



NO. 13. FRIDAY, JUNE 11, 1920. PRICE—THREEPENCE.

SPRY, LIMITED.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS,
INVERCARGILL.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING, POWER
AND COOKING APPARATUS
INSTALLED.

HYDRO-ELECTRIC AND COUNTRY
LIGHTING PLANTS, MOTOR LIGHT-
ING, AND BATTERY CHARGING A
SPECIALITY.

PRICES REASONABLE. ESTIMATES
FREE.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

CONSULT US.

SCANDRETT & SONS

LIMITED,

Athenaeum Buildings,
ESK STREET.

HOUSE, LAND AND ESTATE AGENTS.

PROPERTIES for Sale in Town,
Suburbs, and Country.
Sole District Managers Ocean Accident Insur-
ance Co., and Norwich Union Fire
Insurance Society.

All classes of Insurance accepted at
lowest current rates.

Agents—COOK'S TOURS.

Scandrett & Sons, Ltd.,

ESK STREET.

ANDREW ("SKIP") DUNLOP,

CIGAR DIVAN,
ESK STREET

(Late H. J. Riddell's)

A good stock of—
CIGARS,
CIGARETTES,
TOBACCO, and
SMOKERS' REQUISITES
ALWAYS AT YOUR DISPOSAL.

Quick March, be in Line,

Take that Old Suit

to

A. MACKLAM.

Ladies' Costumes and Gents' Suits Cleaned
and Renovated.

(Opposite News Buildings.)

For Furniture.

That is strikingly handsome
and conscientiously made in
every detail.

Come to

W. S. Robinson & Co.,

The Reliable Furniture House,
KELVIN STREET.
Phone—760.

COST OF LIVING REDUCED.

THE LOWER THE PRICE THE
QUICKER THE SALE.

BEST FLOUR.

25lbs 5/6, 50lbs 10/6, 100lb 20/6,
200lb 37/-

STUDY ECONOMY AND LIVE LIKE
LORDS.

WHEAT—SPLENDID LINE—34/-
BAGS EXTRA.
AT

BAXTER'S

Dee Street, Invercargill.

LOOK UP!

W. E. Butcher's,

HIGH-CLASS TAILORING ESTABLISH-
MENT,

At No. 8, TAY STREET.

RETURNED MEN entrusting their or-
ders to my care may rest assured
that they will have the very best that
English Tailoring can produce.

126 Tay street. Phone 101.
F. Holloway & Co.,
LICENSED SECOND-HAND DEALER.

WE BUY ANYTHING YOU HAVE
FOR SALE.

CLOTHING, BOOTS, BOTTLES,
TALLOW, Etc.

Orders Promptly Attended.

And we sell Carts, Harness, Iron Work,
Jam Bottles, etc., etc.
It's worth your while to have a look round
our premises.

WHEN you want a HAIR CUT or a
SHAVE you want it done well,
don't you?
Well go to—

A. E. BUTT'S
HAIRDRESSING SALOON,
ESK STREET.

The place where you always get the best
attention.

FOUR CHAIRS AT YOUR SERVICE.

THE VAGABOND.

(From "Songs of Travel").

Give to me the life I love,
Let the lave go by me,
Give the jolly heavens above,
And the byway nigh me.
Bed in the bush with stars to see,
Bread I dip in the river—
There's the life for a man like me,
There's the life for ever.

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around,
And the road before me.
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
All I seek, the heaven above
And the road below me.

Or let Autumn fall on me
Where afield I linger,
Silencing the bird on tree,
Biting the blue finger.
White as meal the frosty field—
Warm the fireside haven—
Not to Autumn will I yield,
Not to winter even.

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around,
And the road before me.
Wealth I ask not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
All I ask, the heaven above.
And the road below me.

—R. L. Stevenson, "Poems."

IRELAND, LITTLE IRELAND!

Oh the red rose may be fair,
But the lily statelier;
But my shamrock, one in three,
Takes the very heart of me!
Kathrine Tynan, "Shamrock Song."

Ireland, little Ireland!
The soft sky is there,
And friendly brooks make talk to you,
And grass is everywhere
Oh, while a man may dream awake
On gentle Irish ground,
'Tis Paradise without the snake
That's easy to be found.
Frederick Langbridge, "Ballads and
Legends."

One-fifth of the world's miners were
employed in the United Kingdom in 1909,
and more than one-third in the British
Empire.

"MATHESON'S TEAS."

THE Choicest of every housewife who
"knows"—

AND THE DELIGHT

of her family.

Don't be misled regarding the shortage of
good Teas.

OUR TEA DEPARTMENT

is still as capable as ever of supplying the
big demand for our excellent blends.

We are still receiving regular ship-
ments DIRECT from the growers—this
enables us to offer the

BEST TEA VALUES ON THE
MARKET.

Quality and economy considered our prices
are extremely moderate.

ONE TRIAL POUND WILL MAKE YOU
A CONSTANT PURCHASER.

MATHESON'S, LTD.

TAY STREET ... INVERCARGILL.

DEE STREET ... INVERCARGILL.

Branches at:

EDENDALE AND WAIRIO.

'Phone—45.

THE GRAND

GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS COM-
PLETE,
DEE STREET.

SALE! SALE!

HALF-YEARLY STOCKTAKING
SALE.

COMMENCES JUNE 5 FOR TWO
WEEKS ONLY.

A REAL MONEY SAVER.

Don't miss this lot, as we cannot re-
peat the offer.

5½ Dozen Men's ALL-WOOL SHIRTS,
12/6.

About 8 dozen English ALL-WOOL
SINGLETs and UNDERPANTS,
6/11.

Watch for many more real money saving
lines during sale.

INSPECTION INVITED.

BIRD AND W. GEORGE.

GENTS' UMBRELLAS.

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED OUR NEW SEASON'S UMBRELLAS,
WITH STYLISH SILVER-MOUNTED OR PLAIN HANDLES, 7/11,
9/6, 11/6, UP TO 59/6.

ASK TO SEE OUR SPECIAL DRIVING UMBRELLAS.

McGruer, Taylor & Co

Price & Bulleid

LTD.

TAY STREET,
INVERCARGILL.

for

**Variety,
Value,
and
Quality,**
in Seasonable Novelties
for Winter, 1920.

**NOTED FOR MODERATE
PRICES.**

EVERY DIGGER

SHOULD Enshrine in his home these records of those imperishable deeds which made New Zealand's fame.

VOLUME I.—

"The New Zealanders at Gallipoli."
By Major Waite, D.S.O., N.Z.E.

VOLUME II.—

"The New Zealanders in France."
By Col. Stewart, C.M.G., D.S.O., M.C.

VOLUME III.—

"The New Zealanders in Palestine."
By Lieut.-Col. Powles, C.M.G., D.S.O.

VOLUME IV.—

The War Effort of New Zealand.
Mesopotamia, etc.

ORDER RIGHT NOW.
Price 6/- Vol. Posted 6/6.

HYNDMAN'S,

INVERCARGILL,
AGENTS.

The Premier Shop.

FOR MENS WINTER

UNDERWEAR SUPPLYING THE
WELL KNOWN AND RELIABLE
ROSLYN MAKES IN
GREATEST VARIETY AND AT
LOWEST PRICES.

McNeil & Clark,

CLOTHIERS AND MERCERS
94 Dee St.

Economic Egg Crates,

LINDSAY AND CO., Tay street, Invercargill, have been appointed Southland Agents for this well known Crate.

The Economic Egg Carrier has now been on the market for twelve years, and Crates made as far back as 1908 are still giving good service.

Supplied in the following sizes—

- No. 1—Holds 20 Dozen.
- No. 2—Holds 25 Dozen.
- No. 3—Holds 10 Dozen.

Also Separate Trays to fit petrol cases—
4½ dozen.

Price on application

THE PRIORY GARDEN.

(By A. M. Burrage.)

Devanon, like the infant Moses, lay asleep in the rushes. The punt was moored to a great bed of them, and they had whispered a lullaby to him until the book which he had been reading dropped from his hand. Retford found him sprawled on the cushions, breathing regularly, showing a vast expanse of tanned chest through the opening of his cricket-shirt.

Retford splashed through the rushes knee-deep in mud. He brought a quantity of mud into the punt, but he had rolled up his trousers as high as they would go, and having licked off his canvas shoes, he proceeded to cleanse himself by standing in the clean shallow water beyond the further gun-whale of the punt. The noises he created in so doing, and the oscillations of the punt awakened Devanon.

"Halloa!" said Devanon. "Have I been asleep? Ah, I thought you'd get yourself into a deuce of a state."

"It's clean mud," Retford answered, "and it comes off easily enough. Besides, it was worth it. I knew somehow that there was something interesting beyond this bed of rushes on the other side of those trees that screen the bank."

"Well, what did you find?" Retford reached for his blazer, and took a cigarette-case and matches from one of his pockets.

"I found," he said, "a foundation garden."

"Swinburne's?"

"No; that was near the sea, 'in a coign on the cliff.' But like it, save for that. There are signs of an old building having stood there—a monastery, I should say because of a big pond—the sort of place where the old monks used to breed carp for their Friday's dinners. It's covered with weed now, like a billiard-table, bright green and solid-looking, so that you'd think you could walk on it. You ought to go and have a look."

"And get myself messed up with smelly mud!" grunted Devanon, sleepily.

"I thought," said Retford, "you liked old ruins and sad, deserted places—particularly old monasteries. Do you remember telling me that you believe you were a monk in some previous life?"

"Yes," grunted Devanon, sleepily.

Retford flicked some water over him with his thumb and finger.

"Dev," he said, "you're an awful ass, you know. You're one of those frightfully practical chaps, and three days out of four you don't believe you've got a soul. And yet you come out with this yarn of having lived before and been—of all things—a monk."

Devanon laughed.

"It's all rot, of course," he said.

"Then what made you say it?"

"Oh, I don't know. I suppose it's a dream I once had, and forgot all about for a time. But it's like a memory for all that. I was a monk, and always in awful trouble with the prior, and doing penance, and getting fed-up, but I was a monk you know, and I'd taken the vow—"

"Then you ought to have been ashamed of yourself for ever seeing her."

"Oh, I don't think I could help that. But I remember—or seem to remember—being fearfully bored because I couldn't marry her. I hated that old priory like sin. And yet, when the soldiers burnt it down, it was like watching my own heart being destroyed."

"The soldiers? What soldiers?"

"Oh, I don't know who they were. Any soldiers will do in a dream. If it had been an elephant battery I don't suppose I should have been surprised. One isn't—in dreams."

"Well," said Retford, "go and have a squint at the ruin, and see if you remember where the dear old wine cellar used to be. You'd remember that, if nothing else."

"Thanks; but the mud deters me. I'd sooner lie here and see you wash your legs. Nice mess you've made of those cushions, too."

"There's another and a much more important reason why I want you to go and have a look. I thought the garden of a ruined monastery would be enough, and I wasn't going to mention the other attraction. Thought I'd let it come as a surprise to you."

Well, tell me what it is and if it's a big enough attraction I'll go."

"No."

"Then I don't stir. Good Lord, fancy

expecting a chap to get up and wade through mud on a hot afternoon without telling him what it's for!"

Retford laughed, and, putting one knee on the gun-whale, proceeded to scramble on board.

"Tell you what," he said. "I'll have a bet with you. If you land, and then come back and tell me that it wasn't worth the trouble, I'll give you a small piece of gold to the value of ten shillings. If, on the other hand, you have to admit that you were glad you went, you pass over to me a piece of gold of the same size. You shall decide. My faith in your honour is little short of touching."

"Agreed," said he.

Devanon sat up. Anything in the nature of a bet appealed to him.

The two young men were spending a holiday in camping-out on one of the large Midland rivers that run through fens and pastures into the Wash. They were both well-to-do, artistic in a dilettante sort of way, and fond of idling in the open air.

Slowly Devanon removed socks and shoes and rolled his flannel trousers above his knees. Then he dropped into the rushes and waded through them, grumbling at the mud while his friend sat in the punt and laughed. He reached a low, muddy bank, climbed up it, and vanished among the trees that screened the shore.

There was a small plantation of trees some twelve yards deep, and, advancing to their farther edge, Devanon looked out upon a tract of uncultivated land, where the grass grew knee high and coarse enough to cut the hand. To his left was a large pond, whose surface looked solid, as Retford had said, for the green weed that covered it looked like the smooth cloth of a billiard table.

Broken lines of old trees ringed in this place of desolation, separating it from the waste land beyond; but there was nothing to show if the hand of Nature or the hand of man had planted them. At first sight there was only one sign of a human being having set foot there before, and that was a piece of ruined grey wall with a glassless window set in it which rose out of the tall grass. The wall was built of grey stone, and the window Gothic in shape. It said plainly as a written sign that some church or religious house had once stood there in the river meadows.

Devanon say all this, and suddenly started as if a hand had fallen on his shoulder. In the heat of the summer afternoon a cold thrill went through his blood. "I have been here before," was the thought that straightway leaped into his brain.

He looked about him. There was nothing that he recognised. The old stone wall was no more than a thing to attract his gaze. But there was something—and he tried to analyze it, to throw light upon a faint recognition of something changed, too dim to be called a memory.

The pond? No. One pond covered with green slime is much like another. It was something subtler than a mere landmark, even though he suddenly realized that the skyline of low hills was vaguely familiar. It was as if a voice in his brain were saying: "You know this place. You were here a long while ago—such a long while ago. Try to remember."

He stepped out of the shade of the trees into the sunlight, and his doing so disclosed to him a sight hitherto concealed by the bole of a tree. A girl sat on a camp-stool before an easel, palette and brushes on the ground by her side. She sat quite still, leaning a little forward, so that her head drooped, and the brim of her hat almost touched the wet canvas. She was very beautiful, dark, and warmly tinted, showing a regular profile, brow, nose, and chin in the same straight line. It needed but a change of clothing, and she might have stepped from the side of some Grecian vase. Devanon recognised her at once, and almost hailed her; a name leaped to the surface of his memory, and then sank like a stone before he had grasped it.

He took three or four paces towards her, and then halted with a jerk. He had hurried towards her as one hurries to meet an old acquaintance chanced upon in some unexpected place. And suddenly he realized that, well as he knew this girl, he could not remember her name or where he had met her.

A slight resentment against Retford interrupted the straight current of his

thoughts. Obviously she was the mysterious "attraction" of which Retford had spoken. But what a fool Retford was. It was bad enough that Retford should have inadvertently intruded on the girl, with his trousers rolled up and his legs muddy, but that he should entice him (Devanon) to repeat the blunder was beyond a joke. He hesitated, uncertain and bewildered. Then, without looking at him, the girl spoke.

He did not hear what she said; but having hastily unrolled the ends of his trousers, he advanced nearer.

"I beg your pardon," said he.

It was then that he saw what he should doubtless have seen before—that the girl was asleep. Whatever remark she had made had not been addressed to him, but to some creature of her fancy.

He was about to turn away when a great sob shook her.

"The archers!" she cried out, in a high, clear voice. "The archers! Ah, God have mercy—have mercy!"

She did not move, but seemed to sit locked in the thrall of some terrible dream.

"It burns! It burns!" she cried. "Ah, God have vengeance—vengeance!"

Devanon took another step forward as if to wake her. Again her voice rang out.

"Anselm! Brother Anselm! They have snatched the roof from my head and cast thee upon the world. Thou art of the world now. Come to me! Come—"

Devanon uttered a loud cry. Half-a-dozen quick steps brought him to the girl's side.

"In Heaven's name," he cried, as his hand fell on her shoulder, "what are you saying? When did you last call me by that name? What does it mean?"

She started, turned, and looked up at him out of a pair of dark eyes that suddenly dilated in terror. Her lips parted to emit a piercing scream. She leaped up, still screaming, and ran from him in blind terror.

Fifteen minutes later Devanon regained the punt, bearing with him a canvas—on which was the rough beginning of a sketch of the ruined garden—an easel, a palette, and some tubes of paint.

"Well," said Retford, hearing him coming, "was it the dear old homestead? Did you find the dear old cellar, where in a previous existence, you used to beguile the time by drinking the abbots' port? And, by the way, she made a lovely picture sitting there asleep, didn't she? If you'll hand over that ten shillings now you'll save me from cashing a fiver until to-morrow."

"Don't be an ass," Devanon answered, in a strange, dry voice. "And for Heaven's sake don't ask me questions just yet."

II.

A parlourmaid opened the door and announced, "Mr Devanon," and Muriel Ferris sprang up from the settee on which she had been resting and advanced rather nervously towards the middle of the room.

"Good afternoon, Mr Devanon," she said, in a halting, nervous voice. "I,—she laughed awkwardly—'I don't know what to say to you. It is very difficult.'"

He took the little hand extended towards him and pressed it gently.

"I know it is difficult," he said. "Believe me, I knew this visit of mine would be in the nature of an ordeal, and I was sorry. But let us pretend that we are acquaintances, that we have met often—recently."

"Well," she said turning, "won't you sit down? I will ring for some tea presently. Which am I to do first? Thank you for the return of my sketching materials, or apologise for the abominable way I behaved?"

"You did not behave abominably. It was very natural in the circumstances. I was a fool to wake you like that."

She made no reply, but blushed vividly.

"How did you find out where I lived?" she asked after a little pause. "It was so good of you to send my things back to me."

"I soon found out the farm-house where you had been staying. Of course you had gone—left that same night. I expected that. But the people gave me your address at Kensington. I won't apologise for writing and asking if I might call. I had to, hadn't I?"

"I suppose," she murmured, "you wondered why I was so frightened when I woke up and saw you?"

"No," Devanon replied. "I did not wonder—I knew!"

"No, you can't know."

"You were talking in your sleep. You were dreaming. I know quite well what you were dreaming. Of course I should not have presumed to wake you had you not addressed me by name."

The girl's brows contracted in a little frown.

"That," said she, "really seems impossible. I did not then know your name."

It was a name," said Devanon, "that I once went by. But tell me your dream."

Once more the colour increased in the girl's cheeks.

"Yes, Miss Ferris—I understand." "First I must tell you that the place where you found me had always attracted me. I made several sketches there. I didn't and don't—quite know what I was in the spot. But I used to come there often. That afternoon I had begun a sketch when I dropped asleep. And in my sleep I had a most extraordinary dream."

Devanon inclined his head.

"I dreamed I was in the same place only it was a long while ago. It was very vague. The ruin was a big house—some kind of monastery—and the garden a fine sheet of clear water where there was fish. I was the daughter of an esquire, and we lived in a minor house quite near. There was a monk at this religious house. I used to—I well, took an interest in him. He was a brother. He had something to do with the fish-pond."

Devanon drew a long breath, and glanced at him and then dropped his gaze again.

"I can't explain how I dreamed this," she continued. "It was as if I knew it already. My dream was really a picture of the monastery being burned, and the monks being driven away into the flaming ruins by men at arms. The Brother Anselm was amongst them. I was terribly distressed. Everything I had sacred seemed to be centred in that monastery, and I knew that the greater part of the men who were being driven off would starve to death. Then you came. Imagine my surprise and terror when I saw in you, feature for feature, the Anselm of my dream. I don't think I could ever endure again such a shock as I had then. To wake up, and know I was awake, and see beside me a man I had never seen before except in a dream from which I had just—"

"Yes," said Devanon, "it was dreadful for you. I am sorry."

"It was not your fault," she answered. "How were you to know? But, of all strange coincidences, how did it happen?"

"It was not a coincidence," Devanon answered, gravely. "There is no such thing. It happened because it had to. But—pardon me—you have not told me all your dream."

She gazed at him wide-eyed.

"How—how do you know?"

"I will tell you the rest, because I dreamed it, too. No—not dreamed it, lived it, as you lived it, three hundred and fifty years ago, when you were the daughter of a wealthy yeoman, and I was a poor monk who lost his happiness when first he saw you."

A tremor seized her, but she said nothing. Only her eyes signalled dumb amazement to him.

"Don't be afraid," he said, gently. "It is an unusual experience—nothing more. We are all threads in the warp and woof of a great tapestry. Some threads cross each other and wind away for leagues to meet again and so complete their small factor of the pattern. That is why there is no such thing as a coincidence."

He paused, as if to invite some comment, but she was silent.

"And now the part of your dream which you have not told me. I am going to tell you brutally frank. I am going to tell you that I loved you, as you loved me, that I struggled night and day with the desire to fall at your feet, because of the oath I had given to God."

"When King Henry's men had sacked the place and turned us all adrift, we met. I was a free man then. Our love shone in our eyes and came in broken words from our lips. We talked, and—I should not tell you this, but you know—I fought for both our souls that night. My monastic oath still held good, and we knew I would not imperil the sweet and glowing soul of you by flinging the memory of my oath behind me, and going through her marriage ceremony with you. I believed you should meet in heaven, and died of starvation in a ditch. Now, after close upon four hundred years, we two threads in the tapestry have met again."

The girl held her breath for a moment. Her gaze was bent downwards as if she dared not look at him.

"It is very wonderful," she said at last in a low voice. "Yes, I—I dreamed that. Did you dream it too?"

"It seemed at first like a series of vague memories to me until I entered the ruined garden of the old priory, and then I knew I had been there before. Then I saw you I knew you. And when you called me Brother Anselm in your sleep I was as if a dark curtain were lifted from before a lighted stage."

"But"—she shivered—"but it frightens me. What does it mean?"

He moved a little nearer to her, and let his hand rest gently on the back of hers.

"Miss Ferris," he said, "we are almost strangers, but we must learn gradually to know each other. You must—"

gaze our two selves—what it means."

(The End.)

Beauty in Glasses.

TWO factors go to make our Spectacles and Eyeglasses the perfect article they are: First, the skill in making and fitting to exactly suit the sight and appearance of each client; and second, the beautifully light, dainty yet durable workmanship which makes them unobtrusive yet AN ACTUAL IMPROVEMENT TO APPEARANCE.

There is that superior look about people wearing our Spectacles which cannot be overlooked.

Charges, including sight testing strictly moderate.

NEIL'S DISPENSARY.

DEE STREET INVERCARGILL.
G. H. BROWN, Chemist by Exam.,
Manager.

FOR every thirsty occasion try our celebrated

HOP SHANDIES AND SODA FOUNTAIN DRINKS.

They Gladden.

Save money by buying our sweets direct from the manufacturer.

WOOLLETT & CO.,

Confectioners and Soft Drink Specialists,

30 RAY STREET, INVERCARGILL.

COPELAND'S.

STORE IS FULL OF WARM

WOOLLEN GARMENTS

FOR SOUTHLAND WEATHER.

Our BOXED SUITS in the Famous—

ALL-WOOL COLONIAL TWEED

are far the nicest Tweed seen to-day.

Our Motto—

"A SQUARE DEAL ALWAYS."

