

THE DIGGER

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A FACT OF REALITY.

I'm looking at their blistered feet;
young Jones
Stares up at me, mud-splashed and
white and jaded;
Out of his eyes, the morning light has
faded.
Old soldiers with three winters in their
bones
Puff their damp Woodbines, whistle,
stretch their toes:
THEY can still grin at me, for each
of 'em knows
That I'm as tired as they are
Can they guess
The secret burden that is always
mine?—
Pride in their courage; pity for their
distress;
That I must take them to the accursed
Line.
I cannot hear their voices, but I see
Dim candles in the barn; they gulp
their tea,
And soon they'll sleep like logs. Ten
miles away
The battle winks and thuds in blund-
ering strife.
And I must lead them nearer, day by
day,
To the foul beasts of war that blud-
geons life.

Their lives are like the leaves
Scattered in flocks, of ruin, tossed and
blown
Along the western furnace, flaring red.
O martyred youth and manhood over-
thrown,
The burden of your wrongs is on my
head.
What invalid soldier does not know
these thoughts, entitled "Sick Leave"

When I'm asleep, dreaming and lulled
and warm—
They come the homeless ones, the noise-
less dead.
While the dim charging breakers of
the storm
Bellow, and drone, and rumble over-
head,
Out of the gloom they gather about my
bed,
And whisper to my heart; their
thoughts are mine,

"Why are you here with all your
watches ended?
From Ypres to Frise we sought you
in the Line."

In bitter safety I awake, unfriended;
And while the dawn begins with slash-
ing rain
I think of the Battalion in the mud.
"When are you going out to them
again?
Are they not still your brothers through
our blood?"

The Dyaks of Borneo pile up heaps of
branches of trees to the memory of a per-
son who tells a great lie, so that future
generations may not forget his iniquity.

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A TRUE STORY.

"WHEN THE VICAR LIED."

The Rev John Stewart, the vicar of one of the poorest parishes in the East End of London, was, without doubt, the best loved man in the whole of the district, and it would have been amazing had this not been so, for his life was made up of one constant endeavour to relieve the sufferings of his less fortunate fellow-beings. He practised the Christianity he preached; and his duties within the church presented only a small part of his week's work.

During the time when England had been plunged in warfare his duties had been doubled, ay, trebled, for he had been untiring in his efforts to start funds for the relief of those who had been affected, and he had spared himself neither time, money nor work in order to ensure the prompt service he walked briskly along towards

One evening after the usual week-day and proper administration of the funds, his home, feeling at peace with all the world, for now that so many of his parishioners had been demobilised, and had returned to the bosoms of their families, his duties had lightened considerably.

Reaching the vicarage at the end of the road, John Stewart passed in through the gate and up the steps. The house was in darkness, for the vicar lived alone and employed only a charwoman who came daily to attend to his wants.

John Stewart opened the front door and stepped inside. Just pausing to light the hall gas, he passed into the small dining-room, where his supper had been set out.

He turned up the gas and was upon the point of sitting down, when he paused suddenly and stood staring across the room with a puzzled frown.

The object which had attracted his attention was a man's foot, and it was just visible beneath the heavy curtains which were drawn across the window. In no way disturbed by the possibility that a desperate man might be lurking behind the hanging, John Stewart walked swiftly across the carpeted floor and with a sweep of his arm, pulled the curtain aside.

Behind the curtain stood a man! He was shabbily clad and his face, which bore a beard of several days' growth, looked white and drawn. His general attitude when the clergyman discovered him was clearly intended to be one of defiance but there was a look of hopelessness in his eyes which could not be mistaken.

With a shrug of his thin shoulders he stepped forward from his hiding-place, and there he stood gazing down with unseeing eyes at the ground.

It was quite apparent that he intended to make no bid for freedom. He was a beaten man—beaten in the fight for life.

"Hav'n't you better send for the police, guv'nor," he said at last. "I've got no fight left in me, and I'll give you no trouble."

The vicar moved nearer to the man and regarded him intently.

"You came here to steal?" he said quietly.

"I did," confessed the stranger; "but somehow I don't think I should have done very well out of the job. I've had a good look around and have come to the conclusion that I should have had to content myself with a bit of grub and that gold watch in the stand, on the mantelpiece. There doesn't seem to be much else worth having."

"You're right," agreed the vicar, with a smile. "I have very little of any value at all, and I should not have minded your taking a meal, but I should have been deeply grieved by the loss of the watch. It was bought by a number of my poorest parishioners; it has a great sentimental value to me and I prize it before any other possession."

The man glanced up and grinned. The vicar's ingenuous manner apparently amused him.

"I suppose this is not the first time you have done anything of this sort?" asked John Stewart after a while, regarding the other steadily.

"It is the first time since I came out of quod after serving a sentence of seven years for housebreaking."

"Shocking!" ejaculated the clergyman, with a pained sigh. "But surely you realise that if you don't try and mend your

ways, there can be only one end to such a life?"

"I realise only one thing, guv'nor," answered the man bitterly, "and that is there is no end worse than that of starvation, and a man will risk almost anything to avoid that. But you don't understand. You are a clergyman, and a good man, but if you are really all that you are supposed to be, perhaps before you send for the police you will give me a bite of something to eat. I haven't had a meal of any sort for two days, and I feel ravenous."

Instantly all the sympathy in the vicar's nature was aroused.

"Sit down, my poor fellow," he said, indicating a chair. "There is plenty of food here, and you are welcome to all you need. I will join you, and we can then perhaps decide what is best to be done."

With a bewildered glance at the vicar, the man took his seat and then hastened to avail himself of what he considered an amazing offer.

John Stewart took his seat and the meal was proceeded with in silence. The burglar was the last to finish, and when done so, he sat back in his chair and looked at the vicar.

"I cannot thank you sufficiently for that, sir," he said gratefully. "And I am quite ready to be given in charge, the moment you say. After all, my visit here to-night has not been in vain, even if it means another long stretch!"

"It need mean nothing of the kind," returned John Stewart. "From the law's point of view, it was wrong of you to break into the house to-night, but I can understand your desperate condition. From your manner I should imagine that you have received a very good education, and that makes it harder for me to understand you."

The man gave vent to a bitter laugh.

"I received a 'Varsity education," he said. "But I was never any good in anything save sport. All my time was spent in achieving fame on the field, instead of paying attention to the serious things of life. There I made my mistake, for when my father died, leaving me a heritage of debt, I was beaten. The only things I excelled in were of no use to me and so I quickly went wrong."

"You are still a young man and there is yet a chance to live down the past!" declared the vicar emphatically.

"It's too late now, retorted the man. "A chap who has spent seven years in prison stands no chance of earning an honest living—there is no place in the world for a gaolbird."

"That is only your idea," said John Stewart, with a faint smile. "But I am going to try and persuade you that you are wrong. Where did you sleep last night?"

"On the Embankment. That's where I have slept for the past week."

The vicar rose to his feet.

"To-night then, you will stay here with me," he said. "There is a spare room upstairs, and in the morning we can have a chat."

The burglar stared in amazement at the clergyman. He was quite convinced that a man, especially a clergyman, who would invite a burglar to spend the night in his house, must have taken leave of his senses.

"I mean what I say," went on the vicar, noticing his visitor's bewilderment. "You are welcome to the shelter of my house for the night. If you are ready, I will show you to the spare room."

The man rose to his feet, and without a word, followed John Stewart upstairs.

When John Stewart knocked upon the door of the spare room the following morning, he received no answer. Several times he rapped, then under the impression that his visitor was still in profound slumber he turned the handle, and peered into the room.

The room was empty! Of the man, whom he had conducted there, there was no sign.

With a pained and puzzled expression upon his face, John Stewart made his way to the dining-room, and looked about him. Then he glanced in the direction of the clock, to make sure of the hour.

One glance was sufficient to tell him what had happened.

The gold watch was missing from the stand!

The vicar sank down into a chair, and with a low moan, buried his face in his hands.

II.

John Stewart was not to be given a chance of forgetting the matter, for less than half an hour later the woman who acted as his servant ushered three men into his room.

The first he recognised immediately as Thomas Hobbs who carried on a business of jeweller and pawnbroker in the district. He was followed by a policeman who led a shabbily dressed individual into the room.

The third man was the vicar's unbidden guest of the night before.

"I'm extremely sorry to trouble you, sir," began Hobbs awkwardly. "But I have come about a rather serious matter. About half an hour ago this man came to pawn something at my shop, and as I thought I recognised it as your property, I took the liberty of coming along to see you before I did anything in the matter."

He advanced towards the vicar.

"It was the gold watch which was presented to you by the parishioners some little time ago," he explained, and drawing the watch from his pocket, he placed it on the table.

John Stewart gazed down at the watch, and then into the drawn, hopeless face of the thief. The watch was, without doubt, his most treasured possession, and he had been bitterly grieved when he had discovered the loss of it. But on the other hand, the burglar's immediate future rested upon the vicar's answer, and that was a serious matter.

The haggard-faced man waited for what seemed the inevitable and he was resigned to it. He seemed almost to have lost interest.

John Stewart looked at Thomas Hobbs and shook his head slowly; then, picking up the watch, he handed it to the burglar.

"You have made a mistake!" he remarked abruptly. "This man is not a thief; I gave him the watch!"

It would be difficult to say which of the men was the most surprised—Hobbs, the policeman, or the thief; At all events, the officer was the first to recover, and he released his hold upon the burglar.

With a long puzzled glance at the clergyman, the jeweller turned to the policeman, and together they passed from the room.

For some moments after they had gone the burglar stood in silence, clearly unable to speak. Then, holding out the watch, he said brokenly:

"For Heaven's sake, take it back, sir, and let me get away!"

"No. I have said that it is yours and you may keep it," answered the vicar gently.

"But I couldn't—I couldn't after that!" stammered the man brokenly, placing the watch upon the table. Then, without another word, he staggered from the room and out of the house.

The vicar watched him go and a smile of wondrous kindness came to his face.

"May Heaven forgive me for that lie," he said simply. "But I truly believe that the telling of it has saved that man's soul!"

III.

On the occasion of the children's Sunday School treat, the Rev. John Stewart, with a band of workers, took the youngsters to Marley Lock, one of the quiet up-river resorts not too far from London.

The day began happily, and during the afternoon, the senior members of the party hired rowing boats and took the younger ones on the river. John Stewart, from the bank, watched the eager, happy faces of the children, to whom the outing was a day of undreamed joy and complete happiness.

But it was when everything seemed happiest that the grim shadow of tragedy stalked in among the party.

Suddenly from above the sounds of happy laughter of the youngsters, a shrill scream sounded from somewhere over the water. The vicar sprang to his feet and glanced about him.

Some distance down the stream, he saw two rowing boats collide violently. A moment later one of the boats, in which a boy of about sixteen years old and three tiny youngsters had been seated, turned on to its side and completely capsized.

Screams of horror rent the air, as the children were flung into the water and almost immediately disappeared beneath the surface.

The other boat containing a young girl school-teacher and three little boys, was only a few feet away, and as the boy clasping one of the little ones rose to the surface, the girl leaned over and helped the pair into the boat. Of the two other children there was no sign.

John Stewart, though unable to swim, ran quickly towards the scene to render what aid he could in the face of the awful catastrophe.

Fraught at his own helplessness he looked about in search of a boat. At the same moment he noticed a man, about twenty yards away, in the act of flinging off his coat and shoes.

With a murmured prayer of thankfulness, the vicar hurried towards him, but before he could reach the spot, the newcomer ran to the water's edge, and a moment later, sprang from the bank and struck out for the place where the children had disappeared. As the swimmer passed the boat he shouted to the frightened girl to stand by, and then plunged down into the water.

Fifteen seconds passed and then he reappeared and handed up the tiny form of one of the children. A cheer of encouragement rang out from the onlookers as the man dived again. It seemed an interminable period before he rose to the surface, and it was to find himself some distance away from the spot where he had taken the plunge.

His mission had been successful for he was supporting the second child. He struck out boldly for the boat, but the current was running swiftly, and it was apparent to the onlookers that he was being swept rapidly away from the small craft.

The swimmer seemed to realise this, too, for, ignoring the boat, he turned his head towards the bank, and struck out desperately for the shore.

He was a powerful swimmer, but with every yard he progressed he was carried yards down the stream. For fully ten minutes he struggled fiercely until he was able to make no headway at all against the strong current.

His strength was failing fast, while his burden hampered his movements considerably. Still he fought on, and despite all his efforts, he was unable to prevent himself from being carried swiftly away down the river.

Just when he was giving up hope, he became conscious of a boat being rowed rapidly in his direction. It was manned by John Stewart, and the clergyman was steering the boat directly in the course of the helpless swimmer.

As a prayer of thankfulness escaped the unfortunate man's lips, an ominous sound from behind him caused the muttered words to die on his lips.

It was the sound of rushing waters.

He half turned his head, and his blood-shot eyes fell upon a large board standing out of the water about twenty yards away. It bore the word "Danger."

The spot was a famous one, and on the instant, the man recognised it as Marley weir.

A thrill of horror ran through his frame and clutching the senseless form still closer, he looked back at the boat.

It was still some distance away, and he knew that long before the boat could reach him, he would be swept over the weir.

For the sake of the child he made one last desperate attempt to strike for the bank, but his efforts, though amazingly courageous were futile. And so, at length with no fight left in him, his eyes closed as all other sounds were drowned in the roar of the rushing torrent.

A moment later, still clasping the child firmly in his arms, he was carried to the edge of the weir, and flung bodily down over the seething foam into the rushing waters below.

Some hours later, in a cottage within a short distance of Marley weir, a man was lying unconscious. It was the swimmer who had risked his all to save the children from the river. And this man who proved himself capable of the greatest love was also the man who had broken into the vicar's house and abused the good man's kindness and trust by stealing his highly prized gold watch!

By the bedside of the dying man the Rev. John Stewart knelt praying for the soul of a brave man. At length the man opened his eyes and half turned his head in the vicar's direction. A faint light of recognition caused a wan smile to appear on his face.

"Funny meeting again like this, sir," he murmured weakly.

"An act of Providence, my dear sir," answered the vicar gently, bending over the bed.

The dying man man spoke again.

"Where is the little one?"

"Thanks to you she is quite safe and in a few days will be none the worse for the accident."

The man on the bed smiled painfully after a pause.

"Not the end," answered John Stewart gently; "only the beginning—the beginning of a great and lasting peace."

The man on the bed smiled a smile of supreme happiness.

(Continued on page 4.)

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INVERCARGILL.**LAND HO!**

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

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

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

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In any line,

At any time,

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For a Soda Drink,

I do not think

You can surpass,

A delicious glass

Of our assortment.

"WHEN THE VICAR LIED."

(Continued from page 2.)

"I am—glad—very glad," he murmured. "I have not lived a good life and I should have continued bad to the end, but for you."

The vicar did not speak.

"You told a lie to save me," went on the man, "and that was the turning point in my life. From that moment what manhood remained in me came into being again. Since then I have starved and suffered, but I would have gone to my death gladly rather than the lie which you told to save me should have proved in vain. From then I made up my mind that nothing should make me go wrong again!"

"God bless you, my son," whispered John Stewart brokenly.

A silence fell upon them, for the clergyman was praying, and while he prayed, the soul of the man passed into the Beyond.

The Rev. John Stewart sat at his desk and gazed at the small gold watch. It was the gift from his parishioners, but it had been the means of working strange things. It had been the cause of changing a worthless outcast into a hero; it had brought about the saving of two precious little lives; and for the man who had played his part so well, it had won a peace which passes all earthly understanding.

The end.

INVERCARGILL R.S.A.**ANNUAL MEETING.**

The annual meeting of the Invercargill Returned Soldiers' Association was held in the Soldiers' Club on Friday night, Mr R. B. Caws (president) presiding over a large attendance.

Annual Report.

The annual report set out that a large increase in members was noticeable during the year, the membership having grown from 533 to 1716. The policy of the R.S.A. had always been sound, and had followed a line of action which, while recognising the claims of returned soldiers and their dependents upon the country, had also studied the resources of the country to meet the claims put forward, and by this means the R.S.A. had gained the confidence of the public. The increase of members early in the year decided the Association to form country sub-associations, and twelve were formed throughout the district. The appreciation of the R.S.A. was due to the Repatriation Department for the good work it had done during the year. The Department was in full sympathy with the returned men, and it was safe to say that no other department carried out its duties more sympathetically than the Repatriation Department. The Association had devoted a great amount of attention and time to land settlement, and lost no opportunity of pressing the importance of opening up more land under the Discharged Soldiers' Settlement Act. There was no doubt that a bold land policy was required to enable those lands that now were idle to be cut up for closer settlement. The N.Z.R.S.A. was preparing a land roll, and all those men requiring land had been requested to furnish that Association with full particulars of their requirements. The R.S.A. had pressed the Government to remove some of the anomalies existing under the present gratuity scheme, and a special Appeal Board had been established to deal with these. There was no doubt that the pensions at present granted were inadequate, and the Association had pressed for an increase by the addition of plus percentages up to 150 per cent. With regard to limbless men, it had urged that when proceeding for the fitting of limbs they should receive allowances that would bring the amount they received, in addition to actual expenses, up to the wages lost during their absence for fitment. The Association had also asked that the Financial Assistance Act be handed over to the Repatriation Department for administration, and unless that request was acceded to there appeared little possibility of men receiving assistance from the Act that was supposedly set up to grant assistance. The year just ended had been a busy one, some 250 individual cases having been dealt with, and it was apparent from the majority of those cases that returned soldiers and their dependents had not always obtained what they were justly entitled to without having to resort to the R.S.A. for assistance.

The Balance Sheet showed a credit of £561, an increase of £60 on last year. The report and balance sheet were adopted.

The election of office-bearers for the ensuing year resulted as follows:—President: Mr Duncan Rae (unanimously elected). Executive: Messrs R. B. Caws, A. St. C. McGregor, Rev. H. McLean, Rev. H. G. Gilbert, R. M. Stead, W. Sutton, D. Cuthbertson, W. Grieve, A. Macklam and F. G. Hall-Jones. Auditor: Mr R. R. Binnie (re-elected).

In connection with the Committee it was resolved, on the recommendation of the retiring executive, that any member of the executive absent from three consecutive meetings without a valid excuse, should cease to be a member of the executive and that the vacancy so caused be filled by the next in order on the ballot sheet.

Repatriation.

The Secretary, being the Associations' representative on the Repatriation Board, submitted a report of the Board's work

for the year, which set out, inter alia, that during that period advances amounting to £23,167, representing 119 cases, had been made. Many of these were assistance to soldiers starting in business, the majority of whom seemed to be firmly established. Furniture loans amounted to £9402, representing 216 cases, loans for tools of trade, £453, representing 28 cases. A total of 111 men, as against 65 last year, were receiving training. These were apprentices and subsidised men, a large proportion of them being disabled men, who were learning new trades. There had been 317 men placed in employment and £29 had been paid off for unemployed sustenance, representing 9 cases. Repayments were being made regularly, which proved that the returned soldier was making good. In conclusion the report paid a tribute to employers of labour and trades unions for their assistance in repatriation work, and also commended the sympathetic and just methods of dealing with the cases adopted by the Board. "A pension is not considered, in making a subsidised payment," said Mr Graham, "and I can assure you that if other departments attended to soldiers' affairs in the spirit that characterises the Repatriation Board, there would be little room for complaint."

