

MISS BREY,

THE PARAMOUNT,
THE PARAMOUNT,

If you have not already seen our Autumn display of

VELOUR TWEED AND RAIN COATS,

make a point of doing so early. You will be delighted with our exceptional range. From 6/6 to 12 Guineas.

INVERCARGILL MILK SUPPLY.

Phone 556. 53 Yarrow street.
MILK and CREAM! MILK and CREAM! MILK and CREAM!

From the finest pastures in Southland.

Clean, pure, sweet, wholesome, and scientifically pastured.

A BOON FOR BABIES.

Our Motto: "Purity."

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

Invercargill Milk Supply,

53 YARROW STREET.

OPPORTUNITY.

By "Ingalls."

Master of human destinies am I;
Fame, Love and Fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk, I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate.
If sleeping, wake, if feasting, rise, before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state,
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe,
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate
Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
Seek me in vain, and uselessly implore,
I answer not, and I return no more.

TO OPPORTUNITY.

BY JUDGE WALTER MALONE.

They do me wrong who say I come
no more,
When once I've knocked and failed to
find you in,
For every day I stand outside your door,
And bid you wake and rise, to fight
and win.
Wait not for precious chances passed
away,
Weep not for golden ages on the wane,
Each night I burn the records of the
day.
At sunrise every soul is born again.
Laugh like a boy at splendours that
have sped,
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and
dumb,
My judgments seal the dead past with
its dead,
But never bind a moment yet to come.
Though deep in mine, wring not your
hands and weep,
I lend my arm to all who say "I can,"
No shamefaced outcast ever sank so
deep
But yet may rise and be again a man.
Dost thou behold thy lost youth all
aghast?
Dost reel from righteous retribution's
blow?
Then turn from blotted archives of the
past,
And find the future's pages white as
snow.
Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from
from thy spell.
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be for-
given.
Each morning gives thee wings to flee
from Hell.
Each night a star to guide thy feet
to Heaven!

The Japanese are far ahead of all other nations in the art of making artificial flowers. They copy with marvellous fidelity not only the blossoms, but whole branches, and even plants in bloom.

Of Interest to Women.

SIMPLIFICATION AND LABOUR-
SAVING.

Even when we have swept out our superfluous furniture and ornaments, when we have ceased to wear starched shirt-fronts and cuffs (or to allow men to do so) when we have realised that a Japanese kimono is a most graceful garment and of a charming simplicity in shape and stitching, even when we have (as we have not yet) reduced our diet to a simpler and plainer regime, to the edification of our souls and the improvement of our health, there still remains much to be done in a house.

In some directions, modern ideas demand increased activity. At least the enlightened among us wash their persons more fully and freely than of yore, and consequently must wash more towels and clean more bath-rooms. And we can scarcely revert to the primitive diet of nuts and fruit, avoiding all cookery.

The trend of modern domestic ideas, however, is towards not only the simplification of living but also the saving of labour in the means of doing it. The vacuum cleaner is more effective than the broom, ever was and even in its most clumsy form involves less labour, since it does not spread the dust from the carpet over everything else in the room. In time, electric plugs for driving the vacuum cleaner will be installed in every house when it is built. The gas and electric cooking stoves, the electric iron have already halved the labour of the kitchen and doubled the comfort with which it is performed.

Nor is it to be supposed that we have as far as we can go on these lines. Invention has many ideas yet in store for the house-wife if she will only profit by them. And to do her justice, she is generally eager to do so. What is wanted is to bring these labour saving devices within the reach of everybody, and ensure their possession and use to every woman who has a home to keep.

Houses also will in future be built with a view to economy of time and energy. No more walking three hundred yards when fifty would suffice, if the house were only planned properly. There is a field of great promise open to women in domestic architecture. Already many in other countries have begun to work in it. Why does one never hear of it as a possible profession for women here?

Why have we in Invercargill so many inconvenient and inartistic houses? Partly because we have too much old stock on hand; largely because we in common with the inhabitants of other towns, have suffered the house-agent in our midst. He has his good points. His system of time-payments has enabled many a family of small or moderate means to buy a home; but when all's said and done, he does not build and sell houses for philanthropy or love of art or enthusiasm for progress. He does it for a living and to make money. Supposing he is honest in his building, he still offends by running up house after house on stock models and minimum areas all over the place. He is not an architect, he is just a man out to make money, from a man out to makemoney, from the chances of life and the stupidity of the public. We shall never solve the housing problem until we re-organise our forces altogether and place the making of the people's homes in the hands of men and women whose first object is not to make profits for themselves. Expert supervision of all domestic architecture will be a prominent feature in the town-planning activities of the future.

