yelling, "If the proposal is pressed, Germany will resist it to the utmost, if necessary by force of arms. The Chancellor, in giving me this information, impressed upon me how absolutely secret the matter must be kept."

"What is that appalling noise in the Austrian Chancellery?" I asked our white-headed old Chancellery servant.

"That is Count W—— dictating a cypher telegram to Vienna," answered the old man.

OF COURSE.

Several members at the club were discussing the human voice. "Speaking of the human voice," chimed in the club "bore," "have you ever thought what an indication of character it is? Place a woman I have never seen in another room and let me but hear the tones of her voice, and I will tell you what kind of a woman she is."

"You are perfectly right about that," said one of the other members, "and funny enough I recently had this very thing manifested to a remarkable degree. A woman called on my wife the other day, and although I had never seen her before, I knew by hearing her speak just what she was."

"What sort of a woman was she?" inquired the "bore" eagerly.

"Why," said the other member complacently, "she was Scotch."

LACONIC LETTERS.

The following letter was written by Charles Lamb. Haydon, the artist, had invited his friend to visit him, and had given minute directions to Lamb how to find his way. Lamb replied:—

"My dear Haydon, I will come, with pleasure, to 22, Lisson Grove, North, at Rossi's, half-way up, right-hand side, if I can find it."

"Yours, C. Lamb,

"20, Russell Court,
Convent Garden, East, half-way up,
next the corner, right-hand side."

The palm for brevity, however, must be awarded to two members of the Society of Friends. One of these, desiring to know whether his correspondent in a distant town had any news to communicate, sent a single sheet of paper on which there appeared one solitary symbol:—
"p"

He received by return of post a blank sheet.

THE INCOMPARABLE JIM.

Tales of Jim Driscoll, one of the Greatest Boxers that ever lived, By Chas. Barnett, the Welsh Referee.

In my opinion, Jim Driscoll was the greatest boxer who ever lived. Jimmy Wilde is certainly the greatest freak of the ring, but the master of the noble art is Driscoll.

It was Driscoll who taught Wilde the finer phases of the sport, and it is the Driscoll model that has been copied with such astounding success by our Welsh collier boys. There was brute force in Jess Willard there was craftiness in Fred dy Welsh, but in Driscoll we have grace and precision, the acme of cleverness. He is the King of the Ring.

I have made a very close study of his style, and he has taken pains to teach me all the tricks of the trade, in order that I should be well up in the difficult task of refereeing contests, and, armed with this knowledge, I have come through many a tight ordeal.

TIMELY ADVICE.

Driscoll, however, is ready to give any-one advice. I remember travelling to Swansea with him three years ago, during the journey Sergeant Billy Wells mentioned that he was meeting Bandsman Rice for the second time in the following week. Wells confessed that Rice was a tough problem to him, as the bandsman had the knack of coming in with his face hidden behind his gloves. Driscoll instantly gave Wells an illustration for beating this style, and Wells, probably profiting by the lesson, won inside two rounds.

"Driscoll was born for boxing, and he was barely in his teens before he won an open competition. I well remember his early days. He was then employed in the machine-room of the Cardiff "Evening Express," and was a sort of "president" of the boys' boxing club. At first there were no funds for purchasing gloves so the lads bound paper around their hands, and fought with the greatest possible spirit and enjoyment.

ANOTHER DRISCOLL.

Another clever boxer, Boyo Driscoll, owed a deal of his skill to the tuition and hard knocks received in that machine-room.

But even then it was generally recognised that Jim Driscoll was the star of the club. His speed was phenomenal, and when you thought you had a rich chance of getting home a punch, you generally found his head had inclined out of the way just in time.

In later years, I saw the development of this natural talent. It was the talent that sent the American sporting public into ecstasies. They were ready to pay any money to see this remarkable exponent of ringcraft, and in connection I can relate a pretty story of one of the many sacrifices Driscoll has made for charity.

AFTER DRISCOLL BEAT ATTELL.

In 1909 the little feather-weight boxer secured a newspaper decision over Abe Attell, the world's champion, in New York, and was at once besieged with offers of matches. One of these involved a £1,000 purse, but Jim suddenly remembered that he had promised the Catholic charity committee at Cardiff that he would box an exhibition at their annual show, and with scarcely a good-bye he set sail for home. He arrived in Cardiff at tea-time on the evening of the show.

