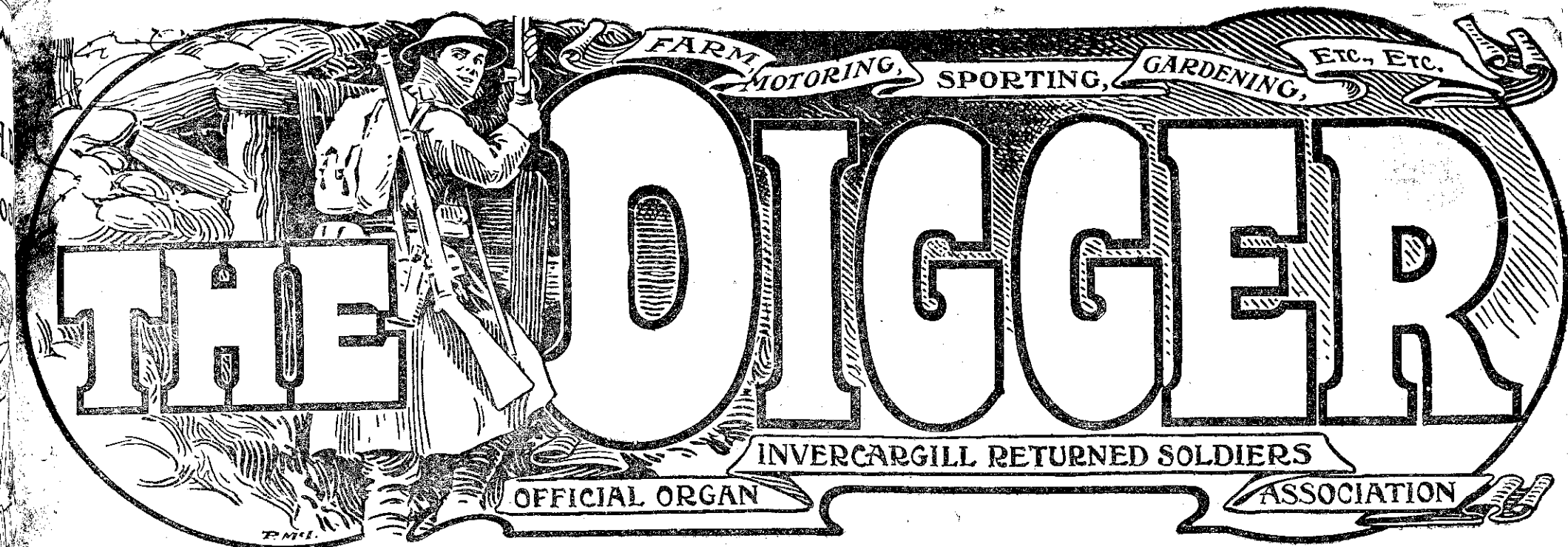




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ALMA.

(From Poems written during the Russian
War, 20th September, 1854.)

Though till now ungraced in story, scant
although thy waters be,
Alma, roll those waters proudly, proudly
roll them to the sea.

Yesterday, unnamed, unhonoured, but
to wandering Tartar known,
Now thou art a voice for ever, to the
world's four corners blown.

In two nation's annals graven, thou art
now a deathless name,
And a star for ever shining in their
firmament of fame.

Many a great and ancient river, crown-
ed with city, tower, and shrine,
Little streamlet, knows no magic, boasts
no potency like thine;

Cannot shed the light thou sheddest
around many a living head,
Cannot lend the light thou lendest to
the memories of the dead.

Yea, nor all unsoothed their sorrow, who
can, proudly mourning, say—
When the first strong burst of anguish
shall have wept itself away.

"He has passed from us, the loved one,
but he sleeps with them that died
By the Alma, at the winning of that
terrible hill-side."

Yes, in the days far onward, when we
all are calm as those,
Who beneath thy vines and willows on
their hero-beds repose,

Thou on England's banners blazoned
with the famous fields of old,
Shalt, where other fields are winning,
wave above the brave and bold,

And our sons unborn shall nerve them
for some great deed to be done,
By that twentieth of September, when
the Alma's heights were won.

O thou river! dear for ever to the
gallant, to the free,
Alma, roll thy waters proudly, proudly
roll them to the sea.

—Richard Chevenix Trench, "Poems."

Of all bodies of salt water the warmest
is the Red Sea, which has a temperature,
even at its greatest depths, of 70 degrees.

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ONE HOUR OF LIBERTY.

Gloria Waldron, her beautiful face flushed with anger, faced her father defiantly. "You have no right to decide whom I am to marry, especially when you have chosen a man whom I detest and distrust."

Colonel Waldron's jaw tightened, and then he drew nearer to the girl.

"You will marry Captain Newton in a month's time," he retorted harshly. "He is in every way a suitable man—rich, handsome, and well-connected, and a fine soldier. You understand, Gloria?"

A look of pain appeared on the girl's face, and she gazed up appealingly into her father's face.

"Dad dear, I have always submitted to your rule, even when it was against my own judgment. Surely you are not going to ruin my life now by forcing me to marry a man I don't love!" Her voice broke. "Oh, dad, I can't do as you ask!"

Colonel Waldron turned towards his desk. "To-morrow we leave here, and I take up governorship at Fenmoor Prison," he said coldly. "You will have plenty of time there to get used to my ideas when once you are away from your companions in the town."

A low sob escaped the girl's lips, and she crossed to her father's side.

"Do you mean that—that you will force me to marry a man I loathe?" she asked.

Colonel Waldron looked away from the beautiful face.

"That's all nonsense, Gloria," he returned sternly. "Newton is a most worthy fellow, and your dislike is merely a foolish girl's whim. A month from to-day you will marry Newton, or you will have to find another roof to shelter you."

Gloria Waldron's face flushed with anger.

"You mean that you will turn me out of your home?" she said. "Well, if that is your intention, I will save you the trouble by going at once!"

Colonel Waldron swung round, and gripping Gloria by the shoulders, peered into her eyes.

"You—you wouldn't dare!" he muttered, his face livid with rage.

The girl drew herself away from him.

"You may as well know why it is impossible to do as you want," she answered, returning his gaze unflinchingly. "I was married this morning to a man whom you do not know, and of whom possibly you would not approve. But I love him, and that is sufficient for me. I know I shall be happy with him."

A low snarl of rage broke from Colonel Waldron's lips, and, crossing to the door, he flung it open.

"Go, go, before I forget myself!"

But Colonel Waldron made no sign. He stood there, his face set in an expression of grim anger.

II.

A wild thunderstorm broke over the country around Fenmoor Prison.

Colonel Waldron, governor of the prison, was seated in the dining-room of his house. He had just concluded his evening meal, and, in spite of the fact that it was late summer, he shivered slightly as he looked out through the window.

The storm was increasing in violence every minute, and great flashes of lightning lighted up the scene at regular intervals, while the thunder roared and reverberated through the heavens.

"Great powers, what a terrible night!" ejaculated the governor, leaning back in his chair, and puffing the blue smoke from his cigar. "There's not much likelihood of any of the convict's making a dash for it on a night like this. Even a prison cell is preferable to a night spent in hiding on the moors in this downpour."

He sat there immersed in his own thoughts, as, from time to time, the lightning zig-zagged its way into the apartment.

Colonel Waldron's thoughts were far from happy ones, for his fancy had conjured up, in the shadows of the room, the face of his daughter Gloria.

From the time she had left his home on that memorable night, nearly four years before, he had not seen her. Three times she had written to him, appealing, womanly notes, but Colonel Waldron had steeled his heart against them, and they had gone unheeded.

"What a proud old fool I have been!" he muttered, after a while. "Here am I, doomed to spend the evening of my days alone, unloved and heartbroken. My little girl!"

A terrific clap of thunder sounded in the heavens, causing the house to vibrate.

The governor gazed half-fearfully towards the window.

"Heaven grant the world has dealt kindly to my little one," he muttered softly, "for she was unused to the cruelties and struggles of life!"

With an effort the governor threw off the feeling of depression which threatened to master him, and, rising from his seat, he turned to the bookcase, and looked along the shelf to select a book.

As he did so his eyes wandered in the direction of the window, and a cry of amazement burst from his lips.

A pale face was staring in at him.

"An escaped convict!" gasped Waldron, his thoughts turning at once to the prisoners.

Without pausing to consider the risk he ran, Colonel Waldron dashed across to the window. At the same moment the face disappeared.

"I wonder who on earth it could have been?" muttered Waldron. "The face didn't look like that of one of the men. And yet, who else could have been out in such a terrible storm?"

As he spoke he unfastened the long French windows, and flung them open.

The rain came swirling in with terrific force, and it was some moments before Colonel Waldron could see before him.

Then, a few yards before the window, he saw a form swaying dizzily.

It was a woman, and in her arms she carried a baby.

The governor hurried to where she stood and passed one arm around her.

"My poor soul," he ejaculated. "You must be drenched to the skin. Come along inside until the storm is over."

Half supporting the figure, Colonel Waldron drew her into the room, and, as he did so, the light fell upon the girl's face.

With a gasp of astonishment, Waldron recognised the sweet, pale features.

"Gloria! My child!" he cried, clasping the soaked figure tightly in his arms. "My dear—dear little girl!"

Assisting the girl to a settee, he forced her down gently upon it. Then, for the first time, he noticed that the baby she carried was a little girl, about three years old.

The little one had been well wrapped up in a large shawl, and was certainly none the worse for the weather.

Colonel Waldron took the child from her mother, and placed her down on a large tiger-skin rug.

At the sight of the large, stuffed head, the mite gurgled happily, and it was apparent that, however the mother had suffered, her baby had been well cared for.

A mist swam before the eyes of Colonel Waldron as he crossed over to the French windows and fastened them. Then he turned again to where the girl remained staring before her.

"Gloria! My poor little girl!" went on the governor, choking back a sob in his throat. "But all this is past now, little one. In your sorrow you have returned to me, and we must forget all that is past."

Colonel Waldron stopped abruptly, and peered more closely into the expressionless eyes.

"Gloria, what is it, dear?" he cried hoarsely. "Gloria!"

The girl rose to her feet, and then passed her hand to her forehead.

"I don't know you!" she murmured dully. "But—I—I—oh, my head—my head!"

Her voice died away in a wail, as her hand still remained clasp her forehead.

Then, with a loud cry, she fell prone at her father's feet, unconscious.

III.

The prison doctor turned from the bed in which Gloria had been placed and addressed Colonel Waldron, who was standing pale-faced near the door of the room. "Poor little thing!" he murmured sym-

pathetically. "She is in a bad way, Waldron. Her brain is partially unhinged, and I fear for her life. She must have suffered terribly to get to such a state."

"What can we do, doctor?" asked Waldron anxiously.

"I really don't know, Waldron. During the time I have been watching her she has raved unceasingly for her husband. But where he is Heaven alone knows, for the girl herself is not in a state to tell us. If only he could be fetched, recovery is almost certain."

"And without him?" queried the governor.

"Then the end is inevitable, for her brain cannot stand the strain," returned the doctor. "She may last a few days—or less than that even; but all the skill in the universe can do her no good now. I am firmly convinced that the sight of her husband can restore her reason, and then her recovery would naturally follow."

"Oh, Heaven, this is too cruel!" cried Waldron brokenly. "But she must not die, doctor, she must not die. She is all I have to live for now. Something must be done."

"That is easy enough to say, but where in the world do you propose to seek the husband?" returned the doctor.

A brief pause followed, and then Colonel Waldron turned sharply to the doctor.

"I had forgotten the child," he exclaimed. "We may be able to learn something from her. Anyhow, there is a chance, and we can't afford to let one go by."

The child was with a maidservant who had taken charge of her. The little one was very anxious about her mother, but listened attentively to the doctor.

"When did you last see your daddy, little one?" he asked kindly. "Would you remember him again, if you saw him?"

"Yes, 'cos I would," returned the mite. "Here's a picture of him."

She drew a locket from inside her dress, and held it up. The doctor examined the face closely.

"I don't seem to recognise the face at all. Perhaps you have seen something of him, colonel?"

The governor of Fenmoor prison examined the portrait eagerly, and a look of horror appeared on his face as he did so.

"Great heavens!" he gasped hoarsely. "This man is a convict—a convict under my charge at the prison!"

A gasp of astonishment broke from the doctor's lips, but he soon recovered his usual complacent expression.

"Nothing could be better," he cried. "Have the man brought here immediately."

"Here!" gasped the governor. "The man is a branded felon, and it is my duty to keep him in safe custody within the prison walls. I—I can't do it!"

"Your first duty is to consider the life of your child!" cried the doctor sternly.

"Colonel Waldron, I tell you solemnly that the presence of that man here if only for a few seconds, will be all that is required to save her life. If you refuse to do as I ask, your daughter will die, and you will be solely responsible for her death!"

Waldron stared into the face of the doctor, his face twitching nervously. In his position as governor at Fenmoor prison, his conduct had been exemplary and he had the reputation of being a strictly fair and just man. Was it right for him to let the call of love interfere with that of duty?

A brief pause followed, then at length he turned to the doctor.

"You are right, Convict 83 must be brought here at once. I will telephone instructions immediately."

Twenty minutes later Convict 83 was brought to the governor's house in charge of three warders.

"Remain on guard outside the building," commanded the governor to the men in charge. "I will be responsible for the prisoner."

Convict 83 was handcuffed, and Colonel Waldron took him to the room where Gloria lay.

"Go in," ordered Waldron as the man hesitated outside on the threshold.

The convict, not knowing what to expect, pushed the door open cautiously.

At the sight of the pale face on the pillows, a wild cry burst from the man's lips, and, crossing swiftly to the bed, flung himself down on his knees by it.

"Gloria, my dear one! Gloria!"

Choked by his sobs the convict buried his face in the bed-clothes, and as he lay there the girl opened her eyes slowly.

The convict's hand closed upon it, and the next moment he was raining passionate kisses upon the frail fingers.

"She has recognised him," whispered the doctor to Colonel Waldron as they stood in the doorway. "See, she is crying. Splendid! I'll go now, colonel, I shan't be wanted any more to-night."

The doctor departed, and for over an hour the governor left the convict and his wife together. Then, bracing himself up, the governor returned to the bedroom. The object had been attained, and the man must return.

"I'm sorry, my man," began Waldron unkindly. "But your time is up, you must go back."

"No, no! You shan't take him away!" cried Gloria frantically. "We have been parted so long, and now that we are together again, I can't let him go."

"My dear little girl," returned the father, "your husband is a convict, and he must return to Fenmoor to work out his punishment. I would do anything to make you happy, Gloria, but this is quite beyond my power."

Convict 83 drew himself up, and looked appealingly into the governor's face.

"I know you have every cause to doubt my word, sir," he said brokenly, "but I swear by everything I hold most sacred that I am innocent. I have never done anything to deserve such punishment. I am an innocent man suffering for another's crime. Give me a chance—only a chance to get away and prove the truth of my words, and Heaven will surely reward you. I will risk being shot, anything if you will let me leave the house without warning the warders who are on guard outside."

A gasp of horror sounded from the governor.

"It is impossible—impossible!" he cried.

"Dad, for my sake, for my baby's sake, my baby who loves her daddy just as I love you, give him a chance!" pleaded Gloria.

"But my duty!" cried the governor weakly. "I have always been strictly honourable in all I have done, and cannot disgrace myself."

"It would be no disgrace, dad," went on Gloria, "for Heaven will surely right the wrong which Jack has suffered, and then you will be proud of the part you have played."

"God help me! Your husband shall have a chance!" muttered the old man. "I risk my honour and my position to save your child. And if he gets free, he makes good, you will be able to join him later, and be as happy as you deserve."

Jack Barton, he said, turning to the convict, you can leave the house by the back entrance. That is the darkest way, and you may be able to get clear safely. You will find an overcoat in the hall, take it."

"May Heaven bless you, sir," murmured the convict brokenly. "Some day I hope I shall be able to thank you for your goodness."

"You had better go quickly, before I change my mind," said the governor sternly.

Jack Barton kissed his wife passionately and then crossed swiftly to the door.

At the same moment a loud rattle sounded upon the hall door below.

"One moment," said the governor sharply. "That is a messenger from the prison. You had better wait here until he has gone."

Jack Barton returned to the bedside as the governor passed from the room and down the stairs to meet the warden who had just stepped into the hall.

"Special message from the Home Office, marked 'Urgent,' sir."

"Thank you, Roberts," returned Colonel Waldron.

With trembling fingers the stern old man tore open the envelope and drew out the folded sheet of paper.

He read it through quickly, and then turned to the man who was waiting.

"It's all right, there will be no answer," he said briefly; and then hurried back to the room where he had left the convict.

"The very best of news, Barton," he exclaimed as he entered. "This is a message from the Home Office ordering your immediate release. It appears that your solicitor has been working successfully on your behalf to prove your innocence. This he has done by producing the guilty party, who has confessed to the forgery for which you have suffered."

"Thank God!" muttered Barton fervently.

"You must, of course, return to the prison to-night," went on Waldron. "to-morrow you will be free."

But neither Gloria nor her husband quite heard the governor's last words, for the girl was sobbing on her husband's shoulder.

The governor paused and endeavored to clear his throat, then a sound behind him caused him to turn round sharply.

In the doorway stood Gloria's baby girl.

At the sight of her father she ran joyfully towards the bed.

Half ashamed of the tears of happiness which trickled down his lined old face, the governor left them to their joyous reunion.

(The End.)

It is not long since Mr Joseph Headley made £200,000 in five minutes by the clock on the New York Cotton Exchange, and before he sat down to his dinner he was £800,000 richer than when he cracked his morning egg.

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THE A.B.C. OF THINGS.**NATURE'S PLOUGHMAN.****THE STORY OF AN EARTHWORM.**

By Leo Walmsley.

We humans pride ourselves on our reasoning powers, and on our keen sense of justice; it is one of the principles of our philosophy that beauty is only skin deep, that the vilest and most hideous exterior may hide a heart of purest gold, and yet just because of its "nasty creepy crawliness" the earthworm is almost universally regarded with loathing and contempt. Nothing as a matter of fact, could be more unreasonable or unjust, for it is doubtful whether any animal has played so important a part in the world's history as this humble creature.

THE FIRST AGRICULTURIST.

Long before the advent of man on this old world of ours, the worm was the first agriculturist. It was he who tilled the ground so that the great "coal" forests might grow in such luxuriance: it was he who mined and tunnelled under the first stars and grass-land cast up the hard lifeless earth so that it might drink of the invigorating air and sunshine and charge itself with vital plant goods. It is he who, since time immemorial, has been the faithful slave and untiring assistant of mankind and civilization. He is Nature's own ploughman, but he has done more real hard graft in his time than all the ploughshares ever forged.

