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HOME.

I had heard "the beat of the offshore
wind
And the thresh of the deep-sea rain,"
And I barked to the hail of the wonder
trail
And I sailed on the rolling main.
I have breathed the air of the fo'c'sle
there,
And I've heard the engines champ,
And I've fed the fire to my heart's
desire
In the stovehole of a tramp.

And I've had my fill of the rover's
thrill
And the life that is "broad and free."
And I'm beating it back on the shortest
tack
To the place where I want to be.

For I've had enough of this roving
stuff;
No more of the same in mine.
You can plant me down in the roaring
town
Where the little old white lights shine.

Oh, I'll be content though my time is
spent
On a job in a dry goods store,
And I'll laugh out loud in a subway
crowd
To know that I'm home once more.

For the call of the sea may be very
keen,
But I shall be deaf thereto.
I can "see the world" on a movie
screen
A block or two from my flat.

The tramp of feet on the city's street
Beats the beat of the offshore wind,
And the clang and jar of a trolley car
Has the throb of an engine skinned.

For though I burned for the trail, I've
learned
That I was a bit misled.
And the city's thrall is the only call
That counts with the city-bred!

—Berton Bracey.

THE PROFITEER WHO WENT TO HEAVEN.

There was once a Profiteer who made a
large fortune by screwing up the price of
the necessities of life so that many people
suffered severely. Finally, in the course
of time and in the fullness of his stomach,
he died and, to his surprise, went to
heaven.

"Are you certain there has been no
mistake, St. Peter?" he asked dubiously
of the Superintendent. "On earth, I regret
to say, I was sometimes a bit—"
"Oh, it's all perfectly right!" inter-
rupted St. Peter. "You're in the right
place. The only mistake is you've been
put down too low. You belong in the
very highest heaven, where the ether's
so rarified ordinary angels can't stand it
at all. Come right along with me. I'll
see that you get where you belong. I
don't know whether you'll like it or not,
but if you don't, of course, you're at
liberty to leave."

"Do you mean to say some people—
angels, I mean—don't like heaven?" de-
manded the Profiteer in astonishment, as
the two made their way upward.
"Oh, dear, no!" replied the Superin-
tendent. "Quite a large proportion decide
against it as a permanent residence. As
I said, the air's a bit thin, and—But here
we are, so you can see for yourself."

As he said this, the two entered the
outer gate. The Profiteer's teeth, or what
were symbols of his earthly teeth, were
chattering with the cold in the rarified
atmosphere.

"It l—looks very nice," he stammered.
"But c—couldn't I have a robe to k—keep
warm with?"

"I'm sorry," replied St. Peter, sym-
pathetically, "but the price of robes has
just gone up. They now cost ten virtues
a yard. Of course, if you've got the
price—"

But the Profiteer hadn't the price, as
both he and Peter were well aware, so
there was nothing more said about a robe.

"How about a crown or a harp?" ven-
tured the Profiteer, after a short silence.
"A harp would at least g—give me a little
exercise."

"I'm sorry," replied the Superintend-
ent again, "but the price of harps has
just been raised. The best harps cost
forty-five virtues now, with only five
per cent. off for cash. And of course no-
thing but the best would satisfy you."

Again there was silence.
"A pair of wings would be some pro-
tection," began the Profiteer, but St.
Peter cut him short.

"Wings are absolutely out of the ques-
tion. They've risen so in price lately that
we've cancelled all orders. I'm sorry,
but—"

This time the Profiteer was silent quite
a while.

"See here!" he cried finally, when the
cold had become unendurable. "Let's
go back. I'm not particular about being
in the topmost heaven. I want to get
warm."

"Ah! I'm afraid we can't go back,"
replied St. Peter, gravely. "We had
a pass on the way up, but travel's gone
up outrageously lately. Tickets cost five
virtues a mile now. There's only one
place you can go from here free of cost."

"Where is that?" demanded the Pro-
fiteer, eagerly.