One of Driscoll's finest examples of skill was given in June, 1912, at the National Sporting Club, London, where he met the recognised French champion, Jean Poesy, now, alas! a cripple from the effects of a Boche shell.

DRISCOLL AND POESY.

Poesy was by no means unaware of Driscoll's prowess, and he laid his plans very cunningly. He arrived in the ring wearing what looked like a week's growth of strong beard, and his plan was to bore in to close-quarters, stick his bristly beard somewhere near the Welsh boxer's chest, and then to fight like a demon. I shall never forget the scene. Driscoll outside the ring, is generally like an Irishman who sees a "scrap" from behind prison bars—mad to join in the fun; but inside the magic square, he is the artist, cool and resourceful.

He fenced away the tigerish lunges at his body with the ease an accomplished swordsman parries a thrust, and in the twelfth round he put Poesy down for the count with a short right-hander.

WAITING FOR THREE ROUNDS.

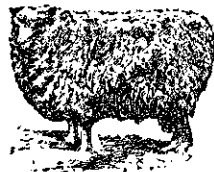
To those who declare that boxing is not scientific, I would relate the winner's remark to me immediately after the contest.

"I waited three rounds to get in that

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punch," he said, and, for my part I can honestly say that I never saw anything so neat. Poesy lunged with the right; Driscoll drew back just out of distance. Poesy came forward with the force of his effort; Driscoll side-stepped, and as Poesy was shooting past, Driscoll shot the punch to the chin. If you get a friend to take up the positions I have described, you will not fail to see how well-executed was the move which brought the knock-out.

WHERE DRISCOLL EXCELLED.

People often ask me to explain the secret of Driscoll's cleverness—just where he excels compared with other champions—and my answer is: "By his wonderful timing of punches and his uncanny judgment of distance."

Driscoll's hands, feet, and head work with automatic precision, whilst with all three he uses the chief asset—brains. every ring device is known to him, and he has a trump for every trick.

OUTSIDE THE RING.

Outside the ring, Driscoll has also had many adventures. Once at Caerleon Racecourse, near Newport, he had been told to back a horse called Baron Grafton. On form, nothing in the race could come within lengths of the Baron, but Driscoll, who had backed it, was thunder-struck at finding it jibbing the very first fence.

The owner, who had greatly fancied the animal, was so disgusted at the failure that he straightway put the animal up to the highest bidder.

Try as he could, however the auctioneer could not raise much enthusiasm for the disgraced animal, and so it came to pass that the highest bid was £10, and the bidder Driscoll.

"Any advance on ten" said the auctioneer. "Any advance on ten? Going at ten—once. Going at ten—twice. The third and last time, going at ten—"

"Make it ten-and-six," quietly remarked Ralph Lile, one of Driscoll's pals; and amidst great laughter, the crowd melted away, and the horse remained unsold.

A GLUTTON FOR WORK.

In all my experience I have never seen a boxer train like Driscoll. His road-work is, of course, similar to that of others, excepting that he gives his companion, who is on a bicycle, more of a race than most boxers do; but in a gymnasium he is practically tireless, and he usually finishes up by "walking" on his hands.

The mistake of his career, to my mind was the historic contest with Freddy Welsh, and to this day I deeply regret having had anything to do with the making of the match. The pair had been keen ring rivals, but they were both champions at their weight, and no possible advantage was to be gained by finding which was the better of the two. At that time, unfortunately, I did not view things in this light, and so I gave prominence to the bitter words uttered in each camp. The result was a clamour for a match, and the huge purse of £2,500 was given by a small syndicate. The whole affair proved a fiasco, and whilst I have influence on Welsh boxing the experiment will not be repeated.

THE ANSWER IN THE INFIRMARY.

"During the war a soldier was tried for assaulting a sergeant. He was asked by the prosecuting officer: 'Now please tell us at once, without any provocation, did you or did you not strike the sergeant?'"

"The prisoner cogitated for a moment, then he answered brightly: 'The answer is in the infirmary.'"

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Roderick: "I've often gone on the stage without a bite to eat." Antony: "And come off again with enough vegetables to last a month."

Papa: "Yes, my son, if you want to learn anything, well you must begin at the bottom." Little Bobby: "How about swimming, pa?"

Mistress: "Why did you leave your last place, Mary?" Maid: "I didn't like the way the lady treated me, mum. She turned me out!"

Flush: "What about the rent of a place like this? I suppose the landlord asks a lot for it?" Flush: "Yes, rather. He's always asking for it."