HIS METHOD.

Of course, the worm does not set out to work with the sole object of helping the farmer, it is doubtful whether it even occurs to him that he is helping someone else. What he is after when he bores his way through the ground, naturally enough, is food, particles of which are extracted from the earth. He does not possess any special boring apparatus, but he can make the skin that surrounds the front part of his mouth so thin that it easily moves along through the ground. The body of the animal is literally a tube, and as the earth passes through the latter is twisted about and chewed by various organs, it is treated with a special juice to neutralize the strong organic acid it contains, the food particles are absorbed, and then it is expelled, in the shape of a worm-like casting, at the surface of the ground. This process goes on day and night without ceasing, and in time the whole layer of earth that was originally a foot or more below the surface is brought to the top and exposed to the beneficent action of air, frost, and sunshine.

DARWIN'S BOOK.

Charles Darwin, who wrote a whole book about the earthworm, calculated that on every acre of land in England more than ten tons of earth are passed through the bodies of worms and brought to the surface every year, and that the whole soil of the country must pass and repass through their bodies every few years. "When we behold a wide, turf-covered expanse," this great scientist wrote, "we should remember that its smoothness, on which so much of its beauty depends, is mainly due to all the inequalities having been slowly levelled by worms."

Many people imagine that the worm comes of the very lowest order of animals. "Its structure is so simple," they say, "that if you cut one in two each half is perfectly happy without the other and becomes a complete worm in time." This reminds me of the little German boy who deliberately chopped a worm into two.

"What for did you do that, Fritz?" cried his kinder hearted parent.

"Why," replied the young hopeful, "I thought he was lonely."

NERVES OF A WORM.

As a matter of fact, the belief that the worm is so low down as that is totally erroneous. The earthworm possesses not only a heart and blood circulation, but also a complicated nervous system and a primitive type of brain.

It moves by means of numbers of small stiff spikes jutting out from the lower part of its body and which may easily be felt by the hand. These serve to grip the earth while the muscular body is elongated or contracted like a concertina. There are no eyes, ears, or organs of smell such as we know them, but that the animal possesses some definite organ of sense is obvious from the fact that it is sensitive to light. Neither is there any breathing apparatus, for the skin is so thin that the vital gases of the air pass through to the blood without hindrance.

REPRODUCES ITSELF.

The reproduction of the earthworm is a very complicated affair. Like the snail, it is hermaphrodite, that is to say, the

sexes are united in the same individual, each animal producing both the male and female elements necessary to reproduction. It cannot, however, fertilize its own eggs, but two worms can fertilize each other's. This is done directly as with some animals. The male sperms of one are merely stored in the body of the other until the unfertilized eggs are perfectly ripe. Then the lower part of the body secretes a cylindrical cocoon, the eggs are laid into it, and then a little farther on the spermatozoa which came originally from another worm are poured on to the eggs.

THE FARMER'S FRIEND.

The cocoon now closes up, and in time the eggs hatch out into young worms which quickly learn to wriggle and fend for themselves.

Although it may be said without fear of contradiction that the worm is one of the best friends of the farmer, it is to be feared that many farmers do not realize the fact and that they destroy without any discrimination anything of a wormlike appearance. As a matter of fact, the worms that really do damage to the crops, etc., are not worms at all, but the wormlike caterpillars of certain insects. One more reason why practical entomology should take a conspicuous part in the curriculum of all rural schools.

As the art of life is learned, it will be found at last that all lovely things are also necessary; the wild flower by the wayside, as well as the tended corn; and the wild birds and creatures of the forest, as well as the tended cattle: because man doth not live by bread alone, but also by the desert manna; by every wondrous word and unknowable work of God.

—John Ruskin.

GENIUS TETE-A-TETE.**FUGITIVE MEETINGS OF MASTER MINDS.**

Something there is in the meeting of one man of genius with another that strongly affects the imagination. Curiosity is keen to learn the precise circumstances in which they met, and every detail of the episode assumes a peculiar significance.

BURNS AND SCOTT.

"Virgilium vidi tantum" ("Virgil have I only seen"), wrote Ovid, and although his veracity has been questioned, his alleged glimpse of his fellow-poet is typical of all such rencontres. His very words, indeed, have attained the dignity of a cliché. They are used, for instance, by Sir Walter Scott in describing the solitary occasion on which his path crossed that of Robert Burns. "As for Burns," he says, "I can truly say, Virgilium vidi tantum," and then he proceeds to recount his memorable experience. A shy lad of fifteen, sitting silent in a company at Professor Fergusson's he heard Burns inquire whose were the lines under a certain pathetic print which hung on the wall. Scott alone could tell, whispered the author's name to a friend, and it was passed on to Burns, who rewarded the youngster with a look and a word.

NAPOLEON AND THACKERAY.

"My only recommendation," declared Thackeray, "is that I have seen Napoleon and Goethe, and am the owner of Schiller's sword." The glimpse of Napoleon which he was fortunate in obtaining was of a most transient kind. Let us quote his own record: I came from India as a child, and our ship touched at an island on the way home, where my black servant took me for a long walk over rocks and hills until we reached a garden, where we saw a man walking. "That is he!" cried the black man. "That is Bonaparte! He eats three sheep every day, and all the children he can lay hands on!" After which the terrified child would no doubt beg to be taken away.

It was in Weimar that the novelist, now a gay student of nineteen, became the proud possessor of Schiller's sword and there at the same time he met "the Grand old Goethe." Twice had he seen him in the distance before the morning on which the poet received him in his apartments. The eyes of Goethe, extraordinarily dark, piercing, and brilliant, impressed him especially. "I felt quite afraid before them," he says, "and recollect comparing them to the eyes of the hero of a certain romance. . . . who had made a bargain with a Certain Person and at an extreme old age retained these eyes in all their awful splendour."

GALILEO AND MILTON.

A not less notable fugitive meeting was that between Galileo and Milton. The incident took place at a spot near Flor-

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ence. "Paradise Lost" had not yet been composed, but Galileo's tale of discoveries was complete. Milton still enjoyed the full use of his eyes; hopeless blindness had fallen upon Galileo.

And there was the curious chance meeting between Emerson and George Eliot in a Warwickshire coach. The American wished to know the name of the young lady's favourite book, and she replied, "The Confessions of Rousseau." "That is my favourite, too," said Emerson.

NIBBLES FROM NEW BOOKS.

We know that dogs have only visions and that they do not think, because they do not speak; but, though they do not possess our mental power, it is fair to conclude that they possess none of any kind?

Their love is blind, flawless, absolute, and silent.—"Maeterlinck's Dogs," by Georgette Leblanc-Maeterlinck.

An individual who claims to be above his fellows is rightly laughed at. A family which should pride itself upon its superiority to all other families would be a fit subject for satire. To me it seems equally fatuous that a nation should exalt itself, saying, "We are the finest race on earth." Since I am an Englishman, I would rather be English than anything else. But to give myself airs about it, and to strut around declaring the English race superior to other races, would be a symptom, I consider, of a mild form of insanity.—"The Meaning of the World's Revolution," by H. Hamilton Fyfe.

Death lay there so near, so quiet, so homely. Woods and sea-lake remained the same—a passion of colour mirrored in tranquillity, like the poet's thought; palm-leaves patterned crisply overhead; flocks of light maintained a flitter-mouse dance across the table-cloth; and because of what lay there, all these things had gone pale, and spoilt, and hollow. The distemper of mortality infected them. —"The Far Cry," by Henry Milner Rideout.

"Latin and Greek are dead," said Hardman, lean, eager, absolute, a fanatic of modernity. "They have been a long while dying, and this war has finished them. We see now that they are useless in the modern world. Nobody is going to waste time in studying them. Education must be direct and scientific. Train men for efficiency and prepare them for defence. Otherwise they will have no chance of making a living or of keeping what they make. Your classics are musty, and rusty, and fusty.—"The Valley of Vision," by Henry van Dyke.

If there is one thing that botes a man stiff, it's when some woman starts in to "Love" him. . . . It don't matter what woman. Any woman. If he's keen before, that chokes him dead-off. He's not out for any of this Love-with-a-capital-L business that women are such nuts on. Once he's done the chasing he's gotten all he wants out of it.—"The Disturbing Charm," by Berta Ruck.

Record prices for beef cattle are generally put up by Argentine purchasers; but at a recent sale in Scotland a Canadian buyer took the running. He paid six thousand six hundred guineas for a yearling Shorthorn bull. At the same sales the top price for an Aberdeen-Angus was one thousand guineas, and the prices ruling for this breed were considered high. A full-grown Durham bull sold for 5000 guineas. These figures get right away from the big prices paid by Senor Argentine; is it an indication of a coming period of boom prices for good beef cattle throughout the world?

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ESK STREET.**General Birdwood's Visit.**

WELCOMED BY THE DIGGERS OF SOUTHLAND.

General Sir William Birdwood, accompanied by Lady and Miss Birdwood, arrived in Invercargill by Monday afternoon's express and was given a civic reception on the Rotunda by the Mayor (Mr J. Stead). Several thousand people assembled and in response to the Mayor's call, three hearty cheers were accorded the visitors.

The Mayor expressed the pleasure of the people of Invercargill that the General had seen his way to visit this town. He remarked upon the high opinion held by the diggers who had left Invercargill for the front in regard to General Birdwood, whose qualities as a soldier and a man were always spoken of where the returned soldiers gathered. Britain never fought unless she realised that she had a just cause and when she decided on war she went into the matter thoroughly, though at the start there might be some slackness. The great European conflict had ended in victory for the Allies, and he thought he could claim that the New Zealanders did a fair share of the work which had been found necessary to bring an end to the struggle.

When General Birdwood stepped forward three hearty cheers were again given. He said he was told when coming south that cold as it was he would have to wait till he arrived in Invercargill to experience real winter, but when he reached the railway station he found that genial conditions prevailed. He said when he visited Dunedin he was among a Scotch people and he understood that in Invercargill the residents largely consisted of natives of Scotland or their descendants, but wherever he went it was all the same, hearty receptions being the rule, and no where more than in Otago and Southland. He told several humorous stories depicting the characteristics of the Scotsman, which caused much good-natured laughter, and said when travelling from Gore he learned that the settlers of this district went in to a large extent for oat growing, and the Government seemed to have taken action in the matter of forest preservation. If they had not, well he would advise that a policy of this kind should be adopted. He praised the Diggers for what they had done on Gallipoli and elsewhere during the Great War, and said there were some who had come back not in the best of health, and he appealed to employers of labour to give them every chance of getting back to work again. They may after a month or two at an occupation require a rest, and he asked that every consideration should be given to the Diggers who had done so much for those who through no fault of their own, of course, had to remain behind while the boys were amid shot and shell and other perils of the field of battle. "Exercise patience," said the General, "and give the young men every opportunity of rehabilitating themselves." (Applause.) He wished to express his appreciation of what the Red Cross had done, also the Y.M.C.A., Salvation Army, and similar institutions, whose activities had done much to brighten the lives of the young fellows when they were in the thick of the struggle. The Mayor had said they were highly honoured by his (the General's) presence in Invercargill, but it was the other way about. It was he who was honoured by the privilege of meeting those with whom he had been associated on the field of battle, and the mothers and fathers who had to remain at home, but who had done so well in giving what assistance was in their power.

The General remarked upon the number of school children present and asked the Mayor to use his influence with the authorities to give them a holiday. Previously, however, General Birdwood humorously asked those children who wished a holiday to hold up their hands, with the natural result. He then asked parents to do the same but no hands were raised, much good humour prevailing amongst the crowd. The Mayor announced that the General and Lady and Miss Birdwood would be motored round the town that afternoon. The party then proceeded to their motor car, the 8th Regimental Band playing the National Anthem, and another three hearty cheers speeding the General along Dee street.

THE DINNER.

In the evening General Sir Wm and Lady Birdwood were tendered a dinner at the Federal when there were about fifty present, including a number of nurses.

Proposing the toast of "The General," the Mayor said he regarded it as a privilege to preside at a gathering to do honour to such a distinguished soldier and popular man and Mr Stead referred to the splendid spirit that had existed and continued to last between the General and the Diggers. They honoured and revered him and the people also held him in the highest esteem knowing the fine qualities he had showed to their young men during an extremely trying time. General Birdwood, he said, did not intend to deliver a speech. He had imposed the condition when he accepted the invitation that there were to be no speeches. However, he might be induced to talk a little though he had said that he saw no difference between talk and speeches. (Laughter.)

On the General rising there was enthusiastic applause. He said he had let it be known that he did not wish to be called upon to make more than one speech while

he was in Invercargill, and he understood that if they had intended originally to have two gatherings that they might be held so that a single speech would cover the ground. However, it was to be otherwise. The Mayor was inclined to blame the Town Clerk and the General gave a humorous illustration of the shifting of responsibility, which he termed camouflage. The General had other amusing stories to tell, laughter being general and hearty while they were being related and assuming a serious mien he expressed the pleasure he felt at seeing so many "Diggers" sitting at the tables. He knew the men of Anzac and all who had taken a part in the war appreciated beyond words what these ladies had done for them and nothing he could say could express his own admiration for their self-sacrifice and patience. In Lemnos, Egypt, France and Palestine the nurses had done work the value of which it was impossible to estimate. A particular painful occurrence had been the torpedoing of the Marquette, the sufferings of some of the nurses until rescued from their terrible positions having been so great that it was a wonder they had survived the ordeal. What had the Naval men said of the nurses on that occasion? They could not say too much of the brave spirit shown by them and it was characteristic of the ladies throughout the campaign wherever they were. He asked the returned men to always regard the nurses as comrades and not to forget the immense service they had done in the war. On the Home nurses the same high encomiums could be bestowed and the women of Britain as a whole had risen to the occasion. Their houses had been open to the colonial soldier and he thought the Anzacs and others far away from their native land were grateful for the hospitality extended to them. The people of Britain had entertained those men in a liberal spirit, and there was hardly a home from the King's palace to the humblest cottage that had not one of them. Sir William said a record of the achievements of the Diggers should be handed down to their children and their children's children. He did not believe in boasting, but this should be done as showing a noble example. There had been some who had described the British people as decadent and there was an inclination to decry what they themselves had done and belaud the achievements of others. This was a trait in their character, but when analysed fairly it could not be gainsaid that the Britisher had no peer in the realm of arms or peace. (Applause.) The French seemed to have a greater appreciation of Britain's deeds than had the British themselves, and Marshal Foch was never done praising their courage, initiative, and the other good qualities that had shone out conspicuously during the operations in France and elsewhere. Sir William referred to the little Army that crossed the Channel when war was declared by Britain. He said it had only two machine-guns to a battalion, but the Germans were deluded into the belief that there were fifty or sixty. This was because of the deadly nature of the rifle fire of the British. As to the Navy its great part in shaping the end of hostilities was recognised by all and he thought it would have been a very difficult task to have struggled through only for its great strength. Some had said that the Gallipoli campaign had been a failure, but it had been a decided success, because the flower of the Turkish troops had been destroyed, paving the way for General Allenby's victory later in Palestine. In conclusion, General Birdwood said he and Mrs Birdwood were very grateful for the cordiality of the welcome they had received in Invercargill. (Applause.)

SMOKE CONCERT.

About 400 were present in King's Hall later in the evening, when the R.S.A. entertained the General at a smoke concert, most of those in attendance being Diggers. The Hibernian Band and Orphans' Club Concert Party contributed musical items, Mr J. E. Taylor rendered a song, and Mr Haigh gave a recitation, all the items being highly appreciated. Shortly after the time appointed to commence the proceedings the General appeared, and four returned soldiers carried him shoulder high along the hall to the seat that was waiting for him. Very hearty cheering marked General Birdwood's arrival, and "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" was sung with great gusto. The President of the Returned Soldiers' Association (Captain D. Rae), who was in the chair, proposed the toast of "General Sir Wm. Birdwood." (Cheering and applause.) The Chairman said the General was one of the most distinguished soldiers the war had produced. He had rare qualities and had the happy knack of applying little touches of comradeship that had won for him the love of the Diggers. General Birdwood and Sir Ian Hamilton had both made their reputations before the Australians and New Zealanders established themselves as soldiers to be reckoned with, and General Birdwood had early realised, probably because of his experiences in South Africa, the latent possibilities in the men from Australia and New Zealand under proper leadership. In those early days it was a fortunate choice of the Supreme War Council when they appointed the General to command the Anzac soldiers. Imperial

officers realised the all-important value of discipline, but General Birdwood was able to secure that essential quality in a soldier besides showing a personal interest and comradeship. Consequently there was created a bond of sympathy between the leader and the men. The people of Southland recognised that this had been the case and, as the General had observed that day, they appreciated very highly the fine spirit he had shown towards the men under him. He hoped the General would be pleased with his visit to Invercargill, and that that would not be the last they would see of him, that he would again some day come in this direction. (Applause.)

General Birdwood, who was loudly cheered, the company also singing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," commenced by addressing himself to his "Digger comrades," and went on to say that he wished he could find the words to properly express his feelings for being received the way he had been. He felt it very much, especially as he was afraid many had not actually been with him. In Wellington, Christchurch, Oamaru, Timaru, and other places he had come into contact with a very large number of those who were in Gallipoli and those who went with the first contingent to France. It was a very real grief to him that he had to sever his connection with that excellent Division. He had done his best to avoid it, recognising the value of the New Zealanders in Gallipoli, but the time came when the authorities made certain plans. He had hoped they would form one force of New Zealanders and Australians, and when that was refused, and the New Zealanders had to leave his (General Birdwood's) immediate command, he was extremely sorry. He had followed the Division everywhere, and was proud when he saw that they went from one action to another without a single failure. He had always done his best to let people know the value of that Division, as it had been one of the best self-contained and fighting divisions they had had. It was essential that Australia and New Zealand should see eye to eye in regard to defence in this part of the world, as what affected one affected the other, and each should know the exact power of the other. Australians and New Zealanders had worked together, recognising that what happened to one affected both and they showed how one could depend on the other when it came to hard fighting. This same spirit should prevail in time of peace. It had been said that day by the Mayor that he (the General) had conferred an honour in coming to Invercargill, but the boot was on the other foot. He considered it a very great honour to be received as one of themselves in the way he had been received that night.

