

## RABBITSKINS.

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## J. K. MOONEY &amp; CO.,

(Geo. Stewart, Manager),

STUART STREET, DUNEDIN.

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We have been notifying our Country Clients since 26th March that our Home and American Agents anticipated a serious decline in Rabbitskins. We passed this on to you for what it was worth. At yesterday's local sale prices declined 75 per cent. We therefore would like to write us for revised price list. At the same time we would again advise you to accept ruling prices, as our Agents anticipate a further decline in the next London sales in June.

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

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

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

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BRICK BUNGALOWS—in all suburbs. Prices ranging from £1025; £1100, £1250, £1700 up to £2000. The above are only a few of the properties which we can offer you. Call in and have a run round with us.

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Land Agents,  
ESK STREET.

## FOOTBALL NOTES.

## SATURDAY MATCHES.

SERVICE, 8; v. BLUFF, 3.

This game opened with poor weather conditions and a one-short side for the ultimate winners though the numerical inferiority of Service was removed later through the compulsory retirement of a Bluffite, his attendant medical adviser insisting on his not further participating in the game as he had an attack of reciprocity and got caught in the act. His autopsy should tend to cure some players, Saturday not so much as Wednesday ones, of a disease that may become chronic and spread life 'fue. Well, Service got to work with a side in sizes and sevens, but with a fine enough forward lot, and with backs that seemed to like the grease. The opening up of a back attack flabbergasted Bluff, but Service played one man off in the movement, and relief came followed by a typical Port bull-rush and force. Then Service took on the appearance of workmen of a fair order, when a check gave Bluff the ball to kick, follow, and beat an out-of-place wing and full. Bluff 3, and—they never scored again. The visiting forwards were pushing the Government men though not getting the ball on the hook. Service took a long time to clear their lines, and the defence angle of play was not changed often. However, the forwards were good in the loose and Bluff not excellent in dribble checking; their short kicks at last got Service a mark and a position for attack, which came and was not handled to fruit until the emergency wing had the luck to regain and score. Service 3, Bluff 3. The stock kicker had too difficult an angle with a greasy ball. Bluff were soon again in trouble, the admirable healing of the Service forwards reflecting great credit on their honorary coach, Mr J. Mawson. The Dalglieshs, trailing their pack secured, and McDonald, to whom the "come higher, friend" had been said, gave it up to Fortune who made three for the two he missed, getting another two from the fear-post player. Service 8, Bluff 3. The top dogs then showed some good positional defence kicking, all the more commendable as the rain was wet. The second spell was spoilt by the rain, and Service managed to keep Bluff out and nearly scored again. The pegging of the Port forwards couldn't make their backs handle, there was too much water with it, and Service went off smiling with a win they deserved, and with backs that had adapted themselves admirably to the conditions. They are now looking for a say in the Sports Banner Competition.

UNION, 9; v. Law, 6.

The Union forwards began their short-end rushes right away, and wing-threes were severely tested. In the middle-field too something was wrong, and Stead's ground work being absent, the Union made the famous backs look weak. Yet St. George and Gilmour cleared several times with determination and clever snapping and booting. The Banks and Law forwards appeared light, but in loose work they had some stunning rushes, Pryde and Broughton being prominent. Banks and Law missed a scoring chance, and Dame Fortune called Union, who responded to score a try from a mis-kick. The Combined forwards appeared rattled and a Union swarm mesmerised a back and let front row man Murray secure. Union 6. After the orange adjournment the non-scorers sparkled up; but their backs had not mittens and a fumble let Cockroft and company into the Bank strong room, and Kelly dived over without protest. Union 9. The three-three men had a breather to quiet their scoring astonishment, and Dykes got the new first-five to make the first try for Banks and Law. Only six behind at this stage. Union didn't seem to care, so their opposing forwards pushed them back into humble place for the prettiest movement of the day, Prain scoring in his usual up-to-date style after all one side had handled. Three behind for Banks and Law, and three ahead for Union. Look out, Skipper! He looked out and so did his backs, and they won after the other forwards had given him and his some very anxious moments. The losers' forwards were lighter than usual, but they played a determined game against a heavier lot, showing good condition. Their backs were not of the wet-day variety. Keep going, Banks and Law! Hurrah, Union.