COPELAND'S,

36 DEE STREET.

R.S.A. CONFERENCE.**"WHITE NEW ZEALAND" ADVOCATED.****IMMIGRATION POLICY.**

The question of immigration was considered at the sitting of the conference of the New Zealand Returned Soldiers' Association on June 2, when the Repatriation Committee submitted the following resolutions:—(a) That conference draw the attention of the Government to the increasing number of Hindus that are arriving in New Zealand, and request that the Immigration Restriction Act be amended to stop without further delay the immigration of Hindus and Chinese, and affirm the principle of a "white New Zealand," and that all associations throughout New Zealand be requested to convene public meetings in their districts prior to the meeting of Parliament to protest against the unrestricted influx of Hindus and Chinese. (b) That the immigration policy should be controlled by and be entirely secondary to the repatriation policy. (c) That the policy of permitting and encouraging the immigration of ex-Imperial soldiers' widows with young families, or any other persons who are likely to become a charge on the taxpayers of the Dominion or upon patriotic societies' funds, is strongly objected to. The report was agreed to.

The report of the Repatriation Committee dealing with the admission of incapacitated men into all State services was submitted to the conference. The committee found that many soldiers had been refused employment by the State on account of war injuries. It urged:—(a) That employment at a wage comparable with what they would have been receiving had they not enlisted should be found for them, and that men who resigned their positions in order to enlist should be reinstated in the same way as if leave had been granted to them. (b) That a separate superannuation fund, subsidised by the Government, should be established in order to remove any difficulty in connection with superannuation. (c) That no soldier so re-employed shall lose by reason of his war service any annual increment to which he would otherwise have been entitled. (d) That the Association demand preference for returned soldiers, sailors, and nurses when public appointments are made, and recommend that preference be given by private employers also.—The report was adopted.

Dissatisfaction with the administration of the High Commissioner's Office in regard to immigration matters was expressed by the conference. The following recommendation was submitted by the Repatriation Committee: "In order to encourage the most desirable type of immigrant to the Dominion, the benefits of the Repatriation Act should be extended to all Imperial soldiers who served in the Great War and who settle in New Zealand."

In moving the adoption of the recommendation, Mr C. W. Batten, convener of the committee, said that no fault was to be found insofar as nominated immigrants were concerned. The High Commissioner's Office in London was not taking sufficient care to see that suitable immigrants were sent out to New Zealand.—The recommendation was adopted.

The Repatriation Committee's report strongly emphasised the following resolution, and particularly in view of the grave concern which the position of land settlement is to-day causing returned soldiers, asked that the pledge given by Mr Massey to the last conference be endorsed by Parliament:—"That the Association ask the Government and Parliament for a pledge that land settlement and repatriation benefits generally shall not be rendered inoperative until such time as every soldier has had ample opportunity to train himself or to otherwise arrange his affairs in order to allow him to take full advantage of the said benefits." The committee also made recommendations as to the training of soldiers, including apprentices and subsidised workers, as well as fit men.—The report was adopted.

The election of officers resulted as follows:—President, Dr Boxer; treasurer, Mr C. W. Batten; vice-presidents, Messrs B. Blackwell (Canterbury), P. Watts (Auckland), D. S. Smith (Wellington), and Dr M. Harrison (Dunedin); executive, Messrs W. E. Leadley, T. E. Y. Seddon, M.P., and L. M. Ingles (Canterbury), T. Long, E. F. Andrews, and N. A. Ching (Auckland), T. E. Graham, A. Y. Glass, and C. Laing (Otago), J. D. Harper, J. S. Hanna, N. Vercoe, and J. A. Cowles (Wellington). The Auckland and Otago delegates intimated that their representatives on the executive would retire in the event of the district conferences deciding on fresh nominations.

MORE BIRDWOOD YARNS.

The following was told about at Wyt-schaeta in the '17-18 winter. Birdie was "visiting"—just going around, talking to all he met, taking no lunch, as usual, and making his A.D.C. pinch cheese and biscuits from battalion cookhouses.

Scene 1: Morning. Enter Digger. "Ha; good morning. What's your battalion?"—"The umpteenth, sir."—"Good battalion. Were you with me in Gallipoli?"—"Yes, sir."—"Good man."—"What sort of a time are you having now?" (Dubiously but politely): "Pretty fair, sir."—"Getting good news from home lately?"—"Oh, yes, sir."—"How's your father?"—"Very well, sir."—"How's your mother?"—"Mother's dead, sir."—"Ah, I am sorry to hear that. Well, hope you have a good time. Good-bye!"

Scene 2: Afternoon. Enter Digger. (Hush! Same bird!) "Ha! good afternoon. What's your battalion?"—"The umpteenth, sir."—"Good battalion? Were you with me in Gallipoli?"—"Yes, sir."—"Good man! What sort of time are you having now?"—"Dubiously but politely": "Pretty fair, sir."—"Getting good news from home lately?"—"Oh, yes, sir."—"How's your father?"—"Very well, sir."—"How's your mother?"—"Still dead, sir."

Birdie was in the firing line, and he met several Diggers starting out over "No Man's Land" armed to the teeth. "Where to boys?" inquired Birdie. "To capture a strong post, sir," replied one. "Good!" exclaimed Birdie. "Where is the N.C.O. in charge?"—"Here, sir," replied a burly lance-private. "Good!" exclaimed Birdie, eyeing him with approval. "Right, go on. Give it to the Huns! But be careful." "Splendid boys," murmured Birdie, as he watched them wriggle away. He met the party later, and inquired of their exploit. "A wonderful success, sir," replied one. "We captured the post." "Did you kill any Huns?" asked Birdie. "Oh, yes, a dozen or so but that was not what we were after. We can kill them any day, sir. We captured a cellar of champagne—you can't get that every day." Two months later he met a Digger whose face seemed familiar, and he stopped him. "How do you do, my boy? Your name is ——" "Sloggins, sir," replied the Digger, as Birdie paused. "Ah, of course! Glad to see you, Sloggins!" and his eyes rested approvingly on the M.M. ribbon the Digger was wearing. "Let me see, you got the M.M. for ——" "Capturing the most champagne in the battalion, sir," replied Sloggins, with a twinkle in his eyes.

It was early winter (1916) at Codford, Salisbury Plain, England. The battalion order was out for parade and address by General Birdwood in the afternoon, so everyone knew it meant a heavy morning's work on training ground as a preliminary. But as luck would have it, that morning the cook's bacon ran short, and about thirty men—nearly all in one hut—had no breakfast. The result of this was loud complaints to the O.C. when "fall in" sounded. To overcome the difficulty and restore harmony, the O.C. went along to arrange breakfast for the thirty who had come a "gutzer," and left the sergeant-major in charge with orders to send the sufferers along.

"Shon!" shouted the sergeant-major to the four platoons. "All men without breakfast this morning fall out in front!" To his consternation, at least 150 men fell out. Looking up and down the new line, he noticed a couple of men who he knew had had breakfast, and challenged them on the point, when another one immediately chipped in:

"We are here in sympathy, sir." "Shun!" immediately shouted the sergeant-major again. "Those only in sympathy fall back into your proper ranks." So he got his thirty men.

To a Digger who complained of sand in his tucker, General Birdwood said: "What have you come to fight for—your country or not?" The Digger replied, "I came to fight for it; not to eat it."

Our Artillery Division was out for a spell, said spell consisting of hard work—viz., performing open action manoeuvres. The quartermaster's position was in the rear of the Battery for the purpose of maintaining the line of communication between the guns and the ammunition waggon. Being very green at the game, and greatly flustered on account of the General's presence, he was making a horrible mess of things, thereby calling down the wrath of the Most High upon his inexperienced head. "Quartermaster! Quartermaster!" the Battery O.C. yelled distractedly "where in the devil's name are your lines of communication?" The unfortunate Q.M., not knowing the difference between lines of communication and a set of drag ropes, frantically scratched his head, and came back with "Curse me if I know, sir—unless the sergeant loaded 'em on one of the gun limbers!"

Telephones: 736 and 1136.

P.O. Box 249.

SOLDIERS SHOULD CONSULT US

—FOR—

HOUSES & FARMS OR FOR INSURANCE

—OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.—

COLIN McDONALD, R. B. CAWS & CO.,
PROPERTY SALESMEN, MERCANTILE BROKERS,
GENERAL COMMISSION AGENTS,
COLONIAL BANK CHAMBERS, DEE STREET, INVERCARGILL.

STOPPAGE OF ADVANCES.**RETURNED MEN MEET MINISTERS.****AN UNSATISFACTORY REPLY.**

A deputation, consisting of the whole of the delegates to the Returned Soldiers' Association's Conference, waited on the Prime Minister and the Minister of Lands (the Hon. D. H. Guthrie) to-day to lay before them matters in connection with the stoppage of loans under the Discharged Soldiers' Settlement Act. They asked that instructions be given to land boards to receive applications in respect of commitments entered into before April 22.

The Minister of Lands said that the soldiers themselves could not be more enthusiastic than the members of the Cabinet in regard to providing for the soldiers on the land. Unfortunately, the demands which had come in were so great that the provision proved inadequate. At the first opportunity he had sounded a note of warning. From April, 1919, to March, 1920, the total amount expended was £12,610,000, or £110,000 more than had been authorised. In April of this year £385,000 had been spent. Mr Guthrie referred to the fact that even the little cessation which had taken place had had a steady effect on the inflation of land values. The Cabinet's decision was not to cut off the supply, but to steady it, or, if possible, to give up buying houses because that was not increasing the supply of houses. Clause 2 of the Act had been inserted to meet the needs of disabled and injured men who could not take land requiring strenuous working, and the Government thought the time had arrived when they should ease up on the one-man one-farm proposition, especially when it had 61 improved estates and Crown land totalling 700,000 acres available for settlement.

In reply to a question, Mr Guthrie said that applications would be received by the Land Board, and each would be considered on its merits. There was a sum of £382,000 in hand for stocking and improvements, and the Minister of Finance had given authority to go to £500,000 a month until Parliament met and decided the question.

The Prime Minister said that he had promised to find £500,000, and instead he had found £3,000,000. That was no breach of promise. What had been done was necessary from a financial point of view, and also for the good of the country, as the purchasing of land was helping to create a boom. The financial position was what they were up against, but, consistent with keeping the finances in a sound condition, everything possible would be done to place the soldiers on the land. He advised the men to go on part of the large area of Crown land which was being made available, so that they could get experience gradually instead of starting on land at £25 to £50 an acre. Mr Massey read the actual Cabinet minute on the subject as follows:—"Effort to be concentrated on the settlement of land already purchased and Crown land available. Operations under Section 2 of the 1917 Act to be tapered off. No more houses in the centres to be purchased unless for special reasons."

Mr Massey said that a contract entered into before Cabinet came to a decision would be regarded as a reason for special consideration. A resolution was subsequently carried by the conference expressing general dissatisfaction with the Prime Minister's reply, and appointing a sub-committee to draw up a resolution covering the various issues raised by the deputation.

While consumption of margarine in Great Britain has increased from 3000 tons a week in 1913, to 8000 tons a week at present, the consumption of butter has decreased correspondingly.

A LITTLE CHILD IS
VERY OFTEN
FASTIDIOUS
IN HIS TASTES.

THOMSON'S

CARBONATED

Waters and Cordials

WILL ALWAYS PLEASE THE
MOST EXACTING PALATE.

PURER OR BETTER DRINKS
THAN

THOMSON'S

ARE UNPROCURABLE.

**RABBITSKINS
RABBITSKINS**

SEND YOUR CONSIGNMENTS TO
US.

HIGHEST PRICES GIVEN.

WE ALSO BUY:—

WOOL

HIDES

CALFSKINS

SHEEPSKINS

HORSEHAIR

TALLOW.

Brown Bros.,

SPEY STREET,

INVERCARGILL.

Telephone—192.

P.O. Box—36.

LABELS ON APPLICATION.

TO MR. RETURNED SOLDIER.

SEE us about PAPERING and PAINTING that new house you have bought. We have a nice range of new Wallpapers. Remember that we Frame PICTURES cheaply and well. Phone 422.

J. Strang & Co.,

TAY ST., INVERCARGILL.

DIGGERS

LOOK!

RICE'S,

ARE STILL MAKING THEIR

DELICIOUS

TOFFEEES

And

GANDIES.

ALSO SPLENDID SELECTION

OF

FANCY BOXES CHOCOLATES

IN STOCK.

RABBITSKINS.

RABBITSKINS.

RABBITSKINS.

RABBITSKINS.

RABBITSKINS.

RABBITSKINS.

J. K. MOONEY & CO.,

(Geo. Stewart, Manager).

STUART STREET, DUNEDIN.

Postal Address: Box 54 Dunedin.

Telegraphic Address: "Mooney," Dunedin.

TRAPPERS, WEEKENDERS AND OTHERS.

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.

We PAY HIGHEST MARKET PRICES.

CHARGE NO COMMISSION.
SEND PROMPT RETURNS.

A TRIAL CONSIGNMENT WILL CONVINCE YOU.

'Phone—1415.

'Phone—1415.

TRILLO'S GARAGE

DEE STREET.

IS THE

DIGGER'S GARAGE.

DIGGERS, bring your REPAIRS along —"Large or Small"—and have them executed by an "Expert Digger." The more complicated it is the better I like it.

OIL, GREASE, PETROL, ACCESSORIES

AND FORD PARTS ALWAYS IN

STOCK.

ALL REPAIRS GUARANTEED.

C. S. TRILLO,ENGINEER AND MOTOR EXPERT,
Dee street,
INVERCARGILL.

TO THE PUBLIC IN SEARCH OF

TOWN PROPERTIES.

NEW RIVER FLAT.

You can't beat the New River Flat for dairying. We have for sale a farm of 140 acres, which is well worth the price asked. £25 per acre. There is a seven-roomed house and good buildings. The Underwood lorry picks up the milk.

WESTERN DISTRICT.

We have another good Dairy Farm close to factory, school, and rail. Good house and outbuildings. Price wanted £27 per acre. Easy terms. Call in and get particulars.

DIPTON.

If you are on the lookout for cheap land you can't do better than inspect this.

32 Acres; only two miles from rail. Seven-roomed house, stable, chaffhouse, barn. Should be able to carry 200 ewes besides growing crop. Price only £5 5s per acre.

TOWN PROPERTY DEPARTMENT.

Good modern six-roomed house in A1 locality; £875. Owner removing. This is excellent value.

Another in the market for same reason as above. Very convenient six-roomed family residence, in splendid order. £1000. No better value offering.

Five rooms, modern conveniences. A cheap home to-day at £650.

There are just a selection. We appreciate your enquiries and they will have our best attention.

MEEK & OUGHTON

LTD.

Land Agents,
ESK STREET.**"The Soul of Anzac."****General Sir William Birdwood,**

Who commanded the Australian & New Zealand Forces throughout the Gallipoli Campaign. No better appreciation could be given him than that of the Late Lord Kitchener and the expressions of good will from the Soldiers with whom he came in contact. The General will arrive in Invercargill on Friday, June 11, and be entertained by Southland Soldiers.

WELCOME TO GENERAL BIRDWOOD.**GALLIPOLI MEMORIES REVIVED.****GENERAL'S TALK TO OLD COMRADES.**

WELLINGTON, June 4.

The secret of General Birdwood's popularity with returned Diggers is quickly discovered when he talks to them, as he did in the Town Hall last night on the occasion of a public welcome. His attitude was one of genial intimacy without a trace of condescension, and he is full of good stories. He had a rousing reception from soldiers, as well as several thousand citizens. In extending Wellington's welcome to General Birdwood, the Mayor (Mr Luke) described him "as one of ourselves." When he referred to Sir Wm. Birdwood's work for the Anzacs on Gallipoli the returned men broke into cheers. "Yes," said the Mayor, "if you kept it up for five minutes you could not do justice to the man Sir Ian Hamilton has described as the soul of Anzac.—(Renewed applause.) To General Birdwood was assigned the responsibility of arranging the evacuation of Gallipoli, and the Dominion owed him a deep debt of gratitude for the success, the evacuation being conducted without loss of life. He is a real cinnamome amongst you again," declared Mr Luke. "There are hundreds of returned boys here to-night, and I ask them if they would not lay down their lives for their own General to-morrow if need be."—(Cries of "Yes" and applause.)

New Zealand's welcome was voiced by Mr Massey, who said General Birdwood was visiting the Dominion on the Government's invitation. He had led the Dominion's troops through hardships such as troops never before experienced, and he came out with the confidence of the men.—(Applause.) The memory of those gallant deeds on Gallipoli would keep the Empire together for many a long day. The evacuation of Gallipoli was a bitter memory, continued Mr Massey, but we eventually went forward to victory. He believed it was a common-sense decision, and he might say that the Premier's of

British dominions were consulted before the evacuation took place. The Dardanelles and Turkish forts would never go back to the "Unspeakable Turk."—(Applause.)

The next speaker, Mr W. Perry, addressed his welcome on behalf of returned soldiers to "our fellow Digger." They always referred to him as "Good old Birdie," and when anybody found a man about whom the Diggers went wild, then he must be a white man. The Diggers remembered how "Old Birdie" went around the trenches in his shirt sleeves with a pull-through for a belt, and his glittering staff consisting of one Digger with a rifle. He used to get much curt advice from the Diggers, such as "Keep yer blinkin' head down, yer blinkin' idiot."—(Laughter and applause.)

General Birdwood's greeting, when rising to respond, was a spirited demonstration. He had naturally wanted to come to New Zealand, he said, for it looked on the map an exact counterpart of Britain. He was told the country was cold, but surely the warmth of their hearts made up for it. He loved to be among his old comrades, and seeing so many of his old Diggers present he half expected to hear them shout: "When is the next spell?" or "When shall we go over the top?" Besides being real brave, good-hearted Diggers, the boys had many great characteristics. Then he told the story imitatively of the digger whose jam-tin bombs were of poor quality. By way of demonstration, he lit one and held it while it fizzed. "I turned my back," said General Birdwood. "It sent pieces of steel through my leggings and another into my cheek. All he said was: 'That's the first blamed bomb that's gone off properly to-day.'—(Laughter.)

New Zealand, continued General Birdwood, had through the war attained her manhood. Her brave boys would make as good citizens as they were soldiers. They would uphold law and order and government, which was doing a great deal for them. Their Association was battling for them—keep it non-political and unsectarian. (Applause.) General Birdwood then addressed himself in genial, familiar terms to "the boys," suggesting that

those who came back sound were all the better for going away. They had a widened horizon, they knew more of comradeship, and found that men they once despised were better men than themselves. He attributed the courage and individuality of the New Zealanders to the fact that they came of pioneer stock. His advice was to take an interest in public affairs and not let their minds lie fallow. Work short hours if they liked, but put in a good burst while they were at it. Some would say we should have a spell now and let others work who remained behind, but he contended that they owed a deep debt of gratitude to many of those who remained behind, especially the women. (Applause.) The war was won through the high morale of the people. He had often been asked who won the war. A voice: "Bill Massey," laughter. General Birdwood walked over to the Premier, clapped him on the back, and declared, "I'm sure he did his full share." He went on to say that the war was won by the bravery of our soldiers, the might of the British Navy, and the high morale of the people, and we never should forget that Almighty Providence saw us through when things looked most dark. He believed that right along Almighty Providence stretched out a guiding hand and saw us through to the end with safety. (Hear, hear.) Now the war was won they could think of what would have been the result had we lost. We would have lost our nationality, self-respect, and freedom. The Germans had made up their minds to subjugate us, for one proof of this was found on a German being returned to Germany from Australia. On him was discovered a commission from the late Kaiser, appointing him Governor of Australia. From this we were saved by the bravery of our soldiers. The dead who died on Gallipoli did not die in vain. His former intelligence officer was now in Constantinople, and his letters contained interesting reference to Gallipoli. True, we did not secure our immediate objective, but we destroyed the power of the Turkish army. The Turks talked about Gallipoli as "the slaughter town," a tribute to the fighting qualities of our men. They thus laid the foundation for General Allenby's subsequent victories in Palestine. (Applause.)

Alex Peat & Co Ltd,

LEET STREET, INVERCARGILL.

(Alex. Peat)

(Alex. Leat)

Garage Phone—471.

LEET STREET, INVERCARGILL.

Sole Southland Agents: Allen, Mayne and Oldsmobile Cars.

SAY, Sam! Do you believe this is a fact. There are eight great plants covering 250 acres, employing 12,000 men working ceaselessly to produce Maxwell's and the result is there are over 300,000 of these cars running on the road to-day. In 1914 there was one Maxwell in every 100 cars. In 1915 there was one in every 50. In 1916 one in every 48. In 1918 there was one Maxwell in every 16 cars. Bill, I'll just slip round and get a Maxwell now while they are £465, because I know they will be over £500 shortly, and if you say is true they are well worth it.

INSPECTION INVITED. THE PRICE IS RIGHT.

T Y R E S R E P A I R E D

By the

AMERICAN

VULCANISING

PROCESS

Repairs effected to any MAKE and SIZE of MOTOR TYRE or TUBE.

BEFORE DISCARDING YOUR TYRES CONSULT

W. J. Boyce,

KELVIN STREET.

A TRIAL SOLICITED.



WHERE TO GET YOUR PRIME JOINTS,

WHERE THE BEST OF MEAT IS KEPT.

PRIME OX BEEF

And

WETHER MUTTON

CHEAP FOR CASH,

At the Leading MEAT Suppliers.

WILLS AND METCALFE,

CASH BUTCHERS,

Dee street.

Registered Plumber. Telephone: 309
320, House 74.**W. K. SCRYMGEOUR,**(Member R. San. Inst., London.)
Successor to Anchor and Co.,

SANITARY HEATING AND VENTILATING ENGINEER.

ESK ST., INVERCARGILL.

Sole Agent in Southland for Wards Patent Ventilating Skylight.

Supreme Petrol Light Installations on shortest notice.

Certif. Sanitary Science. Certif. Sanitary Inspector.

All work done by competent tradesmen.

J. ALSWEILER,

GENERAL CARRIER.

'Phones—124, 518.

INVERCARGILL.

GRAND SERIAL STORY.

JUDGMENT.

The Most Amazing Story Ever Penned.

FOR NEW READERS.

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

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

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

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

BEAUMONT CHASE, a millionaire. The following morning, Dick's host informs him that Sir John had called during the night and taken his daughter away. Dick, believing this story, leaves that morning for Wimmerleigh. Kitty goes down to breakfast, and is cross-examined by Mr Chase, but on his promise of assistance tells him the whole story. At a fabulous price Mr Chase engages the services of

MR PELHAM WEBB, a clever but unscrupulous detective, to find Dick Foster, and extracts a promise from Kitty not to attempt to see or write to her lover until a year has elapsed. Pelham Webb discovers Dick, and unbeknown to Beaumont Chase, takes him to the latter's residence where he is installed as gardener. Sir John and Kitty arrive at Beaumont Hall, and Beaumont Chase loses no time in asking Sir John for the hand of his daughter. Sir John consents. That afternoon Kitty receives news that the gardener is seriously injured.