And now for that without which these reforms and many desirable innovations yet to be described, cannot be more than dreamed of—co-operation. One woman, two women, a score of women acting separately cannot do what twenty acting together can accomplish. Co-operation is the keynote of modern life; it is the only key that fits the lock of modern problems, separateness is a thing of the past. Jealousy, unwillingness to learn from others, snobbishness, all concomitants, or rather parts and phases of separateness, must go, if we are to grapple with life in this new era. How many excellent housewives in Invercargill would sniff or snort at the idea of the communal kitchen, they think themselves the best cooks in the district and are inordinately proud of the distinction? How many men can never bring themselves to believe that a pancake can be successfully "tossed" by anyone but their own mothers, much less that pancakes are things one really can afford to live without?

There hangs round our necks too, ever and always, a weight of inertia. Having been set in motion according to the tra-

ditions of the past, the easiest thing is to keep moving in just that direction and at just that pace. It requires force to get out of the groove oneself, and much more force to push others out of it.

Next week we shall consider what may be accomplished in the domestic world by co-operation, and why here as elsewhere, we must co-operate or perish.

Children's Column.

BY "MATER."

DAISY DIMPLE.

"Daisy Dimple" was the darling of her family. They called her Dimple because she just dimpled all over her chubby little face whenever she smiled, and that was very often. Her face was not the only "dimple" part about her either, she had fat dimpled arms, and even dimples at her ankles and knees, which showed quite plainly below her wee petticoats.

Daisy Dimple had everything she could wish for, and, unlike many other little boys and girls who get all they want, she was very unselfish, and, therefore, as happy as it was possible for a little girl to be.

Now, Daisy Dimple was not a lazy little girl, she had far too many "children" to wash and dress, and pretend to feed and put to bed, and to nurse and cuddle, ever to be idle.

But Daisy Dimple thought it was not much use trying to keep a big family in order unless one looked "grown up," and she certainly didn't look as grown up as mother or granny. She supposed that was why her best doll "Wendy," would not shut her eyes to go to sleep now, as she used to, and why Tommy Atkins would be so unruly and stupid and keep falling over as though guns were being fired at him.

How could she expect her family to obey her if she wasn't a real grown up mother? So very quietly she tip-toed up to grandmamma's room and looked in the cupboard, and there she saw a box nearly as big as herself. Daisy Dimple dragged the box out and opened it. Carefully removing several pieces of "rusty" tissue paper she saw just the very thing she needed to make her look as grown up as granny.

It was a large coal scuttle of purple velvet, with two black and two lavender coloured feathers in it fastened in a bunch to the front of the crown.

Daisy Dimple's eyes grew large and round, and she held her breath and clasped her dimpled hands as she gazed at the glorious bonnet.

Then she took it from its rustling wrappings, and placed it on her golden curls. With a half smile and a feeling of great importance she picked up granny's hand-glass and looked in.

"Don't I look 'grow'd up'?" she asked herself, as she balanced the bonnet on her head, steadying it with one hand. You see the glass did not show Daisy Dimple her short frock, tiny socks, and stretch of bare dimpled leg between, so, entirely satisfied, that she was now 'grow'd up' she went back to the nursery to over-awe, and claim obedience from her tiresome children.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

THE CHILDREN.

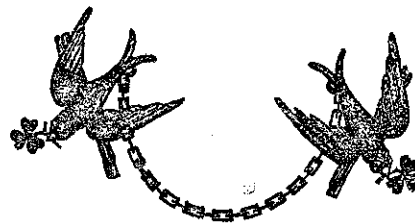
The house that has the children is the house that has the joy in it,
To me 'tis only home that has a girl or a boy in it.
An' every one that's added only makes the place the cheerier;
If childer are the gifts of God, the more He sends the merrier.
Sure, every little one I've had gave something to my bliss the more,
An' every little baby face my lips were drawn to kiss the more,
An' though I know how the trouble an' the thril and the care they are,
An' though I know how often wild, how wayward an' how queer they are
An' though 'tis many a night I've watched beside the little beds of them,
An' held their little hands and cooled the fevered little heads of them,
An' though I know the surly moods that fell upon the best of them
Can one who is unkind outweigh the love of all the rest of them?
No, no, the trouble that I've had, through them, I'll never rue at all,
An' sure, without the childer now, I don't know what I'd do at all.

Mother: "In disobeying me you were doing wrong and I have punished you to impress it on your mind."

Son and Heir (between sobs): "Aren't you mistaken, mummy, in regard to the location of my mind?"

REIN'S FOR RINGS.

We make a special feature of Engagement, Wedding and Dress Rings.

JEWELLERY,
SILVERWARE
WATCHES.
Ring Size.
Card Free.

N. J. M. REIN,

Watchmaker and Jeweller, Dee Street, Invercargill.

Phone 161.

BARLOW'S Jubilee Store,

Is the place to buy your GROCERIES—where you get the best value for cash. Established nearly a quarter of a century; still going strong. Send your orders by post or 'phone, and you will receive them promptly for cash on delivery. Pay cash and save booking charges.

DEE STREET, INVERCARGILL.

The Home.

PASTRY.