The report was adopted.

Soldiers' Club.

The report of the workings of the Soldiers' Club for the year stated that though the attendance had improved, it had not been satisfactory. The Executive would recommend that an independent Club Committee be formed, so that all the time of that Committee could be devoted to the welfare of the Club. The Committee also recommended certain improvements to increase the comfort of the Clubroom, and suggested that during the winter months, debates, dances and concerts be held, a ladies' committee to be formed to assist in the latter.

In moving the adoption of the Report, the Chairman briefly set out the financial position, stating that although there was a deficit of about £195 showing, there was no cause for alarm in the position, as the Committee did not expect the Club to be anything like self-supporting at the present time.

The report and recommendations were adopted, and the following Committee set up: Messrs R. Stewart, Frank Wright, J. Dunbar, W. Paton, and Dr R. McDonald Wilson.

The R.S.A. Paper.

The managing-editor of the "Digger" (Mr H. Blake) reported that he was confident in the ultimate success of the paper. Its circulation was already making itself felt, and it was being more widely supported than was at first anticipated. There were 106 agents in the country, and the "Digger" was penetrating as far as Balclutha, Cromwell, and Arrowtown. They hoped to make it a force in the community and a help to returned soldiers generally, and they also were striving to make it an advertising medium of recognised value to business men. Though the first cost of production had been high, the first edition had shown a profit, and each edition since had shown a profit. So he considered the position to be extremely hopeful, and did not for one moment anticipate that there would be any deficit showing at the end of the year.

The following committee of management was appointed: Messrs Connor, A. Glass, F. G. Hall-Jones, R. B. Caws, and H. Macalister.

The Band Question.

The question of the Association having its own Band came in for a good deal of discussion. Some speakers were of the opinion that there was a good deal of dissatisfaction amongst members at the somewhat hurried manner in which the Hibernian Band was appointed, and they considered that it would be desirable to have it re-discussed by a general meeting. Each speaker made it clear that he did not desire to cast any reflection upon or belittle in any way the work of the band, but they thought that it would have the effect of silencing outside criticism if the matter were again gone into.

It was decided that the matter be reopened at next general meeting. Votes of thanks to the chair and retiring executive concluded an excellent meeting.

BREAD FOR "BRICKS."

All "old inhabitants" of Gallipoli will remember the armistice in May, 1915, when for a whole day not a shot was fired at Anzac, and friend and foe wandered about the landscape trying to imagine that the war was but a myth.

Advantage was taken of the temporary cessation of hostilities to get a closer acquaintance with friend Abdul, and many little conferences were held. Now, Abdul had a plentiful supply of bread, which we sadly lacked, and he was quite willing to exchange the staff of life with our substitute—Spiller and Baker's "roofing tiles" and "dog biscuits." You can lay odds we exchanged readily, and at the same time fervently hoped for an armistice about every second day.

The sequel came a few nights later. A solitary Australian was on duty at the end of a trench on Pope's Hill, just about 30 yards or so from the enemy. Perhaps he was thinking of home and mother, perhaps of Cairo—I know not—but suddenly he was brought down to earth by the sight of a dusky face peering over the trench about six inches in front of him. For a moment of terror he expected "mafiah," but the visitor was seeking joy for himself. The Turk passed over a loaf of bread, with a whisper: "Mistah, give it biscuit, very good."

The Nature Column.

(By "Student.")

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

Dear Student,—In your Nature Column of April 16th, appears a very interesting communication from Mr Jules Tapper, regarding the survival of native birds on the Titi Islands. On this matter I would like to hear more particulars, and there is no one more able to give them than Mr Tapper. In the first place, were the imported birds such as sparrows, thrushes, etc., to be seen? This is in regard to the food supply which some observers have held to be the cause of the disappearances of the native species. The more hardy or at least the more adaptive European species being able to starve out the less energetic native ones.

In this connection can you or any of your readers tell me if this disappearance of the native birds contemporary with the introduction of the imported ones, has been noticed in any other country than New Zealand. The clearing of the forest is not confined to New Zealand. Australia, North America and other parts have all been altered by the white man's cultivation, and no doubt its effect on the fauna of other countries will have been recorded by naturalists in these parts, but at the moment I cannot recall any notes on the matter. Any information on this subject would be appreciated by myself and perhaps others. Yours etc.,

BUSH LOVER.

I must thank "Bush Lover" for opening up this subject of the disappearance of our native birds. A lot of information is still needed on the subject and comment thereon will be appreciated.

Mr Tapper is at present on a voyage to Auckland but I hope to hear from him in due course. Mr Guthrie Smith in his highly entertaining and valuable record, "Mutton birds and other birds," does not mention the existence of imported birds on the islands, though I think they are to be found on Stewart Island.

I do not think the imported birds have had so much to do with the rarity of the native birds as the natural enemies introduced by man. The elimination of the forest would cause a great decrease in food supply. Even so however some of the bush birds seem to hold their own very well. They even invade the town. Bush birds are in the hedges round my house, and I have seen this close at hand. On the other hand blackbirds and chaffinches were noticed in the wild country at the back of Manapouri. I think however it will have diminished the chance of existence of the native birds. I have consulted a number of authorities but can find nothing directly bearing on the subject. Mr Guthrie Smith seems to put nearly the whole of the blame on to the rat, but particularly the black species. I quote the following from the before mentioned book:—

"Rats are the worst enemies of our birds; and perhaps the bush or tree rat is even more destructive than his grey relative. The former is really the old English black rat. On each of our mainland camps at Stewart Island, and also on one of our islet camps we were visited by one or two of these rats and the damage done by them was of the smallest. But although it is comparatively harmless to man and his property, it is the black rat that threatens the extinction of many of our forest birds. Even the weasels and stoats I believe do less harm, for though more blood thirsty and wanton in their hunting, their numbers are insignificant compared with these of the rat, they get throughout the colony the credit of all the damage done,—often I think because the result of their work is more apparent. A rat will devour his prey, whereas a stoat or weasel will after sucking his victim's blood, proceed on his way. Only those who see much of our bird life can appreciate the injury done in forest lands by this black rat."

Again he says, "In a part of Stewart Island where the wekas have been killed, I have seen the eggs of a colony of terns entirely destroyed in a single night; and on rat haunted islands, also in that region, have, hour after hour, got only nests plundered and containing broken shell." Space does not permit of further quotation but I hope to return to the subject later.

Mr Guthrie Smith puts in a strong plea for the encouragement of the weka. He considers this bird one of the main factors in the preservation of the other natives. The small tithe of eggs taken by it being a life insurance premium paid by the rest of the birds.

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GRAND SERIAL STORY.

JUDGMENT.

The Most Amazing Story Ever Penned.

FOR NEW READERS.

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. At a fabulous price Mr Chase engages the services of

MR. PELHAM WEBB, a clever but unscrupulous detective, to find Dick Foster, and extracts a promise from Kitty not to attempt to see or write to her lover until a year has elapsed. Dick arrives at the residence of

CLARA CLARKE, a clever actress and a friend of Kitty's. With the aid of grease-paints she transforms Dick to a life-like representation of her father. Just at this moment the police arrive to search the house.

THE ACTRESS.

Clara Clarke had not obtained her reputation as a great actress without deserving it.

Her talent was of the natural and convincing quality, which is so rare even among those who have achieved fame on the modern stage.

In the present emergency her powers did not fail her.

As the stolid police official made his announcement she stared at him in open-eyed wonder.

"An escaped convict? Here? In my house?"

Her tone and manner conveyed just the right amount of alarm and incredulity.

"Yes, madam," said the official coldly and a little suspiciously.

The actress gathered her skirts about

her with the instinctive gesture of one who is afraid of contamination, and, with her expressive eyes still fixed on the officer, glided to Dick Foster's side.

"Oh, please find him and take him away!" she exclaimed agitatedly. "But don't leave us alone—my father is old. He cannot protect me. Let one of your men remain here while you search the house."

Inspector Biggs was a painstaking and experienced officer, but a far shrewder man than he was would have been deceived by the accomplished actress.

All his suspicions were immediately allayed, and he even felt a little guilty at having so rudely disturbed this charming woman in the serenity of her own home.

When he spoke his manner was quite apologetic.

"It is all right, ma'am. There is no need to be alarmed. It is true the man was convicted of murder, but he is not a desperate ruffian. We do not anticipate violence of any kind. You and your father will be quite safe if you remain here. Have you heard no unusual noises in the house?"

Miss Clarke's face assumed an earnestly thoughtful expression.

"No," she said, after a pause—"no; I think not. Oh, do you think he has been here long? The servants?" A startled look came into her eyes. "Is it possible? Can they be in league with him? Can they be hiding him?"

She pressed her hand to her bosom as though to stave the beating of her heart.

"I cannot believe it! It is too dreadful! And I have been so kind to them—so generous! Oh, it is infamous!"

There was so much tense dramatic feeling put into the last words that Inspector Biggs was deeply moved.

"Pray do not be alarmed," he said anxiously. "According to my information the man has been hiding in this house for some time; but there is no danger. I won't deny that I had a suspicion that you were protecting him." He smiled apologetically.

"You will forgive me for that, madam. Our profession makes us suspicious. You give us permission to search the house?"

"Oh, of course—of course! Go everywhere! Don't for Heaven's sake, miss him! I should die of fright if you went away and left him in the house."

The officer smiled complacently.

"You need have no fear of that, madam. Will you, please, remain here until we have completed our search? Then, if you will permit me, I will see you again."

And his two men withdrew, closing the door after them.

Dick Foster gave a gasp of relief and opened his lips to speak, but the actress raised her finger warningly motioning him to silence.

"Oh daddy," she exclaimed, in an agitated voice, "what a dreadful thing to have happened! We might all have been murdered in our beds! A convict! A murderer! If they don't find him I won't sleep in the house to-night—I simply won't!"

Her voice was shrill and high-pitched, and with a note of fear in it that seemed so genuine that even Dick Foster could scarcely believe she was acting.

He watched her in blank amazement as she strode agitatedly up and down the room, wringing her hands with the air of a tragedy queen.

Suddenly she glided to the door, opened it an inch, and listened.

Then she turned and faced Dick, and her eyes were laughing.

"You'll never make an actor, Mr

Foster," she declared; "I was in mortal fear you'd give the show away. Do try to look a little frightened."

"A little frightened!" gasped Dick. "Good heavens, I'm sweating with fear!"

"You don't look it. It is no good feeling the part if you don't get it across the footlights. Just fancy the feelings of an old gentleman who is suddenly informed that an escaped murderer is concealed in the house. Get that into your mind and behave accordingly. Don't overdo it. A judicious blend of indignation and alarm is what is wanted."

"I don't like the look of that fellow. He means business. He won't leave the house until he has got me," said Dick moodily.

"Bah! He's a fool! Leave him to me, and keep your courage up," said the actress cheerfully. "Sit down in that chair, and here—this is my poor pa's snuff-box. Take it and play with it. It will give you something to do when the crisis comes. You need not say anything; but can't you snuffle and wheeze like an old man?"

Dick did his best, and the actress went off into fits of suppressed laughter.

"Not a bit like it. You keep quiet. 'Sh! Someone is coming! It's all right, daddy dear," she added raising her voice. "Don't excite yourself. You know your heart won't stand it, and there's nothing to be afraid of. If there's any danger these brave men will defend us. Keep calm."

The door opened and Inspector Biggs reappeared.

He was alone, and his face wore an expression of ill-concealed annoyance.

"The fellow has slipped through our hands," he said shortly.

Clara Clarke clasped her hands in an agony of doubt and suspense.

"Oh, are you sure you have not overlooked him? Have you searched the roof? There is a space between the ceiling and the rafters!"

"We have searched everywhere," declared the man, irritably. "I have also severely questioned the servants. They appear to be honest, but the fact remains that the fugitive could only conceal himself here with the connivance of someone living in the house."

"How dreadful!" exclaimed the actress, pressing her hand to her bosom.

"Quite so," replied the inspector drily. "Don't imagine for a moment that I suspect either you or your father, madam, but—"

"Suspect us!"

The woman's eyes were wide open, and her whole demeanour was one utterly taken by surprise.

"I say I do not suspect you," returned the man eagerly. "At the same time, it is my duty to leave no stone unturned. Therefore, I am compelled to ask both of you certain questions, and I must beg that you will answer me frankly. Moreover, I must see each of you alone. I propose first to examine Mr Clarke, your father. If you will, therefore, leave us alone together I shall be obliged."

The actress was genuinely alarmed, not only by the suggestion, but also by the note of dogged tenacity in the man's voice.

Hitherto the inspector had scarcely looked at Dick, but if he came to hold a lengthy conversation with him, face to face, he would almost certainly penetrate the disguise, clever as it was.

She made one last desperate effort to avert such a calamity.

"I am sorry, but my father is old and infirm. He is not equal to the ordeal. He knows nothing. How could he? I shall be pleased to answer any questions."

Her manner was quietly emphatic, and intended to put an end to the discussion; but Inspector Biggs was obstinate by nature and not easily turned from his purpose.

"I must see the gentleman and question him alone," he said bluntly.

The actress glanced desperately at Dick. He was twiddling his snuff-box. In his clear, youthful eyes, gazing out of his make-up, there was no glint of fear—only a dull resignation.

"Go, Clara," he said, in a low but steady voice. "I will see the gentleman alone."

In despair the actress moved towards the door, realising that all her efforts had been in vain and that discovery was imminent.

Before she reached the door, however, it opened, and a maid appeared.

(Continued on page 6.)

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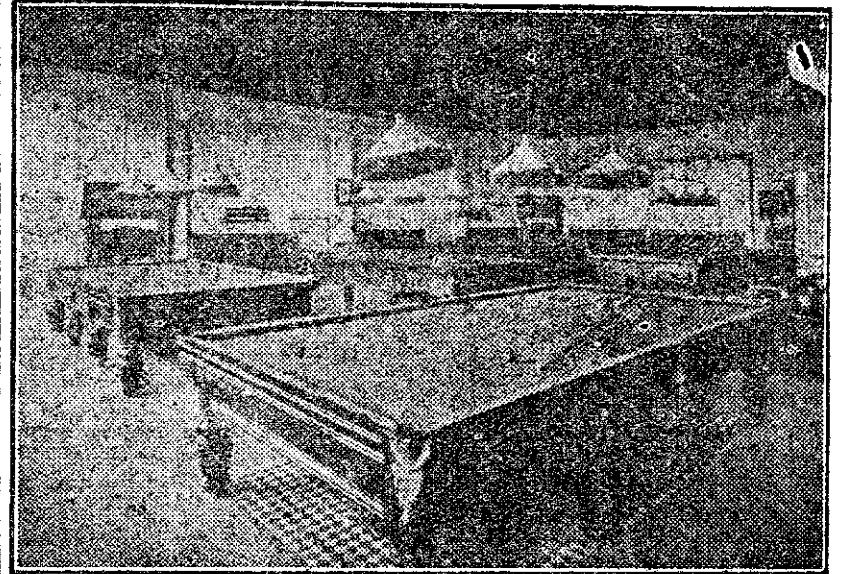
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BILLIARD NOTES.

McConacy, the expert billiard player, will give an exhibition tournament in the Civic Billiard Saloon, on Wednesday, April 7th.

LONG IN-OFF THE WHITE AFTER THE BALLS ARE TOUCHING.

With the very best of players, as well as with the average player, the cue-ball will not infrequently remain in contact with an object ball after playing a cannon. When this happens with a professional player, it is, as a rule, during a run of close nursery cannons; but a touching of the balls may occur to any player from the most unlikely positions. The touching of the cue ball with another ball has two entirely different aspects, viz., when it causes good position to be compulsorily abandoned, and when it rescues a player from a practically impossible scoring position. When the cue ball remains in contact with another ball, the red, of course, goes on the billiard spot and the white on the centre spot.

When the balls are so placed, the stroke that is almost invariably played nowadays is an in-off from the white into one of the top pockets. Whichever pocket is selected, the stroke is absolutely the same, both as to itself and the after position. Most players, however, perhaps from habit, always play for the same pocket—some for the left, others for the right. The stroke should be played as a half-ball one, without the use of side, and to make the correct angle the cue ball should be spotted about 3½ in from the end of the D when playing with ivory balls. With the old Bonzoline balls, the cue ball had to be spotted nearly 2 in nearer the end of the D, but with the latest make of these balls it is only necessary to spot about half an inch nearer, and with Crystalate balls the angle for this stroke is practically the same as with ivory balls.

Speaking generally, the best way of playing the in-off is by means of a nice free stroke of sufficient pace to cause the

object white to strike the side cushion, top cushion, and side cushion, and finally to come to rest in good position for an in-off into the centre pocket. Unfortunately, the strength of different tables varies so very greatly that a stroke which leaves perfect position on a fast table might, if played in the same way, and with the same strength, on a slower table, leave very bad position. In this case the object ball has simply not travelled far enough. Of course, it would be quite possible to score from this position, but no shot would be anything like a certainty for any player.

In the shot under discussion, the object ball has to strike three cushions, and, naturally, each contact takes a lot of pace out of the ball. On a very slow table the white requires a lot of driving to bring it right round into position, and, in attempting to do this, one might easily put too much strength into the stroke, and thus miss the pocket by making the shot approach a forcing stroke. In any case, when playing the stroke at a pretty fast pace, though not at forcing pace, the cue ball should always be placed half an inch or so nearer the end of the D to allow for the somewhat stronger than normal impact between the balls.

When the object ball is struck a true half-ball, it will strike the side cushion at a point about twenty-seven inches from the top pocket, travel round the table, but, without the in-off being missed, a so-to-speak somewhat thin half ball in-off will sometimes cause the object ball to kiss the red as it rebounds from the top cushion, or even to go behind the red; but if the stroke be at all well played the object white should always pass in front of the red.

Grand Billiard Saloon.

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McGRUER & TAYLOR,

Agents For THE "SWANNNDRI" Coats,

JUDGMENT.

(Continued from page five.)

"Another gentleman to see you, ma'am," said the girl.

"Another?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Show him in at once," commanded the actress, glad of any interruption. A moment later a little wizened-faced man entered the room.

Inspector Biggs turned upon him at once, somewhat aggressively, but instantly they recognised one another, and both smiled.

"Pelham Webb!" exclaimed the inspector.

"Yes, inspector, not for the first time we both seem to be on the same case."

"Well, I was before you this time, sir," said Biggs. "Not that it matters much. The fellow has slipped through my fingers."

"You've let him go?" exclaimed Webb, in a tone of annoyance. "Really, that's too bad! You've frightened him away just as I had arranged everything."

The inspector flushed.

"I'm not sure. I don't see how he could have got away. I am going to make a few more inquiries."

Pelham Webb sighed and shrugged his shoulders.

"Twenty minutes ago I met a motor-car on the London road coming from this direction. It was going dangerously fast. I'm afraid our man was in it. How on earth did you—"

"A car? From here? The London road, you say? Confound it! Well, there's time to 'phone from Wickford if we're sharp! Hi Evans—Carter."

