

THE DIGGER

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AFTERMATH.

Have you forgotten yet?
For the world's events have rumbled
on, since those ragged days,
Like traffic checked awhile at the cross-
ing of city-ways;
And in the haunted gap in your mind
has filled with thoughts that flow
Like clouds in the heavens of life; and
you're a man reprieved to go,
Taking your peaceful share of Time,
with joy to spare.
But the past is just the same— and
War's a bloody game.
Have you forgotten yet?
Look down, and swear by the slain of
The war that you'll never forget.

Do you remember the dark months you
held the sector at Mametz—
The nights you watched and wired and
dug and piled sandbags on parapets?
Do you remember the rats, and the
stench
Of corpses rotting in front of the front-
line trench—
And dawn coming, dirty white, and
chill with a hopeless rain?
Do you ever stop and ask, "Is it all
going to happen again?"

Do you remember that hour of din
before the attack—
And the anger, the blind compassion
that seized and shook you then
As you peered at the doomed and hag-
gard faces of your men?
Do you remember the stretcher-cases
lurching back
With dying eyes and rolling heads—
those ashen-grey
Masks of the lads who once were keen
and kind and gay?

Have you forgotten yet?
Look up, and swear by the green of the
spring that you'll never forget.

—Siegfried Sassoon, in "The Nation."

HE NEVER GOT TIRED.

A very seedy individual applied for a
job to a farmer, whom he assured most
emphatically that he never got tired. Lat-
ter on in the day, when the farmer went
to the field where he had put the man to
work, he found him lolling on his back
under a tree.
"What does this mean?" he asked. "I
thought you said you were a man who
never got tired?"
"I don't," was the calm reply. "This
doesn't tire me."

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4½ dozen.

Price on application

A HUMOROUS STORY.

THE BATHROOM DOOR.

Mr Samuel Bird, the recently promoted manager of the Kensington branch of the London, Country and Suburban Bank, was in a very bad temper.

Yet it was a bank holiday, and he had just had his breakfast in bed, a luxury which his soul loved, so he should have been happy. But he was not, and as he lay digesting his meal, he fretted and fumed for he deemed that Fate was treating him very scurvily.

For twenty years he had slaved as a clerk behind the grill of the great building which was the head office of the bank, a typical, steady, reliable, bank clerk. Then about two months before the time when this story opens, the managership of the important branch of the bank at Kensington fell vacant, and Samuel was offered the post.

He had jumped at the chance, for, a quiet, level-headed fellow, he yet had his ambitions. The managership carried a good salary, far beyond what he had been getting. He would have a house to live in rent free, and, more than all, he would, as the manager of an important branch of a great bank, have what he had always secretly longed for, an assured social position.

For Kensington was an aristocratic suburb standing on the banks of the Thames, with a couple of lords and half a dozen baronets as residents—and they all used the Country and Suburban as their bankers.

It had looked so rosy at first. Mrs Bird had been almost as delighted as her lord when he broke the news to her. Mavis, their daughter, a beautiful girl of nearly twenty, would, her mother reflected, be thrown into the best society, and would be practically certain to make a good match. It would be nice for Clarence, their eight-year-old son, also, said Mrs Bird, the riverside was so healthy, etc., etc.

But now—

The partial crumbling of their fine air-castles had come about in this wise.

Bankers and bank managers are, from the nature of their business, always objects of interest to the fraternity known as the "heads." They deal in money, and money is what the "heads" love more than anything else on earth, provided they do not work for it. And sometimes when a change is made in the managership of a branch, an enterprising sharp will take it into his head to test the capacity of the new man and his worthiness for his job.

Being new, they argue, he will not be so much up to his job as the old and wary man he has probably succeeded, and carefully worked, there may be "something doing."

We will not go into wearisome details (which were all, by the way, carefully set out by industrious reporters when the case was being heard), but all that is necessary to state is that a certain exquisitely dressed gentleman endeavoured to entrap Mr Bird into making him a present of £1,000 or so.

He did not succeed. Samuel was too old a bird and too much of a man of business not to be on his guard; but the matter entailed the calling in of the police, and that was where the trouble really started. For the officer who, by reason of his intelligence and capacity, was given the handling of the case was P. C. Cecil Havelock.

Besides being a clever fellow, Cecil was what young ladies like to call a dream of a man. Oliver six feet tall, weighting 13 stone, with not an ounce of fat, he had the flaxen curly hair and dinkie moustache that no girl can resist.

He had handled the matter of the attempted fraud in first-class fashion; but the case entailed the necessity of several visits to the branch, with the consequence that Mavis Bird saw him, and the two young people fell in love.

And that was one reason why Samuel fretted and fumed. He and Mrs Bird had secretly hoped that when they came to Kensington, their pretty daughter would meet with the son of one of the local lords or baronets, or at least with the heir to one of the richer clients of the bank, and now she had undoubtedly made up her mind that she would rather be the wife of a policeman than anything else in the world.

Not that there was anything against Cecil. On the contrary, he was a fine fellow, and one who was bound to get on in the force. One day he would undoubtedly be an inspector—even a superintendent; but nothing could alter the fact that at present he was a policeman, a common copper, a member of the fraternity which is sometimes the object of derision on the part of small boys in the street and comedians on the music-hall stage.

It was in Mr Samuel Bird's view a most desirable match, and the more he considered the matter, the more cross he became.

There were other things, also, which were the cause of irritation to Samuel.

One was the house in which he lived rent free. It was old, draughty, and inconvenient and Mrs Bird had not ceased to rail at it for these reasons since they had taken up residence. If you succeeded in opening a window, she said, you would never close it again, not a lock in the house would act properly; it was a perfect dust-hole; and, in brief, was endowed with all the defects least desired by a British housewife.

Then, since the attempted fraud, Mrs Bird had developed a maddening dread of burglars. They had been marked down once by thieves, she said, and it was absolutely certain that robbers would come again if it was only to avenge the exquisite friend, who had been laid by the heels by Samuel's acuteness.

No fewer than five nights out of the preceding seven she had routed him out of bed to search for thieves, who were, of course, non-existent.

The house was old, and whenever the wind blew it creaked and made mysterious noises, which Mrs Bird declared simply must be caused by the footsteps of depredators.

These things, therefore, accounted for the fact that Mr Samuel Bird was in a gloomy and irritable mood, even though it was a bank holiday, and he had had his breakfast in bed.

"Yes, there's no doubt about it," he growled as he contemplated the ceiling. "I was a thundering sight better off when I was clerk at the chief office than I am in this hole. Well, it's no use lying here fuming. I'll get up, have a bath, and go for a walk. Perhaps that will clear off some of the blue-devils I've got."

Mr Bird arose, slipped on a pair of slippers, and then, just as he was, clad only in his old-fashioned night-shirt—he had always eschewed pyjamas—he stalked off to the bathroom—another source of irritation, for it was perched at the top of the fact that the bathroom window was a converted dressing-room.

Samuel, being still in a vile mood, banged the door behind him viciously. Then he switched on the taps and proceeded to divest himself of his only garment.

There is a moral to this story. It is that bank managers, and, in fact all those who desire to shine socially, should never allow their tempers to get the better of them. For had Samuel not been in a dull blind rage, he would have taken notice of the fact that the bathroom window was wide open, and he would never have flung his one remaining link with civilisation—his night-shirt—in that direction.

But that is what he did; and he did not realise what he had done till he caught sight of his disappearing garment as it fluttered to the garden down below.

Samuel Bird made use of an expression which one does not often hear used by responsible and highly respectable bank managers.

But he jumped into the now well-filled bath.

"Shall have to put a towel round me to get back to my dressing-room," he muttered. And then he glanced at the towel-horse stand against the wall.

It was empty.

One of Mrs Bird's many grievances against the neighbourhood of Kensington was that the tradesmen were unreliable to a man, and now it was evident that the laundry had failed.

He jumped out of the bath, and went to the door of the bathroom.

It would not open.

He had many times abused the locks of the old house; but this one was acting only too well.

The room being of the converted variety the lock was a mortised one, and though Samuel pulled and tugged till he was purple with exertion, yet the door would not budge.

"I almost catch my death of cold," he said, as he picked up a slipper, hoping to attract the attention of Mrs Bird; but no answering sound reached him.

He sat shivering on the edge of the bath and pondered.

Of course he had heard the front door bang to, about a quarter of an hour before. It was obvious what had happened. A tradesman, acting up to the traditions of the district, had disappointed her in the delivery of some article, and his wife had gone out—on a bank holiday, too—to try to obtain the missing commodity.

The Birds had no servant—another grievance—and therefore he, Samuel Bird, manager of the Kensington branch of the London County and Suburban Bank, was alone in the house and without visible means of existence, or indeed anything at all.

He had another tug at the recalcitrant door. But it was a stout old lock, and had evidently made up its mind that no matter what pressure was used upon it, it would never desert its post of duty.

"It is of no account to me," it seemed to say to Samuel, "that you are the master of this house, and I am only a humble lock. But I am a lock. It is my duty to keep a door shut, and this one is going to remain shut, until I am torn from my place and my springs and bolts are shattered into nothingness. If you did not wish this door to remain shut, why did you bang it so viciously? Yes you tug, my dear sir, but I was made at a time when locks were locks. None of your cheap, flimsy suburban locks about me. When I say 'shut,' then 'shut' it is, and you can spare yourself any further exertion, unless it amuses you."

And at last from sheer exhaustion Samuel desisted, and once more sat on the edge of the bath, breathless but deeply thoughtful.

He had an appointment at twelve with an important client of the bank, who wanted to discuss a weighty transaction with him. The bank would never forgive him if he displeased this wealthy customer. But what was he to do?

As the glow induced by his exertions subsided, Samuel began to shiver.

He would catch his death of cold. He would contract influenza, then pneumonia, and then death would follow.

He shut the window with a bang, and then he had another go at the door handle.

In a sense, perhaps his efforts were more successful this time but he had not improved matters to any considerable degree, for he had pulled the handle off.

He looked at it ruefully as it lay in his hand. Well, it was something more to bang at the door with when somebody came in, if anybody ever did come in.

As it was, there was nothing more to be done, except to resume his seat on the edge of the bath, and think furiously.

He had never before realised how helpless a poor man was without his clothes. He had a fine jack-knife with which he could have cut away the woodwork round the lock. But that jack-knife was in the pockets of his trousers downstairs.

Would no one ever come in, or was he to remain there until he pined away and died, and his rotting skeleton be found in the bathroom?

Suddenly he brightened up. His ear had caught the sound of someone moving below, and a childish treble was raised to implore someone to come back to Woolloomooloo. It was Clarence, his eight-year-old son.

He was saved.

He attacked the door of the bathroom with the handle, and shouted at the top of his voice for Clarence. After he had continued doing this for about ten minutes, there came a pattering of childish footsteps up the stairs.

"Did you call me, dad?" queried his son.

"Call you, I should think I did!" cried Samuel. "I'm locked in—locked in here—in this infernal bathroom! Get a screw-driver, or a crowbar, or something, and pass it under the door."

"Right dad," and the boy's feet pattered downstairs.

He soon came up again, and then tried to pass various articles under the door to father.

But that door was the only well-fitting one in the house. No single tool in the household of Samuel Bird could be induced to pass under it. Once or twice Samuel did catch a maddening glimpse of the edge of a screw-driver, but that was all.

"It's no good," said the long-suffering man at last; "you'll have to bang the door down. Go for it with the coal-hammer!"

The lad was nothing loth. Like any other boy would have done, he attached the door with zest. But at eight years of age, the strength of a lad is not sufficiently developed to be equal to a task of this sort, and therefore the door remained impervious to his attack.

When he was convinced that the task was more than the boy could manage, Samuel told him to desist.

"Go round to the nearest locksmith," he commanded, "and tell him to come round here and get me out of this at once. If you can't get a locksmith, get a carpenter! Anyway, get somebody, and get 'em quick!"

"Right, dad!" said Clarence.

Clarence ran out of the house full of importance of his errand.

At the end of the quiet street he met another youth, with whom he had already scraped an acquaintance. And he noticed with envy that Charley Thomas had a brand-new scooter.

"Hallo, Charlie!" said Clarence.

"Hallo, Clarence, where are you going?" said Charlie.

"Going to get a locksmith," said Clarence proudly. "My dad's locked in our bathroom."

"Well, he'll have to stay locked in," said the pessimistic Charles. "You won't get no locksmith to-day. It's Bank Holiday, and locksmiths always go on the spree on a Bank holiday. 'Sides I don't know where there is one. See my new scooter."

"Yes, isn't it a fine one!" said Clarence, as he noticed the fact that the toy had real pneumatic tyres.

"Like to have a go on it?"

"Would I not! Rather!"

"Well, here you are then. Don't go any further than the end of the street."

As pleased as Punch, and completely forgetting his poor father's plight, Clarence mounted the scooter, and put its capabilities well to the test.

They took turns in riding the vehicle for about half an hour, and then it dawned upon Clarence that he was out on an errand, and that his father was urgently expecting his return.

"Must go and find that locksmith now," he said.

"You won't find any locksmith to-day, I tell you," said Charles. "Coo, look, there's young Wilkins with his scooter! He thinks it's the finest about these parts. But you watch me race him!"

Fascinated by the prospect, Clarence watched several races between the two young rivals. But young Wilkins had more power of leg muscle than Charlie, and the consequence was that in spite of the excellence of his machine, Charlie was invariably defeated.

"Here, let me have a go!" said Clarence, "I'll show you how to beat him!"

"All right; I'll take you on!" said young Wilkins.

Preliminaries having been fired up, the two young racers got to work.

Clarence worked with all his might, and soon found that thanks to the fact that he was stronger and more nimble than Charlie; he was an easy match for young Wilkins; the scooter he had borrowed, as has been explained before, being an excellent one.

He forged on ahead, up streets and down them, full of boyish excitement.

But suddenly he realised that he was by himself, in a street he did not know.

He had in fact outdistanced his opponent to such an extent that he was nowhere to be seen. And Clarence realised something else. He realised that he was completely lost, and he had a scooter that did not belong to him.

Well, that was something, anyhow. There was no one about from whom he could ask the way, and so, like a philosopher, he made the best of things, as it were, and made good use of Charlie's scooter.

By-and-by a butcher's boy came along, and Clarence asked him where he could find a locksmith for his father.

The butcher's boy was a lad with a strong sense of humour, which he evinced by sending Clarence for a tortuous two mile run to a place where no locksmith was or ever had been.

"Spect father's a bit cold waiting for me," speculated Clarence, as he scooted along. "But 'tain't my fault. It's the butcher boy's. He oughtn't to have sent me to a place where there isn't any locksmith."

There came the sound of a loud halloo. It was uttered by Charlie who had tracked the boy who had borrowed his scooter.

"Here!" he cried, "what did you do and try to sneak my scooter for?"

"I never! I got lost!"

"Yes you did try to pinch it. I shall tell everyone that the boy at the bank is a thief. That'll make everybody take their money out of the bank, and your father will go broke. Where you been?"

"Trying to find a locksmith for my father, who's locked up in the bathroom," said Clarence.

(Continued on page 4.)

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**FOOTBALL NOTES.****SATURDAY'S GAMES.**

(By "Referee.")

The surface at Rugby Park was looking and feeling in splendid order, the drain-ploughing just finished leaving it in a first-class state. The atmosphere was mild; the sun favoured neither side and a fast, exciting game was seen between Banks—Law and Service.

Banks—Law, 8; v. Public Service 6.

(Blue and Black.) (Black.)

Colours got into stride almost from the kick-off, and an excellent movement initiated by Dykes sent Stead out to pass to St. George with great precision; the last named went the full safe distance and sent high to Gilmour, who stopped the ball off his chin, and at top transferred to Prain who grounded after a weak Black check. Banks, 3; Service, nil. Give and take play followed with a marked absence of diving and tackling among the forwards on each side, Holz, full for Service, being lucky in stopping a Banks rush in the last stretch. Gilmour was doing much defence, but he failed to take one from Fortune, and Stead just forced. He was given the benefit of the doubt. McDonald made a good run through several Colours, his turn and buttock putting the wind up some players. Below-knee tackling was not seen, and lone-Dykes relieving on one occasion with the work. Forward Sproat was playing a hard spoiling game well supported by Lang-bien and Broughton. The combined forwards Pryde, Kirkland, Knox and De Lary were battling well, and the forwards appeared evenly matched. McDonald was going on his own and making his high tacklers sore. Gilmour put in a cross-kick but it was low, a mark relieving. J. Dalglissh was playing his usual game, letting the ball out with judgment, but the centre was playing his first match and delaying in the transfer with no-score results. Cameron checked Stead hard and cleanly. Service had the majority of attack, but scoring failed. During the reaction Rae ran strongly and not being well tackled shook up the defence. Some weak kicking by Law brought Service into position from a mark, and McDonald got a pass and ran straight and strong along the line, untagged by high tackling. Service, 3; Banks, 3.

When the ball was returned to play, it hung in the middle of the field, and a Combined was penalised for taking a pass off-side. The punt brought Service into attack, and a weak kick by a Law wing was marked in good position but the kick failed, Fortune again having no luck. Banks and Law had the better of the play in the first spell and looked like winning comfortably as their backs were briskest and speedier than those of their opponents. Three all was the score at half-time.

The second spell opened with Banks and Law facing west, and they almost immediately ran into attack when Gilmour passed beautifully to Prain who scored in good position, Dykes goal. Banks and Law, 8; Service, 3. Yet the bottom dog plugged in, and the forward play and the tackling in places were a sight to see, Service blocking by hard, deadly impact the attempt of Combined to get their smart backs into motion. Numerous spells for minor injuries occurred, lady supporters and cavaliers in the big stand applauding each resuscitated hero to his heart's content. The Black forwards were carrying every scrum and frequently pushing the Blue-Blacks all over the field, out clever defence and loose heavy forwards stemmed the tide again and again, handed backs went on with their selfish only defence pass seen in the game, Prain cleverly clearing from ten yards out to the middle flag. The effort was applauded generously from the stand. Pryde, Knox and Broughton, were grafting like one o'clock, and their dribbles were hard to stop, though the Banks and Law's backs nearly all did good work at times on ground defence, except when fast men booted at a ball instead of picking it up. Fortune made one excellent check of a deadly rush. But the plugging of the Blacks was to be rewarded and McDonald smashed all opposition and scored his second try. The kicker again had no luck. Banks, 8; Service, 6. The game surged up and down with the Black forwards slightly better than the others, but no further score came to either side, so Banks and Law, 8; Public Service, 6; was the final. The winners have done well on

two Saturday's, and their meeting with Union on a dry day will be watched by their big crowd of supporters.

BLUFF, 6; v. UNION, 3.

This game ended late, the light holding well. Cockroft kicked off for Union and the returns saw the ball out at half-way. At the first line Budd and another Bluffite broke away, the Union backs going down well. The play went straight into a battle of forwards, and Union were beaten at their own game, although each team was at full strength, Bluff scored in the first fifteen minutes from a forward scramble, and got their second try about ten minutes afterwards, the backs on one side all handling. The referee appeared to be blocked, so Union's appeals for two forward passes were not heeded. Still, Bluff were unlucky in not being given a try before, as it was quite clear. On three different occasions Union got Bluff's free-kicks, and once Bluff got Union's. The Union forwards didn't get into it, imitating their captain's strategic wait for opportunities. In the second spell Union placed a penalty, Stapley making a sure kick from a fairly difficult angle, Cockroft's three attempts not being successful. The game was a series of scrambles and was not good to look at. Bluff will be a big proposition on their own midden even for a team with backs. The ground was in capital order; it has been changed in position and the bog has been cut out. Good for you, Bluff!

THE KIA-ORA CALL.

CHARM OF ENGLISH GIRLS FOR COLONIALS.

TORQUAY THE NEW ZEALANDERS HONEYMOON CENTRE.

Come, pretty maid, with me to Timbuctoo,
Oh! come where skies are always azure blue

And in that sunny land

We'll wander hand in hand—
Come, pretty maid with me to Timbuctoo.

It is quite possible that the above lines are as old as the hills. It is equally possible that I haven't got them quite right. I did make a grab for my note book and pencil to get them properly, but was so absorbed with what going on around me that I failed in the attempt and have to rely on my memory. Timbuctoo, they used to teach us at school, was a little mining village in California. That may be but there must certainly be another place of the same name in New Zealand. That song must be a New Zealand love song. I refuse to believe otherwise.

It all came about in a singular way. I had been sent down to Torquay to find out why it is that the New Zealanders are taking home with them wives from this country in such large numbers. The New Zealand force was the second smallest Colonial contingent, which was not surprising, seeing that we have several cities in this country with larger populations than the whole of that colony can scrape together. The size of their fighting force comparatively, was big, though they did not exceed one division—but a division second to none.

Notwithstanding the fact that the New Zealanders were only one division strong, more of them have been married in England than any of the other overseas troops. They are taking back wives by the ship load. At this moment there are said to be no less than fifteen hundred New Zealand honeymoon couples waiting at Torquay for their Blighty boat, and scattered over England a matter of seven thousand of them are said to be impatiently looking forward to the day when they can take home their brides to introduce to parents the latter have never seen.

AUDIENCE OF HONEYMOONERS.

All this is very interesting, and it was with the idea of finding out what was the special interest of the New Zealanders in the British girl, or vice versa, that I journeyed to Torquay. Arriving in the evening, I strolled into the pavilion, where, curiously enough the New Zealand band was performing. The main part of the audience consisted of the honeymoon couples, and when the Kiwi Quartette sang the little number I have quoted I thought the secret was out.

The vocalists laughed heartily as they sang, everybody smiled in different ways. The happy bridegrooms had a guilty expression. They consulted their programmes or reached over the seats for their hats. The newly-wed wives blushed slightly, and gave the impression that they had somewhere heard the burden of the story before. And I began to wonder whether

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I had not already found the solution to the mystery. Had those quiet looking colonials with hats pinched up at the crowns and a streak of red or blue around it, been "telling the tale?" From long experience I know they can do it.