Bobbie: "Why do you reject me? Is there another fellow?" Bessie: "Possibly! Did you think you were the last of the species?"

Mulligan: "I sent a cheque to that fund, but I don't believe in parading my charity." Casey: "Well?" Mulligan: "So I signed a fictitious name to it."

Parline (sarcastically): "Jack struts along as if he owned the earth." Elvira (sweetly): "No wonder. Last evening I promised to let him become my husband."

Bachelor Friend: "Well, McBride, is there as much billing and cooing as there was before marriage?" Young Husband: "The billing has increased considerably."

Medium: "The spirit of your wife is here now; do you wish to speak to her through me?" Widower: "Ask her where the dickens she put my summer underwear."

Artist: "Am I quite safe in this field with your bull?" Farmer: "Yes, I should think yer would be now, mister—it's over a month since he killed the last h'artist!"

"By jove, your cook is staying a long time with you. What's the secret?" "I only had to agree to one stipulation to secure her permanently and I caved in. She's now my missus."

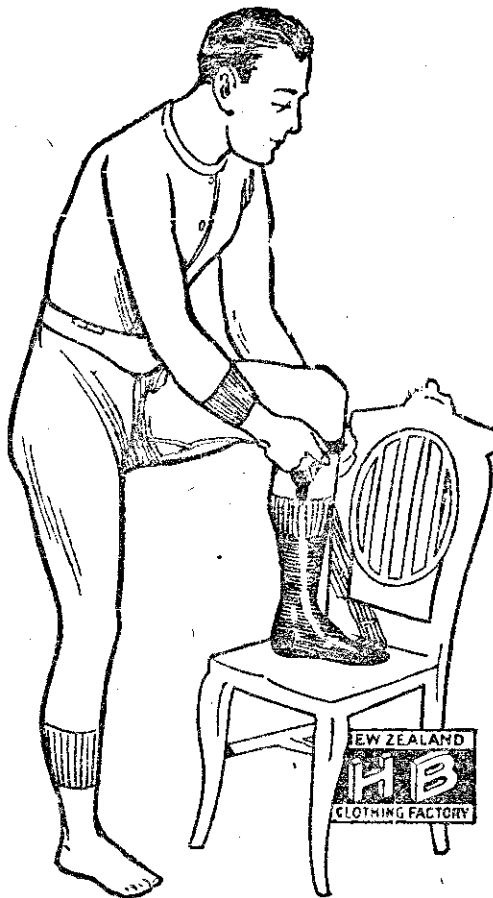
"Ah, Professor, what a charming collection of stuffed birds you have here! Where did you get them from?" "Oh, that is quite simple. I have been collecting them for years from the worn-out hats of my seven daughters."

"Tommy," said the hostess, "you appear to be in deep thought." "Yes'm," replied Tommy, "ma told me somethin' to say if you should ask me to have some cake or anything, an' I bin here so long now I forget what it was."

"Waiter, do you mean to say this is the steak I ordered?" "Yes, sir," replied the waiter. "This looks like the same steak the gentleman across the table refused to eat a few minutes ago." "Yes, sir; we always tries it three times before we gives it up."

A tramp asked a gentleman for a few pence to buy some bread. "Can't you go into any business that is more profitable than this?" he was asked. "I'd like to open a bank if I could only get the tools," answered the tramp.

The doctor stood at the bedside of the sick man. "Did you administer the sleeping draught at nine o'clock as I directed?" he inquired of the wife. "Yes," she answered with a sniff, "but it seemed a pity to have to wake the poor man out of the first sound sleep he'd had in four days to give it to him."

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"IF IT'S H.B. IT'S GOOD"

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MEN'S MOSGIEL RIBBED UNDERPANTS, 10/6, 11/6.
MEN'S MOSGIEL WORSTED UNDERPANTS, 13/6, 14/6.
MEN'S ROSLYN FAWN WORSTED UNDERPANTS, 14/6, 15/6.
MEN'S MOSGIEL ALL-WOOL SINGLETS, 8/11, 10/6.
MEN'S ROSLYN HEAVY ALL-WOOL SINGLETS, 10/6, 11/6.
MEN'S MOSGIEL WORSTED SINGLETS, 13/6, 14/6.
MEN'S ROSLYN FAWN WORSTED SINGLETS, 14/6, 15/6.

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FRIDAY, APRIL 16, 1920.