Shouting, he rushed from the room.

A few minutes later there was the sound of a car driving away. Inspector Biggs and his men had departed.

Clara Clarke turned to Pelham Webb.

"May I ask who you are, sir?"

"Pelham Webb, private detective, in search of Richard Foster, escaped convict, ma'am," he replied briskly. "I thought he was hiding here. But if Biggs has searched the house I am not likely to find anything. I have only to apologise and take my departure."

The actress smiled graciously.

"Won't you take some refreshment before you go?"

"No thanks; but I should certainly like to shake hands with this gentleman who is your father, I believe?"

As he spoke he advanced towards Dick and held out his hand.

Then suddenly he turned his head and looked at the actress. Her startled eyes were fixed upon him.

The little detective smiled wickedly.

"Your father, my dear lady, died six months ago. It is fortunate Inspector Biggs did not know that, isn't it? The old gentleman's long rest in the grave seems to have done him good, for to-night he looks remarkably healthy!"

Once more he turned to Dick, who had now risen to his feet.

(Another thrilling instalment next week.)

ANNUAL MEETING.

REPORT OF R.S.A. REPRESENTATIVE ON REPATRIATION BOARD

I beg to submit as your representative on the Repatriation Board the following report:—

During the year advances amounting to £23,167 19s 8d, which represents 119 cases have been made.

The great majority of the returned soldiers who have been assisted by the Department to start business on their own account have done remarkably well, and quite a number of them are now firmly established.

No delay has occurred at the Head

Office as within a few days after the recommendation from the Committee telegraphic advice is received intimating the decision of the Ministerial Board.

FURNITURE LOANS.

The total amount disbursed in respect to furniture loans is £9,402 15s 3d, representing 216 cases. Of this amount approximately 23 per cent was accounted for during the end of the year.

TOOLS OF TRADE.

The Repatriation Board has also advanced during the period the amount of £453 4s 5d for tools of trade. This represents 28 cases.

TRAINING.

This forms a very important branch of the Department's work, the total number receiving training during the period being 111, 65 of these are apprentices and subsidised workers, a large proportion of whom are disabled men learning a new trade. The most difficult work in repatriation is the retraining of disabled men, who are unable to follow their pre-war occupation, but so far the Repatriation Board have been able to cope with all applications and the successful rehabilitation of these returned men is owing in a great measure to the warm sympathy and help of employers of labour and the trade unions.

EMPLOYMENT.

During the period 317 men have been placed in suitable employment. Although of considerable assistance to returned men this branch of the Department's work shows a considerable falling off, due partly to the fact that most of the men have now settled down to civil employment and also to the great demand for all classes of labour.

UNEMPLOYED SUSTENANCE.

The total amount paid in sustenance for unemployment is £29 15s 4d, representing nine cases. The last payment of such sustenance was made on September 24.

REPAYMENTS.

It is indeed gratifying to report that repayments have been made regularly, and in most cases right up to date, which proves conclusively that the returned soldier is making good in the particular line he has taken up. I also desire to report that during the year the question of paying apprentices and subsidised workers the full amount of subsidised sustenance of pension was discussed and it is indeed gratifying to report that pension is on no account taken into consideration.

The question of increasing furniture loans from £50 to £75, and business loans from £300 to £500 was also discussed and it was recommended by the Repatriation Committee that the increase be granted. Unfortunately this was evidently not the case throughout the whole of New Zealand, as the Government have only granted the increase in the furniture loans leaving the business loan still standing at £300.

In conclusion, I may say that the Repatriation Committee deals with each case in the most sympathetic manner, and I am sure that if other Departments who handle soldiers' affairs dealt with them in the same manner as this Department there would be little need of complaint from anyone.

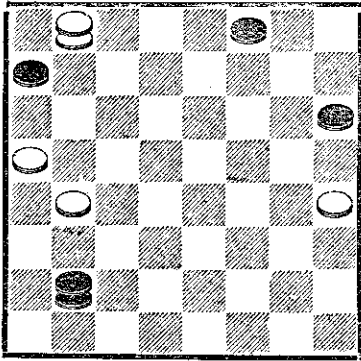
The annual meeting of the Invercargill Draughts Club was held on Wednesday, April 28th. Mr J. Leggett was re-elected president, Mr J. Whitaker, vice-president; T. Hutchins, secretary; Messrs Le Petit, Thom, Diack, Halliday, Brooks and Mc-scription for the year. Mr M. Shrdushrd Gregor, were appointed as a committee. It was resolved that 2s should be the subscription for the year. A handicap tourney will be held, entrance fee to be 2s. Entries to close on May 12th. An interesting contest is expected. All draught players in Invercargill are invited to enter. Liberal handicaps.

DRAUGHTS.

(Conducted by F. Hutchins.)

PROBLEM 7.

Black 3, 5, 12. King on 25.



White 13, 17, 20. King on 1.

Black to move and win.

The above is an ending played some years ago between D. Scott and the late M. O'Byrne, and should interest old stagers and learners alike.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM 6.

Black men on 1, 7, 12, 13, 14, 23. King on 24.

White men on 5, 8, 22, 25, 29, 30. King on 4.

8.3 7.11, 3.8, 11.16, 22.18, 14.17, 25.21, 17.22, 29.25, 22.29, 30.25, 29.15, 8.11, 15.8, 4.18, and White wins.

The following is an extract worth quoting from a speech delivered by Mr McKilligan, at the opening of the twenty-fourth annual draughts match, Aberdeen City v. Country:—"The man who carried the rules of draughts into daily life would play a fair, straight, open game. There was no room for sneaking, backstairs, subterranean moves. Man must meet man in honest square fight. No undue influence could here be exercised. Brains and not the wiles of low cunning. And they played not as whining milksops, who took possession of any and every kind as a personal affront, and as an excuse for waspish bitterness, but as men, who were matching skill with skill, who met failure manfully, and who, the more they were beaten, respected and admired their adversaries the more. That was the right spirit for draughts, it was the right spirit for the daily round—when a fair game was being played. And what better practice could they have in reflection than that which the moves on the board supplied? They had to look before they leaped—in fact, the less leaping the better. Seeing in front of one was a quality of the first rank. It saved much vain regret. It made the losers in life's game smile when they knew that a few moves further on defeat would be turned to victory, and those who could not see past their noses and who crowded over present advantages, which were actual blunders, were at the time losing ground and running themselves into a snare. They learned to labour, and to wait, especially to wait.

"His perseverance gains the mood, And patience wins the race."

EARLY STROKES FOR AMATEURS.

The following shows Mr Wylie's renowned stroke in the switcher:

11.15	10.17	15.18	11.15A	12.19
21.17	21.14	24.20	30.26	27.20
9.13	6.10	2.6	6.9B	18.27
25.21	22.17	28.24	24.19	31.6
8.11	13.22	4.8	15.24	9.18
17.14	26.17	29.25	20.16	26.22
(A) 18.23, 25.18, 10.15 draws. W. wins.				
(B) The fatal move.				

Problems, games, and draughts items are invited for this column. Address: "Draughts Editor," 28 Biggar street, Invercargill.

AHMET.

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

(By 11/1275.)

THE COURT-MARTIAL.

CHAPTER 7.

THE COURT-MARTIAL.

As soon as Ahmet was safely stowed away in the clink, there was a meeting of the boys of his company, and the whole of the matter of his desertion was discussed and thrashed out.

The next day being Saturday, when the men would have a half-holiday, there being no parades after noon, it was decided to hold a court-martial in the big recreation hut.

Saturday morning saw a weebe gone little Gippie boy being "dished out" with new clothes by the Company Q.M.S. The new clothes did not fit with the same neatness of outline, as the smart uniform that had originally been his, when he had first joined the Umpteenth. There was regimental tailor to make tunics of superfine khaki, no smart little slouch hats with jaunty plumes, instead, a soldier's cardigan that reached to his knees, a pair of shorts that upon Ahmet looked more like long, and a baladava cap completed his outfit.

The Sergt. of the Guard gave him some breakfast, but he had little appetite, so he was sent for a walk in charge of one of the men with whom he showed no desire to enter into conversation. It seemed that the discipline of the soldier, as well as the reserve of the Arab, had combined to make up what might be well termed the essence of taciturnity.

At last the afternoon came and Ahmet was marched into the recreation hut, where were assembled nearly all the Umpteenth, even the R.S.M. was being in the corner.

The charge was read over to the accused, and one of the men was told off as prisoner's friend, evidence of arrest was given, followed by evidence as to when the accused had been last seen with his unit, and the circumstances under which he came to be missed.

Witness after witness appeared, and the case looked black against our hero, who preserved a silence which astonished all the Aussies. The prisoner's friend pleaded on his behalf, that he had been a good soldier, and that he had held a good character, that he was an Arab, to whom there could be no greater crime than filial disobedience, thus, when ordered to follow his father he could have no chance but to obey.

Ahmet was then marched out, whilst the court considered their verdict; after about five minutes he was marched in, and the President put the following questions to him.

"Prisoner, do you know what is the punishment for desertion?"

"Aiwa Effendi; it is death."

"And are you not afraid to die?"

"No. I am a soldier, an Arab, and the son of a moghassil. Why should I fear death?"

At this there were loud cheers from the crowd of Aussies, who rushed to the centre of the room, and carried the astonished Ahmet shoulder high out into the square. "The gamest little bantam in the whole — outfit," was the verdict of the delighted Umpteenth, as they took their mascot to the town, where with many threats, they persuaded a native tailor to start on a brand new outfit for Sergeant-Major McKenzie. "Fer," said they, "he has earned his promotion."

Mahmoud, passing the camp that night saw Ahmet, still in the nondescript garb in which he had stood his so-called trial, yet supremely happy amongst his Aussie friends, and he thought it better to leave him there whilst he returned to Helmeih and to Zeinab. It was towards sunset when Mahmoud arrived near Helmeih, riding on the guards-van of a goods train, for though he had enough money to have paid his fare, he, like many a European could not see the necessity of so doing if he could avoid it.

As he drew near to the end of his journey, he felt at ease with all the world, the Omdar, who had done him a wrong was dead, Said the thatcher, who had put on him a deadly insult was also gone to his account, whilst Abu Suleiman, who had done him so much harm, he had personally attended to. Such little mat-

ters as the death of Abu's kinsmen, and the theft of the latter's camel, troubled him not a scrap. He was going home to Zeinab, and though he had doubts as to her conduct, he considered that she had been merely indiscreet, and that he had effectually silenced all scurrilous tongues.

At last his train arrived at Marg, and he got off, desiring to do the last few miles on foot, and also because he had his reasons for wishing to arrive at his home under the cover of darkness.

Arrived then at Marg, he went to the house of a brother moghassil, and asked the news. He was told that Hassan the ghaffir had been diligent in his enquiries as to the slayer of the late Omdar, and though there had been detectives on the scene from Cairo, yet they had found no clue.

"Tools. Do they not know that the Omdar died by his own hand?" said Mahmoud. "See, my brother, did not the angel of death leave him a knife on his doorstep, and then what choice had he but to obey the summons?"

Nevertheless, he felt ill at ease, and after sundown he set off along the Marg road. "This Hassan," thought he, "knows too much; he is taxing himself with matters far more weighty than should be dealt with by a mere ghaffir, and it seems to me that Helmeih will soon need a new ghaffir."

Arrived at Helmeih, he made his way straight to his house, and on entering he called to Zeinab, but instead of an answer he was dazzled by the glare of an electric torch, whilst a voice which he recognised as that of Hassan, called on him to yield in the name of the Sultan.

Drawing his long knife, Mahmoud sprang in the direction of the voice. At the same time a shot rang out, and he gave a little choking sigh and dropped in a heap.

Lights were procured and the police officer with his two shawishes removed the body. Then Hassan the ghaffir made out his report, to the effect that Mahmoud the moghassil, murderer of the Omdar, had been shot whilst resisting arrest.

He then went to his home and told Zeinab, who was sheltering there, that after the prescribed days of mourning he would take her for his wife.

(Next Chapter "Lone Pine.")

A SIGHT IN CAMP.

A sight in camp in the daybreak grey and dim,
As from my tent I emerge, so early and dim,
Sleepless.

As slow I walk in the cool fresh air,
Path near by the hospital tent;
Three forms I see on stretchers lying
Brought out there, untended lying
Over each blanket spread,
Brownish woollen blanket,
Grey and heavy blanket, folding,
ing all.

Curiously I halt and silent stand,
Then with light fingers I from
face of the nearest, the first,
lift the blanket;

Who are you, elderly man so
and grim, with well-grey'd hair,
flesh all sunken about the eyes?
Who are you, my dear comrade?
Then to the second I step—and who
you, my child and darling?

Who are you, sweet boy, with the
yet blooming?
Then to the third—a face not child
old, very calm, as of beautiful
low white ivory;

Young man, I think I know you,
think this face is the face of
himself,

Dear and Divine and brother of
and here again he lies.

Walt Whitman, "Leaves of Grass."

"Let me pop it on your finger
Where the wedding ring will be
Will you? Won't you? Will you?
Honey! will you marry me?"
That's what Sammie said to Rado,
While she sighed in rapture
Now she's bending over baby
Mixing Woods' Peppermint Corn

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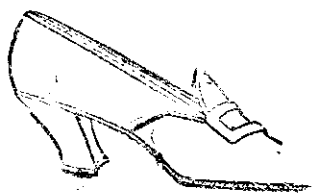
TRAMP! Tramp! Tramp! Hear their
ceaseless beat;

Hear the Town Council bleat,

What on earth is that they have upon
their feet,

Why! Boots repaired at Hawthorne's
shop!

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SPORTING.

AMYTHAS' RECORD.

The following is the list of performances
for which Amythas has been responsible
during the present season:—

Unplaced Juvenile Plate (Riccarton), five
furlongs.
Unplaced Cressy Welter Handicap (Ric-
carton), six furlongs.
Won Otago Handicap (Wingatui), one
mile and a-quarter, 7st 7lb; time,
2min 12 3-5sec.
Won St. Andrew's Handicap (Wingatui)
one mile, 8st; time, 1min 42sec.
Won Invercargill Cup, one mile and a-
quarter, 8st 5lb; time, 2min 3 3-5sec.
Unplaced Wellington Cup (Trentham),
one mile and a-half, 7st 7lb.
Won Wellington Racing Club Handicap
(Trentham), one mile three furlongs,
7st 8lb; time, 2min 21sec.
Won Summer Handicap (Trentham), one
mile, 8st 7lb; time, 1min 44 1-5sec.
Won Dunedin Cup (Wingatui), one mile
a-half, 9st 11lb; time, 2min 32 2-5sec.
Won Hazlett Memorial Plate (Wingatui)
one mile, 9st 5lb; time 1min 40 1-5sec..
Won Challenge Stakes (Riccarton), seven
furlongs, 9st 4lb; time, 1min 26 2-5sec.
Won N.Z. St. Leger Stakes (Trentham),
one mile and three-quarters, 8st 10lb;
time, 3min 5sec.
Won Trentham Gold Cup, two miles,
8st 2lb; time, 3min 27 1-5sec.
Won Awapuni Gold Cup, one mile and
a-quarter, 8st 6lb; time, 2min 13
3-5sec.
Second, Manawatu States, six furlongs.
Up-to-date Amythas has won £7060 in
stakes.

CUTTING DOWN RECORDS.

In these days high-pace records in horse-
racing do not stand anything like the
length of time as in years gone by. A
glance at performances this season reveals
that fresh records have been made over
seven furlongs, a mile, and two miles.
The record list in these lands now reads
as follows:—

Four furlongs: Surveyor, 45 3-5sec.
Four and a-half furlongs, Woorak,
54 1-5sec.
Five furlongs, Machine Gun, 58sec.
Five and a-half furlongs, Poitrina, 1min
6 1-5sec.
Six furlongs, Kilboyne, 1min 10sec.
Seven furlongs, Arrowsmith, 1min 25
1-5sec.
One mile, Cetigne, 1min 37sec.
One mile and a furlong, Gloaming, 1min
52sec.
One mile and a distance, De la Rey,
1min 54 1-5sec.
One mile and a-quarter, Cetigne, 2min
4 1-5sec.
One mile and three furlongs, Molly's
Robe, 2min 18 1-5sec.
One mile and a-half, Poitrel, 2min 31sec.
One mile and five furlongs, Chantemerle
(imp.), 2min 45sec.
One mile and three-quarters, Dusky Eve,
2min 59sec.
Two miles, Kennaquhair, 3min 22 3-5sec.
Two miles and a-quarter, Harriet Gra-
ham, 3min 53 1-5sec; Signor, 3min 53 2-5sec;
The Toff, 3min 53 3-5sec.
Three miles, Trafalgar, 5min 22 1-5sec.

Do any of you chaps remember Delville
Wood I do, and you might next Tuesday.

The Gunner is on the limit at Forbury
on Thursday, and let me tell you that
with one eye it's a good place to be.

It looks as if Swanny Smith is coming
into the game again. But rabbitskins have
fallen in price!

The horses racing at Forbury on Thurs-
day whose names will appeal to all Dig-
gers—Wallacetown and Cold Water.

That magistrate in Gisborne who has
been putting the boot into the bookies this
week ain't a sport. He didn't give fair
odds.

Jimmy Pankhurst intends setting up as
a public trainer. If he takes care of him-
self and his charges he should do quite
well.

Diggers remember Listening Post starts
at Ashburton next Friday and might win.
Remember also that the local wool brokers
don't take too many risks. Get in early.

Eleus is reported to be sore in his work
at Riccarton. You just leave Eleus to

Alex McIvor, and if he starts, have a bit
of your gratuity money on him, Diggers.

Both Riverton and Wyndham Clubs are
applying for extra permits. Well either
could do better than Tapanui with its
permit, but doesn't Lumsden deserve some
consideration?

Jock has both flat and hurdle engage-
ments at the Ashburton meeting, but there
are some good cattle up against him there.
If he wins, there will be another good
dividend awaiting his backers.

Charlie Tulloch and Don Hamilton are
enjoying a holiday in the North Island.
They worthily represented Southland at
the Prince's meeting in Auckland. No,
Charlie did not take Gunrest with him.

There will be trotting at Forbury on
Thursday and Saturday next, and racing
at Ashburton on Thursday and Friday,
i.e., if the engine drivers aren't fighting
Bill Massey with a strike in the South
Island.

The Birchwood Hounds are in for a
good season this winter. Diggers all round
the country are looking up hunters; and,
from what I know of the Turi boys who
are at the head of the pack this year,
there will be some hard riding.

Arrowsmith is some horse, and Amythas
must have been lucky to have beaten him
over a mile and a-quarter at Palmerston
North. At Riccarton next month I guess
the Blighty bred horse will down the In-
vercargill Cup winner at w.f.a., over a
mile.

Frank Boyce dropped a beauty in Mar-
ginal, onto Dave Morton a few months
ago, and last Saturday took over Aycliffe
from the latter. Dave intended to make
a jumper of Marginal, and it is reported
that mine host at Nightcaps intends to
do the same with the Rokeby gelding.