Then on second thoughts, it seemed that after all I had only got an idea of the possible tactics of the offensive, and that the real reason which caused the outbreak of hostilities was as far off as ever. Accordingly I buttonholed quite a number of the interested parties and heard their opinions of the situation.

In passing it might be interesting to note that in the majority of cases the type of young woman who has married the New Zealanders struck me. They are bright, pleasant, healthy, sensible looking girls. There are very few of the "fluffy" or super-fascinating sort. The men, too, are obviously steady, agreeable, and intelligent fellows, and there seems no reason to believe other than that most of the matches will prove very happy ones.

One of the men—who confessed that he was not married—seemed rather brutal about the New Zealand girls, and I am sure they would have a word to say to the contrary. When I asked him whether there was a big majority of young men in the Antipodes, he replied in the negative. There were plenty of girls in New Zealand, he said, but he did not wonder that the fellows would not marry them. They were too stuck-up, they wanted, when married, a life of ease and pleasure, with no work, plenty of amusement, and no end of fine clothes. "I wouldn't marry one of them," he said, and added, "and the blokes are sensible to get 'hitched up' before they go back."

DIFFERENT VIEW OF HOME.

"Sour grapes," remarked his companion drawing me gently on one side. Then he told me his view on the matter. He explained that in this country the girls are entirely different from those at home. Here, he said, girls are brought up in a different way. They are taught at home that the home is their proper sphere, and that although a lot of them are getting their livings in shops and offices and factories, their great mission in life is to keep a home of their own, and to regard that and motherhood as the greatest thing in life.

"Down there," he explained, "things are not the same. The girls do not take the same interest in home life. They are not as sociable as the British girls. Here the young women were always 'chummy' with male acquaintances, and eventually that often ripened into something closer than mere platonic friendship. Provided a man is respectable the British girls don't expect to rule his every movement. I like your British girls. But then, perhaps I am prejudiced, for," he concluded, with a broad grin, "you see, I married one of them."

A number of other New Zealanders expressed similar opinions. Then I asked one of the wives the other side of the question. She summed it all up in a few words. The girls were not carried away with the pretty uniform, or tales of possible wealth or a desire to travel and conquer fresh worlds; she did not marry her husband because he was a New Zealander, but simply because he was "her Bill."

As "Bill" took her arm and escorted her down the broad staircase he obviously winked at me, and very softly he started to whistle: "When love creeps in your heart." I thought I was beginning to understand. And New Zealand? New Zealand is waiting to say "Kai-ora"—welcome—to them all.

In the thirteenth century a law had to be passed in Britain compelling the people to cut down all trees and shrubs for a distance of 200 feet from all roads running between market towns, so that robbers could not hide and waylay travellers.

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THE BATHROOM DOOR.

(Continued from page 2.)

"Well, I told you you would never find one. Gimme back my scooter!"

"Let's have just one more go on it."

"All right then, but only one more."

Half an hour later he handed the scooter back to its rightful owner.

"Think I'll go back now," he said virtuously. "My dad will be getting cold and tired of waiting for me, I spect."

Clarence was right. His father was cold; he was also tired of waiting for the return of his offspring.

Though it was summer, a chill wind had sprung up, and Samuel's teeth were chattering like castanets.

No one had ventured near the house since his son had departed. His feelings towards Clarence were too deep for utterance, and in fact Samuel had relapsed into a sort of dull apathy.

Did ever mortal man have things go so utterly wrong with him?

Fate was too cruel.

But hark, there was the sound of the key in the front door lock!

His wife had returned at last.

Samuel waited for the bang which told that the front door had closed on his wife, and then he pounded long and vigorously on the panels of the door with the handle he had wrenched from its place.

The immediate result was a piercing scream from his wife.

"Help!" she cried. "Thieves! Murder!"

"No, it isn't!" roared Samuel. "It's me—Sam."

But the distracted woman did not hear him. She had long made up her mind that the place would one day be broken into by thieves, and now they were here in very truth.

Still shrieking, she rushed from the house.

Once more Samuel sought the cold, hard, uncomfortable edge of the bath. Even his wife had failed him.

What would happen? Would she run away for good in sheer terror? Or would she summon assistance?

He was in a state now when he really did not care much what happened to him.

But soon hope revived again. There came the sound of a pounding on the front door. What had happened was that his wife had put her keys down when she came in, and then in her terror had rushed out without them.

But the lock of the front door was soon forced, and then came the sound of heavy footsteps.

"You say the noise came from upstairs madam," said a man's voice.

"Yes, I'm sure I heard it. It was a terrible banging."

Samuel gave a loud bang on the door with the handle, and then he nipped into the bath.

"Why, there it is again," said Mrs Bird's voice. "There's someone in the bathroom."

"Yes, mum. We'll precious soon see who it is, too," said several voices.

The bathroom was furiously attacked from the outside now, and with lusty truncheons.

At last came the ominous crack which told that the stout lock had at last given way. The door swung cautiously open.

"If he attacks you, brain him!" cried Mrs Bird.

And the next instant the door was opened sufficiently to permit the face of a man to appear.

It was the face of P. C. Cecil Havelock!

For a moment he stood transfixed as his eyes fell on Mr Samuel Bird.

Then he turned to the men who were with him.

"Keep back," he said quietly. "I can deal with this."

Then he came back to the bathroom.

"Sorry to intrude, sir," he said quietly, "but would you mind telling me what has happened?"

"Can't you see?" snapped Samuel. "I came in here to have a bath, and the accursed lock slipped and made me a prisoner. I should think I've been here yelling for help for about fifteen hours. Go down stairs and get me my clothes, and bring them up here. And mark my words, if you ever let a word of this get about the neighbourhood, I'll send my daughter to Timbuctoo. Do you understand?"

"Quite, sir," said Cecil, without allowing a ghost of a smile to grace his lips.

Then he retired, and Samuel heard him tell the men with him that the affair was only a case of someone being locked in a room, and that they wouldn't be wanted.

Then he whispered to Mrs Bird, who simply said:

"Dear, what a fright I've had, and all for nothing at all."

"He's got some sense, that young fellow, after all," growled the waiting Samuel. "Mavis might do worse."

Within a few minutes Cecil had opened the bathroom door once again, and had

deposited a complete outfit of clothing on the floor.

In a waistcoat pocket was a watch, and Samuel found that, although he would be terribly late for his appointment, yet there was a chance that he might still find the customer he wished to see at home.

And he did.

The great man was terribly incensed at his late arrival, but Samuel took the right course with him as it happened.

He simply told him the truth of the whole story, and the customer laughed till the tears came into his eyes.

And having succeeded in getting his man into an excellent temper, of course Samuel was able to do his business to considerable advantage to himself and the bank.

So all ended well.

Cecil Havelock is now a District Inspector of Police, and Mavis is perfectly happy as his wife, as she always knew that she would be.

The house where Samuel lives has been brought more up-to-date, and Mrs Bird has got over most of her grievances.

Samuel is a church warden and a member of the district council. He is also firmly in the confidence of the two lords and the six baronets, and therefore he is a happy man.

For Cecil Havelock never let a word escape him as to the episode of the bath, for which Samuel is grateful.

He sometimes fancies that Cecil has mentioned something of the incident to his wife though, for when Samuel good-humouredly twits her with having married a common policeman, she is apt to reply that they may come in uncommonly useful on bath nights.

(The End.)

SENSATIONAL KNOCKOUTS.

BY "COUNT."

Carpentier and Billy Wells. Wells and Moran. Knocked out without receiving a blow. Wells' better form against Beckett. Wells and Sunshine. Goddard's amazing remark. Carpentier and Dick Smith. Johnson and Jefferies.

Since J. L. Sullivan first discovered the effects of a blow upon the chin, boxers have concentrated upon that blow, and are doing so now, in spite of all sorts of grotesque attempts to show that new punches are being found out by physical scientists and specialists upon nerves.

The other day I read something about Dempsey having been taught a new blow by some medical man, and the doctor or the writer, or both, wanted to make the public believe that it was a result of that discovery when Willard was rendered helpless. Willard was not unconscious whatever may be said by the referee; he was rendered helpless.

If we are to get anything new in the way of a knock-out blow, the nation most likely to introduce it is the Japanese, who, in their sports, have learned more about nerves and physical equilibrium than any other dwellers upon the universe.

One great handicap to the infliction of the many hurtful presses and knocks which are the speciality of the Japanese, however, lies in the presence of boxing gloves upon the hands. The Japs do their work in this direction by incisive pressure from thumb or fingers upon particular nerves, the paralyzing of which means the collapse of the body and mind. It is possible that, so long as our boxing referees fail to bar the rabbit punch, a time will come when some foxy little fellow from the East will teach some boxer how to apply the heel of his hand to the brain nerve at the back of the neck, which the Japanese wrestler presses upon by the aid of the vest which is used in the sport.

NOTHING NEW.

In the way of a direct punch, there is nothing new just now in the way of knock-out blows. They land on the chin, which causes pressure of the brain by that small, paper-like bone near the temple; or the mark which expels the breath from the body and makes it impossible for a few seconds for a man to get his lungs in working order again, and underneath the heart. In the last-named case, an upward blow with the right to the body is the kind of punch which brings about the downfall of the opponent.

All those parts of the human body are so vulnerable, so susceptible to hurt, that they suffice to render incapable almost any boxer who is hit there by anyone who has punching power commensurate with his weight.

Take for instance Bombardier Wells, when he collapsed after less than eighty seconds of boxing against Carpentier at the National Sporting Club. After that contest, Carpentier illustrated to me how he accomplished the knock-out. In his

description of the blows he was quite right. (Excuse this seeming condescension on my part in stating that Carpentier was correct; but it is a fact that boxers do not always know how they have knocked their men out.)

THE REASON WHY.

Remarkable as was this sudden downfall of Britain's heavy-weight hope against the then brilliant French boy, I do not believe that it was brought about entirely by force of blow or blows. It was collapse of nerve force—the wrecking of the moral fibre of a man who went into the ring convinced that he would be hurt.

Wells guarded his body with both arms as soon as the bell was rung, and he had never even got his arms and fists into attacking pose before Carpentier, changing the direction of his punch, sent his fist to the chin, and Wells sat upon the floor of the ring, incapable of rising.

Now, Wells is of that sensitive—refined, if you like—disposition which gives to a blow every credit for being hurtful. He has none, or very little, of that quality which causes a man, though hurt, to say to himself: "I'm not going to let that trouble me;" rather does he seem to think that he has been hurt more than may be the case.

I am confident that he was not hurt so much as he thought he was when Carpentier knocked him out, and yet I am prepared to swear that Wells himself thought that he had been hit just about as hard as anyone could be.

It will be long before I forget the deathly silence that went round the National Sporting Club as soon as people realised what a forlorn show had been made by the British champion against the best in France. Men who have followed boxing for tens of years sat still in wonderment, trying to convince themselves that it was all a dream, and that Wells would get up and continue the contest.

A few seconds served to convince them of the hopelessness of that wish; and men, hardened to boxing and the sight of men being knocked out, sat there and sighed, as you who were in England must have sighed when you heard of the British troops being driven back by the Germans in March of 1918. We had a glorious July 17th to follow, however; but it was not so with Wells, and it seemed as if that knock-out blow had not merely finished off a British champion, but had knocked the bottom out of British boxing for ever.

SEMI-CONSCIOUS.

In a manner of writing, I have seen this boxing curiosity, Wells, knocked out without receiving a blow. It was in his contest with Frank Moran at the London Opera House. In a minute from the start of that affair Wells walked from the middle of the ring to his corner, as if under the impression that the round had finished. As they were three-minute rounds, it seems almost reasonable to say that Wells even by then was reduced to a state of mind that meant semi-consciousness.

Wells was much better, however, in his bout with Beckett; I mean, much better from the point of view of keeping possession of his senses after he had been hit. He was hurt badly, but he took his time well and properly on the floor, and rose with determination on his face, as if he meant to go on and win.

Unfortunately for Wells, however, he could not keep cool enough to remember all that he had been taught in the gymnasium by Jim Driscoll and others, with the result that, in one of the clinches, he left his chin sticking out from Beckett's shoulder, and in perfect position for one of the present champion's best blows with the left. That blow went along, and the business was all over.

To show you what a quaint, psychological thing boxing is I will recall the contest between Wells and old Sergeant Sunshine at the King's Hall, Blackfriars, just after Wells returned from India. The older soldier knocked the boy down three times, and on each occasion Wells was unconscious, just so long that he had to be called to his senses by his seconds who shouted to him to get up. Three times Wells got up, and eventually knocked out Sunshine.

A SURPRISE FOR MOIR.

Wells is a fruitful subject when knock-outs are being dealt with, but his experience at Olympia when he lost to Gunner Moir is so fresh in your minds that I will only recall to you the fact that a lot of people left the building quite early in the contest, expressing disgust at the fact that a fellow like Moir should have been matched with Wells. "It was a shame to put the poor old fellow up against a man with whom he had no possible chance!" You will all remember how, before those people could get out of the building, Wells lay on the floor, stretched out by means of a body punch, the delivery of which seemed impossible to Moir, so much had the latter been punched about to different parts of the ring.

Goddard was knocked out because of his

(Continued on page 6.)

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

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

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

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

BEAUMONT CHASE, a millionaire. The following morning, Dick's host informs him that Sir John had called during the night and taken his daughter away. Dick, believing this story, leaves that morning for Wimmerleigh. Kitty goes down to breakfast, and is cross-examined by Mr Chase, but on his promise of assistance tells him the whole story. 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 Pelham Webb arrives and insists upon interviewing Dick alone. Dick realises that the detective has discovered his identity, and decides to make a fight for it. However, the detective explains that he has come to befriend him, and Dick, believing his story, accompanies him to the residence of Beaumont Chase, where he is installed as a gardener.

A BIT OF TWISTED PAPER.

Sir John Millbank sat alone in the great dining-room of Beaumont Hall. He had aged greatly; his figure was bowed, and there were deep lines on his intellectual face, but the cold grey eyes were still clear and keen.

His recent illness had made him the wreck of his former self, but his will-power was unbroken, and he seemed to be fighting proudly and defiantly against his physical weakness. He was glad to be the guest of his new friend Beaumont Chase, the millionaire.

He had never had many friends, and

since his breakdown in health they had been fewer than ever.

It had puzzled him at first that Beaumont Chase should want to know him, but now he began to understand, and a cynical smile curved the old man's lips.

"If he has taken a fancy to Kitty, so much the better," he muttered. "He is rich, and money is power, and power is everything. Yes, he will teach her to forget. She is young, and the young soon forget."

An involuntary sigh escaped him, and he stared gloomily straight in front of him.

Sir John Millbank did not find it so easy to forget. On the contrary, old memories crowded thick upon him to-night.

Perhaps it was because he knew instinctively that his physical health was failing, and that the future held little worth fighting for. Certain it was that since his illness his mind went persistently to the past.

And in every picture of the past that rose before him he saw one face more prominent than any other—the face of his son.

"I have no son," he muttered again and again. "What is that worthless ne'er-do-well to me? Why should I give him a moment's thought? I owe him nothing. He has wrecked his life by his own folly and his base ingratitude. Let him lie on the bed he has made for himself. He had no right to come back into my life. And now I will banish him for ever from my mind!"

But it was easier said than done. Before his mental vision rose scene after scene in which his boy was the central figure. He saw him as a tiny toddler; he saw him as a schoolboy; and, above all, he saw him as a grown man, a prisoner, standing in the dock.

That last picture seemed indelibly printed on the old man's brain. It would not be dismissed. He now raised his unsteady hand to his eyes as though to shut out the sight.

"Why did he come back?" he muttered hoarsely. "Was it not enough that he so utterly disappointed me? Why should he come back and spoil my life again? Bah! I will think of him no more. I have still work to do. I have won success and fame, and now my race is nearly run. But before I go I will see that Kitty—dearer to me than a child of my own flesh—shall be firmly established in a position of wealth and power. Happiness I have been unable to win for myself; I will win it for her."

Outside the room, on the moonlit terrace, two figures were moving slowly side by side. One was Beaumont Chase, and the other was Kitty Millbank.

"It was kind of you to invite us down here, Mr Chase," said the girl. "I am sure it will do father good."

"I believe that, too," answered the man. "He is better already, and I think he likes me."

"He does very much. It has surprised me the way he has taken to you," said Kitty simply.

The man laughed softly.

"It surprises you that anyone should like me very much, Miss Kitty?" he said, in a low, significant tone.

"Oh, no; I did not mean that."

"All the same, you know someone who does not like me over well," suggested the man.

"If you mean me, Mr Chase, you are wrong," said Kitty quietly. "I like you, and I am very grateful to you."

"Grateful?"

"Yes."

Beaumont Chase sighed ostentatiously.

"I am afraid I am not the kind of man

who derives much satisfaction from gratitude. All the same, I am pleased that I have been able to do you even a small service."

"It was a not a small service," said Kitty gravely. "It was you who helped Dick to escape. But for you he would be even now in a prison cell. I shall never be able to thank you enough for that."

"You have not heard from him?"

"No, not yet."

"You expect to?"

"Oh, yes, he will write as soon as he can."

"Suppose he doesn't?"

"Oh, but he will!"

There was a note of quiet confidence in the girl's voice which somehow irritated the man.

"You remember your promise to me?" he said, almost sharply.

"Oh, yes, I remember," she said sadly.

"And I—I will keep it."

Her voice faltered, and it was some minutes before she could go on, but when at last she spoke again she had recovered complete control of herself.

"You have promised to save Dick, Mr Chase, and if no harm comes to him within the next year I have given you my word I will marry any man you select. I do not know what your purpose is in making such a condition, but if you keep your part of the bargain I will keep mine. I am content if I can save Dick. It is not likely that he and I will ever meet again, but I will not forget him and he will not forget me."

"You are young, Miss Millbank," said the man quietly, "and even before this year is out many things may happen which will help you to forget."

She gave him a quick look of inquiry, but he made no further explanation. There was, however, a hard and resolute expression on his face which somehow frightened her.

She had the old uncomfortable feeling that this man had taken her life in his hands, and that he meant to shape it according to his fancy.

Hitherto her concern for Dick's safety had prevented her from giving even a thought to herself or to her own future.

But now she contemplated the man who had saved Dick with a certain anxiety and a certain fear.

Her gratitude began to be mixed with a touch of resentment. However, she was still prepared to keep her word. Romantic and unselfish as she was by nature, it seemed a glorious thing to sacrifice herself to save Dick.

A little later they returned into the house, and Kitty, after kissing her father good-night, retired, leaving the two men together.

"You are better, Sir John?" said the millionaire, looking at his guest.

The judge glanced up and smiled grimly.

"I am as well as I am ever likely to be now," he said. "Anyway, I am quite well enough to hear what you have to say. You want to talk to me, I think?"

The millionaire nodded.

"You have a gift for reading other men's thoughts, Sir John," he said. "Yes, there is something I want to say—and I can say it in a very few words. I am in love with your adopted daughter. I want you to help me win her for my wife."

"You think you will need my help?"

"Yes. The young lady has a prior attachment."

The old man gave a contemptuous wave of the hand.

"It is nothing. Utterly absurd! A private soldier. I believe. Romantic nonsense. He has disappeared. You need not trouble about that."

"She takes it seriously."

"Does she? She only spoke to me about the fellow once. I thought she had forgotten him. I don't even know his name. She will soon forget that girlish folly. You are wealthy and in every way desirable. I gladly give my consent."

"That is not enough," said Beaumont Chase quietly.

The other gave a quick look.

"What more do you want?"

The millionaire hesitated, and then replied firmly:

"I want you to use your authority, Sir John. I believe I can make Kitty happy. I want you to insist that she shall accept me when I offer her my hand."

The eyes of the two men met, and in the judge's face came the old look of authority which had brought him so much success and so much suffering.

(Continued on page 6.)

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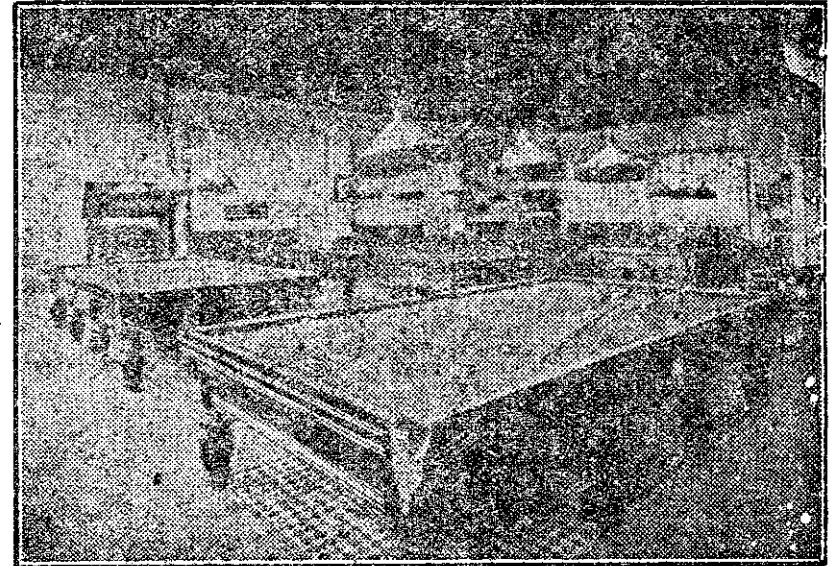
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(Above "The Digger.")

EVERY ATTENTION AND CIVILITY.



BILLIARD NOTES

Last Friday evening there was a large attendance at the Civic Billiard Saloon to witness a game between Mr Clarke McConachy, the New Zealand billiard champion, and a local player. The play right through maintained the interest of the spectators. The champion breaks averaged about 50, and the greatest being 152. The local man had 400 of a start. At the close of the game of the Billiard display, a game of snooker was played and proved interesting. A fine display of shoots was given at the termination of the game, after which Mr McConachy expressed satisfaction with the tables.

BREAK OF 604.