## SCOTCH! HOTCH! POTCH!

## MOSTLY ABOUT BURNS.

Contributed by "The Groper."

"Fully to appreciate Burns one must be a Scot of Scots. This involves so far as Burns is concerned, that one must cease to be a critic. The cold Englishman may try to take Burns to pieces, like an old watch, so as to find out how the wheels were made to go round; but a Scot of Scots would as soon consent to follow the Englishman's example as to preside at the vivisection of his own favourite dog."—(Julian Hill).

Hill's opinion is of "Sheffield" standard—unsurpassed—and withal humorous. Suffice it that Scots concur.

"When a man is born with an utterance like swift fire he is not as a rule particularly zealous regarding the proprieties and Burns's habits speedily marked him out as "impossible" in the circles which he had once illuminated." . . . . . To his countrymen Burns has left the deathless heritage of a song-craft unequalled in the lyric history of mankind (Everyman's Encyclopaedia). An opinion radiant with English chivalry, Scotland says, "Just so."

Thomas Carlyle, in his unsurpassed, even though Scottish analysis, of Burns states: "We reckon every poet of Burns' order is, or should be a Prophet and Teacher to his age; that he has no right to expect kindness, but rather is bound to do it. Burns, in particular, experienced fully the usual proportion of goodness. . . . . The blame of his failure lies not chiefly with the world."

Consider the two English opinions quoted in conjunction with this last of Carlyle's and you have examples of some of the qualities which have enabled these two nationalities to dominate and stabilise the world—humour, chivalry and merciless logic. Did anybody say Sinn Fein?

Now let us to it. "Robbie," or "Rab," just as you like. The rolling of the "r" will be heard in either, and the musical ear of Scotland pleased. I had forgotten about the bagpipes, but that's a circumstance. When you come to the surname "Burns," emphasis again on the "r". You heard the burr of Euan Dickson's aeroplane a few weeks ago. You ought to know now. There's no excuse hereafter for an insipid watery pronunciation, rhyming with the correct English pronunciation of—say "turns." Get a bit of colour into it—Dewar's tinge for preference.

Let the poet speak for himself as he did to Lapraik.

Then up I gat, an' swear an aith,  
Tho' I should pawn my plough and graith,  
Or die a cadger pownies' death,  
At some dyke-back,  
A pint an' gill I'd gie them baith  
To hear your crack.  
But, first an' foremost, I should tell,  
Amaist as soon as I could spell,  
I to the crambo-jingle fell,  
Tho' rude an' rough,  
Yet crooning to a body's sel',  
Does weel enough.

I am nae poet in a sense,  
But just a rhymier, like, by chance,  
An' hae to learning nae pretence,  
Yet what's the matter?

Whene'er my Muse does on me glance,  
I jingle at her.

Your critic-folk may cock their nose,  
And say, "How can you e'er propose,  
You, wha ken hardly verse frae prose,  
To mak a sang?"

But, by your leave, my learned foes,  
Ye're maybe wrang.

What's a' your jargon o' your schools,  
Your Latin names for horns an' stools;  
If honest nature make you fools,  
What sairs your grammars?

Ye'd better tae up spades and shoofs,  
Or knapping-hammers.

A set o' dull, conceited hashes,  
Confuse their brains in college classes  
They gang in stirks and come out asses,  
Plain truth to speak;  
An' syne they think to climb Parnassus  
By dint o' Greek!

Gie me as spark o' Nature's fire!  
That's a' the learning I desire;  
Then though I drudge thro' dub an' mire  
At plough or cart,  
My muse, though hamely in attire,  
May touch the heart.