The Riverton Club made some profit
out of their Easter Meeting. £2800 odd,
eh? Secretary Geary has something to
be proud of now, and this money will
surely buy a few bricks towards the long
talked of scheme of improvements badly
required on this popular racecourse.

Moorfowl with £3100 to his credit
heads Humbug £3020 in the two-year-old
statistics for the season, but with two or
three races for two-year-olds yet to be
decided the white legged youngster may
yet beat Sir George's champion who is
out of work.

The Jockey's Union is not a very happy
family, and about twenty riders in the
Palmerston North district have withdrawn
from the Union because they object to
the affiliation of the Union with any other
body of workers. Apparently these jock-
eys are not always workers.

The local Racing Club appears to be
very undecided about the date they in-
tend selecting their new secretary. The
"News" stated it was to have been held
last Wednesday, and this week's "Ret-
eree" fixes it at next Friday. Wern't
the nominations as good as expected?

Sir "Jimmy Allen" and Co., sail for
Blighty this week to take over Sir "Tam
McKenzie's" job in the big smoke. May
he do as well as the latter, who will al-
ways have friends, and good ones too,
amongst Diggers. Many a boy in London
was able to see a decent day's racing,
thanks to the High Commissioner's kind-
ness in advancing a quid or so.

The time is coming round when Parlia-
ment meets and that's the time to ask for
extra permits. Digger J. B. Thomson of
"Purity," and Cathedral Climes fame
was the last president of the Southland
Trotting Club. I wonder does he intend
taking any interest in the sport again?
Now's the time, Gunner to get into it.
You and Joe M.P. should manage it.

If all reports are true President Hazlett
received several applications from Diggers
for the Racing Club secretaryship, and if
the committee intend being patriotic in
their selection they will have to make a
choice. From the talk, the local diggers
firm of land agents are about 6 to 4 on
favourites.

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"The Digger."

FRIDAY, APRIL 30, 1920.

LEST WE FORGET.

No more appropriate phrase could be
associated with the Anzac Memorial Ser-
vice held on Sunday last, in the Municipal
Theatre. The predominating feature of
the whole proceedings was the simple
and of "Remembrance" of those who made
the Supreme Sacrifice in preserving for
future generations what was admirably
expressed by Mr Lloyd George, "The things
that matter for a nation." The service
was simplicity in itself and of a spontane-
ous character, two desirable features to
be associated with such a service and
which should not be lost sight of in fu-
ture services of a similar nature. The ac-
complishing of these essentials was the
outcome of good organisation and every-
one loyally responding to the part allo-
cated to them. The musical part of the ser-
vice was a treat, and the stage arrange-
ment good.

Sunday's performance will undoubtedly
meet with favour from the general public,
who will readily perceive that "Lest we
Forget" has a very real significance to
the returned soldiers who stood side by
side with their comrades, and shared their
varied associations and companionship.
Unfortunately, crowds were unable to
gain admission, which has caused a little
comment as to whether or not the service
should be held in the open air. Apart
from weather conditions it is possible that
a great deal of the solemnity would be
lost if held outside. This is a very essen-
tial characteristic of the service and every
condition should be preserved which will
have this effect. The R.S.A. propose to
hold the same service annually on Anzac
Day and its significance is of such wide
application that Anzac Day should be a
public holiday throughout the Dominion.
Some of our holidays have lost their sig-
nificance as far as the public are concerned
and there should now be a revision and
Anzac Day gazetted. It is hoped that
Southland's M.S.P. will take the initia-
tive and that Anzac Day will become a day
set apart for that simple act of "Remem-
brance."

"A CHURLISH SOIL FOR SCANTY BREAD."

Such is the position of a number of re-
turned soldiers in the Clifton district (Bal-
clutha), who after fair trial find that the
land is not of the class required to give
encouragement and return a just remun-
eration for the work that they have done.
We hear a good deal in these days of the
operation of the Discharged Soldiers'
Settlement Act. Ministerial summaries
present a very favourable picture but hun-
dreds of returned men can demonstrate
the fact that, "All is not gold that glit-
ters," and the class of land opened up un-
der this act is frequently of a class that
even the Land Board will not entertain.
The Land Board have declined to make
advances on improved farms in the same
district, although the price asked, has not
been more than the soldiers paid for Clif-
ton land. Furthermore, highly improved
land with good dwellings and buildings,
nearer the railway, in the same district,
are being offered for sale at the same
price the soldier settlers are paying for
land in Clifton estate where there is only
old pasture and no buildings. There is
a remarkable inconsistency about this and

it is evident that the Government has
made a bad selection and one not in the
interests of men who have to work this
"churlish soil for scanty bread." This
is no new thing for the Government, and
it is difficult to understand the Govern-
ment's attitude, and more so, its lack of
common sense in placing men on land,
under conditions which prevent them from
being a real factor in the Dominion's pro-
duction. The organiser (Mr Colquhoun),
reports that they are a good class of set-
tler and they should receive consideration
at the hands of the Government. The
organiser recommended that:

1.—A re-valuation of the Clifton
estate with a view of reducing the rental
on the land to a fair value.

2.—To assist the present settlers in their
difficulties, a remission of two years' rent
to be made provided the settler has im-
proved his farm to the value of two years'
rent.

3.—That the present settlers be given
the option of increasing their holdings to
enable them to secure sufficient land to
profitably work a mixed farm.

These recommendations are very modest
and should be seriously considered by the
Department and an opportunity be given
the settlers of making good.

THE DIGGER'S LETTER BOX.

Nightcaps Notes arrived too late for pub-
lication and will appear in next issue.—
Ed. "Digger."

G.M., Invercargill.—We are not pub-
lishing your poem because in its present
form it is unsuitable. If you benefit by
our criticism and make the necessary cor-
rections we will do so. Your principal
difficulty is that your spelling is bad, and
your punctuation, well! the least said
about it the better. Some of your lines
are very jerky and halting, and others
characterised by indefiniteness. You
have good ideas, and by returning stamp-
ed envelope you can have copy which we
trust will be helpful to you.—Editor.

ANZAC DAY.

(To the Editor.)

Sir,—Permit me to express a few
thoughts on the Anzac Day parade. You
will recall the parade proceeding at slow
march, led by the firing party with arms
reversed, and followed by a gun carriage
draped with the Union Jack, bearing
wreaths in memory of our comrades "gone
West." Well, sir, can you offer any ex-
planation as to why many of the male
citizens (and some of them very promi-
nent ones too), did not appear to have suf-
ficient respect to bare their heads as the
party filed by. Possibly it was ignorance
of the true significance of the ceremony—
but I know that many of the Diggers on
that parade were greatly upset at this
apparent lack of respect.

Another deplorable incident was the
presence of several noisy youths in the
gallery, who kept up a continuous stream
of sarcastic remarks, much to the annoy-
ance of the public generally. Can nothing
be done to suppress this larrikin element?
—Yours etc.,

"FOUR BLUE CHEVRONS."

Invercargill, 28th April, 1920.

TUATAPERE.

A very large gathering assembled from
Tuatapere and surrounding districts to
take part in the service arranged for An-
zac Day. As the members of the Tua-
tapere branch of the R.S.A. fell in for
parade, the church bells began to toll.
Mr J. Coughlan acted as marshal, and the
returned soldiers were preceded by the
Western District Pipe Band under Pipe-
Major Dickson, in the march to the hall.
Special seats were reserved for the return-
ed men, in front of the stage, and after
they had taken their places, every seat
was speedily occupied. The stage was
artistically decorated with the national
colours, a large banner bearing the word
"Anzac," in letters of gold, occupying a
prominent place, as did also a beautiful
wreath, the gift of the townspeople. Rev.
R. B. Hill, an ex-naval chaplain con-
ducted the religious part of the service.
The rev. gentleman gave an impressive
discourse, and was followed sympathetically
by the large audience. Messrs Mc-
Feely and F. Harrison also delivered ad-
dresses in keeping with the spirit of the
day. Solos were rendered by Misses Mc-
Gregor and McMillan and Mr A. Prentice.
The lament, "The Flowers of the
Forest," was played by the Pipe Band,
after which the audience stood in reverent
silence in memory of our honoured dead.
At the close of the service Mr Cunning-
ham, chairman of the local branch of the
R.S.A. moved a hearty vote of thanks
to all who had assisted the branch to
make the function such a memorable suc-
cess. Thanks are due to Mr C. C. Nicholas
for the very fitting musical programme
arranged, and also to the Pipe Band for
their services.

THE RAILWAY STRIKE.

SOME INTERVIEW.

There seems to be some difficulty in get-
ting information locally about the present
position of the railway strike. Our repre-
sentative interviewed Mr Riddell (pres-
ident Southland Employees' Association), he
stated that it was a very serious matter
at this time. We were still suffering
from the railway cut a few months ago,
and it would be serious if the matter was
not definitely settled. Asked if he con-
sidered that the strike would assume any
magnitude, Mr Riddell stated that there
was reasonable grounds to believe that
the Wellington Watersiders would come
out, and, Mr Pryor (secretary of the Fed-
eration), had left for Wellington to be
in close touch with events. The strike
may extend to the south, but he was
doubtful. Mr Riddell stated that in his
opinion the Government had not done all
in its power to prevent the strike, and the
general manager seems to have been out
of touch with the trend of events. Never-
theless, he had confidence in Mr Massey
to take the matter in hand and bring
about a satisfactory settlement.

Mr Provan (secretary of the Amalgam-
ated Society, Carpenters and Joiners
Union), was interviewed and stated that
there seemed to be general dissatisfac-
tion in the railway service, which had stood
loyally to the country notwithstanding
strenuous times. There was some diffi-
culty in getting sufficient evidence to
weigh the matter up but he believed the
strike would be confined to the north.
The next two days would be the most
critical and required wise handling. The
Minister for Railways was largely to
blame for not giving greater consideration
to the men's demands, and more so than
Mr McVilly who had to refer to the Min-
ister any important considerations. Mr
Provan was asked what view was taken
by other unions as far as he knew. He
replied that he believed the watersiders
would work but treat as "black," goods
handled by the railway. It is not likely
that the strike will extend but something
must be done immediately to meet the
just demands of the men. A large num-
ber of the carpenters had left the service
and joined his union where they can get
better conditions and pay.

A member of the local branch of the
R.F.C.A. was interviewed by our reporter,
but was unable to give anything outside
of what had already appeared in the press.
These reports fairly stated the case and
there was no truth in the suggestion that
the strike was timed for the Royal visit.
The men in the North Island had got out
of hand and it lay with the Government
to do the right thing, and thus prevent
it from spreading. It was not desired
that the South Island men come out if
it could be avoided, neither was it de-
sired that the dislocation of the railways
should be of any magnitude, but the
Government had the remedy in their
hands. The local Executive was awaiting
word from headquarters, and its action
would be determined by that. Asked if
the Government was principally to blame,
it was stated that it was impossible for
Mr Massey to hold the portfolio of Min-
ister of Railways in conjunction with his
other offices. This office had always
been separate and should be so now. Mr
Massey had done a great deal of work
during the past months, and naturally
enough had to be guided in the main by
Mr McVilly, who had not made good as
far as the men were concerned. On the
Commission presided over by Mr Justice
Stringer, was a representative of the
Government and of our Association.
It now transpires that they were only in
an advisory capacity, whereas it was un-
derstood they would have a say in the
findings. There was discontent right
through the service where men with 15
years service were getting 12s 6d per day,
while instances were given of men at the
top of the tree with 20 years' service
getting 17s 6d per day. A carpenter
could easily get £1 per day and only
serve five years at his trade. A great
deal was being made of the cost of
living, but what they wanted was a
wage consistent with that paid in other
parts of the world. Two drivers had left
the service last month in Invercargill, and
during the past 3 months no less than 8 or
ten had left in Dunedin. There was con-
siderable difficulty in getting cleaners, and
this was conclusive that things were not
right. The Arbitration Court had laid it
down that any industry should pay wages
consistent with a good standard of com-
fort and this should apply to the service.

SOUTHLANDS' PART IN THE WAR.

The "Digger" would like to receive in-
formation from officers and other ranks re-
garding the above. Extracts from diaries
and other items are urgently required
for the writer of these articles. It is re-
quested that all matter especially regard-
ing early history be sent to the Editor as
soon as possible.

R.S.A. AT DIPTON.

One of the largest dances ever held in
Dipton was given on Friday night by
the returned soldiers of the district. Be-
sides a large attendance of Dipton and
district people, several small parties
dined from near and far.

Sixty-two couples took part in the
Grand March, which was led off by Mr
and Mrs P. O'Callaghan, Mr P. O'Cal-
laghan being chairman of the local branch
of the Returned Soldiers' Association.

The music was supplied by Mrs Chas.
(piano), Mr W. Sinclair (violin), Mr
Craig (Piccolo). Mr C. Grant acted as
M.C., assisted in the set dances by
H. Ewen.

Supper was served in a marquee erected
alongside the hall, and the guests of the
evening were waited on by the returned
soldiers of Dipton.

During the evening Mr Domigan and
Mr Kirkland recited. Mr W. Kenzie
and his local amateur comedy
company rendered some thrilling items
from the main door of the hall.

Later in the evening Mr Thos. Campbell,
chairman of the local Reception Com-
mittee congratulated the returned sol-
diers of Dipton on the success of the
dance. Three cheers were then called
for the soldiers and were heartily given,
followed by the singing of "For they are
Jolly Good Fellows." The dance broke
up about 4 a.m.

MARKET NOTES.

Messrs Bray Bros. Ltd., Auctioneers,
Dee street, Invercargill, report as follows:

PRODUCE.—We have received large
consignments of potatoes and prices range
from £8 to £9 per ton, according to qual-
ity. There is a good demand for onions
at 13s per cwt. Chaff of prime quality
is not too plentiful and price varies from
£7 5s to £8 per ton. Oats (for
feed), 5s 6d a bushel. Meggitt's Linseed
Meal, 25s per bag. Oatdust, 5s per bag.
Sorghum, 6s per bag. Bran 10s 6d per bag.
Wheat Pollard, 12s 6d per 100lb bag.
Barley Pollard, 22s 6d per 200lb bag.
Pressed Hay, 5s per bale. Supplies of
Oaten Straw are arriving. We are re-
quiring consignments of chaff and
wheat.

FRUIT.—Supplies have been heavy
and prices have eased. Grapes, outdoor
grown, 1s to 1s 3d per lb. Peaches, 2s
to 5d per lb, according to variety and
grade. Plums 3d to 4d. Pears, 2d to 3d.
Apples (dessert), 2d to 3d per lb.
Apples (cooking), 2d to 2d per lb. Quin-
ces, 2d to 3d per lb. Tomatoes.—The
quality now arriving is very poor, and
prices show considerable variation. Des-
ert sold at up to 4d per lb., and second-
ary quality and green, down to 2d per lb.

GENERAL.—Lepp Salt Lick, contain-
ing free sulphur, 2s 3d per brick. Cow
Covers, lined, 21s 6d each, unlined, 18s
each. Horse covers, £2 8s to £2 15s each.

SUNDRIES.—Typewriter, £10. Honey
(10lb tins), 10s. Men's heavy Boots, 3s.
Motor Cycle Side Car, £12 10s. Gig, £21.

FURNITURE.—We have supplies of
Brussels carpet squares, and a big supply
of bulk Samarang Kapok. If you are re-
quiring anything in the furniture line
visit our showrooms in Spey street, where
we shall be pleased to show you our made-
to-order furniture, and our stocks of Sew-
ing Machines, Go-Carts, Seagrass Mats,
etc.

LAND DEPARTMENT.—240 acres,
Kapuka, bush felled country, with surface
sown grass. Cash required, £500. Fruit
and Confectionery Business in Mataura,
with a stock of about £300. This business
shows a 25 per cent profit. Goodwill re-
quired only £100. The stock and fittings
to be taken over at valuation. A good
Sound Business showing a good profit
and requiring very little capital.

Mothers! Can we do your sewing for
you by the fastest power machinery in
the Dominion at prices which cannot be
beaten; only the best of material used.
Every garment guaranteed to give satis-
faction. Here are a few special
Children's nightgowns, in flannelette, all
sizes, 6s 6d to 15s 6d. Sleeping suits,
5s 6d to 9s 11d. Children's petticoats,
in flannel, flannelette, and cambric, 2s 11d
to 21s. Children's knickers, in flannelette,
ette, flannel, calico, and drills, 2s 11d to
5s 11d. Children's chemises, in flannelette,
ette and calico, 4s 6d to 7s 6d.
Infants' gowns, in flannelette and
cambric, 3s 11d to 8s 11d. Flannelette
nel barras, 6s 11d to 9s 6d. Flannelette
barras, 4s 11d to 6s 6d. Infants' robes
and robe petticoats, very dainty, 6s 11d
to 29s 6d. Infants' dresses, in flannelette,
silk, and cashmere, 6s 11d to 15s 6d.
Children's overalls, in light and dark
colours, 3s 11d to 8s 11d. Children's
dresses, in endless variety, all sizes, 5s 11d
to 49s 6d. If we cannot suit you from
stock we will gladly make to your order.
Inspection invited at H. and J. Smith,
Ltd., Progressive Stores, Invercargill and
Gore.

SOUTH OTAGO NOTES

BALCLUTHA, April 26.

PERSONAL.

Mr John F. Walsh, who for some time has been carrying on business as a land and commission agent has disposed of the business and accepted an appointment as Quarter-Master Sergeant of the Defence Department, and will be leaving for the North Island early in May. He is to undergo a "refresher" course at Penrhyn. Mr Walsh, who was one of the first returned soldiers in the town, carried on the duty of town clerk for the borough, while the permanent officer was on active service. He took an active part in R.S.A. affairs and was one of the time movers in the formation of the Balclutha branch, and acted as secretary for some time. Latterly he voluntarily carried out the necessary duties when the association through lack of interest looked like fizzling out. He was also secretary of the Repatriation Department and generally took a keen interest in our local affairs. He will be much missed locally, and his many friends will wish he and Mrs Walsh the best of luck in their new home.

THE WEATHER.

The recent rains were a great blessing and the household water supply was well replenished. The rain came a bit late to save some of the turnips crops, but generally speaking it will do a tremendous amount of good.

HOSPITAL MATTERS.

A meeting of the South Otago Hospital committee was held on Friday morning to consider the report of Drs. Frengley and Wylie. The discussion was on the same lines as that already reported, and the meeting merely decided to still go for separation, and use all their influence in getting a bill put through next session to create a separate district. The increase of 50 per cent on the levy for 1920-21 was also discussed, and was considered a strong argument for separation. The local bodies have been left to deal with this aspect of the question.

HARBOUR BOARD RATING.

A meeting of representatives of local bodies was held on Friday afternoon to discuss the proposed levy of the Otago Harbour Board. Mr Malcolm, M.P., was present and explained the position. The meeting unanimously passed resolutions, protesting against any such levy and formed itself into an organisation to oppose the proposal. It was also agreed to ask the co-operation of all local bodies and Farmers' Unions throughout the district in opposing the levy. The resolutions are to be forwarded to the Minister of Marine.

KAITANGATA RETURNED SOLDIERS' ASSOCIATION.

