

YOU WILL FIND IT TO YOUR ADVANTAGE

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

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

WE STRIVE TO MAKE A
SATISFIED CUSTOMER OF
YOU AND GIVE PROMPT SER-
VICE AND BEST VALUE.

START WITH US TO-DAY.

CALL ON US OR RING TELE-
PHONES 634-635 or 2.

BROAD, SMALL & CO.

DEE, TYNE, LEVEN STS.

'Phone--343. Private 'Phone--883.

Alex. Peterson,

PLUMBER AND GASFITTER,
45 Tay street,
INVERCARGILL.

MANUFACTURER of Spouting, Down-
pipes, Ridging Tanks, Baths, Hot
and Cold Water Apparatus, etc.

No work too large or too small.

MANUFACTURER of IRON LADDERS,
Etc.

SOLE SOUTHLAND AGENT FOR

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

CHOICEST—

FRUIT, and

CONFECTIONERY

ALWAYS OBTAINABLE.

Everybody's Fruit Confectioner.

SHORT STORIES.

TROUBLE AND SQUEAK.

In these go-ahead times people are apt to sneer at old-fashioned methods but a better method than slipping under the seat when one has lost one's railway ticket has yet to be devised. And that was the course that William Brown, who found himself in this plight, took.

At the moment the ticket-collector arrived, however, the concealed man gave vent to an extraordinary sound—a sort of compound of a groan, a bellow, and a shriek—was, of course, detected, and made to pay full fare.

"Well, Bob," he explained, in reply to his companion's heated demand to know why he had made such an egregious ass of himself, "ye see, just as the ticket chap came, I had a shocking cramp, and I just had to wriggle. I was afraid he'd see me. But he'll think 'tis a mouse," says I to myself, 'If I squeak.' So I squeaked.

Mr X., a prominent lawyer, was much addicted to the habit of lecturing his clerks, the office-boy coming in for an unusual share of admonition whenever occasion called for it, and sometimes when it did not. That his words were appreciated was made quite evident to Mr X. one day when a conversation between his and another office-boy on the same floor was repeated to him.

"Watcher wages?" asked the other boy.

"I get two thousand pounds a year," said Mr X.'s lad.

"I don't think!" ejaculated the other boy derisively.

"Honest I do," said Tommy — "fifteen bob a week in cash, and the rest in legal advice!"

The village grocer had been drumming into his new apprentice his views on the virtue of economy, until the boy had had rather enough of it.

At last a fly settled on the sugar, and the grocer deftly caught it, and threw it away.

"Wasn't that rather wasteful, sir?" inquired the boy meekly. "You throw that fly away without brushing the sugar off it."

Tommy was spending his holidays with his little friend. At bedtime it was discovered that he had forgotten to bring his pyjamas.

"Never mind, Tommy, I will lend you one of Freddy's nightgowns," said Freddy's mother.

"I won't sleep in it," said Tommy.

"Oh yes, dear, I am sure you will."

"No," said Tommy, "before I sleep in a nightgown I'll go to bed raw."

The teacher was giving a lesson on physiology.

"Who can tell me what your spinal column is?" said she at last.

There was silence for a moment; then a small hand waved in the air.

"Well, tell me, Tommy," said the teacher.

Tommy answered, "Please, ma'am, my spinal column is a little thing that runs up and down me back; me head sits on one end and I sit on the other."

They were two kind-hearted Irishmen who sat beside an old log cabin. Mike, sitting on an old box, looked very sad, whilst Pat, over opposite, was crying piteously. After a dreadful silence Mike spoke up.

"And what are ye crying for, Pat?"

After a pause came the reply:

"Poor old Barney's sent me his photograph and every time I look at it it makes me think of all the dear old faces I used to shake hands with."

An Irishman more patriotic than clever, enlisted in a Dragoon regiment, with the intention of becoming a gallant soldier.

The fencing instructor had experienced rather a difficult job in the matter of explaining to him the various ways of using the sword.

"Now," he said, "how would you use the sword if your opponent feinted?"

"Bedad!" said Pat, with gleaming eyes, "I'd just tickle him with the point to see if he was shamming!"

The nurse on duty in a hospital was giving the little ones their last meal for the day. All save one were patiently awaiting their turn to be served; the one in question being a rosy-cheeked convalescent who was lustily calling for her portion. The nurse was a Cockney who had not yet become quite sure of her aspirates.

"Haren't you a little himpatient, Florence?" inquired the nurse, with just a tone of correction in her voice.

"No, I'm not!" returned Florence, promptly. "I'm a little her patient!"