The General then stated that many stories had been told about him, some true and others far from fact. He had noticed that the Sydney "Mail" had held a competition for the best story in regard to him, and he had seen them all, but had not recognised a line of the incidents related. (Laughter.) The story tellers used their imagination. This reminded him of a visit he made to the front lines when he asked the men how they were getting on? How many Turks had they shot? One replied that he had bagged two or three, and others had met with about the same results. A half Chinaman named Sing who was a very good marksman, had claimed to have shot 233, and he (the General) said: "What about Sing's 233? How do you account for his success?" The reply he received was it was because some men were greater liars than others. It had been a great pleasure to him to see that the returned boys were doing well, and it appeared that employers and the Government were doing what they could for them. They were good soldiers and it was only to be expected that when they returned they would prove good citizens and they should be given every chance to start life again. New Zealand was now counted among the nations of the world because of what had been done by her soldiers, and it was her duty to see that they were properly looked after when they came back. Addressing the Diggers the General said: "You were comrades in war, and I hope you will be comrades in peace. Every man who wears a badge should regard it as a sign of freemasonry, and no one passing another wearing the badge should do so without bidding the time of day. He asked them to extend the hand of comradeship to any of their British comrades who might settle in New Zealand. Population was a need of New Zealand, and he was sure if people in the Old Land were induced to come out to the Dominion much good would be done. He would give them two words as their motto: "Comradeship and battle-fitness." In conclusion the General hoped they would retain that fitness in civil life that had obtained in the war and that the Diggers would have all happiness and good health for many years to come. He would be very grateful if they would give him the privilege of shaking hands with him as he was leaving the hall. (Applause.)

Other toasts were: "His Majesty's Forces," by the Mayor, responded to by Major Glendinning and Colonel Bowler; "The Empire," by Mr Hall-Jones, responded to by Hon. J. A. Hanan, and "The Ladies," by Mr Alex. Glass.

The General then proceeded to the exit of the hall and shook hands with the Diggers as they left the building.

At the great Russian fair of Nijni-Novgorod, goods used to be bought every year to the extent of £16,000,000.

London is no longer the most populated city in the world. Greater New York, according to the latest returns, now claims over 8,000,000 inhabitants, against the 7,400,000 of Greater London.

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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 Winnerleigh; 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 Winnerleigh. 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 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 I get a light."

"I HAVE KEPT MY PART OF THE BARGAIN, YOU MUST KEEP YOURS."

Kitty ceased to struggle.

In the first shock of surprise she had lost her presence of mind, but she was quick to recover it.

She realised that escape was impossible, and that she must now rely on her woman's wit.

She even contrived to laugh.

"Is it you, Mr Chase?" she exclaimed. "How you startled me! I thought it was one of the grooms. What do you mean by spoiling my little adventure like this, you inconsiderate person?"

"Good lord, it's Kitty!" ejaculated the man in astonishment.

At the same time he released his hold upon her, although he did not let her go.

"That's who it is—and where did you spring from, pray?" she answered with astonishing coolness. "And what are you doing, prowling about the grounds when daddy and I have been waiting so patiently for you all the evening?"

"I took a short cut from the road, and as I was passing along here I heard a rustle, and then I caught a glint of your dress. I thought it was one of the maids," explained the man.

"Do you always treat your maids so roughly, Mr Chase?" inquired Kitty primly.

"Of course I don't mean that, and I am sorry I was rough."

Kitty was pleased to detect a note of vexation in the voice which came to her out of the darkness.

"I thought there was some mischief afoot, and I was determined to find out what it was," added the man.

"I think you were unnecessarily violent. You have bruised my arm, I am sure. Shall we now go back to the house?"

Kitty hoped that by adopting an injured air she might deter him from asking inconvenient questions.

In this case she was temporarily successful. Beaumont Chase quite forgot for the moment to inquire what she was doing in the neighbourhood of the pavilion at such an hour of the night.

He did not adopt her proposal to return to the house, however.

"No," he said, "we won't go in just yet. I am glad to meet you alone, Kitty, and I have a chat with you before we see your father again."

His arm still encircled her, and he bent his face nearer to hers.

The girl suddenly experienced a dreadful nervousness. She wanted to get back to the house, to the light. "I think we will go in," she said desperately.

"No," he answered gently, but very firmly. "I have something to tell you, and I want you all alone. Nothing could be better than this. It has happened just right. I wondered how I should tell you, and I was a little afraid. Just like a bashful boy, you know, Kitty my darling. But now, in the dark, when I cannot even see your face, I feel brave. You remember your promise, Kit?"

Kitty, who remembered scarcely anything except that on the other side of the window against which they were staying an old man was lying who could give her news of Dick, answered confusedly:

"What promise? I don't know. Please let us go in."

"You promised to marry me."

"Oh, yes," replied the girl, with an involuntary sigh.

She had promised of course, Dick was lost to her for ever. Some time in the future she would have to marry someone she supposed. It might as well be this man as any other. Yes, she had promised.

The man spoke again, his voice very low and earnest.

"You promised to marry me whenever I choose to fix the day and the hour."

Yes, she had promised that. She remembered now. But why would he bother her with it just at this time? Why would he not leave her alone just for to-night? She only wanted to get Dick's last message. To learn that he was safe and happy; to interview that old man who had last spoken with her boy-lover whom she would see no more.

She felt Mr Chase was unreasonable, and if he did not leave her alone just for to-night she would begin to hate him.

"Yes, I think I did say that," she said petulantly. "But I don't want to talk about it now. I am tired. Please do not worry me to-night."

The man laughed softly, and drew her closer to him.

"You tantalising little witch," he murmured. "I believe I love you all the more when you treat me badly. But you have got to listen to me now, you have got to hear my great news. Why do you think I went to London?"

"Business, I suppose."

"Yes, business, very important business. Didn't your father give you a hint? He knew all about it. Kitty, I have fixed everything. The licence, you know. It was no end of a bother, but it is all arranged now, my dear, delicious little wife."

"What—what do you mean?" exclaimed the girl, alarmed even more by his manner than by his words.

Desperately the girl threw back her head and tried to release herself.

"Don't! Please don't. Let me go. And—and tell me what you mean? I want to know what you have done? What arrangements you have made? I don't think I want to be married soon. There is plenty of time. I—"

"Enough, child listen to me," interrupted the man, not impatiently, but with a certain quiet emphasis in his voice.

"You and I have made a bargain. I promised to do something for you, and you made certain promises in return. Is that true?"

"Yes," murmured Kitty, in a low, distressed voice.

"I promised that I would save Dick Foster, and get him safely out of the country, and give him a good fresh start in a new land. I have done that. I have kept my word. Foster is now in South America with plenty of money, and he will make good. I have kept my part of the bargain, are you going to decline now to keep yours?"

"No," faltered Kitty. "I—I will keep my word. If you really want me, I will marry you—some day."

"Ah, but you promised more than that! You promised to marry me not some day, but any day—any day I chose."

There was a moment's silence between them, and then Kitty answered in a low but steady voice.

"Very well," she said, "let it be as you wish. I will keep my word. When do you want me to marry you, Mr Chase?"

"It is all fixed," answered the man quietly. "That is what I went to London about. I have secured a special licence, and the ceremony takes place to-morrow!"

With a startled cry the girl broke from his encircling arm, and, staggering back, leaned trembling against the wall of the pavilion.

"To-morrow! You—you cannot mean it! You are mad! It is impossible! I will not!" she panted.

Beaumont Chase paused before replying and he did not follow her when she shrank from him.

Then he spoke, and his voice was harsh.

"You will marry me to-morrow, or you will break your word, and, if you break your word, I shall break mine. By Heaven I mean it! If you fool me now, I will drag Foster back to England to face the penalty of his crime, even though it cost me half my fortune. Ah, child," he added, with a quick change of tone, "I am a brute and a fool to threaten you when I only want to make you happy. Be patient with me, dear, and be kind. There is no sense in delay. I have kept my part of the bargain—now, be a sport, and keep yours."

(Continued on Page 6).

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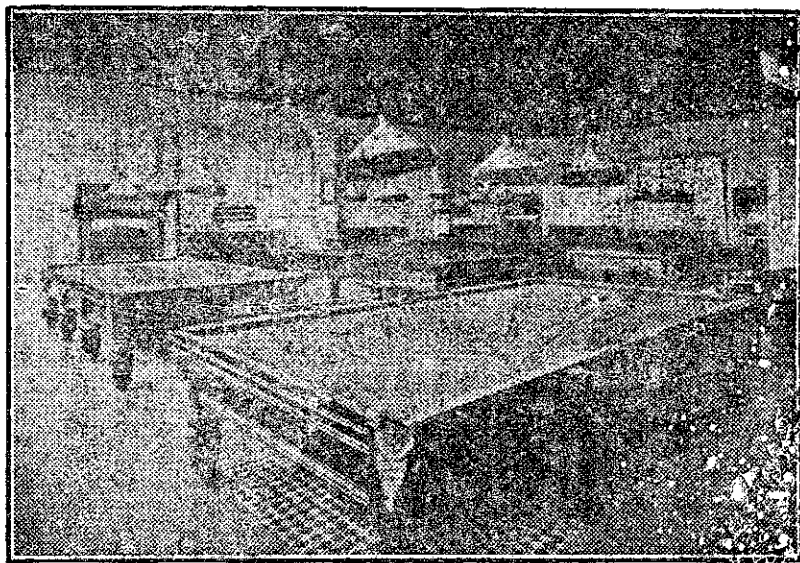
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BILLIARD NOTES.

AN IN-OFF PLAYED WITH RUNNING SIDE.

A position from which the in-off should be played, by striking the cue-ball with plenty of left-hand side. In the first place, owing to the object-ball being so near the pocket, the top angle will not be touched by the cue-ball after contact with the object-ball, therefore, right-hand side would be of no assistance in taking it into the pocket.

And, secondly—and this is the chief point—owing to the comparatively large angle at which the cue-ball strikes, the cushion, side very considerably alters the angle of reflection. In this position, by the use of plenty of left-hand side (running side off the cushion) the cue-ball is thrown off the cushion at such an angle as allows it to get sufficiently behind the object-ball to enable the in-off being made. Were the stroke played with right-hand side (check side off the cushion) the cue-ball would come off the cushion so full on to the object-ball that the stroke would fail.

A DIFFICULT CUSHION IN-OFF.

An extreme kind of cushion in-off. In positions like this the in-off can only be made by the use of plenty of side. This very pretty stroke is a difficult one, for not only must the cue-ball be hit with as much side as possible, but the aim must be judged with the utmost nicety, as, though, of course, the cue-ball must not hit the object-ball until it rebounds from the cushion, it must almost graze it as it passes it, otherwise it will strike the cushion just a little too low down to enable it on its rebound, even helped as it is by the side that it carries, to get sufficiently behind the object-ball to ensure the in-off being made. The missing of the object-ball by so little when first passing it is what makes the stroke so difficult, as in attempting this the object-ball will often

be thinly struck, and when this happens the shot fails. Also, unless plenty of side be imparted to the cue-ball it will come off the cushion too full on to the object-ball to allow of the in-off being made. The nearer the two balls are to each other (the angle being the same) the less difficult does the stroke become, simply because it is easier to play what is really a fine shot when near the object-ball than when at a distance from it. Also, the farther down the table the cue-ball is, the easier the stroke becomes, and the higher up the table the more difficult, until a point is reached when the in-off is no longer possible by this kind of stroke. In playing this shot, I have stated that if the cue-ball touched the object-ball before hitting the cushion the stroke fails, and this is so in the generality of cases.

It will sometimes happen, however, that the object-ball is touched so very finely indeed that the cue-ball is not appreciably deflected thereby, and when such is the case the stroke may still be got. It is needless, however, to remark that the stroke is not to be played in this way. When the same shot is played into a baulk pocket a stroke ball out of baulk, especially if the cushions be fast.

In another case the in-off is made by striking the top cushion instead of the side-cushion, but otherwise the manner of playing each stroke is identical. Nevertheless, these strokes off the top cushion are generally more difficult to get, because the use of the rest or the long rest may be required; and even when it is possible to play without the use of the rest, the cue-ball often cannot be got at so comfortably as when playing across the table. Of course, when a cue-ball is well down the table it may be a good position for easy striking, but then it would be so far away from the object-ball that the exactness of aim required would make the shot a peculiarly difficult one.

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JUDGMENT.

(Continued from page 5.)

Kitty's brain was in a whirl, and desperately she strove to collect her thoughts. What he said was true. He had done his part, what right had she to hold back now? He had proved a true friend, and she had deceived him.

A flush of shame, hidden by the darkness, swept over her face.

Then impulsively she formed a resolve. She had no right to deceive him, he deserved her trust, and she would trust him.

Moving forward she put out her hand and touched him.

"Mr Chase," she said earnestly, "you have been a true friend to me, and I am indeed grateful to you for all you have done. I will keep my word, I will do what you wish. But first I have a confession to make, and it is only right that you should hear it."

She paused, as though finding difficulty to go on.

"Well, child, and what is your confession?" asked Beaumont Chase gently. "Whatever it is, you are forgiven in advance."

"You have not asked me why I have come here to-night?" said Kitty unsteadily.

"No, I had forgotten that."

"I still love Dick, I love him with all my heart," said Kitty pitifully.

"I know, child, I know, but that will pass," answered the man indulgently. "Believe me it will pass. But—"

"I came here to get news of him," went on the girl, determined to complete her confession.

"To get news of Foster?" exclaimed Beaumont Chase in astonishment.

"Yes, the old man, the gardener who was injured. I believe he knew Dick; I believe he knows something about him. I want to question him. Oh, Mr Chase, I know I am unreasonable and wicked after all your kindness, but I do so want to know if Dick sent me one word of goodbye before he went away?"

"Poor, little romantic girl," he said to himself. "How on earth did she get this notion into her head?"

Then aloud he said.

"What makes you think this old man knows anything about Foster, who is now thousands of miles away?"

"Oh, I don't know," answered Kitty; "but I had a suspicion. It came to me suddenly, and so I came out here to see him, and then you came and—"

"Spoilt it all. What a shame!" said the man. "And now what do you want me to do?"

"Oh, Mr Chase, if you would let me go in and see him now, it would be very generous of you, and then to-morrow—"

She paused, and Beaumont Chase put his arm tenderly about her.

"And then to-morrow you will go obediently to the sacrifice? Poor little girl! Never mind, I mean to make you happy in spite of yourself, Kit. Before long I will make you forget all about that unfortunate young Australian. Meanwhile, my dear child, of course you shall see this old man and satisfy yourself that he knows nothing about Foster. Come, let us go and see him together."

As he spoke, with his arm still about her waist, he led her round to the front of the building.

Producing a key from his pocket he unlocked the door, and they entered the pavilion together.

(To be Continued.)

SOUTHEAST TENNIS AND CROQUET CLUB.

The above club was formed last year and was granted by the Council, the use of the reserve in Etrick street. Necessarily the cost of getting the ground into playing order is very heavy, though the Council has been generous in its assistance, members will require to raise at least £200 to put the club on a satisfactory footing.

Various means are being followed in raising the amount, one of them, a series of dances by the tennis branch. The first social came off on the 3rd June, in Ashley's Hall, when over 100 couples spent a most enjoyable evening, with much profit to the club, as everything excepting the printing, was donated, and about £15 netted as the result. Very good tennisists. Among the young ladies present in their beautiful gowns were: Miss Crofts, Miss Rein, Miss Nisbet, Miss D. Washer, Miss D. Stevenson, Miss L. Wilson, Miss Thomson, Miss Kingdon, the Misses Manson, Miss Mabson, the Misses Jones, the Misses Sutton, Miss Mills, Miss Howie, Miss Dwyer, and many others.

Misses W. Manson, L. Alsweller, D. Parry and E. Sutton, were responsible for the working arrangements while the ladies committee are to be congratulated on the splendid supper provided and daintily served. Mr C. Duerdon and J. Harvey gave delightful music.

The Nature Column.

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

On looking farther into the question of occurrence of fire-clays in the Dominion, I find that Professor Park mentions these in several places under coal seams, and in Canterbury in the Malvern district, at Springfield, the coal is worked chiefly to get the fire-clay which is sent to Christchurch for manufacture.

I am indebted to Mr Calvert for his interesting letter, though the enquiry re fossils, was mainly published in the hope that information would be obtained of small definite localities where fossils could be easily obtained. The Otapiri and Wairaki streams are evidently places falling within this definition, and Curio Bay and the Brothers, Waikawa, likewise. Professor Park mentioned this year that fossils weathered out of the limestone were in abundance at Clifden, a little way from the bridge. Having attempted to chip fossils out of the surrounding rock I have cause to know how difficult it is to secure unbroken specimens. Locations such as mentioned by Professor Park are therefore the places where good specimens can be most easily obtained. The fossils of New Zealand are largely undescribed, and it is not easy to get anything other than a mention of the rock system to which they belong.

Professor Marshall mentions that in the Maitua district the foliage of Tactopteris, Alethopteris, Cycads and Podocarpus, have been identified, and that the marine fossils Ostraea, Spiriferina, Terebratula, and many other genera are found.

At one time the Southland plains were doubt covered with a sheet of limestone of which the remains at Centre Bush, Browns, the Waiau, and other isolated places are all that is left. Some people have been curious to know why this great sheet should have been washed away and only these remnants left standing. Why should these isolated hills of limestone escape the general denudation?

The explanation which seems to fit is as follows:—While the limestone bed was still intact faulting occurred. Faults are caused by a readjustment of the underlying strata. Sometimes the downthrow is over a distance of several hundred feet. Occasionally the faults are perpendicular cracks, and sometimes they are at an angle nearly approaching the horizontal, when they are called thrust planes. Another sort of fault is one in which a trough is formed. This faulting as often as not leaves little indication on the surface of the disturbance that has taken place, the action taking place slowly. It is therefore conceivable that large masses of limestone might be lowered beneath the general level of the rest of the limestone. The limestone sheet having been dissolved and removed by water would leave another strata exposed with large pieces of limestone enclosed in it. The enclosing strata, which would seem to have been of a soft nature, possibly a marine clay such as papa, would be then eroded more rapidly than the limestone areas, and these would gradually rise above the level of the surrounding plain as we see them to-day.

Professor Park says in the geology of New Zealand: The succession of strata forming the formation commonly known as the Oamaru series shows a remarkable uniformity from one end of New Zealand to the other, and is as follows omitting the smaller divisions.

- (A) Shelly limestone or calcareous sandstone often resembling freestone.
- (B) Green sands, often shaley or clayey.
- (C) Sandstones or marly clays.
- (D) Loose gritty sands and fire-clays with coal seams.