The annual meeting of the Kaitangata Returned Soldiers' Association was held in the club rooms on Wednesday evening, about 20 members being present.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—President, Mr J. Ratcliffe, secretary and treasurer, Mr D. McGhee; committee—Messrs R. Semple, N. Nasmith, W. Gadsby, C. Thomas, and J. Carson.

Correspondence was received from the Otago District re the visit of the Prince of Wales, and it was decided to fall in with the arrangements.

It was also decided to hold a smoke concert and re-union on Saturday evening, May 1st, in the Masonic Hall, the committee to arrange the function.

Several other matters affecting members were discussed, and the secretary was instructed to attend to same.

FOOTBALL.

The opening of the S.O.R.F.U. fixtures on Saturday drew good crowds. The match Toko v. Crescent at Kaitangata resulted in a win for the former by ten points (two penalties and a potted goal) by three (a try). The game was a very exciting one and Crescent were unfortunate. The kicking of Heads was great and was a feature of the game. It was he who did the scoring for Toko, his potted goal being a beauty. Mr Sid. White (Balclutha) refereed.

The Clutha-Clinton game was rather easy win for the former. The final score being 18-0. Six tries were scored and not one converted. Clutha merely got a good place kick. The Clutha forwards were too good for their opponents at the finish and simply walked over them. The score at half-time being 3-0. The visitors showed want of wind, while the local boys, who have been putting in some solid practice, were

quite fit. The backs indulged in some pretty passing, but did not gain much ground, running across the field instead of straight. This is a fault they will no doubt remedy before long. Mr J. Powley (Milton) refereed. The game was played on the show ground, which is admirably adapted to the purpose. The season this year should be a successful one, as with a decent ground to play on the "gates" should be better as this new playing area has grandstand and necessary buildings on it. These were conspicuous by their absence on the old ground.

ANZAC DAY.

The Anzac Day Memorial Service held in Balclutha on Sunday was a unqualified success. A parade of returned soldiers, cadets, Friendly Societies, etc., headed by the band, marched to the Oddfellows' Hall, where a very impressive service was held. The Rev. S. J. Werren had the delivery of the address and spoke from Proverbs 10-7. "The memory of the just is Blessed." The large audience listened with rapt attention throughout. He was assisted by the other local ministers of religion. An impressive moment was the tribute to the fallen when the "Last Post" was sounded by Mr W. Low, and a wreath placed on the R.S.A. Roll of Honour. The brass band played the "Dead March in Saul." The movement was a feeling tribute to those who gave their lives that we might live.

Special services were conducted in all the churches at night, and special services were also conducted throughout the whole district.

OTAUTAU.

The St. Andrew's Scottish Society held a very successful gathering in the Town Hall, Otago, on Thursday evening, when the spacious hall was packed to the doors. Mr Watson and Mrs Penman of Invercargill, were among the performers at the concert, and a first-class performance was rendered. After the concert a very successful dance was held.

A Winter Show will be held in the Town Hall, on Thursday and Friday, 27th and 28th May, and the large committee have the arrangements well in hand. A schedule will be issued in the beginning of the week.

The Progressive League have made arrangements to buy a section near the bridge, which they intend to donate to the Town Board for the purpose of erecting a soldiers' memorial.

Members of the Otago R.S.A. are reminded that their subscriptions are now due and payable to the secretary or president.

The footballers have made a good start for the season, but a little more enthusiasm will be required if they hope to procure the coveted banner for this year. Most of the football enthusiasts pick the Waiata Rovers to be the successful aspirants this season.

Owing to the visit of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, the ordinary monthly meeting of the Wallace County Council will be held on Wednesday, 19th April, instead of Friday, 21st.

A meeting of the Otago branch of the R.S.A. will be held on Thursday, 6th April, at 8 p.m., in the Board room.

The Otago senior and junior teams played a practice match on Wednesday, which resulted—Seniors 16, Juniors 18. Mr J. L. Brown ably controlled the game. The scores were accounted for by the following players: Seniors—Allan Brown scored an unconverted try, Adams scored and Kilgour converted, Collett scored (unconverted), Grieve scored, Kilgour converted. Juniors: Bulman scored and converted, Ian Brown scored and converted, Dimmock scored (unconverted), Ford scored and Ian Brown converted.

AN APPRECIATION.

The R.S.A. desires to publicly thank all those who are not members of the Association and who so by ally co-operated and made the Anzac Day Memorial Service a success. Mr Chas. Gray, leader combined choir, also members of choir, and St. John's boys, Mr Wills, conductor Hibernian Band and members, Mr Stone, caretaker, Municipal Theatre, Mr John Taylor, Mr H. A. Preston, Mr T. Daniels, and all others who unreservedly gave their services.

Still another change advt. by that popular and progressive drapery firm, Price and Bulleid's, Ltd., of Tay street. They are out right keen after business and to secure this offer excellent selections of up-to-the-minute goods at the lowest of low quotations.

LOST (at Riverton Races, April 5), Re-turned Soldier's Badge 23/677. Finder please return to R.S.A., Invercargill.



OREPUKI R.S.A.

FANCY DRESS BALL

(In aid of Funds to erect Club Room).

FRIDAY, MAY 7, 1920.

GRAND MARCH at 8.20 p.m.

Gents' 3/- Ladies' 1/6.

PRIZE FOR BEST FANCY DRESS COSTUME.

D. McKAY, President.
V. C. CROWTHER, Secretary.THE OTAUTAU BRANCH,
R.S.A.,

Will hold a

MEETING

In the

BOARD ROOM, OTAUTAU,

On

THURSDAY, 6th APRIL,

At 8 p.m.

BUSINESS: General.

R. R. THOMAS,
Secretary.

BUNGALOW SPECIAL.

WE have just received this Brick and Rough Cast Bungalow for sale. Five large and sunny rooms, beautifully finished in rimu and art papers. Built-in wardrobes and presses, porcelain bath, tiled grates and range, electric light. This house is only three years old and is remarkably cheap at £1250. Terms can be arranged. The section is beautifully laid out in lawn and garden.

COLIN McDONALD, R. B. CAWS & CO.

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LARGE VARIETY OF ASSORTED
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F. G. Jarvis,

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HARLEY DAVIDSON MOTOR BIKE
and SIDE-CAR for sale.

A good snip for a returned man.

Almost new.

ONE OF THE LATEST MODELS.

Reply—

"BARGAIN,"
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THE PAPER FAMINE is world wide. Supplies are running low. Take my advice and replenish your stocks while prices are reasonable.

MY PRICES—

LETTER TABLETS, 9d, 1/-, 1/3, 1/6,
and 1/9 each.ENVELOPES, 4d, 6d, 9d, and 1/- per
packet.BOXES OF STATIONERY, 2/- and
2/3.

LETTERETTES, 2/-

T. Hide,

TAY STREET, INVERCARGILL.

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 possible 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.

NO BETTER VALUE OFFERING THAN THESE.

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

REDUCE YOUR COST OF LIVING, by purchasing a home with a few acres near town. See us about five acres with five-roomed house; outbuildings in good order; five miles from town; few chains from railway, post office, and factory. £575. On terms. Traill and Co., Ltd., Esk street.

OPPORTUNITY only knocks at your door once, and if you don't want to continue paying rent all your life, call on us and get particulars of good family home, seven rooms, bathroom, pantry, and other conveniences. Seven minutes from P.O. Terms arranged. £50 deposit, or thereabouts, balance to suit purchaser. Traill and Co., Ltd., Esk street.

A BONNIE LITTLE HOME at Wai-kiwi, for £675. Quarter acre mostly in vegetable garden, hot water installed; motorshed, facing north; very pleasing appearance. See us early, we won't need to advertise it twice. Traill and Co., Ltd., Land Agents.

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WE ARE

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NO COMMISSION CHARGED.

LABELS ON APPLICATION.

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OF N.Z. LTD.,
DON STREET,
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GRASMERE—

Four Rooms. Good freehold section. £400. Terms arranged.

GLADSTONE—

Five Rooms; £650.

AVENAL—

Six Rooms; electric light, motor shed; £675.

TOWN (Central)—

Five rooms, £630.

LINDISFARNE—

Five Rooms, £550.

NORTH INVERCARGILL—

Five Rooms; electric light; £650.

NORTH INVERCARGILL SCHOOL.

A BAZAAR in aid of the Grounds' Improvement Fund, will be held in the School on FRIDAY, 30th inst., opening at 2.30 p.m.

Competitions and Concert Programme the evening.

The Dominion Band will be in attendance Admission in evening—6d.

MUTTON BIRDS! MUTTON BIRDS!
FIRST OF THE SEASON.

Only obtainable at

—PASCO BROS.—

DEE STREET.

OUR consignment was to have been 10,000, but owing to bad weather the Savii could only bring part consignment.

REMEMBER—

PASCO BROS.

—For—

MUTTON BIRDS.

Makarawa—13½ acres with four-roomed House, and necessary outbuildings; well fenced and subdivided; £650.

Makarawa—10½ Acres for £450.

Waituna.—184 Acres leasehold. Rent 7/9 per acre for a term of 14 years. Buildings consist of five-roomed house and all necessary outbuildings. £4 per acre.

Bungallow of five Rooms; brick and rough cast, just completed, with every modern convenience; ¼-acre, on car route. £1100.

If you require a house, farm, or building section, give us a call.

Meek and Oughton, Wm. Todd & Co. Ltd.

LIMITED.

Land and Estate Agents.

SUB-ASSOCIATIONS' CONFERENCE

HELD IN THE SOLDIERS' CLUB ON SATURDAY, APRIL 24th., 1920.

The following gentlemen were present:—Mr D. M. Rae, (chair); Tuatapere, Messrs Feely and Cunningham; Bluff, Messrs Brooks and McGorlick; Edendale, Messrs McRae and Cranston; Orepuki, Mr V. C. Crowther; Fortrose, Mr A. J. Millard; Executive, W. A. Sutton and secretary.

President:—The need has been felt for quite a while that a meeting be held, as the matter of rebate to country associations is evidently not meeting with general satisfaction, and in view of the fact that country representatives more or less take a strong attitude in the matter we feel that a great deal of good could be done if the country associations and the town association discuss the whole matter so that in the first place the country members might take back to their respective associations the views of headquarters on the matter, at the same time we might be able to do better to our local associations if we heard the views of these country members, and I really hope that you will take this opportunity of expressing openly your views on the matter of rebate. I shall now ask our secretary to explain the matter first, and then we shall proceed to hear the views of the country members.

Secretary:—The position in regard to the rebate is briefly as follows. I think it would be advisable to start from the beginning, when country sub-committees were first formed. As you are all aware early in the year our membership had increased to such a great extent that it was decided that something should be done, and with that in view representatives from this Association went to Tuatapere and Lumsden and formed sub-committees. Certainly there was nothing definite laid down. Our main object was really to get the thing started, and then if necessary to try and get it thrashed out, and see what decision could be arrived at in regard to rebate, etc. It was then suggested that we form country sub-committees and that the association rebate 12 per cent. Shortly after that, Conference decided that a new scheme of organisation would be brought into being which made provision for the forming of sub-associations. There was no restriction placed on the membership of these sub-associations, and no restrictions whatever as far as Conference was concerned. The District Organiser was appointed shortly afterwards, and as you know he came to Southland and formed sub-associations.

At a meeting held in Dunedin early in the year the District Council which was newly set up, went into the question of sub-associations, and the question of finance was discussed, and was decided at that meeting that they make a rebate of 4s per member to sub-associations. I was at that meeting and, frankly, gentlemen, I opposed it, because I considered that the associations could not without straining their finances do the thing conscientiously. I do not think that the other associations had studied the question out, in fact I would go so far as to say I am sure they had not, because at a council meeting which was held in Dunedin last month the question was brought up again, and it was decided to delete the whole clause dealing with finance and to let the amount of rebate be decided mutually between the parent-association and the sub-association concerned. Now this Association is perhaps the association that is going to be hardest hit in the matter; for we have a comparatively small town-membership and 683 financial members belonging to sub-associations, a total of as I said last night, of 1716.

Out of these 1716 there are a certain number who have joined up during last month, and owing to the rush of work have not been posted, but we can say roughly that we have 650 country members and 900 town members. Now included in these town members are a great number of men who in all probability as time goes on will themselves form sub-associations. As a matter of fact some of them are asking now that sub-associations be formed. This will cut into the town membership to a considerable extent, and it is not leaving the parent-association a great amount of finance to carry on with.

For every financial member we pay 2s capitulation to headquarters, and 2s to district which leaves 6s. That 6s per member has to supply everything in connection with the Association, and as you can see from your statement of receipts and expenditure, our expenditures are fairly heavy. I have been doing my best to keep them down as low as possible, but they still have mounted up.

If a rebate of 4s is made to each sub-association, it is going to keep down the finances very considerably, and moreover

how are we going to adjust the finances of the parent-association? I may also ask, how are we going to apportion the work between sub-associations and the parent-association. It appears to me and to our outgoing executive that as practically all the work is done from Invercargill, it is absolutely necessary that a permanent staff be employed. Now, if this permanent staff is going to be employed and the sub-associations are going to get their 4s per member, it is evident to be able to meet the expense at headquarters, there must be some arrangement arrived at, whereby headquarters would be able to make a scale of charges for work done for sub-associations. Our retiring president, said, and our new president says, that we want to meet sub-associations. We must have unity, and God help the soldier if we do not have it. If we are to get any settlement we must keep together.

We want you to go back to your sub-associations with expressed opinions, we want the thing gone into rationally, and gone into thoroughly. We are anxious to get it decided, and we are anxious for sub-associations to ask questions. We must remember that the difficult part is going to be the agreement about the rebate of subscriptions and we have to remember that the expense has to be born by the parent-association.

President:—Mr Graham has pointed out the position and it necessary to bear in mind that all expenses are borne by the parent-association, that if a country association decides to have a meeting that incurs any expense, it is met by this Association.

It is absolutely necessary to have a staff in order to cope with the work successfully. We must have a good staff if our country sub-associations are going to derive any great benefit from the Association. I am quite sure that we shall see if 4s rebate is fixed that we must curtail more or less the effective possibilities of this Association. We want to hear all your views on this matter, and I think if we express our views, we will be able to come to some decision.

Mr I. C. McRae:—If in the event of the amount of rebates being less than 4s will the parent-association make up any deficiency in the country sub-association's expenditure?

Mr Graham:—As far as that goes it is a question that has not been thought of to any great extent. I take it that if a rebate is fixed upon, and we will say for argument,—please don't think I am trying to force it—you decide on 2s, and that at the end of the year the sub-association find that this has not been enough, and that they have incurred legitimate expenses above this, I think that any surplus of expenditure would be met by the association, but this is a question that has not been thoroughly thrashed out.

Mr McFeely:—I would like to say that the Tuatapere branch have brought this matter up repeatedly, we are sick of it and will be glad when it is finally settled.

The different discussions we have had on the matter have been considerably divided. Members in our branch regard 1s 6d rebate as being too low. At a meeting—we could call it a representative meeting, about 30 members being present—I took it that although they sent the delegates with a free open hand to base judgment according to arguments that were placed before us, they considered that 1s 6d rebate was insufficient.

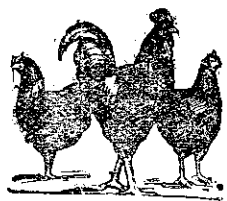
Our branch differs from other branches. We have no club room at all, we hold our meetings in the Hall, and pay the small fee of 2s 6d. We generally hold a little social afterwards for an hour or two to defray any expenses incurred. In some cases the sub-branches are arranging club rooms. That in itself means a certain amount of expenditure, and the people locally will support it to a great extent, and I think that is one of the arguments that some of the delegates will use, that the rebate will be a considerable help. I want to say that at present we have no intention of having a club, but all the same it remains that a club is needed. It depends on finance, I am not going to say that our sub-association generally speaking, is in favour of 1s 6d. I cannot honestly say so.

Mr Cunningham:—I may state that the Tuatapere branch has had a very big fight up to the present time to keep its membership together. So far we have had no assistance, our expenses have been met out of social funds. If we received a larger rebate we could form club rooms, which would considerably help to keep our members together. Our present membership is 53 on the roll and about 20 or 30 to be put on to the roll, so we will have to do our best to try and get some club rooms or something. If we built a room it would keep the boys together and it would be something to come along for. They say, "I am not going to ride 15 miles to come along to

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POULTRY NOTE

Shade is imperative, whether or made.

Just been reading that a Rhode Red is a "Hybrid." Hybrids will breed, which makes one doubt the merit, the Reds being highly prolific and hard to kill.

If you haven't given increased egg in your flock any consideration, right now. If you cannot see your clear to buy foundation stock of a reliable utility breeder of your own you can do the next best thing, some of your best females and use a male or males of some reliable breed of your variety that has bred for increased egg production, and you will be surprised quite often at the improvement the offspring from the first mating. In fact, it is by the introduction of that 75 per cent of the improvement both utility and fancy is practised to.

Moulting is a seasonable casting of feathers and preparing for the months with a full new covering, a natural process, and should not be interfered with in any drastic way. It can be helped by toning the birds up by frequent small doses of salts, and a spoonful of sulphur to every twenty about twice a week during fine weather, and a full supply of green food.

Breeding for increased egg production is no child's play, to establish a set along permanent lines that will reproduce and give high egg averages for the flock takes years to build up. Improvement along dependable and scientific lines does not come like volcanic upheavals, some laying claims would lead one to believe; it is rather like the slow rising of a tide. The object in breeding for increased egg production should be to lift the whole flock average together, may and should be gradual, and so built with the breeding bred lines, hens, pay and pay well for the effort put forward. To build a strain the very first essential is vitality for it takes surplus vitality to stand strain of heavy laying. Select the normal layers, the ones that lay laying at least a few eggs right through the moult, select males for your such rugged breeding, and don't be led by the chance hen that will outlay her sisters and switch off all breeding attention on her. Remember slogan I learned in the West when a boy working on some of the poultry plants. That was, that the station stock in many cases is better the product. That's why the leading hibition breeders, as a rule, can select their winners, and then beat you the year in competition. They know the ones that produce the same will apply to egg production. The birds that produce the normal layers are the average high normal birds and as a rule the most able.

"No other domestic animal is so sensitive to environment as the laying hen," says an English countryman, and which is quite correct. She will pick her own place to roost, and go to bed, and go to lay, and she is also sensitive to her company. The system in competitions, which pens two together especially strangers to each other, is an unfair one to one of them, if not both, and must affect results.

It is considered doubtful if the Chinese native living who know the whole of the forty-four thousand birds that make up the Chinese

a meeting for a few minutes." Unless we have a club room the men will be all wandering away. The Tuatapere branch consider 3s rebate would be a fair thing.

Mr B. Brooks:—The Bluff branch I think are the furthest behind of any branch. I think the membership on the roll is 60 and about 20 to be added to that. These cover a big district, as we have Stewart Island included in the Bluff Association. According to the roll I received from Mr Graham a large number of our members are unfinancial. Well, I went around the majority of them to see what they were going to do. They said, "What is the use of paying up? What benefits do I get? If we can see something for it we will pay out."