Close on 300 gathered in the Grand Saloon on Monday evening to see Clark McConachy, the New Zealand champion, in an exhibition game opposed to P. Cooke, an amateur, who is at the top of the tree among local billiardists. The game was the longest McConachy has played during his visit, being one of 1000 up, and his opponent received a start of 550 points. As was expected the amateur did not offer serious opposition, though he put up two nice runs, one of 32 and the other 30, but in all he did not score more than 115, which, added to his handicap made his total 665 when the visitor went out. The game, however, was a most interesting one and the applause which was so freely bestowed on the champion's efforts was indicative of the pleasure the spectators derived from them. In the first part of the contest, McConachy gave a display of break-building, the methods adopted being similar to those used by the average player, but, of course, he kept things going longer and went about his work in a masterly manner. It was pleasing to the spectators to see him at the all-round play, but this is not the most effective means by which large breaks are made and the champion tried to establish himself at the top of the table. Several attempts were made to get into this advantageous position, but he did not appear to be able to do so. A number of losing hazards were played and he resorted to all kinds of tactics

and ultimately gave a very fine exhibition at the top-end, his nursery cannon play being of an especially attractive description. His opponent opened the game and McConachy compiled a 27. His second visit to the table resulted in a contribution of 89, his next yielded no score and the course of his game after that was:—56, 8, 0, 59, 0, 3, 13, 16, 45, 93, 2, 0, 604. This last break is the biggest ever recorded in Invercargill, and showed the mastery the champion has over the balls. He aimed at securing top-of-the-table position and had put up 37 when he lost the white and so had only the red to play at. Most of those present probably expected that with only two balls on the table he would have little chance of making a break of any dimensions and there awaited them a pleasant surprise, for McConachy worked the red into position and set out on a journey that occupied over thirty minutes, during the whole of this time the champion being at the table using top and side pockets with faultless aim and remarkable touch and judgment. He reeled off century after century, and at the close of each received the enthusiastic plaudits of the spectators. Ultimately 600 was reached and he set out on his seventh hundred as if he would easily accomplish it but when he had scored only once and was about to strike the ball for his second shot a spectator suddenly rose from his seat and distracted the attention of the player, who failed in an in-off in a top pocket. All present voted the game the best they had seen in Invercargill. The rapidity of McConachy's scoring will be seen in the fact that during his red-ball play his average was 100 points every six minutes. He made sixteen visits to the table during the evening and compiled 1015 points, which works out at an average for each cue of a little more than 63 a decidedly creditable performance, accounted for, of course, largely by the phenomenal break he placed to his credit.

Grand Billiard Saloon.

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JUDGMENT.

(Continued from Page 5.)

"Have no fear," he said, almost sternly. "Kitty will do as I tell her. You can give her a great position. It is my wish that she marries such a man as you. When do you wish the marriage to take place?"

"I meant to postpone it for a year, but I cannot wait," replied the millionaire. "I shall to-morrow ask her to be my wife."

"Very well, I will speak to her in the morning. In the evening she will give you the answer you desire."

Beaumont Chase held out his hand impulsively.

"Thank you, sir," he said gravely. "Thank you for your help, if I mistake not I shall need it!"

Meanwhile Kitty was in her own room. A feeling of great depression had fallen on her to-night, and she, sat for a long time thinking, her hands folded in her lap.

She closed her eyes and prayed, and her prayers were all for Dick.

In spite of herself the tears began to flow. She tried to convince herself that she only wanted to be sure he was safe and yet it was hard that she should never see his dear face again, never hear his beloved voice.

With a sigh she rose from a chair, and then stood motionless, listening. An unusual sound came from outside the open window.

She looked towards it, and as she did so a bit of paper flew in and fell at her feet.

Her heart almost stood still. Then she stooped and picked up the paper and smoothed it out. It contained but a few words. With staring eyes she read:

"Be brave. I cannot speak, but I am watching over you. God bless you!"

(To be continued.)

SENSATIONAL KNOCKOUTS.

(Continued from page 4.)

own conceit. When he was in training he openly expressed the opinion that there was not a man on earth who could hurt him with a punch. Poor young fellow! I write "poor" because even the hiding he got did not seem to teach him anything in the way of a lesson.

AN AMAZING COMMENT.

He was shown a snapshot of himself lying on his back, at full stretch on the floor of the ring, and his only comment was:

"That me?"

What can be done with a fellow of that sort?

How Beckett brought about that knock-out is well worth the telling. He had heard of Goddard's expression of contempt for anything in the way of a punch that Beckett might possess, but he had not dreamt that the big chap would leave himself open to that left hook so soon as he did. Anyhow in the first round, Goddard proved the courage of his convictions by leaving himself clear to be hit, and he was hit so hard that the pride of the Queen's Boys shivered from head to foot, and must have wondered if half Olympia had fallen in on him.

The recovery he made during the first interval between rounds was wonderful—so good in fact, that the confidence he ever possessed returned to him, and he again failed to guard against that left hook. On this occasion Goddard had to go to the floor to rest, and when he looked appealingly round to his seconds to know what to do, he was told to remain on the floor for another second or two.

Goddard was cool enough to do that; but when he got up he was all out to defend himself, and of that he had about the most crude idea of any heavy-weight in Great Britain, and that is saying a great deal. Those punches were the preliminary to the final hit, for when Goddard, shaking and wondering, concentrated as much as his scattered wits would let him upon guarding against that left hand, Beckett sent along one of the quickest and straightest right-hand hits I have ever seen from a heavy-weight, and Goddard had been taught that it was foolish to have talked of people not being able to hurt him.

REALLY OUT.

That punch by Beckett went straight and truly to the chin, and the reason that Goddard would not believe the picture where he was shown lying on his back lies in the fact that he was so utterly senseless as a result of the blow that he could not remember anything before he began to sit up and take notice.

That was a sensational knock-out to all who had taken Goddard at his word—a thing that it is very unsafe to do with a boxer who talks about the impossibility of a man of thirteen stones and more being able to hurt him. Goddard was hurt so badly that he scarcely knew he was hurt. The punch had produced insensibility as

quickly and completely as if the boxer had been put into dreamland by the application of chloroform—possibly more quickly.

Goddard's case was one of absurd disregard to defence, born of a stupid notion that he could not be knocked out.

CARPENTIER v. SMITH.

Quite different from all the preceding knock-outs was that administered by Carpentier to Smith recently. It was no particular cleverness on the part of the Frenchman which enabled him to finish off an opponent who had given him no end of trouble.

Just as important as the blow which is the last are those which lead up to them. Nothing contributed to the downfall of Smith on this occasion more than a couple of low blows, which were most painful to the Englishman. In writing this, I have not only the word of Smith, but I happen to know that each of those low and very hurtful blows were recorded on the sheet of one of the judges.

That sort of thing is always unpleasant to record but, in justice to Smith, such an occurrence must be pointed out. There was more than those hits which helped the Frenchman to his sudden victory, and that was the conduct of the ring-master, who mauled Smith about in the most unfair manner. It was after one of these maulings that Smith was sent down, for Carpentier, giving his opponent no time in which to recover, sprang forward and landed two uppercuts to the chin in such rapid succession that the effect of them, coming upon the effect of the blows I have mentioned, were too much for the sergeant-major.

Smith's was far indeed from being a dishonourable yielding either in the matter of skill or pluck.

JEFFRIES v. JOHNSON.

As I have said, that which leads up to a knock-out blow is just as important as the last punch itself. It may surprise you that Jeffries went through the preliminary part of his knock-out from Jack Johnson twelve months before the two met.

Jeffries had put on such an alarming amount of flesh that, when the match was made, he stipulated for twelve months in which to train, and started his preparation at Carlsbad. You know what that means—purging and scouring the inner coats of the intestines until fatty deposits are simply torn away, and all the power of resistance or recovery of the stomach muscles is dissipated.

No wonder you see the big nigger laughing while he is doing just what he liked with the big frame of the man who thought that the salts of Carlsbad could put him back to the physical condition that was his before countless cocktails had had their sway.

KNOCKED OUT BY KINDNESS.

Jeffries was knocked out by kindness; by the forbearance of an opponent who, with smiling face and merry quip to on-lookers, illustrated how easy it would be in any particular round to put a finish to the half-resuscitated Jeffries. The later did not lose sight of this, and the indignity he suffered while watching the frequency with which Johnson let him off, scorched its way into what vanity of mind Jeffries had left, and he was knocked-out by a broken heart as much as by the severity of the nigger's punching.

UTOPIA.

The preachers of Utopia
Are an agreeable lot,
Who seldom seem a bit concerned
About the Hottentot;
Instead, they stick to local stunts,
Unmixed with tommyrot!

The laundries of Utopia
Are gentle with their duds;
They do not chew them up, as cows
Would chew upon their cuds;
And lo! no buttons disappear
While tripping through the suds!

The schoolgirls of Utopia
Are not compelled to know
The family history of Keats,
Or of Gaboriau;
Part of the time they learn to cook,
And part of it they sew!

The Congress of Utopia
Is filled with brainy men
Who legislate with great dispatch,
And then go home again;
How can they? Ah! They don't expel
Excessive oxygen!

—Oliver B. Cap-lie.

One home in every two in the rural districts of Ontario has a telephone, and about one farm out of every four has a motor car.

DRAUGHTS.

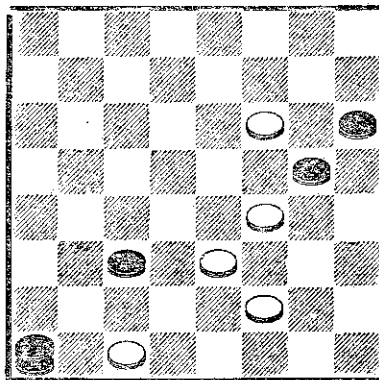
(Conducted by F. Hutchins.)

Invercargill Draughts Club meets Wednesday and Saturday evenings in Atheneum smoke room.

Let science give release,
To minds o'er wrought by care and thought;
Let the checker board be brought,
The battlefield of peace.

PROBLEM 9.

BLACK 12, 16, 22; King 29.



WHITE 11, 19, 23, 27, 30.

White to play and win.

A pleasing little finish from the "Draughts World."

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM 8.

BLACK—14, 15, 17, 20.

WHITE—21, 25, 28, King on 23.

White to play and win.

23.19	15.24	28.19	20.24	19.15	24.27
15.10	27.32	10.6	32.27	6.1	27.23
1.6	23.18	6.10	18.23	10.15	White wins.

The game below is an unusual variation of the second double corner played in the thirteenth Scottish tourney between W. Bryden and A. B. Scott. Taken from the "Draughts World":—

Black—Bryden.		White—Scott.	
11.15	22.18	11.20	17.14
24.19	8.11	31.27	13.17
15.24	25.22	7.11	22.6
27.20	2.7	26.23	1.17
8.11	32.28	10.15	18.14
28.24	16.20	19.10	3.7
31.16	19.16	6.15	25.21
20.11	12.19	21.17	11.16
7.16	23.16	9.13	14.9
24.19	20.24	29.25	17.22
4.8	28.19	5.9	9.6

(A) An unusual take, and scarcely so strong as 24.19.

(B) 11.15, 10.15, or 9.14 are good lines.

(C) The three for three here may draw, but no more, it seems to leave black with the strongest position.

(D) Another draw for black would be 15.19, but it is scarcely so strong as 17.22. Continue with 15.19, thus 15.19, 21.14, 19.26, 30.23, 7.11, 23.18, 16.19, and the white piece is captured.

(E) A well contested game.

The following is a well known trap in the cross opening given by several old authorities on the game:—

11.15	4.8	14.23	14.18	16.23	18.25
23.18	23.19	26.19	17.14	14.10	27.4
8.11	10.14	7.14	11.16	6.15	White
27.23	19.10	22.17	31.27	25.22	Wins

(A) Not so good as 19.15 if Black eludes the snare at (B).

(B) 11.15, 19.10, 6.15, is better play.

WHEN THE WORLD IS YOUNG, LAD.

When all the world is young, lad,
And all the leaves are green;
And every goose a swan, lad
And every lass a queen;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown;
And the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down;
Creep home, and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among;
God grant you find one face there,
You loved when all way young.

(From "Songs from the Water Babies.")
Charles Kingsley, "Poems."

***** ORIGINAL *****

AHMET.

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

(By 11/1275.)

"LONE PINE."

***** CHAPTER VIII. *****

Events moved rapidly after Mahmoud's death. Hassan the graffir could see no reason why he should adopt Ahmet, and his new wife Zeinab certainly did not want him near her.

Ahmet therefore, was left with his friends, the "Umpteenth's," who had by then before, for the brief campaign on were undergoing an even stiffer training than before, for the brief campaign on the canal had revealed many deficiencies, and had served to show the weak spots in the forces.

Ahmet went through the severest days, and generally managed to finish in as good condition as the rest of his company, despite his small size, for he had inherited the endurance of several generations of desert-bred Arabs. In fact, the sight of the small figure trudging along sturdily at the end of a particularly gruelling march, often served to hearten up the men, who of course could not fall out whilst a mere boy was able to keep going.

He found life almost too good to be true, he was getting good food, in quantities that he had never before dreamt of, he had good clothes, and he had the companionship of those whom he considered were almost gods, namely the "Umpteenth's."

But, all good things come to an end, and Ahmet's paradise was to prove of short duration.

One day, he found the same orderly bustle that he had noticed before the canal fight, the regiment had received orders to prepare for embarkation. Ahmet was told that they were going in a ship over the sea.

He understood the ship all right, for he had seen the boats on the canals, and at Ismalia he had seen the steamers passing through Lake Timsah. But he could not understand anything larger in shape of a piece of water than the lake.

His delight knew no bounds, when his captain told him he could accompany the company, he was to keep with the cooks, and the baggage.

The men interceded for him, and the skipper, knowing well that if he refused his consent, Ahmet would smuggle himself along somehow or other, had reluctantly granted permission.

The day came when he found himself on board the transport at Alexandria, bound for a destination unknown.

Then there were some days following, in the passage of which Ahmet was not very interested, for he was a very sick little boy.

At last they landed on Lemnos, where they had some more training, a training that was as short as it was strenuous.

Then one day they went again aboard the transports, and the next day found them under shell-fire off Gaba Tepe.

Ahmet was quite unconcerned, taking for a pattern his comrades. He was very disappointed when he was not allowed to accompany them ashore.

The story of that landing has been told so often that it well known, and it will never be forgotten as long as Britishers live. In that landing the ANZACS earned their name, achieved the impossible, and showed the whole world that the youngest army born could worthily uphold the traditions of the British race. These virile sons of the Southern hemisphere showed that they could fight and die in a manner that staggered the world.

And in this fight the "Umpteenth's" did their part.

On the third day after landing, Ahmet managed to get ashore by secreting himself amongst a load of stores.

The sight that met his gaze excited even his pity (for like all Arabs he could look on suffering unmoved), there were dead and dying men lying on the beach, under the rudest shelters, there were badly maimed men, and men already weakened by dysentery, lying in any nook that would afford them cover from the merciless hail of shrapnel.

He soon found some of the "Umpteenth's," who had come down from their hastily dug trenches, for the company's rations. He went back with them only to learn that their numbers were sadly depleted. Many a man whose song had been loudest and whose laugh had been readiest should never sing or laugh again.

The men were living in dugouts, which

had a disconcerting way of losing their roofs to the accompaniment of an awing inspiring explosion at times. Yet in any, and in fact all of these dug-outs Ahmet found a welcome.

It is true that with his miniature size, Ahmet could be of little assistance, but with his highly developed senses of sight and smell, he was invaluable at night, being able to detect the approach of an enemy long before any of the rest. Then from throwing stones he had acquired an excellent aim, and it was soon found that he could throw a bomb with the best.

Weeks passed during which there was little to vary the monotony, of attack and counter attack, patrols, snipers, mines, and counter-mines. Then one day the "Umpteenth's" were relieved by a British regiment and transferred to another sector at night. When dawn broke all were anxious to observe the position of the Turks. They found that the only landmark was a solitary tree which was in front of the enemy trenches.

This position was at once christened "Lone Pine."

More and more troops were poured into the trenches opposite the tree and the "Umpteenth's" soon guessed that an attack was toward, and as there was little activity on the part of the enemy, they anticipated a fairly easy victory.

Presently the word was given, and the first line of Aussies swept like a wave across the intervening space.

A quarter of the distance was covered, half, three-quarters, yet no sign from the enemy, the second line of troops went over the top and races after the first.

Suddenly there is a burst of firing from machine guns cleverly posted by the Turks, and the first line is now a line of dead and wounded men. The second line does not hesitate, but sweeps on only to be cut down as grass is cut by a reaper. By this time the third line is in its way only to meet the same withering fire and to add to the ever-increasing heaps of dead and dying.

Then, "Steady, Umpteenth's," calls the skipper. "Ready? Then come on," and over the top go the "Umpteenth's," following their skipper, and by no means the last to get over was Ahmet.

He never knew how he got over the ground, he only knew that he was one of a line of maddened men, who were rushing forward shouting strange oaths. The man of his left gave a queer little gasp and dropped in a heap. He saw the skipper twist sideways and fall, then raise himself on one elbow and call out: "Go on, Umpteenth's, give 'em hell," then give a sob and roll over and lie still. He saw another man with the blood streaming down his face, crawling forward to get at grips with the enemy whilst his left leg trailed helpless behind him.

They had now reached the spot where the first line had fallen and the "Umpteenth's" were very few in numbers, and the fire of the enemy showed no signs of slackening; still more men fell, yet the rest did not falter. Whether or not they were followed by the rest, of the force they had no means of knowing, they were now on the enemy's parapet all that was left of the "Umpteenth's," three men and Ahmet.

Ahmet saw a huge Turk make a dash at him with a bayonet and he jumped into the trench, throwing a bomb as he did so. He found himself seized by an Aussie and thrown bodily back out of the trench, and he had just time to see the Aussie go down fighting like a demon with some half-a-dozen Turks, before he felt a pain like a red-hot knife tearing its way through his breast.

On the day of the armistice, when the Aussies picked up their dead, they found the body of a little Arab boy in an Australian uniform and wearing the badge of the "Umpteenth's."

Among the many crosses that mark the site of the battle of Lone Pine is a plain shaft of stone with a rudely carved crescent and the inscription it bears is—

SERGT.-MAJOR MACKENZIE,

(Ahmet Ben Mahmoud).

B. Company,

Umpteenth Battalion,

A.I.F.

The End.

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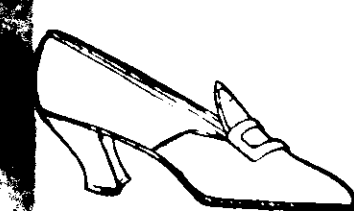
TRAMP! Tramp! Tramp! Hear them
careless boots.

Hear the Town Council Hoot.

What a scorch is that they have upon
their feet.

Why! Best kept secret! They have
J. A. Hawthorne's boots.

And that can't be said.



J. A. HAWTHORNE,

BOOT REPAIRER,
TAY STREET.



SPORTING.

Main. When the
pewee on the hill too it is not just

Night and day, a lot of South-
landers are busy. and a lot
more, but they are not just

Re. has got a lot to forget
if he can be right now to win a
race. A number of sports wanted to buy
him for a big price.

Was it a bad thing? Bay Murr car-
ried some of the money on Saturday
day, but Billy early was a trouble to
Nelson Daily.

Gladiolus and his friends. She doesn't
seem to strain the form and showed
when trained about the track at Night
days.

Now and Andy. made a race
at the President's Handicap. He never
put a foot wrong in the race and old Tom
K. has expressed this horse a great deal.

Synthetic can't beat. By gum, he can
beat you, and he won't be likely to put
your design on when he is under the
eye of a trained hand.

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and I am going to have a dollar or
so in Koro. at the end of the
day better with. and she can run some
more. Better be with me Diggers.

He lost a lot, and he didn't get
out of the round. The Ginter had to go on.
The day in and out, but on Sat-
urday he was in the round. and he
was in the round. and he was in the
round. and he was in the round.

Did President B. H. H. get frighten-
ed of the patrons' protest that he started
working for the Secretaryship, that he
wasn't a good one and made a South African
horse his candidate. I tell you when
W. F. H. cracks his whip the members of
the S. B. C. committee have to come to
him quickly. How long would a good
few of them retain their seats if they in-
jured his displeasure?

A good few years ago the Otatua Hack
Racing Club had one of its many enjoy-
able little meetings in a paddock nearby
and during the day a young sportsman
told the president the truth for which he
was to pay a fine. This young
chap didn't pay the fine, but went out and
lost for his country, and did his duty.
The club has never wiped
off the fine, but in the last week the
fine was paid to the club by this
young man. In the first place it was a
personal matter that should not be
mixed up with the club's affairs. The
club should not be a party to the
club's affairs. The club should not
be a party to the club's affairs.

So, to tell you that the returned soldiers'
club is not for the local secretary-
ship. When it became known that
he was the selected of the president's
party, he became a very hot favourite,
and eventually flew in the face of the
president, and anything he does not
know all about in the racing line will be
down him by the president, who for a
year or so was treasurer of the club before
he became president. What W. F. H.
doesn't know about running a racing
club is not worth bothering about, home
the success of the S. B. C. should
be the head spring.

MARKET NOTES.

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

PRODUCE:—Business has been very
lively. Potatoes are selling at £3 to £3
10s. Onions, 15s; Wheat, 35s to 37s per
cwt; Chaff, to £3 10s, for "prime." Ot-
ago straw, to £5 10s per ton. Meggit's
Lassard Meal, 25s per bag. Oatmeal, 15s
per bag. Bran, 10s 6d per bag. Wheat
Pollard, 12s 6d per 100lb bag. Barley
Pollard, 22s 6d per 100lb bag. Oats for
feed, 5s 6d per bushel.

FRUIT: Supplies for Pears and Ap-
ples have been very busy. Prices are as
follows: Pears, 2d to 2½d per lb; Quinces,
2d to 3d per lb; Apples (dessert), 2½d to
4d per lb, according to variety and grade.
Apples (cooking), 2d to 2½d for large and
prime quality. Tomatoes (dessert), Ot-
ago central, to 5½d per lb. (Canterbury sup-
plies are now practically finished, and the
quality of the few cases coming to hand
is poor and price ranges from 1½d to 2½d
per lb.