It will be seen from this description that the limestones would be the more resistant rocks, and the remaining strata of the series would be much more easily cut away. That limestones are resting on clays can be seen just before entering the limestone gorge on the way to Clifden. The papa is exposed in the bed of the Orawia river, the upper part of the banks being composed of limestone. Papa also outcrops in Lake Manapouri and in the bed of the Waiau and must run under Freestone Hill at Manapouri. Freestone Hill in some parts is largely limestone and in others a sandstone. Lower down the Waiau are freestone hills of some height. In the bed and showing on the banks of the Waiau are alternate bands of papa and a rough gritty rock which is harder. This strata has been much tilted, the sections showing on the banks of the Waiau below Sunnyside, lying at an angle of about forty-five degrees, indicate even to an inexperienced observer, that great earth movements have taken place here since the Oamaruian limestones were laid down.

DRAUGHTS.

(By F. Hutchins.)

I will be pleased to receive any problems or games of general interest to draught players. Address Draughts Editor, 28 Biggar street, Invercargill.

Draughts Club meets in Athenaeum Wednesday and Saturday evenings, visitors invited.

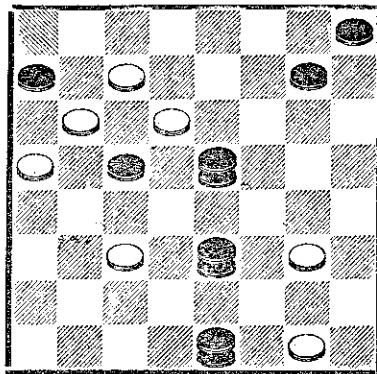
PROBLEM 14.

By Dino Daina, Davis, Italy.

BLACK.

White to play and win.

Black 4, 5, 8, 14, Kings 15, 23, 31.



White 6, 9, 10, 13, 22, 24 32.

WHITE.

Entertaining.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM 13.

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

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

Black to play and win.

19.16	20.11	15.22	11.7
11.7	13.17	25.18	12.8
10.14	22.13	6.22	7.2
17.10	18.23	13.6	8.11
5.9	27.18	1.12	

Black wins by first position.

The following are two games played in the recent Handicap Tourney in connection with the Australasian championship held in Timaru—

S. Crook (Black). T. Russell (White).
Double Corner.

9.14	8.11	3.7	24.27	11.16
23.19	31.26	23.18	23.19	20.11
11.15	11.16	15.22	15.24	23.19
22.17	20.11	25.18	32.23	Drawn
8.11a	7.16	7.10	24.27	
17.13	21.17	29.25	23.19	
4.8	14.21	10.15	27.31	
26.23	23.7	25.22	22.17	
15.18	2.11	16.19	31.27	
24.20	19.10	24.20	17.14	
11.15	6.15	19.24	27.23	
28.24	26.23	27.23	19.15	

(A) It has now developed into the Old Fourteenth.

The next game Russell had the black and Crook the white pieces, the opening is the same but it again runs into the "Old Fourteenth."

9.14	24.20	1.6a	15.31
23.19	11.15	32.28	26.22
11.15	28.24	3.8	12.19
22.17	8.11	30.26	22.8
8.11	31.26	9.13	
17.13	6.9a	23.16	Drawn
4.8	13.6	12.19	
26.23	2.9	8.12	
15.18	26.22	24.19	

(A) This is stronger than 11.16 as played in first game.

(B) 9.13 here would lose as follows: 9.13, 22.17, 13.22, 20.16, 11.20, 21.17, 14.21, 23.14, 10.17, 25.2. White wins.

TRAPS FOR AMATEURS.

KELSO.

10.15	25.18	10.15b	23.16	9.14
22.18	6.10	25.22	12.19	18.9
15.22	29.25	15.19	24.15	11.25

Black wins.

(B) This is not sound, 11.15 is better.

Passing Notes.

BY JACQUES.

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

RANDOM REFLECTIONS.

We sing loudly of our longing for Heaven; still we spend a lot on pills. Hell is a place thoughtfully provided by an all-wise Providence for our enemies. A sensible man is one whose views agree with our own.

Woman has worse taste than men; witness their choice of life partners.

A cause may follow an effect, as when a father wheels his youngest in a push cart. Cradles may be described as matrimonial fruit boxes.

Figures cannot lie—but some women's figures prevaricate a lot.

None is omniscient, save God and a High School boy.

The fellow who said, "There is none righteous," evidently never heard a Salvation Army soldier "testifying."

Man proposes—and the woman looks after the rest.

In 1915 a slouched hat, boots, and a pair of SHORTS formed the only costume of most of the troops in Gallipoli. . . . When we got to France we found that the 1915 Gallipoli fashion had become the 1918 fashion of Paris, amongst the ladies, I mean.—Gen. Birdwood at Christchurch.

Is this the truth that Birdie brings?

The hat and boots we need not doubt;

But as regards the other things—

However did he find it out?

We have all smiled at the story of the mother who wrote explaining that her Johnny's absence from school was due to the fact that "he had fell in the crick in the a.m. and cot a cold in the p.m." Some of the "notes" sent by mothers during the present epidemic of vaccination are, no doubt, equally amusing; still, it is in decidedly bad taste for teachers to hold more or less illiterate or careless parents up to the ridicule of children by reading their literary efforts out to the classes. This is done in at least one local school, if the children are to be believed. Their story has corroboration, too, in the fact that Mrs Jones's youngsters often hilariously recite scraps from the halting screech of Tommy Brown's mother. This state of things is not a good one, and perhaps accounts largely for the increasing lack of respect of children towards their elders, which we all unite in deploring.

"In two Auckland affiliation cases paternity was proven against two lads, one of 16, and the other of 17 years of age. In each case the mother was older than the father."—Southland Daily Times, June 11.

"The child is father of the man," they say;

Well much depends on where you're domiciled;

It may be so down here, but Auckland way.

The child is oft the father of the child.

"People in the North," said Mr Simpson at the recent Gore banquet, "had the idea that Southland was a place of rain, hail or snow. It was up to our Parliamentary representatives to disillusion as many as possible in this connection. What was needed was self-esteem." Beautifully simple, is it not? Strange we never thought of it before. Now, when our westerly zephyrs seem to tear the buttons off our overcoats and send our fences and timber stacks flitting lightly up the street; when our rains seem to throw Noah's little affair into insignificance; when our hail appears to set the glaziers working overtime, and the thermometer suggests that a good, thawing week in Sheol would be a pleasant holiday, all that is necessary to prove to visitors that these things are nothing more than dreams, illusions, the figments of frenzied fancy, is for our members to show them a small chunk of self-esteem. Only (alas! there's always a fly in the ointment) it may easily be that none of our members have any of that useful property about them. And it would be a difficult thing to borrow; nobody seems inclined to give much esteem to politicians. No, I am afraid that we and our climate will have to remain as before—"not understood."

Every week I read "Groper's" jottings in this paper with pleasure; they are, for the most part, refreshingly Scotch. Last week, however, he struck a new note, an Irish—or, rather, anti-Irish—one. "We do not want the Irish question in New Zealand," he said. Well, I heartily agree with "Groper." We do not want any such bone of contention in this country. But—and here's the rub—we cannot help ourselves. It is here, as everywhere within the empire, already, and, like Banquo's ghost, it will not be exorcised. The Irish question is no longer a merely local matter of the North Sea; it has become the greatest and gravest of our many Imperial problems, and one that, if not soon settled, may easily bring the stupendous fabric of our Empire crashing to the ground. It is admitted that our very safety depends on Ireland. To assure that, we must either win her people to everlasting friendship or smash them to utter impotency. The latter is, of course, unthinkable. The problem, therefore, is to achieve the former. And since the matter concerns the Dominions, as integral parts of the Empire, equally with the Mother Country, it is not only our right, but our duty to consider and discuss it, and to assist, if possible, in its solution.

"CUMANAVASPOT."

When Fortune ceases smiling,
And your business is bad;
When your debts are upward piling
Till they nearly drive you mad,
Though you're feeling sick and weary,
Yet it bucks you up a lot,
To be greeted with a cherry:
"Hullo! Cumanavaspot."

When you're badly, sadly jilted,
By the girl you hoped to wed;
All the joy of life is wilted,
And you're wishing you were dead,
But you gather consolation,
And your sorrow is forgot
In the murmured invitation:
"Cheero! Cumanavaspot."

If the stings of slander hurt you,
In a way you'd hate to show;
Or your fickle friends desert you,
And you're feeling pretty low;
Oh, it lightens each affliction—
It loosens every knot;
Soothing as a benediction,
Is that: "Cumanavaspot."

When the common lot of mortals
Overtakes you at the last,
And you reach the pearly portals—
All your woes and worries past;
Oh! Your joy will be the sweeter
Should you hear (and wherefore not)
The friendly voice of Peter
Saying: "Cumanavaspot."

The returned soldier is up against the universal curse—land profiteering. The policy of soldier settlement has given the speculator in land values such a golden opportunity for plunder as he has never had since the inauguration of the Advances to Settlers scheme. Now, as then, cheap Government money has had the effect of rocketing values skyward. The land speculator flourishes like a green bay tree; we have almost daily instances of fortunes being made out of the "unearned increment." The results, in other directions, are not so pleasant to look at. Many of our lads have bought into farm prices far beyond their normal production values and will, it is to be feared, have unpleasantly weighty infant to carry later on. On the other hand, many of our returned soldiers are unable to get the assistance to which their services are entitled them, because the Treasury has been depleted more rapidly than was anticipated or than it should have been, largely because of the very enhancements in values that its own disturbances have created. The problem is a big one, but I feel quite safe in saying that if the Government had freely exercised its right of expropriation—to take over any required and suitable areas at their taxable valuations (plus a little for disturbance), every soldier could have been comfortably settled at a less expenditure than has already been incurred.

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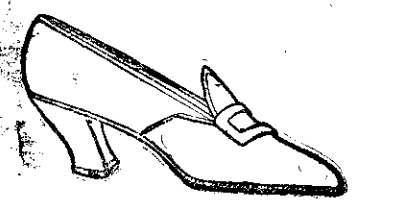
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SPORTING.

Hogan has a good team of jumpers in work which will probably be doing the South Island Hunt Meetings prior to the National.

The Wairio Jockey Club is holding a smoke concert next month as an excuse for a night out. "The Digger," hasn't been invited yet!

Unauthorized coursing has been going on at the course, and the caretaker is now looking for dogs. They had several kills (of sheep).

In the sale of Amythus at 8,000 guineas to go to India is right, Mr Easton will have done remarkably well out of the Demosthenes gelding. He gave 400 guineas for him as a yearling and won over £8000 in stake money. Amythus will be the first Invercargill Cup winner to go to India.

Jock was not such a bad investment after all for Messrs Trail Bros., for after winning about £1400 in stakes during the past three months they sold him to a patron of George Reed's stable for £350. These amounts, besides good bets when he paid double figure dividends, must have left a margin of profit, even if there were a couple of very lean seasons to make up for.

Three or four would-be hunters from Rorke's Drift Lodge found the fences at the Groper's Bush Hunt on the big side last Saturday. Even the huntsman on old Prairie Fire had to give in and get through a gap cut to let the whole field out of one paddock. That good little jumper Glenisla, ridden by his new owner Mr Marshall, turned a seven. Mick O'Brien's show jumper, Bess, was one of a very select number that negotiated the country safely.

The next move was to secretly join up with the other labour unions, and attempt to cause a strike, which has lost the jockeys very much sympathy. But the better class of jockey would have nothing to do with the fire-brands, and this latter class and their demands can be written out. The sensible jockeys who are proud of their profession will get a good hearing at the Racing Conference next month, and no-doubt will succeed in bettering the conditions of the profession a great deal.

But to deny them the right of forgoing an association amongst themselves P.T.H. is not only going too far, but is not even being fair. He knows that in past years that there have been both jockeys and stable hands in his own employ, who would have been very much better off had they had an Association to fight their claims for them. It stands greatly to "Put's" reputation as a trainer that he has never had any difficulty in obtaining employees, but it does not necessarily follow that he will not be able to get employees when there is a recognised Jockeys' Association.

My friend "Sir Modred" has drawn the ire of good old "Put" Hogan, one of the best tempered Irishmen in the country. And all about a little bit of a union too! I thought "Put" had too much to look after without sparring with "those sporting writers who have done so much to injure the sport."

In the old days of bookies when one wanted to back a horse with no chance at all the pencil occasionally told the taker to write his own price. For some years past now I have always thought "Sir Modred" had told Mr Hogan to write his own paragraphs so frequently and free has his good Irish name and his horses filled the sporting columns in the local thunderer. Anyway it was fine advertising Rorke's Drift Lodge got, and 'tis a pity Hogan to lose the good wicket you were on because of a bit of an argument without sticks.

"Veteran," writes in connection with the controversy as follows:—"I have always thought that Mr Hogan wrote his own paragraphs so fully have they appeared in 'Sir Modred's' sporting columns. In fact only last Saturday, Mr Hogan was very rough on the sporting critics of the local papers, who he stated, wrote up the track performances, but from the 'say so,' of others.

My friend "Sir Modred" is sure a great advocate for Mr O'Byrne and his unions, he dad in the H.C.L. times they are a very necessary double. And, "Put," why shouldn't jockeys have an association just the same as the owners and trainers, and breeders do have?

Jockeying is a profession and training is only an occupation, but, if one can form an opinion from Mr Hogan's letter, not nearly such a precarious one as that of owning racehorses. In the last two seasons horses from Rorke's Drift Lodge have won over £18,000 in stakes, yet P.T.H. says only one of his patrons are on the right side of the ledger, and that is good old Fred Price.

For Jock Graham, "Put" has won a lot of money in stakes, particularly when Golden King was at his best, for about three seasons, and one would think that racing had paid him all right. If it hasn't somebody's judgment in connection with the horses has been at fault. Admiral Talbot, Eleus, and Calcara, were consistent winners for Mr R. Millar, of Mandeville, in the same stable, and Mr Miller should have made ends meet. Silverspire has won a lot of money for Mr P. Boyle, yet, "Put" says he lost money too. And what about Tin Soldier? In the short time "Put" had him he seemed to win a lot of races for the Price Bros!

Still Mr Hogan should know what he is writing about. He is no fool with a pen, and they taught addition well at Wrey's Bush thirty years ago. But what a rotten advertisement for his trade that letter was. To state that he had won more money for his clients than any other trainer, and then add that all his clients, bar one, had lost money. Any it is enough to warrant their bankers closing on them. No, Mr Hogan, I don't think you really meant all you wrote on that occasion—you were just pulling our legs, as you have so often done before.

But this is getting right away from the real cause of "Put's" ire. He objects to the Jockeys' Union, and yet has under his roof the head serang of the tribe for Southland in Billy Robinson. Is Billy any the worse for belonging to the Union? Has he refused to ride (or for that matter fall (with) any of P.T.H.'s horses? Has he wanted the other unions to declare horses to be the same colour as himself? No, of course he hasn't, and didn't he ride well for the stable in Dunedin! (I must admit I saw him come in once without his horse).

It is a nice job riding racehorses with next to nothing on externally, and absolutely nothing inside you on a wet cold day. Two quid for a losing ride and perhaps just got piped off by a nose. All wages have advanced a great deal since the war, but the jockeys' wages are just the same as when originally fixed over ten years ago. Surely for the risk they take in each race (the risk of being blown out by an incompetent stipendiary steward is not the smallest risk in these parts either), and the inconvenience they suffer through wasting and drugs, they are entitled to a little better pay.

I will grant that the heads of the profession are lads making incomes ranging from £1000 to £6000 a year, but there are over two hundred who are only battling for a living and taking on all sorts of rough rides on half broken or schooled horses, and it is to keep these lads that an Association has been formed. Of course, in the hands of a professional agitator, the Association made some demands that were over the fence, and then commenced dictating to the old general at the head of racing in the Dominion, and, he being too shrewd to be caught napping (he has lost too many races that way in his career), it wasn't possible to frighten him, and the fire-brands in the charge of the Association could get "no forrader" in that direction.

When Betty Brown first came to town She had but one plain gingham gown, But now she's draped in crepe-de-chine, And lolls back in her limousine. She's married to a millionaire, And cherished with the greatest care. In winter months, of course, she's sure To have her Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

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"The Digger."

FRIDAY, JUNE 18, 1920.

SOLDIERS AND THE LAND.

The R.S.A. have always been a propelling force behind an effective and efficient land settlement policy, and have always kept in view the value of placing men on the land as a factor of repatriation which will increase the Dominion's production. Any Government which loses the opportunity of bringing into production our practically waste lands, fails in its duty to the State. The R.S.A. issued an appeal some time ago to ascertain the number of soldiers who were looking for land, and over 5,000 names were received. In a recent ballot in the Otago land district 1178 men made application. These figures undoubtedly under-estimate the number. The present Parliament should do all in its power to have all large estates cut up and made into small holdings. So far 6,000 men have been settled and at least one-fifth of that number have sought out single farms and so provided 1,000 small farmers the means and opportunity of joining the land gamble, which, coupled with the inflated values, is the outcome of the Government's policy. The men should be settled on the land as soon as possible and at a price which will assure them a comfortable living and protect the country from the danger of settlers becoming a financial burden when the price of produce is more stabilised. The present demand for private farms is probably due to the fact that not sufficient large estates are being thrown open. The effect of this is to aggravate the shortage and encourage speculation and inflation of value without in any way increasing settlement. The R.S.A. have continually advocated the cutting up of all estates, commencing with those of £100,000 in value and over, and working down the schedule until the demand is satisfied. It has further urged the necessity of putting in effect the provisions of the Act of 1903, providing for compulsory acquisition instead of leaving it a practically useless piece of machinery upon the statute book. Will the Government be courageous enough to put the machinery into operation, and satisfy this land hunger?

Our reporter had the pleasure of inspecting the display at Abraham Wachner's Sample Rooms, Dee street. The show-rooms present some 2000 blouses marked at a very low figure and are well worth inspection. The colourings and styles were very nice and make an effective display. Mr Wachner has a large stock of boots which are marked at a price to suit all. An advertisement to this effect appears in these columns.

GENERAL RUSSELL.

APPRECIATES "THE DIGGER."

The following is an extract from a letter received from General A. H. Russell:—
"I should like to congratulate you on your publication 'The Digger,' which is full of good matter, even for such Diggers as have not the good fortune to live in Southland.