The concluding paragraphs of last week's instalment, reprinted to refresh reader's memories.

The girl moved to his side and, stooping, kissed him.

"I thank you now daddy dear. I am very grateful to you for all you have done and all you have tried to do for me. And now, if you don't mind, I'll take a stroll in the garden. It is a warm night."

"Very well, my child, but put a wrap on, and don't go far. Chase may be back at any moment, and he will want to see you, I know."

"Don't let him come after me, daddy. I want to be alone. Life is very puzzling."

She threw a silk scarf over her shoulders and as she reached the open window she turned her head and glanced back.

"I am going to look at the stars' daddy," she said, "and see if they have any message for me."

And then with shining eyes she went out into the darkness.

THE TREACHEROUS FRIEND.

Pelham Webb was getting anxious. Much as he loved a double game, he was beginning to realise that such a game had peculiar perils.

There was the danger of falling between two stools.

His plan was as simple as it was bold, and if all went well, he would achieve the greatest and most profitable triumph of his life.

His intention was to deliver Dick Foster up to the police, and so win a world-wide reputation as the detective who had run to earth the daring murderer of Lord Haverham.

At a bound he would be at the very summit of his profession.

On the other hand, he must keep faith with Mr Beaumont Chase, the most generous client he had ever worked for. Fame was good, but money was even better.

Mr Chase was about to marry the young lady upon whom he had set his fancy. Until the ceremony had taken place, Dick Foster must not be arrested. The very existence of the young man in England must not be guessed at by anyone.

Miss Millbank especially must be kept in ignorance that he was here, close at hand, almost within sound of her voice.

At first Mr Webb found the double game both fascinating and easy, and then came the unfortunate accident which very nearly revealed the old gardener's identity.

Since then Pelham Webb had been in a state of suppressed nervous excitement.

Nevertheless, he had taken all possible precautions to avert disaster. He had summoned a doctor from London whom he could trust, and he had contrived that no one else should see the patient.

He had persuaded Beaumont Chase to hasten on the wedding.

Now at last he began to feel more at ease in his mind.

The summer-house pavilion consisted of one long room with windows facing the south, and two tiny rooms at either end.

It was the big room in which the injured man was lying on a small camp-bedstead, and Pelham Webb now stood by the bedside.

It was night, the windows were closely curtained, and the room was dimly lighted by a stable-lamp hanging from a beam across the roof.

The detective looked at his watch. Nearly half-past nine.

Then he took a telegram from his pocket and smiled as he read it over again.

"Everything satisfactorily arranged. The affair takes place to-morrow afternoon at three. Returning late to-night. Will see you.—Chase."

So the period of suspense was nearing its end. All danger of a catastrophe would be over in less than eighteen hours.

Mr Webb was already in communication with the authorities at Scotland Yard.

To-morrow afternoon he would be able to hand over his inconvenient prisoner, and then in a happy and peaceful frame of mind call at the Hall to offer his congratulations to the newly wedded pair.

"How do you feel now?" he asked as he looked down at the invalid.

Dick Foster gazed up and smiled.

"Oh, much better. A bit groggy, of course, but I shall be myself in a day or two. It is awfully good of you to take so much trouble."

"Not at all. I've taken a fancy to you," replied the detective. "I am only

a private detective, and when Miss Millbank engaged me to look after you and save you from arrest, I naturally tried to earn my fees. But now I am interested in you for your own sake, and if I can help you in any way, it will give me great pleasure."

"Yes, I know. You are a good sort, Webb. And now I want you to be frank with me as man to man. You often see Miss Millbank?"

"Yes."

"And talk to her?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Does she ever mention me?"

Pelham Webb hesitated, and seemed reluctant to reply.

"You want me to be quite frank?" he said at length.

"Indeed, I do, as man to man," said Dick earnestly.

"Well, honestly, lad, not so much now as she used to," replied Webb, with well-feigned reluctance. "You see, she is very young, and she is having a pleasant time down here, and there is a good deal to occupy her thoughts. I don't mean she has forgotten you. Not at all. She still has a kindly feeling towards you, I'm sure."

"A kindly feeling?"

Dick Foster repeated the words slowly, and his lips twisted into a wry smile.

"If that's true, it's all for the best," he said, after a pause. "Of course, she will have to forget me, and the sooner the better; but—but I didn't think it would be so soon."

He was silent for a while, and then added with sudden impetuosity: "And I don't believe it now!"

The detective looked at him shrewdly.

His disguise had been removed, and with his fair curly hair and handsome boyish face, he bore very little resemblance to the feeble Daddy Clark who for the past few weeks had pattered about the gardens of Beaumont Hall.

"Young girls are changeable," ventured Webb, "and you could hardly expect—"

"Ah, but you don't know Kitty!" interposed the young man vehemently. "She is a girl in a million. She is true as steel. And I'll tell you what I mean to do, Webb."

He raised himself, and he was leaning on his elbow, and looking up very solemnly into the detective's keen, attentive face.

"You think it best for me to leave here?" he went on.

"Yes, I do. Otherwise I cannot guarantee your safety. I have friends who will hide you, and you must go to them."

"Soon?"

"Yes, very soon. Perhaps to-morrow if you feel fit to travel."

"Ah, very well. I am agreeable. I place myself in your hands. You are my friend, and I know you will advise me for the best. I will go where you like and when you like, but before I go there is one thing I mean to do."

"And what is that?" inquired Webb softly.

"I mean to see Kitty," replied Dick bluntly. "I mean to see her, and reveal myself to her, and talk to her. It will be our last talk together, our last meeting, but I shall look back to it all my life, and so will she. I know her, you see, and you don't. She is brave, and she won't break down. We can give one another up, but we've got to say good-bye. I left her without a word. Well, we'll have our word now."

"Now?"

"To-night or to-morrow night. If you can't arrange it—"

"Oh, but I think I can," interposed Webb hurriedly. "Not to-night, but to-morrow night, if you are really determined about it. I will get Miss Millbank to come here. It will be quite easy. And by that time, my young friend," he added to himself, "you will be on your way to London in charge of a couple of officers from Scotland Yard."

Dick Foster held out his hand impulsively.

"Webb, you are splendid!" he exclaimed, with tears in his eyes. "How can I ever thank you?"

OUTSIDE THE PAVILION.

Once out of the house Kitty sped swiftly across the lawn and darted in among the laurels on the farther side. The night was dark, but she knew her way quite well, and very soon she saw the low-roofed pavilion black against the sky.

As she drew near a certain nervousness overcame her, and all sorts of doubts sprang up in her mind.

(Continued on Page Six.)

FURNITURE!

Do you want Well Made, Well Finished Up-to-Date Furniture at reasonable prices? If so call at

GEO. MOIR & SON,
FURNITURE DEALERS & MANUFACTURERS,
72 & 74 Tay Street, Invercargill.

CIVIC BILLIARD ROOM.

NEWS OFFICE BUILDINGS, DEE STREET, INVERCARGILL.

(Above "The Digger.")

EVERY ATTENTION AND CIVILITY.



BILLIARD NOTES.

VARIOUS IN-OFFS, CHIEFLY WITH THE WHITE AS THE OBJECT-BALL.

A rather difficult run-through in-off into a centre pocket. The balls are intended to be in a straight line with the farther part of the upper angle of the pocket. The stroke should be played by striking the cue-ball above the centre—to give the following-on impetus—and with pocket side—aiming full at the object-ball. Played in this manner, the object-ball will strike the angle and rebound into the centre of the table, leaving a fairway for the oncoming cue-ball, which will enter the pocket either directly or off the angle. For in the event of the cue-ball striking the angle, instead of its being thrown off like the object-ball, the side with which it is laden will pull it into the pocket. It may be pointed out that in all these run-through strokes which are played on to the angle of a pocket, the cue-ball never strikes the angle at as quick a pace as the object-ball does, and this difference in the speed of the two balls is a very important factor in the making of the stroke.

A centre pocket run-through, the balls being in a straight line across the table—that is, at a right-angle to it, and so situated that a line passing through their centres would, if continued, meet the lower angle of the pocket at a point just past the commencement of the angle. The stroke is a moderately easy one, all that is necessary for its accomplishment being a free following-on stroke. The object-ball should be struck quite full, and the cue-ball should be struck above the centre, and with pocket side off the angle. The object-ball, after striking the angle of the pocket runs up the table more or less. The cue-ball, following on after its full contact with the object-ball, strikes the angle gently, and the side takes it into the pocket.

A very similar stroke to the one given, the only difference being that the balls in this case are in a line with the upper angle of the pocket instead of the lower one. The stroke is played in exactly the same manner, but as the object-ball, after striking the upper angle, rebounds towards baulk, care must be taken to play the stroke quite gently, otherwise, the object ball will go into baulk. When the object-ball is comparatively near the pocket, it is easy to keep it out of baulk, but the farther from the pocket the ball is, the more difficult does this become owing to the necessity of playing the stroke with strength sufficient to enable the cue-ball to travel the distance to the pocket.

With the two balls at a right-angle to the table and in a line with a centre pocket angle, the in-off is only on when a line passing through the centre of the balls meets that part of the angle close to the fall of the slate. Should the balls instead be in a line with the part of the angle farthest from the pocket, the in-off is not on owing to the kiss which would ensue. In the former case, the angle throws the object-ball out of harm's way; in the latter case it throws it straight back on to the cue-ball.

A similar stroke from a position above the centre pocket. The stroke is played in exactly the same manner, but as the object-ball, after being struck, travels towards baulk, care must be taken that it does not go over the line. When the cue-ball is comparatively near the object-ball, it is not by any means difficult to prevent the latter from going into baulk. When, however, the cue-ball is some distance away, the object-ball can very easily be lost owing to the shot being played a little too strong; and in a stroke of this nature, unless absolute reliance can be placed in the table and the balls, a slow stroke is a very uncertain one.

For your Garden Seeds,
Plants and Trees, go to

TINY DANIEL

Albion Buildings, Dee Street, Invercargill.

Southland Floral, Plant
and Seed Supply,

JUDGMENT.

(Continued from page five.)

She almost held her breath as she reached the building, and, keeping close to the walls, crept round to the back. She was now on the south side, and she looked anxiously at the three dark windows.

No gleam of light came from any of them, the curtains inside being closely drawn.

But as she drew near she perceived that the centre window was open at the top.

What ought she do? Should she wait until the murmuring voices ceased, and then tap at the window?

She stood upon the low window-ledge, and raised her head to the opening at the top of the window, hoping to catch some word that was spoken within, or at least to recognise the voices.

"I will get Miss Millbank to come here. It will be quite easy."

Her heart bounded within her, and she almost cried out; but at that moment she was startled by a sound behind her.

The night was very hot and still with not a breath of air stirring, and the sound fell upon her ears with startling distinctness.

It was the noise of rustling in the bushes.

Swiftly she turned and slipped down to the ground.

At the same instant the figure of a man leaped at her through the darkness, and flung his arms about her, holding her fast.

"Who are you, young woman?" said a harsh voice in her ear. "And what are you doing sneaking about my garden at this time of the night?"

Desperately Kitty struggled to release herself.

"Let me go?" she panted.

"No fear!" came the grim reply. "Not till I have a look at you. Keep still till get a light."

(To be Continued.)

ANZAC DAY 1920.

By Edith Reddall, in "Sydney Mail.")

On far Gallipoli the noble dead lie still,

And once again this April morn are hearts athrill

With love and homage fresh to breathe their mem'ry dear,

Which Britons for all time shall honour and revere.

In vale, on hill, they rest—the valiant, treasured dead,

Whose deeds have on those heights immortal lustre shed,

Brief, grim their warfare, and then the King's business done,

He took from them the sword, because their crown was won.

Blow gently, breezes, o'er the sacred soil where lie

Those gallant sons of Britain, bred 'neath southern sky.

Bloom sweetly, flowers of spring, upon each lonely grave;

Speak in your beauty of the glory of the brave.

Keep watch, gleam tenderly, bright stars, by night, where rest

That hero band so far from those who loved them best.

Mourners, keep back your tears; your warriors did God's will.

Nearer to Him their spirits dwell and serve Him still.

REJUVENESCENCE.

(An eminent scientist claims that a man can regain his lost youth by the grafting on of glands from a monkey.)

I used to think (I'm ninety-six)

I'd reached senility;

But science has contrived to mix

A monkey up with me,

And now I'm young and sprightly,

I go to dances nightly,

And trip around as lightly

As youths of twenty-three.

And oh! I have a simply wild desire

To climb a tree.

My movements once were stiff and slow,

I hobbled with a stick;

But now, no matter where I go,

I am alert and quick.

My quiet days are ended,

My broken frame is mended.

Oh! Heaven bless this splendid,

This priceless monkey-trick.

(A flapper smiled at me to-day. I'm young enough to "click"!)

I drink the drinks I want to drink,

I eat just what I please,

For now, I do not have to think

Of dodging heart disease.

I used to have to diet,

My meals were very quiet.

But now they're one long riot

Of costly luxuries.

Particularly monkey-nuts—I'm simply mad on these.

—D.C.

The Nature Column.

In the last number of the "School Journal" is a fine little article on the Shining Cuckoo. After describing the general habits of the cuckoo, which in the main agree with those of other cuckoos, Mr Anderson, the writer of the article, raises an important question in regard to the migration of the cuckoo. He says: "The song of the bird ceases in January, and it is supposed that in February or March, or it may be later, the cuckoos leave New Zealand for their winter home. This has been supposed for fifty years; but there is a difficulty.

"The winter home was supposed to be New Caledonia or New Guinea, or perhaps the northern part of Queensland; but it now appears that the bird is rarely known in those places, and then only as an occasional visitor; and a noted Australian authority on birds, Mr G. M. Matthews, makes a suggestion which he admits seems absurd. He suggests that the bird never leaves New Zealand at all! He states that it is rarely found anywhere but in New Zealand, and thinks that it may retire to quiet, little frequented parts of the country during that time of the year when it is not heard." In another place Mr Anderson points out that the birds would have to fly over about 1000 miles of the Tasman sea and it is supposed that the bird must be on the wing for from twenty-four to thirty-six hours—an almost unbelievable flight.

In a lecture on the migration of birds given by Mr Philpot before the Naturalists' Society a year or two ago, it was mentioned that the law of the survival of the fittest would provide that only birds possessing the necessary power of flight would survive as the land bridges disappeared. In the same lecture Mr Philpot stated that he had seen cuckoos arrive in Southland absolutely exhausted, and very hungry, eating with avidity the hairy caterpillar of the magpie moth. This caterpillar is rarely eaten by birds. Other evidence of the exhausted state of the birds was also adduced. This at least goes to show that the cuckoo has travelled far before it reaches our southern districts.

In connection with the eating of hairy caterpillars, it is well to note that Mr Pike in the Old Country mentions, in the course of an article on the cuckoo, that these birds eat hairy and brightly coloured caterpillars. He also mentions that when too big for the nest, but still unable to look after itself, the young cuckoo is fed by other birds beside the foster parents. Have any of our observers here noticed this peculiarity?

Mr Anderson says the cuckoo has never been seen to arrive or depart, though the godwit has been seen both coming and going. Further cuckoos have been known to winter in New Zealand. In this, of course, they are not singular, for I have seen the godwit throughout the whole year on the New River Estuary, and they have also been seen by others. A member of the naturalists said he thought the godwit bred here.

An appeal has been made to the teachers and scholars of the schools to watch for the cuckoo in the wintertime, and a keen look out should be kept during September and October, the supposed time of their arrival in the Dominion. We trust that all nature students will do the same. Any notes from correspondents on the cuckoo will be gratefully received.

Dear Student,—Re your request for information as to where fossils may be found in the Hokonui. I have pleasure in sending you the following remarks:—

This vast assemblage of sedimentary strata comprises a stratigraphical system in time from Permian to Jurassic. It is the principal mountain builder in New Zealand, in Southland these rocks occupy the greater part of the land surface and sweep round the south end of Otago to Nugget Point and lower Clutha.

The general occurrence of sediments throughout the country proves that New Zealand was once the shore line of a continent. Geologists do not yet possess sufficient knowledge of facts to enable them to say where the old continent was situated, but the remains of its flora and fauna were covered up by the sands of the beaches and mud deposits, hence the rich fossil bearing rocks in the Hokonui system and elsewhere.

In the gravels of the Otapiri stream plant fossils containing Asplenites similar to the Curio Bay fossils are to be found, also shells such as pectens etc. The different series of the Hokonui system, the Bastian, Otapiri, and Mataura series are all prolific hunting grounds for the fossil seeker.—Yours sincerely,

CHAS. CALVERT.

Myrossa Bush,

June 3, 1920.

A reply to the above will appear in the next issue.

DRAUGHTS.

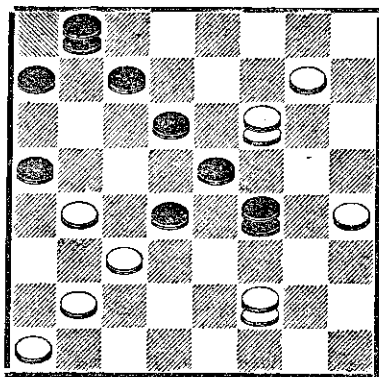
Draughts club meets in Athenaeum, Wednesday and Saturday evenings, visitors welcome.

PROBLEM 13.

By B. Berry, Lincoln, U.S.A.

Black to play and win.

Black: 5, 6, 10, 13, 15, 18, Kings: 1, 19.



White: 8, 17, 20, 22, 25, 29, Kings: 11, 27.

Exceptionally pleasing.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM 12.

Black: 5, 14, 17, 19, 23, 27, 28, Kings: 1 and 15.

White: 12, 13, 21, 24, 26, 30, 32, Kings: 7 and 7.

Black to play and win.

5.9 18.22 8.11 23.32
13.6 26.17 32.23 Black
14.18 23.26 11.11 wins.
21.14 30.16 17.14

"11.15 Variation!"—"I am now prepared," announced the professional champion draughts statistician with impressment, "to inform any gentleman present the number of variations to any position he may submit." "Really," exclaimed a sceptic. "I should like to know how many possible variations there is in a game after 11-15 is played?" "Certainly, sir, certainly; there is exactly 17,700,797, and if you can prove I am wrong I will pay you five pounds."

TRAPS FOR AMATEURS.

CROSS CHOICE.

11.15 5.14 11.16 1.5 6.13 8.11
23.18 22.17 24.19 26.22 22.17 21.17a
9.14 7.11 16.23 5.14 13.22
16.9 17.13 27.9 13.9 25.9

(A)—White wins easily with an active king and an impregnable king-row.

An interesting contest is now being played among the local draughts enthusiasts. I refer to the tourney of the Invercargill Draughts Club. Some good games are being played, and I want players also who have games of more than usual interest to take them down for publication in this column. A little more enthusiasm and the game will soon become what it deserves to be, popular.

The following is another game played in the recent Timaru tourney between Mr C. Souness, Dannevirke, and Mr T. Bussell, Fairlie.

DENNY.

Mr Souness (black). Mr Bussell (white).
10.14 6.10 14.17 3.8 11.18
24.20 28.24 21.14 32.28 14.9
11.15 9.13 10.17 5.9 8.11
22.18 18.9 24.19 28.24 9.2
15.22 5.14 17.22 2.6 11.16
25.18 25.22 26.17 23.19 2.11
8.11 1.5 13.22 9.13 16.32
29.25 22.18 19.15 18.14 Black wins.

A large number of prominent Scotsmen, some of them Dominion office-bearers of the Piping and Dancing Association of New Zealand, visited Dunedin last week from all parts of the North and South Islands in connection with the association's piping and dancing competitions. Among these visitors are Messrs N. Mackenzie Forbes (president of the Wanganui Caledonian Society, and probably the best Highland dancer ever in the Dominion), David Munro (ex-president of the Palmerston North Caledonian Society), Donald H. MacLean (Feilding), Wm. McLachlan (a prominent office-bearer of the Wellington Competitions Society), and Mr John Fraser, Limehills (ex-chief of the Southland Highland Society). The visitors are giving high praise to the local centre of the association for the excellence of the arrangement and management of the present Dunedin competitions.

Passing Notes.

BY JACQUES.

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

RANDOM REFLECTIONS.

To know all is to forgive all. Intimidation plays a big part in society under the name of respectability.

The abuse of power proclaims the weakness.

Those who never do more than they are paid for, never get paid for more than they do.

I know a man who never lied to his wife. He was a bachelor.

The way of the transgressor is hard—on the rest of us.

Life consists of two things—wishing you hadn't if you did, and wishing you had if you didn't.

An argument with a woman is often opened by mistake.

A FEW DEFINITIONS.

Love—Madness.

Courtship—Gladness.

Marriage—Sadness.

Faith—Belief in what we know is rot.

Charity—An excellent advertisement.

Memory—The faculty which enables us to remember what we ought to forget.

Curiosity—A feeling inspired by things that are none of our business.

Flattery—Praise of other people.

Glutton—A full grown man who can eat nearly as much as a boy.

Pleasure—Anything we can't afford.

Martyr—A man who lives up to his wife's expectations of him.

Food prices rise beyond belief.

And apprehensive fears awaken;

That if it's rash to purchase beef,

It's even rasher to buy bacon.

It is quite common to see placards attached to perambulators bearing the notice, "Please do not kiss the baby."—London correspondent to a northern paper.

You had better kiss the mother,

The learned doctors say;

Infection to the little one

By this you might convey.

If you respect that science which

Pathology is styled:

You had better kiss the mother,

Let the mother kiss the child.

There is nothing like a good scare to test the strength of our convictions. Time was when almost every other man in Invercargill openly proclaimed his antagonism to vaccination. That was when we had no smallpox, and when there seemed little likelihood of it coming. But the unexpected has happened, as usual. We have had quite a number of cases of smallpox (though we for a time disguised it with fancy names), and now Dr McCaw is overworked, and those who declaimed most loudly against vaccination carefully keep their left arm away from your possible friendly smack of greeting, while on every hand we hear murmurs about "A proper regard for the public safety," etc. Smallpox, like conscience, makes cowards of us all. For my own part I frankly confess that I got Dr McCaw to decorate my left arm the other evening. It "took" beautifully, and, as a result, my temper is in a sadly frayed condition just at present. By the way, can anyone tell why the doctors almost invariably choose the left arm to operate on? Not always, though, as the following story will show.

During an epidemic of smallpox a music hall artist, who was very proud of her shapely limbs, and who had gained considerable notoriety through the scantiness of her stage attire, called on a doctor with a view to being vaccinated. She insisted, however, that the operation should be performed in such a way as to leave no mark visible to her nightly admirers. "Well, to make sure on that point," said the doctor, "I had better first see you in your stage get-up." The lady agreed to give him a sort of private rehearsal—her usual undress affair. At its conclusion the medico said, "Well, if you really want protection, but do not want any marks visible—well, all I can suggest is that you swallow the lymph."