VEGETABLES: Cabbages, 5s to 4s
per dozen. Cauliflowers, 4s 6d to 5s 6d
per dozen. Marrows, 9s to 10s per cwt.
Pumpkins, 9s to 10s per cwt. Carrots
local, 4s per bag. Parsnips, 5s per bag.

GENERAL: Lepp Salt Lick, 2s 3d per
brick. Cow covers, lined 21s 6d, (unlined),
10s each. Horse covers, £2 8s to £2 12s
each. Men's Heavy Boots 35s a pair.
Honey, in 10lb tins, 10s. We have also
two Motor Cycles, and one Motor Cycle
Sole for Sale.

FURNITURE: Our furniture Depart-
ment in Spey Street, report brisk business
in Carpet Squares, Tapestry, Kapek, and
Oak Furniture made to order. We invite
inspection or enquiries.

LAND DEPARTMENT:—We have a
buyer requiring about 20 acres along with
a good house in the Winton, Riverton, or
Thornbury district. Send us particulars
of any property you may have For Sale
or Exchange.

Get More Fun out of Life

Let this booklet
tell you how

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

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

Indian Motorcycle

Get a copy free. Send the coupon.

DAVIES & PRENTICE

Dee street. Southland Distributors.



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

Name _____

Address _____

Do you own a motor cycle? _____

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

TO THE DIGGER IN SEARCH OF LAND.

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

230 ACRES: eight miles from Mataura: school; four roomed house,
stable, chaffhouse, etc. Good dip and sheep yards.
Thirty acres in Turnips, Balance Grass. Carrying capacity 400 sheep,
10 cattle.

Description of Land: Flat and undulating. Leasehold. Rent 5/- per
acre. Price of goodwill £5 per acre.

270 ACRES: Seven miles from Winton, at £11 per acre (freehold). Five-
roomed house, stable, barn, etc.
Good flat and low ridges. Forty acres turnips, 20 stubble.
Within one mile from rail and school.

We think this would suit two returned soldiers.

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

CARSWELL & CO., LTD.,

LAND AGENTS, WOOD ST., INVERCARGILL.

Lewis's

ESTD 1862 LIMITED

SOUTHLAND'S SHOPPING CENTRE.

DEE & ESK STREETS,

INVERCARGILL.

BRANCHES

GORE and WYNDHAM

Tea Rooms — Top Floor by Elevator.

Quality - Value - Variety - Service.

Finest in the World.

WATSON'S No. 10 WHISKY.

When You
have anything
to sell - anything from a
section to a sewing
machine send it to **OUR**
MART.

WE HAVE BUYERS FOR
100 Tons Prime Chaff, Ladies'
and Gents' Bicycles, First-class
Furniture.

Also—

DAIRY FARMS of 60 to 130
acres. Consult us any time.

McKAY BROS.

AUCTIONEERS AND LAND
AGENTS.
EXCHANGE MART.
INVERCARGILL.

Box—17. Phone—15.



OUR STUDY—THE EYE!

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

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

J.D. Gilmore

CONSULTING & MANUFACTURING
OPTICIAN,
DEE ST. (Opp. P.O.), INVERCARGILL.

SPEND

THAT £50 TO THE BEST ADVANTAGE

BY spending a pound here and a pound
there you cannot buy to the best ad-
vantage.

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

VERNON SMITH & CO.

ATHENAEUM BUILDINGS,
INVERCARGILL.

Our stocks include Household Iron-
mongery, Glassware, Cutlery, Tools for all
trades—in fact everything in the house-
hold line.

DO YOU KNOW

—Of the—
BIG BOOK SALE
Taking place at the

Bible Depot,

ATHENAEUM BUILDINGS.

A large assortment of 5/- Fiction,
including David Tyall, Marie
Corelli, and Rex Beach, offered at
2/6.

Numbers of 2/- Reprints at 1/-
MANY THEOLOGICAL AND
WAR BOOKS AT HALF-PRICE.

FOR THREE WEEKS ONLY.

Call and inspect our stock. You
needn't buy.

ATHENAEUM BUILDINGS,
INVERCARGILL.

PROFESSIONAL.

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

MACALISTER BROS.,
Barristers and Solicitors,
INVERCARGILL.

Money to Lend on approved security at
current rates.

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

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

MR CHARLES DUERDEN, Pianist, is
open for engagement at private
parties, dances, socials, etc. Address—
25 Princess street, Georgetown, Invercar-
gill.

STOUT & LILLICRAP,
SOLICITORS,
Esk street.

MONEY TO LEND

On Freehold Security at Current Rates
of Interest.

**SOUTHLAND SCHOOL OF HIGH-
LAND AND CLASSIC DANCING.**
Rooms over Wesley Brothers, Dee street.

ALEX. SUTHERLAND, Principal.
Miss Melba Lipscombe, Assistant.
Box—41. Telephone—1410.

"The Digger."

FRIDAY, MAY 14, 1920.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS.

The activities of the Prince are being
watched with keen interest throughout
the Dominion and on Thursday next
Southland will greet him with that same
welcome which has characterised his tour
in other parts. There are two outstand-
ing features of the Prince's reception in
the Dominion. One is the great number
of veterans of three wars who have par-
aded before him, and the other, "the fine
appearance and bearing of your cadets and
school children, as sturdy a breed of
young Britons as one would wish to see."
Our future king has given no better proofs
of insight and good judgment than in
singling out these features of a welcome
which at all points is heart stirring. To
the onlooker it is apparent that the Prince
is rarely fortunate in having gained such
a place as he has in the hearts both of
those who have rendered supreme service
to the Empire, and those upon whom its
future depends. The sympathetic un-
derstanding he has so readily established
with the children who eagerly throng to
do him homage, is of fine promise for the
years in which these same children will
be the men and women carrying on the
life and work of the Empire and the
Prince will assume the responsibilities of
Imperial rule. But it is not less true
that in facing the spacious responsibilities
imposed upon him by birth and destiny,
the Prince derives inestimable advantage
from his comradeship with men from all
parts of the Empire who served with him
in the late war. The relationship which
is pointedly expressed in the affectionate
appellation of "the Digger Prince" has
united the Prince of Wales in a firm bond
of comradeship and sympathy not only
with the soldiers of the Empire, but with
all, men and women alike, who loyally
served and suffered in the greatest and
most searching ordeal to which the British
nation has ever been subjected. While in
his own youthful promise the Prince is
admirably in tune and sympathy with
the splendid youth of the Empire, he is
able at the same time to speak on a
footing of comradeship to all surviving
members of the gallant host whose
achievements and sacrifices enabled the
nation to weather the storms of war. Not
often in history has a youthful prince
been thus doubly recommended to the
affection and respect of the people over
whom in fullness of time he will be called
upon to rule, and in his reception here,
and in other dominions—very conspicu-
ously in his reception by returned soldiers
and by the devoted nurses, to whom sol-
diers, and the nation owe so much—ample
assurance is given of a full-hearted and
loyal response to his expressed hope that
the comradeship born in war be continued
in peace.

THE DIGGER'S LETTER BOX.

The Commissioner of Crown Lands,
Invercargill.

Dear Sir.—Now that the Department
have closed down on advances under the
Discharged Soldiers' Settlement Act, is it
not fair that you should acquaint the
people exactly what applications will be
dealt with by your department. Instead
of that applications are still coming into
your office and are being returned, which
is not only a waste of time but an exten-
sion of that glorious indefiniteness which
characterises the Land Board. If funds
are low we will gladly put a paragraph in
"The Digger" free of charge, and thus
save returned men the trouble of sending
in an application.—Edt.

E.H.D., Waimatua.—Clippings from
Home papers are suitable and appreciated.

Glasgow, Invercargill, writes asking
if the sound which comes from the bag-
pipes is music or a noise. While New
Zealand troops were on their way to the
front some of them were fortunate enough
to call at American ports. One of the
contingents had pipes and marched
through the city playing them. The press
gave prominent headings to the event and
this vexed question was raised. One
paper was bold enough to say: "It is cer-
tain that its quality, its thrilling incessant
skirling, is one that sets the heart to beat-
ing and the mind to working over in
high colours inherited memories that hold
an eternal lure." As far as the question
itself is concerned we should say much
depends upon whether you are a Scotch-
man or a Sein Feiner. However these col-
umns are open for both sides of the ques-
tion to be discussed.—Edt.

OTAUTAU.

The Otago Football Club in their
opening match with the Wright's Bush
Club, after a hard game won by six points
to nil, but the respective teams were ever
so much more developed last Saturday,
when the return match was played at
Wright's Bush, and glimpses of good
football were obtained when the game was
opened out.

Galt, Gilchrist, and Brown, kept the
Wright's Bush backs together, while Cam-
eron, Digger Atkins, Hogg, Ryan, and
Buchanan, showed to advantage in the
forwards. Otago was hard pressed in
the opening stages but their remarkable
staying power began to tell, and in the
second spell they had their opponents
breathing rather heavily.

A fine bit of play resulted in J. C.
Lindsay being put out of touch at the
corner flag, from R. McLeod (half),
through A. McLeod (who used the blind
side) to C. Lindsay, to the wing (J. Lind-
say), who was put out of touch. From the
line-out, R. Sims scored, but the try was
unconverted; the next try was scored
through faulty play by Wright's Bush
wing, and after good following up by
Otago forwards J. McCrostie scored near
the posts, the attempt at goal failed.

J. Cochrane at five-eighths played a
splendid game, his kicking being of a
high standard, while F. Finlayson as full-
back was cool and steady. Steele on the
wing has plenty of pace which he uses
when the opportunity arrives.

The forwards, though lacking in com-
bination are the making of a fine pack,
and are veritable tigers for work, A. S.
McCrostie, R. Sim, front row, with C.
Donald lock, are very solid players and
with J. McCrostie, T. Counsell, T. Grieve,
D. McFarlane and Angus McKenzie, in the
van, go to the making of a perfect team
with plenty of practice. The game ended
in Otago's favour by six points to nil.
Mr Eric Galt made a most impartial
referee—not too much whistle goes to im-
proving the wind of the teams after a few
matches.

Saturday next Waianawa journey to
Otago to try conclusions when a good
game should result.

ST. ANDREW'S SCOTTISH SOCIETY.

A meeting of the Society was held re-
cently. Present: Mr Matheson (chair-
man), Messdames Matheson and Ireland,
and Messrs Campbell, McKenzie, McFad-
en, Malcolm, Stewart, Anderson, Math-
eson, Burnett and Holmes. A programme
committee was appointed and other work
allocated for future functions. The com-
mittee will meet again on 22nd May.

WAR MEMORIAL.

The committee appointed to deal with
the erection of a monument to com-
memorate the deeds of those who have
made the supreme sacrifice are now ac-
cepting donations towards this worthy
cause. The Otago Progressive League
have donated a section, and it is expected
that there will be a ready response to the
committee's appeal for funds.

TUATAPERE.

The Waiau Rovers met the Orepuki
team on the Papatotara ground, and suf-
fered defeat by 5 points to 3. The
banners competition for the Western Dis-
trict is now reaching a rather interesting
stage, and Waiau's defeat on Saturday
has upset some of the knowing one's
calculations.

The local branch of the R.S.A. journey-
ed to Orawia last Wednesday evening to
hold their usual monthly meeting. It
was a happy idea to change the meeting
place for once to Orawia, for a very pleas-
ant and profitable time was spent, a num-
ber of matters of particular interest to
our soldier settlers being brought before
the meeting and discussed. It was decid-
ed to send several remits on to Inver-
cargill. After the ordinary business had
been transacted a social evening was held,
and a short programme was gone through,
items being given by Messrs A. Findlay,
McIntosh, McFeely, Lascelles, G. Griffin,
Watson, R. Chamberlain, and McDonald.
After supper Mr Andrew Findlay moved
a hearty vote of thanks to the Tuatapere
men for their visit to Orawia, and said
it was meetings such as these that would
keep the men together and strengthen the
parent association.

Mr D. Colquhoun, district organiser for
the R.S.A. addressed a meeting at Tuata-
pere on Tuesday evening. Mr W. Cun-
ningham presided over a fair attendance.
The Organiser dwelt specially on mat-
ters relating to land and pensions, and his
remarks were listened to with close atten-
tion. He also briefly outlined matters of
interest to returned men that the R.S.A.
were bringing forward. At the close of
his address Mr Colquhoun was accorded a
hearty vote of thanks, the mover, Mr
Cunningham, speaking of the great need
of the R.S.A. and the excellent work it
had already accomplished. Mr C. Gard-
ner of Clifden, also addressed the meet-
ing. He stated that he had been request-
ed to contest the vacancy on the Land
Board. He outlined his views in regard
to soldier settlement, his ideas meeting
with the warm approval of those present.
Mr McFeely in moving a vote of thanks
to Mr Gardner for placing his views be-
fore them, said that they must remain
loyal to their executive in Invercargill and
support the R.S.A. candidate. Neverthe-
less the R.S.A. representative should be a
nominee of the Government, and not have
to fight an election as a representative
for the Crown tenants.

SOCIAL NOTES.

Miss Hazlett gave a most enjoyable
picture-party on Tuesday evening.

Canon and Mrs MacFarland (Auckland),
are the guests of Mr Cruickshanks, Gala
street.

Mrs Morrah gave a nice little dance on
Friday evening at her home in Gladstone.
Some of the guests present were: Mr and
Mrs Haggitt, Mr and Mrs Caws, Mr and
Mrs A. Moffett, Mr and Mrs Cuthbertson,
Misses Bews, Prain, Hunt, Hazlett, Hag-
gitt, Snow, Messrs Callender, Rae, Gil-
mour, Hewitt, Irving, Keddell, Lopdell,
and Ives.

A very pleasant afternoon was spent at
the Soldiers' Home on Tuesday, the occa-
sion being to say good-bye to Matron
Looney and the V.A.D.'s. Some of
those present were: Mr and Mrs J. L.
Watson, Mr and Mrs Hodgkins, Mrs
Haggitt, Messdames T. S. Millar, Rennie
and Hurst, Misses Bews, Tucker, Muir,
Corbett, Smith, The Hon. A. F. Hawke,
Messrs R. A. Anderson and Cuthbertson.

One of the most successful social func-
tions this season was a supper-party and
dance, given by Mr and Mrs Lance Ray-
mond, in the Friendly Societies' Hall, on
Friday evening. Some of the guests were:
Mr and Mrs Morton, Mr and Mrs Bas-
sian, Mr and Miss Tucker, Mrs Cameron,
Mr and Mrs Wilson Hodges, Miss Grieve,
Mrs T. Watson, Mrs H. Fleming (Gore),
Mr and Mrs Mervin Mitchell, Mr and
Mrs Dickens, Mrs Farnell, Mr Darcy Ray-
mond (Wyndham), Mr and Mrs Hammond
(Gore), Mr and Mrs Gabites, Mr Pal-
mer, Mr and Mrs Lewis, Mrs Hamilton,
Mr Douglas, and others.

The wedding of Miss Hunt to Lieut.
Robert MacFarland, took place on Wed-
nesday. Among the wedding guests I
noticed: Mrs Bush, Mr and Mrs J. L.
Watson, Mrs and Miss Tucker, Mrs Mor-
ton, Mrs Gabites, Miss Lena McCaw, Mrs
and Miss Hazlett, Mrs and Miss Prain,
Mr and Mrs Cruickshanks, Canon and Mrs
MacFarland, Bishop Richards, The Hon.
A. F. and Mrs Hawke, Mr and Mrs Abbey
Jones, Mr and Mrs O'Beirne, Mr and Mrs
Haggitt, Mr and Mrs Hall-Jones, Mr and
Mrs R. J. Gilmore, Dr. and Mrs Craw-
ford, Mr and Mrs Macdonald, Mr and Mrs
Allan, Mr and Mrs Tapley, Mrs Ewart,
Miss Adamson (Castle Rock), and many
others.

LATE SPORTING.

(Special Reporter.)

Old Rorke's Drift was never sighted
the Timaru Cup.

Sunlit is all right at Queenstown and
Tapauui, but the stuff she met at Timaru
on Wednesday was too fast.

Red Pal ran fifth in the Roswell Handi-
cap and would have run better had the
distance been longer.

Had Burrangong won the Timaru Cup,
he would have returned his owner a
dividend of over £100, that is, of course,
if he backed him.

Tin Soldier was finishing on fast in
the Timaru Cup, and had the race been
a mile and a quarter, he might have been
in the picture.

Old Palladio with a gentleman jock just
got off the course on Wednesday in time
for the horses in the next race to do their
preliminary.

If Silverspire was a trier at Timaru,
McChesney must have ridden one of those
bad races that jockeys occasionally do.
He was a furlong away in the first mile,
but probably the Stipe was having lunch
at the time.

The only Southlander in the Maiden
Plate was Bengeroop and he went out a
good second favourite to the Blighty-land
Pit Prop, who won easily. Bengeroop
was one of those who got interfered with
at the start and finished absolutely last,
but the judge placed him third.

Silent King, who was owned by Bill
Stone at one time, was made favourite
for the Gladstone Hack and won nicely
from Nautical. Lady Pallas ran well
into fifth place, but neither Blue Ad-
miral nor Martifors were dangerous at
the finish.

Silver Peak had the silver on her in
the Smithfield Handicap, and she never
left the issue in doubt for Bill Stone.
She won comfortably in 61 3-5sec, a really
good gallop. Killowen was only a fair
fourth, and had jockey Olsen on board.

Prinum was masterly handled by
George Young in the Doncaster welter
Wednesday. He had nothing to do in the
race as nothing could extend him, but at
the barrier, where he was inclined to be
troublesome, George showed he is a
tradesman. Jock and Andy McKay were
helping to stir things up at the barrier,
but was never sighted in the race.

The San Sebastian that beat Zarkona
and Silverspire at Invercargill was not
the same horse that raced at Timaru. At
the latter place he jumped badly and was
very distressed at the end of 2½ miles. It
looks as if Joe. Henrys has again judged
the capabilities of the jumpers well, and
Manawapango will win again at Riccarton
for the Prince. He is an ugly brute
to show H.R.H. as a champion steeple-
chaser.

Seven of the thirteen starters in the
Timaru Cup were Southland trained, and
Eleus and Almoner carried nearly half
the money on the chaffcutter, the former
being a fifty-fifty chance. He drew No.
13 at the barrier and was outside his field
all the way. At the turn he looked like
coming on, but the effort and the pace
set by Torfida in the early stages was
too much for Bill Stone's champion, and
"Pud" Hogan led in Almoner, who was
ridden by Roy Reed. He was always in
riding second and had no difficulty in aban-
doning off Linden in the run home. Killowen
was going well over the latter stages and
finished a good third.

Killing two birds with one stone, the
having two helps with one purchase. The
is quite possible this week at the Pro-
gressive Stores. 2/- in every £ of cash
purchases made from Monday, 10th, to
Saturday, 15th, inclusive, will be handed
to the Sixpenny Clothing Club, and the
finest values in the South Island will be
obtained by you. A visit to our clothing
department will convince you of the
values. A special bargain in men's over-
coats. Tweed coats, single or double-
breasted, from 95/- to 150/-; rain coats
5/- to 140/-; hydroblites, with warm
lining, 178/- to 200/-; boys' and youths'
coats from 30/- to 75/-; men's lounge
hats, brimful of style. Follow the fashion
wear our new winter shapes. Special
prices 15/6 to 27/6; tweed hats, 7/11 to
15/6. A huge showing of men's shirts at
serviceable materials in our famous make.
Special prices 9/6 to 27/6; pyjamas, 10/6
to 27/6; flannel unders, 9/6 to 12/9; wool
pants and singlets, 8/11 to 17/6; socks,
2/6 to 4/6. You are invited to call
and inspect these goods. We are con-
fident they will please. See window
all departments at H. and J. Smith
Ltd., Progressive Stores, Invercargill and
Gore.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

A fire broke out in the Southern Cross Hotel at 11.15.

The Hon. J. A. Hanan has been a member of Parliament for nineteen years.

The number of immigrants for this month will be about 1000.

The Maitland Railway Station has been destroyed by fire.

Influenza is on the increase in Southland, but cases are mild and there is no cause for alarm.

Crown settlers don't forget Hargest is standing for the vacancy on the Land Board.

The shortage of timber is interfering with the erection and maintenance of schools in the Auckland District.

The Roumanian Premier has gone to Warsaw to negotiate a Polish-Roumanian Alliance against Russia.

Dr D. A. Davies, Medical Inspector State Schools, states that it is intended to establish "toothbrush drill" in every State School throughout the Dominion.

The Minister for Education states that it has been decided to pay a bonus to teachers in the same way as other branches of the Public Service.

The Anglo-Persian Oil Company are establishing oil refineries in Australia. The Commonwealth Government are large shareholders in the Company.

Building operations to erect a new school at Gore, in place of the one recently destroyed by fire, will be taken in hand immediately.

Australian, New Zealand and Canadian advice will be sought before Britain renews the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. Renewal is considered certain.

Southland's M.S.P. are going to try and get the Department to run faster passenger trains to Lumsden, Tuatapere and Tokanui. They have all reached their destination, why worry.

The Commonwealth Government is considering Marconi's wireless scheme for linking up Australia with the rest of the Empire.

The Broken Hill miners who have been on strike for nearly twelve months, are now requesting the Government to nationalise the mines.

Even the "Southland Daily News" has its unconscious humour. In a recent paragraph dealing with Cabinet Reconstruction the following extract appears: "Although repatriation and the oversight of Samoa are important new spheres of Ministerial responsibility." We have thought for some time that the practical outcome of Ministerial responsibility would mean the oversight of Samoa, now we are sure of it.

The Women's Club in Auckland, decided not to buy the following articles for a period of six months. Crepe-de-chine and georgette underclothing, irrespective of price; gloves, irrespective of price; stockings costing more than 8s 6d per pair; costumes costing more than £10 10s; hats, £2 10s; blouses, £2; and boots and shoes £2 5s.