Shaun O'Sullivan is not bad—not half bad—but might I suggest that he take

stock of the Burns method of talking to the muse:—

The tapetless ramfeez'd hizzie,  
She's saft at best, and something lazy,  
Quo, she, "Ye ken, we've been sae busy,  
This month an' mair,  
That trowth, my head is grown right dizzie,  
An' something sair."

Her dowff excuses pat me mad;  
"Conscience," says I, "ye thowless jad!  
I'll write, an' that a hearty bland,  
This vera night;  
So dinna ye affront your trade,  
But rhyme it right."

"Shall bauld Lapraik, the king o' hearts  
Tho, mankind were a pack o' cartes,  
Roose you sae well for your deserts,  
In terms sae friendly,  
Yet ye'll neglect to shaw your parts,  
An' thank him kindly?"

Sae I gat paper in a blink  
An' down gaed stumple in the ink;  
Quoth I, "Before I sleep a wink,  
I vow I'll close it;  
An' if ye winna mak it clink,  
By jove! I'll prose it!"

Sae I've begun to scrawl, but whether  
In rhyme, or prose, or baith thegither,  
Or some hotch-potch that's rightly  
neither,  
Let time mak proof;  
But I shall scribble down some blether  
Just clean aff-loof.

My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp  
Tho' fortune use you hard an' sharp;  
Come, kittle up your moorland-harp  
Wi' gleesome touch,  
Ne'er mind how fortune waft an' warp;  
She's but a devil.

I notice "devil" doesn't rhyme. Blame the printer's "devil." If you want any more, Shaun, you may read another yard of this poem in "To Lapraik" (second epistle). Its exactly the same length as one of the nimble Sandy's Scotch Concerts. But, Burns is hardly the stuff we 20th century people care to read in a three-penny paper. We prefer to pay a couple of guineas for an original copy and read privately. Of course, of course! One of the most charming ladies of Burns time said: "An hour with him in the dark was worth a lifetime of light with any other body," while the beautiful and gifted Duchess of Gordon confessed that no man carried her so completely off her feet as Robert Burns.

If my good Irish friends don't cut me off during the week for neglecting a reference, which I hope to make later, for the sake of Scots, I promise to complete next week. I may be compelled to pay advertising rates to get it in, but that's nothing to a Scot. Use your influence on my behalf, Shaun—I like your name, tho' you always patronise "The Times." I'd sooner trust to your Irish luck in my interest that employ even a Macalister. By the way I think Robbie characterised some legal chaps he met as "the hell hounds that prowl in the kennel of justice." It was a glad world then. I wonder how the gilded Nabobs of wool and mutton—the purveyors of transparent lingerie, the Meek Max, the Cumming Gordon, and the lonely Cairns of the land—the engine driver, and the chap who is creating a corner in bottles—I say I wonder how these would be described could "Robbie" again appear to use his rapier tongue upon this perverse generation. Lewis's Boyes Ott to know. Perhaps they don't now. By Jove, they will when R.B. Ca.'s!

## MILLION HOUSES WANTED.

Mr Bonar Law opened the housing campaign in the London Guildhall to-night supporting the housing bonds scheme of Dr Addison, Minister for Health. It is estimated that a million houses are required in England alone.

Mr Bonar Law, in his address, emphasised that if the nation did not make every effort to improve conditions it would be faced with a spirit of sullenness, even of anger, which would be fatal to trade, industry, and credit. He mentioned that 180,000 housing proposals had been finally approved, more than 100,000 tenders had been approved, and 30,000 houses were in course of construction; but progress was held up by the lack of financial support. He agreed that it was necessary that the State should lend its support, as local authorities were unable to bear the whole burden. He announced that the Government would give additional assistance to the poorer localities.

Meanwhile the congestion of London has been intensified by a great influx of Americans on the Mauretania, which has brought in the "greatest number of wealthy Americans ever landed in England." Other vessels crowded with people are following.

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