WHERE IS THE REAL ENEMY

Just now Europe hardly does credit to its intelligence. It is torn and tortured in a monstrous embroil, which a little wise and patient investigation and treatment might, at any rate, have modified, and possibly prevented altogether. The war is quite certainly not a root out of dry ground. Both our own and others' implication in it is not an accident. It is the ostensible and inevitable result of a direction of view, a quality of life, a cultivation of tone, a kind of ideal, which belong to the present type of European civilisation—the present type of European man and mind. The tree is to be known by its fruits, and the fruits are patiently unlikable. In the process of evolution we have manifestly only reached that stage where it is possible for such disturbances to occur. It is as easy as it is inaccurate to put all this embroglio down at the door of Prussian Junkerdom. The actual form that the mischief has taken—red slaughter—may have been largely decided in that quarter, but the tendencies out of which it all sprang and the soil in which it has so horribly flourished, are general all over the continent.

From Zeno down to Emerson, and even from remoter exponents to possibly more recent ones, moralists have persistently argued that no one can harm us but ourselves. In an ancient and complex civilisation like ours that might be very difficult to prove; but, all the same, the curses which afflict us, and out of which our disasters come, are to be found at least within the compass of humanity. "A man's foes are they of his own household." They are contributed by human temperament and sustained by human consent. We must have been harbouring cause, or the result could not have transpired. It has been coarsely said that it would take Omnipotence itself to prevent an explosion with a million tons of gunpowder on the premises; but there is a more subtle combustibility than gunpowder—the thought atmosphere of a nation; and until that, with all that is involved in it, is appreciated, understood, and either cured or corrected, these ghastly demonstrations of fury will not be placed securely outside the pale of the possible.

Now, perhaps, the most readily recognisable contributory cause of our disaster is what may be called National Ambition to acquire and control. The lust of power which batters on possession is still a dominating factor in all our modern civilisations. We measure our importance largely by the number of acres we occupy, and the millions of population that we can compel to acknowledge our sway. The loss of a strip of territory, we think, would mean a loss of prestige; we should shrink with the shrinkage of our domain. It is true that this doctrine in its explicit form, is not universally held by the proletariat of this or any other country, but it does take very definite shape in the minds of those who are officially concerned in administration. There is a fierce tenacity of possession and a constant set of ambition that way. Our claim is based on the apparently undeniable fact that we are the best colonisers in the world. Germany's claim is based on her conviction, or the conviction of her rulers, that world-wide "Kultur" is an absolute necessity for human redemption. From time to time, valiant attempts are made to justify this ambition, to interpret its possible harmfulness away. We say, that it is for the good of the world that it should come under our aegis—that races discover that their best interests are served by their suzerainty. They are freer, happier, more productive, wealthier. It is also so much towards the final solidarity of mankind. All which may be quite honestly believed and more or less accurate. It does not, however, transform this national ambition forthwith into a beautiful and transparent benevolence. There is that in man which cannot resist the seeming fascination of the "far-flung banner" and the allegiance of another annexed tribe of people.

"I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute.
From the centre of all round to the sea,
I am Lord of the fowl and the brute."

is far too inveterate. A nobleman, recently deceased, once stood in his drawing room and said: "I will possess all the lands I can see from here through the window." He made the boast good and died an unsatisfied man.

And it does not take very long to discover that this ambition rests upon dangerous self-ignorance, self-mistrust and one of the sorriest of fancies. Both physically and psychologically, it is foredoomed to failure. It must physically for the simple reason that there is only so much territory on this earth to be acquired; and when the last acre of hinterland is absorbed in the dominant empire, and the last South Sea rocklet crowned by

the flag then the hunger which has driven it thus far will begin to hurt. We are nursing an insatiable serpent, and when there is no more pabulum—what then.

And disaster lies upon the road because there always happens to be more than one competitor with this ravenous ambition—and, withal, the same plausible explanation for it. This planet is not big enough for the ambition of a single king; and when there are two or more there is nothing so certain as war, sometime or another. We may have been pursuing this pathway of national aggrandisement and expansion with perfect guilelessness, but, nevertheless, it has all the time led straight to a clash of interests and an ultimate appeal to force.

For, with perfect consistency, the protection of physical possessions necessitates the use of physical weapons. You can only defend your material frontier with the sword. Intellectual and moral assets you can defend with the more refined forces of the mind. Political convictions can be fought for on the platform, and in the forum, with all the arts of persuasion and invective; but, so long as nations are property concerns, some form of national or international "arm" will have to be employed in their defence. That is where the present type of empire leads us—straight on to the rocks of a physical impossibility and—war!