A deputation consisting of the Mayor, Mr Crosby Smith, and Mr Carswell, waited upon Southland's M.S.P. and requested departmental assistance for £5000 towards the erection of a museum in Invercargill. Members agreed to help.

The Belgian Minister of State states that the labour situation in Belgium is satisfactory, the production of coal this year equalling that of 1913, while industrial production generally was ranging from 35 to 60 per cent. of the 1913 figures.

President Wilson says: "I think it imperative that the Democratic Party should immediately proclaim itself the uncompromising champion of the Nation's honour and thereby endorse and support the Versailles Treaty, and condemn the Lodge reservations."

The Wellington watersiders held a stop work meeting and carried a resolution: "That they viewed with alarm the attitude of the E.F.C. Association in refusing to co-operate with other transport workers, with a view to effecting a set-

tlement. Approval was expressed of the attitude of the A.S.R.S.

At the conclusion of a supper held in Wanganui in connection with the visit of the Prince of Wales, there was a great rush for souvenirs of the visit. One woman muzzled a three decker cake and when reproached, stated that she was a ratepayer. It is hoped no ratepayer of Invercargill will consider this as grounds for pinching the archway in the Crescent. If you do, watch the crows nest.

The people of Eketahuna are greatly indignant over the Royal train stopping to water the engine before coming to the station, as facilities existed on the other side. This would have brought the Royal carriage up to the platform. All the people saw of the Prince was when the train was passing through. An indignation meeting was held and effigies of the authorities were burned in the street.

"The housing of soldiers taking up land, was a most serious question. Some people thought that soldiers should start as the pioneers had done—by living in mud huts or something like that—but the soldier had roughed it quite enough while in the trenches. A married man with a family, had to have proper accommodation. The only remedy seemed to be in the standardisation of houses."—Mr Morrison of Masterton speaking on the R.S.A. Land Committee's report.

VOTE FOR HARGEST, THE R.S.A.

CANDIDATE FOR THE LAND BOARD.

Shelving seems to be a universal failing in politics. The claims of returned soldiers would be shelved unless influence is brought to bear.—Mr D. McGregor, of Masterton, dealing with the R.S.A. report of the Land Committee.

VOTE FOR HARGEST, THE MAN OF ACTION.

The vacant seat on the Land Board can be filled by Hargest, in the interests of the Crown settlers. Give him your vote.

SOUTH OTAGO NOTES

FOOTBALL.

On Saturday, Milton defeated Clutha at Milton, by 11 points to 3, after a good game. The match Owaka v. Clinton was postponed owing to the prevalence of influenza amongst the players.

HOCKEY.

At a meeting held in the R.S.A. rooms on Tuesday evening it was decided on the motion of Mr J. McKay, seconded by Mr Jordon, that a Men's Hockey Club be formed in Balclutha, and that it be known as the Balclutha Men's Hockey Club.

The following office-bearers were elected:—President, Mr J. H. Guest; vice-presidents—Messrs R. Jordan, E. Drummond, E. Russell, H. Simpson, A. Bishop, and Davis; secretary and treasurer, Mr J. R. Weir; club captain, Mr E. Drummond.

It was decided that the Club's colours be black and white.

The opening day was fixed for Saturday, 15th May.

ODDFELLOWSHIP.

The largest gathering of Oddfellows in the history of the Loyal Dalton Lodge took place on Saturday night, when the Roll of Honour and Memorial Tablet were unveiled. Altogether about 200 Oddfellows were present and the gathering was a memorable one. Every member of the executive was in attendance, and about forty visitors from Dunedin lodges were present, in addition to larger contingents from sister lodges in the district. The unveiling was performed by P.G.M. Bro. C. N. Russell and D.P.G.M. Bro. Thomas Middlemass. At the conclusion of the ceremony the visitors were entertained at a grand social by the local brethren and fully enjoyed themselves. Several good speeches were delivered and an excellent musical programme was submitted. The Dalton brethren are to be congratulated on the success of the function which passed off without a hitch of any kind. The Dunedin visitors journeyed homewards on Sunday afternoon and expressed pleasure at the reception accorded them.

Our live agents are still at work and sales of "The Digger," have been increased by Mr Edge, news agent, Bluff; R. A. Elliott and Co., Merchants, Tokonui; and Mr McElean, news agent, Maitland. Business men that are live and real are usually good people to do business with. Think it over.



VISIT OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

ALL RETURNED SOLDIERS, including South Africans, are requested to parade in uniform (if possible), at the Drill Hall, Invercargill, on

THURSDAY, MAY 20, 1920,
At 2 p.m.

Decorations and Ribbons to be worn by men in uniform and mufti.

Lieut.-Col. James Hargest, D.S.O., M.C., will act as O.C. Parade.

L. S. GRAHAM,
Secretary.

ALL RETURNED SOLDIERS are notified that FREE RAILWAY WAR-RANTS, enabling them to attend the above parade, can be obtained on application to the nearest Defence Office. Application should also be made for War Ribbons.

Arrangements have been made for seating accommodation for those soldiers, who, owing to injury, are unable to parade. Tickets will be issued on application to the Secretary, R.S.A., Invercargill.

L. S. GRAHAM,
Secretary.

RECEPTION TO H.R.H. PRINCE OF WALES.

THURSDAY, MAY 20, 1920.

THE Undersigned will be pleased to supply Returned Soldiers from the country taking part in the above reception with Luncheon Tickets.

Please apply at Office of Returned Soldiers' Association, Clyde street.

(Sgd.) L. S. GRAHAM,
Secretary.

VISIT OF H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

THURSDAY, MAY 20, 1920.

PUBLIC HOLIDAY DECLARED BY HIS WORSHIP THE MAYOR.

ARRIVAL—2.55 p.m. H.R.H. will arrive at the Railway Station at 2.55 p.m., and will receive a Royal Salute from the 8th Southland Regiment.

ROYAL ROUTE—Via the Crescent, Dee Street, and Victoria Avenue to Showgrounds.

CIVIC RECEPTION—By his Worship the Mayor. Addresses will be presented.

INSPECTION OF Returned Sailors, Soldiers, Nurses and Veterans, Territorials and Cadets.

PRESENTATION of Service Decorations.

GRAND RALLY OF SCHOOL CHILDREN.—5000 expected.

GARRISON HALL, 8 p.m.—A Grand Public Reception will be tendered to His Royal Highness and Party. Programme of music by Invercargill Orphans' Club Orchestra, Invercargill Male Choir and Hibernian Band.

Souvenir Programme as a memento of the occasion, and containing full particulars, will be on sale on and after Saturday.

JOHN STEAD,
Mayor.

EXTRA SPECIAL DISPLAY

—For—

THE PRINCE OF WALES' VISIT.

900 CREPE-DE-CHINE—

—BLOUSES—

Of the very latest creation. It will cost you nothing to inspect them.

—ALSO—

The Latest in FOOTWEAR for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Prices to Suit All.

JUST LANDED—

MORETTE UNDERSKIRTS,

WATER WAVE at 15/-

SOMETHING NEW FOR MEN!

The Latest Patent RAINCOAT. A solid wearer. All sizes.

1/- IN THE £ DISCOUNT FOR CASH.

ABRAHAM WACHNER'S

SAMPLE ROOMS,
DEE STREET.

'Phone—1335.

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.

? "HOW do you find bargains of this sort?" is a question we are often asked. It is because the public know we are a live firm and leave their selling business in our hands. A sound six-roomed house, five minutes from Post Office at £525 takes some finding, but we now have one at this ridiculous price. If you want a good home cheap hurry along to Traill and Co., Esk street, about this.

EASY TO ACQUIRE—We are not all able to buy large farms, but to the man who wishes to work in town and yet have a small holding we offer five acres of the best land with good dwelling and outbuildings for the low price of £575, close to town, on Bluff line, which enables you to pursue your ordinary calling, yet have all the advantages of a country home. Traill and Co., Ltd., Esk street.

HAET! Diggers, you have had enough of marching at the front but you need not now march round looking for a home for we have the best bargain in town to offer you. This is a four-roomed semi bungalow, every modern convenience, motor shed, concrete paths. A perfect home. Price only £675. Just march along to our office and we will run you out to see this. Traill and Co., Ltd., Esk street.

"Say, Dig."

NOW you're diggin' in for keeps, how about a few trees round about the homestead to keep off the chilly winter blast.

I HAVE ALL YOU REQUIRE IN THAT LINE.

PINUS and MACROCARPA FOR SHELTER.

APPLES, PEARS, and PLUMS FOR THE PIE.

GOOSEBERRIES and CURRANTS FOR JAM.

OLEARIA and ESCALLONIA FOR ORNAMENTAL HEDGES.

ORNAMENTAL and SPECIMEN TREES AND SHRUBS FOR THE LAWN.

ROSES IN GREAT SELECTION THAT GROW AND BLOOM WELL.

All my Trees are strong, hardy and well grown.

SEND YOUR ORDER ALONG RIGHT NOW.

Get in early and obtain the best from

H. Edginton,

NURSERYMAN, INVERCARGILL.

FOR SALE

White Leghorn Cockerels

Bred from our well-known Competition Birds.
£1 each.

Rhode Island Red Cockerels

Bred from our Imported Birds. Winners of two Championships, Specials, and many First Prize Awards.
£1 each.
A few Special Birds £2 2s each.

Indian Runner Drakes

£1 each.
Watch our Competition Pen.

ALL STOCK REARED ON FREE RANGE.

JNO. STEVENS & HUNTER,
243 YARROW STREET,
INVERCARGILL.

MUTTON BIRDS! MUTTON BIRDS!

FIRST OF THE SEASON.

Only obtainable at—

—PASCO BROS.—

DEE STREET.

FRESH CONSIGNMENTS JUST ARRIVED.

REMEMBER—

PASCO BROS.

—For—

MUTTON BIRDS.

GOOD COMMISSION.

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

"DIGGER."

Apply—
DIGGER OFFICE,
Early Next Week.

Soldiers And The Land.

"NOT ENOUGH SETTLEMENT" SAYS R.S.A.

THE LARGE ESTATES.

A report regarding the settlement of returned soldiers on the land was presented to the executive of the New Zealand Returned Soldiers' Association by the Lands Committee yesterday morning.

"FAR FROM SATISFIED."

Lieut.-Colonel G. Mitchell, D.S.O., M.P., chairman of the committee, presented the report, excerpts from which are given below:—

"Your committee has dealt with a great deal of important matter connected with land settlement. But all points are subservient to the one big issue, that of getting soldiers settled on the large estates, in a reasonable time, and at a price which will assure them a comfortable living and protect the country from the danger of settlers becoming a financial burden when the prices of produce are more stabilised. In spite of all the efforts of the Minister and the expenditure of very large sums of money, your committee is far from satisfied at the number of soldiers settled and the general progress made. Up to the present some 6000 men have been settled.

"We estimate that at least one-fifth of the number have bought out single farms, and so provided 1000 small farmers with the means and opportunity of joining the land gamble. The information received from all our centres confirms our estimate that at least 5000 soldier land-seekers are yet unsatisfied, and are likely to remain so for a long time, unless there is a drastic change in the method of acquiring large estates. In the Wairarapa alone we have the names of 250 men now wanting land, and another 100 could be added to that number, yet only about 140 men have been settled in this district up to date.

EFFECT OF INFLATED PRICES.

"Your committee is gravely concerned at the war inflated prices asked for their land by some of the large land-owners, for the purpose of soldier settlement; they are loading the State and soldier with debt, that they may have the inflated value which the State and the soldier created.

"Specific cases have been brought before your committee where the soldier's valuation for rating and taxation purposes is much higher than adjoining land; in some cases unimproved valuation increased 100 per cent. since 1916 and adjoining land of superior quality 96 per cent. We are making further investigations in this matter, and will place our recommendations before your sub-committee.

"The present demand for private farms by soldiers is due, we believe, to the fact that not sufficient large estates are thrown open. We deprecate the soldier replacing the small farmer. It aggravates the shortage, and encourages speculation, and inflation in value of small farms without in any way increasing land settlement or production. Your committee is convinced that the immediate compulsory acquisition and settlement of large estates under the 1908 Act is an urgent necessity, if we are to successfully settle our soldiers on the land under conditions which will assure them success, and free the State of grave financial loss should the price of produce fall.

DETAILED RECOMMENDATIONS.

"We, therefore, submit the following proposals as the considered judgment of your committee:

(1).—That all large estates in the Dominion be tabulated according to their size and suitability for settlement.

(2).—That such estates as are necessary for the settlement of soldiers be compulsorily acquired under the provisions of the Act of 1908.

(3).—That the estates of £100,000 and over in value be reduced to £75,000; after those in this category are exhausted, those of £75,000 to be reduced to £50,000, and, if required, from £50,000 to £35,000; such a system to be continued until all soldiers are settled.

(4).—To expedite the settlement of these estates after acquisition, we suggest that the peg system of survey, as suggested by Mr Jardine, be adopted.

"The above is Mr A. P. Whatman's scheme, and has been adopted at the Wellington Farmers' Provincial Conference at Wellington, and later unanimously by the Dominion Farmers' Conference, held on July 24-29, 1917, forty delegates being present, farmers them-

selves, and representatives of the farming community of the whole of New Zealand. It will minimise competition in the purchase of land, stimulate (instead of reducing) production, and will provide sufficient land for settlement of all soldiers.

"The committee recommends further that:—

(5).—The principle of communal settlements (fruit farms and similar branches of activity) for T.B. and P.D. soldiers be approved, and the Government be urged to extend the system at once.

(6).—That Colonel Mitchell's scheme for the settlement by fit men of bush and Native lands be approved, and the Government be urged to put it into operation at once on the Urewera lands or other suitable country.

HIGHER ADVANCES WANTED.

"(7).—It is proposed that the amount of advances for the purchase of stock and implements be increased to £1250.

(8).—That the loan to settlers for building a home (now £250) be increased as under: Single man £250, man and wife £400, for each child £50 extra.

(9).—To protest against the power of discrimination vested in the Land Boards, and to affirm that all soldiers be given equal opportunities to acquire sections of land, providing they have the ability and experience to work it.

(10).—That the attention of the Government be drawn to the great demand by returned soldiers for grazing leases and pastoral runs, and urged that this class of land be thrown open for such, and that where the leases of grazing and pastoral runs expire, no renewals be granted provided returned soldiers are prepared to take them up, and that all such leases falling in be advertised at least three months before becoming available.

(11).—That the Government be urged to transfer the administration of advances to returned soldiers for purchasing and building houses from the Land Boards to the Repatriation Boards.

(12).—That no section be loaded with cost of roading, draining, etc., and interest be charged to settler until the money has actually been spent.

(13).—Areas of any section covered with fern, scrub, manuka, shall be free from all part of rent, based on its carrying capacity, until such areas are made productive, but such remission shall not exceed three years.

(14).—That in all cases where a soldier is placed on land after its productive period of the year, the half year's rent be remitted.

(15).—That the Government be urged to make provision for a representative nominated by the executive of the N.Z.R.S.A. to sit upon the Land Boards throughout the Dominion.

(16).—That the valuation fee under the D.S.S. Act be reduced.

(17).—That the Minister of Lands be urged to give more prompt effect to the six weeks' option obtained to purchase of lands and houses in view of the numerous complaints received of options running out before the purchase is completed.

ENFORCEMENT OF 1908 ACT DESIRED.

Colonel Mitchell, in explaining the committee's proposals, said there was a feeling of real bitterness among many returned soldiers at the manner in which they were being treated by the Government on this question.

Mr W. Pollock (Auckland) moved: "That the committee's report be adopted, and that the chairman of the Lands Committee, Colonel Mitchell, be asked to introduce a Bill in the House, covering the whole of this report."

Mr W. E. Leadley (Christchurch) seconded.

Colonel Mitchell urged that the Government should be forced to put the 1908 Act into operation for the acquisition of big estates. If they could only get the Government to do that there would be no need for local Land Purchase Boards at all.

The report was adopted, and, on the suggestion of Colonel Mitchell, Mr Pollock altered the rest of his motion to read: "That Colonel Mitchell be asked to move a motion in the House asking that the Government at once acquire all large estates for soldier settlement under the 1908 Act." This was carried unanimously.

FURNITURE.

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

W. STRANG & CO.,

THE LOCAL FURNITURE FIRM,

ESK & KELVIN STREETS, INVERCARGILL.

Passing Notes.

BY JACQUES.

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

In responding to the toast of "Mr and Mrs Bicknell" at a recent valedictory gathering, Mr Bicknell said that "he had been associated with what he considered the cream of the people during the last few years—those who, although they remained at home, were prepared to do their mite."—"Southland Times," May 5.

If it is true that we're the cream
Who stayed at home and gave our mite;
Why, then the skim milk, it would seem,
Are those who went away to fight.

The House of Commons read for a second time a private Bill providing for registration of the alleged father of an illegitimate child. The father would be required to confirm or disprove paternity. —Cabled item, "Southland Times," May 10.

"That child is wise indeed that knows its father!"

We've quoted oft, and cynically smiled;
But nowadays the reading should be,
rather:

"That man's a Solomon who knows his child."

The advantage, from the point of view of the thrifter ratepayer, of having no Labour representation on the City Council was strikingly exemplified at the last meeting of that erratic body. There was a vacancy in the Electrical Department, the value of which was assessed at £156 per annum. Presumably the services required were worth that amount, otherwise the Council had no right to pay that price for them. Probably they were worth more, since, though the vacancy was advertised there was no suitable response. The Council, at length, decided to promote a junior from another department to the vacant position, but, mark you, on the motion of Cr McDonald, the salary was reduced from the original £156 to £130. True, the latter sum represented an advance on what the lad had been receiving, but that is beside the point. The whole thing lies in a nutshell. Either the appointee was not equal to the duties of the office, in which case he should not have received the appointment, or, on the other hand, he was so, and therefore entitled to the full value of the services required of him. In the latter case, the Council's action in reducing the salary was distinctly dishonest. But, then, what can you expect? We want a Labour man or two there—or, better still, a new Council.

WANTED (by good Christian gentleman), CORRESPONDENCE good Christian old lady, view matrimony.—Address Christian, Times Office.

(Recent Pecksniffian advt. in Otago Daily Times.)

I want it clearly understood,
That I am very, very GOOD.

And, pray believe it if you can,
I want a pious CHRISTIAN.

As part and parcel of my plan,
I'm also quite the GENTLEMAN.

And (let me whisper in your lug)
I'm looking for a bally mug.

Kennington sent some brave lads to the front, but has still some left. This

was shown at the recent Leap Year social given by the ladies (unmarried ones, mind you) of the district. Quite a number of these reckless daredevils accepted the challenges issued, and, feeling secure in their own strength, rashly entered the camp of the seductive enemy. Alas, some of these, it is said, have paid a terrible price for their temerity, while others, who escaped, after thrilling experiences, wear that same look now as was seen on the faces of the sailors of the "Emden" after the "Sydney" had finished with her, and other symptoms suggest something very like shell-shock. Among those captured, many are shortly, I understand, to be led to the gallows—I beg pardon, the altar. (But thr is, perhaps, after all, but little difference, if any; both are associated with the noose).

"Miss Ettie Rout." How many of our smug pietists and prudes have raised their hands and eyebrows in holy horror at the bare mention of that name! For years it has represented in the narrow minds all that was most evil and debased in her sex, the bearer of it anathema. To them, in their stupid ignorance of the woman and her mission, she ranked even lower than those street prowlers from whose dreadful infection she tried to save the sons of those who condemned her. Even those who were inclined to applaud her aim shuddered at her methods. But Miss Rout knew how necessary her own methods were. She did not, as so many of us do, close her eyes to obvious facts; she faced them fairly and squarely, and coped with them to the full extent of her powers and opportunities. She knew men as even their mothers did not know them. She knew of their appetites and passions, unsubduable as the tiger's lust for blood, and intensified a hundred fold by the brutalising conditions and evil associations of the war. She realised the strength of their temptations, and their own frailty in the face of them, and felt the utter futility of exhortations to self restraint—in the case of the large majority of them, at least. So she set about grappling the problem in her own way, and that it was a good way is shown by the fact of its adoption by the English and Australian military authorities, though without any acknowledgment to her. It remained for the New Zealand Government, at the instigation of our ignorant and myopic unco' guid, to repudiate her and her wicked ways—to its everlasting shame, be it said. Her whole plan was based on simplest commonsense, given the certainty of association between young fellows remote from home influences (I am speaking of the majority; many were, no doubt, continent) and the loose women who are to be found everywhere willing to cater to man's animal appetites; and given the almost equal certainty of loathsome physical consequences of that intercourse, the only sensible course is to accept the facts and endeavour to minimise, by any possible means, the evil results. This Miss Rout did, and to her system of prophylaxis many a New Zealand mother owes the fact that her son returned to her free from the dread taint of syphilis—though, in the very nature of things, she can never know it, and will, no doubt, continue to harbour in her mind a hor-

ror of her benefactress. But the Diggers know many things that their mothers and sisters do not, and what Miss Rout's self-sacrificing work has achieved is one of them. And because of what they know they, through the R.S.A., are going to give public expression of their gratitude and esteem to a heroine whose boots few of her detractors are worthy to clean. And it is good that they should do so. For, though Miss Rout entered on her self-imposed mission without hope or desire of praise, and with as little care for blame, yet it must prove pleasing to her worn tired soul to learn that the "boys" whom she loved and pitied, and for whom she laboured so hard and endured so much through the long years of her almost single-handed fight, still hold her and her work in grateful remembrance.

POULTRY NOTES.

POULTRY IN THE NORTH.

POSSIBILITIES OF THE FUTURE.

INDUSTRY FOR SOLDIERS.