The men do not think 1s 6d rebate is sufficient, they think that if we could get more we could build a club room. Practically every man would pay his 10s then. They say that if Mr McGorlick and myself came back with 1s 6d rebate it is absolutely hopeless. They are hard men to deal with down there. Unless you go round and bully them you can't get anything. You need a good man to do it. Personally I do not think I am good enough for it. They think 1s 6d is insufficient to do anything with.

Mr McGorlick:—The whole trouble arose from the visit of the Organiser. Although Mr Colquhoun is a good man, I do not think he put the position very clearly. I am afraid he did not speak as clearly as he might have done. He told us we would have to fill in two cards for every man we had. That we found out later was really wrong. It was only a few days ago that we realised we were a sub-association. We had a roll sent from Mr Graham, and we called a meeting at which there were only four present. In the limited time we had we could not do much. Of course we have a pretty hard crowd to deal with. If something could be done to bring them together we might be able to do something. I can assure you Mr Colquhoun left us with a very wrong impression.

Mr McFeely here made reference to the voting strength of the sub-associations compared with the voting strength of the parent-association.

Mr Cunningham:—Most of the country members are anxious to help the parent-association, but the whole trouble with the sub-associations at the present time is the lack of funds to do anything with definitely. So far we have not been able to give the secretary anything for his trouble. We have born all expenses out of social money.

President:—Country members think that they really get nothing out of the Association, as the town members have a fine club in which to play billiards, pool, etc., and they think we are living on their 10s. We are all working for the one thing, to better the condition of the soldier. That is the crux of the position.

Mr Graham:—In regard to the question of clubs for sub-associations, I would like you to understand that this is my personal opinion, the question of clubs for sub-associations is one that will require very careful consideration. When we talk about forming a club, immediately on doing that the social element is drawn in. When on Service there was no social spirit, we were all pals. Now we have got back to civilian life again, the social questions crops up. To form a club is good but there is that little thing at the back of it that has to be looked after.

Another thing I would point out and that I am rather strong on, is the benefits derived. Men ask, What benefit do we derive? No man derives 5 per cent., he derives 500 per cent. Through the Returned Soldiers' Association the soldier has got every privilege. A man asks what benefit does he derive. We have all had gratuities. Then we must remember the widowed mother's allowance, dependant's allowance, separation allowance, and also the fact that a great number of the unfortunate ones of us are receiving pensions. You can see that there is not one man who can honestly say, that we

have derived no benefits. If he says it he has not thought.

Another question is the position of the Soldiers' Club here, I admit it is rather a big one. In the first place the Soldiers' Club was started by the old National Reserve, and was ran by a purely civilian committee who collected a considerable amount of money for the support of it.

At the end of last year they handed over the management leaving the funds, some £2000 invested in trustees, and this money is to be expended at the rate of £200 per year. We have used over and above £200, but of course we must remember that this Association is not paying for lighting, fuel, or rent. As far as the club is concerned the funds of the association do not go into it. We hope that the independent club committee which has just been formed will put the club in a better position financially, and that we shall see a credit to the club funds, which are apart altogether from the R.S.A. funds.

Another point is the appointment of Land Adviser. Some little time ago there was an appointment made on the Land Purchase Board. That appointment was made by the District Council, not by the local Association.

Re the District Organiser, I am glad that the matter came up without my mentioning it. We can go back to the conference of last year in May, in Christchurch, when the scheme of organisation was first brought into being. I was sent from this association as their delegate and I was bound to oppose a scheme of organisation as laid down on the agenda. That scheme of organisation was thrown out and the present scheme was adopted, which was not as good a scheme as the one thrown out. I opposed both.

When the organiser was appointed he came down to Southland. He has worked hard and has done what he could. I quite agree with Mr McGorlick when he says that the position has not been properly explained. It is very far from perfect, and it is only by asking questions that the thing can be got down to bedrock.

We could then understand the organisation better, but still I think it wants a tremendous amount of improvement.

It was moved by Mr McFeely and seconded by Mr Macrae that the amount of rebate be 2s.

Mr Cunningham asked if the sub-association would have to supply stationery, etc., out of that.—To be decided later.

LAND ADVISER.

It was suggested to put up candidates for the position of Land Adviser.

Mr Macrae asked when the nominations were to be in, and was informed that they must be in by the 10th of next month.

Mr McFeely said that the Tuatapere branch could nominate one man who was a practical farmer and had sound common sense.

It was decided that nominations be received from the sub-branches for the position of Land Adviser.

Mr McFeely moved that the final selection of a candidate be left to the Invercargill Executive. This was seconded by Mr Crowther.—Carried.

Mr Blake then spoke in regard to "The Digger." He said, "I want the soldiers in the country to take a real live interest in their paper. There are a large number of agents throughout Southland. We want you to mention the paper, and use it, as it is part of your organisation, and if there is a requisite amount of recognition of those who advertise in our columns it cannot fail to succeed and be an important factor in R.S.A. affairs. I want you to go away from here with an interest in the paper."

A vote of thanks was given to the chairman for the satisfactory way he explained the position.

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Kennel Notes.

The Invercargill Kennel Club have been
very busy distributing their show
schedules.

Any fancier overlooked should com-
municate with Mr J. E. Lea, secretary,
Box 337, Invercargill, who will be only
too pleased to attend to requirements.

The schedule is a very good effort for a
young club. All breeds have been catered
for. In the most popular breeds medals
have been donated.

Special prizes, totalling forty have been
allotted and amongst them is a £3 3s
special for best dog in show, any breed,
accompanied by a cabinet photo donated
by Mr Wootton. Runner-up receives £2
2s.

A feature of the coming show will be
the matter of feeding, which will be done
by specialists of the various breeds. The
old idea of having only one man for the
whole show is fast losing favour.

Breeders are now very keen and a judge
of all breeds requires to be a long way
above the average to hold his own with
the man who specialises in one breed or
two at the outside.

A Dunedin fancier writes congratulating
the Invercargill Kennel Club on their
system of judging.

A good entry is promised from Dunedin.
Christchurch has said nothing so far.

Critchfield and Porteous have secured
that beautiful smooth fox terrier bitch,
"Northland Naomi," from Messrs Wood-
ford and Wilson, of Wellington.

She is very well bred, being by Ch.
Maidstone Showman—Ch. Goodstuff.
"Naomi" has been quite a success on the
show bench, having won three firsts at
Dannevirke and special for best puppy, any
sex. At Wellington dog parade she won
first and special for best puppy and was
also runner-up to Champion Goodstuff for
best terrier in show.

We congratulate these young fanciers on
their recent purchase and hope to see them
well in it when they toe the carpet.

POINTS IN PUPPY PRODUCTION.

FACTS ON FEEDING FOR BONE AND BUILD.

(By Will Hally.)

Concluded.

Puppies vary in aggressiveness and some
remain unknown babies, while their
brother or sister determinedly seeks to see
what the world is like outside the box.
The box, by the way, is usually a rather
"musical" box until the musicians' eyes
are open. As three weeks approach, every
puppy should be taught to take an in-
terest in food, and by three weeks or a
day or two later, they should be lapping.
By this method any abrupt change from
the maternal to the everyday nourishment
is avoided, and by feeding the puppies
thus there is no overtaking of the mother's
milk supply, with the result that it
never becomes the watery, innutritious,
and often harmful mixture which it does
if it alone is the family nourishment until
the puppies are weaned. Lactol, Pupplac,
and Virol are the three standbys from the
third to the fourth week, and never later
than the twenty-first day the puppies get
one of those liquids and a little Virol—
the latter is an acquired taste, as a rule—
smear on their noses, and inside their
mouths. A day or two later they will
lap their liquor with a little Virol in it.
At four weeks they go on to oat flour,
and a teaspoonful of scraped raw meat
is given once a day. As they approach
five weeks the youngsters get the first
taste of puppy biscuit, well soaked with
boiling water, squeezed as dry as pos-
sible, and mixed with a little raw meat
or well-boiled fish. At five weeks the
puppies are having four or five meals a
day, with Virol as an addition to two of
them, and they can now do without their
mother most of the day. She is with

them at night until they are over five
weeks, but between that and six weeks
she is only beside them an hour at night,
and the same time in the morning. At
six weeks they are entirely on their own.

And then, except as mere drinks, the
liquids are drastically reduced, and four
of the six meals are solids. By this time
I am working in a small quantity of bone-
meal—say a salt-spoonful—to each puppy
twice a day. This quantity, just as with
Virol, is gradually increased, but both
bone meal and Virol must be given in
reason, and according to the health of
the puppy and the state of its bowels.
Bone meal as well as being a bone-former,
is a splendid safeguard against diarrhoea,
but too much of it is indigestible, and it
will then actually cause that ailment.
From about six to twelve weeks the pup-
pies have two meals of oat flour and Lac-
tol or Pupplac, and four of the puppy
biscuit, mixed half and-half with either
well-boiled sheep's head, or sheep's paunch
treated in the same way, or well-boiled
fish. What a puppy requires in the way
of amount at each meal must be regulated
according to the individual, but at nine
weeks the quantity at each meal for a
Chow puppy should be about half a tea-
cupful. At twelve weeks the meals can
be reduced to four a day, and at that
age a teaspoonful of Virol and a teaspoon-
ful of bone meal can be given twice a
day.

Each puppy should have a separate feed-
ing dish, and after each morning meal
of oat flour I give a dry puppy biscuit,
broken up into pieces easily got hold of.
This greatly aids dentition and digestion,
and teaches the young idea to eat dry
biscuits. At eleven or twelve weeks the
puppy can go from puppy biscuits to
Weetmeal. But "little and often" should
be the menu in all puppy dietary. A
heavily filled stomach weighs too heavily
on legs that are more gristle than
real bone. As a further aid to legs and
feet, and to strong pasterns, there is no-
thing more beneficial than letting the
puppy exercise on gravel.

Warmth in youth is a great incentive to
good size, and that is why house-reared
puppies, especially if they are winter-
born, are almost invariably larger than
kennel-reared ones. I have not so much
as mentioned cow's milk in the foregoing,
as while I am aware that many fanciers
find it eminently satisfactory, I have
found it highly injurious to nearly all the
many mammals I have bred at one time or
another. So far as puppies are concerned,
cow's milk is three parts bulk to one of
nourishment. Nothing is a more fruitful
cause of diarrhoea, and distention and
flatulence nearly always follow in its
train. In case some economical soul sees
in my puppy menu a whole nightmare
of "saxpences" "banged" on Virol let
me add that he will find an effective sub-
stitute (though one not altogether as good
as Virol itself) in the cod liver oil and
phosphates emulsion recommended for the
pregnant bitch. That mixture is, how-
ever, only a war emergency one, so far
as my own kennels go. Until hostilities
temporarily held it up, I used little else
as a tonic and bone-builder for old and
young than the quite marvellous Sander-
son's Emulsion, plus the bone-meal for
expectant mothers and growing puppies.

"BAS. REQ."

(By T.L.)

Oh, isn't it great to be "up-to-date"
And live in this world of Grace;
With a system and place for everything
Though nobody knows the place.

We've an index card for each thing we
do

And everything under the sun;
It takes so long to fill in the cards
We never get anything done.

We've loose-leaf ledgers for saving time,
The Lord knows what they cost,
When half our time is spent each day
Hunting for leaves that are lost.

Stenographers that spell like II—

And make us swear and curse;
When we are not dictating to them,
Why, they are dictating to us.

And sectional this and sectional that,
(We'll soon have sectional legs);
I dreamt last night that I made a meal
Of sectional ham and eggs.

I dreamt I lived in a sectional house,
And rode a sectional boss;
And drew my pay in sections from
A sectional "Section-boss."

Oh, isn't it great to be up-to-date,
And live in this year of grace,
With a system and place for everyth'
Though nobody knows the place.

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Children's Column.

HOW JIMMY GREW GOLD.

A CHARMING COMPLETE STORY.
FOR CHILDREN.

"Oh dear!" said Jimmie to himself one morning. "I wish we wasn't so drearily poor. Mummy says she doesn't think we've got enough money to pay the rent."

Jimmie did not know he had been speaking aloud, but he must have been doing so, because just then a funny old man with a sack on his back, who had been passing, said:

"Well, would you like to grow some gold, then?"

"Grow some gold?" said Jimmie. "I wish I could."

"I have some magic seeds here," said the old man. "If you plant them carefully, and look after them properly, they will grow gold for you."

"My word!" said Jimmie. "Fancy growing gold. Why, I shall be ever so rich!"

The old man gave him a little packet, and Jimmie dug up a piece of ground at the back of the cottage, hoed it, and raked it, and planted the seeds. Every day he worked on that patch of ground, pulling up the weeds, watering it when the drought came, and making it the best and tidiest looking piece of ground in the village. Soon the plants began to grow, and one day the old man came along and looked at them.

"Is my crop of gold ready to be gathered?" asked Jimmie.

"Not yet," said the old man. "To grow gold needs patience and perseverance, and hard work. Wait."

So Jimmie waited and worked and when the plants did not need attention he tidied up the yard, and dug up the weeds of the rest of the garden, and when the old man came the next time he looked admirably at Jimmie's work.

"The time has come now," he said, "for you to harvest your crop of gold. This is how to do it:

"Dig up the plants you have grown. At the foot of each plant you will find a long yellow root. Take all these roots to the market in the town. They will make several loads, which are the equal of the gold I promised you."

Then Jimmie understood. He saw that by his diligence and perseverance he had grown a big crop of carrots, which would bring him in gold just as if the crop had been actually the metal.

So he took the carrots to market, and mummy was ever so surprised and grateful when he brought back a nice lot of money to put by for the rent.

Of Interest to Women.

CO-OPERATION.

Co-operation means working together, and there is a very old saying that "two heads are better than one." The trouble is to get people to believe it.

The complexity of modern life renders co-operation necessary. In every department of activity we are being gradually forced to give up our separateness and to work hand and head together with our fellows. Primitive man may have done everything for himself, killed his chop and grilled it, grown his corn and ground it and baked his own loaf, but civilised man cannot. He wants too much and too many things, his needs are too various, his responsibilities too multifarious for him to be sufficient unto himself. He contributes something to the common stock of labour done and society does everything for him.

In some departments of life, however, man has clung to separateness as long as possible and of all our cherished "British institutions," the separate home is the dearest to the conservative British heart. Swift represented the Lilliputians as taking children away from their parents at an early age and bringing them up in large nursery schools; and Thackeray shuddered to think what a hard-hearted monster Swift must have been to entertain such a notion. Ask any well-intentioned right-thinking citizen of Invercargill what he thinks of communal life and he will tell you at once that to "interfere with the home" is to undermine the foundation of national life.

It would be all very well if every home were in reality that ideal place where peace and affection, tenderness and grace, comfort and well-being abide; but as a matter of fact, many homes—perhaps a majority—are very far indeed from being such a corner of heaven let down to earth. Some are dens of ignorance and vice, some are hovels where squalor crouches in miserable rags, many are places of dreary monotony and complaining.

We have always proceeded on the assumption that a child's parents are the people best fitted to deal with it on intimate terms and to have the responsibility of its training and maintenance. In probably six cases out of ten the assumption is unjustified by facts, but we cling to family life because of the other four, and rightly, because of the leverage which parental loves gives to men and women in the shouldering of duties and responsibilities.

We do not want to batter down the walls of home and let private life flow out into that of the community; but we do need to see how far common action can be taken in solving the problems of home life; and I venture to say that although the pressure of conditions is not so great in Southland as in other and larger centres of population, even here there are signs enough of the times to convince the thoughtful that if the ideals of home-life are to be preserved, we must adopt co-operative means and action towards their realisation. Already one part of the work of rearing children has passed right out of the home; the school is a co-operative institution, the state school is a national institution for the most important of all work, education. The social duty of entertaining is most often, except on the smallest scale, carried out co-operatively outside the home; and for such functions, where there can be no great degree of intimacy or affection achieved, why should the home be invaded and burdened if a club-room or tea-lounge can serve the turn. It is probable that many could enjoy a wider, social life, especially among the less wealthy classes if co-operation were carried further in social intercourse. The good old "surprise party" was a form of co-operation. It is having its development now-a-days in unexpected forms.

Entertaining is of course a comparatively easy matter for those of ample means, who have rooms or grounds suitable for the purpose; but poorer people could do much by co-operation if they wanted to.

We are not however, a highly sociable people in Invercargill; the climate is against us; and the form of sociability that appeals to us most is the cosy evening by the fire with one or two intimate friends. But all the same, every club formed, every dance held in a public hall, every "social" and picnic is a co-operative form of entertainment and shows how far co-operation has gone quite unconsciously, under pressure of existing conditions. It will be a long time before Invercargill seriously contemplates communal kitchens or dining rooms; but communal private hospitals, and communal district nurseries, and playgrounds are already needed. Perhaps co-operative laundries would commend themselves to

the mind of many a woman tired of the steam and soap of washing day.

It is altogether a fallacy that sick people can be better cared for at home than in a hospital. The latter has all the appliances that the former lacks; it has too the quietness and calm that cannot be expected in the home where other members of the family must be attended to, and there is a continuous stream of agitation flowing through the mental atmosphere. Hospitals however are often lacking in the brightness, cosiness or warmth of feeling that home is supposed to excel in. We might remedy that if instead of a few private hospitals we had in each district a good and up-to-date co-operative hospital maintained on some such principle as that acting in the Friendly Societies—with nationalisation of the medical service, this could soon be realised.

How many mothers with young children feel the need of a rest from their company? For the sake of their nerves and temper, on which so much else depends, mothers ought to be able to get away for at least a little time each day from the clamour and importunity of their children. It is no use being sentimental about "mother love," any more than other kinds of love. Here as elsewhere, a little absence makes the heart grow fonder; and children are really such a drain upon the nervous energy of those who look after them (ask any conscientious teacher), that mothers need to be relieved of the charge at times. Rest and recreation are necessary. There is often business to attend to that demands absence from the house. What a boon then would a play-room and playground be in every district. Children could be sent there to play under proper supervision instead of as now, hampering their mothers in the house or running about the streets, to the danger of their own and others safety. Children must play, and they must have play mates and room to play in. Every residential district ought to have several places fitted up for children and under the care of capable and judicious supervisors. There are plenty of women (I have one in my mind's eye now) with comparatively little to do, who would willingly take a turn at this kind of work. Why not give them the chance?

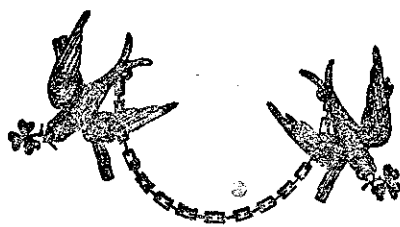
American cities have done much in this and similar lines by initiative and co-operation. Is there a feeling that a suburb needs a children's play-room and ground? The people get their heads and their means together and provide that room and ground. They furnish them with suitable apparatus and they search diligently for the right persons to take charge. It is not a charitable institution, it is a co-operative convenience and every family in the district contributes to its support.