One specially good point, to wit, you recognise that while we shall never forget our old comradeship in Palestine and France, we have got back 'home' and want local news and doings sandwiched in between war poems and trench anecdotes.

Very glad to see that some of the R.S.A. in Southland, notably Colonel Mitchell, and that fine officer Colonel Hargest, intend to take as active a part in keeping things moving in peace time as they did so successfully in war.

For the history of Southland's part in the war, it is well worth an historian, for the Otago's were ever in the hottest corners and tightest places. I may say they had an inflexible instinct for hard fighting, which no manoeuvring on my part could defeat. But the details and local colouring must be looked for rather from the personal leaders, Col. Smith, Col. Cunningham, Col. Hargest, and others. But should any point come up which seems doubtful, I shall be very glad to give your contributor any assistance I can in clearing it up. Wishing you all success,

Yours sincerely,
(Sgd) A. H. RUSSELL.

THE DIGGER'S LETTER BOX.

"The Groper," hopes to make a courteous reply to "Constant Reader" next week when letter will be published.

Constant Subscriber.—You are quite at liberty to enter these columns under a nom-de-plume, but all manuscript must be signed as a guarantee of good faith.—Edt.

Our first parcel of papers left for Monowai last week and will effectively penetrate this region. Our agents are still at work increasing sales. This week we have to congratulate Mrs Nichol, of Tisbury, and Mr Steans, of Wainawa.

CLUTHA R.S.A.

The monthly meeting of the above was held in the Association rooms on Monday, May 11th, and was attended by Messrs S. J. Werron, A. E. Russell, R. S. Jordan, J. Weir, G. Jardine, A. L. Shepard, J. T. Walter, C. Parre, and the secretary, Mr A. C. Laing.

Three active members were admitted to membership, and six inward and three outward transfers were approved of. Accounts amounting to £57 19s 11d were passed for payment.

The secretary reported that to date, an amount of £14 7s 6d had been subscribed for Miss Ettie Rout and there were still lists to come in from several of the sub-associations. It was decided that this amount be remitted forthwith.

The secretary reported progress in connection with the Clifton Soldiers' Settlement. He stated that the Minister of Lands had advised that he was obtaining a comprehensive report in regard to the whole settlement. It was decided that the individual settlers be advised to make application for the remission of rent.

The Otago Witness Company wrote intimating that they would supply a copy of the "Witness" free to the Association, for a period of six months. It was decided that the proprietors be thanked for their offer.

Messrs Wright, Stephenson and Co., Ltd., wrote intimating that they were prepared to supply returned soldiers, through the Repatriation Department, with separators at a discount of 20 per cent. off the usual retail prices.—Received.

The secretary of the Otago District wrote stating that representation is being made by the Association to the Government, asking that men on being discharged from the sanatorium, be provided with shelters properly furnished with bedding, etc., the cost to be ultimately recovered from the Defence Department, and asking for information with regard to the issue of shelters to T.B. men in this district.—Resolved that sub-associations be asked to supply any information in their possession.

A statement of the aims of the N.Z. R.S.A. was received from headquarters of the Association, with a recommendation that the Association arrange a conference with the M.S.P. of the district, with a view to placing same before them.—It was decided that in view of the sympathetic attitude of the local representatives towards returned soldiers, no such action was necessary in this district.

SOUTH OTAGO NOTES.

BALCLUTHA, June 14.

There has been very little of importance passing locally. The Dunedin Winter Show and races drew large crowds to the city, and things were very quiet. However, now that we are back to normal we can look forward to the usual busy time with meetings, etc.

The weather during the past week has been all that could be desired. There have been heavy fogs at night, with a touch of frost and the days following have been lovely and warm, with several hours of sunshine.

The young men of the town have formed a Men's Literary, Debating, and Social Club, and the opening on Tuesday last was very successful and augurs well for the future of the Society. There was an attendance of over twenty young men, and after the rules and regulations had been discussed impromptu speeches were indulged in. The time passed all too quickly and the various speakers acquitted themselves well, some very humorous remarks being made on some of the subjects drawn. Rev. S. J. Verren is president. The evening terminated with a cup of tea and light refreshments and it is intended to have the same every night at the conclusion of the business. Altogether the Club will be of great benefit to the young men of the town, both socially and from an educative standpoint, as the syllabus adopted contains several debates on subjects of present day interest. I understand that a movement is on foot to form a ladies' society also. Should this eventuate some interesting inter-club debates will, no doubt, follow. There are also similar societies at Parepa, Te Houka, Benhar, and Lovell's Flat.

The local Poultry Club has been reformed and it is intended to hold a show on Friday, July 16. The Club has had great success in its canvass for special prizes and members and a large number have been secured. There are a lot of fanciers in our district and the Show should be a great success. The Kaitangata Club hold their show on July 7, Mr C. H. Cunningham, of Invercargill, being the judge. Mr John Taylor, of Milton, will judge at the Balclutha show.

The subscriptions for the Balclutha soldiers' memorial are still coming in slowly. There is still a wide margin between the amount collected and the amount required (£500). Mr J. D. Landels offered £50 if three others could be got to donate a like amount. So far I have not heard of any others coming forward. One lady has donated £10, with the proviso that ten others do likewise, and this, too, has not elicited any response. If the response does not become more generous than at present I am afraid that the suggestion made at a public meeting to the effect that the money be handed back to the donors will have to be carried out. It is to be sincerely hoped that this will not be necessary, as it will be a standing disgrace to the town if a memorial is not erected to perpetuate the memory of those of our boys who made the supreme sacrifice. When one thinks that all the small hamlets around our town can and have erected memorials, it seems out of place that we ourselves cannot do similar honour to the fallen. There is a divided opinion as to whether the memorial should be purely monumental or utilitarian and some in favour of a baths scheme are not contributing to the object on the grounds that a monument would be a waste of money.

Mr W. E. Allen, who has been manager of the Bank of New Zealand here for some years has removed to Carterton to assume the managership there. His successor here is Mr Campbell, late of Queenstown.

The football matches on Saturday resulted:—

First grade.—Toko 6, Crescent 15; Clutha 11, Owaka 9. Second grade: Toko 6, Clutha 15; Owaka 5, Crescent 15. Schools competition.—Milton 25, Kaitangata 0.

Exceptional bargains in men's and boy's clothing, shirts, and underwear. Our big reliability sale opens to-day. Piles of bargains in all departments. Here are a few of our many specials. Men's overcoats in tweed, hydroite, waterproof, etc. Sale price 75/- to 115/-. Men's ready-to-wear suits; sale price 110/- to 160/- Suits to measure; sale price 115/- to 200/- A real bargain in men's hats, in fur, felt, and velour, in plain and welted edges; sale price 14/6 to 27/6. Over 100 dozen shirts, in our famous makes, sale price 7/6 to 22/6. Boy's shirts, sale price 3/6 to 9/6. Big value in wool pants and singlets, socks, scarves, gloves, ties, handkerchiefs, etc., and all our boy's wearing apparel at quick sale prices. Inspection invited at H. and J. Smith, Ltd., Progressive Stores, Invercargill and Gore.

AN APPRECIATION.

The R.S.A. wish to thank His Worship the Mayor, Councillors, Town Clerk, and all others who assisted in making General Birdwood's function such a success. It might be interesting to some irritant respondents to know that both His Worship the Mayor and Town Clerk took a personal interest in the preparations, and that the Council done the decorations of the hall and many other essential items. Both on Anzac Day and on the occasion of the visit of General Birdwood the R.S.A. had the loyal co-operation of the Council.

FOR LADIES ONLY.

BUT EXTREMELY INTERESTING TO THE MEN FOLK.

"MY LADY'S DRESS."

When "My Lady's Dress," Edward Knoblock's splendid play, was staged with such tremendous success at the Royal Theatre, London, and created a furore in the theatre world, more than one critic remarked how peculiarly well the plot would lend itself to the vast possibilities of the screen. Samuelson's, the great English producers, have recognised this, and given us a magnificent screen version of the famous play, with two such finished artists as Gladys Cooper (the famous beauty actress), and Malcolm Cherry, to provide perfect acting, amidst settings remarkable alike for their beauty and their correct representation of several countries and periods. Indeed, the scenery, costumes, and dresses may be summed up in one word, "perfect," as it is unfolded before us, whether in the luxurious modes of English homes, in the splendid West End atelier, the old Dutch village of three hundred years ago, or in the various other countries, which each contribute their share to the making of a society woman's gown.

The story is a deeply fascinating one, and the screen version gives us many delightful scenes and incidents which were not possible in the stage play. Its lesson is most striking, bidding us pause in the rush and scurry of everyday life to give some consideration to all the time and thought and skill which go to the making of the fashions in which we so thoughtlessly array ourselves; it bids us spare a thought for the human beings whose very lives are interwoven with the manufactures by which they gain their daily bread, and makes us want to know more of the factors which go to the building up of what we have hitherto regarded as common adjuncts of existence, without a care as to how they came into being. Surely those who follow this story of the making of "My Lady's Dress," through the comedy and tragedy of human lives, will never again be able thoughtlessly to look upon a beautiful gown, or any other of the splendid products of our day, without indulging in a little sentimental retrospect as their thoughts wander towards the possible hopes and fears, the joys, passions and tragedies in the lives of those who have wrought them, and above all in the lesson that love triumphs over everything, consigning to a very secondary place the tyranny of fashion, the desire for admiration, for place and power.

The closing scenes are very charming as we see the beautiful young wife shake off the last, and tragic episode of the dream in which she has imagined her husband and herself to play such varied parts, and awakens to the happy consciousness of his enfolding love.

The scenes and settings are of rare beauty, and local picture-goers will be pleased to learn that the picture (which has been causing keen competition among exhibitors), has been secured at enormous expense by the manager of the "Popular Picture Palace," and will be screened at ordinary prices, for three nights and one matinee, commencing to-morrow afternoon. The theatre is now fully installed with a first-class heating system, and is so the warmest and most comfortable theatre in town. In conjunction with "My Lady's Dress," which is in eight reels, and has been shown once only each evening, a further episode of the "Railroad Raiders," N. 9, and a beautiful scenic, "Farewell Land," will also be screened. Packed houses are sure to be the rule, and we strongly urge every Digger, his wife and friends, to get in early and secure a good comfortable seat. The performance will commence at 7.15 sharp each evening.

A correspondent in a recent issue of the "Evening News" used the nom-de-plume of "Fighting Digger." Apparently he was too wondering whether or not it's Roope's that has the fighting characteristics. Anyhow, Digger, remember there are 17,000 "Fighting Diggers" fighting on foreign soil. Think it over!

FOOTBALL NOTES.

GALBRAITH SHIELD.

ATHLETIC (12) v. INVERCARGILL (11)

Blues made the first attack with their forwards, entering Athletic 25 from the meeting of the first line. Roche took well and allowed his side to clear, and poor punts gave Greens advantage, though their passing as well as that of I.F.C. was not brisk at this stage, some holders putting fast wings off by delaying transfers. Green forced twice, but it was merely through opponent's lack of range and punting. I.F.C. had to do some defence and Horan tried a short line in, but without fruit. A free brought Athletic down to Invercargill, Vial clearing. Green sent across a high one, and the wing had to go back for it, an Athletic charger driving him over the ball and securing to score. Coakley goal. Athletic 5, I.F.C. nil the five acted as a tonic on Greens, who dashed back to Blue 25, where a feed from a scramble brought a potted goal. Athletic 9, Invercargill nil. Attack soon came to Athletic again; but their pass was sideways, and the centre went too far in trying to keep his wing clear, a scrum following the knock-on. Blues heeled, and Lopdell ran into a bunch to make a set-scrum. On Greens' capture, the centre made up for his former default by mid-dling with a high punt, his supporters, however, failing to prevent the mark, wing Fraser clearing to mid-line. Athletic did not pass well in the next handling, and the ball went to neutral line. A Blue back received the ball and second-five Vial cross-kicked, Athletic being penalised for not rising quickly enough. Interchanges at fair range saw I.F.C. come out the better, but Athletic equalised by a clever cut in at the end of the line. McKay dived well, and on his not being allowed up Greens were penalised—a difficult procedure to follow. Blue kicking took play to mid-field, and Lopdell improved. The general on the line was of up-country character, packs not bunching, and forwards not running around to support their backs. The sway of play was back and fro to mid-flag, where I.F.C. were kicked into position by Fraser well into Athletic 25, the resulting line scrum seeing the Athletic struggling to clear. Blue full showed up well in take, with kick just strong enough to line. Athletic forced I.F.C. gradually to a 25 further, when an over-kick allowed their opponents to force and regain 25 yards without a struggle. Marks and penalties were enjoyed by each side without a point being added, and ground kicks and heavy scrum work gave Athletic some ground. Weak, standing passing and much foolish play was seen; but I.F.C. attacked towards the end of the spell, Guy Miller coming from the line with a clear break and dribble. Half-time sounded with the score, Athletic 9, I.F.C. nil.

The opening of the second spell was not promising; the packing was slow and all forwards seemed to be trying to string themselves out in an attempt to reach moving play. Fraser received a pass end sent it to the 25, where Garrett came along; but Horan cleared it from the corner with a ground kick. Back came I.F.C. to lose the ball over the line. Blues began to press, and passing rushes galore followed, forwards and backs living up to make an attractive game, I.F.C. were denied a try; but they came again and three forwards—Miller, O'Byrne, and Blue, handled, the last named falling on it. Lopdell goal. Athletic 9, I.F.C. 5. Almost at once Lopdell returned the ball to the 25, and Miller coming through the parallels sent the ball to Vial who made out and scored untouched, the wing-three quite ready to support him if necessary. Athletic 9, I.F.C. 8. Great excitement prevailed, and amid cheers Lopdell centred, his wing-three driving into the opposing wing and pushing the ball out in Athletic 25, for Miller to take his turn to improve with a good break-away. Invercargill attack was persistent; but the forwards tired, and Greens cleared and passed in spite of Lopdell, the ball finishing in I.F.C. 25. Athletic then threw in; the first man on the line knocked the ball back to Horan who used the 'tween line and parallel space to dash through and pass to his wing-three, who was running up fast, the score being accomplished at the corner. Athletic 12, I.F.C. 8. Vial brought play down to Athletic preserve, later again securing and footing cleverly to the open space, where his forwards sent two supporters who scored, the first five failing with an easy kick. Athletic 12, I.F.C. 11. Good defence by Athletic kept the score so until the whistle went for full time. The I.F.C. attack was good for the state of the ground, and their condition was better than that of Athletic.

STAR (5) v. WAIKIWI (5).

The game did not open well, neither side trying anything in particular until Waikiwi heeled and tried to pass across

the field. As usual with the Star, they counter-attacked; Wills saved, and continued to play a sound full back game throughout the match. Star attacked to be countered and driven back to a long defence in which the suburb side showed unwillingness to give up the ball to supporters. Variation of kick and kick-back caught a Star wing-three-quarter napping, the bounce beating him and being charged out just at the town corner of No. 2; but Star cleared, Lilley doing the lion's share of defence. Waikiwi came back and Lilley forced by the side of the attendant officer of the law. Off-sides and marks did not brighten the play, passing not being seen in this spell, which ended with no score.

From the kick into play the game strolled on until Lilley came up to do his wing-three's work, taking very cleverly at top and centring judiciously for his racers to score and for himself to goal. Star 5, Waikiwi nil. From the 25 Waikiwi passed, Knight not delivering until necked by a high embrace. Frees became as numerous as dirty togs, attack frequently coming from them. Oughton and Brown were sharers in a clever Star pass, a new thing for their side lately, and Dawson, Knight, and Forde did well for their team. Adamson and Whyte did the heavy work in their respective backs; but a long period of muddle affected the play, until Waikiwi set up a long attack in which one back gave passes like meteors—downwards and swiftly. At length in a scramble Brown scored at the north-east corner and James Forde made it five all. Weak speculations followed the mid-kick. Star centre booted high, and, finding the opposing centre and wing out of place, two Stars fell on the ball just over the 25 behind the goal-line. Hard luck! Waikiwi again attacked, but Star defence prevented further score, when no-time was blown, Star were down at Waikiwi's last 25. The result then was Star 5, Waikiwi 5. A draw. Star lead with 10 points, Athletic 7, Waikiwi 5, I.F.C. 4, following in order. Star have played a game more than Athletic, still their position is good.

SPORTS PROTECTION BANNER.

BLUFF (22) v. BANKS AND LAW (4).

The result of this game was a surprise to Saturday fans, but it might have been prophesied when the losers set out port-wards; for they were short of Dykes and Stead, and also of practice, the latter neglect showing up distinctly in the second spell when Bluff forwards pushed their tired scrummers over the ball and allowed passing scores against wings that hadn't the physique, let alone the knowledge of how, to tackle men coming straight into them. The first spell was rather in favour of Blue though they didn't get nearer than a force to St. George's pot—hope it doesn't spoil him. When the teams paraded after leaving the dressing rooms for spell two, Banks and Law had a brief period of attack followed by a long stretch of badly executed defence, Bluff putting on 22 points. This perky team will have to settle down to something like training if they wish to keep even-third. Opinion has it that Bluff are irresistible on their own midden, but that remains to be proved. There are two traces of equals now: Union—Service, 6 all; Bluff—Banks and Law, 4 all.

SOCIAL NOTES.

Last week Mrs. T. M. Macdonald gave a small dance in honour of Miss Dorothy Law, Dunedin. Some of the guests were: Misses Hogg, Smith, Brass, McQueen, Corbett, Bews, and Broughton; Messrs Christophers, Irving, Brass, Broughton, Keddell and Oswin.

Mrs. Prain, Gladstone, gave a most enjoyable dance on Saturday evening, the guests being Misses Morrah, Hogg, Hazlett, Bews, Snow, Irving, Smith, Broughton, Messrs Gilmour, Hewat, Dalgleish, Keddell, Hazlett, Irving, Broughton, Morrah, Bush.

On Tuesday evening Miss Snow, Yarrow street, gave a "Fox-Trot Evening." Some present were, Misses Prain, Moffett, Hogg, Vyner, Hazlett, Bews, Carswell, Messrs Royds, Irving, Hewat, Williams, J. B. Thomson, Rae, Dalgleish.

Miss Hogg gave a small dance last week. The guests included: Misses Prain, Bews, Carswell, Darling (Oamaru), Snow, and Messrs Prain, Irving, Hewat, Oswin, and Dalgleish.