Among the industries more or less in the embryo in the North is that of poultry growing. Mr R. P. Greville, Commissioner of Crown Lands, states that during his recent visit to the North he noticed that many of the old residents in the Houghora, Waiharara, and Waipapakauri districts, settled on the gum lands, were going in extensively for this industry. He had always recognised that the stretch of country between Waipapakauri and the North Cape was particularly suitable for the poultry industry, and it was pleasing to see that the men in occupation were beginning to recognise the fact. Mr J. Leydon, of Waiharara, was the pioneer of the poultry industry in this district. He had gone into the matter in a thorough and systematic manner, and had, within two years, established his poultry farm on a lucrative basis. The good work done by Mr Leydon and the encouragement and assistance given by him to others had led to several others following his example. Mr Greville states he does not think there is any place in New Zealand where poultry farming can be carried on under better conditions than in this stretch of country. The position was that the Government owned large areas of land here well adapted for the business, it was easily accessible, in a good climate, and the conditions for a man making a start were very favourable in many respects. He hoped, as a result of his visit and from what he and Mr Wells had seen, that there would be established a chain of poultry farms from Waiharara to Houghora. He was quite convinced that proceeding on the lines Mr Leydon had adopted, men taking up poultry farming there had splendid prospects of success.

Mr Leydon had kindly offered to help any newcomer in every manner possible. It was a locality where any soldier desiring to go in for poultry raising could be placed under fairly comfortable conditions at no very great expense. With the exception of the extra freight on food supplies from Auckland, settlers in this district could live very cheaply; they could obtain their firewood from the kauri peat swamps and the timber growing on adjoining lands, and land would be available at a low price, while the roads were generally good.

Worms don't like carrots (raw), charcoal, kousoo, camphor pills, kerosene. An English paper says a simple remedy is two ounces of raspberry leaves dried and steeped in 1½ pints boiling water, close covered. A big dose of olive oil or sweet oil, filling the crop, will clear them. Give the raspberry syrup when birds are thirsty, with drink. A santonine pill, two grains, with oil after. Areca or betel nut, four to six grains, in oil. The most certain and most severe is 10 to 15 drops oil of turpentine in oil, but if they have liver or heart disease it may kill them. Oil of male fern, six to eight drops, in a pill.

"HIGHLANDER" MILK PRODUCTS

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

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Is a guarantee of quality and nation-
ality.

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

Applications are promptly dealt with and
the money paid over without delay.
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pleased to show you personally what we
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fied clients who have entrusted their busi-
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Kennel Notes.

Show Dates:—Dunedin Fanciers' Club,
June 17, 18, and 19.

An exhibit well worth seeing will be
R. W. Brown's deerhounds.

Bulldogs are not so numerous as pre-
viously, and Airedales are also fewer in
number.

Fox, Irish and Sydney Silkies will be
fairly numerous; Cocker Spaniels and
Setters will also be well represented,
some very fine specimens having been en-
tered.

Mr Brown has spent a pile of money
in importing some of these dogs, one of
the number being a big winner at the
best shows in England.

The Ladies' Bracelet class has brought
forward some good dogs, and the compe-
tition will be very keen. Two of the
successful competitors at the last Dun-
edin Show will again do battle. It will
be interesting to watch how they fare
after examination by four judges.

We would not be surprised to see
some new blood carry off the bracelet.
You never know till the numbers go up.

Todd Bros' motor garage, Dee street,
will make a splendid hall for the Show.
Well lighted, airy and plenty of room.
The Club is greatly indebted to the
above mentioned firm for their kindness
in placing a portion of their splendid
garage at the disposal of the Club.

FEEDING.

To be successful in the breeding and
exhibiting of dogs the owner must pay
the strictest attention to the all-impor-
tant question of feeding. A dog, whe-
ther well bred or not, cannot make
growth out of nothing or grow well out
of poor and insufficient food. To pro-
duce sound, healthy, well-developed,
firm-fleshed and muscular dogs one
must feed on proper lines, and not be
under the impression that a dog will
grow fit and well on sloppy foods, liver
and other offal. An experienced
breeder or judge has only to look once
at a dog to know whether it is being
fed properly, as the result is easily seen
from the condition of its body and coat.
Meat is the dog's natural food, and this
should be given raw, or cooked as a
change. Like ourselves, the dog is fond
of a variety in its menu, and the same
kind of meat should not be fed week in
and week out. One or two of Spratt's
dog biscuits should be given first thing
in the morning, and the meal in
the evening. Many dog owners assert
that their dogs will not eat a biscuit,
but this is probably due to the fact that
they have received an over-abundance
of meat in their puppyhood and look
on any other class of food with suspi-
cion. In a country like New Zealand,
where the butchers can close their
shops for almost half a week at cer-
tain holiday times, it is necessary that
a dog should be encouraged to eat bis-
cuits. For the dog who refuses to eat
a biscuit, the best plan to adopt is to
mince some raw meat, then mince one
or two biscuits, and to eat the meat the
dog must also eat the biscuits. This
makes an excellent meal, and should be
given to dogs that are too forward in
condition—probably through over-feed-
ing on fat-producing meats. Remem-
ber that, as some people say, "it costs
no more to keep a good dog than a
poor one," is not true. It costs much
more to properly feed and maintain
wellbred dogs than ill-bred ones. The
former's digestion and assimilation, like
other functions, are more or less heredi-
tary, and demand an ample and well
balanced feeding. An excellent tonic
for keeping a dog always fit and well
is Bendor's dog mixture, and given regu-
larly will ward off many ills that the
dog is subject to.

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BOXES OF STATIONERY, 2/- and
2/3.

LETTERETTES, 2/-

T. Hide,

TAY STREET, INVERCARGILL.

RETROSPECT OF PALESTINE.

(By "Gerardy" in "The Kia Ora
Coo-ee").

There flares no tortuous fighting line,
By Syrian gorge and stream.
And through the groves of Palestine
The limestone highways gleam;
No ambulances darken them
With freights of bleeding pain,
So while the olives leave the stem
We'll trace the past again.

Full often, after winter pains,
In angry days gone by
A host of cream-winged battle-planes
Has flecked the azure sky;
Red hours of wrath and speechless awe
Have stilled the voice of war
While fitful, major storms of war
Have stunned the quaking earth.

Against a brown abandoned south
No storms of wrath arise.
But bordered by eternal drought
The land of Judah lies;
We know it well, for we have seen
Its poppled wealth in spring,
When joy aroused the foothills green
And made the skylarks sing.

But summer came to burn the grass
And slay the withered flowers;
The sun, a disc of molten brass,
Consumed the torrid hours;
And ever through the mirage, and
The crimson veil of dust,
The mountains loomed from olive-land
To rouse the wanderlust.

Ah! there were months of weariness,
Monotonous and long,
And there were dawns of grey
distress
And dusks devoid of song.
Wan, stony slopes of blackened woe
Ran out in hopeless haze—
But that was long, long ago,
In empty, waiting days.

Against the guns' full-throated scorn,
Beneath the leaden rains,
Upon an awesome battle morn
We thundered o'er the plains;
And through long hours of broken sleep,
When winter mists drew down,
We watched the hostile shadows creep
Across the stable brown.

At length we rose and broke the strands
Our foes had woven strong,
And up in stranger, fairer lands
Our hopes were borne along,
And where the vines and tendrils
wreathed
Around old village roofs,
We made the foothills quake beneath
A gale of flying hoots.

Oh! there were fights and stubborn
climbs,
With hardships to endure,
And though we stumbled many times
Our goal was always sure.
Ah! there were checks and gory falls,
Without a requiem.
Before we reached the lofty walls
Of old Jerusalem.

But who'll forget the mountain mist
In olive-clad Judaea
The distant hills of amethyst
Where skies were heaven-clear?
We'll mark the best, but nights of sleet,
Through which we braved the wet
Beneath the leaking bivvy sheet,
We surely must forget.

Along the winding Jordan, in
The track of Sheol's breath,
We always swore that we should win,
We scorned the hand of death;
And after days of bitter strife
With human tides to stem,
We lived a happy lease of life
In holy Bethlehem.

With gleaming steel, again we rode
Across a broken line,
And up the long Damascus road
We sped for Palestine.
With steadfast mates, who always swore
That we were sure to win,
We crossed the Jordan long before
The last poor Turk limped in.

Oh! in the happy, after days
We surely must forget
The dawns that brought us solemn fears
The dusks that made us fret;
But here, by Syrian gorge and stream
Where flares no fighting line,
We often drowse the while, and dream
Of days in Palestine.

A Bolivian horsebreaker and his wife
and four children, who arrived from Suva
by the Navua yesterday, were refused
permission to land, owing to failure to
pass the education test. The family in-
tended to settle in New Zealand.

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LEASEHOLD—£700 Goodwill.

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Of Interest to Women.

HEALTH, WEALTH AND HAPPINESS

I. HEALTH.

Whether there be any mystic significance about numbers or not, certain is it that various important matters "go in threes." "Mind, body and estate," sum up our condition; past, present and future, spell out our life; height, length and breadth, measure our space; and our worldly ambitions may be said to consist in "health, wealth and happiness"—but, the greatest of these is health. Without it wealth is useless and happiness impossible.

I think it probable that all men were meant to be healthy; disease is an accident, and by no means an essential of the human constitution. Generations—millions of them perhaps—have contributed their quota of intemperance, dirt and ignorance to the causes of disease, and people with really perfect health are rare. The time and effort of the medical profession are set to the cure of human ills—among us at any rate. They ought primarily to be concentrated on the prevention. Doubtless it isn't the fault of the doctors; they came on the scene too late, and have not yet even got within hail of the time when the ravages of past errors will be repaired; but scientific and public attention ought to be fastened on the prevention of further mistakes. In China, so it is alleged, the doctors are paid so long as the people remain healthy; their remuneration ceases when the subject becomes a patient. I have always had a very considerable respect for the Chinese mind since hearing this—but it may not be true of the Chinese, only of the Utopians.

An earnest campaign was begun here last year by the medical officer in charge of the primary schools, a campaign for the prevention of most of the ills that flesh is heir to, by means of a proper care for the development and preservation of children's teeth, and their protection against diseases of the throat and chest by proper habits of breathing.

Children must stop eating sweets and soft starchy bread, they must be taught to clean their teeth and keep their little mouths shut, if adults are to escape the clutches of the dentist and the doctor. The doctrine should be preached from the house-tops.

There are three most effective means to the prevention of ailments, and I am not at all sure that they are yet understood and appreciated by more than a very few. People go on paying large doctor's bills, but they will not go in for fresh air, which can be had for naught, clean water which doesn't cost much even at the present rates and the high price of soap, or exercise, which is to be obtained together with pleasure and profit at the price of a little determination.

I recently took a ride round several blocks of a residential suburb—Gladstone, no less—at the modest hour of 7 a.m., on a Sunday. There was not a chimney smoking, and of all the houses I passed, only three had the bedroom windows wide open. Fanlights opened to a cautious chink and windows raised to a half-inch, with carefully drawn blind within, were the rule.

Now unless all the people used gas-grills or electric cookers, there was nobody but me and the milk-man up; and if all the other folk were abed with that meagre allowance of ventilation, how do they expect to be healthy?

It is right enough to keep cold draughts out of our living rooms on winter evenings—provided they be aired through the day—but when you are in bed, things are different. You are warmly blanketted, with your feet belike on a hot-water bottle and your nose just peeping over the quilt. Your bedroom has perhaps no chimney, or at any rate no fire to make the draught and draw in air through every chink. You are going to be there for anything from six to ten hours, and your body needs to repair the waste tissues and eliminate the poison of fatigue from its cells. Your window must be wide open if you are to get oxygen enough for the process.

Water, applied both externally and internally, is a sovereign preventive of ailments. Cleanliness is next to godliness says the proverb; I am sure it is a cornerstone of health. And cleanliness of person requires a wash, yes, a bath all over, every day. People—even those with the requisite conveniences at hand—have not yet all realised that the "good old weekly" is not sufficient. The cold shower in the morning cannot of course be taken by everyone, but it can be taken by many who think otherwise. And as a moral discipline too, it is invaluable.

Insufficient exercise is at the bottom of most of the digestive ailments people suffer from; insufficient exercise and over-

sufficient food. Those who are sitting or standing in shops, offices, factories, probably think a game of golf, or tennis, or football, once a week, enough exercise. The house-worker thinks she gets plenty of exercise. They are both wrong. They don't get enough and they don't get the right kind of exercise. People with sedentary occupations need some exercise and that of a strenuous kind, everyday. Let them take up gardening as well as golf. The civic improvements would be immense. And housewives should learn some simple physical exercise—breathing, arm-stretching and bending, trunk-movements and son on—and take time, yes take it, to go through them every day, first thing in the morning. They don't take more than ten minutes and they would correct bad postures, keep the shoulders and hips back, put youth and suppleness into every muscle. Why need so many women look as if they were permanently stooping over a range or a wash-tub? A few simple physical exercises daily would correct the tendency, which all kinds of house-work gives, and go far to preserve self-respect and a little wholesome vanity as well.

And let not man think he can afford to despise regular physical exercise of this kind. Even out-door labourers as a rule acquire slovenly, slouching attitudes, and ungraceful gait from their daily work. They should practice corrective exercises and keep themselves straight and healthy. Many people are afraid of exercise. They love ease and lying late abed; but if they would consider it, health and youthfulness into and beyond middle age can be had by the regular application of fresh air, clean water and vigorous exercise.

Children's Column.

WHAT HAPPENED NEXT.

MOTHER HUBBARD.

Dame Hubbard—as you know, I'm sure, for story-books all say so—was really very, very poor, and seemed as though she'd stay so. Her cupboard, it was always bare, there never was a cheese-rind there.

She lived lived, you know, with her dog-friend (his name, it was good Towser); he loved the Dame and learned no end of clever tricks to rouse her. "I'd love to make her rich," thought he; "how-wow. For she's so good to me!"

And so, one day when skies were grey, and stormy blasts were howling, why Towser thought him of a way, and up he sprang a-growling. "Lie down, good dog!" his mistress said; but Towser only shook his head.

Out through the kitchen door he raced, and down the road went flying. Dame Hubbard to the window paced, and couldn't keep from sighing. "Now, where's he gone?" she said. "Dear me! I hope he will be back for tea! Not that we've anything to eat!" she went on very sadly; "no bones and not a scrap of meat; we do need stores so badly! But I've no pennies, or I would go shopping; oh, I wish I could!"

"If I could find a Fairy-bit of money," thought Dame Hubbard. "I'd have such fun spending it. I'd stock my empty cupboard. But fairy-bits aren't often seen; they're very few and far between!"

"Oh, yes," went on the Dame, "all those who've found such fairy treasure did some great brave deeds, I suppose, which gave the Fairies pleasure. And I'm just an old woman—Why! If that's not Towser coming by!"

Yes, it was Towser, sure enough, quite panting and excited. He dashed in with his coat all rough, but looking so delighted. "Dear mistress, come and see!" he cried. "I've such a gift for you outside!"

"As I was passing by I met bad Tom, the butcher's son, ma'am; and he had stolen a fine pig, but—well, I made him run, ma'am! I bit him till he howled and flew. And now—I've brought the pig to you!"

"You haven't had a scrap of meat, no, not for a whole week, ma'am. And as for me, well, I could eat a bone as soon as speak, ma'am. If you're as hungry as I feel—let's cook the pig, and have a meal!"

"Good Towser," cried the Dame, "why, no!"—her dear old heart beat faster—"Oh, yes, I'm hungry, that is so; but—that pig has a master! I'd rather have my cupboard bare than keep a stolen pig in there!"

"Boo-woo!" howled Towser, getting cross. "Please listen, ma'am, to reason. You're hungry; so am I, of course, and—pork is just in season. I won't take that pig back—that flat!" "Then I must!" said the Dame at that.

She took a string and tied it to the hind leg of the porker. "Now start along," the Dame said, "do; I'm not much of a walker. And I must find your home to-

night, while there is still a little light!"

But oh, that pig began to play such naughty tricks upon her. "Alas, alack! and well-a-day!" cried she. "Upon my honour, he pulls first this way and then that till my old heart goes pit-a-pat!"

Thus cried the Dame, and sadly sighed, for she was old and weary. "Come piggy through this stile," she sighed; and tried to feel more cheery. But piggy would not pass that stile, but sat on his hind legs to smile!

"Dear Dame, I do not wish," he said, "to go back home to my master. If you will take me home instead I will go much, much faster! And you may eat me any day, and I'll not try to run away!"

"No, no!" Dame Hubbard said. "Oh, dear! Good piggy, do not tempt me. Though I would like you, never fear, because my cupboard's empty!" "Then I won't pass this stile to-night!" the piggy said, and sat down tight.

I cannot tell how long the Dame pulled at him to entreat him; but still the porker said the same, and at long last she beat him. "If you stay here all night," she said, "I'll stay here, too; nor go to bed!"

And so she did, all through the night she watched until the morning, but when the first faint rays of light showed that next day was dawning, down by the stile, the pig beside, A Fairy Silver Bit she spied!

"A Fairy-silver! Oh, my word! Dear me! Oh, what a treasure! Has anybody ever heard such luck!" she cried in pleasure; then stared again—the pig was gone! And by her side a Fairy shone.

"Dear Dame," said the Fairy, "you've earned that magic money clearly. The Fairy Queen has sent it you, for you were tried severely; and yet, though all your shelves were bare, no stolen pig you would place there!"

Then suddenly the Fairy went, but, while the Dame stood staring, the air with barking was quite rent, and up rushed Towser, tearing. "Dear mistress, oh, come home with me! There's food on our bare shelves!" yapped he.

So home they went, and found a store of good things in the cupboard; and Fairies from that day brought more nice food for Mother Hubbard whenever any space was bare; so there was always plenty there!

The Home.

CLEANING GLASS BOTTLES.

To clean soiled glass bottles use strong soda water (warm). If furred as water bottles always become when in constant use, a small drop of spirits of salts (muriatic acid) will soon render them bright. If stained, as with port or elder wine, a teaspoonful of oxalic acid in a quarter of a gill of water instantly cleanses them. French chambermaids adopt a very simple and effective method. Before emptying the bottles, put in some pieces of soft paper, shake these in the bottle empty, and rinse with fresh water; the bottles will then keep as bright as possible. Broken egg shells are also excellent.

TO CLEAN A COPPER KETTLE.

There are many methods of cleaning copper, but in the case of a kettle which has been blackened by continued use on the fire the first thing is to remove the black caused by the smoke of the coal which has been deposited and burnt on hard. Remove this with an old knife as far as possible, without scratching the metal, and then soak well in hot water, and rub with silver sand until the black is entirely removed. To polish the copper itself, a solution of oxalic acid is often recommended, but a lemon cut in half and dipped in salt and rubbed well over the metal will do the work as well, and it not poisonous as in the acid. Finish with a leather and whitening, or rottenstone or turpentine, or one of the numerous metal polishes.

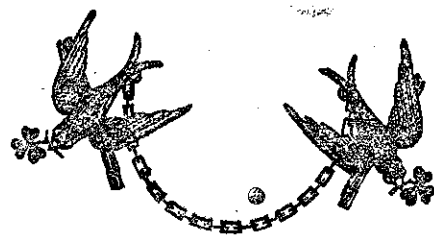
Fill the kettle with water, add table-spoonful carbonate of soda to each quart of water in kettle. Boil the water, and well scrub the inside of the kettle with a stiff brush. Pour out the soda water and fill up with plain water, and boil up again.

PACKING AND CARE OF MEN'S CLOTHES.

To pack a bag properly is an art, and one which should be cultivated by every man. In packing a dress suit the coat should be folded so that the outside is inside. It should be kept, if possible, in one fold, in the middle of the pack, after the sleeves and wings have been folded, so that they will not be wrinkled. Brown wrapping or white tissue paper, such as is used for putting up bundles in stationery shops, should be placed between the

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DEE STREET, INVERCARGILL.

folds. This prevents the slightest wrinkle and your clothes will come out of the bag without the slightest suggestion of their having been packed. Pyjamas are more handy than nightshirts, especially when travelling. Remember that nothing tends to crease coats so much as hanging them up. Men's clothes should never be hung. When you go to bed you should take your suit which you have been wearing, shake, brush, and dust it. Afterwards fold the trousers, doubling them at the second waist button, which gives them just one fold down the leg, and preserves the slight crease, now so fashionable, much better than any patented machine. Your trousers should be then thrown over a chair. Your waistcoat folded once, in half, the inside outside, and the coat according to previous directions, and both these garments laid on the seat of the chair over the back of which the trousers are thrown.

Linseed oil applied with a soft cloth is the best polish for dining-tables.

A troublesome cough may often be eased by dissolving a small piece of borax in the mouth.

Tea-stains come out quicker if immersed in cold water first, then covered with borax and afterwards dipped in boiling water.

Never wash a baby's clothes in water containing soda. This is a frequent source of irritation and chafing.

When knives are stained after rubbing them with bathbrick, sprinkle the board with a little carbonate of soda, and rub them on it.

Soak a cauliflower prior to cooking it in unsalted water. This draws out the insects. If the water is salted the insects are killed, but remain in the vegetable.

Two drops of camphor on your tooth brush makes a good tooth cleanser; it will also make your gums rosy and prevent anything like cold sores or affections on your tongue.

Carbonate of soda gives instant relief to a burn or scald. It may be applied either wet or dry to the burned part.

It is a mistake to use soda when scrubbing floors and tables. It makes the boards a bad colour. Plenty of soap and water cleanses just as well.

Corks may be made air-tight and watertight by being immersed in oil for five minutes. A cork will fit any bottle if boiled for five minutes previously.

Bottled Tomatoes.—Ingredients.—Two pints of boiling water, a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of vinegar, tomatoes. Method.—Add the salt and vinegar to the water. Bring to the boil. Place the fruit in and cook till the skin breaks (about five minutes). Place the fruit in screw-topped bottles and pour the liquid they were cooked in over them. Stand the bottles in a basin and fill to overflowing. Fasten securely. Must be airtight.

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THE PARAMOUNT, THE PARAMOUNT,

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90 ACRES in good district: good four-roomed house and all buildings. Handy to factory, school etc. Price £20 per acre. Deposit £700.

132 ACRES close to Invercargill; no buildings, well fenced. Price £20 per acre. Deposit £500.

200 ACRES, Western District: good six-roomed house and all buildings; close to school, etc. A really good farm. Price £20 per acre. Terms arranged.