The daily papers have been telling us of a man up north who bought and sold three farms inside of twelve months, net-

ting £12,000 from the deals. And Mr Massey says he has no evidence of profiteering in land!

A PARABLE.

In a far country, the name whereof being Godzond, great tribulation fell upon the people by reason of a plague, which, in the language of that country, was called the profiteer. And they rose and went to their rulers, saying: "Deliver us, we pray you, from this evil, which eateth up our substance, and maketh a quidlet to look like a picture of nothing. The H.C.L. (which, being interpreted, meaneth hellish prices), troubleth us, and our eyes perceive things to be exceedingly unptido. We beseech you, oh masters, to help us." And the rulers answered, saying: "Depart in peace; we shall dummix the profiteer until he looketh meaner than twopenny in coppers." But when the people had gone away rejoicing the rulers winked the other eye at each other, saying: "What mean these foolish people? Lo! the profiteer is our father and our brother, and our cousin and our son; he is also ourselves. Shall we, then, hearken to the rabble, and sever our own jugulars? No dam fear!" Then spake one who was full of years and guile, and said: "These ye speak of are our friends; they also command many votes. The Lord forbid that we should lay hands on them. But there be others, smaller fry, who live not in our street, neither have they many votes. They are sellers of Mellin's Food, Vas-el-in, and such small things in the market place, and they sometimes rat the people, yea, even to the extent of a tanner. Verily, we will shake the far out of some of them. And the people will bless us and forget about our friends who have great dealings in wool, and hides, and land, and the flesh of sheep and beeves." And lo! it came to pass as he said. They gave the poor seller of goods a taste of hell; but the rich man they laid on velvet. And the people (who are sometimes called also mugs), seeing only part of this said: "Wise and great and good are our rulers," and they blessed them and went on paying through the nose for their scran, raiment, and other things. Moral: Well take your choice of a dozen.

Perhaps the most mistaken and regrettable strike that New Zealand has yet seen was that entered into by the Auckland tramway workers on behalf of the jockeys. Their assistance was not solicited, so far as we can learn, and their action was made ridiculous by the fact that those for whom they were fighting took no part themselves in the struggle. It simply looks as though the tramwaymen were conscious of their "giant's strength," and tyrannously resolved to "use it like a giant," not against the horse-owners or racing clubs, but against the general public—with whom there was no quarrel. In alienating public sympathy, as they have undoubtedly done by their ill-advised bludgeoning of those who were altogether innocent of any part in the trouble between the jockeys and owners, they have weakened any case, however just, they may themselves have in the future. No strike has any chance of success without a measure of public goodwill, and this the tramwaymen have gone a long way towards forfeiting by their intemperate action in the present instance. They are badly beaten—how could it be otherwise? And, in addition to loss of time and money, have made themselves the laughing stock of the Dominion—to the regret of all true sympathisers with Labour's legitimate aspirations.

A PROPER WEAPON!

"Well, John," said the doctor, who had been rather rudely roused from his afternoon nap, "what's wrong with you?" "I've sprained my wrist rather badly, sir," explained the blacksmith of the village.

The doctor examined the wrist, and looked grave.

"Thomas," he called to the surgery boy, "go upstairs and bring me down that phial on the table."

With indignation in his face, the blacksmith stared to his feet.

"File!" he yelled. "No, you don't! If this hand's to come off you'll use a knife or an axe!"

IF YOU WANT
A HOUSE,
SECTION,
BUSINESS,
or
FARM,
CONSULT
GORDON BROWN.

Insure with
THE
I. O. A.

(Insurance Office of Australia, Ltd.)
FIRE ACCIDENT, SICKNESS.
Motor Cars and Marine business transacted.
PROMPT AND LIBERAL SETTLEMENTS.

GORDON BROWN,
District Agent.
H. F. R. MILLER,
District Secretary.

H. D. PRESTON.

BUILDING CONTRACTOR,
WINDOW FITTER AND SHOW-CASE
MAKER,
TAY STREET, INVERCARGILL.

IF you require anything in the way of
woodwork please call and have your
wants attended to.

I have the staff and material to do any
work required—and do it well.

H. D. PRESTON,
TAY STREET, INVERCARGILL.

Phone—472. Private—507.

RABBIT SKINS

RABBIT SKINS WANTED IN ANY
QUANTITY.

HIGHEST PRICES. PROMPT
RETURNS.

Consign to—

ANDREW WILSON,
Corner DEE and LEET STREETS,
INVERCARGILL.

Also—

WOOL, SHEEPSKINS, HIDES,
TALLOW AND HORSEHAIR.

Tags on Application to—

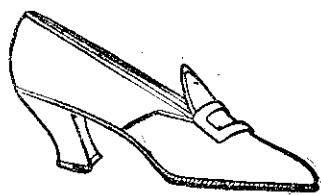
BOX 143. PHONE 1143

TRAMP! Tramp! Tramp! Hear their
ceaseless beat:

Hear the Town Council bleat,
What on earth is that they have upon
their feet,

Why! Boots repaired at Hawthorne's
shop!

Repairs that last.



J. A. HAWTHORNE.
BOOT REPAIRER,
TAY STREET.



SPORTING.

Almoner ran disappointingly at Wingatui.

His many friends will regret to hear that the secretary to the Southland Racing Club is laid up.

Crib's victories on Thursday and Saturday were popular, and improve his chances in the National.

Tin Soldier is out for a long time if one can judge by his lameness after racing on Tuesday.

They say that his connections backed Frenchman one day at Wingatui. Danube's stock has never been much good at three years old.

Lochella is some horse! He may be short pedigreed on his dam's side, but he is a damned sight too good for most of them: that can be traced back to the ark.

Primum has had too much racing lately and was racing worse each start at Dunedin. He should make a handicap horse next season.

It is more than probable that McIvor and Hogan will each take a team to Wellington meeting—unless the transport facilities are against them.

Willy Swale tried to buy Palladio back prior to the big steeplechase on Tuesday, and is reported to have offered £350 for him. He was lucky not catching Billy Baird in a dealing mood.

The Riverton Club is petitioning the Minister of Internal Affairs for another two days' racing permit. If any club is entitled to two meetings a year it is the Riverton Club.

Should Lochella go over for the Victorian National he will be hard to beat, but I won't have him with the handlers that race at Flemington. They will be a very different lot to those he stousted at Auckland last week.

Gib. McLean nearly brought off a surprise on Saturday with old Awahou. But for a faulty jump at the last fence he might have won, and then the dividend Achilles paid would have been small potatoes compared to the one Gib. and his friends would have gathered.

Both Billy Robinson and Jack McChesney looked surprised when they met each other rolling on the turf behind the big post and rails last Thursday, but the falling was like the going, soft, and none were hurt.

Kintailshore isn't much good as a steeplechaser. He wants more pace and a few other qualifications before taking on the Grand National.

Silverpeak is some mare, and her reception when she returned to the enclosure on Saturday showed the public like a straight-going owner and a good horse. Bill Stone don't bottle up his good things, being a non-betting owner he likes his friends to be on them.

Burrangong was paying any old price when he was striding along in front on Thursday, and half a mile from home looked like landing the mustard, but weight, pace and mud, settled him when they started looking for the winning post.

Johnny McCombe had a tenner on Lady Pallas when she won last Saturday, and after the race he went round and gave £50 of the dividend for the Pallas-Kitty O'Shea mare. And then he showed a profit of over twenty quid on the transaction.

The Jockeys' Union and its many claims were freely discussed during the carnival week in Dunedin, and the rights and wrongs were frequently explained from both sides. The jockeys of the old days always referred to their calling as a profession, and would probably have scorned the idea of joining up with ordinary trades unions. But there is no doubt the jockeys of the present day have some claim to the better conditions existing for all classes of employees, and if they go the right way about it their claims will no doubt be recognised.

Charlie Christie and George Feilding dropped on their feet when they became trainer and jockey for Mr "Acting" Adams, but they have fully warranted their selections now.

At one time Billy Robinson and Golden King used to be a profitable double to follow on a race track, and they took up that role again last week. What about pensioning the old 'orse off now Jock?

According to some trainers, jockeys have no right to strike, and I believe they are right. But if jockeys have no right to do so why did some of our trainers threaten to do so at Wingatui on Tuesday last?

When a jockey went for a bath in the water-jump on Tuesday, the owner he was riding for is credited with remarking that the jockey ought to have — well stayed in the water. But he didn't. He got out and won for the same owner on the same horse later on at the meeting. Some owners are more generous with their remarks than their money.

The two Lochella double was costly to the Tommies throughout New Zealand, and in the South Island the Tommies caught it hot with the winning combinations each day at Dunedin.

The two dividends paid by Lochella at Auckland did not amount to much more than fifty bob profit on the two quid invested. And look at the chances he had of making a mistake at any one of the number of fences he jumped in the two races!

Some years ago a well known Western District man frequently remarked that he would rather go out of the game than have a horse of his trained by a well known leading Invercargill trainer, but after the recent Dunedin meeting he has given this trainer two of his horses. Nothing succeeds like success!

H. J. Beck was not satisfied with Magdala's running on Saturday and has transferred him to P. T. Hogan's stable. The old horse was originally trained by Hogan who won the Winter Cup of 1912 with him, and always had an idea he would make a champion at the jumping game. Hogan will do with him, and will in future also train Blue Admiral for Mr Beck. He gets both horses in good condition for the remainder of the winter season.

Old Harry Searle, who broke Lady Pallas in and taught her how to gallop always maintained that she was a good one, and it was hard luck the old man should lose her just as she commenced a winning career. Since going into W. McKay's stable at Riverton this mare has quietened down a great deal, and under McCombe's training she may continue on in her winning way.

Tom Kett was lucky to catch a steeplechase with Dunmure at Dunedin, and it was only inexperience on the part of Magdala's rider that enabled Dunmure to win. Dawson on Magdala was half a length behind Dunmure at the big post and rail fence and taking off when Dunmure did he struck the fence on landing and rolled over. Had Jimmy Thistleton been up on Magdala he would have known too late to be in that position at a stiff fence, but the younger generation have all got to learn, and young Dawson, who is a good game lad, will remember the lesson he got on Saturday.

Jack McChesney is one of the gamest boys we have riding over country in the South Island just now, and he fully deserved the win he scored on Dunmure. I'll wager a crown no other rider on the course on Saturday could have won on Mr Kett's horse.

It has been arranged (says the "Tablet") that the consecration of the Right Rev. Dr. Whyte as Bishop of Dunedin and Right Rev. Dr. Liston as Coadjutor-Bishop of Auckland, shall take place in St. Joseph's Cathedral, Dunedin, on a date yet to be decided.

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.

289 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, 20 cattle.

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

279 ACRES; seven miles from Winton, at £14 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.

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.")

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.

ATHENAEUM BUILDINGS,
INVERCARGILL.

This game was played in front of the large grand stand, the ground being fairly heavy and suitable for the heavy Green pack which took a long time to settle down to work, Waikiwi with a short side-breasting around them frequently and smothering their slow backs, who were nothing if not cool. There was a fair amount of passing on each side, but Knight of Waikiwi was the only back to run straight, Greens running consistently to the side lines in their slow job method of transfer and kicking recklessly when unsupported. One Athletic movement was clever in charge of pass direction, but the recipient was ruled off-side and a Waikiwi forward line. Some high punts were allowed to bounce, and scrummers revelled in the slow work of novice backs. Knight, subarbitrarily beat his opposing backs who refused to direct him, his clearing kicks relieving his side frequently. Whyte led the higher forwards and several times put his side on attack; but the backs of his side were uneven, so, though Green tackling was poor, their passing was not very fruitful in gaining ground. Attack was interchanged for Athletic to make for the side lines in passing rushes, when a high kick would have gained some ground and given backs a chance to null the greasy ball though Red and Black were surer in take. A kicking was markedly weak when contrasted with that of the sides on No. 1 area, and wore forwards out to no purpose. The bunching of the packs was better than it has been for some time and the scrums and line clusters looked workmanlike. An Athletic transfer movement took play into a Waikiwi 25, a big jumper being well fended by a Green wing-three; but the full came across with a clean tackle and saved the try. Right on a Waikiwi line the Green forwards failed to hold Whyte, who led his men in a series of smart dashes to Green half stretch, where eager Colours hustled Green weak ground work, Knight receiving the ball to pot a goal, tired probably of seeing the ball leave him to be lost. Waikiwi 10, Athletic nil. The ascendancy of Waikiwi had been produced by Whyte, Knight, and an Athletic back speculator. Green worked back and fed the rearguard, but when a try seemed assured, the centre-three held on and the movement was checked, though only temporarily. In a ruck Whyte injured a "returned" leg, and Waikiwi lost the services of the best forward on the ground. The loss was quickly felt, for Green forward rushes were rewarded with a scramble try. Waikiwi 4, Athletic 3. The numerical inferiority of Waikiwi did not prevent their giving Green some anxious moments, but there was no further change in the score during the first spell.

Waikiwi kicked off in the second half with juniors to fill the depleted ranks, and a Green let the Waikiwi get near Athletic 25. The play became heavier and slower, the only attack coming for some time from Waikiwi light scrummers ruling the Green backs, the attack ending in Knight making a great run to short kick over the full's head and have it married. It was bad luck for a very smart piece of Rugby. The kick brought Athletic into attack, and much talk was heard from players to the detriment of their football. The Athletic forwards were finding their weight telling, but hard kicks and clever Waikiwi fielding lost them much ground gained by strenuous work. Just at this stage of the game there was some bad pushing of men. The ebb of play saw Waikiwi in attack, but Green forced. From the 25 Athletic tried passing, but the transfers were slow and thus ineffective. Knight continued to do good work, and Leith of Athletic squashed a return and the would-be return, and the Green moved into position, when Horan got over from a smart pass. Athletic 6, Waikiwi 8. The Green forwards were breaking through frequently, and Waikiwi missed. Whyte could not hold the line packs. The crowd grew excited and thronged the ground. Green passed, broke down, and continued a sort of attack, but a Waikiwi set up a good dribble and there being little ground work made some territory. A green mark was potted by Leith, a fair attempt being made, and Waikiwi position nearly let the forwards in on the charge. There was then a scene of struggling inwards on Waikiwi line, Green refusing to heel and forcing Red and Black to heel. Several five-yard scrums resulting. Green forwards were too heavy, and a well sneaked out of a pack to Shepherd was fed Horan. The latter feinted off to middle and his opponent dashed off to find that the pea wasn't under that thimble, but that Horan had scored. Athletic 9, Waikiwi 4. Knight and Willis rumbled at the ball but unfortunately the latter got

it to kick it into his own men, and the Green forwards scored, 12-4. Shortly afterwards a Green tried a pot and the ball hit the bar and bounced back into play. The field seemed hypnotised and spectators smiled audibly. Waikiki backs then attempted to clear with defence pass and kick, but the Green forwards and the ball were too heavy, and the Colours were soon again defending, when a Green passing rush made Athletic 15, Waikiki 4.

I.F.C. (19) v. STAR (3).

The return after-play of Star kick-off put the Star on the defensive, the Blue forwards driving down and heeling to their backs who were quickly checked by Star. The ball did not stay with the I.F.C. backs, and the quick, aggressive Star breaks took the ball to mid-field and a fair transfer movement from the half ended in Sutton being lined. From the line scrum the Blues failed to dinge Star defence, several attempts being brought to an end by Star freeing into I.F.C.'s last stretch, when the opposing forwards re-exerted themselves and came well down. The Blue full was good on take and came up, but short and inaccurate in kick, evidently feeling his period of retirement. Star Jenkins made a good opening, but Blue full took his backer and the forwards cleared from the resultant scrum. A mull then let Star comets in, and Barraclough mixing with the forwards scored after a good run during the course of which Blues thought he ran out of touch. Star 3. Vial later showed up in gaining a stretch to be failed by Lilley. From a scrum Davidson moved his first on the short and the wind receiving from Lopdell booted into Star ground. Here Lilley cleared several times well, the game being open and fairly attractive, Star failing to use backs except as spoilers or as cavalry to finish what the infantry had begun. The driving play of the vigorous Blues was returned by the Star, and one of the latter's rushes was magnificent, a small forward diving through forward resistance to pin down a back. Blue kicking at this stage was weak and the Star came into attack, Blue being lucky to force. Almost at once the spell ended with Star 3, I.F.C. nil.

During the interval the mass of spectators on the north line walked across the No. 2 field to mingle with the officials and to crowd the in-goal and the over-line stretches, returning only when the teams re-entered the field. The spell opened with some shirking on each side, and the spell did not promise well, several backs not handling but trusting to last week's precedent of a field goal. However, things brightened, and a smart heel and half pass put Vial going to jink a Star back and pass in to a forward who dropped the ball. The position was critical for Star, one of their side being penalised for delay in getting off the ball. The penalty exacted to the full made Star 3, I.F.C. 3. The 25 gave Blue advantage on the return, Lopdell twice gaining kicked stretches. A Blue pass was checked and Lilley recovered some of the ground. Star broke from lines and set-scrums with judgment, nipping backs and initiating dribbles, upon which the rejuvenated I.F.C. fell pluckily. Some penalties relieved a spell of Star defence and the play was dull for a time. Followed a huge Blue forward drive, which was pulled up. But Star were feeling the new Blue smashing attacks and O'Byrne headed a side-line attack and Miller finished it, after the opposing defence had refused ground work. Blues 6, Star 3. Star got to the middle, but I.F.C. forwards broke through to be kicked into defence through over strength of foot, Lilley clearing and the Star six-furlong men dashing to drive the ball home. A good defence pass by Blues saved them, and their full kicked short to the line. Some good returns were then seen, Star gaining, though neither set of kickers thought of their timing forwards. Then Davidson fed Lopdell who passed to Vial in good position, but the knock-on stopped the movement and the Star dashed into the gap for the Blue backs to defend well by going down to dribbles. Star here showed signs of breaking up, their forwards not being able to cope with Blues. Lopdell controlled the passing on the I.F.C. side and was seldom or never felled. Star dashed back on to Blue line, but the I.F.C. heeling and punting was too good, and three punts from lines brought them down to Star line. The packing was good and Blue seemed to be able to break Star lines easily. Another forward venture allowed some Blue forward to score, the crowd on the in-goal blocking the view until the scrambles arose—9-3. Five Lopdell now did as he chose, kicked, ran or passed, without being dumped, and the wing-three scored from his feed, and Lopdell converted. I.F.C. 17, Star 3. The rest of the game was Blue attack, and the Star returns were always beaten, their luck being out, though they finished at midfield with the score—I.F.C. 19, Star 3.

SMOKE CONCERT

In honour of the visit of
General Birdwood,
to be held in
KINGS HALL, CLYDE STREET,
Monday, 14th June, at 8 p.m.

All Returned Soldiers are requested to attend in uniforms if possible.

2/6 Admission. Tickets may be obtained from R.S.A. Invercargill, Gore, all Sub-Associations and "The Digger" Office (Upstairs News Buildings, Invercargill.)

R.S.A. EXECUTIVE.

The usual meeting of the R.S.A. Executive was held on Tuesday last. Mr R. B. Caws reported on the action that had been taken by the sub-committee regarding General Birdwood's visit. It was ultimately decided to hold a smoke concert in the King's Hall, on Tuesday, June 15th, at 8 p.m. Charge for admission 2s 6d to defray expenses. The mayor, councillors and members of executive of patriotic societies to be cordially invited. It was also decided to request the Mayor to invite the returned sisters to the civic reception, also to suggest their being invited to the proposed dinner. The toast list and musical items were left in the hands of Mr J. A. Doig and Mr A. Glass, to carry out part of the organisation.

Correspondence was received from the Minister of Lands relative to various cases forwarded by the R.S.A.

A communication from the War Funds Association regarding cigarettes and tobacco to men in hospital and convalescent. It was decided to acknowledge the communication, and to reply as stated elsewhere in this issue.

Various cases were submitted to the Executive for consideration. Some discussion arose over some cases submitted. The Executive required genuine cases and not those which had received superficial treatment.

MARKET NOTES.

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

There has been good demand for all classes of produce. Large consignments of potatoes have been handled by us during the week, and prices ex store are from £7 10s to £8. Onions, 12s 6d per cwt. Wheat—Supplies exhausted. Oats for fowl feed, 5s 6d to 5s 9d. Chaff to £8 5s, for prime; discoloured £6. Oaten Straw, £5 10s per ton. Meggitt's Linseed Meal, 25s per bag. Oatdust, 6s 6d per bag. Bran, 10s per bag. Pollard, 12s per bag.

Fruit.—Consignments have been rather "light" during the week, and prices show a considerable increase. Apples (dessert) 2½d to 4½ per lb., according to grade and variety. Apples (cooking), 2½d to 3½d per lb. Pears, 2½d to 4½d per lb. Quinces, 3d per lb.

General.—Lepp Salt Lick 2s 3d per brick. Cow Covers (lined), 21s 6d; (unlined), 19s; Horse Covers, £2 15s to £3. Mutton Birds (in kits containing 24 to 40 birds), 1s per bird. Boots, 35s per pair. Honey (10lb tins), 10s per tin. Tea in 5lb packets, 13s 6d.

Furniture.—We have received a consignment of new Linoleums of the latest patterns. We also have received some very nice carpets, and a selection of new and up-to-date Sea-grass Chairs. We manufacture furniture of oak or rimu to any design. We invite your inspection and enquiries.

Land Department.—We have for sale a four-roomed house and 7½ acres of good dairying land in Taatapere. The outbuilding include a five-stalled stable and a two-stalled milking shed. The owner of this property is selling in order to take up a larger farm.

O! Zeus! When you ring my knell,
Decree of me not a frozen hell!
For if to thee 'twill be the same,
I'd far prefer a hell of flame.
But if thy unrelenting hate
In that alone its lust can sate,
Grant me, to make my fate allure,
A gross of Woods' Great Peppermint
Care.

WANTED.

SMART BOYS to sell the "Digger" in South Invercargill and Waikiki. Good commission. Apply "Digger" Office, News Buildings, Invercargill.

WANTED.

A COOK for BACHELORS.

Apply—
"X.Y.Z.,
Timpany's Siding.

SOUTHLAND WAR FUNDS ASSOCIATION.

ANNUAL MEETING.

THE Annual Meeting of the Southland War Funds Association will be held in the Town Hall, Tay street, Invercargill, on THURSDAY, 17th June, 1920, at 10.30 a.m.

Business:

Annual Report and Statement of Accounts.

Election of Office Bearers.

General

H. J. FARRANT,

Secretary.

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.

CHEAP LIVING!