Miss Snow, Yarrow street, gave a "Gift Tea," on Wednesday afternoon for Miss Field. Among those present I noticed, Misses Field (2), Mrs. H. Macalister, Mrs. Oliver, Mrs. A. Moffett, Misses V. Bews, Hogg, Prain and Smith.

Two short earthquakes were experienced in Wellington. It is reported they were the severest for some years.

OTAHUTI NOTES.

The formation of the Central Rugby Union being complete, the fixtures for the banner commenced last Saturday, when Otahuti met and defeated Calcium on the latter's ground by six points to three, while Waianawa journeyed to Drummond and scored a win over the home team by nine points to nil; the Wright's Bush club drawing the first bye.

The Otahuti v. Calcium match was fast throughout and in the first spell some fine work was witnessed, but as the game wore on, want of training was very noticeable, with the result, back play was not so good.

Otahuti's first try was the result of really first-class hooking and passing, the wing (C. Lindsay), scoring with plenty of room, the kick failing; the second score from a line-out was placed by Steele, the team's well known pacer. Rogers, wing-forward, McCrostie and Finlayson, hookers, were in good form, also R. Sim, C. Donald and G. Grieve, who, apart from their capabilities as footballers are to be credited with an extraordinary amount of bull-dog gameness, which should be an inspiration to the rising generation; the latter unfortunately for the team has had his nose broken, and with J. McCrostie, a fast and consistent player, who has had his ankle severely twisted, will put the team at a disadvantage for a week or two.

Calcium had the misfortune to lose the services of J. Baird, and therefore played one man short, which is not a very satisfactory state of affairs either for themselves or their opponents. The team played well and are to be congratulated on the small score registered against them. A. McKenzie, J. Lindsay, S. Lindsay and T. Darragh, were in good form, Darragh especially playing a heady game and his efforts at camouflage would have been attended with far better results had he not been such a brilliant player among the other stars.

Morton and T. McKenzie were easily the best of the forwards and are two good players. Mr. F. O'Connell controlled the game to the entire satisfaction of the sporting community. Messrs T. F. Grieve and J. Darragh, acting as line umpires, carried out their duties in a dignified manner necessary for such important work. The ladies of Calcium supplied refreshments which were greatly appreciated by the visiting team. Next Saturday, Calcium meets Waianawa, at Waianawa, and Wrights Bush meet Otahuti, at Otahuti, both matches at 3 p.m. Drummond a bye.

MARKET NOTES.

Messrs Bray Bros., Ltd., Dee street, Invercargill, report as follows for week end-to-day:—

Potatoes continue to reach us in large quantities, and prime quality only meet with a steady demand. Inferior quality is very slow selling. Prices for prime table range from £7 to £7 10s. Onions.—We have large supplies, price 12s 6d per cwt. Onions.—5s 4d to 5s 9d per bushel. Chaff is in good demand, and is selling at up to £8 5s, ex store discoloured £6. Oaten Straw, £5 10s per ton, damaged 2s 6d per bale. Meggitt's Linseed Meal, 25s per bag. Oatdust, 6s per bag. Bran, 10s per bag. Pollard, 12s per bag.

Fruit.—We have received large consignments of apples and pears, and prices have shown practically no fluctuation on those reported last Saturday. Apples.—Delicious to 4½d per lb. Jonathan, 3d to 3½d per lb; Cox Orange Pippin, 3d to 3½d per lb; Cookers, Lord Wolseley, 7s to 8s case; Alfriston, 7s to 8s case; other varieties, 6s to 7s per case. Pears.—Winter Cole and Nellis, 3d to 4½d per lb; other varieties from 2½d to 3d per lb.

Vegetables.—Cabbage, 8s; Swedes, 2s to 3s per bag. Carrots, 4s per bag. Parsnips, 2d per lb.

General.—Lepp Salt Lick, 2s 3d per brick (wholesale 2s); Cow Covers (lined) 21s 6d; (unlined), £1. Horse Covers (best American duck), £2 15s to £3. Boots, 35s per pair. Honey, 10lb tins, 10s per tin. Tea in 5lb packets 13s 6d. Mutton Birds in kits containing from 24 to 45 birds 1s per bird.

Furniture.—We have just received a supply of linoleums of artistic design, and same can be seen at our Spey street, warehouse. We also have stocks of floor coverings of all descriptions. We manufacture Oak and Rimu furniture to your own design, and guarantee the workmanship throughout.

Land Department.—This property is for urgent sale, and we are sole agents for the sale of same:—1503 acres near Eden-dale. This property includes 180 acres "broadcast" turnips and grass with a run off of about 1000 acres of tussock land. All fences in tip-top order. The owner will make the terms easy for the right man, and will accept a reasonable deposit. Price £5 5s per acre.

Stocktaking Bargains

—IN—

WOOL, JERSEY COATS & JUMPERS.



3 Only **KNITTED JUMPER COATS**, in Saxe, Cinnamon, and Rose. Worth 63/- Your choice at 30/-.

4 Only High-grade **CANADIAN ALL-WOOL COATS**, Fawn and Salmon, Black and Cerise, Saxe and Fawn, Coral and White Striped Effects. Usually 130/- To go at 90/- each.

3 Only **ENGLISH GOLFERS**, Fawn and Rose, Striped, Collars and Cuffs and Trimmed Fringe. The very latest; 105/-, for 75/-.

4 Only **CREAM JUMPERS**, Navy and Saxe Facings; nothing newer than these; 105/- to go at 84/-.

3 Only **GOLF COATS**, in Saxe, Violet, and Black Striped, White Cuffs and Collars; stylish; 59/6, to go at 35/6.

8 Only **BLACK AND WHITE CHECKED SKIRTS**; Smart Styles in Good Quality Cloth. Usually 52/6. To clear at 32/6.

A few of the 84/- **COSTUMES** are still on offer. The prices of these were up to 150/-, so this is a very special offer.

EVERY WEEK TILL WE COMPLETE STOCKTAKING WE WILL OFFER SOME LINE THAT WE ARE OVERSTOCKED IN, AT REALLY SPECIAL PRICES. THE SPECIAL PRICES WILL ONLY BE FOR THE WEEK IN WHICH THEY ARE ADVERTISE7D.

Thomson & Beattie, Ltd.

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'Phone 13. P.O. Box 45. Tay Street, Invercargill.

GLADSTONE, Brick and Rough Caste Bungalow, every convenience, Motor Garage. Possession at once. Price, £1100.

F. H. TUCKER.

GOOD COMMISSION.

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

"DIGGER."

Apply—

DIGGER OFFICE,

Early Next Week.

SIX-ROOMED HOUSE, Gas, Wash-house, etc., Good Stable; would suit a carter; situated city area. Price £575. Terms arranged.

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MUTTON BIRDS.

SIX-ROOMED BUNGALOW, H. and C. Water, Gas, Sewerage; finished with figured red pine; half acre section. Price, £1250. Terms arranged.

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WANTED.

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

NINE-ROOMED HOUSE, H. and C. Water, Gas, Washhouse, Large Motor Garage. Would make an ideal boarding-house. Only five minutes' walk from P.O. Price £625.

F. H. TUCKER.

'Phone—45.

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DEE STREET.

WHERE THE GOOD HATS ARE. WHERE THE GOOD SUITS ARE.

WHY have we always used this phrase, because we go to no end of trouble in selecting our Hats and Suits, and we believe they are good.

We have a fine selection of—

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in the very best selling shades and shape

PRICES REASONABLE.

THE GRAND SPECIAL READY TO WEAR SUIT.

A try on will convince you that they are really special fitting. They are increasing in popularity every day, and we find it hard to keep the supply up to the demand. Just now we have a new lot in, including half sizes.

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WINTER OVERCOATS, Extra

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McNeil & Clark,

CLOTHIERS AND MERCERS

94 Dee St.

HOTCH! SCOTCH! POTCH!

(Contributed by "The Groper.")

To Birdwood:—

Not to thee, but thanks to nature,
Thou art acting but thyself,
Went thou awkward, stiff, affected,
Spurning nature, torturing art,
Loves and graces all rejected,
Then indeed thou' d'st act a part.

—Burns.

A modest Scot extolling the greatness of Scottish genius was rebuffed by a bored listener of English blood, with: "Ridiculous man! ridiculous! I don't know that a literary man of supreme genius was ever produced by your country." The droll reply was "Mebbie no—but there wud be Wattie Scott—and Robbie Burns, of coorse, an—an—Wullie Shakespere." Indignation personified blared out: "Shakespere? Don't be a fool, man! Shakespeare was an Englishman of the English." Scottie temporarily flattened and breathing as if recovering from the effect of a half a brick on the solar plexus, rallied with: "Oh, weel, he was sic a brilliant man ye might o' pardoned me fur the suggestion."

Is it not a misfortune that brilliant English Birdwood did not hail frae the land o' oat cakes and whusky?

That the commander of the Anzacs and father of their fame should be received as a king is as it should be. Napoleon conquered because he sat enthroned in the hearts of his grenadiers and "made his marshals from mud." No commander however great in strategic conception can catch and fire the imagination of an army without the personal touch. General Sir William Birdwood is verily "a soldier and a man." He meets men on their own levels and in so doing raises them above it. This is genius. The "would be's" and spurred martinets who mar almost every military establishment cannot do better than study Birdwood. He's worth while. Officers already popular with their men need not a physician.

General Birdwood, like his Gallipoli chief, Sir Ian Hamilton has a fine gift of expression—a quality that every officer should cultivate. One can imagine many a sombre hour in the five grey years of war made radiant by the "Soul of Anzac." Long may Sir William Birdwood live to smile.

Had Birdwood not been a soldier he might have been a Mark Twain—who knows? His Scotch story about some folks taking their old umbrellas to church and returning with a new one is quite credible.

A local Scot said, "Man, ye ken I hinna been tae kirk for thirty-eight years." When asked for the reason of his neglect he replied: "Weel, the last time I went wus at the Waimatuku thirty-eight years syne an yin o' the elders stole ma bridle."

Diggers say that:—Hall-Jones made a fine speech at the smoke concert—The "Groper" concurs!

Padre Gilbert's remarks were short, sharp and felicitous. A demonstration that brevity is the soul of wit. We hope Glendenning heard it.

Denny Cuthbertson may be Birdie's next Chief of Staff. Denny was certainly interested in the General.

Heard in Dee street (near "News Office"), after the Prince's departure:—"Well, Mac, ye see yon plantation wi' the fairy lights erectit by wee Crosby-Smith?" "Aye! man what about it?" "I wis wonderin' how high it wud be?" "O wis ye, weel she can tell ye that—it will pe the hicht o' tam nonsense."

WESTERN DISTRICT RUGBY SUB-UNION.

A meeting of the Union was held in the Globe Hotel, Riverton, on Saturday, June 12th, there being present: Messrs A. E. Ward, P. Wilson, L. Trail, B. Duncan, J. T. Brooker, and J. Breen. In the absence of the president (Mr A. C. Mills) Mr A. E. Ward occupied the chair.

The secretary was instructed to write to each club and explain the cost of insuring players.

A letter was received from the Northern Union re arranging a match with Western District. Secretary instructed to write and explain that the Union are waiting for a reply from the South Otago Union, with the object of getting the two fixtures on the same day.

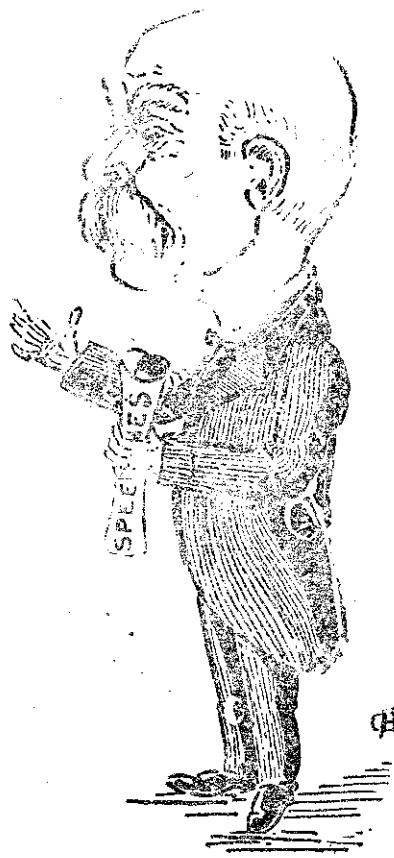
The application of H. L. Brown for a transfer from Orepuki to Nightcaps was granted, subject to the approval of the Orepuki Club.

The following players were re-graded

from senior to junior players, M. Dixon, Robb and Prendeville (Nightcaps), D. Stevens (Riverton).

The protest of the Orepuki Club against the referee in their match at Nightcaps was dismissed. A protest from the same Club re Otautau playing members not re-graded in junior team was also dismissed.

A vote of thanks to the chairman terminated the meeting.



HIS WASHUP.

Under the building of H.B.
The village bootshop stands,
The boss, a little man is he
With speeches in his hands,
His hammer idle on the bench
He's done with leather bands.

To Council meetings he doth go.
For he is top dog there,
And (awl) his (sole) shines in his face,
When he takes the Mayoral Chair.
And when a Prince or General comes
It makes his heart rejoice,
For there at (last) he makes a speech,
And hears his own wee voice.

FOOTBALL NOTES.

SPORTS' PROTECTION BANNER.

PUBLIC SERVICE (12) v. UNION (6).

Union kicked to Fortune who returned to middle field, the Union pack breaking away in the two lines that followed, but kicking too hard to J. Dalgleish who sent it back to neutral line. Union did a line pass but the kick set up a Service pass and McDonald passed to J.D. who sent a bad one for Saunders to juggle with and score. Fortune missed with a good effort. Service 3. Sproat marked the 25 and Union marked his weak kick; the line scrum that came was even, Service heeling for McDonald to pass slowly when tackled, a scramble following. During an exchange of poor kicks Galbraith came out fast but did not dive, so the Blacks benefited, Saunders coming fast and being tackled at the north-east corner of No. 1 ground. He dropped the ball, and the abiduous Jack Dal picked it up and scored. Fortune again made a good shot, but the score was only Service 6. A big colour rush, through the Service full waiting for an elusive bounce, looked well for Union, but the Black backs were too good and cleared to north middle line. A full to full effort saw the Service man redeem himself with a good take and kick to the old spot. A Union break-away made Fortune kick cleverly over his shoulder and clear to line. Cameron came away well, but lost his pack, and J. Dalgleish mis-kicked the heel, though a dribble finished the Service effort to Union 25. Union forwards broke every Service line, but fed the very safe opposing backs—the man coming away with the ball should change direction to a player on his right or on his left, and not send the ball forward. Casey and McDonald, of Dunedin and All Black fame, were masters of this strategy. Stewart of Union made a good man-to-man tackle and his other forwards supported him in the opening, but Service were penalised for lying and Cockroft had a shot, his forwards, by their position during the free, proving that they didn't know where to stand, or how to

FURNITURE.

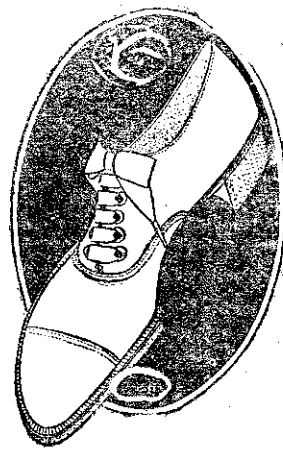
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19/- Pair.

And many other Lines too Numerous to Quote.

Inspection Invited.

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follow a high punt. They stood in a bunch and backs easily got out of the way of the wedge-like mass. J. Dalgleish and Fortune did some good work, but Callaghan was not lucky in support. Cockroft had a good pot from a mark, and Service had a man in front for their take the scrum, resulting just in front of the posts. From the break Sellars shone to the 25 line where a free to Union sent the ball out ten yards from home. Stobo relieved excellently, and a Union kick was well returned by Service full. Stobo again headed a rush and cleared a fine Union forward effort, but the Cockroft pack came back again to be checked with a defence pass J.D. to Saunders, who kicked too low for attack. Blacks were smarter than Union around the scrum and the play ran into the latter's territory where a heel was sent with a bad pass to second five McDonald, but the poor Union backs let the ball be sent out in their own 25. A great colour rush was stopped and Service heeled, but McDonald slipped in jinking, the movement ending in a pass to Saunders who didn't find the line. Black forwards came up and Union were penalised for unsuccessful anticipation. Fortune goaled beautifully. Service 9, Union nil. The kick was returned to half-way, and a big Union dribble gave Service full a chance for a meticulous speculator. Then Union wing-three had a lash and a scrum followed, Union securing and passing badly, but the forwards came to the rescue forcing the ball to within ten yards of Service line, where Cockroft broke through in possession and scored five yards in from the north-west corner, no one saying him nay. When the kicker failed, the score was, Service 9, Union 3. The line umpires stood together on a line drawn through the middle of the bar and the ball-spot. Mr Isaac Jenkins has it that line umpires to be of any assistance to the referee should, when watching goals, stand one at each post and look up. Experience teaches, try it. When Service got the return of their kick, Union wing-three was out of place for Blacks' full who returned short. An interchange of kicks was very ragged and a Union forward received a pass in good position but got flurried making a forward scrum, the heel from which came to Service, but

Jack Dalgleish slipped and made a set scrum from which Union secured. Then their pass was as usual, poor. The forwards retrieved the lost ground and Service again fed, McDonald being wrongly penalised for coming up as he had initiated the movement. The kick relieved Colours to the 25, and another free saw them well into Service last stretch. Black forwards began a clearing effort but Union McDonald sent it back with a left to where it had been, and two Union forwards scored—a great rush! Cockroft made a weak kick. Service 9, Union 6. Service dropped out badly, their forwards standing together and their kicker didn't give them a hope of reaching the ball, although Union waited for bounces. Still Union McDonald relieved coming up and getting a lucky bounce that his weak wing had waited for. From the line parallels Union forwards came away magnificently and Jack Dalgleish dived on the ball in the midst of feet and foes like a Briton. The game was as clean as clean could be except for an odd push on the line, one man being especially given to that rotten practice. Lance Dalgleish relieved with a line kick when Union seemed to be coming into the open, and the scrum from the line out saw Service penalised. Stewart, a weak kick tried a drop, Cockroft having a sore leg. The effort forced Service, and much ground was lost to Union. The 25 returns ended with a Union mark which was again weakly kicked, the bout ending with the ball at mid-line. In the scrambling play that followed Union backs failed to do their work, not knowing how to go on one knee to pick up a ball, and generally showing incompetency. Line work brought out some bad one-handed taking—or knocking on—by Union, but they always carried the lines, their heeling being nonexistent possibly through knowledge of the backs they hadn't. Union pack again came and Lance Dalgleish and Stobo cleared twice to the side line where the Service pack showed their coaching by defence heel for J.D. to boot clear. From the parallel scrum Fortune speculated at the ball, and an off-side went to Union, but Stewart returned to the corner. Service heeled and the play shifted half up the 25, where Cameron broke away, and, on arriving at the mid-line, centred,

the ball dying at half-way at Union 25. Union forwards carried the play at once to Fortune who kicked out losing ground with a curly one. The spell ended, Public Service 9, Union 6.