411 ACRES, Western District: good house and all necessary buildings; handy situation. Price £14 per acre. Terms arranged.

500 ACRES, Western District: good six-roomed house and all buildings; handy to rail, school and factory. Price £16 10s per acre. Terms arranged.

SHEEP COUNTRY for sale in all parts of Otago and Southland.

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THE FARM.

NEW PROCESS FOR MANUFACTURE ARTIFICIAL MILK.

A wide range of nature's products have recently been reproduced in an effort to combat the relative scarcity and high prices of commodities known as the necessities of life (says the "Scientific American"). A careful analysis of the article to be imitated has often revealed the fact that its constituent elements may be assembled from the vegetable and mineral worlds. Synthetic processes formulated in the laboratory are demonstrating their practical utility in the factory, and the science of substitution is becoming a great factor in English industry.

A recent patent application in England is based upon a process from the manufacture of artificial milk for human consumption. It is claimed that a wholesome and inexpensive substitute can be made from peanuts, soya beans, water, sugar, water and the mineral salts found in milk. In commenting on this new process the "Yorkshire Observer" gives this synopsis:—

"In 200 pints of pure water at 80 deg. C. (176 deg. F.) are dissolved 400 grains of potassium phosphate, or the equivalent amount of sodium phosphate; sufficient sugar is added to give 4.5 per cent. to the finished milk and 40 pounds of meal prepared from nuts, blanched. The solution is boiled in a steam-jacketed pan, then subjected to the operation of a vacuum pan, and finally treated with a culture of lactic bacteria until the required acidity is obtained. It is afterwards pasteurised at 60 deg. to 70 deg. C. (140 deg. to 158 deg. F.) for at least 20 minutes, cooled and stirred, while 0.05 to 0.11 per cent. of citric acid is added.

"The milk so produced, it is stated, may be condensed and sold in tins in the usual way or dried to a powder and sold in bottles. It may be given a certain percentage of cream by the addition of coconut or one of the other tasteless nut fats, the fat being added when the substance is in the vacuum pan. It may be cultured by the aid of lactic bacteria to give a table cream or a soured mass for making into cheese. The residual meals, rejected after the special factors required have been taken from them, are mixed, dried until they contain only 10 per cent. of water, and used as food for cattle."

THE TRACTOR IN GREAT BRITAIN.

The British farmer has been converted, body and soul, to the tractor. Its economic advantages have proved too many for his conservatism. The horse drawn plough must go, writes the "Daily Chronicle." This peaceful revolution of the countryside is a remarkable event. The old plough has been our mute, trusty servant for many centuries. Horse has dragged him and man has directed him up and down the field from time immemorial. Will the old race of ploughmen, "the bold peasantry, their country's pride," of Goldsmith die out and be succeeded by generations of rustic mechanics? Their hands will no longer guide the willing four-horse team, and the rough music of their voices will cease to echo across the brown pastures. Instead, they will clasp the wheel of the tractor, whose busy hum will succeed the familiar creak; and blue petrol vapour will rise over the field as did before the steam from the smoking horses. The tractor means the salvation of agriculture. It means cheaper bread; so only poets—who need only food for thought—will lament the loss of romance to the country fields.

THE SHORTAGE OF PIGS.

In 1890 there was 207,000 pigs in this country. In 1910 they had increased to 348,700. Last year, 1919, there were only 235,300. The Government Abstract of Statistics for December quotes the price of heavy pigs at £3, and that of porkers at £5. Bacon is quoted as up to 1s 6d a lb. ham at 1s 10d, fresh pork up to 1s 4d.

These statistics show on the one hand the decreasing number of pigs in the country, and on the other, the remunerative price that the producer receives for the live animal as well as the cost of bacon, ham and pork to the customer. These statistics are decidedly significant. It may well appeal to the farmer that to breed and fatten the pig is profitable, and the whole community will support the well warranted address of Mr J. G. W. Aitken, M.L.C., who, when speaking at the N.Z. Meat Packing and Bacon Company's annual meeting in Wellington, pointed out that the manufacture

of dried milk in many districts reduced the supply of pigs. "Until such times," said Mr Aitken, "as the producer takes up pig fattening in a systematic manner, and looks to other than the dairy for food supplies, we cannot hope for much improvement in the supply of pork. It is to be regretted that more attention is not given to this important industry. For some time past importation of hams and bacon have been made in order to try to meet New Zealand's requirement. The highest rates ever paid in New Zealand were given for pigs last season. In comparing the number of pigs available in New Zealand I find that 40 years ago the total was 207,000, as compared with 235,347 for 1919, while 28 years ago the total was 308,812. So that, in comparing the number available to-day, I find we are approximately 73,465 short of the quantity available as far back as 1891—28 years ago—while the increase in the number of sheep for the same period was 7,700,368, and cattle increased by 2,203,647. In other words, the pig supply in New Zealand has increased to the extent of 23 per cent., while the increase of cattle is 265 per cent., and the increase in sheep is 42 per cent. But, seeing New Zealand's pork products are practically sold in the Dominion, the decrease in the pig supply is relation to the population is very much greater, for in 1891 the number of pigs available per head of population was 0.49; in 1919 this had decreased to 0.21 per head of population."

PAINT TO KEEP BUILDINGS COOL.

The following mixture may be used on rough timber, brickwork, or corrugated iron, and will reduce the temperature of houses when applied to the roof, equally as well as the best refrigerating paint sold:—10lb of fresh unslaked stone lime; 1lb glue. 1lb powdered alum. Slake the lime with hot water, keeping it well covered during the slaking. Dissolve the glue also the alum, in boiling water, and add to the already slaked lime, taking care not to mix too thin. Strain the whole as for paint, and cover for two days or more, when it is ready for use. Apply with an ordinary white-wash brush, giving the work two coats, the first to be thoroughly set before the next is applied; and if on roofs or tanks apply in cool weather. Colouring matter (ochres) may be added, if necessary. A little blue improves at all times.

THE EASY WAY.

It's all as easy as can be. The land you plough and sow
With all the paying sorts of seeds; then wait and watch them grow.
Could anything be easier, north, south, or east and west?
You merely make a start, and let the seasons do the rest.

The cow that gives off milk and cheese has nothing else to do,
Except to bite the barley-grass, and chew, and chew, and chew,
And that entails no work, for when the grass is short, the rain
You pray for on your bended knees will make it grow again.

The pig's a simple matter, too. He grunts when he is fed,
And grunts, too, when he isn't—so you let him go ahead.
And he is happy when there's mud for him to wallow in;
Therefore, to clean away the mud would be a useless sin.

The poultry, too, have nothing else to do but lay and lay,
Except, of course, the roosters—and so roosters do not pay.
And when you gather in the eggs, and place them on the shelves,
The hens need no attention—they are scratching for themselves.

And oh! the way the pumpkins grow—a hundred to the vine!
The spuds—the sort of spuds on which a king would like to dine!
And turnips, and those other things whose labels I forget—
All waiting for the prices that are quite the highest yet.

A simple life, an easy life. . . . I wonder why I drive
A cramp-held pen by day and night keep myself alive!
Some day I'll leave the grind of it, the everlasting care,
And 'midst the cows and pigs and hens become a millionaire!

R.J.C. in "Sydney Bulletin," N.S.W.

The progress of glaciers, even under favouring circumstances, is not more than thirty-five feet in a day, or about three miles in a year.

HIGHER PENSIONS.

DEMANDED BY R.S.A.

INCREASE FROM £2 TO £3 10s PER WEEK.

The question of demanding a substantial increase in war pensions in consequence of the increased cost of living was discussed at the meeting of the executive of the New Zealand Returned Soldiers' Association on Tuesday.

A letter was read from the Minister of Defence, stating, in reply to the resolution of conference, urging the establishment of plus percentages for disablement pensions, that effect could be given to the proposal only by an amendment of the law, and upon this question the Government had not yet come to a conclusion.

The chairman (Dr. E. Boxer) said the country would have to consider the whole question of asking a man suffering from total disability to live on £2 a week. Hitherto the Pensions Board had adopted the practice of over-assessing disabilities, but now that the great majority of these cases had reached normality they would have to be reviewed, and lower pensions would be granted in consequence. That meant that the usual war pensions bill must fall considerably soon. No doubt many of the men would "buck." The more he thought of the plus percentage proposals the less he liked it as being too ticklish. He thought it would be better to work for a 50 per cent. rise in war pensions all round by increasing the present maximum disability rate from £2 to £3 per week.

Mr W. E. Leadley (Christchurch) agreed. He thought it was a mistake to go for plus percentages; they should go for an all-round increase on account of the cost of living. He moved:—

"That headquarters be instructed to open up negotiations with the Government, with a view to increasing the present maximum pension of £2 to £3 10s. per week, and that subsidiary pensions be increased pro rata."

The motion was carried unanimously. The chairman commented that this was the best thing they had done. The whole question was whether a man totally disabled should be asked to live on £2 a week. He could not do it.

Mr R. J. F. Aldrich "They force him to work, and crack him up."

N.Z. DIVISION.

A FRENCH TRIBUTE.

The following extract from French Army Orders is published in New Zealand General Orders:—

"Ministers' Office, Paris, November 28, 1919.

"The President of the Council of the Ministry of War mentions in Army Orders the name of the following English officer:—

"Major-General Sir A. H. Russell, N.Z. Division.

"Has led to countless victories a splendid division whose exploits have not been equalled, and whose reputation was such that on the arrival of the division on the Somme battlefield during the critical days of March, 1918, the departure of the inhabitants was stopped immediately.

The division covered itself with fresh glory during the battles of the Ancre a la Sambre, at Prusieux au Mont, Bapaume, Crevecoeur, and Le Quesnoy."

"For and by the order of the President of the Council of the Ministry of War.

"Becker, Colonel, Adjutant-General to the Cabinet."

SING ME A SONG OF A LAD THAT IS GONE.

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,
Say, could that lad be I
Merry of soul he sailed on a day
Over the sea to Skye.

Mull was astern, Rum on the port,
Bigg on the starboard bow:
Glory of youth glowed in his soul:
Where is that glory now?

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,
Say, could that lad be I?
Merry of soul he sailed on a day
Over the sea to Skye.

Give again all that was there,
Give me the sun that shone!
Give me the eyes, give me the soul,
Give me the lad that's gone!

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,
Say, could that lad be I?
Merry of soul he sailed on a day
Over the sea to Skye.

Billow and breeze, islands and seas,
Mountains of rain and sun,
All that was good, all that was fair,
All that was me is gone.

—From "Poems of R. L. Stevenson."

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SAMPLE ROOMS.

1000 TUSSORE BLOUSES; new sizes, all styles, 15/6.

50 VOILES; Col. Col. and Cuffs, 6/-

200 EMBRO. VOILES, all sizes, 14/6.

450 WHITE SILK, all sizes, 11/- to 28/6.

CREPE DE CHENE BLOUSES; about 300 styles.

Wedgewood Blue, Shrimp, Emerald, and other shades too numerous to mention, from 30/- to 110/-

200 CAMISOLES, 2/6 each.
50 MOIRETTE UNDERSKIRTS, 15/- each.

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BLACK FOX and Canadian WOLF NECKLETS, £6 15/-, £8, and £14.

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NEW GOODS FOR MEN.

Tan, Willow, Wine, Ox Blood, and other lures.

SHOES! SHOES! SHOES!

20 new lines of LADIES' SHOES. Also one special line at 19/-. Must be sold to make room for new stocks.

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TOBACCONIST & HAIRDRESSER,

Opposite Post Office. Phone 574.

ALL LINES OF SPORTS GOODS.

Full stock of all Smokers' Requisites
Largest stock of Pipes in Southland
Tobacco Pouches, etc.

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Head and Face Massage, Shampooing

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72 DEE STREET.

This is the shop
At which you stop,
To get your sweets,
While parading the streets,
At all times.

This is the shop
Where thousands stop
To get a drink,
That makes them think
'Tis excellent.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.

12 ACRES FREEHOLD; three miles from Invercargill; two acres bush, balance grass; good four-roomed house, bathroom, h. and c. water; good garden. Price £1300. Terms arranged. This is cheaper than buying a house in town.

£600 DEPOSIT for a handy little Dairy Farm in the Winton district, consisting of 140 acres freehold; 40 acres bush, 10 acres ploughed, balance stumps and grass. Comfortable three-roomed cottage, three-stall stable, trap shed, good road and factory three miles by etc. Rail. Price for quick sale, £14 per acre.

LOOK AT THIS! 76 Acres, Otatara; About seven acres bush, balance grass. New four-roomed house, 10-stalled cowbyre stable, etc. Factory and school 1½ miles. Price £33 10s per acre.

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

F. H. TUCKER,
LAND AGENT.

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Perfect Mechanical Lubrication.

Induction pipe heated by exhaust gases together with dust proof carburetter.

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

It is sturdily built and has opened its career by establishing numerous records.

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INSPECTION INVITED.

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DEE ST., INVERCARGILL.

FOR SALE.

FRUIT AND CONFECTIONERY BUSINESS, including American Soda Fountain, ice cream appliances, fittings, and good stock. Situated in good country town, doing a turnover of over £2000. A very sound and profitable business. Suit returned Digger. Further particulars on application.

BRICK and ROUGH CAST BUNGALOW of five rooms, with electric light, h. and c. water, porcelain bath, wardrobes, tiled hearths and grates, R.P. finish; just completed; ¼-acre on car route. £1100.

MAKAREWA—Four acres, with practically new seven-roomed house, h. and c. water, acet. gas, etc. Two acres in grass, ½-acre turnips, 1½ acres potatoes. £1500.

Six ROOMS; gas, electric light, bathroom, asphalt paths, ¼-acre. Immediate occupation. £675.

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GENERAL Blacksmiths, Wheelwrights, and Horseshoers.

DRAY AND WAGGON BUILDERS.

All Classes of Repair Work undertaken.

First-class Workmanship guaranteed.

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GARDEN NOTES.

VEGETABLE CULTURE.

Garden-work at the present time consists mostly in attention to growing crops. Spinach should be thinned to single plants standing 8 to 10 in. apart. The object is to produce strong individual plants, as the leaves are gathered separately, and the larger they are the more succulent they will be. If growth is not satisfactory give a dressing of nitrate of soda, 1oz. per square yard. Keep the surface soil loose by light hoeing.

Turnips intended to stand for late use should be thinned to about 4 in. apart. Those intended for pulling early need very little thinning of the young plants. It can be done by drawing the roots as they become large enough for use, thus obtaining a very large yield.

Cabbage, Broccoli, etc., should be moulded up as soon as they have made sufficient growth. Moulding up should be done in a way that will cover weeds growing between the plants as well as those between the rows. The growth of the plants should then cover the ground and practically prevent further growth of weeds.

Celery may be all moulded up now, but this should not be done while the soil about the roots is dry, as after moulding up water cannot reach most of the roots, and the result would be pithy stems. If possible, the trenches should be given a thorough soaking of water. If this is not practicable, delay moulding-up till after a heavy fall of rain. The way, the moulding-up is done is of considerable importance if the heads are well grown. The soil should be packed very firmly about the lower part of the heads, so as to prevent the stems bulging or bending, which the weight of soil will cause unless it is well packed at the base. There are various methods employed in blanching, such as the use of cardboard collars, strips of strong paper, etc., in which the heads are enveloped before the earth is packed around them. These methods are not necessary for ordinary purposes. It is important, however, to prevent the soil getting to the hearts. This is done by first tying the heads together with a strand of green flax or raffa, or by making a two-handed job of it, when a man or boy holds the heads together while another throws in the soil. The person holding the heads also uses his hand to pack the soil firm, and this is the most expeditious method. In places where slugs or wireworms are troublesome a good dusting of a mixture of lime and soot should be given an hour or two before beginning to mould up.

Leeks should be sufficiently advanced for moulding-up. Some people still adhere to the old-fashioned way of growing leeks in trenches, an expensive method that has been abandoned by most growers. If in trenches, moulding-up simply consists in filling the trenches. When grown by the method described in former notes there are no trenches. The plants are set deep, and a considerable portion is blanched naturally. An additional length can be blanched by drawing soil up round the plants, the best results being secured by first wrapping each plant round with a strip of newspaper cut about 6 in. wide and secured with a tie of raffa, soil being then drawn up as high as possible.

The sowing of cauliflower, cabbage, onion, and lettuce was advised for the last week in March or the first week in April. Two varieties of cauliflower were advised, an early and a giant kind. Early varieties are very prone to form heads prematurely, when, of course, they are useless. A little extra care can eliminate this bad habit. As soon as the seedlings are large enough to handle they should be pricked off into a plot of good soil, spacing them about 3 in. apart. The pricking-off will cause a future stronger growth than is possible with plants not so treated. This extra shift, though it is an advantage, is not really important for the larger variety, nor for cabbages.

HANDED DOWN.

A rather pompous general, in full dress, came suddenly upon a newly enlisted bugler, who failed to salute.

The general reported the grave offence to the colonel, with the order that the boy be severely reprimanded. The colonel passed the order on to the captain, who told the bugle-major. The latter told the corporal bugler, and he had the offender brought before him.

"See here, youngster," he said, "if you don't salute old Piker-back next time you meet him, you'll get a clout in the head."

Great Britain paid Russia every year in pre-war days over £40,000,000 for raw materials.



HORTICULTURE.

Whether our gardens are large or small, the laying off and arranging is of the utmost importance, and involves all the difference between a thing of pleasure and beauty, and a mere jumble of trees, paths and flower beds. The flower garden should be part of the home and garden beautiful, and not a mere plot surrounding the house, and to get this, skill and taste must be exercised, the aim being to get effects that will charm, not simply the cultivation of shrubs or flowers for which we have a fancy and certainly should not under any circumstances be the source of supply of cut flowers.

In many gardens that are excellently furnished with flowering plants it is a rare thing to see a reasonable display of blooms as trusses and blooms that would remain beautiful for days and even weeks, are snapped off immediately a bit of colour appears, whilst they might be left in their beauty, and an ample supply of flowers for cutting raised on a comparatively small plot in the back garden. The paths are the first consideration, and the best advice to give is to say, have as few as possible. At least one from the street to the house there must be, and the first question is, must it be straight or do the grounds permit of something winding or curved. As this path must be used at night time, and often by persons more or less unfamiliar with it, one often feels that the comfort of the straight path under such circumstances when set against the uncertainty and danger in navigating the winding path, almost compels the straight one. Where however circumstances permit the charm is with the crooked one.

Then come the lawns, without which the garden beautiful is impossible, and they should be laid out to suit the shrubberies and flower borders and beds, so that the whole becomes one scheme, and not simply a grass plot with a few holes cut in it for flower beds. If paths be necessary, see that the effect is a lawn with a path through it, or to one or more sides of it, and strenuously avoid the effect of a path system with two or three small lawns, and always remember that in most cases the effect is best when there is no path between the grass and the flower border.

In all, of course, the general aspect, the shelter, the sun, the shade, and the question of finding positions for the plants you wish to grow must be the guiding principle, as to get the greatest success each must have the most suitable lime you can give it, and the spot where the soil most suits it.

Particular attention must be paid to the size to which shrubs will grow, and as to whether those planted are such as can be kept to their allotted spaces by cutting and pruning without having their beauty spoiled, as many will not stand severe cutting back. Whilst referring to cutting shrubs one's mind turns to the closely clipped shrubs so often seen. Don't do it. The proper way is to use a pruning knife or clippers and cut out the strong and overgrowing branches, thus leaving the shrub open and feathery.

Rockerries in suitable spots, if properly constructed are always effective, and make a suitable home for many beautiful things that cannot otherwise be grown with any satisfaction, and you only have to try one to find out what a number of plants can be got into a small space and how little attention they acquire.

Where there is a suitable corner, a fernery is always an attraction, and will call forth much admiration, and when once established requires very little attention. Shelter is necessary, but not much shade for all ordinary varieties, and such as the English, male and lady ferns in their various forms, horis-tongues, etc., require very little protection.

Arches and pergolas are popular, and in the proper place are very pleasing, but unless they are sheltered from the prevailing winds they are almost useless as there are so few suitable plants worth growing that will stand much exposure.

To quote from a leading author: "No arbitrary rules will suffice to make a garden, for in the very nature of things no two gardens can be just alike. Each one should seek his own expression in the combination he strives for." For this there exists infinite variety of material adaptable to the particular soil, exposure and character of the spot one would adorn and idealize. Further, the great secret of successful gardening is the continuity of bloom, a luxuriance of blossom from early spring to late autumn; so that when one species has flowered there will at once be something else to continue the blossoming

period. Plant permanently, mass boldly. Do not confine yourself to a few kinds when there is such a wealth to choose from, plants for sunshine, plants for shade, plants for colour, and plants for fragrance, plants for spring, plants for autumn, plants for flowers and plants for form. Aim at producing an ideal of your own.

DIGGER YARNS.

ABOUT GENERAL BIRDWOOD.

(from the "Sydney Mail").

It happened at Freecourt in 1916, when Birdie was distributing medals (not those that came up with the ration), and, as he always did after dishing these out, he sprang a snifter on us, ending his speech up like this:—"Well, lads, at last I'm moving you all out of range in the course of a few days, to a more suitable place." We cheered him continuously for many minutes. Mick Trafford or "Wenna Abdul Mahomed Esma" as we nicknamed him, the battalion's comedian, put it round the mob that down at the base white shirts, tunics, and helmets, were being issued and we were relieving Light Horse in "Gippo." Everyone did away with unnecessary clothing. We were high nude, preparing for Gippo land. Three days later the C.O. told us to pack up, as we were leaving the country, as General Birdwood had told us. We started at 3 a.m. one wet, cold morning, and next night brought us into Belgium, and they took us straight into the "business." Birdie came round later and asked how we liked our new country. A voice: "I suppose you got another feather and flew here!"

General Birdwood said once that "he didn't quite remember it," but still—A Digger on the Peninsula was having a general clean-up—wash, shave, bath—all in a pannikin of water. Birdie watched him curiously. "What! Having a bit of a wash, are you?"