And psychologically, of course, the impasse is still more pronounced and poignant. We cannot appease desire with material things, or even the power that they represent. There is a weird pathos about this incessantly asserted appetite. Feed a hungry man with bread and in due time he will cry out "enough"; give the lungs air and they will cease automatically to inspire, and expire; give thirst water and it will be quenched. But crowd lands and dominions and empires upon this inner craving, and it will be left at the finish even worse off than at the beginning. The old adage "The appetite grows upon what it feeds upon," does not apply here, for the truth is desire is not to feed at all with these things that we touch and handle—these broad acres and looming distances. That has been the mistake that humanity has made all along. It has offered a stone for bread. The force that emerges in life as desire is as desire is as vehement as it is in its demand to-day because it has gone hungry through long centuries. The banquet offered has not been to its liking or of its kind. We have left it starving because we have looked in the wrong direction for its provender. That is the great truth which in fine allegorical form, lies behind the Jesuit rejection of Satan's offer of all the kingdoms of the world and that later declaration, "My kingdom is not of this world." The Master of Men knew the quality of His own claim, and turned away from the ponderable and palatable to the secret infinite of the spiritual world. Desire is not wrong, not a disease. It is as right as the power of vision and the love of light; but it recoils in wholesome aversion from these cheap and pink comestibles of sense, and still waits with unsilencable appeal for that which eye hath not seen nor ear heard. With all the long, long series of efforts to quell this desire with material acquisition it ought to have been borne in upon the world's thought that there was something seriously wrong with its method. It is unthinkable that humanity should have been wrought out to the galling anti-climax of an ever increasing demand with an ever decreasing supply, only to be faced at last with the cessation of supply and the maximum of demand. The thing is inherently ridiculous, and almost proclaims the process of evolution an insanity, if it be so. Alexander sitting down to weep because there are no more worlds, as he thinks, to conquer, is not merely a comedy—he is a tragedy; and the whole fact which thus represents is tragic beyond words.

And here in the writer's opinion is the key to the modern world's almost universal malady. Never was an age in which so much was done and provided for the satisfaction of life. Singers sing to it; players play to it; jacksnapes dance before it to amuse it, fuses glitter all round it; it is screamed at from the temples of pleasure; it is dazzled by the emblazonment of the sensual; amazons of alcoholic liquor are poured out for its consumption. The raw material is flung to its devouring lust with pitiable profusion, until the sins of Sodom are like to blush for very moderation. But all to no purpose. It only awakens with the day to new appeal. The worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched. We may go on until the whole world is one vast organised feast and revel, until empires have waxed and swollen to the very consumption of splendour and extent; but the morrow will be as yesterday, and the sigh of the soul will be: "Oh that I knew where I might find Him!"

And it is in view of these things that we venture to revive the thesis which has been steadily contended for by all great

CHEAP MEAT.

ONLY PRIMEST QUALITY,
BEEF AND MUTTON.

AT EVERYBODY'S



A. CUNDALL,
Proprietor.

For several years Manager
City Meat Co.

(Kelvin St. one door from Esk St.)

spiritual thinkers for two thousand years; that man's life does not consist in the abundance of the things which he possesses, or acquires or controls or absorbs; that this attempted investment of self in our environment, the projection of our value into material forms, is altogether a mistaken praxis; nay, that it is never really accomplished at all, that it is mere delusion. Actual possession only comes by complete incorporation and incorporation of material things in spiritual power that craves is an impossibility.

The greatest and the best man that this world ever knew was a beggar—a wandering vagrant. Buddha achieved world-wide and time-long distinction of character by the utter relinquishment and abandonment of the vanities with which we surround ourselves. They both agree in one thing, that instead of imagining life to be fulfilled in getting all, they unstintingly gave all and attained the peace that passed all understanding by so doing. Civilisation is running itself into a cul-de-sac. The real value is in and of life itself. The infinite is infinite here and now, or nowhere and nowhen. Self-culture and development offer an endless scope for our activity. The deepening and intensification of our own consciousness, the mellowing and refining of our inherent selves, the pressing inward to the essential divinity that resides within—these are the great satisfying and peace-assuring things. Even on the bare utilitarian ground they justify themselves. It is notorious that the periods of nation's utmost efficiency and vitality have been coincident with the seasons when they have been cultivating and expressing the more inward things. Greece flourished while she was writing her poetry. Rome was sound while she was formulating her law. The Hebrew who spoke and thought in terms of soul is to this day, although without a single square inch of national territory, racially inextinguishable. It is the sense of soul in a people that ultimately saves it—the consciousness of an integrity that rests, not upon material props, but upon invisible and eternal foundations.

And one can hope that this war will do something to reveal to Europe the wrongness of her method, unveil the me we have been harbouring in our bosoms, and by the spectacle and experience of sheer exhaustion turn us inward to the real sources of power and being. It may be that we shall have to be taught by this stern process of decimation—see our glories smitten to the dust and the things we cherished annihilated. And when the battle smoke has all drifted away, and the poor sodden and ravaged earth has entombed our squandered material splendour, there may dawn a day in which we shall come to ourselves and start afresh to build Jerusalem in a fair and pleasant land. We shall, perchance, have learnt to leave behind our workable avarice, our disastrous pride, our deluding lusts and vanities, our impossible appetites, our unredempted ambitions, and in sweeter simpler, sublimer ways, go on to breed a race that shall make the principle of brotherhood not only a name but a living reality.

"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."