St. Peter pointed ominously down-ward.
For a moment the Profiteer was silent.

"Well," he said finally, "if it must
be, I'd rather go below than freeze up
here without a robe or a harp. The
prices are simply outrageous."

"Come this way," said the Superin-
tendent quietly, and he led him to one
corner of the street, raised a manhole and
dropped him down it.

As he turned away, he muttered: "Sic
semper profityrannis."

William Wallace Whitelock, in "Ameri-
can Life."

FUNNIOSITIES OF CHILDHOOD.

The other evening, whilst being tubbed,
a little girl, aged four, suddenly twisted
her head round to an alarming angle in
an effort to see down her chuddy back.
"Mummy," she lisped, "whereabouts
is I sewed up?"

She had been comparing her small figure
with that of her doll, and couldn't under-
stand why dollie should possess a "join"
whilst she didn't.

Children have the most extraordinary
convictions which no amount of reasoning
will shake. But then one seldom has a
chance to rea on with them, for grown-
ups are rigorously excluded from the fairy
land of their thoughts.

Look back, dear grown-ups' to the days
of your own childhood, and you'll find that
though many important happenings are
forgotten some curious fad or fancy stands
out with startling vividness.

For instance, amid a chaos of faded me-
mories, I can see in my mind's eye a hole
about as large as a five-shilling piece in
my one-time nursery floor. My little
brother and I were dead certain that this
hole led straight to the home of the Queen
Bee, and many were the treasures we
dropped down as tribute.

Cherished beads, buttons, peppermints,
and marbles all found their way down
that hole as largesse to the Queen Bee.

In matters of religion, too, children are
most quaint. They claim an almost per-
sonal acquaintance with the Creator. I
known one little boy who regards his
cot as a Rolls-Royce, and before climb-
ing into it at bedtime performs some
weird rite with the brass-knobs, which
he calls "starting the car."

The other night, in the interest of some
particularly enshrining fairy tale, he for-
got his performance. Not for long, how-
ever. In the midst of his prayerful,
"Please bless mummy and daddy and
make me a good boy," he stopped short
unclasped his dimpled hands, unscrewed
his baby eyes, and, jumping up, exclaim-
ed, "Wait a minute, God—my motor's
stopped!"

I was once in charge of a nurseryful
of children, and, struck by their sus-
picious quietude one afternoon, I peep-
ed into the playroom to ascertain that
no mischief was afoot.

I found the little brother, Gerald, un-
derneath the table, enthroned in state
upon a hassock and majestically draped
in an antimacassar, whilst the other kid-
dies squatted solemnly around him.

"Gerald's pretending to be God," they
whispered awe-somely and we're the
angels in heaven!"

And who has't noticed the curious
words and phrases coined by childish
lips? A family of kiddies I know have
invented quite a code of their own, and
by dint of discreet questioning I dis-
covered that, according to their voca-
bulary, "Boss-soss-soss" meant anything
soft and appealing, such as a new baby
or a Persian kitten; "sashy" described
slovenliness in dress; "Alle-alle-aph?"
cryptically announced the end of a game;
and "Rhubarb Alice" described the
juicy tendrils of the Virginia creeper!

Everybody, I suppose, is familiar with
that yarn of the Cockney urchin who
mistook that phrase in his nightly pray-
er "Lead us not in to temptation," for
"Lead us not into Thames Station!" but
the other day I heard, first hand, almost
as comical a mistake.

A tiny girl, whose way home from
school lay past a Jewish place of wor-
ship, came in late for tea. "I hope you
haven't been playing in the streets, dear?"
said her mother.

"Oh, no, Mumsie," was the tot's reply.
"I've only been watching the Jews going
into their gringog!" K.S.

NEWS IN BRIEF

A further draft of 200 immigrants ar-
rived in Auckland by the Paparua.

Dr Solf (formerly Governor of German
Samoa) is proceeding to Tokio as Amba-
sador.