Digger glances slowly and disgustfully around to eye his questioner, then turns slowly back to his pannikin. "Yers, I am, an' I wish I wuz a bloomin' canary!"

It was in the bad, wet days of the Somme, and the Fourth Division was "resting" behind Albert. Birdie was doing an inspection of our battalion, and in response to his usual question re complaints a Digger mentioned bread.

Birdie: "Of course, you know, my men, you must realise that you cannot expect the same quantity now as you had in pre-war days."

Digger: "We don't mind the shortage so much, and are quite used to dividing a loaf between six or eight of us, but the quality is what we complain of."

Birdie: "Of course, my man, you must realise that the same ingredients are not now available."

Digger: "The ingredients are quite O.K."

Birdie: "Could you do any better? What are you in civil life?"

Digger: "Yes, I am a master baker."

Birdie: "Well, what would you suggest as an improvement?"

Digger: "Give the baker at Rouen a bar to his Military Cross."

General Birdwood (to Colonel): "Colonel, I never see men look so downcast as yours do." Colonel: "Yes, sir; the A.M.S. slipped off the duck-board last night and broke his leg." General Birdwood: "Was he liked so much?" Colonel: "Well, it's hard to say; but he broke the rum jar and lost the issue."

In an advance when the Aussies were being hard-pushed General Birdwood decided on a charge. Turning round to the men he said, "Now lads, let the enemy see what we are made of. Let us do or die." One Digger about-turned and ran for his life. The General called him back and asked, "What do you mean by running away. I said 'let us do or die!'" The Digger replied, "Beg pardon, sir; I thought you said 'let us do a guy.'"

General Birdwood, although heart and soul with the boys, always demanded the respect due to him as O.C. of Australian troops. On one occasion, whilst passing along the rear of the lines, he came across one of the reinforcements who had lately joined our battalion. It was a wet day, and the General was wearing a rain cape over his uniform and the red-braided cap worn by staff officers. The newly-arrived Digger did not know the General, and passed him without the salute. The General turned and called him back. "Don't you know who I am?" he demanded. "No," came the abrupt reply. "Well, I'm General Birdwood. Why did you not salute me?" "Why, blime, I thought you was one of them Salvation Army blokes."

MOTORING NOTES.

A white handkerchief held in front of your headlight will reflect enough light for an ordinary repair, and will save all the unnecessary trouble of detaching the lamp itself.

Not every motor cyclist knows the correct way to remove or screw up a stud, and many resort to the use of pliers or a hand-viso, with the result that the thread is spoiled. Yet the process is extremely simple, merely requiring a couple of nuts to suit the thread of the stud to be dealt with. The two nuts should be screwed on and locked up tightly one against the other. The stud can then be dealt with just as though it were a bolt. To screw up, apply the spanner to the top nut and rotate in the usual direction. To remove the stud the low nut is the one to which the spanner should be applied.

In cases where machines have been over-hauled previously one should not tie himself down rigidly to the timing marks on the gear wheels when re-assembling. It is quite conceivable that the gear wheels, or some of them, are replacements, not necessarily of parts from that make of machine, but merely of the right size. It follows, then, that in nine cases out of ten these marks would be incorrect and lead to very irregular running. Such a contingency should be met by referring to a machine of the same make and horse-power as to valve movements and ignition. Forewarned is forearmed, and, if it is possible to mark the timing before the engine is taken down, the time and trouble saved must be apparent to anyone, especially to those who have been caught "napping."

THE ART OF PERFECT GEAR CHANGING.

The art of perfect gear changing is one which really very few motorists acquire. By "perfect" we mean a change which is accomplished at the right moment and without the slightest hint or grind or jar. The number of gears which are irretrievably ruined through inept changing is far larger than is commonly imagined. If the motorist would only pause to reflect that the teeth of two separate pinions, the sides of which are in contact, cannot be forced into mesh without severe damage, he would perhaps exercise a little more care and endeavour to change in such a manner that the teeth engage without difficulty. It is an art not easily acquired, but it pays for the learning. On acquiring a new car, it pays to spend a considerable amount of time in practising gear changing until one is absolutely master of the art. It is a pleasure to sit in the car of such a driver and see—not hear—him slip from one speed to another without a suggestion of a sound. It is a knack to a certain extent, but a knack which is only acquired by practice. Once attained the motorist never experiences any trouble with his gears, and the saving in the wear and tear of his transmission system is great. Nowadays the change speeds system is nearly perfect, and the horse-power of cars such, that a change is so seldom rendered necessary unless in mountainous districts, that there is a danger that this art will become neglected.

RESERVISTS' DEPENDENTS.

The War Office, London, notifies that it has been decided that free passages to the United Kingdom may be granted to widows and orphans of Imperial Reservists recalled to the Colours from abroad on mobilization, and who have died whilst serving during the war, subject to the following reservations:—(1). Each case to be one of proved hardship. (2). Free passages only to be given to children in cases where the mother is returning to the United Kingdom, or where they are orphans. (3). When the Reservist lived in a self-governing colony, the wife and family only to be given passages provided the wife had emigrated within three years before the husband's death. Special cases of over three years may be allowed for tropical countries. (4). Applications for passages should be submitted to the War Office, London, not later than 31st March, 1921, for consideration, always provided that, when applications for passages are not made later than that date, passages will be provided, other conditions for entitlement being fulfilled, even though embarkation cannot be arranged for until later.

Into the crowded streets I go,
Wending my way each day,
To watch the throng pass to and fro,
And hear what people say.
The sporty sort just talk of sport,
Some talk of literature;
But the principal thought of the sensible sort
Is of Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

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VANTAGE TO DEAL WITH
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possible quality.

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ALEX. KIDD,
Bootmaker.

TWO LEAVE TAKINGS.

HAIL AND FAREWELL.

TWO HOURS—TWO WOMEN.

(By "B.H.")

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church "Sun").

(Copyright.)

We trooped through the narrow gate-
way into the dingy vastness of Euston
station, an unsorted mob—Tommies,
Canadians, Jocks, Aussies, New Zea-
landers—keeping some sort of order by
virtue of military habit, and cohering
into distinctive groups, national or
regimental, impelled by that elemental
clannishness which, even in these pip-
ing times of internationalism, suspects the
enemy in the stranger.

We were leave men returning to
France, with our realisation of what
we were returning to make all the
more vivid by contrast with the few swift,
spendthrift days of our leave, and were
morose and silent, and cursed the packs
and rifles whose weight we had for a while
so gladly forgotten.

The great arc-lights still burned pallidly
in the dirty glass dome of the echoing
station, for it was early morning, bleak
and chill with the fog that enveloped the
streets. The regular bustle of the day
had not begun, and the traffic of the night
had ceased; trains with glaring headlights
and lighted carriage windows stood by the
platforms, and a few station officials hur-
ried about. Towards the iron gates of the
platform by which the soldiers' train wait-
ed there drifted a few women, London
women, for the most part shabbily re-
spectable, drab and anxious-looking—
women who had come to see the last of
husband or son as they returned to that
Golgotha called "The Front."

THE PRETTY LADY.

The long file of soldiers shuffled gradu-
ally through the gates, and was ushered
towards the carriages by "red caps,"
after the manner of drovers when they
manoeuvre sheep into the cattle trucks,
and as we moved up in our turn we saw
her standing near the gates, a vivid note,
definite and apart from the greyneess sur-
rounding her.

Whatever motive had brought her to
Euston station in the chill of morn-
ing, there she was—a piquant figure on
which, after their manner, the group
of Aussies, and New Zealanders look-
ed with unabashed interest. Not that she
was abashed either—she was so
conscious of her interest as she stood
there, obviously well-dressed—too obvious-
ly—in her fawn costume, with cream
stockings just revealed between the short,
full skirt and the suede tops of high cut
boots in the extreme of the prevailing
fashion. The heavy grey fur stole about
her neck and the big muff looked expen-
sive, but in harmony, if it had not been
for the jaunty velvet cap of crimson and
black which sat rakishly on her fluffy
brown hair, and by its clamant discord,
made insignificant the correct suavity of
her trappings, and called attention to a
face too lavishly powdered, to lips too
vividly rouged.

But she was not conscious of any dis-
cord as she stood there, pert as any Lon-
don sparrow, her full lips parted above
white teeth in a generous smile, now and
again waving impartial farewells with a
hand from which depended a dorothea bag
of purple leather.

GOOD-BYE-EE.

Her smile seemed to take on a more
gleaming friendliness as she caught sight
of the bunch of Australians and New Zea-
landers. "Cheerio! New Zealand—Good-
bye-ee, Aussie! Good luck!" she cried in
a high, hard Cockney voice, and there
were answering "cheerios" and hand-
waves from the file. As he passed her an
Australian boy said in a caressing drawl:
"Cheerio! little sister; good hunting—and
good luck to you."

He did not know her, and yet there was
a note of humorous tenderness in his
voice. . . . perhaps in his heart he
was saying good-bye to another woman—
to all women? And was it that she felt
an unintended irony in those last words,
or that some real emotion reached her,
some realisation of why men died, for,
of a sudden, the smile faded and her face
became grave. It seemed that her gaiety
wilted—and as we passed through the gate
she was still standing at gaze after us.

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.

The little village of Alquinnes was
dreary and desolate under the bleak rain
of the late autumn, fast merging into win-
ter, when we came there, towards the end
of October, to rest after the misery of

Passchendaele. But it was rest, even
though we crawled from the comfortable
straw of our billets in the dark of frozen
mornings to breakfast on stew, and to
prepare ourselves for parade. Even
though we drilled all day (save when the
rain was heavy) in drenched fields, amidst
the muddy stubble, yet it was rest, for we
were far away from the line and amongst
friendly people, though they did not speak
our language.

Except for the very old and the very
young all the men were away at the
war, and so many would never return.
Some of the farm buildings were already
in ruins, all were falling into disrepair.
The untended roads were trampled into
black slush with the marching to and fro
of the troops; the dripping hedges strag-
gled untrimmed, and the denuded poplars
sent fluttering their last yellowing leaves
to add to the sense of unkempt decrepitude
which seemed to enshroud the place.

LA PETITE CLAIRE.

Yet we were content enough, and
made the best of things. We slept, some
of us, amongst the straw of a fairly water-
proof barn, and in the evenings there were
a few who would visit little Claire and her
maman in their bare two-roomed cottage
which stood in front of our billet. There
we would crowd about the tiny stove in
the stone-flagged kitchen, and buy the
black coffee of Claire's maman, while
those who knew a little French would
strive to learn more, and would endeav-
our to teach Claire the English—until she
learned to say, "Elo, Diggair, 'ow are
you?" quite recognisably.

Claire was sixteen, she said, but with
her thin, undeveloped figure and her
pinched little face, she did not look it. Her
one beauty lay in her grey eyes, which
could be mischievous at times, but were
mostly wistful. La petite pauvre, she
had a club foot, and walked with the aid
of a stick.

Yet she worked in the fields with her
mother—for they were very poor—and of-
ten as we marched by the crucifix at the
cross-roads, on our way to drill, we would
see Claire amongst the other women,
stooping at her labour in the frost-bound
earth. And when our day was finished
we would pass her again as she worked
by her mother, standing in the cold wind,
topping and scraping the beet which was
to be stored as winter food for the cattle.
Whether she recognised anyone or not
Claire had one greeting for all New Zea-
land soldiers—she would straighten her-
self and wave, and cry, "Elo, Dig-
gair."

THE INEVITABLE DAY.

The few who made maman's kitchen
their meeting-place did their best to spoil
Claire. They bought her gifts of chocol-
ates and sweets, even sardines, from the
canteen; they played with her, and, with
some sort of half-shy chivalry, they would
make laughing pretence of love to her.
Perhaps Claire felt the pity behind it all—
who knows? but she would also laugh.
Maybe even she had her small "dot" set
aside against the day when she would
marry, and perhaps she, too, had her
trousseau and store of household linen, as
all French girls have.

But at last there came the inevitable
day which no one longed for. We had
been paraded and told to hold ourselves
in readiness to march out the following
morning, and as we dismissed and march-
ed by the gaunt fields in which women
and old men still laboured, past the cruci-
fix at the crossroads, we knew regret. For
all its dreary dilapidation, its wintry
lensness in our hearts as we packed our
us for a while, and, whatever the mor-
row might bring forth, we would not
pass that way again.

We knew we were going back to the
Ypres sector, and there was only sui-
lennes in our hearts as we packed our
kits in the morning, and rolled our blan-
kets about our packs, carefully adjusting
the straps of our equipment to the weight.

We tidied our billets, burned refuse,
paraded to the cooker and received our
breakfast of porridge, bacon and tea; we
washed our mess-tins and strapped them
to our packs, and then, everything in
readiness, we made our adieux to Claire
and maman.

Maman was voluble in regret. "Ah!
Ah! La guerre," she said, "Quel malheur!
quel grand malheur." She brushed her
ample face with her sleeve and continued
to lament the great misfortune of our
departure, but Claire, as we each took her
rough, red hand, and said only "Bon
chance, m'sieu, bon voyage et bon
chance."

ADIEU, ET BON CHANCE.

On the roadway outside our billets we
fell in and hoisted the heavy packs to our
shoulders, and as the other companies
tramped steadily past, platoon after
platoon, heads forward, packs high, and
rifles slung, ascending the long incline of

the hill, we stood at ease. The low clouds
began to drift down a fine drizzle of rain
as we watched the foremost company turn
the bend on the hillside and march out
of sight.

"Form—FOURS! Right! Quick—
MARCH!" and we took up our place in
the long column of the battalion.

Claire stood, leaning upon her stick,
by the tumble-down entrance to the yard,
a pathetic little figure in her coarse dress,
her grey woollen stockings, and clumsy
boots, her pale hair knotted tightly back.
On that grey day she seemed to epitomise
all the tragedy of the women who both
toil and weep. Yet, perhaps she was not
unhappy, for to such poor folk the hard-
ness of life is accepted as being in the
nature of things, they having no other
experience for compassion.

But she was sorry. We waved to her,
and shouted "Au 'voir!" but she shook
her head: "Ah, non! Adieu, messieurs,
adieu, et bon chance. . . bon chance."

And so, with eyes intent and wistful,
she watched the great adventure march
out of her life.

GETTING ON THE LAND.

BREAKING IN BUSH COUNTRY.

LARGE ADVANCES NEEDED.

There are quite a number of returned
men who are finding the cost of working
the land allotted them under the D.S.S.
Act to be more than they bargained for,
and the experienced farmer discovers it
just as readily as the man with little ex-
perience.

Here, for instance, is a typical case, F.
Bettjeman took up a section in Manga-
pura Valley, on the Wanganui River
(Whirinui soldiers' block), and wrote to
headquarters, N.Z.R.S.A. to point out
just what it was costing him to put the
land into working order. In the first
place, he says it costs £2 10s per acre,
at the lowest price, to get the timber felled,
and grassing the land costs £2 per
acre, when 28lb of seed to the acre is used,
and this amount is necessary in order to
get good results.

Then there is the matter of fencing.
The correspondents says:—

"Fencing, which must be done to keep
the second growth and bracken fern down,
costs without labour, £1 or more per acre.
This fencing cost is only based on the
price of wire, posts and other material
are not reckoned. The land is about 2½
sheep country on the average, but it needs
3 sheep the first year, therefore, it costs
at very lowest £3 per acre for stock."

Total per acre—Bush felling, £2 10s;
grassing, £2; fencing, £1; stock, £3;
total, £8 10s.

"The Government grant for unimproved
bush land is £1250, which will put 147
acres in working order. One hundred
and forty-seven acres at 3 sheep per acre,
gives a flock of 441 sheep, the income from
which in the first year in new country
can only be based at 10s per head, giving
a total of £220 10s, less shearing and boat
freights, or cartage and rail freights.
After the soldier-settler has paid his food
bills, and other little expenses which he
meets on all sides, he has nothing left to
pay for his next year's bush-felling, grass-
ing, fencing, and stocking. In the before-
mentioned expenses, or cost per acre, per-
sonal labour is not considered except in
the bush-felling—the grassing, fencing
and stocking are mentioned at cost of
material only.

"I quote my own case as an example.
I went into Mangapura Valley at the
end of 1917, and worked on the roads for
three months, during which time I had
to carry my stores eight miles through
the bush. I couldn't get bushmen until
August, 1918, on account of the bad roads.
Since January, 1918, I have spent about
£1250 putting 150 acres in order—that is,
felling, grassing, fencing and stocking.
Apart from that I have pit-sawn the tim-
ber and built a four-roomed house valued
(in the bush) at between £400 and £500.
Therefore it will be seen that another
grant is necessary to put my section on
a sound paying basis on which I can ex-
pand and develop the whole 500 acres of
my section. In the event of the Govern-
ment not being able to grant a further
£1250 on the terms of the first grant I
would suggest granting it on a second
mortgage repayable in 15 years. I would
further suggest that the Government ap-
point a practical farmer somewhere close
to the district to look after the Govern-
ment interests, and advise the settler on
general improvement."

It would be of great value if this could
be put before Cabinet as early as possible;
time is going on, and quite a number of
settlers have to commence paying rents
and rates very soon. The Government
holding first mortgage prevents a soldier
from borrowing money privately.

A new portrait of Dante, dating back
to the fourteenth century, has just been
discovered on a wall at Ravenna.

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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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LIMITED.****SHORT STORIES.****SUCH A SIMPLE MATTER.**

A benevolent old gentleman stopped at the sight of two similar-looking infants in a baby carriage.

"Ah, twins!" he said to the nurse.

"And how do you know them apart? Which is which?"

"This one," answered the nurse, pointing, "is this, and that one is that."

"Quite so," said the gentleman. "But"—indicating the second one—"might not this one be this also?"

"It might," replied the girl; "but then that one would be that."

"And how do you manage to separate them?"

"We put one in one room, and the other in another."

"Indeed! and which one do you put in one room?"

"Sometimes this one and sometimes that."

"And how do you know which one you're putting in which room?"

"We look and see which one is in the other room, and then we know that the other is in this room."

"Good!" said the gentleman. "But if one of them was in the house, and the other was away somewhere, would you be able to tell which was in the house?"

"Oh, yes, sir," replied the girl earnestly. "All we would have to do would be to look at him, and then we'd know that the one we saw was the one in the house, and then of course, the one away somewhere would be the other. There are only two of them, you see, which makes it very easy."

A PUZZLER.

A learned professor at one of the large public schools was explaining to his class how the identity of a thing might remain, even with the loss of its parts. "Here," he said, "is this penknife. Now suppose I lose this blade and replace it with a new one—you see it has two blades—it is still the same knife?"

"Yes, Yes," cried the class.

"And suppose," he said, "I lose the second blade, and replace it with a new one—is it still the same knife?"

"Oh, yes," said the class.

"Now," said the professor triumphantly, "suppose I lose the handle and have a new one made—is it still the same knife?"

"Certainly," roared the class.

But here a youth arose—one of the clear-headed kind. "Professor," said he, "suppose I should find these two blades and that handle, and put them together again—what knife would that be?"

The professor's answer is not recorded.

ANSWERED.

The curate had dropped into the village school, and proceeded to question the children. Pointing to a little girl in the back row of the class, he suddenly demanded "What made thy vile body?"

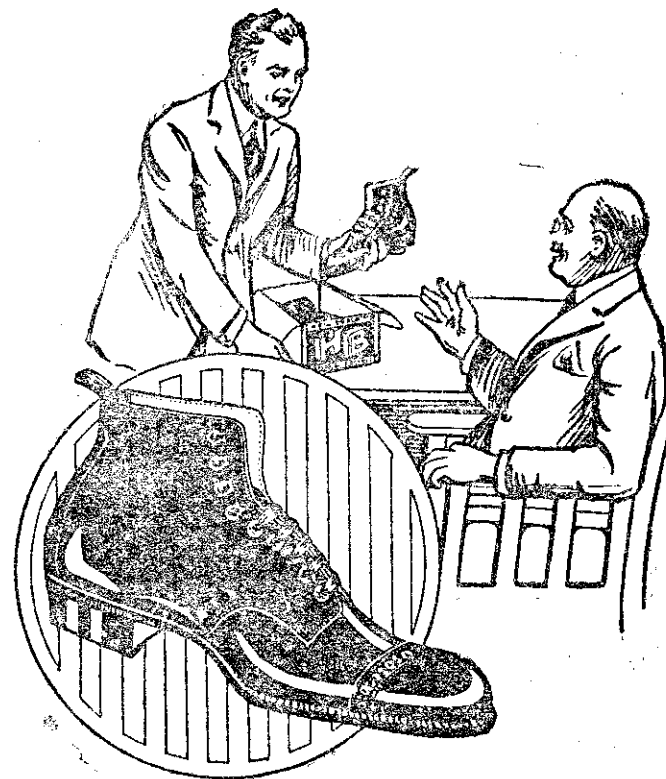
The little girl rose to her feet, blushed and stammered. "Please, sir," she said, "mother made the body and auntie made the skirt, but (apologetically) they don't quite meet."

A lawyer had argued for three court days without pause. His brief was a masterpiece of classical learning and legal erudition, but it was tiresome.

"Mr Parker," said the wearied judge at last, "without wishing to intimate in any way that the court would not be delighted to listen to your whole argument, I must suggest that the brief is somewhat crowded, and that if you condense a little it might help your client's cause."

The lawyer smiled in his acknowledgment. "Your honour," he exclaimed, "the thought was in my mind when I prepared my argument! So, for the next four days my brief will be a perfect marvel of condensation!"

In England the average weekly cost to the State of a convict sentenced to penal servitude is £2 2s 9d, of a convicted prisoner £1 10s 10d, a pauper £1 0s 6d, and a pauper lunatic 18s 8½d.

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- MEN'S TAN WILLOW BROGUE SHOES, welted soles, 42/6.
- MEN'S BOX-CALF BROGUE SHOES, stout welted soles 37/6.
- MEN'S BOX CALF DERBY BOOTS, stout welted soles English make, 42/6.
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