2 Tins SALMON, for 1/8.
2 Tins KIPPERED SALMON for 1/8.
2 Tins SARDINES for 1/8.
2 Large Tins SALMON for 3/2.
2 Medium NUGGET for 1/-
3 Large Tins BLACKING for 2/6.
3 Bottles ESSENCES for 1/9.
5 HUDSON'S POWDER for 1/-
Large EDMONDS' POWDER, 2/6.
BAG BLUE, large packet, 1/3.
3 Tins ZEBRA PASTE for 1/3.
REX CHEESE, for 1/2.
COCOANUT, 1/6 per lb.

AT

BAXTERS.

DEE STREET.

SATURDAY, the 12th JUNE,

ENDS OUR LAST DAY

—of—

2/6 IN THE £ DISCOUNT.

THE PARAMOUNT,
ESK STREET.

THERE IS NO SLUMP IN PRICES.

Costs are Higher than Ever.

IT IS ONLY "THE EXHIBITION" METHOD OF PREPARING FOR STOCKTAKING.



24 Only ALL WOOL JERSEY COATS, in Cream, Navy, and Fawn. Usually 29/6. To go at 25/6.

12 Only ALL WOOL JERSEY COATS, in Cream, Fawn, Heather, and Grey. Usually 39/6. To go at 32/6.

A few pairs ODD CORSETS; sizes 22, 23, 24, 25 and 26 inch; Warner's Long Hip Model; White and Gray; 15/6. To go at 10/6.

40 Only FLANNELLA BLOUSES, in a smart Shirt style; sizes 13½, 14, 14½, 15 inch. The best washing blouse known. Usually 15/6. To clear at 10/6.

25 Only Assorted STRIPED WINCEYETTE BLOUSES; all sizes. Usually 12/6 and 15/6. Your pick at 7/11.

A few CREPE-DE-CHINE AND NOVELTY LACE BLOUSES. To go at 21/- each.

MILLINERY OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS SPECIALLY REDUCED.

EACH YEAR AS STOCKTAKING APPROACHES WE GO THROUGH OUR STOCKS CAREFULLY AND WHEREVER WE ARE OVERSTOCKED WE MAKE A SPECIAL EFFORT TO REDUCE TO NORMAL.

AT THESE REDUCED PRICES, THE GOODS ARE FOR CASH ONLY, AND CANNOT BE ALLOWED OUT ON APPROVAL.

Thomson & Beattie, Ltd.

THE QUALITY HOUSE.

'Phone 13. P.O. Box 46. Tay Street, Invercargill.



LAND BOARD ELECTION.

THE MOST REPRESENTATIVE CANDIDATE CONTESTING THE VACANCY IS—COLONEL HARGEST.

A PRACTICAL FARMER WORKING A CROWN LEASE.

A RETURNED SOLDIER WITH A BRILLIANT WAR RECORD, AND A MEMBER OF THE LAND PURCHASE BOARD.

NO OTHER CANDIDATE CONTESTING THE SEAT HAS THE QUALIFICATION FOR REPRESENTING ALL SECTIONS CONCERNED.

VOTE FOR HARGEST.

1239

Land Board Election.

CANDIDATES:

~~GARDNER, JAMES GARDNER, OLIVER.~~
~~GARDNER, JAMES GARDNER, OLIVER.~~

HARGEST, JAMES, JUNR., MANDEVILLE.

~~HEERMAN, BENIC JAMES, BEANMONT, NIGHTCAPS.~~
~~HEERMAN, BENIC JAMES, BEANMONT, NIGHTCAPS.~~

~~WING, JAMES, TAITAPERE.~~
~~WING, JAMES, TAITAPERE.~~

THE VOTING PAPER AS IT WILL APPEAR AFTER HAVING VOTED FOR JAMES HARGEST.

HOTCH! SCOTCH! POTCH!

(Contributed by "The Groper.")

Far be't frae me that I aspire,
To blame your legislation,
Or say ye wisdom want or fire,
To rule this mighty nation!
But, faith! I muckle doubt, my sire,
Ye've trusted ministration
To claps who in a barn or byre,
Wad better filled their station.

And now ye've gien auld Britain peace
Her broken shins to plaster;
Your sair taxation does her fleece,
Till she has scarce a tester.

As it was in the day of Burns so is it now. Fox, Pitt, and the other great ones got their meed of banter and curses from the subjects of the realm. Lloyd George gets most of his curses from Ireland, where a considerable body of disgruntled stalwarts are perpetually "Agin the Government." The broken shins of Britain (Ireland's too) want rest. We in New Zealand don't want an Irish or any other like question. "Iona" is no fool, but has a penchant for the scrap heap of the past—the lumber room of things, so to speak. From thence he retails a queer history—devoid of edification. We therefore congratulate the "Southland Times" on the matter and manner of its rebuke and correction of "Iona."

Digger Hall-Jones, B.A., LL.B., and the first local president of the R.S.A., is to be congratulated on the ownership of a real live crooning little digger. "The Groper," offers the father digger the following injunction from the pen of the immortal Robbie:—

Ye'll catechise him every quirk
An' shore him weel wi' hell;
An' gar him follow to the kirk—
Ay when ye gang yourself.

A "two gallon" party:—

But ye whom social pleasure charms,
Whose heart the tide of kindness warms
Who hold your being on the terms
"Each aid the other."
Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
My friends! My brothers!

On a noted coxcomb:—
Light lay the earth on Willy's breast,
His chicken heart so tender,
But build a castle on his head,
His skull will prop it under.

The cause of Methodism must have received an awful setback in this town. Is it possible that Scott, Brown, and Presbyterianism are to blame? Levitt Street church sold! Leet street, Don street, and the Northend property open for negotiation! The truth is Invercargill churches have been emptied by blatant mediocrity preaching German-made theology which does not seem to "get there." There have been notable exceptions in the gifted C. H. Olds, and one or two others.

Speaking on preaching. "The Groper," not long since heard Burridge discoursing on the episode of David's valiant bringing their chief water from a well, after making "dog beef" of the intervening Philistines. The preacher took full five minutes to tell how David spilled the water on the ground. The mighty Thomas Chalmers preaching from the same text, said: "My friends, had I been David, I'd just a ta'en a richt guid willy waucht o't."

Wives only:—

THE HEN-PECKED HUSBAND.
(Burns.)

Cursed be the man, the poorest wretch
in life,
The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife!
Who has no right but by her high permission;
Who has not sixpence, but in her possession;
Who must to her his dear friends' secrets tell;
Who dreads a curtain lecture worse than hell;
Were such the wife had fallen to my part,
I'd break her spirit or I'd break her heart,
I'd charm her with the magic of a switch;
I'd kiss her maids, and kick the perverse LADY.

"Lady" is near enough!

The friendship of Burns:—

For me I swear by sun an' moon,
And every star that winks aboon,
Ye've cost me twenty pair o' shoon,
Just gaun to see you;
And every ither pair that's done,
Mair ta'en I'm wi' you.

ORAWIA RAILWAY.

The following letter has been addressed to the Minister of Public Works by Mr Adam Hamilton, M.P., for Wallace:—

"There are many public works in my electorate that need urgent attention, but of these I can inform you later. There is one, however, that must be attended to at once, namely, the Tuatapere-Orawia railway. If it would be possible for you to come down this far before the House meets, I should be very pleased to show you this partly constructed line. The distance is about eight miles over almost level country, with no engineering difficulties whatever. I do not know how long it is since the work was begun, but it must be seven or eight years, and the formation is not half completed yet. There must have been a few thousand pounds of money spent which is bringing in no return at all. I have just received a letter from the chairman of a large and representative body, and one sentence reads as follows:—'At present there are only about seven or eight old men on the work, and at this rate of progress it will take fifty years to finish the line.' I do not know what your policy is, but the method that has been adopted for construction railways and, indeed, for a lot of other public works down this way has been a laughing disgrace and has caused much severe criticism to be levelled against the Government. The letter of the same letter also says that one contractor has been reported to have said that he could put the whole thing through in nine months; I also believe that this could be easily done. It always appears to me that when a railway has been started and money spent, then that work should be completed as speedily as possible so that it could earn its own interest. I believe there is no more important portfolio in the Government to-day than that of Minister of Public Works and I should very much like to see a real live progressive policy adopted and that the unfinished work that has been held up on account of the war could be finished within as short a time as possible. I trust that you will see your way clear to visit my electorate and also have this work finished very soon."



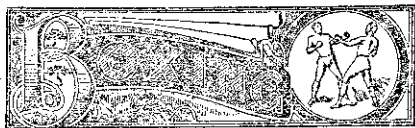
The Old Sport.

A first-class bat, and a bowler keen,
He's seen big days on the cricket green.
The popular Sec. of the Orphans' Club;
Of the sporting circle he's the hub.
He provides for every kind of sport
Golf—hockey—football and tennis court.
For cigar, tobacco or cigarette,
Doig's Sport's Depots the place you bet!

WEDDING BELLS.

A very pretty wedding took place at Tuatapere recently, the contracting parties being Miss Alva Dickson, only daughter of Mr Gavin Dickson of Tuatapere, and Mr Hugh Stewart, son of Mr and Mrs Hugh Stewart, of Invercargill. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr Hill, the role of bridesmaid and best man being capably filled by Miss Stewart and Mr Arthur Robertson respectively. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked most youthful and charming in her bridal robes. There was in good attendance of those interested to witness the ceremony.

A unique feature of the wedding breakfast, which was held afterwards was the presence of three Gavin Dicksons, grandfather, father, and son, and the health of the former was proposed by Rev. Mr Hill and enthusiastically honoured. The newly-wedded pair, who were recipients of numerous useful and valuable presents, left per motor car in the afternoon on a short honeymoon trip.



(By X.Y.Z.)

Another boxer at Home trying to "come back" is the former champion, Jim Sullivan, who is after the new middle-weight Lonsdale Belt. Sullivan was out on his own as a scientific boxer, at least he had few equals and no superiors, not even Pat, O'Keefe who twice beat him. His most notable performance was when he beat the Welshman Tom Thomas for the middle-weight championship and Lonsdale Belt. Sullivan won, but his har-hitting opponent broke two of his ribs. Later Billy Papke beat Sullivan, who wasn't at his best, in the 9th round. Later Carpentier beat him rather early in the match. Whether he can "come back" remains to be seen.

Ted Lewis goes on his victorious way, and is ready to meet all from Carpentier to Basham and less lights. He has genuine backing for a match with the Frenchman. Lewis is English born and is declared by some, who know what they are talking about, to be a future world champion. This will make some people smile for Lewis is light. Still he is a fighter all the time, and please don't forget, he is half a stone heavier than Charlie Mitchell (that great fighter) was when he fought John L. Sullivan. Failing a fight with Basham, Lewis claims the middle-weight championship of Britain. H. G. Hales, that good critic of boxing, reckons Lewis could beat Beckett any day. He can hit as hard as any of the heavies at Home, and is three times as clever as most of them. Failing matches at Home Lewis will have to return to the States where he is well known. He and his rival there, Jack Britton, have fought twenty-one times. Makes one think of the fights between the famous blacks, Sam Langford and Sam McVea, and like these two, Lewis and Britton fight like tigers when they meet in the ring.

Frank Moran, the Pittsburg giant, is still after Carpentier, whom he was always anxious to meet. The Frenchman could have had a fight at any old time and the fault is not Moran's that it has never come off.

Frank fought Jack Johnston to a standstill once in Paris. Carpentier refereed that fight, and, in some people's opinion, should have given Moran the verdict in the 11th round, for Johnson was in sad trouble and broke the rules of the game to save himself. Moran is in great condition, and is certainly in the running for the world's heavy-weight championship. He is one of those real good sportsmen we all like to meet, game as can be, and white right through.

Jim Higgins, the nineteen year old Scot, to whom I referred in last week's notes, beat Vince Blackburn, the Australian, on points in a 20 round contest. The "Aussie" was leading half-way through when Higgins made a grand recovery and out-boxed his opponent who was game throughout. Both Higgins and Charles Ledoux, the French champion, have been invited to visit Australia, so "Aussie" bantams, look out!

Digger Evans, the Australian, who got the decision after a hard fought battle, over Macario, the Philippine boxer, holds a certificate presented to him after a close fight with Wilde.

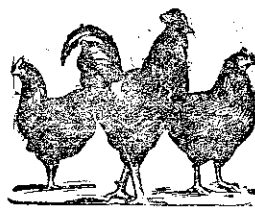
Wilde has added another K.O. to his long list, having beaten Dyson, an American, in the 1st round.

Edwards, the Australian champion, lost his fight in America with Ritchie Mitchell. Edwards, once he gets accustomed to the American style of fighting, should win matches.

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.



POULTRY NOTES.

A BALANCED RATION.

WHAT IS IT AND HOW TO MAKE IT.

Poultry may be and often are fed on a great variety of feeds, both as chickens and as adult birds, but the main requirements of the practical poultry farmer is such simplicity and economy in feeding as will secure maximum results in the matter of eggs and of physical development.

Poultry keepers are often advised to use all sorts of food for their stock, but unfortunately most of such advice disregards commercial considerations; moreover, the published chemical analyses of many of these articles of food, and the glib way in which poultry men are encouraged to believe they can balance rations for themselves, only lead to confusion.

A DESIRABLE RATION.

It is generally accepted that a desirable ration for laying hens and for growing stock is composed of 1 part protein to 4½ or 5 parts of non-protein matter. A ration made up only of wheat, maize, pollard, bran and lucerne in the usual proportions would approximate a ration of 1.5, or 1.6, according to the quality of the feeds used, so that some food of a more nitrogenous nature, such as meat, meat meal or like must be added.

Thus, if in conjunction with wheat or maize as the grain feed, we are using a mash mixed at the rate of, say, 60lb. pollard and 32lb. bran, it will be necessary, in order to balance the ration properly, to add 8lb. of a meat meal or blood meal that is known to contain 40 per cent. protein. If the meat meal is known to contain more protein than we have mentioned, then the addition to the pollard and bran must be less than 8lb. With a meat meal of, say 60 per cent. protein, only about 5lb. will require to be added to the pollard and bran. To balance the ration with, say, linseed meal would require 15 to 20lb. an amount that is regarded as too high for constant use.

According to analyses made by the Chemist's Branch of the Department and recently compiled, the protein content of an average sample of wheat is from 8 to 10 per cent., and maize from 10 to 11 per cent., while the protein content of average quality pollard and bran is about 17 per cent., and good dry lucerne chaff or dust from 16 to 19 per cent. Linseed meal may vary from 20 to 24 per cent., while meat and blood meals, including rabbit meal, generally range from 40 to 60 per cent. The meaning, then, of the term "balancing a ration" is to regulate the proportion of proteins to the carbohydrates and fats so as to conform to a standard that has been proved to be efficient.

A stop-work meeting was held in Wellington by the Seamen's Union. A resolution was passed calling on the Government "to raise their policy of vindictiveness" by immediately releasing all conscientious objectors and other military offenders, and that the defaulter's list and law, under which it was made, including the War Regulations be at once repealed.

Salt miners can wear summer clothes in the coldest weather without fear of catching cold, for colds are unknown among these workers.

'Phone—45.

THE GRAND
GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTER
PLETE,
DEE STREET.

SALE! SALE!

BUY A WARM TWEED OVERCOAT NOW.

HALF-SOVEREIGN OFF EACH PAIR.



Raincoat

This is a splendid discount coming the great quality of the Coats also the fact that our ordinary prices are most reasonable.

Saturday last was a record day for us in overcoats, which we take as a sign that our prices are right.

INSPECTION INVITED

W. BIRD AND W. GEORGE

BLOUSES! BLOUSES!

NEW GOODS JUST LAM

£500

WHITE SILKS, 11/-

TUSSORE SILKS, 15/6

VOILES, 5/6

FLORAL VOILES, 14/6

NEW VOILES, 8/6

30 Lines of WHITE SILKS from 32/6

CREPE-DE-CHINE, 900 styles at one price, 36/6

GEORGETTE BLOUSES, from 75/-

CREPE-DE-CHINE, new designs 68/- to 110/-

ALSO A FINE PARCEL OF

FURS

From ... 42/6

ABRAHAM WACHNER

SAMPLE ROOMS,

140 DEE STREET (side entrance)

Top Floors Only.

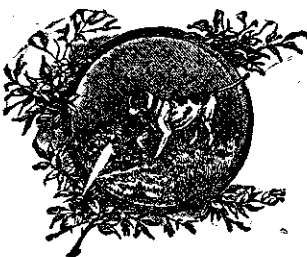
"HIGHLANDER" MILK PRODUCTS

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

HIGHLANDER BRAND

Is a guarantee of quality and nation-
ality.

It can always be depended upon.



Kennel Notes

After the Invercargill Kennel Club show there was to be found those who failed to take their beating in a sporting spirit. Some of their reasoning was on a par with the following which is supposed to have happened somewhere sometime:—
"Ere! 'ow is it my dawg didn't get a prize?"

The judge proceeded to explain:
"Well, for one thing his legs are too short and—"

"Too short!" exclaimed the disappointed one; "ain't they touching the ruddy ground 'Ow much longer d'ye want them!"

From time to time we intend giving the standards of the various popular breeds. In this issue we give the English setter.

The English Setter always makes many friends at the shows, and a specimen that has a classical head, good coat and feather is generally amongst the first three in a Bracelet Class, and it is quite safe to say that many of our best show specimens are workers and broken to the gun. Although the setters are divided into three distinct varieties, it is generally understood that they all have a common origin, all do the same kind of work and adopt the same methods in their work. The setters we see on the show benches of New Zealand are fairly well up to standard, and there is no doubt that breeders are going on the right lines to produce a type of dog as near as possible approaching the standard, and combining in him the attributes necessary for his work in the field.

THE STANDARD.

The following is the standard which has been adopted by the English Setter Club (England):—

Head.—The head should be long and lean, with well-defined stop. The skull oval from ear to ear, showing plenty of brain room and with a well-defined occipital protuberance. The muzzle moderately deep and fairly square; from the stop to the point of the nose should be long, the nostrils wide, and the jaws of nearly equal length; flews not too pendulous. The colour of the nose should be black, or dark, or light liver, according to the colour of the coat. The eyes should be bright, mild and intelligent, and of a dark hazel colour—the darker the better. The ears of moderate length, set on low and hanging in neat folds close to the cheek; the tip should be velvety, the upper part clothed with fine silky hair.

Neck.—The neck should be rather long, muscular and lean, slightly arched at the crest, and clean-cut where it joins the head; towards the shoulder it should be larger, and very muscular and not throaty with any pendulosity below the throat but elegant and blood-like in appearance.

Body.—The body should be of moderate length, with shoulders well set back or oblique; back short and level. Loins wide, slightly arched, strong and muscular. Chest deep in the brisket, with good round, widely-sprung ribs, deep in the back ribs—that is, well ribbed up.

Legs and Feet.—The stifle should be well bent and ragged, thighs long from hip to hock. The forearm big and very muscular, the elbow well let down. Pasterns short, muscular and straight. The feet very close and compact, and well protected by hair between the toes.

Tail.—The tail should be set on almost in a line with the back; medium length, not curly or ropy, to be slightly curved or scimitar-shaped, but with no tendency to turn upwards; the flag or feather hanging in long pendant flakes; the feather should not commence at the root, but slightly below, and increase in length to the middle, then gradually taper off towards the end; and the hair long, bright, soft, and silky wavy, but not curly.

Coat and Feathering.—The coat from the back of the head in a line with the ears ought to be slightly wavy, long and silky, which should be the case with the coat generally; the breeches and forelegs, nearly down to the feet, should be well feathered.

Colour and Markings.—The colour may be either black and white, lemon and white, liver and black, or tricolour—that is, black, white and tan; those without heavy patches of colour on the body, but flecked all over, preferred.

NIBBLES FROM THE REVIEWS.

THAT WILL BE NICE.

Under the Covenant of the League of Nations we can mind other people's business.—President Wilson in the "National Review."

ENGLAND'S GREATNESS.

England contains more of the gouty, more of the rheumatic, and more of the dyspeptic to the square mile than any other country in Europe.—E. Brown in the "National Review."

TOO EASY.

Popular dislike of prophets has taught the average newspaper writer to be profoundly wise after the event.—Stephen Black in the "English Review."

THE ARAB'S LIMITATIONS.

The Arab is incapable of governing a modern civilised State as it should be governed, and to entrust such a State to him would be a measure of the most callous political cynicism.—Major Lindsay Bashford in the "Fortnightly Review."

UNANIMITY.

One must always be a little distrustful of the unanimous. In the world of action, to be sure, unanimity is strength. But in the world of thought, of opinion, of taste, unanimity may be weakness.—A. B. Walkley in the "Cornhill."

ALAS, POOR TEACHERS!

The Kent Urban District Council recently advertised for an official rat-catcher at a salary of £250 per annum. The Kent Education Committee pays its teachers £240 a year after twenty years' service. And this is why teachers would strike if they dare.—Member of the N.U.T. in the "English Review."

VULGARITY.

Vulgarity in life is one thing, and vulgarity, in art is another. Du Maurier drew a typically vulgar person in Sir Gorgius Midas, but his drawings were the reverse of vulgar. A ballet girl may be in real life a very vulgar person, but never in a picture by Degas. Thackeray's snobs were quintessentially vulgar in themselves, but Thackeray's "Snob Papers" are not vulgar literature. The late Dan Leno presented a whole gallery of vulgar types, but his art, was distinction itself. So with George Robey to-day.—A. B. Walkley in the "Cornhill."

NEMESIS.

Sir Charles Parsons, in his arresting Presidential Address to the British Association, reminded his hearers that the British coalfields are not inexhaustible, and at some, perhaps remote, era may be worked out. The era is less distant than the great inventor, looking at the question from the scientific side, assumes. It may even be near at hand. Our collieries may not be exhausted, but they will cease to be worth working when coal can no longer be extracted from them at a profit. Seeing that American coal can already be put down at Cardiff cheaper than Welsh coal, we are obviously not far from that stage.—Sir Sidney Low in the "Fortnightly review."

YE KEN JOHN PEEL!

Peel's hunting was carried on for fifty-five years with very little support from outsiders. His pack was distributed amongst his friends in the district, many of whom were regular followers of the hounds. In the early part of the season they hunted hares, giving their attention to foxes from Christmas-time onwards. His one and only illness which laid him low, was due to an injury caused by the pommel of his saddle while riding, so he literally went from the hunting-field to his grave. As his funeral procession passed the kennels the hounds are said to have set up a lugubrious howling, which continued till the mourners were out of hearing.—R. B. Lattimer, in the "Cornhill."

YPRES.

Ypres and its desolation cannot be set down in words. It is destruction made manifest. The few gaunt ruins that remain of the famous Cloth Hall, once the pride and glory of the country, are the measure by which you can count the cost which Ypres is asked to pay for an imperishable name. You have no standards by which you may measure the punishment inflicted upon the town and upon the country about it. Of the few shreds and patches that are left to it, none has any resemblance to life. Everything is distorted, out of shape, out of colour, out of resemblance. The roads which lead to Ypres are not like roads. They are patched with sleepers, and the holes, which break them in pieces, are hastily filled.—Charles Whibley in "Blackwood's."