Seven parties participated in the elec-
tions in Germany. There are 2500 can-
didates, including 250 women.

The Belgian Baron Evence Copee has
been arrested for supplying the Germans
throughout the war with coal and coal pro-
ducts, from which asphyxiating gases were
manufactured.

During the past week or two there has
been a steady falling off in the number of
notifications of mild influenza within the
district. During last week 47 cases were
notified as against 98 for the previous
period.

"The Sunday Times," states that the
Pope has informed Irish Bishops visiting
Rome that Sinn Fein methods are deplora-
ble and must be denounced.

Black is the principal shade in the new
German flags. This is very appropriate
and will serve the double duty of signifi-
fying that nationality's record and its
mourning for the consequences.

The polling at the German elections
was heavy owing to the return of nearly
a million former prisoners of war and
many colonials. Polling for the elections
is marked by considerable violence and
constant signs of disorder.

Sinn Feiners at Carrinohill, in County
Cork, overcame a patrol of cyclists by
guile. They pretended to be engaged in
a game of bowls, and when the patrol
cycled past the Sinn Feiners rushed out,
overthrew the cyclists, and covered the
fallen men with revolvers.

The inquest regarding the death of Willis
Combs, killed by a motor lorry, has con-
cluded. The Coroner returned an open
verdict. There was, he said, some evi-
dence of negligence, but whether it was
enough to establish liability was another
question. That could be determined by
further proceedings.

There was a good attendance at the
monthly meeting of the Central W.C.T.U.
last week. Mrs Lillierap presided. A motion
of sympathy was passed with Mrs Baird,
who has been taken suddenly ill. Miss
Dewar reported on a visit to the Bluff
Union, and supported the Bluff Union in
sending a protest to the Minister of Rail-
ways against drinking in railway carriages
between Bluff and Invercargill. Miss
Birss spoke about the welfare of young
girls, and it was decided to write to head-
quarters with a view to assistance in this
matter. It was decided that the next
meeting be White Ribbon day, a collection
for Maori work to be taken up. The
Victoria Home sale of work will be held
on June 9, and donations of cakes, pro-
duce, sewing, etc., will be thankfully
received by the Home committee.

The Canterbury Trades and Labour
Council passed the following resolution:—
"This Council deeply appreciates the action
of the Seamen's Union, watersiders, and
miners to obtain a general amnesty to all
political and military prisoners, and urges
the Wellington Trades and Labour Council
to arrange a deputation consisting of re-
presentatives of organised Labour through-
out the Dominion to wait upon the Cabinet
requesting (1) that the persecution of po-
litical offenders, conscientious, and religious
objectors to military service should at once
cease; (2) that those at present undergoing
sentence be at once released; (3) that those
who have suffered deprivation of civil
rights should have the same restored."—
The resolution is allright, but a bit pre-
mature. Another 10 years will be in
ample time.

A married couple who arrived in Auck-
land by the Paparua, and were bound for
Balfour, Southland, found themselves
practically stranded. The Young Women's
Christian Association took charge of the
woman, and the Young Men's Christian
Association gave the man quarters. Sub-
sequently they both secured employment
in the city, and will not now be going
to Balfour. The opinion was expressed in
the northern city that the incident em-
phasised the necessity for establishing an
up-to-date branch of the Immigration De-
partment in Auckland (says the "Herald"),
as under existing conditions immigrants
being compelled to provide for themselves,
may not be able to take up positions ar-
ranged for them prior to their arrival in
the Dominion.

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"The Girl who was too Good Looking,"
"The Wrong Mr Right," by Bertha
Ruck.

"The Stepmother," by Annie S. Swan.

"Round the Corner in Gay Street," "The
Indifference of Juliet," "Mrs Red
Pepper," "The Second Violin," by
Grace Richmond.

"Black Rock," by Ralph Connor.

"Red Men and White," "Lady Balti-
more," by Owen Wister.

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the World," "Swallow," by H. Rider
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