Why do things not go ahead in that way here? Simply I think because; like all human beings we would rather be pushed than push for ourselves, and as yet the pressure of conditions has not overcome our inertia. We need to wake up and get busy, we need to put our heads together and do some constructive thinking. We need to be more anxious to make people help themselves to show them how to do it and see that they have the opportunity and less anxious merely to solve our consciences with charity. We need to get over the delusion that the way we are doing things now is the best possible way to do them. Above all we want someone to start the ball rolling. We want a women's society or club or something not to organise afternoon teas merely or read papers on Tennyson, but to deal practically with the problems of women's life and to initiate movements in the direction of solving them.

Our representative, who had an opportunity of seeing a new display of the latest blouses at Mr Wachner's sample rooms (situated above Barrett's tobacconist, side entrance), was surprised and impressed with the superior quality and moderate price. The colours of the daintiest imaginable, were beautifully blended, especially those featuring embroidery in contrasting shade. As for the styles, they embraced variety and originality both in regard to collars and cuffs. Pretty striped silk creations also figured. A collection of navy silks (good quality) were procured at the astonishing price of 15s 9d. The price is certainly modest, and females should take advantage of the exceptional value. Smart tussorees, scores of them, serviceable and wearable, were marked at 15s 6d; neat voile blouses, 6s; sweet embroidered voiles, 17s 6d while durable heavy-weight silks were featured at from 17s 6d to 28s 6d. The choice crepe-de-chines inspired admiration, their colourings included emerald, saxe, shrimp, view rose, lilac, pink, etc., these being enhanced with chic trimming and hand-worked collars. An outstanding feature was the variety of collars. Inspection is invited.

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The Home.

Tomato Sauce.—6lb tomatoes, 2lb onions, 2lb apples, 1lb soft sugar, ½lb salt, 1oz allspice, 1oz cloves, 1oz chillies or cayenne pepper, a little garlic, 1lb stoned raisins, 2 bottles white vinegar. Peel onions, cut up all ingredients, and boil all together for two hours. Strain, bottle, and cork down at once.

Cream Puffs.—1 small cup flour; put 1 small cup water and 2oz butter in a saucepan to boil; when boiling stir in the flour very quickly; leave it to cool, then add 3 eggs well beaten; take dessertspoonful and drop on hot tin, bake in hot oven for 20 minutes; scoop out and fill with whipped cream.

Rich Pound Cake.—1lb butter, 1½lb sugar (beat till light), 12 eggs (beat in three at a time), 1½lb sifted flour, 1½lb currants, 1½lb raisins, 2oz lemon peel, ½lb choppel almonds, ½ glass brandy or some essence; bake 4 hours if in one cake.

Mock Wedding Cake.—½lb butter, 1lb sugar, 6 eggs, 1½lb flour, 1lb suetanas, ½lb lemon peel, ½ cup of Golden Syrup, 1 cup milk; dissolve ½ teaspoonful baking soda; bake for 3½ hours if in one cake.

Meat Fillings.—1. Take 1lb ramp steak, or half-pound steak and half-pound ham, quartercupful anchovy sauce, ½lb butter, 1½ teaspoonfuls ground pepper, ¼-teaspoonful each ground mace, nutmeg, and cayenne, and one teaspoonful of salt. Pass the meat through a mincer, put the butter, sauce, and spices in a jar, add the meat, and put the jar in a saucepan of water on the fire. Stir the contents of the jar until the water boils, then cover the jar and leave it to cook for five hours. Set aside to cool a little, then stir well and put the mixture into very small jars. 2. Eight red herrings, 1lb steak, 5oz butter, level teaspoonful pepper, quarter-teaspoonful cayenne, two tablespoonfuls anchovy sauce. Cut all skin and fat from the steak, which should weigh 1lb after this is done. Put it into the saucepan, and just cover it with water. Let it cook gently for half an hour, then lay the herrings, with the heads removed, on the steak, and let them all simmer until the steak is tender. Lift the herrings out and bone them. Put both steak and herrings through the mincer twice. Melt the butter in the gravy, add the sauce and pepper. Mix all well together, add the steak and herrings, and when thoroughly blended put into jars. When cold pour melted butter on top.

Stewed Sausages.—Take the required amount of sausages and pour boiling water over them and prick them. Have some seasoned flour ready, in which dip them, then place them in a pan of boiling fat to brown. When well coloured put them in a stewpan, and pour over a little hot water, just enough to stew them in, not to cover. While the sausages are being

prepared for the stew-pot, boil some and finely-chopped onions; then pour the water, and add them to the sauce. Let all simmer slowly for an hour and half. At the end of that time pour the saucepan where the contents will quickly, then remove all fat from the quid, and put on again to cook. Boil. Thicken with cornflour mixed with brownings, and add a little chopped mint and parsley. When paring the seasoned flour add a little and pepper a fair amount of curry powder. This dish can be prepared the day it is required. In that case add the flour thickening on the day it is served.

Mustard Pickles.—A quart of each of green vegetables. Make a brine of four quarts of water and one pint of vinegar. The vegetables stand in it for two hours. Then heat just enough to boil in the brine. Turn into a colander drain. To make the liquor use a cupful of flour, six tablespoonfuls ground mustard, a tablespoonful of mering. Work these into a paste cold vinegar, add a cupful of sugar more vinegar (two quarts in all of each) and boil this until it thickens is smooth, stirring all the time. Add vegetables and cook till heated through. Put some allspice, whole pepper, and ginger in a muslin bag and boil in it of the vinegar.

Brawn.—One pound of steak, ½lb con, ½lb of breadcrumbs, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoonful of ground ginger. Put the con, the steak and the breadcrumbs through a mincer. Beat the eggs, then mix all together with a spoon. Press well into a greased tin, and steam for three hours. When cold. Slices of this brawn make a most acceptable breakfast. Chuck steak may be used for this.

Blenheim Eggs.—Required: Six of boiled drained rice, four fresh served eggs, half an ounce of butter, one and a-half gills of gravy, two spoonfuls of grated onion, two spoonfuls of chopped parsley, seasoning, the gravy till boiling, stir in the onion, and margarine. Beat the eggs well. Take the pan off the fire, contents slightly. Pour in the onion, well together, and season. Simmer gently heat till the eggs are becoming a thick, creamy mass. Be sure not to let it reach boiling point, the eggs will separate and form hard lumps. Serve at once on a plate, garnishing with toast or fried

THE WOMEN SMOKE.

The other day, an early Victorian whose sympathies are not with the who smoke went to restaurant. As he was about to take a woman opposite, having finished a lighted a cigarette, and launched a stream of smoke that befogged the man. He looked up with mildly impudently and asked, "I hope you don't eat while you smoke."

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Pasture Notes.

(BY E. BRUCE LEVY.)

THE SOIL.

In many localities the nature of the subsoil is undoubtedly the controlling factor in the cultivation of lucerne, and it is an undisputed fact that this plant thrives best where the soil is comparatively light, and the subsoil porous. On the other hand, quite decided successes have been obtained on some stiff soils with a retentive clay subsoil. In some parts of the South Island lucerne was grown very successfully many years ago on soil that almost refused to grow any other vegetation. Generally speaking, however, it thrives best on well drained, sandy loams that have an open subsoil. A really typical lucerne soil, such as may be found in many parts of Australia, and here and there in New Zealand, will grow lucerne successfully in spite of indifferent preparation; but on the average New Zealand soil good cultivation wins half the battle. Provided the preparation is thorough, a good stand may be obtained after any cultivated farm crop, but it is not good policy to sow immediately after pasture. Taking into consideration the fact that one of the main objects of good preparatory cultivation is the eradication of weeds, it is easy to realise that the best crop to precede lucerne is a fallow one which has received persistent inter-cultivation, and afterwards has been fed on the land, thus fulfilling the double object of eradicating weeds and enriching the soil. If the weather conditions are suitable, the land should be ploughed as soon as the fallow crop is consumed, and the only limitation as to the depth of furrow is the nature of the subsoil. Subsoiling will undoubtedly do good when the subsoil is retentive and hard.

After ploughing, the land may lie in the furrow for some weeks exposed to the beneficial action of light and air, but in early spring the soil should be stirred at every opportunity, the main objects being the eradication of weeds and the production of a fine tilth. As the beginning of November is early enough for sowing the seed, there is ample time for eradicating the majority of the weeds if the farmer is persistent in his preparatory work, because a number of noxious seeds germinate after each stirring of the soil, and they are destroyed by the next act of cultivation. The last operation before sowing the seed should be Cambridge rolling, for although deep, thorough cultivation is a necessity, it is also imperative to have a firm seed bed, and nothing can perform this work so well as the rings of a heavy roller, which also controls the depth to which the seed is covered. The last act of cultivation is to cover in the seed with a light chain or brush harrow. It is not advisable to use the roller after the seed is sown, except on light, porous soils. If it is planned to sow the lucerne after a cereal crop, the land should be ploughed immediately the crop is harvested, and sown with some quick-growing catch crop for ploughing under as green manure, or it may be partly eaten off and the residue ploughed under. A good catch crop will keep the weeds in check and provide the best of manure, and a cereal crop often leaves the land weedy and in low condition. The after cultivation may be similar to that described above. The best stage for ploughing under the green crop is just when the ears or pods are commencing to form, and the ploughing should be done at least six weeks before the lucerne seed is sown.

LIME.

Lucerne uses up considerable lime, and, like other legumes, it will not thrive in acid soil, hence one of the main objects in applying lime is to correct the soil acidity. Many failures are undoubtedly due to the omission of lime. The best time to apply it is just after the land is ploughed—it should never be ploughed under. If the raw ground lime stone is used, one ton per acre is a fair dose, but a much heavier dressing may be applied to a great advantage. A half-ton of the ground burnt lime is sufficient in the average case, but the raw ground limestone, being much easier to handle, equally effective, and less liable to injure the soil if applied in heavy dressings, is now used almost invariably. It is a thousand pities that lime should be so difficult to obtain in New Zealand. The deposits are plentiful, and they should be tapped at all costs.

MANURE.

It is a remarkable fact that some authorities are under the impression that manuring lucerne, particularly top-

dressing, is quite unnecessary, if not foolish. How this has arisen would be difficult to determine, because all experiments carried out in various parts of the world go to prove without a shadow of doubt that judicious manuring is invariably beneficial. As previously stated, there is land here and there naturally rich in all the elements of plant food, which grow lucerne to perfection without the application of lime, manure, or inoculation, but they are the exception and not the rule. On the other hand, there is much land in New Zealand that will not grow lucerne in its natural condition, but when limed, manured, and inoculated will grow it very well indeed. Topdressing such soils is also invariably beneficial. It has also been proved that manure applied to the crop preceding lucerne has a very beneficial effect for at least two years afterwards.

ANZAC DAY.

LEST WE FORGET.

Five years ago yesterday the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps had its first real taste of war, and the word "Anzac" had its beginning although none knew it at the time. Shortly afterwards, through the demand for a telegraphic code, the hero of the Gallipoli campaign created this word which long since has taken its place amongst the magic immortelles of the Antipodes' vocabulary. "He was an 'Anzac'" one might say of a man, and there are few who would ask further questions. It is true that it cannot be claimed that the Anzacs were more courageous than those who followed after them, but to them belongs the glory of the first great effort—they were the pioneers of the armies from the southern outposts of the Empire. What more fitting then, than that the anniversary of the day when these men first faced the frowning precipices of Gallipoli in the face of shot and shell should be set apart as a day for recalling to mind the deeds of all those from these parts who answered the call of the Motherland in the hour of her need? In the past Anzac Day has been celebrated under municipal and Government auspices but on this occasion the returned soldiers of the dominion resolved to conduct the observances. And it cannot be denied that, if the local effort on Sunday can be taken as a criterion for the rest of the country, there is much to be said in favour of the departure. The R.S.A. resolved that the day was one for remembrance—remembrance of their comrades whose dead bodies "mark the frontier line." Looked at from the standpoint of a Christian people, Sunday is a day eminently suitable for this purpose, and the success of the attempt was such as to prove memorable to all who took part in it and also to the onlookers.

The local observances took the form of an extended burial service and what could have been more impressive? The whole affair passed off without a hitch—a fact which, considering the complexity of detail connected with it, reflects no small credit on Mr A. Glass, by whom it was organised.

Even the elements were in harmony with the tone of the observances. It was a dull day without a breath of wind to disturb the reverential and peaceful "atmosphere" that was so successfully attained. The parade of returned soldiers, which included about a dozen South African war veterans, fell in at the Drill Hall to the number of 245, but before the Municipal Theatre was reached over 300 men were marching. Captain N. M. D. Weir was officer in charge, by invitation. First came the firing party, with arms reversed, under Captain D. M. Rae, then the Hibernian Band and trumpeters, the gun carriage covered with wreaths and attended by wreath bearers, then the troops, the uniformed men being outnumbered by those in multi. However, there was no raggedness on this account the uniformed being separated from the others. As the parade marched to the theatre (taking the route from the Drill Hall to Dee street, thence round Tay street) the Band played the Dead March from Saul, by which the pace was regulated. The sight was pregnant with a solemn grandeur and it is to be deplored that the air of mourning lent to the town was not deepened by the presence of flags half-masted from the prominent buildings. In fact except for one or two flags flown from private residences in obscure localities, the Soldier's Club standard was the only one seen flying the Union Jack. There were large crowds all along the route.

The theatre was reached almost on schedule time. Long before the arrival of the parade, the public had crowded the circle and the gallery, the stalls being reserved for the parade. As soon as they were thrown open to the people, they too

were packed and the building must have held over 1300 by the time the service began. There were also many unable to gain admission.

When the curtain rose it revealed a brilliant scene in appearance, but one that in meaning was more profound than anything available to the physical eye. Outlining the front of the platform was a garland of evergreens (in which the symbols of remembrance and victory rosemary and laurel were prominent). Behind this sprigs of cypress and the great array of wreaths which, having been removed from the gun carriage, reposed in orderly profusion on and about two dais which were topped by floral crosses. The wreaths were all beautiful, and, besides those with a more or less public interest, numbers were sent in by bereaved relatives. The main wreaths were presented by:—The Red Cross Centre; Mr T. J. Daniels ("in memory of Nurse Cavell and the Nurses"), R.S.A. (in memory of Sergeant Travis, V.C.), New Zealand Artillery, First and Second Otago Companies, Otago Mounted Rifles ("in memory of Colonel Bauchop"), N.Z. Rifle Brigade, Machine Gun Corps, Hibernian Band, C. Battery, Staff Officers (in memory of deceased officers and men of the staff), R.S.A. ("in memory of the South African dead") and South African Veterans, Gift Society, and a very appropriate one from Mrs T. Hyde, laurel and rosemary.

On the platform were Captain R. B. Caws and Chaplains H. Maclean, H. Gillet and H. Parata. In the rear was the choir, under Mr Charles Gray, and the band.

Proceedings were opened by the band playing Chopin's Funeral March, the audience standing while the firing party entered. "God of our Fathers," as it was known to the soldiers on the field, or, as the public know it, "The Recessional," was then sung, the presence of the choir making for a harmony and strength seldom met with at public gatherings.

The chairman then addressed the meeting. He explained that Anzac Day had a much wider significance to returned soldiers than merely as the day on which the men from New Zealand had first taken up the real burden of war. It was a day on which they wished to pay a tribute to the memory of their comrades who had died in the Great War. There was not a better day on which the civilians could meet the soldiers unitedly to pay a tribute to the memory of their dear ones who had fallen no matter in what sphere of action. But, it seemed to the R.S.A. that such a tribute would not be complete unless it was extended to the South African dead, and, at the close of the service, the parade would march to the Troopers' Memorial and there leave the wreaths they saw before them.

The Rev. Hector Maclean then lead in prayer, which he followed by a Scripture reading. He read of the beginning of the friendship of the two soldiers, David and Jonathan, and of the lament of David, when the latter and his father fell in battle.

The Rev. Gilbert next addressed the gathering. He spoke in a simple and straightforward manner with an eloquence that impressed one as having its origin in the heart—a soldier's speech. Nearly two thousand years ago, he told his hearers, at the beginning of Christianity, the Greatest of Men—to put Him on the lowest possible plane—had seen fit to inspire Christianity on the foundation of remembrance. And, although the speaker had no wish to draw a parallel between the sacrifice He made, and that made by the soldiers, he would make a common ground—that of remembrance. They would pay a tribute of respect to those who had made the sacrifice. That was called Anzac Day, but they sought to pay an affectionate tribute of respect to all others who had fallen as well as the last. It seemed only yesterday when they mixed with those men in the everyday walks of life. Today they were missed. It seemed that their comrades could see them swinging in from the parade ground strong and sturdy and brown; could see them leaving the bathing pool waving their towels and shouting at the top of their voices in the high spirits of their full-blooded life. That day the audience would look back and pay respect to those men who were now no more of this life. Then there were others to whom respect must be paid. "They also serve who stand and wait." And perhaps one of the heaviest burdens of the war had been borne by those who had waited throughout the long days and nights of the conflict—waited with a cheerful face and a bleeding heart. He would not intrude on the sacredness of the great loss of such people, but might He who made the Great Sacrifice be very near to them. But above all they would pay tribute to those who had not returned. So they had gathered flowers together—those beautiful swift fading emblems of Man's mortality—and had placed them on the Cross. It was the Cross that the son of the south had lived under, it was the cross that he

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has seen on mounds so often in Picardy in France, and it was the little cross that his comrades had placed above his own head when death came. So he would pray that these men might be received by God and that He might make those left behind worthy of the great sacrifice.

Father in Thy tender keeping

Leave we now our comrades sleeping.

"For All the Saints" having been sung the Dead March was begun, and the firing party entered the stage in two squads from the wings. There they stood with lowered heads and arms reversed while the Rev. Parata read the burial service. The firing party then fired three volleys each being followed by the roll of the drums. The last Post was sounded and the actual service was at an end. The choir sang "Elest are the Departed." At the completion of the anthem the Rev. Gilbert led in prayer. "O God Our Help in Ages Past," the Rev. Maclean pronounced the Benediction and a service that will long live in the memories of those privileged to attend came then to an end.

The parade next marched to the South African Troopers' Memorial, and the wreaths were placed on the monument by Mr Caws. This ceremony was followed by a short prayer and benediction by the Rev. Parata. The parade was dismissed, and the fifth anniversary of Anzac Day had been fittingly observed in Invercargill.

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Passing Notes.

BY JACQUES.

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

Motorman Cowley, in his report to the Tramways Engineer, had stated that he was nearly telling Councillor Miller to go to a place where ice was unknown.—Report of Town Council meeting, 20th April.

The Councillor, ye ken, like other Scottish men,

Is canny, dour, and obstinate, and so 'Twere a waste of breath to tell such a man to go to h—ll,

For it's certain that the beggar wouldn't go.

Mr Oliver, speaking at a smoke concert in Christchurch, said that, "personally he had a great opinion of New Zealanders—he was one himself." So! "The New Zealanders are a great people; I am a New Zealander; ergo, I am a great man." The syllogism is delicate and perfect. Reminds one of Bernard Shaw's definition of patriotism as the feeling that your own country is the best in the world because it has produced yourself.

The Wairarapa Egg Circle reports that stamped circle eggs are selling at 4s 4d per dozen, and that still higher prices may be yet realised.—"Southland Daily Times," 20th April.