Winter Bros.,

GENERAL CARRIERS,
SPEY, STREET,

WISH to announce that they have a first-class Motor Lorry for Hire.

All kinds of Carrying undertaken, and Furniture removed.

The Lorry has comfortable seating accommodation for twenty passengers and will take parties out day or night at reasonable prices.

GIVE THE DIGGER CARRIERS A SHARE OF YOUR PATRONAGE.

OFFICE—SPEY STREET.

'Phone—779.

REPATRIATION.

DISCHARGED SOLDIERS.

IF YOU REQUIRE ASSISTANCE to—

ESTABLISH A BUSINESS.
FURNISH A HOME,
SECURE EMPLOYMENT,
LEARN A TRADE,
Etc.,

CONSULT THE NEAREST REPATRIATION OFFICER.

Local Committees at Gore and Queenstown.

A. GLASS,
Secretary,
Tay Street, Invercargill.

D. R. DOUBLE,

FRUITERER, TAY STREET.
'Phone—270.

ALL THE SEASON'S CHOICEST FRUIT

And
CONFECTIONERY
IN STOCK.

ALSWEILER BROS.,

HAIRDRESSERS & TOBACCONISTS,

WISH to notify the public generally that they have always on hand a good supply of all smokes, and other lines, such as

RAZORS, PIPES, SOAPS, etc.,

and when a SHAVE or HAIR-CUT is required we solicit your patronage.

ALSWEILER BROS.,
Dee street,
INVERCARGILL.

GILCHRIST'S

COUGH ELIXIR.

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA
COLDS, WHOOPING COUGH, Etc.

2/6. Posted 3/-

W. G. Gilchrist,

PRESCRIPTION CHEMIST,
GRAND PHARMACY,
DEE ST., INVERCARGILL.

ALARM CLOCKS!

GOOD MORNING, PIRATE, PEEP-
O'DAY, SLEEP METER, OR
BIG BEN.

WITH any of these reliable time-
pieces in the house you can go
to sleep and rest forgetting every-
thing, depending on the Clock to
wake you on time! It will do it.

The cost is very little and the relief
from care and worry, for fear of
over-sleeping is great.

KNOW WHO SELLS THEM?

NOBLE'S

Dee street, Invercargill.

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

MY PRICES—

LETTER TABLETS, 9d, 1/-, 1/3, 1/6,
and 1/9 each.

ENVELOPES, 4d, 6d, 9d, and 1/- per
packet.

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

LETTERETTES, 2/-

T. Hide,

TAY STREET, INVERCARGILL.

Money Saver.

OUR COLOSSAL WINTER SALE

Starts on Thursday
17th June.

Price & Bulleid

LTD.

TAY STREET,
INVERCARGILL.

V. A. Ott & Co.

LIMITED.

W. A. Ott, A. W. Jones, Directors.)

In search of a HOME call on us and
inspect our lists. We will be
glad to show you personally what we
have to offer.

Our Directors know Invercargill from
to Z, and can refer you to many satis-
fied clients who have entrusted their busi-
ness to us.

We will be pleased to see YOU.

We are Agents for Standard Insurance
of N.Z. Ltd., and can also insure
your house and furniture.

Advances arranged on freehold security.

W. A. OTT AND CO., LTD.,

Dee street,
INVERCARGILL.

Opposite Post Office, above Economic.)

SPLENDID GRAZING PROPOSITION

1500 ACRES

(700 Acres Freehold; balance can be
made Freehold for 10/- per acre).

This Property is splendid sheep country
and is situated within three miles
of railway station.

ALL NECESSARY BUILDINGS.

1500 Sheep and about 50 head of
Cattle are at present grazing on the
land.

PRICE—£3 17/6 PER ACRE.

STOCK AT VALUATION.

—Also—
200 ACRES

Situated 2½ miles from Wairio Rail-
way Station, with all necessary build-
ings.

PRICE—£12 PER ACRE.

BOTH PROPERTIES ARE WELL
WORTH INSPECTION.

EASY TERMS CAN BE ARRANGED.

NATIONAL MORTGAGE AND

AGENCY CO., LTD.

W. E. TAYLOR, Manager.

WILLIAM JOHNSON,

GENERAL MERCHANT,

Corner Bowmont and Canon streets.

THE Best of GROCERIES, etc., always
in stock.

A TRIAL SOLICITED.

Of Interest to Women.

WOMEN AND WEALTH.

Last week I pointed out that we spend the larger part of our incomes on making life worth while, and that the great problem of education from the economic point of view is to teach people the best things on which to spend, to teach them wisdom and good taste in the choice of things to make life "worth while."

The trouble about women who lavish money on tawdry finery and about men who throw it away on drink, is that they have unenlightened or degraded taste; and until that taste is replaced by something better, you will strive in vain with them.

A curious fact about spending, too, is that the things least worth while from an enlightened view point, cost the most, in money and in other things money represents, the labour and the time, the bodies and the lives of men and women. How many thousands of dollars or pounds may be spent on a rich man's feast where wine flows and rich meats are spread, and the guests go home with ruined digestions and muddled brains?

"At the Devil's booth are all things sold.

Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold!

For a cap and bells our lives we sell.
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking,

'Tis only God may be had for the asking!

No price is set on the lavish summer,
June may be had by the poorest corner."

Poorest, however, only in the possession of gold or silver, or bank notes—there are things that ask no money in exchange, but they are unattainable without the "ready mind," the intellect enlarged, the wider sympathy, the eye trained to appreciate, the soul alive to receive their benefit. Bring the spoiled darling of society out into the woods and wildernesses and not all the sublimity of mountain, not the crystal calmness of lake or tumbling fall of mountain torrent, not "song of bird nor sound of rill," can make up for the absence of admiration and afternoon tea.

There is, however, the other side to be considered—the earning side. The only true basis of wealth is work—in fact only work can produce wealth. There may be hidden store of iron or of gold, there may be forests and fertile lands, but without the labour of man these are nought.

Let us consider then what it is we are spending. It is not gold or silver or paper. It is work, toil of muscle or of brain; and whose toil, ours or another's? Happy is that one who spends with the consciousness of having first earned. Unhappy ultimately, all those who spend the lives and toil of others. It seems to me that one grievous error of this generation (it may not be peculiar to this generation), lies in having its eyes fixed too much on spending and too little on earning. Its war cry is "get what you can," never "do what you can." The working man demands higher and higher wages. How often does he demand of himself higher and higher efficiency, closer attention to duty, more unsparing industry and more unflinching perseverance. Is he satisfied with his best, or just content with "well enough."

The employer rails at the working man for his greed and dishonesty. He will demand higher wages, says the merchant, but he will not give good service. Does the employer consider his own position from that point of view? What service has he rendered to the community commensurate with the comfort and luxury he enjoys. Has he consistently hesitated to take whatever he could get until satisfied that he was rendering a just return?

And the women whose lives are made easy by riches, how often do they stop to consider their worth to the world or the world's estimate of them apart from their possessions.

Parties, holidays, smart clothes, good things to eat, are no less desirable to people because they are out of reach; and on the other hand the girl who cannot have them, who works in a shop or work-room deserves them every whit as much as the girl who spends her time on the tennis-court, the golf links, or sitting in the tea-rooms. The difference between them is often only a superficial one; if there be a deeper distinction it may be in favour of the humbler.

There are three classes of women: Those who earn less than they spend, those who spend, on the whole, what they earn, and those whose earnings is far greater than they ever have the chance to spend. In the same newspaper recently, and almost in the same column, I read a jibe at the women who, complaining at the cost of living (not dressing), nobly resolved never to pay more than £14 for a coat and skirt, £2 10s for a hat, or 42s for a pair of shoes; together with an account of a women's deputation to Members of Parlia-

ment in Sydney. They were mothers of families; they and their children went in rags, they had not blankets to cover them, nor proper food to eat.

The jibe (it was a male jibe), was not quite fair; it over-looked the fact that men are art and part in this thing just as much as women; that they chiefly have created and do perpetuate the system out of which such injustices arise; it over-looked the fact that while men may not want ornate hats or silk and velvet clothing (they used to—it is only fashion that prevents them now) they have other tastes just as expensive. What truly conscientious woman could don a rich evening gown or luxurious fur cloak for which she had done no work, while sister women and little children went in rags? What sober thinking man could buy fine houses and wide lands, or pleasure yachts like floating palaces, while whole families herd in filthy dens and rot together into oblivion? It is custom blinds our eyes and stops our ears and shuts up the fountains of our heart, or we should rise as one to put down the whole sorry, hideous sham and build a new something fair, seemly and wholesome wherein the worker should rejoice in his labour and eat of the fruit of it as the sun went down.

Children's Column.

TOMMY AND THE DWARFS.

Tommy lived with his mother in a cottage on the outskirts of a small town. It was a very pretty place indeed, closed in by hills. Tommy was usually a good little boy, but to-day he had grieved his mother by refusing to do his lessons, he wanted to go out and play with the other boys. His mother would not let him go until he had done them, and he was such a long time with his lessons that night came on before he had finished. It was a very cross little boy who said his prayers at his mother's knees before he got into bed. His mother was glad when she had tucked him in—she knew he was safe there. Tommy was awakened in the night by a very funny noise, and, opening his eyes, he saw a little dwarf standing at the foot of his bed.

"I have come to take you to dwarf land, to show you what we do there," said the dwarf.

Tommy had often wondered what dwarf land was like, and of course, he was glad to have the chance to go now.

The dwarf held out his hand for Tommy to take hold of, and immediately he did so he found himself just as big as the dwarf. They travelled very fast, and soon came to a big hole in the ground. The dwarf led the way down, and when they came to the bottom Tommy saw a lot of dwarfs very busy at work.

"I am going to take you to see some of them at school," said the dwarf.

There was quite a number of different classes, and the dwarfs were very hard at work. Some were having arithmetic lessons, and some compositions, each class was taking a different subject. At length they came to a very dark room.

"We lock anyone in here who does not want to do his lessons, and who has been naughty to his teacher," the dwarf said. "You grieved your mother to-day by refusing to do your lessons, so I am going to keep you here."

Tommy found himself pushed into the room and heard the key turned in the lock. Oh, he was frightened! It was so dark, and there was a lot of mice running about. He started shouting and thumping on the wall, and just then he heard his mother's voice calling him. It was now eight o'clock and time for him to get up. When he got downstairs his mother asked him what he had been shouting for. He told her his dream, and said he would never again refuse to do his lessons, he would try and be a good boy. He was very sorry for having grieved her, and she forgave him.

THE DIGGER'S LETTER BOX.

DAPHNE, NORTH INVERCARGILL.

"We are pleased to receive your story but you have not sent us your name, age, and address. However, blackbirds tell tales sometimes. Your story is very nice and your writing very clear, but be a little more careful with your spelling and punctuation, Daphne. I note the moral of your story is to always try to do good, especially to others, and by so doing you will reap happiness in return.—MATER.

DOT'S ADVENTURE.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

(By "Daphne," North Invercargill.)

Dot was a very kind little girl and she was always very good.

One night she had been especially kind and good and it was a very happy little girl that nurse tucked up in bed at seven o'clock.

The night was very dark, so Dot was

very surprised when she saw a bright light shining in her room. There by her bedside stood a tiny fairy, no bigger than a doll. He jumped up on the bed and saying in a tiny, piping voice, "As you have been very good lately, the Fairy Be-good has sent for you to come to her party to-night. She is our queen."

So saying he waved a tiny wand and Dot became no bigger than himself. He waved it again and her white nightdress turned into a pale, pink robe trimmed with sparkling gems.

In her hair a dazzling ruby shone. Her slippers were of autumn leaves and had pretty, pointed toes.

The fairy then changed one of her shoes into a cradle ship and after bidding Dot get in they both flew through the looking glass and along a winding passage.

"Are we near the ballroom yet?" Dot asked.

"Yes!" said the fairy, "here is the door."

The door was opened by two fairy footmen wearing emerald green silk suits, who bowed till their long pointed hats touched the glass floor, as the two entered.

On a marble throne sat the fairy queen with her long, golden hair falling round her shoulders, and her crown glittering in the rays of the lanterns.

"Well," said Fairy Be-good, "is this little Dot?" and calling to a fairy dressed in a purple satin suit said, "Here take this young lady and give her a dance."

Dot found the fairy very polite and enjoyed her dance very much.

Then she went into the supper room. On the table were chocolate creams, trifles, dew in flower cups and many other delicious things. Dot ate and drank merrily and was quite sorry when she had to get into the cradle-ship again and go back to her own little bedroom.

The fairy changed her back to her proper form. The morning dawned and she got up and thought over her adventure; and no one but the fairies knew of her trip.

DAPHNE.

ETHEL, aged 12, Tisbury.

"Mater" is pleased to hear from you and to receive your story. Your writing is very good but just be a little careful with your spelling. Always carefully read it over after you have written it. You are doing very well but just start with easy stories. Could you tell us anything about your flower garden. "Mater," is very fond of flowers and would like to hear from you again.—"MATER."

THE QUEEN OF EDGELY.

Maud Edgely was a very beautiful girl; she was only thirteen and was very fair. She had a brother who was heir but he died, and so she was heiress to all he had and her father was very proud of her.

One day she met a poor man who was walking in front of her. She took him home with her and found out who he was. He was a very rich king and was trying to live a poor man but felt it hard and so he took all the poor men and women to live with him. Maud was about twenty then and married him.

One day he was called away on business and he did not like leaving her by herself, so he sent his cousin to stay with her. Her name was Sybil Leighton, and she did not like her cousin-wife being Queen so she thought of a plan and said: "Dear Max,—You have killed me and if it can be so, my spirit shall hover round you." Then she poisoned herself.

When Max Darnell came home he asked Maud where Sybil was. His wife went to see and when she saw her she turned very white and called Max to come and see. After two days they buried Sybil and lived happily afterwards. Max Darnell loved Maud far better now and they lived happily until they died.

TO MUCH TO EXPECT.

He had got into the habit of looking into the cup when it was yellow, and the result of too many whiskies was a deranged digestion. Worried about it, he consulted a doctor.

"Stop drinking!" ordered the medical man, curtly.

"But, doctor," protested the patient. "I can't. I get so thirsty."

"Then," replied the doctor, "whenever you feel thirsty, eat an apple instead of drinking whisky."

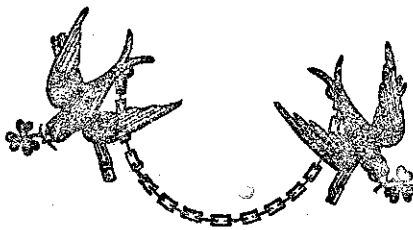
The young man paid his fee and departed. Later on he was talking to a friend about it, and wound up with the comment:—

"Bally rot, I call it! Fancy eating forty apples a day!"

Napoleon's handwriting was so illegible that his letters from Germany to Josephine were at first taken for rough maps of the seat of war.

REIN'S FOR RINGS.

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



JEWELLERY
SILVERWARE
WATCHES.
Ring Size
Card Free

N. J. M. REIN,

Watchmaker and Jeweller, Dee Street, Invercargill.

BARLOW'S Jubilee Store.

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

DEE STREET, INVERCARGILL.

The Home.

A NEW WAY OF MAKING PLUM JAM.

The writer has made jam from early plums in the following way, and it was a great success. I hope this recipe will reach readers in time to try it with the late plums.

Wash the plums, and put on to boil with a little water (about two cupfuls to eight pounds of fruit). When the fruit is quite soft, put it through a steamer, beating it well with a wooden spoon to get all the flesh of the plums through. Put the fruit back in the preserving pan, and to every breakfastcupful of pulp put one of sugar. Boil for about half an hour, or until it jellies. If boiling water is poured through the skins and stones, and sugar added, it makes a good drink. This liquid can also be used for making corn-flour moulds. Put it on to boil and add sugar to taste, and a level tablespoonful of cornflour to every breakfastcupful of liquid.

VINEGAR.

To every ten gallons of water allow one and a-half pounds of brown sugar, a quarter of an ounce of bicarbonate of potash and one and a-half quarts of glacial acetic acid. Boil the water and dissolve the sugar in it. When the water is cold, add the acid and potash. This is a white vinegar. It can be coloured by adding Indian soy. A colouring made from burnt sugar answers the purpose just as well as Indian soy.

A smaller quantity may be made the proportions for which are ten quarts of boiling water, six ounces of brown sugar, one and a half breakfastcupful of glacial acetic acid, a teaspoonful (level) of potash. The glacial acetic acid and potash can be obtained at a chemist's. The amount required for the smaller quantity of vinegar will cost about three shillings. This is an excellent table, pickle and preserving vinegar.

WORCESTER SAUCE.

Ingredients.—2lbs of treacle, half an ounce of pepper, half an ounce of powdered mace, half an ounce of cayenne, an ounce of garlic, 1lb of eschalots, two quarts of vinegar, half-cupful of browning.

Method.—Peel the garlic and eschalots and put them through the mincer. Boil all the ingredients together for two hours. Strain and bottle. If using the ordinary brown vinegar the colouring will not be required.

PICKLED MUSHROOMS.

Button mushrooms are the best for pickling. Rub them with a piece of flannel dipped in salt. Set them in a stewpan, with mace, pepper, and salt. Place over the heat, and as the juice comes out shake them well. Let them remain on the stove until the juice is absorbed again. Cover with good vinegar. Give them a simmer, then turn out. When almost cold, put into glass jars, and tie down. They will keep for two years.

MISS BREY,

THE PARAMOUNT,
THE PARAMOUNT,

WE make a startling offer for

TEEN DAYS ONLY

—of—

2/6 IN THE £ DISCOUNT

on all our up-to-date Stock of
TRIMMED, SEMI-TRIMMED,
UNTRIMMED MILLINERY, JEWELLERS, JERSEYS, COSTUMES, TWEED, AND VELOUR COATS

THE PARAMOUNT

ESK STREET,
Third Door from Dee street.

INVERCARGILL MILK SUPPLY

Phone 556. 53 Yarrow street.

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

From the finest pastures in Scotland
Clean, pure, sweet, wholesome, and
tastefully pastured.

A BOON FOR BABIES

Our Motto: "Purity."

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

Invercargill Milk
Supply,

53 YARROW STREET.

—MUTTON BIRDS!—
—MUTTON BIRDS!—

LARGE SUPPLIES NEW SEASON
BIRDS TO HAND.
COOKED AND UNCOOKED

Wholesale and Retail at—

LINDSAY & CO.,

TAY AND ESK STREET

SHOPS.

THERE IS NO BETTER VALUE THAN

THE

"VIKING" SEPARATOR.

EASY RUNNING, DURABLE, CLEAN
SKIMMING.

The "VIKING" does the work properly and quickly. It is simple, efficient, and secures thorough separation. Has a larger capacity than any other machine of equal rating.

YOUR LOGICAL CHOICE IS A
"VIKING."

Size A—15 gals. per hour, £9 10s.
Size B—27 gals. per hour, £14 10s.
Size C—50 gals. per hour, £25 10s.

MONTH'S FREE TRIAL.

**Southland Farmers'
Co-op Assn. Ltd.**

INVERCARGILL, GORE, WINTON.
Sole Agents for Southland.

Anglo-American Candy Shop

AYSON'S

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.

Farms for Sale.

A RARE OPPORTUNITY.

GOOD FARM AT SMALL MONEY.
240 ACRES.

THIS is a good handy Farm, situated within 1½ miles of school; two miles of dairy factory.

All ploughable land.
Ring fenced.
Good hut (brick chimney).
Stable and Chaffhouse.
Windmill and Pump.

This property is FREEHOLD, but the present owner will lease for a term of five years with right of purchase at any time at £8 10s per acre.

PRICE of Goodwill—£250. Easy Rental.
TAKE A NOTE OF IT—
240 ACRES for £250.

PROMPT APPLICATION NECESSARY.

T. D. A. Moffett,

Land and Estate Agent, Grain, Seed,
and Hemp Broker,
Athenaeum Buildings, Invercargill.

RABBITSKINS.

Consign Skins to

R. S. BLACK,
DUNEDIN.

Address Letters—Box 230.
Telegrams—"Blackfoot."
Telephone—1255.

DUNEDIN.

Highest Prices. Prompt Returns.

Results Count Every Time.

THE FARM.

LIMING THE LAND.

The use of burnt lime is as old as history, and its beneficial effects on the soil too well known to need emphasis. But a great discovery was made, only a few years ago, when it was found that the raw ground limestone had equally as good an effect on the soil, besides being cheaper, easier to handle, and not injurious to the soil, when applied in large quantities. In the hands of an experienced farmer, raw ground limestone is the most powerful agent he possesses, not only in the cultivation of crops and pastures, but also as a means among others, of breeding healthy live stock.

THE ORIGIN OF LIME.

The majority of farmers nowadays know a great deal about lime and its origin, but a very considerable number are taking up farming at the present moment who possess little knowledge of the art of agriculture profession generally, and it is for the benefit of those that such articles as this are written. It is true that "the whole need not a physician," but even they may occasionally receive benefit by exchanging opinions.

The carbonate of lime, which is used for agricultural purposes, is found in enormous masses in the form of limestone, chalk, and marble. These great masses are composed of the remains of sea urchins, shell fish, and other such forms of life, which have accumulated under water through countless ages, and are bound together by chemically deposited calcium carbonate. This solid rock, in the limestone form, simply ground to a fine powder, is what we apply to the land, under the name of carbonate of lime. The burnt lime is the same variety of rock heated in kilns to 1,000 degrees centigrade, or nearly so. The heat drives off the carbonic acid gas, and only the lime remains. When the burnt lime is applied to the soil it again takes in the carbonic acid gas and returns to its original carbonate form. The first effect of burnt lime when applied to the soil, is to check the process of nitrification, and it must first be converted into carbonate before the nitrification process can be renewed beneficially. This is why very heavy dressings of burnt lime are so injurious to many soils.

ACTION ON THE SOIL.

Although lime is to some extent a plant food, its value principally lies in the fact that it brings into use elements that would remain dormant in its absence. It is also claimed that lime strongly influences the soil toxins, or poisons, and that other constituents are changed to a state in which they become available as plant food. Lime is also of importance because of its beneficial effect on the mechanical condition of the soil. It renders clay soils more friable, thus assuring a finer tilth, which provides a greater range for the roots of plants. On sandy soils, lime has the effect of binding the particles more closely together, thus making them more retentive of moisture. When manures, such as sulphate of ammonia, or superphosphate, are regularly applied, a free use of lime is essential, otherwise the soil becomes acid. The addition of lime to the soil improves the quality, and increases the quantity of crops. Plants grown on land rich in lime are the means of producing healthy, vigorous stock, because they are rich in matter that is used in building up bone and muscle, and many injurious parasites are destroyed, which are numerous on land deficient in lime.