Rough Puff Pastry.—Half pound flour, 5oz lard, a pinch of salt, one dessertspoonful lemon juice, cold water. Sieve the flour and salt on to a pastry board or a marble slab. Cut the lard into pieces about an inch square; roll in the flour, and place on one side. Make a well in the centre of the flour, put in the lemon juice and a little water, and mix into a smooth paste, adding more water as necessary. Knead thoroughly, roll out, place the pieces of lard on it, fold in, and roll into a thin strip. Flour lightly, and fold in three, press the edges together, and turn the fold towards the right hand; proceed in the same way until the pastry has had four rolls and four folds. Roll out again to the size required, and use either for meat pies or tartlets. For mince pies roll out thinly, cut out with a round cutter, slightly larger than the patty pan used, line some patty pans with the pastry. Fill with mincemeat, slightly damp the edges, put on a cover of pastry, knock up and scollop the edges, and place on a baking sheet, and bake in a hot oven 15 minutes to 20 minutes.

Short Crusty Pastry.—Half pound of flour, 2oz of dripping, half a teaspoonful of baking powder, cold water to mix, a pinch of salt. Sieve the flour, salt and baking powder into a basin, rub in the fat, and mix all to a stiff dough with the water. Flour a board and rolling pin. Roll out the pastry to the required thickness, and use for meat pies, tarts, etc.

Potato Pastry.—Half pound of mashed potatoes fine and dry, 4oz of flour, or flour and fine oatmeal, 1½oz of dripping, one teaspoonful of baking powder, salt. Mix the flour, salt and baking powder; rub in the dripping. Add the potatoes; and mix well lightly. Make a stiff paste with cold water. Flour a board, and roll out ¼ inch thick. It should be baked in a quick oven.

French Pastries.—French pastries are made by making various fancy shapes of puff pastry, and placing jam, chopped nuts or anything light upon them. In some cases they are made into square tartlets, and the inside filled with one or two cherries, and syrup poured after they are cooked, or an apricot covered with syrup (made of sugar and water), or the apricot syrup and sugar. Another method of making them is to bake Genoese pastry in a Yorkshire pudding tin or on a baking sheet. When cooked this can be cut into various fancy shapes, either diamond shape, in rounds or into triangles. They can be cut in half, and jam or butter icing spread between them; the tops are either iced with white or any coloured glaze or chocolate icing, or spread with icing, and a small design piped round with a forcip; or they can be painted over with jam, rubbed through a sieve and chopped nuts or desiccated cocoanut sprinkled over.

The largest sheet or pane of glass in the world is set in the front of a building on Vine street, Cincinnati, Ohio. It was made in Marseilles, France, and measures 186in by 104in.

FAMOUS HYMNS.

THE STRANGE WAYS IN WHICH
SOME WERE WRITTEN.

William Cowper, who was responsible for a large number of hymns, was once promised a post as clerk of the Journal to the House of Lords, and was happy in the contemplation of his approaching appointment when, to his utter dismay, he learned that it would be necessary to undergo a public examination before the House before he entered upon his duties. As the time drew nigh his agony became more and more intense, and he made up his mind to commit suicide. On the day before his public appearance was to be made he threw himself into his coach and ordered the man to drive to the Tower Wharf intending to throw himself into the river.

THE POET'S REMORSE.

On approaching the water, he found a porter seated upon some goods. He returned to the coach and was conveyed to his lodgings at the Temple. He shut the doors and threw himself upon an open knife, but the blade broke. At this time some friends came to see him, and he concealed his agitation. As soon as he was left alone a change came over him, and so detestable did his intentions appear that he spent the rest of the day in heavy insensibility.

All night he slept, but at daybreak he awoke, and, in one of those fits of contrition that appeared to have followed on every period of his madness, he wrote that hymn that has since become so well-known, "God moves in a mysterious way."

"Abide with me" was written at the little fishing port of Brixham, on the shores of Torbay, and was Henry Francis Lyte's last composition. In 1847 Mr Lyte became so weak and ill that the doctors ordered his removal to Nice. The evening of the Sunday prior to his departure was a beautiful one, and after service he left his house and strolled, as was his custom, down the garden path to the sea shore. An hour later he presented his family with the famous hymn.

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

Apart from the great beauty of "Our Blest Redeemer ere He Breathed His tender last farewell," the hymn is remarkable from the fact that the authors, Harriet Auber, first wrote it on a pane of glass in a window of her house at Hoddson.

"Christians, awake, salute the happy morn," has been a favourite Christmas hymn for more than 150 years. John Byrom, the author, wrote it for his favourite little daughter, Dolly, who found it one Christmas morning awaiting her with other presents.

"There is a Happy Land" was written by Andrew Young in 1838. He happened during that year, to be spending his holiday in Rothesay, and one day passed the afternoon in the house of a friend. A little girl began to play a little Indian melody on the piano, and Mr Young, who was passionately fond of music, begged her to play it again, remarking that it would make a capital tune for a children's hymn. That night the tune still haunted him, and early in the morning he rose, and, while walking in the garden, wrote the hymn.