The second spell opened with muddled catches and poor kicks, nothing being well done except a liner, by Fortune, a Black off-side later putting Union into good position. Some kicks exchanged were not prevented as forwards would not dive at the kickers, and Union reached Service 25. Fortune cleared but Union came back with a free, and Service showed their science by foot-work, McDonald finally booting into Union ground, where a Colour mark relieved and Fortune was hustled in the take, losing by punting in the wrong direction. At this stage the Union backs were feeble in concerted work and slow in kick, Langbrien doing the only dive-at-a-kicker of the match, and curtailing the return appreciably. A passing bout of the Dalgleish's and McDonald finished by the last-named finding the line at the corner. Union cleared easily and Stobo did a heavy check by lying. Service full made too good kicks and the ball was in neutral line. The game was now slow, Union forwards being too good and always the better in line work. McDonald tried a run in and was well tackled by Union backs, the effort having been made too far from the Union line. Sellars showed up in a good Service pack breaking to the corner. Saunders kicked high, and a scrum gave Fortune a chance to run well and centre; but the kick was marked. Union forwards smashed through and J. Dalgleish went down on the ball among most gentlemanly forwards. Speculation was rife among backs, the game being painful to behold. Black forwards made position and McDonald received and scored, Fortune being unfortunate with the kick. Service 12, Union 6. The game lacked only a whistle to end its dreariness, Union not being score-wise and Service being content. A Service rush tested Union punting and found it weak, and Union forwards again had to clear, which they did right up to Service last 12 yards. The scrum from the line gave the heeling Black a chance, and the ball was sent out at almost half-way. The whistle blew then with the score, Public Service 12, Union 6.

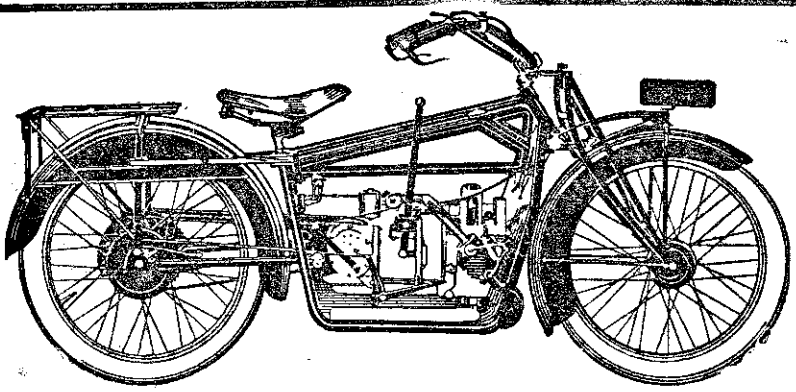
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No other Motor Cycle can compare with it for Advanced Completeness.

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Kennel Notes.

(By "Rover.")

Last two days of Dunedin Fancier's Club Show.

Local owners have kept very quiet as regards their representations at the above show.

At any rate we are quite sure that those that have gone forward would do well at any show in the Dominion.

"Pongo," the winning bulldog at Invercargill is on the absentee list. It is a great pity that Mr Crisp was not allowed to run the rule over him.

The previous owner and breeder of "Pongo" proclaims him the best dog in N.Z. Perhaps he's an authority one never knows.

Mr Simmon's Sydney Silkie Bitch "Two-up," which won three firsts at the Invercargill show has since gone west. A motor car outpaced her. A local fancier has been asked to try and find another of the same breed to replace her.

Some new recruits to the fancy are about to introduce one of two new breeds to our city.

A deerhound, a pair of Scotch terriers, a fox terrier and an Irish terrier bitch should make matters interesting.

Messrs Porteous and Critchfield are sending "Bellvue Mischief," on a trip to Ashburton show which takes place next week.

Should "Mischief" be a good traveller and show anything like she did on her first appearance it will take a real good one to beat her. H. S. Kyle, the judge, likes them with plenty of swank.

The Invercargill Kennel Club can now announce that for their show just held they made a profit of about ten pounds.

This is very creditable when one takes into account the weather conditions which prevailed.

The door takings were very small but members of committee were able to save money by doing most of the work themselves.

A dinner was given by Mr J. L. McE. Watson in the Floral Tea Rooms on Wednesday night of last week to the judges of the Invercargill Kennel Club committee.

The function proved to be a most enjoyable one. All present dug their way into the many good things provided for their use. During the evening songs were rendered by Messrs Watson and Kidd.

Mr Geo. Moffett, the judge of collies and fox terriers, gave a very interesting account of his connection with these breeds.

Particularly was this so in regard to the former breed. The collie had many ups and downs in past days. Mr Moffett explained in detail how a section of the fancy at one time in the old country, with a desire to improve the length of the head introduced the Borzoi into the breed. The result did not prove satisfactory, so the fanciers who held to the old type and for a time were unsuccessful on the bench, once again came into their own.

Mr Witt's remarks about the bulldog were very interesting and humorous. "Captain Halsay" evidently having given his owner many an anxious time either in a brawl or surf-bathing.

Mr Lennie was very entertaining and gave some of his experiences as an exhibitor.

Mr Kidd also said a few words with regard to his experience when staying in the northern cities.

Mr Watson invited the fancy to hold a puppy parade at his place some time later on.

One and all thanked Mr Watson for the kind and generous way in which he had treated them, and a very pleasant evening was brought to a close by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

A BOLSHEVIK LOVE SONG.

Fair Rifka, hearten, while I shriek
A serenade in Bolshevik.

To aid me in my mad career.
I need a buxom wife, my dear—

A woman who'll co-operate
In smashing up affairs of state;

Who'll juggle bombs and flirt with death
And kill, without a bated breath;

Whose carnine lips will laugh when gore
Flows freely just outside the door.

Ah, maiden, if you'll only try,
I'm sure that you can qualify.

And so, fair Rifka, I bespeak
Your heart and hand, in Bolshevik!

—Oliver B. Capelle.

MORE BIRDWOOD YARNS.

(From the "Sydney Daily Mail.")

It was a well known fact throughout the A.I.F. that the Fourth Division were very rarely out of the line. Why they got more than their "cut" no one ever knew. The following yarn about Birdie originated in the bath house at the War Chest Club, London, from a few of the "hard heads" of the Fourth Divvy:—

"The war had been over 20 years, and Birdie was on a visit to Paris, and, of course, renewed his acquaintance with Marshal Foch. They were strolling along one of the boulevards discussing the Great War, when Foch turned to Birdie and says: "Say, Birdie, how many divisions of Anssies did you have over here?" Birdie scratched his head and says: "Let me see—five, I think." And then commenced to count, two, three, five. Foch turned round and says: "What about the Fourth?" Birdie became very excited, and said: "Good heavens! I forgot to relieve them! They must be still in the trenches."

Birdie met six Diggers leaving a village, and he noticed that every man's tunic bulged considerably, and from the front of one feathers protruded. "Wuat have you in your tunics, boys?" inquired Birdie. "Feathers, sir," replied one with a face of stone. "Ah! For your mattresses, eh?" queried Birdie, although his eyes glinted suspiciously. "Good idea, boys!" And he passed on. Later he met an old French woman in tears, with her hands full of fowls' heads which had been freshly screwed off. Birdie scented fowl-play, and his thoughts flashed to the six Diggers, but, being a sport, he thrust some francs into her hand. He evidently reasoned that Diggers fed on poultry should be game fighters. He despatched an order to a certain Brigadier; but even to this day the brigade cannot understand why it had to do a stunt out of their turn.

General Birdwood, though not a very good swimmer, yet frequently joined the boys in the waters of Gallipoli beaches and enjoyed their frolics. Sometimes, however, these giant bushmen indulged in horse-play, such as getting on one's shoulders and ducking one right under. One of them, not recognising him, picked on the General, and down he went. When the General came up the Digger put his hand on the General's shoulder and said, "You fat old pot, you look well fed, anyhow; living on the beach, I suppose." On the beach one was supposed to "get the goods." The General fearing another immersion thought to pacify the Digger by disclosing his identity, announcing himself as "your army corps commander;" but the giant Digger, not in the least abashed, remarked, "A—good job; and it takes some looking after, too."

While the Second Division were resting in a French village called Colembert just after the Ypres stunt the General arrived for the purpose of presenting decorations. After the usual formalities General Birdwood addressed himself to the business in hand after this fashion: "Boys, this is one of my happy days. The only regret I feel is that, unfortunately, there are not enough of these decorations to go round. Every man deserves one, and to those who have missed the honour to-day—well, I can only say it will surely be their good fortune to get one next time." Then warming up to his theme, "You have covered yourselves with glory, and Australia is proud of you. She watches you; yes, watches you with pride, as she reads of your daring deeds," etc., etc.,

Digger's voice breaking into the flow of eloquence: "Tripe!" (only the term used was even less polite).

The General thrown out of his stride for a moment, recovered himself smartly.

"No, boys, not tripe! This is tripe," pointing to the treble row of decorations that adorned his own breast, "but what I say is 'fair dinkum.'"

There was a roar of applause. That night Birdie's health was drunk in vin blanc and vin rouge.

One night in a canteen in Armentieres a mixed crowd of Diggers and Tommies were arguing about the army. "Well," said a Tommy, "old Jerry did catch us napping in '14, but never again. We've got Haig, Plumer, and Rawlinson now; they stand for discipline and efficiency, and they're the boys who are teaching the army." Just then about a fathom and a quarter of thoroughly-soused Digger came unstuck off a barrel, and, ambling over to the Tommy, said: "Dishpl'n—hic—an—an—'fish'ency—hic! An' when Plumer and Rawlish'n finish teachin' army—hic—we'll fendsh yer our Birdie—hic—to finish teachin'—hic—Plumer and—hic—Rawlish'n."

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STOCK AT VALUATION.

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Situated 2½ miles from Wairoa Railway Station, with all necessary buildings.

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

A TRIAL SOLICITED.

Of Interest to Women.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES:

This is to be an interlude. If anyone takes the trouble to follow up these articles, she will doubtless remember that we are engaged in the pursuit of "health, wealth and happiness," and the next of these will be happiness. But this week I mean to break off the sequence in favour of two items that came under my notice during the week. One is that in Wellington a guild or institute has been formed of "household orderlies" working under a board consisting of representative employers and employees. This board is to secure for the employee regular hours, good wages, and the various other things that employees in all other branches of industry demand as a matter of course. For the employer, its aim will be to secure good service, since it will issue certificates of competency to such as are of good character and approved capability and training.

The war bequeathed us many things, and amongst them some new names.

"What's in a name? A rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

Perhaps, but a "household orderly" is something rather different from a "good general." The word takes its flavour from its associations and the "good general" or "maid" smacked of cap and apron, snobbishness and regrets for the time when the article now almost unprocurable, could be had for 10/- a week.

"Orderly," on the other hand, has the air of coming from the army where though all have the varying ranks and discipline is strict, each is doing his part and each is a fellow-worker, even though he may seem at times more like a fellow-cog in the machine.

In the nursing profession there are ranks and there is an etiquette and a discipline as strict as that of the army; but somehow it escapes the peculiar snobbishness that has been the bane of domestic service; perhaps because those to whom respect is to be paid and obedience yielded are those who are older and more skilled in their profession, not merely the possessors of more money and sometimes less brains. When differences of rank follow even approximately along the lines of real differences in merit, they are not apt to be galling.

There have been other attempts to invent a new name for the domestic servant. One was the "lady help"; but somehow she didn't. No puns intended—she smacked too much of an affected gentility and too little of efficiency. She was really an inverted form of the snobbishness that she was supposed to counteract; and as she was sometimes neither a lady nor a help, she quickly got the go-by.

The development of the "household orderly" is a step in the right direction. It is a long time since John Ruskin wrote the following passage, and for its application to our domestic service problem, you need only change the genders:—"Men are enlisted for the labour that kills—the labour of war. They are counted, trained, fed, dressed and praised for that. Let them be enlisted also for the labour that feeds; let them be counted, trained, fed, dressed and praised for that. Teach the exercise as carefully as you do the sword exercise, and let the officers of troops of life be held as much gentlemen as the officers of troops of death; and all is done. But neither this nor any other right thing can be accomplished—you can't even see your way to it—unless first of all both servant and master are resolved that, come what will of it, they will do each other justice."

Secondly, there has reached Invercargill from the other centres, the agitation to form a women's guild or league to endeavour to reduce the cost of living. The movement is a good movement; it shows for one thing that the women are alive to their own possibilities in the economic crisis of our history and anxious too to do the right thing. It soon appears, however, that to reduce the cost of living is a knotty problem not to be solved merely by promising to pay not more than 10s 6d a pair for your stockings. What if your husband happens to be in the drapery line and you want to persuade your friends to join in? And then, there are many things in a draper's shop that one can do without, but what about the grocer and the baker (who often bakes such very bad bread too), and the butcher? Well, one can economise there too; and one can get fruit straight from the grower, and raise one's own vegetables. But one can't catch one's own fish, or kill one's own pig—not always. Much may be done by care and economy on the part of those who really have money to spend, especially money to spend on luxuries, to bring down the cost not only of living, but of the amenities and small gratifications of

life, so that those with less means will be able to have a share in these; but over and above all that, I do think that this treasured bogey of the economists, the "law of supply and demand," is a bad bogey and ought to be exorcised. It is a part of the old creed of "might is right" and "they should take who can." There was a shortage of butter, and if the retail price had not been fixed at 1/8, it would have been soaring up to 3/6 or 4/6, and the wealthy who do not need butter any more than the poor, would have bought all there was and the tradespeople would have profited—particularly the ones who were already "big"—and the poor would have gone butterless. For the necessities of life—and they include butter and tea—the law of "supply and demand" ought to be ruled right out. The thing should be sold for what it costs to produce and handle; and when there is a scarcity the people should be rationed. We have come to these conclusions in practice already as regards certain articles, but they need to be extended and systematically applied.

A league of women in Invercargill might do much in more ways than in reducing the cost of living. It might make an attempt to raise the standard of living. The trouble would be to find what to do and how to do it. In these days it seems that opportunities of learning are many, but the desire to learn is small and rare. No doubt people have little time to attend classes and meetings. They seem, the young men and lads at any rate, to have plenty of time to lounge about on the streets. The old proverb tells us "When there's a will there's a way" and how are we to create in others the will to learn? It is too large a problem to tackle at this time of night. Let us keep it over and think about it.

Children's Column.

MATER'S LETTER BOX.

Mater invites children to send in stories for this column, or correspondence which will be replied to through these columns. All matter to be clearly written in ink and on one side of the paper only. Name, age, and address must always be given, and correspondence directed to "Mater," care of Editor, "The Digger," Box 310, Invercargill.

THE ROSE GARDEN.

(By "Ethel," Tisbury.)

Pearl was a good little girl but she did not believe in fairies. She had been a good girl for two weeks and her mother said to her, "Pearl," I wish you would believe in the fairies." Pearl said she would try to do so. She loved flowers and was always wanting to be rich. When she was asleep she dreamed that she saw a beautiful fairy standing by her bed. The fairy said to her, "Hurry up, Pearl, and we will see the garden." So Pearl hurried up and the fairy touched her with her wand and Pearl's clothes were turned into a beautiful silk dress with rubies and diamonds all over it. Then the fairy touched her hair and it fell all round her shoulders, and in the middle of her hair shone a beautiful ruby. Now Pearl hurried with the fairy to the Rose Garden. The fairy opened a big gate and let Pearl in. When she got inside there before her eyes shone the most beautiful roses. She ran along them and the fairy told her to pick a bunch of them. Pearl ran along to see what others she would pick. Then came to a beautiful rosebush and picked some beautiful roses, then she ran along to see what others she should pick. Then the fairy told her it was nearly morning, so she went home and hopped into bed again. In the morning when she woke, her mother was leaning over her telling her what the fairies had brought. Pearl jumped up at once and her mother showed her what the fairies had brought. Pearl told her mother what had happened during the night. Her mother took her outside and showed her the garden. When Pearl saw it she told her mother it was the same as what she saw in the night. Pearl ever afterwards believed in fairies.

HOW DICKIE SAVED CHRISTMAS.

Dickie Dean was a doctor's son, and he was like his father in every way. He had made up his mind to be a doctor, too, when he was a man, and except that he was seven years old he was nearly a doctor already. He had a splendid little motor car, with pedals, which his grandmother had given him, he had a small bag full of bandages, plaster, and a bottle of "Ponds," and a book, too, about how to save people if they fell into water too deep, and how to bind up cut fingers, and every day when he went out with his nurse he put his little bag in the car, just in case he met somebody who had had an accident.

His only real bother was that nurse would never let him go as fast in his car

as he wanted to go. She was sure he would turn over going round corners, and he was quite sure he would not, and it spoiled the realness to have someone running behind at all.

One winter's day when they were passing a field they heard a little cry as if someone was in pain, and stepping smartly out of his car Dickie found a poor little dog that had hurt his leg, and was holding up one paw in a most pitiful manner. It was extremely lucky that Dickie and his bag had happened to be passing just at that moment, for everything was ready, and nurse held the poor foot while Dickie cut off a little piece of boracic lint, damped it with some "Ponds," and bandaged it up. The little dog licked his hand, and then nurse carried it to the car, for the name on the collar was one they knew quite well, and Dickie could drive the little dog home.

Just as he was putting his things back into the bag he noticed a queer-looking little lady had been standing by and watching. She was certainly not an ordinary little lady, for she wore a red cloak all made of holly berries, and a green skirt, too, not so big as Dickie, and when she saw that he noticed her she hurried away, and disappeared straight into a big hedge of holly which grew along the road. Dickie thought this rather funny, but he was far too busy with the little dog, to think much more about it, besides this was Christmas Eve, and there were so many other things to be done and thought about.

They gave the little dog to his mistress, who was so pleased to see him, and then nurse had a quick run home, for Dickie was in a hurry.