We may safely conclude that soil devoid of lime is of little use to the farmer, and that no soil can be really fertile which contains less than a half per cent. If a soil contained no lime it would require a dressing of about 27cwt in order to supply one per cent in the surface nine inches. On cultivated land lime disappears more quickly than on pastures, because it is more easily washed into the subsoil, and for that reason it should not be ploughed under, but applied on the surface and incorporated with the soil by means of cultivators or harrows.

AIDS TO THE BENEFICIAL ACTION OF LIME.

Certain soil conditions are essential before lime is applied, otherwise its application will mean a loss of money. Draining is imperative when the land is not naturally dry, and the soil must receive good cultivation and judicious manur-

ing. The four, working together, are the foundation of successful farming, but if only one is present and the other three absent its beneficial action is cancelled. Fertility in the soil is dependent upon the activity of certain soil organisms, or very minute forms of life, which cannot work beneficially in the absence of the above four essentials. The first to be attended to is the draining, followed by good cultivation and manuring. Lime may then be applied with every confidence.

QUANTITIES TO APPLY.

Although carbonate of lime may be applied to the land in very large quantities it is not desirable to apply more than is necessary to produce maximum cropping results. The old system of applying enormous quantities of burnt lime once in seven years (in some cases as much as 20 to 25 tons per acre), has been entirely discarded as being not only wasteful but extremely injurious to the soil, and it has been found infinitely better to apply a few hundredweights every second or third year. Such a system keeps the soil in healthy condition. It is true that a dressing of lime will give good results on very poor soil for a short time, without the assistance of manure, but it does not follow that lime alone can be applied continuously to such soils with the same results. It acts beneficially for a time, because it corrects the soil acidity, and enables the soil organisms to work and make available the meagre quantity of plant food that is present, but when that is exhausted further liming is useless, except it is accompanied by the application of manure. If the soil has been proved to be very lacking in lime, a heavy initial dose should be applied—say, 20 to 30 cwt per acre—then follow up, every second or third season with 5 cwt per acre.

EFFECTS ON CROPS.

All cultivated crops require lime, but to some it is more essential than to others. Leguminous plants, such as lucerne, clovers, beans, peas, etc., will make no progress in soil that is deficient in lime, and in the cultivation of lucerne the application of lime should be the first consideration. All legumes are extremely susceptible to the influences of soil acidity, hence they cannot succeed in soil that is acid through lack of lime. Cereals are also benefited by an application of lime, and two hundredweight per acre drilled with the seed is beneficial. For the root crop it is a necessity, because, among other benefits, it keeps fungoid diseases in check. It has also been proved that some weeds, such as spurge, or spurry, and sorrell, do not flourish on land that contains a high percentage of lime.

TIME TO APPLY.

To land that is in need of lime, the application may be made at any time of the year, but to land under cultivation it is better applied just after ploughing, or it may be sown with the seed. Early spring is considered the best time for liming pastures, but there is much truth in the old Yorkshireman's statements that "only one mistake could be made in liming, and that was the mistake of forgetting it altogether."

LIME AND MANURES.

Generally speaking lime and manures are better applied separately, and, in any case, lime should not be mixed with nitrogenous manures, as it has the effect of releasing this valuable ingredient, and it is lost as plant food. No kind of artificial manure can take the place of lime—not even basic slag. The lime in superphosphate is not the carbonate form; it creates acidity instead of correcting it, hence the value of basic superphosphate, which is simply superphosphate mixed with a certain quantity of burnt lime with the object of neutralising the acidity of the superphosphate. The lime slag is not in sufficient quantity—even when the slag is applied in very heavy dressings—to keep the average soil in sound condition, it must be aided by special applications of lime alone.

There are soils that naturally contain a sufficiency of lime, but there are very few that will not respond to an occasional light dressing. In rare cases it may be more economical to apply the ground burnt lime instead of the carbonate, particularly where the freight charges are heavy, because a less quantity may be applied per acre. Peat swamps that contain a great deal of humic acid are said to respond more quickly to application of burnt lime.

In the rigid airship structure, excluding the machinery, there is a total length of structural material of 20 miles, and over 2,000,000 rivets.

PRESENTATION.

MR A. W. RODGER'S SERVICES
RECOGNISED.

BUSINESS MEN'S APPRECIATION.

The very high esteem in which Mr A. W. Rodger is held by citizens generally was expressed very definitely this morning when a number of the district's leading business and commercial men waited upon that gentleman at the Southland League rooms.

Mr J. Stead (Mayor), who acted as spokesman, said: "Mr Rodger, I have, during my term of office as Mayor of Invercargill, performed many pleasing functions, but never have I taken part in one that affords me more gratification and pleasure than coming here this morning and on behalf of a few of your friends in town and country and a few of the business men express their recognition of the unequalled, splendid services that you have rendered to Invercargill, to Southland—in fact to the Dominion. We are proud of the work that you have done, proud of the results that you have obtained." (Applause.) It was their wish, said Mr Stead, that they should be given the opportunity to recognise in a substantial way what he, Mr Rodger, had done. They did not know of another man who could have achieved such undoubted success. (Applause.) Not the least important of the work accomplished was that of convincing the rest of New Zealand, and the few croakers in our own midst that the spirit of progress and advancement abounded in Southland. (Applause.)

Mr Stead then read a letter addressed to Mr Rodger by a number of citizens, the terms of which were:—

"As Chairman of the Southland League and the Southland Electrification Committee you have for several years, and with unexampled generosity, been spending your time and your money in strenuous and untiring endeavour to advance the interests of Southland. Your activities have, we are sure, been prompted by patriotic and unselfish motives, and have been carried on without fee or reward. Your successful work in connection with the scheme for the electrification of Southland will, we are convinced, result in enormous benefit to the people of the district. We, as business men, have interests in the district which will, we believe, be greatly enhanced by the promotion of your great scheme, and we feel that the least we can do is to see to it that you are not permitted to continue your self-sacrificing efforts without an attempt on our part to make you some return if only by way of acknowledging a past debt which the people of Southland can have little hope of ever being able to repay. With this object in view we gladly and respectfully ask you to accept, as such acknowledgment, the attached Bank Draft for £2000, accompanied by our best wishes for your own prosperity and for the success of the great undertaking with which you are so closely identified." (Loud applause.)

His Worship then handed the letter and the bank draft for £2000 to Mr Rodger, and asked him not to look upon it in any way as a payment for his services or as a discharge for his services. It was an acknowledgment, or part acknowledgment, of what had been done at great personal sacrifice. (Applause.)

On rising to respond, Mr Rodger was received with great warmth. Speaking with emotion, he said that he had never found it more difficult to utter what he would like to express. He appreciated very fully their feeling of goodwill, and in accepting their splendid gift he wanted to tell them that it was the first money he had ever accepted. He had done the work for the pleasure of doing it, and would have been pleased to have continued to do so. Mr Rodger referred to the great war work that had been accomplished by one and all, and indicated that his own motive had been to do something during war time that would be of benefit after the war. Their expression of goodwill had been sprung upon him, and he felt it too keenly at the moment to make any lengthy reply. He referred to the devotion with which Mrs Rodger had aided him in his public work, and he asked their kind permission to transfer their token to Mrs Rodger. He thanked them very sincerely for their magnificent gift. (Loud applause.)

Cheers for Mr and Mrs Rodger were then given, and the gathering dispersed.

The Monument in London sways so much in the wind that it cannot be used as an astronomical observatory, the very purpose for which it was built.

ABRAHAM WACHNER'S

140 DEE STREET.

Of Special Interest
To Ladies.

JUST LANDED,

500 WHITE SILK

BLOUSES

12/- EACH

INSPECTION INVITED.

1/- in £ Discount. Postage Paid.

NOTE ADDRESS—

ABRAHAM WACHNER

SAMPLE ROOMS,

Top Floors Only,

140 DEE STREET, INVERCARGILL.

Side Entrance.

Phone 1335.

THE DAINTY MARBLE BAR

Corner of—

DEE AND YARROW STREETS.

Under New Management.

FRUIT, CONFECTIONERY, AND TEA
ROOMS.

We have just opened a large assortment
of English and American Chocolates.
Our Speciality—

STEAK AND KIDNEY PIES.

C. E. Gibb.

J. A. DOIG,

Sports Depot,

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.

Up-to-date HAIRDRESSING SALOON.
Head and Face Massage, Shampooing.

RAZOR SETTING A SPECIALITY.
Every one guaranteed.

In attendance in Saloon—

J. B. TUCKEY, J. BELL.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.

250 ACRES in the famous Drummond district; 30 acres in turnips and grass, 10 acres ridged turnips, 35 acres stubble, and balance 1, 2, and 3-year-old grass. Well fenced, subdivided, and watered. This is a good all round farm and will carry between 400 and 500 sheep, and 25 dairy cows and horses, besides cropping. Good sound five-roomed house, 6-stall stable and loose box, barn, shearing and implement shed, cowbyre, etc; 1½ miles from school, post office and telephone. This is a really good farm and well worth inspecting at the price asked—£21 per acre. Terms: say £1000 deposit, and balance in five years at 5½ per cent. interest.

F. H. TUCKER,

LAND AGENT.

THE SPORTS HARLEY.

THE SPORTS HARLEY.

THE MOTOR EVERYONE IS TALKING ABOUT.

THOROUGHLY up-to-date in every respect. The Harley is an opposed twin of 4½ h.p. with plenty of ground clearance.

Three speed gear-box and clutch running in oil.

Enclosed single drive chain oiled by engine.

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.

A SAMPLE MACHINE ON VIEW.
INSPECTION INVITED.

WILSON FRASER,

DEE ST., INVERCARGILL.

FOR SALE.

51½ ACRES (three miles from Post Office) with six-roomed house; practically new; stable, barn, trap shed, and cowbyre, at £45 per acre.

TUSSOCK CREEK.—40 Acres with four roomed house, cowbyre, etc. £1000.

WAIMATUA—156 Acres O.R.P., with hut, trapshed, etc; well fenced and watered; handy to rail and school, at £7 10s.

FRUIT and CONFECTIONERY BUSINESS in good country town. Easy ingoing.

HOUSES and SECTIONS in all parts of town and suburbs.

WM. TODD & CO., LTD.,

AUCTIONEERS AND LAND AGENTS,

"Rialto," Don street,

STEVENSON BROS.,

(Late W. D. McRobie).

GENERAL Blacksmiths, Wheelwrights, and Horseshoers.

DRAY AND WAGGON BUILDERS.

All Classes of Repair Work undertaken.

First-class Workmanship guaranteed.

Phone No. 447.

MY IDEAS OF ECONOMY.

THE BETTER HALF GIVES SOME
TIMELY ADVICE ON THE ONE
AND ONLY WAY TO SAVE.

"A woman's idea of economy," said the mere man, "is to feed on tea and buns for a week or so in order to buy a hat."

I admitted to myself—not to the mere man of course, for men have such good memories for admissions of that sort—that there might be some truth in this statement. But it only goes to show that women consider clothes a little more important than food, whereas a man will wear the same old hat for umpteen centuries, so long as he gets his steak and potatoes every day.

WOMEN HAVEN'T ANY SYSTEM.

"A woman's idea of economy?" said somebody else, to whom I went for an opinion.

"Women have no real idea of economy. They do without things they want badly (I should say things they need badly) one year, and find themselves forced to get it the next year when the price is twice as high. Then they rush to bargain sales, and buy things that are reduced, not because they need them, but because they are reduced. Then they buy cheaply and often, instead of paying a good price and making a thing last."

Women do not look far ahead enough in their spending. That is why they buy cheap things. They look at the price of an article instead of the quality. Of course, I know that the woman striving to make ends meet often feels herself forced to buy cheap things, but if she is wise she will get the very best quality she is capable of.

AN ECONOMICAL SCHEME.

A friend of mine buys her clothes in the most systematic manner. She always makes up her mind definitely first what she wants, then she waits for the sales and gets it. She never allows herself to be over-ruled or advised by the shop assistant.

"At a sale," she always says, "the assistants try to sell you what they want to get rid of, not what you need."

Before she buys anything, no matter what it may be, she divides the price of it by the number of times she is likely to wear it.

"See this navy costume," she said to me. "It is very plain, isn't it? Its style does not date it in the least. I bought it two years ago, and I have worn it practically every day since. I paid ten guineas for it. The price nearly broke my heart at the time, but I kept my eyes rigidly fixed on the future, and by my method of dividing the number of times I wear a thing into the price, that costume has only cost me about three-pence a day."

ECONOMY TO BUY THE BEST.

"I remember buying a very cheap costume once. In six months it was a shiny shabby wreck. I asked my dressmaker if she could turn it for me. She shook her head. 'The material would not stand it,' she told me. 'It wouldn't be worth spending more money on.' That cheap costume cost me five-pence a day more than my ten guinea one."

"It is the same with gloves. I can make a pair of good gloves last two years, and I always choose my gloves so that I can wear them with any costume. Shoes, too. I bought a cheap pair of shoes at a sale one day, and when the soles were through I took them to be mended. The cobbler shook his head.

"Them uppers couldn't stand a new sole," he said. I'll do them if you like, but—"

"I wasn't going to pay five shillings to have a sole put on uppers that wouldn't stand the strain, so I sold those shoes to the rag and bone man, and vowed a vow never to buy cheap shoes again. They are always dearer than a good pair, which will mend over and over again."

THE SECRET.

And it is even more economical to buy the best quality you can afford in food, too. I used to buy cheap food, until I realised how much I threw away every day. The children could not eat the stuff I bought very often. The cheap stuff went bad more quickly than the more expensive kind. Then it wasn't so nourishing. To pay the highest price one can afford for food often saves a doctor's bill.

And the economical housewife is the one who pays attention to little things. I contend that if the housewife were more systematic about her spending, she would have very much less worry and more time to herself. No business is run without some rough sort of schedule and some rough sort of plan of expenditure. So why should the business of nearly every woman's life be run without system? Have a system of expenditure, and stick to it, and you will have begun to learn the secret of economy.

GARDEN NOTES.

THE POTATO.

There is no question about the unwisdom of the old-time practice of placing the tubers in a heap and allowing them to become sprouted into a tangled mass of shoots. This is not to be thought of in these days, except where ignorance of the proper method prevails. The up-to-date method is to place the seed tubers, after they have been lifted and before growth starts afresh, into shallow boxes. The kidney tubers are placed on their narrow (or heel) end across the box until it is full, and the round ones with the parts containing the most eyes upwards in a similar fashion. These boxes are then stored in a cool, light shed, with plenty of fresh air, where frost cannot reach them. This plan prevents premature growths, and ensures strong, plump, healthy tubers, with two or three dark green sturdy shoots. There is no exhaustion of the tubers and production of a lot of thin growth, as in the case by the old method of bagging or placing in heaps. The boxes are easily made. They only require to be 2in or 3in deep, and where space is limited if four short pieces of wood are cut, say, about 6in in length, and one nailed in each corner, and another small piece nailed across the top at each end, the boxes may be placed one above another as high as you wish, and light and air will not be interfered with. After severe frosts are past they may with advantage be placed in some dry, sheltered spot outside. They will then require no further handling until they are planted in the rows. Still another advantage is gained by this boxing. When only one, two, or not more than three eyes are produced a much finer crop of tubers is given than a plant would produce that was reared from one with many eyes or sprouts, as would be the case if they were left in heaps or in bags. Small sets about 2in long are the best. These will then require no cutting, though I think a small piece off the heel of each set is advantageous. In the case of large sets, it would be a waste of material to plant them whole; indeed, it would be a disadvantage, as two eyes are quite enough. The rest should be all rubbed out, as if allowed to grow there will be more tops than tubers. Planting should take place when the sprouts are nice and plump and green, and after the heavy frosts are past in August.

THE PRUNING OF FRUIT TREES.

For the sake of those who are starting off with a newly-planted orchard, we will start with one and two-year-old apple trees. It will be found on examination of the young trees that some have only one stem, with a few weak off-shoots at the top. On no consideration should these be left. They should be headed back to about 12in from the ground, to force strong growth for the formation of the future framework of the tree. Short stems possess many advantages over tall ones. If the trees are too leggy, do not hesitate to head or cut them back at the first pruning. They will, if well cared for, send out three or four strong shoots. Or they may arrive with a good head formation. The single stem must have been planted a year to form the head, consequently it should not be pruned so hard back as those planted with heads already formed the first season. In all cases trees must be harder pruned the season of planting. The previous season's growth should be cut back to about 6in to 9in, according to the strength of the wood, when the same-sized tree planted this season should be cut back to what is generally termed the fourth eye, or about 4in in length, and always to an outside eye, excepting in the case of a few kinds which have a straggly habit, such as the Hawthornedens. These should be cut at an inner eye, as the angle they form depends largely upon the variety, and one must be guided accordingly. Stout and strong-growing kinds should not be pruned so hard back as weaker kinds, and the pruning upon each individual tree must be done according to the strength of each shoot or branch, to maintain an evenly-balanced tree. Many young trees will send up one or two strong shoots quite out of proportion to the remaining shoots. To prune all these side-shoots at an equal distance would be aggravating and increasing the trouble. Where weak growth occurs, and it is desired to get up a good stout growth to fill in a weak side or space, prune back the weak growth to one or two eyes, and leave the stout shoots to perhaps about 6in to 12in, as the case may be. The weaker the growth the harder the pruning. To secure the continued stability of the tree it is necessary to prune the main arms fairly hard at the second winter's pruning. By this, if the trees have done well, fruit spurs will be forming, and a little fruit may be taken from the trees without injury. The third season (and for several seasons) pruning should not be nearly so hard unless the growth is weak.



HORTICULTURE.

Continuing with hardy plants, French Honeysuckle (Hedysarum), a perennial with erect spikes of pea like flowers, very good for cutting. There are various species, the best being Coronarium, growing to three feet or more with crimson flowers, the variety Album having white flowers, easily grown from seed.

Mellenium, hardy perennial with yellow flowers similar to small sun flowers and quite a number of varieties growing to about three feet.

Leraceum (giant parsnip) a strong perennial with noble foliage and tall heads of white flowers suitable for large clumps.

Heuchera. A perennial giving slender graceful spikes covered with small flowers very decorative for cutting, especially the crimson varieties, but not wholly hardy.

Candytuft (Iberis), both annuals and perennials, the perennial varieties making fine evergreen clumps suitable for rockeries.

Iris. These are so well known, and in so many species that but short reference is necessary unless a full descriptive list is given. They are divided generally into flag and bulbous. The Kaempferi or Japanese varieties have fine foliage and large beautiful flowers in many colours and are quite easily grown in deep moist soil but require plenty of room. There are other varieties also well worth growing for their foliage.

Stylosa might be especially mentioned as its foliage is good and very decorative for cutting. Its lilac blue flowers on stems less than a foot high are greatly used for cutting in winter and early spring, but should be cut in bud and opened in water as they are too waxy and fragile for carrying.

Lithospermum is a sweet shrubby perennial with blue forget-me-not flowers, especially suitable for rockeries.

Paeony. This is a grand old flower with showy foliage and magnificent blooms in considerable variety both in colour and form, suitable especially for large shrubby borders where they need no attention. Creamy white crimson and various shades of pink. There are two distinct sections, the herbaceous and the tree, which are more or less shrubby. The herbaceous require no attention. The tree varieties are very beautiful but require shelter and cultivation. A somewhat new race called Imperial Paeonies have charm and beauty, being semi double, having shell-like guard petals of pleasing artistic tints filled with yellow cream or white centres.

Pentstemons are not grown now as they used to be, but are very effective in large borders. They exist in great variety of colours, and good varieties in many colours can be raised from a packet of good mixed seed. Perennial Phlox. These like pentstemons are not greatly grown now although there are many very fine varieties to be got including some excellent whites.

Auriculas. These are easily grown and are always admired. Fanciers are always interested in the florists type which have self-coloured flowers with distinct edges, but the more beautiful type of garden culture is the Alpine Auricula which have a wonderful variation of form and colour and can be obtained in great variety from a packet of good strain of seed. The seed should be sown in boxes as it germinates slowly, very irregular seedlings appearing over a period of six months or more.

Polyanthus. These now are in such variety and of such beauty that no garden should be without them. The improvement has been so great of late years that there is no comparison between the new strains and the old varieties of years ago. The latest flowers are of enormous size in large trusses on stems sometimes a foot high. The colours most admired are the endless shades of yellow, from the deepest gold to pale lemon with eyes of equal variation, from orange scarlet through all shades of orange and yellow. They are also varied in form almost as much as in colour. Whites are also in great variety in form and the colour, shape and size of the eyes. Blues are more delicate but are to be had in rich and beautiful shades never dreamed of years ago. Some very crimson and laced varieties are also to be had. To get the best results seedlings should be used every year as although they can be well cultivated by division, and a particularly fine variety can only be perpetuated that way, the same size of bloom and richness of colour is rarely obtained after the second year.

A ton of water taken from the Atlantic Ocean yields 31lb of salt, as compared with 187lb from the same quantity of Dead Sea water.

MOTORING NOTES.

THE AMATEUR MOTOR-CYCLIST.

By this time you will have got used to the driving and oiling of your machine. Of course, as to how much oil to give your engine, that depends on the type of engine, its horse-power and many other things. The maker will tell you approximately how much to give, together with the brand of oil which best suits his engine. It is cheaper to buy oil in the gallon drums, if you have a big machine, rather than in quart cans.

Suppose you are using your machine daily, wet or fine. If she is in good condition, you need not do much more than fill up with petrol and oil, and give a hasty look round with the oil-can in wet weather.

Every week you should oil hubs and cycle parts thoroughly. Your belt should be inspected and taken up if necessary; the chain should be looked at, and, if necessary, removed, cleaned with paraffin, relubricated with graphite, and replaced. The front driving chain from the engine to the gear box should be kept correctly adjusted. This is done by slackening the gear box supporting nuts, and gear lever adjustment and sliding the gear box backwards. When the chain is sufficiently tight, clamp the gear box nuts again. This may or may not have thrown the gear lever out of adjustment; if it has, place the lever in neutral or "free" and adjust the rods till the engine or back wheel revolves quite freely. This is rather a ticklish job on account of the small amount of movement of the rods.

If "sight feed" lubrication is fitted, i.e., when the oil for the engine is allowed to drip through a glass tube, the tube should be taken out and cleaned if at all oily inside.

WON'T SHE START.

Up to the present we have just considered a well-behaved machine. But sometimes they can be just the reverse, as all motor-cyclists know.

You take her out of the shed, and run or walk smartly with her down the street holding up the exhaust lifter. Upon leaving that drop she should start up and roar away, leaving you behind if you are not careful.

But if she doesn't start, even when you have flooded the carburetter, something's wrong. Take the machine back into the shed, put it up on the stand and commence operations.