We used to think old Aesop's little story rather tall,

Of the goose that golden eggs was wont to lay;

There's nothing really wonderful about it, after all:

Wairarapa hens are doing it to-day.

"The Southland Times" is an untrustworthy paper. The other day it stated, among its locals, that "Tender advertisements would be found on page 2" Being interested in that kind of advt., which tells that, "Young man, 30 years of age, good looking, amiable disposition, etc., etc., would like to correspond with a piece of feminine perfection, "with a view to above;" or that, "Young lady, beautiful, refined, musical, domesticated, etc., etc." is yearning for the companionship of some dark haired, wealthy Adonis ("photos exchanged") I looked on page 2, but there were no matrimonial or other tender advts. there at all, just a lot of rot about roads, etc.

The war is to be credited with at least one good thing—it has shown that even kings may be made useful. A little while ago our papers were full of William Hohenzollern's log-sawing exploits. It is probable, however, that God's particular friend engaged in that occupation not so much from the desire or necessity of earning an honest trusty, as for the reasons that Gladstone used to chop down trees, recreation and distraction. But, if the cable liar is for once surprising with the truth, it appears that poor old Ferdinand of Bulgaria has been worried by the wolf into attempting to earn his own bread and butter. He is "running a market garden at Gotha, and living on the sale of vegetables." It would be interesting to see the old pirate hoeing up the chickweed and fatten, or trotting around among his customers with a couple of baskets of assorted vegetables. Shade of Lewis Carroll! When you wrote of "cabbages and kings," as representing the extremes of unlikely association, you little thought that a very few years would bring them into such intimate juxtaposition as Ferdinand's garden must show.

"At Londonderry the police, with a view to quelling the rioting, withdrew from the danger zone, permitting two prests to patrol the streets. Armed only with umbrellas, they cleared the streets before midnight."—Recent news item.

We were tired of keeping quiet, so decided on a riot

Just to let the tyrants know that we were there;

Their machine-guns and their rifles we despised as merest trifles—

We could beat 'em to a frizzle anywhere.

Oh, gallantly we bore us, and our foemen fled before us,

We scattered 'em, and gathered up the spoil;

We have finished what we went for—but the dirty cowards sent for

Reinforcements in the shape of Father Doyle.

Then our bowels turned to water, and we lost our taste for slaughter;

With quaking hearts we hurried to de-camp,

For our fighting spirit failed us when his Reverence assailed us

With some ugly sounding Latin and a gamp.

Our old friend, the flu, is again with us, though with a seemingly changed manner. On his last visit he ran blusterously amok, and, like Paddy at Donnybrook Fair, wherever he saw a head he hit it, and, for the most part, hit it very hard. This time, however, his manner is more suave and gentle, and the Part 1. "I hope I don't intrude" way that he moves among us is in such marked contrast to his former behaviour that one can almost fancy him apologising as he lays his unpleasant hands on us. But appearances are often deceptive. It will be remembered that he was equally gentle and unobtrusive at first in Auckland eighteen months ago. But as soon as his footing became firm he showed his true colours. And it well that we should be on our guard against any repetition of his former trick. Our vigilance committees have taken precautions, we know. But has everything possible been done to meet a sudden emergency? For instance, many of us would like to know if arrangements have been made for general inoculation in the event of the disease threatening increase in extent and intensity. In other centres this practice has been largely adopted, and all doubt of its efficacy in mitigating the virulence of the complaint seems to have vanished—that is, among those best qualified to give an opinion. Of course, there are doubting Thomases everywhere, but, as a rule, their doubts are about as reasonable as those of the woman who said she "didn't think much of vaccination, because three days after her Tommy had been vaccinated, he fell out of a window and broke his leg." Experience has proven the value of inoculation against influenza, and it were wise to take that experience for our guide. Some may oppose it on the score of its inconveniences, but we are told that it does not cause an hour's discomfort, or loss of working time. It were well to give it a trial, as in the other centres; we cannot afford to take any risks.

Speaking of inoculation, I am reminded of a story. Smallpox was raging in a southern city of America. Some ladies were afraid that an old negro mammy who laundried their frillies might catch it, so sent their doctor to vaccinate her. Doctor: "Well Lisa, I have come to vaccinate you." Lisa: "Good lor, what you want to vaccinate me for?" Doctor: "So you will not catch the smallpox. Come, now, I will vaccinate you on the arm." Lisa: "God lor, doctor, you mustn't do dat, I couldn't wash." Doctor: "Well, then, Lisa, I will vaccinate you on the leg." Lisa: "Good lor, doctor, you mustn't vaccinate me on de leg, I couldn't stand up to wash." Doctor (angrily): "Well, then, if you can't be vaccinated on the arm or leg, perhaps you will tell me some place where it will be convenient to vaccinate you." Lisa: (after a moment's reflection): "Wall, doctor, I don't get very much time to sit down."

RURAL EXCITEMENT.

At the close of some sports that were being held in a country village one of the competitors, coming across the local policeman, inquired when the theatre opened.

"We have no theatres here," said the policeman.

"Well, the music-hall, then?"

"No, nothing of that kind here."

"Have you no evening amusement at all?"

"Oh, yes," said the policeman, rising to the occasion; "if you wait till nine o'clock you'll see them shunting the goods train."

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DIGGER YARNS

ABOUT GENERAL BIRDWOOD.

The General Birdwood yarns poured in from all over Australia, and two facts were particularly conspicuous. The first, that the General enjoyed the whole-hearted esteem and affection of officers and men of the A.I.F.; the second, that the yarns concerning him were already all fairly well known. The Australian has a keen sense of humour, and it was not likely that any good yarn remained to be dug up by our competition. It was astonishing to note the growing pile of letters all recording the joke about the "feathers," . . . "Don't you know me, my man? I'm General Birdwood." . . . "Well, why don't you wear feathers like any other bird would." This simple play on words caught the fancy of the Digger, and his variations on the joke were numerous, and in one or two instances almost alarming.

It really does not matter how well-known a story is when one has to judge which is the best of a collection, and it is impossible to escape the conclusion that the yarn ending "I ducked" (which sufficiently identifies it in this paragraph) stands out as the best yarn associated with the name of General Birdwood. It came in freely and probably would have been in still greater numbers had not many competitors based their hopes on yarns not so familiar to the public. In judging this yarn the prize went to the soldier who told it most effectively. Judging by letters, the Digger was also greatly taken with the Gallipoli yarn about the mess-tin or pipe. Some of our contributors placed it on the Western front (indeed, many did the same with the advice to the General to "duck"), but it is a Peninsula yarn. Lord Kitchener, General Menro, and General Birdwood are conferring when a Digger bursts in and demands: "Which of you blighters pinched my mess-tin?" "Birdie" meekly replied, "I didn't."

Birdie and staff were showing some British journalists round the forward areas near Wytchaele. The newspaper men were dressed in civvy clothes plus the old tin hat, and had the Diggers puzzled, until one of the boys got a brain wave and yelled out: "Strike me dead, Birdie! Is that the Sixth Divvy you're leading in?"

Spoke one Digger: "Any'ow, old Birdie's not done to badly out of the bally war."
"Ow d'yer make that out?"
"Why, ain't his daughter married an Orstralian?"

It was in France during one of those monstrous but frequently-held ceremonial parades for the purpose of issuing decorations. Diggers from many battalions were formed up in a huge square to witness the ceremony. The proceedings were well on their way when the General unthinkingly held up two Military Medals on the palm of his hand. Silence reigned supreme, the General being about to speak, when some guy shouted: "A couple of francs he micks um," which made officers and men laugh heartily. The reference was to our national game—two up.

The following story is told amongst the "Birdwood Yarns" now appearing in the Sydney "Mail":—

"Fifteen bob wanted in the guts!" shouted "Skyline Mick." The scene was a two-up school at an old shell-battered village some few kilos behind the lines. "Nother fifteen bob! Come on, you 'tailies.' Right-oh! All set; up she goes, and—be's headed 'em! Come on, you headies. What about a bit in the old Y.M.C.A.? All set in the centre again; up she goes!"

"Twas a high toss and a good spin, and the spinner, with kip between thumb and forefinger, eagerly gazed up at the shining coins in anticipation of a pair of heads. Whatever had happened? The players and spectators were all moving back behind the spinner, while some were hurriedly walking away from the school.

"Red light!" whispered a mate in my ear. "Here's Birdie! What a mess!" The money remained in the centre; but the circle of players was entirely broken, and the spinner stood alone. It all happened in two seconds. The coins landed, and the spinner, intent upon the game stooping down to observe them, shouted "I've headed 'em!"

Just then he received a tap on the shoulder and the query: "Headed them, have you, Dig?"

Overwhelmed with surprise and consternation, and confronted by General Birdie himself, needless to state, the Digger was unable to make an immediate reply.

"Anyhow," said Birdie, "I shall pass over the offence this time, seeing that you are the only one to remain and play the game like a man."

"Didn't see you coming, sir, or I'd have scooted—bet your life!" said the Digger.

IN MEMORY.

ANZAC DAY, 1920.

What when, if remembering, we forget
The hope they held through anguished
days?

What then the worth of their great
gift,
What worth the tribute of our praise?

Surely we too held their faith,
That, won at great and bitter price,
A nobler age should bless the earth
As guerdon of their sacrifice.

Small worth to hold their memory,
With all their hopes, their faith denied
Nor shall they have reward till faith
Bring true the dream for which they
died.

Then in their regimented rows,
In many a lost and lonely place,
They shall have won the great reward,
And rest contented, by God's grace.

D.H., in "Quick March."

THE WOUNDED MAN SPEAKS.

(By Henry Oyen, of the Vigilantes.)

I left an ear in a dug-out,
When a shell hit made us dance;
And at Belleau Wood where the mixing
was good
I gave up a mitt for France.

I lay on a cot a-smoking
And thought I was getting well,
But the moon was bright on the bomb
plane's sight,
And the Gothas gave us hell.

They certainly spoiled my beauty;
And my leg is a twisted curve;
They busted me up a like a mangled pup
But—they did not bust my nerve!

I'll step off a ship at Hoboken
And I'll say: "Well, here I be,
Straight from Belleau Wood, and its
understood
That nobody grieves for me."

And no pussy-footing sissy
Shall grab at my one good hand,
And make me feel drunk with the good
old bunk,
Just to make himself sound grand.

For I'm damned if I'll be a hero,
And I ain't a helpless slob;
After what I've stood, what is left is
good,
And all I want is—A JOB.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF SPORTS.

Among the many lovely things
That help to compensate us for
Peace and the dull routine it brings
After the lost delights of war,
I mark with inward exultation
How gentlemen of good report,
Be it on the land's regeneration,
Resume the Brotherhood of Sport.

And following those five barren years,
When guns on leave were much too
rare

For working off the long arrears
Accumulated in the air,
It is indeed a pleasant feature,
Now that his long reprieve is done,
To note how well the hunted creature
Catches the spirit of the fun.

Men have remarked, as something fine
With what a stout and reckless verve
The partridge now confronts the line
And sportsmanlike, declines to swerve,
Or how the grouse, in lieu of wheeling
A furlong and with the nicest feeling
A furlong off in fluttered rout,
Sits tight and with the nicest feeling
Waits for a dog to point him out.

Woodcock and snipe whose chief delight
It was by devious ways to go,
Adopt the less elusive flight
Which we associate with the crow;
The pheasant, once inclined to rocket
Right up the welkin like a lark,
Offers his tail for you to dock it
Ten feet from where your barrels bark.
The coney, too, who used to flit
—Swift as the greased lightning's
glance—
You see him slowing down a bit
To give his man a likelier chance;
The stag again, he takes a high line,
And, bidding panic fears begone,
A silhouette along the sky-line,
Invites your notice broadside on.

This spirit which inspires the game
By moor and forest, field and crag,
This true fraternity of aim,
This common interest in the bag,
This noble zeal that fur and feather
Show for the Cause—could men but
take

Example thence and work together,
Oh, what a difference it would make!

COUNTRY NOTES.

Through pressure on our space of last
issue the following country notes were
unavoidably held over:—

OTAUTAU.

Otautau has an energetic Progressive
League which directs its attention to the
advancement of the district. It was re-
cently decided to purchase half-acre Edu-
cation Lease and donate it to the Town
Board. The proposed site is for a
soldiers' memorial and gardens.

The school committee met on Tuesday
evening, there being present: Mr G. H.
Stevens (chairman), T. Walker, E. Har-
rington, S. T. Brooker, F. McDonald and
J. Kirk. The headmaster reported that
the present roll number was 216. During
the month of March the average atten-
dance had been 200. On behalf of him-
self and the staff, he wished to express
his appreciation of the services rendered
by Mr Kirk who was leaving the district.
At the conclusion of the meeting Mr
Stevens thanked Mr Kirk for the excellent
services he had rendered to the committee
as secretary. A presentation was made
consisting of a beautiful pipe, and other
members expressed appreciation of the
good work done by the secretary. At
the conclusion of this pleasant little func-
tion Mr Kirk was entertained at supper
by the School Board. Mr Lawless and
Master Sheedy spoke on behalf of the
band. Mr Kirk suitably responding.

An effort is being made to hold a winter
show. Last Monday evening a meeting
was held to make arrangements and fur-
ther the interests of the movement.

It was decided to hold the show on
Thursday 27th, and Friday 28th, May
next.

The following officers were elected:
President, Mr Wosney; joint secretaries,
Messrs J. Kirk and J. Fisher; stewards,
dairy produce, Messrs Holmes, Lindsay
and Beggs; preserves, baking, etc., Mes-
dames McLeod, Low and Bates; fruit,
Messrs McGill and Mooney; roots, veget-
ables, grain and seeds, Messrs W. Lindsay
and L. Burnett; school work, Mrs Lawless
and Misses McInman, Speden and Webb;
needlework, Mesdames Porteous, Macdon-
ald and Campbell and Miss Webb; poultry,
Messrs Sinclair, Clent, Lumsden,
Stevens and P. Brown.

The following judges were appointed:
Dairy produce, Mr A. Milne; fruit, veg-
etables, grain and seeds, Mr J. Lennie;
school work, Mr McCaw; needlework,
Mrs Donaldson; poultry, Mr H. E. Philp.
It was decided to ask Mr Adam Ham-
ilton, M.P., to open the show.

LAKE COUNTY.

Dr and Mrs Stewart and family, who
will be leaving for Melbourne shortly,
were entertained at a farewell social in
the Town Hall, Queenstown, on Wednes-
day evening, 7th inst. There was a re-
presentative gathering of town and coun-
try residents. The Mayor of Queenstown
(Mr A. Simson) presided, and during the
evening Dr Stewart was presented with a
well-filled purse of sovereigns. The speak-
ers of the evening were the Mayor, Messrs
P. Reid, A. J. Campbell, J. Cockburn, D.
C. Brown, E. Monson, J. Salmond, and
Rev. R. de Lambert, who all referred
in eulogistic terms to the many good qual-
ities of the guests of the evening. Dr
Stewart made a suitable reply.

WEDDING BELLS.

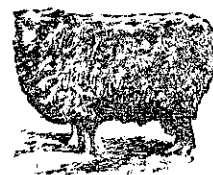
A very pretty wedding took place in
the Catholic Church, Wrey's Bush on
Wednesday last, when Mary Honora, eld-
est daughter of Mr and Mrs P. Clifford,
Clover Hill, Waikouaiti, was united in the
holy bonds of matrimony to Mr J. T.
Meehan. Rev. Father Welsh officiated,
and there was a large gathering of friends
and relations. After the ceremony the
party assembled at the residence of the
bride's parents, where the customary wed-
ding breakfast was held. The usual
toasts were proposed, and a sumptuous
repat was provided. The complimentary
speeches amply indicated the high esteem
in which the contracting parties were held
by the residents of the surrounding dis-
trict. For the ceremony the bride wore
a beautiful cream silk dress and the usual
spray of orange blossoms, and on going
away a neat grey costume. They departed
amidst a shower of rice and confetti and
good wishes of their numerous friends. The
presents received were many and costly,
included were some substantial cheques.

A wedding was celebrated at St.
Paul's Church, Arrowtown, when Miss
Matty Thomson, fourth daughter of Mr

CHEAP MEAT.

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BUTCHERY.



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interest.

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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 Balti-
more," 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.

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son of Mr Andrew Sharp, of Castlemaine,
Victoria. The Rev. R. de Lambert, vicar
of Wakatipu, was the officiating clergy-
man. The Bride, who was given
away by her father, was attended
by her sister, Miss Mabel Thompson, and
Mr Sidney Ottery (Heriot), cousin of the
bridegroom, was the best man. The wed-
ding breakfast was partaken of at the
residence of the bride's parents, after
which the happy couple were motored to
Cromwell, en route to Oamaru, where
the honeymoon is to be spent. The future
home of Mr and Mrs Sharp will be
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PLAYING, NOT WORKING.

A man was brought into court recently under the new anti-loafing law. The judge looked at him for a moment, and then asked:

"What is your occupation?"

"I am a musician, your honour," was the reply.

"In that case, I'll have to find you guilty of loafing."

"But your honour," protested the man, "I'm regularly employed by the Methodist Church as an organist."

"That only confirms my opinion," said the judge. "The law requires every man to work, but your occupation requires you to play."

A MISUNDERSTOOD TEXT.

The clergy in less exalted stations than the episcopacy have, perhaps more curious experiences than their superiors. It is always well in preaching, to use language which the congregation can understand. They make woful mistakes sometimes. A Buckingham rector once gave out the text, "First Hebrews nine and ten," whereupon an old-fashioned farmer called out; "And a very pretty tippie too; I brews eight!" He explained after to the rector that he meant eight bushels of malt to the hoghead. The rector called on him a few days after, pronounced the brewing excellent, and explained his text more fully and satisfactorily.

EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY.

Two business friends who lived in the country met one day, and one invited the other to dine with him that evening.

At the time appointed the guest set forth in the direction of his friend's house, and as the roads in his village were somewhat dimly lighted he took with him an old-fashioned stableman's lantern.

The dinner was good, the wine excellent, and all went merrily.

The next morning, however, he received the following note from his host of the night before:—

"Dear Old Man,—I am sending my man over to you with this note, and he brings with him your lantern. If you have quite finished with my parrot and cage I shall be awfully glad if you will return same per bearer."

THE FISHING-TACKLE SHOP.

Mr Jones keeps a shop, where he sells fishing tackle. For the sake of advertisement he has a large rod hanging outside, with an artificial fish at the end of it. In the early hours of the morning a man, rather the worse for his night's enjoyment caught sight of the fish, and went quietly to the door and knocked. Jones, being in bed, looked out the window and asked: "Who's there?"

"Don't make a noise," was the reply, "but come down as fast as you can."

Thinking something serious must be the matter, Jones dressed and came down as quickly as possible. "What's the matter?" he asked breathlessly.

"Hush," was the reply. "Pull your line in, quick. You've got a bite!"

"Waiter, do you mean to say this is the steak I ordered?" "Yes, sir." "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."

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

The English law is that a child born in England or within the British dominions is a British subject, whatever the nationality of the child's parents.



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