There are several questions which must be looked into. Is she getting petrol? Is the petrol being turned into gas? Is the gas being compressed in the cylinder? Is the electric spark there to fire it?

Inject a little petrol into the cylinder and see if she will go then. Three things may happen. She may go perfectly; she may give a few kicks and stop, or she may refuse to go at all.

If she goes perfectly nothing more need be said.

If she gives a few kicks and stops suddenly, it is probably the petrol supply. "Tickle" the carburetter and see whether petrol comes out of the top of the float chamber. The petrol pipe may be stopped up or the gauze filter may be choked. There may be a drop of water in the carburetter jet, or a speck of dust, or a small piece of fluff. See that the throttle is open and not stuck; sometimes the slides jam.

If she refuses to go at all, the fault is probably in the ignition. Try another sparking plug—keep a good one handy. The cable may be defective—see that it is not burned through anywhere. A spare length of cable is handy to have about. Don't blame the magneto unless you are sure it is nothing else.

THE MAGNETO.

This is usually regarded as a box of mysteries by most amateurs. But there is no need to look upon it in that style. It is a wonderful thing, and as a rule it is not advisable to interfere with it. Note carefully the makers' instructions as to oiling—some magnetos don't require oiling at all. And in any case don't oil points and cause trouble.

Normally they are closed by a spring. When the time for firing the gas in the cylinder comes they are separated by a cam. There is not space here to describe the full electrical working of the instrument, but it will be sufficient to say that when the points are closed there must be good electrical contact between them. Therefore, keep them clean! And when they open, they must do so decisively—therefore, see that they open sufficiently to allow the gauge in the magneto spring to pass easily between them.

The current for the plug is collected from a brass ring (which revolves with the magneto) by a short carbon rod, pressed on to it by a spring. Keep both ring and brush clean, and the magneto will give you no trouble.

YOU WILL FIND IT TO YOUR ADVANTAGE

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

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

WE STRIVE TO MAKE A
SATISFIED CUSTOMER OF
YOU AND GIVE PROMPT SER-
VICE AND BEST VALUE.
START WITH US TO-DAY.
CALL ON US OR RING TELE-
PHONES 634 635 or 2.

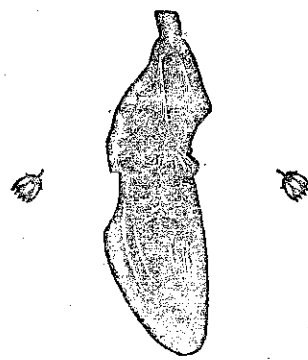
BROAD, SMALL & CO.

DEE, TYNE, LEVEN STS.

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

CHOICEST—
FRUIT, and
CONFECTIONERY
ALWAYS OBTAINABLE.
Everybody's Fruit Confectioner.

The
—PEOPLE'S BOOT SHOP,—
corner YARROW and McMASTER
STREETS,
EAST INVERCARGILL.



BOOTS AND SHOES

At lowest prices combined with best possible quality.

Compare my prices with town.

REPAIRS A SPECIALTY.

ALEX. KIDD,
Bootmaker.

POOLING THE WORLD'S LABOUR PROBLEMS.

PLAN TO SAFEGUARD THE WORKERS IN THE TRADE WAR OF THE NATIONS.

Let every thoughtful person consider this question: How is it possible to appease the ever-growing demands of Labour for a greater share in the national income, whilst, at the same time, preserving the financial stability of the country? Increased national production, though an essential factor in the solution, is not sufficient. The problems of Labour have now a world significance. The matter must be approached in a co-operative international spirit.

The lesson of all strikes recently is this: Unless Labour can be satisfied of the existence of a constructive and progressive policy guaranteeing that there shall be no return to pre-war conditions, it will proceed to such extremes as will face the country with two alternatives: the supersession of Constitutional Government or civil war. Whatever one may think of the rights and wrongs of this point of view, it is useless to blink the fact that it represents fairly accurately the standpoint of Labour.

A strike is, generally speaking, the reflection of grave discontent. Contented men do not strike, and it is not in the nature of the average workman to be discontented seriously without good cause. It is axiomatic that if the differences between the workmen and the employers are to be amicably composed, and if the strike menace is to be removed, there must be sympathy with the legitimate wish of Labour for a larger share in the good things of life, and this sympathy must be translated into action. This seems elementary enough.

But the other side of the question is equally elementary. If one nation adopts this liberal attitude towards Labour, but other nations do not to the same extent recognise their responsibilities, the first nation will be placed at a most serious commercial disadvantage to the others. It is obvious that if manufacturers, owing to the adoption of a progressive labour policy are unable to produce a given article at less than one shilling whilst another manufacturing country, owing to the existence of less humane labour conditions, can produce the same article at sixpence, the English manufacturers cannot compete in the world markets with those of the latter country.

CONCESSIONS MUST BE GENERAL.

The fact that, sooner or later, the labouring classes in that country will probably rise and overthrow their Government does not help our manufacturers, who, by then, will probably be bankrupt! It must, therefore, be recognised that if Labour is to receive substantial and permanent benefit, its rights must be recognised internationally. Any substantial concessions to Labour which are not to be applicable (with the necessary modifications to suit local conditions) to the industrial world in general must undoubtedly prove disastrous to the trade of the giver. In other words, the nations must pool their Labour problems.

The best hope of—and the ready-made machinery for—effecting this lies in the League of Nations. The international labour organisation of the League met at Washington recently. That it intended to grapple squarely with the difficulties is shown by the agenda which, amongst other vital matters, includes the following:—

- (1) The application of the principle of the eight-hour day and of the forty-eight hours week.
- (2) The prevention of, or provision against, unemployment.
- (3) Women's employment generally including the question of maternity benefit.
- (4) The employment of children.

It is too much to expect that these problems will be solved in a day; it will be lucky if any of them have been solved in a year. Indeed, when it is remembered that some forty-five States have been invited to participate in this conference, and that these States are in all stages of labour development, it would be absurd to expect the conference to achieve very much at its first meeting beyond clearing the ground for future activities.

ENGLAND SHOULD LEAD.

The procedure will necessarily be slow, owing to the language difficulty. Resolutions passed at the conference will be conveyed to the various Governments, either in the form of recommendations for adoption or as draft conventions for ratification. In the most favourable circumstances, therefore, some considerable time must elapse before the conclusions reached by the conference can have the force of law. But the guiding principles of the League of Nations are that the workers shall not be regarded "merely as a com-

modity or article of commerce," and that the standard of remuneration shall be "a wage adequate to maintain a reasonable standard of life as this is understood in their time and country," and by resolutely dealing with the Labour situation in the spirit of these principles, it cannot be doubted that this conference will do much to lay the foundations of a happier and more prosperous world.

The question, then, resolves itself into this: Will the people generally give the International Labour Organisation a chance of doing its work? In this, the world looks to England for a lead. It is a matter of faith and patience. The composition of the conference will be two Government delegates, one employers' delegate and one workers' delegate for each member-State. This insures the adequate representation of all interests.

In addition, a large number of experts attended. Mr G. N. Barnes and Sir Malcolm Delevingne represented the British Government. Mr Stuart Bunning, president of the Trades Union Congress, represented the workers; Mr D. S. Marjoribanks, of Messrs Armstrong, Whitworth, represented the employers. The workers' experts included Mr Henderson, Mr Clynes, Mr Bowerman, Mr Sexon and Mr Tom Shaw, whilst Mr Bellhouse and Dr Legg represented the Home Office and the Ministry of Labour.

The problems of Labour do not merely involve the existence of our trade and financial stability; they strike at the very roots of Constitutional Government itself. Side by side with the new international labour organisation of the League of Nations stand various international bodies, the principal of which are the International Trades Union Congress and the Socialist Internationale. These bodies have grown up, partly owing to the need for an international forum in which to discuss labour and social problems. They are representative of only one class, however, and have no constitutional authority.

If the League organisation is made a success these voluntary bodies will exercise a valuable supplementary influence. But there are not wanting signs that certain of the more fanatical of the workers would be glad to overthrow constitutionalism and replace it by some scheme of government of their own contriving, and if the League organisation gives no reasonable promise of bringing about many reforms, there is the possibility that, in the resulting despair, these extremists may succeed in turning organised labour in a body towards the Internationals, which, for labour purposes, would then supplant the League. And this would be a disaster.

THE BEGINNING OF THINGS.

OPENING CHAPTERS OF MR H. G. WELLS'S GREAT NEW YORK.

Mr H. G. Wells is a writer utterly undismayed by the poet's warning that "by ambition the angels fell." The scheme of his great new work, "The Outline of History," now on sale at local book-sellers, the first part of which has been published by Messrs Newnes this week, is set out in the opening sentence:—

This "Outline of History" is an attempt to tell, truly and clearly, in one continuous narrative, the whole story of life and mankind so far as it is known to-day. It is written plainly for the general reader, but its aim goes beyond its use as merely interesting reading matter.

This outline deals with ages and races and nations, where the ordinary history deals with reigns and pedigrees and campaigns; but it will not be found to be more crowded with names and dates nor more difficult to follow and understand. History is no exception amongst the sciences; as the gaps fill in, the outline simplifies; as the outlook broadens, the clustering multitude of details dissolves into general laws.

COMMON ORIGINS AND INTERESTS.

The necessity for the knowledge of universal history has been proved by the tragic history of the past five years. "There can be no common peace and prosperity without common historical ideas." We must know our common origins. We must realize our common interests.

It (the "Outline") is an attempt to tell how our present state of affairs, this distressed and multifarious human life about us, arose in the course of vast ages and out of the inanimate clash of matter, and to estimate the quality and amount and range of the hopes with which it now faces its destiny.

Hitherto universal histories have almost all been mere bald "encyclopaedias of history." Mr Wells has written a coherent, dramatic, and thrilling story. The work is all his, but he has had expert "counsel and direction" from such authorities as Sir E. Ray Lankester, Sir H. H. Johnston, Professor Gilbert Murray, and others.

"THE MAKING OF THE WORLD." The first section of the "Outline" is devoted to "The Making of the World."

The language is admirably simple. The facts are expressed in easily-understood phrases. Physical circumstances have vastly changed since the world began:—

It must have been in days of a much hotter sun, a far swifter day and night, high tides, great heat, tremendous storms and earthquakes, that life, of which we are a part, began upon the world. The moon also was nearer and brighter in those days and had a changing face.

No one knows how life began on the earth, but Mr Wells is able to collect a whole series of intriguing facts from "the record of the rocks." Life first appeared in the seas.

Through long ages, through the earliest Palaeozoic time, it was no more than a proliferation of such swimming and creeping things in the water. There were creatures called trilobites; they were crawling things like big sea woodlice that were probably related to the American king-crab of to-day. There were also sea-scorpions, the prefects of that early world. The individuals of certain species of these were nine feet long. . . . There were plant animals, rooted and joined together like plants, and loose weeds that waved in the waters. . . .

This Primitive Life was at once modified and developed by natural selection, which Mr Wells explains with characteristic clearness, and, in the beginning, natural selection worked very rapidly:—

With such simple and lowly beings, however, as first appeared in the primordial seas, growth and reproduction was probably a matter of a few brief hours or even of a few brief minutes. Modification and differentiation of species must accordingly have been very rapid, and life had already developed a very great variety of widely contrasted forms before it began to leave traces in the rocks.

INVASION OF THE DRY LAND.

In two fascinating chapters Mr Wells tells the story of "the invasion of the dry land by life" and the circumstances that caused "the changes in the world's climate." The Mesozoic period followed the Palaeozoic, and reptiles crawled over the face of the earth.

The earliest known reptiles were beasts with great bellies and not very powerful legs, very like their kindred amphibia, wallowing as the crocodile wallows to this day; but in the Mesozoic they soon began to stand up and go stoutly on all fours, and several great sections of them began to balance themselves on tail and hind-legs, rather as the kangaroos do now, in order to release the fore-limbs for grasping food. . . .

But the largest and most diversified group of these Mesozoic reptiles was the group we have spoken of as kangaroo-like the Dinosaurs, many of which attained enormous proportions. In bigness these greater Dinosaurs have never been exceeded, although the sea can still show in the whales creatures as great. Some of these and the largest among them, were herbivorous animals, they browsed on the rushy vegetation and among the ferns and bushes, or they stood up and grasped trees with their fore-legs while they devoured the foliage. Among the browsers, for example, was the *Diplodocus carnegiei*, which measured eighty-four feet in length, and the *Atlantosaurus*. . . .

FIRST APPEARANCE OF MAMMALS.

Mammals made their first appearance during this Mesozoic age:—

The Mesozoic mammals or mammal-like reptiles, for we do not know clearly which they were, seem to have been all obscure little beasts of the size of mice and rats, more like a down-trodden order of reptiles than a distinct class; probably they still laid eggs and were developing only slowly their distinctive covering of hair. They lived away from big waters, and perhaps in the desolate uplands, as marmosets do now; probably they lived there beyond the pursuit of the carnivorous dinosaurs. Some perhaps went on all fours, some chiefly went on their hind-legs and clambered with their fore-limbs. . . .

These little Theriomorphs, these ancestral mammals, developed hair. Hairs like feathers, are long and elaborately specialized scales. Hair is perhaps the clue to the salvation of the early mammals. Living lives upon the margin of existence, away from the marshes and the warmth, they developed an outer covering only second in its warmth-holding (or heat-resisting) powers to the down and feathers of the Arctic sea-birds.

This opening instalment of the history of man will assuredly whet the appetite for more. Great Britain will soon be full of literary Oliver Twists.

He that will win his dame must do
As Love does when he bends his bow
With one hand thrust the lady from,
And with the other pull her home.
Samuel Butler.

CHEAP MEAT.

ONLY PRIMEST QUALITY,
BEEF AND MUTTON.

AT EVERYBODY'S
BUTCHERY.



A. CUNDALL,
Proprietor.

For several years Manager
City Meat Co.

(Kelvin St. one door from Esk St.)

WHERE DID YOU GET THAT LOVELY FRUIT?

THAT HANDSOME BOX OF SWEETS.

THOSE BEAUTIFUL PALMS AND
ASPIDISTRAS?

WHY AT—

WELSH'S

FRUITERER AND CONFECTIONER.
TAY STREET.

THEY HAVE ALSO CLEANEST AND
BEST OF FOUNTAIN DRINKS.

A. E. HOBBS,
Proprietor.

Phone—400.

CONFECTIONERY,
LARGE VARIETY OF ASSORTED
BOXES

At

F. C. Jarvis,

"EXCELLA," DEE STREET

Next Bank N.S.W.

Phone—1370.

Books to Read.

WITH Winter coming on apace we turn our attention to BOOKS—Books of interest.

Here are some of the latest in the popular bound edition:—

"The Woman's Way," "Lorrie," by Chas. 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 Saltmore," 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.

"The Return of Sherlock Holmes," by A. Conan Doyle.

All at 2/6. 3/- posted.

Gardner & Son,
TAY AND KELVIN STREETS,
INVERCARGILL.

TWO GOOD LINES FOR FARMERS.

FLETCHER MILKING**MACHINES****MELOTTE****SEPARATORS.**

SOLE AGENTS FOR SOUTHLAND.

J. E. Watson & Co. Ltd.

TAY STREET, INVERCARGILL.

FARMS FOR SALE.

We have Farms of all sizes for sale in all parts of Southland. Soldiers and others intending to settle on the land will find it to their advantage to call on us and inspect.

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.

IF YOU ARE—

BUILDING OR DECORATING

A HOME,

Remember that

THE BEST WALLPAPERS

Come from—

J. H. DIXON & SON,

DEE STREET.

Phone 730.

HERB. CRACE.

HATTER.

MERCER.

GENTS' OUTFITTER,
Dee street,
INVERCARGILL.

WHERE THE GOOD SUITS ARE.

WE SPECIALISE IN—

SUITS TO MEASURE.

BOXED SUITS,

BOYS' SUITS,

MEN'S AND BOYS' OVERCOATS,

In

HEAVY TWEEDS AND RAINPROOFS.

RABBITSKINS

WE WANT RABBITSKINS IN ANY QUANTITY.

YOU WANT TOP PRICES.

CONSIGN YOUR SKINS TO US AND
RECEIVE CHEQUE BY RETURN
MAIL.

NO COMMISSION.

**KINGSLAND BROS.' AND
ANDERSON, LTD.,**

TANNERS, FELLMONGERS, AND
EXPORTERS,

TAY STREET, INVERCARGILL.

(Next Bank of Australasia.)

Phone—Town Store: 329.

WRITE US FOR LABELS.

ROOFING TILES.

CHEAP AS IRON.

WE can now supply these in unlimited quantities.

SAMPLES CAN BE SEEN ON OUR PREMISES.

Quotations given on application.

Briscoe and Co.,
LIMITED.

SHORT STORIES.**MAKING UP.**

Tess—Why didn't you speak to her? She met you with a smile of reconciliation on her face.

Jess—Yes, her face was what you might call "reconciled," wasn't it?

Tess—"Reconciled"

Jess—Yes. "Made up," you know.

PURELY FORMAL.

Mrs Maginnis met Mrs Moriarty at an afternoon tea.

Says Mrs Maginnis—How do you do, Mrs Moriarty.

Says Mrs Moriarty—I am glad to see you, and how do you do, not that I care a rap, but it helps along the talk.

CUTTING EXPENSES.

"Well I've made arrangements for our divorce, my dear."

"Divorce? Oh George, what have I done?"

"Done? Nothing! But what with the high price of coal, petrol and tyres, and the upkeep of my cars and racehorses, and the expenses of my club, I find it impossible to support a wife!"

WELL PACKED.

Freddie, accompanied by his governess, was passing a street where a load of straw had been scattered in front of one of the houses.

"Miss Manning, why did they put all this straw here?"

"Well, Freddie," she replied, a little baby came to Mrs Reed last night."

"I say; it was well packed, wasn't it?" was Freddie's comment.

VERY POLITELY PUT.

The shy man sat in a crowded tramcar next to a lady who wore very dangerous protruding hatpins.

For a time he bore her movements, which spelt danger to all in her vicinity, but at last he summed up courage enough to say:—

"Forgive me, madam, for addressing you without an introduction but I thought I ought to tell you there is a spot of blood from my cheek on one of your hatpins."

THE JOYS OF PARSING.

At a school examination the sentence, "Mary milks the cow," was given to be parsed.

The last word was disposed of by the pupils as follows:—Cow is a noun, third person, and stands for Mary."

"Stands for Mary," said the inspector; "how do you make that out?"

"Because," answered the pupil, "if the cow didn't stand for Mary, how could Mary milk her?"

NOT TO BE HAD.

Mrs Noggs (at servants' employment office)—I want a girl who will be able to think for herself; one that I won't have to watch and correct every minute of the day. I want one in whom I can repose perfect confidence, sure that she will get the meals at the time, and in the way I like them. I want a cook—

Manager—Excuse me, ma'am, but you don't want a cook. What you want is a fairy godmother!

TOO REALISTIC A GAME.

A man came home the other night and found his three children all busy on the floor with his new and expensive box of cigars.

"What are you doing with those cigars?" he roared.

"Oh, father," said the boy, pointing to the brown tobacco remnants on the carpet, "we was pretending that they was khaki soldiers and we took off their puttees, and now we can't get them on again."

All Boys Admire "H.B." Overcoats & Rainproofs.

PUT A BOY INTO ANY CLOTHING

SIMILAR TO MEN'S AND HE IM-

MEDIATELY STRAIGHTENS HIS

BACK AND LOOKS UP PROUDLY.

IF CLOTHING GENERALLY CAN DO

THIS, THEN "H.B." RAINCOATS

AND OVERCOATS FOR BOYS IN PAR-

TICULAR WILL DO THE SAME,

ONLY MORE SO!

WITH WINTER UPON US, GET YOUR

BOY'S OVERCOAT SELECTED AT

"H.B.'s" WHILE YOU ARE REASON-

ABLY SURE OF A GOOD ALL-ROUND

CHOICE.



BOYS' D.B. TWEED OVERCOATS, Raglan Sleeves, 19/11, 21/-

BOYS' D.B. TWEED OVERCOATS, belt at back, 32/6 to 37/6.

BOYS' COVET TWEED OVERCOATS, sizes 3 to 8, 32/6 to 39/6.

YOUTHS' TWEED OVERCOATS, smart shapes, 39/6 to 65/-

BOYS' TRENCH OVERCOATS, sizes 1 to 17, 37/6 to 59/6.

BOYS' AND YOUTHS' RAINCOATS, Raglan Sleeves, 21/- to 39/6.



**New Zealand
Clothing Factory**

J. M. McNaughton & Co

Booksellers and Stationers,
49—51 ESK STREET.

PRESERVE YOUR PHOTOGRAPHS.

WE have a fine range of ALBUMS
to suit all sizes or
PHOTOGRAPHS.

TO SLIP IN—

Coloured Bound, at 6/6, 7/6,
5/6, 6/-, 10/6.

TO PASTE IN—

Coloured Bands, at 6/6, 7/6,
8/6, 9/6, 10/6, 13/6.

TO Practice Economy is a National duty. Therefore read our cash price list in the daily papers. It should convince you that we are cutting it fine to sell at the price.

Our Motto: Build on a Rock Quality.
Low Prices. Attention.

At

J. L. Hannon & Co

PRIME MEAT SALESMEN,
CONON STREET and ESK STREET.
Phones—170, 371.

Telegraphic Address— Telephone 114.
"Forbury." P.O. Box 102.

W. F. SUTTON,
INVERCARGILL.

Underwood Typewriter Agency.
Edison-Dick Duplicators.
R. B. Denniston and Co.

"DIGGERS,"

WE wish you luck and every prosperity
with this new journal of yours.

Lyon's Art Gallery,

DEE STREET.

The Soldiers' Picture Framers and Art
Dealers.

Printed by the Southland News Co., Ltd.,
for the Publishers, The Invercargill
Returned Soldiers' Association, by
Frederick George Blake, 93 Lewis street,
Gladstone, Invercargill.

FRIDAY, JUNE 11, 1920.

PLEASE PASS THIS ON TO A FRIEND WITH A WORD OF
RECOMMENDATION.

"THE DIGGER."**OFFICES:**

SOUTHLAND NEWS BUILDINGS, DEE STREET, INVERCARGILL.
Box 310. Phone 1436. Tel. Address, "Digger."

A Weekly Journal of Sport, Returned Soldiers' Affairs, Current Events, War
Memoirs, Agriculture, Ladies' Columns, Passing Notes, Sunday Reading
and Stories.

PRICE—13/- per annum from agents; 15/2 per annum posted every Friday.

PLEASE FILL UP THIS FORM.

To Manager "Digger" (or Agent).

Please post me the "Digger" each week until further Notice, for which please find
enclosed the sum of £..... being months' subscription.

Name

Address