He got his mummy's present ready, and put it under her pillow, also his daddy's which he was rather afraid might be uncomfortable, as it was a high inkstand, with ink already in it. Then he went to bed himself, and hung his stocking up on the bed-post.

He did not seem to have been asleep very long before he was awakened by a little tapping at his window. Dickie sat bolt upright in bed. The moon was shining in, and on the window-sill outside stood the holly-berried lady! She looked terribly upset, and Dickie sprang out of bed in a moment, and opened the window. There was a high ridge of snow on the sill, and the holly-berried lady cannot have been very heavy, for she stood on the top and did not seem to sink in.

"Yes!" said Dickie, "what's the matter?"

"Oh! dear, oh! dear," said the little lady, "the world is in great trouble to-night, and I thought that as you are a doctor you might be able to help us. There has been a terrible accident. Father Christmas was on his way in his chariot, bringing all the presents for the stockings—one of his reindeer has fallen down; he is lying face downwards in the snow. Can you come quickly?"

Dickie had already begun to dress himself, and in five minutes he was ready to start. He crept downstairs very quietly so as not to wake anybody, and he was soon pushing his car out of the stable into the road. His bag was under the seat, and he had not forgotten to put on a big coat. The holly-berried lady sprang in beside him, and away they went.

(To be Continued.)

The Home.

PRESERVING FRUIT WITHOUT SYRUP.

Three different methods of preserving fruit in bottles without using syrup are practised at Battersea. The first is the simple method of the bottling machine with a thermometer attached; the second the oven process; and the third the use of a fish kettle. Fruit food bottling should be as far as possible of the same size, a little under ripe, free from stalks, and not punctured (if cherry stalks are taken out roughly, the fruit breaks in the bottles), and then lightly packed, a wooden stick being used to press it down. If the oven is used the glass jar is filled, being slightly heated first. The fruit is then put in and left until it turns colour; if the oven is too hot the fruit will burst at once. Boiling water should be poured on immediately; the jar is taken out of the oven, and then filled up with a layer of mutton-fat. The bottles should not be moved or the fat will run down. Lard should not be used.

TO STONE RAISINS.

Simple machines for stoning raisins are to be bought, but, if done by hand, the process is less tedious if the penknife used be occasionally dipped in boiling water and the fingers floured. The slight dust of flour adhering to the fruit is an advantage, separating it more easily when mixing it with other ingredients.

POULTRY, TO MAKE TENDER.

If obliged to dress poultry immediately after killing—says the author of a col-

lection of French recipes—"To make it tender, do as follows: Steep it in boiling water, and feather it in the water as hot as the hands can bear; or, before you kill turkey or goose make it swallow a spoonful of vinegar. These methods will make poultry as tender as if killed some days previously to being dressed." I do not know if anyone has proved that statement. If true, it is valuable information.

Rice Rissoles.—The rissoles may be made with the remains of any joint, ham, etc. Allow two ounces of cooked rice, mix with this the same quantity in bulk of minced cold meat. Break into this an unbeaten egg, flavour with pepper, salt, and parsley. Take about a tablespoonful of the mixture, flour it well, dip it in milk, and cover it with breadcrumbs. Let it stand for a while to set, then fry in hot fat. These rissoles are delicious served like this, but a little bacon served with them is a great improvement.

Fish au Gratin.—Cold boiled fish about 1 lb, a dessertspoonful of flour, pepper and salt, 2oz of dry cheese scraps, a teacupful of milk, 1oz of butter. Flake the fish, and see that it is free from skin and bone. Mix the flour with a little of the milk, add a little salt and pepper. Boil the remainder, and pour it while boiling upon the floor, etc. Return it to the saucepan, and stir while it boils for three minutes. Pour this hot sauce on to the fish, and mix in half the cheese finely grated. Turn into a fireproof or enameled dish, put the remainder of the grated cheese on top, and bake for ten minutes in a hot oven. Grease the dish with the butter before putting in the fish.

Sardine Cakes.—A small tin of sardines, three tablespoonfuls of mashed potato, one tablespoonful of melted margarine, salt and pepper to taste, about a tablespoonful of flour. Remove the tails and backbones from the fish, but there is no need to skin them. Mix the sardines well with the smoothly mashed potato, add the melted margarine and seasoning. Two important points to remember here: First, be careful to merely melt, not heat, the margarine or whatever fat you are using; second, it is well to work in the oil from the sardines before adding the margarine, as some tins contain so much oil that no margarine is needed. Your common sense is needed here. When the mixture is well blended, shape it into even-sized little round cakes, flat on top like fish cakes, and not too large, as small ones are easily handled. Give them a light roll in the flour, shaking off any that will not stick on. Put the cakes on a greased baking sheet and bake in a quick oven until lightly browned. Serve very hot, with a small sprig or two of parsley. If you wish to make the dish look a little more elaborate, brush the cakes over with beaten egg, roll them in crumbs, and fry them in smoking-hot fat.

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THE FARM.

THE SOIL, AND SOMETHING ABOUT IT.

We will assume that good ploughing has been done, and that the field is turned over, and lying with its fresh surface exposed to wind and weather. The length of time that the ploughed field should be left before being worked down depends, of course, firstly on the time at the farmer's disposal, and, secondly, on the type of soil. It is best to leave the land till the weeds start to come up, and then give it a good discing with the furrow. This may have to be repeated if the land is heavy and does not cut up too well the first time. The second stroke of the discs will do far better if the tine harrows are run over the once-disced soil to stir it up and level the surface. If the discs are used several times without a harrowing in between the surface of the ground gets very uneven and is bad for rolling. This is especially so in heavy country. If the field can be left now for a few days, it will do it a great deal of good. If in the meantime much rain has fallen it will pay to disc again before harrowing. A good heavy tine harrows is both economical, in that they do not easily break, and efficient as the tines get well in and stir the soil deeply as well as pull out the weeds. If the farmer has a lot of ground to work down, a good big spread of harrows (say five leaves) will soon save their cost in time saved. A four-horse team drawing a five-leaved set will harrow thirty acres or more per day. After the harrows have done as much good as they can do it must be decided what implement will come next. If there are many clods it might pay to disc again. If the surface is lumpy then the roller is needed. A very useful home-made clod crusher may be made as under:—Cut four bluegum poles of a length suitable for negotiating strength of the team. These poles are chained together about two feet apart, and a suitable coupling is fixed on to the middle of the front pole. A seat can be fastened on to the crusher where it is thought to be convenient. It will be found that this simple implement is very cheap, and it does excellent work. It will break up clods and lumps, and leave a good seed bed behind it.

After the paddock is rolled or crushed it may be necessary to tine-harrow again, and, indeed, these operations of rolling and harrowing should alternate till the surface is in a state of fine subdivision and the weeds are dead on top. After the final rolling some farmers prefer to give the paddock a stroke with the tripod harrows, bevel edge first, or one with the inverted tines to make a good bed to sow on.

A good many men have the implements, and they work by rule of thumb, plough, disc, harrow, roll, and sow. That may be all right in some cases, but in the great majority of cases the paddock would neither be clean nor worker. It should always be a hard and fast rule never to sow a seed until the paddock is clean. If the paddock is not clean, it simply means that the ploughing and subsequent work is wasted, as all the farmer will get will be a good crop of weeds and a stunted lot of specimens of the crop he has sowed. It cannot be too clearly understood that the very best job made of the paddock is absolutely the only one that will do. Many of our readers, no doubt, will say that this looks very nice on paper, and that the time taken up will be too great. That is not so, and what is written here is the result of practical experience. The man who saves time and gets his crop in first will practically always find that his neighbour who has made a good job of the paddock and sowed his seed a bit later will have a far better crop, which will soon catch up to the one sown first.

In connection with working up a good seed bed for sowing grass-seed on, you will hear many farmers say when a very mediocre job of the plough and working has been made, that "it doesn't matter; it's only for grass." That is just where they make a mistake and big one at that. They will go to a lot of trouble to get a successful crop of oats, swedes, mangels, etc., which is only in the ground for a short time comparatively before it is harvested or eaten off, but with grass, which is put into last three, five, or perhaps thirty years, they will skimp their work, and sow the seed to grow or die as it likes, and then wonder "what is wrong with the seed." It is just as well to state here that unless in the first case there is a good take of grass-seed, the paddock will never be a good one. You may let it run to seed in the first spring and summer, and in that way improve a bad take, but there are many spaces now growing weeds which would not have got a hold if the grass-seed had been given a fair chance. The same may be said in the case of lucerne; unless the weeds are killed the stand of lucerne will be spoilt.

GARDEN NOTES.

THE VEGETABLE GARDEN.

We are now near the shortest day; hence the necessity for getting through with all trenching, manuring, and digging, so as to give the ground a better chance of producing fine crops by being exposed to the action of the weather. Liming the soil is of great assistance to crops. This is best done immediately after the ground has been turned up.

The stems and large leaves of globe artichokes, should now be cut down, and some warm stable litter packed around the crown.

Cut down dead tops of Jerusalem artichokes, and dig them as required. They are inclined to shrivel and get tough if they are lifted much before they are needed. Should the ground be required upon which they are grown, dig and pit them as one would potatoes. This is done by stacking them up neatly and covering with clean and dry straw, finishing off with a covering of fine earth firmly patted down. A small hole may then be made, so as to enable them to be taken out as required.

The ground upon which rhubarb is grown should be cleared of weeds and dead leaves, and the crowns covered with good fresh stable litter. This acts as a stimulant. The rain washes down the manure from the straw, and consequently strengthens the crowns and fits them for the production of next season's crop.

VINE PRUNING.

In most cases the vines should be sufficiently ripe to have shed their leaves and fit them for pruning. The sooner this is accomplished after the leaves have fallen the better, as it gives the wounds time to heal before the sap commences to rise. The best way to prune is this: Cut the strings and let down the canes, so that they may be more easily got at, as they not only require pruning, but also an overhaul by scraping and cleaning off all loose bark. This should not be carried to excess. All that is required is to pull away all loose bark. Around the old spurs it will be easier to scrape it off with an old blunt table or pocket knife. To do this successfully one must have good tools a sharp pruning knife, a sharp pair of pruners, and fine tooth saw. The latter tool will not be required if the vines are young but in pruning all old or established vines this is a very necessary implement, as there are sure to be some old, dried-up spurs to be cut away, and the fine saw is the best for this. Smooth off the cut with a sharp knife.

In pruning vines, cut back to the first plump eye on the young growth, next to the old wood on the spur. The sharp blade should enter immediately beyond the bud and have a downward cut, as it were, to go with the hang of the wood. To give an upward cut and against the hang of the wood would in all probability cause a ragged cut; that is, to look carefully into it, you would see lots of minute cracks running across the end of where the knife had passed through. Such cuts cause bleeding when the sap commences to rise in the spring. In nine cases out of ten vine bleeding is caused by cuts such as described. Prune, then, to the first suitable eye plump and pointing outwards. It sometimes happens that the eye is pointing downward from the under part of the shoot, or it may be a curved shoot, with the eye pointing directly inward. If so, prune at the next eye. Never leave two eyes if it can be avoided, as long pruning causes long spurs, and if this class of pruning were carried on for a few years the spur would get so long that there would not be sufficient room for the foliage to expand—that is, if the vines were planted at the proper distance—hence the waste of valuable space, to the detriment of the vines, or at least the crop. When all pruning and cleaning is completed, rake up and sweep out and burn all clippings and rubbish, and if mildew has been prevalent the previous season, scrape out the surface soil and all plants that may be in the vineyard, and give the house a good fumigating with sulphur by burning it upon an iron pan or something of the kind. On no account leave plants in the house, as they will be killed with the sulphur fumes. It would be advantageous also if the woodwork inside the vineyard could be painted or whitewashed.

—The Pruning of Fruit Trees.—

Before a beginner commences pruning he should learn thoroughly the different parts of a tree. Without knowing this it is impossible to become expert at this work. To describe the different parts of a tree we will start at the roots. First, there is the main tap root—second, the lateral root, the fibrous roots, and the root hairs. He will soon find out these

different parts if when lifting a young and healthy tree he traces each part from the trunk downwards until he comes to the small hairs that form at the root extremities. Now for the tree, which is the most important. There are the main stem (or trunk), the main arms (which extend from the stem), the secondary arms, the leading shoots, the lateral shoots, the spurs, and the buds. Notice how Nature has made the root portion of the tree to correspond with the top. Without these small fibrous and hair roots it would be impossible to have fruit. So you see how important it is to have the ground in such a condition as to produce these roots, and also at planting to see that the secondary roots are properly cut back, so that young fibrous roots may form.



HORTICULTURE.

MORE HARDY PERENNIALS.

Pyrethrum.—Teverfew is generally classed under this heading but is so well-known as an edging plant especially the "Golden Feather" (Parthenium Aureum), as to require no further reference. The coloured Marguerites, or single or double flowered varieties of P. Coccineum are well worth growing and useful both for garden decoration and cutting, lasting well in a cut state and giving almost all shades of colour except blue. They are easily raised from seed and a pretty assortment can be got from a packet of a good strain. They can also be got from a division of the roots, early spring being the best season for dividing. To get the best results dig deeply and give plenty of manure, fork well round old clumps in autumn as their dense fibrous roots easily become too dry during summer. There are many named varieties but such are not easy to get as nurserymen seldom keep a stock.

The White Bachelors Button, a variety of Ranunculus is well worth growing, giving large sprays of pure white flowers in spring, making good clumps and remaining in bloom a considerable time. Very effective for cutting.

Romneya Coulteri, the giant Californian Poppy is a shrubby plant and grows into quite a large bush in a sheltered spot. The flowers are admired, being large and poppy-like, pure white with a centre of yellow anthers, and fragrant in smell.

Saponaria Ocymoides is well worth growing either for rockery or as a dwarf border plant. It has long trailing, wiry shoots giving a mass of crimson or pink blossoms in summer, and if the seed-covered tops are removed after blooming soon produce a mass of pretty shiny bronze foliage.

Saxifrage are a quite a tribe, varying greatly in size of growth, foliage, and form of bloom, from the small mossy varieties. The "encrusted" section cover the ground with small silvery rosettes of foliage with many coloured flowers on stems from three to six inches high, and are suitable for rockeries.

S. Umbrosa is the well known London Pride. Then we have the ladle leathery leaved Megasea section, such as the pink variety Cordifolia with clusters of flowers on stout stems a foot or more high, as well as a large miscellaneous section.

The Caucasian Scabious is an extremely popular flower which should be in every garden. It is easily grown, blooms profusely from spring to late autumn with flowers from pure white to all shades of lavender, to clear bright lavender blues, on large slender stems ideal for cutting. Easily grown from seed. When once you have both white and blue established and growing fairly close together save your own seed and you will get a charming collection in endless variety of form and colour.

Viola.—The ordinary garden varieties are grown like pansies and grown greatly as edgings, especially the blue shades, but of late years many varieties have been produced and can be reproduced in many colours and forms and with varied markings from a good packet of seed. There are also some fine pure selfs, the best of which must be obtained purchasing plants. Gracilis, which is so popular and much sought after on account of its violet-like flowers, is quite distinct, especially in habit of growth as instead of the ordinary pansy growth, it forms clumps of roots with running roots under the surface of the ground and thus is perpetual without any necessity to raise any new plants. By cutting back at different periods of the year a succession of blooms throughout the whole year can easily be obtained.

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The Monowai Region.

(Being extracts from a lecture delivered at the Naturalist Society Institute, by Mr J. Fowler.)

Lake Monowai which lies about midway up in the western side of the Waiau River is the centre lake in a chain of five, commencing with Te Anau at the north, and ending with Poteriteri at the south coast. These five lakes, Te Anau, Mangapouri, Monowai, Hauaro, and Poteriteri, are situated on an immense geological fault which separates the Archaean mountain country of Fiordland from the tertiary sediments which lie between the Archaean on the west and the Matai system as appearing in the Takitimu and Longwood ranges on the east. This tertiary deposit is quite narrow near Monowai and Mangapouri, but coming south it spreads out to the westward and includes the Hump. It is quite possible that these tertiary beds spread over all this end of the island at one time for there is evidence that the older rocks have been pushed up through them, allowing the denuding agents opportunity to wear them away on the top, but against the mountains on either side of the valley are still to be seen the upturned edges of these beds showing at least a certain amount of movement, for all these marine sediments would be laid on the level. Professor Park when in this neighbourhood this year, records this feature as being noticeable up the west side of Lake Te Anau. This shows that the Archaean rock of Fiordland although composed of crystalline rocks of unknown age, are not without a history in their physical features. These features point to a time when they were far down below the weather agencies which have dissolved the surface crust of the earth, although they in their turn will follow suit.

The hills are shadows and they flow,
From form to form and nothing stands
They melt like mist the solid lands,
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

I cannot find who was the first white man to see Monowai, but the late James McKerrow carried out a topographical survey of it about sixty years ago. He climbed Himley peak on the south side of the lake and from there he sketched it and gave it the name Monowai, a combination from the Latin and Maori, meaning: "One stream," as he could only see one stream running into it. Speaking of the survey of Lake Monowai it is rather remarkable that during the last sixty years it has remained forbidden ground as far as the Survey Department is concerned. Go to the Survey Department to-day and ask for a map of this part and you will get one with no new work or names since 1870, but actually some of the then recorded features missed out. The one creek from which McKerrow named it is omitted and some peaks on the south side are likewise forgotten. But had it not been for the hydro-electric undertaking, it is just possible that by the time another generation had passed it would have been omitted from the map altogether, its existence being regarded as a freak of the imagination of some lonely shepherd, and as fabulous as the phoenix or the kea that killed a sheep. To the north of Monowai are two small lakes, the larger known as the Green Lake, from its colour against bush at its southern end, and although the shores of this lake have been occupied as a sheep run since 1870, there is no mention of it on the official map.

Monowai Lake, which is shaped like a boomerang with one end bent too far in, lies in what was once the bed of a fairly large river, but during the glacial period it has undergone some strange alterations. What the ice did in its advancing stages is not apparent in the vicinity, but as it retreated it has left behind it the records of its retirement. Starting at the Waiau river you follow the Monowai flat for some miles, the flat is on a terminal moraine left behind by the glacier which came from the west and left its load of debris year by year as the warmer conditions prevailed. This process evidently went on until the foot of what is now the lake was reached. Then some climatic change had taken place which melted the ice so rapidly that the present lake bed, instead of being filled up with moraine deposit the same as the flat has been, now becomes a body of water held back by the moraine which we have just described. But the glacier is not quite melted, it is just shortened. From the mountain beyond it still pushes its way down carrying the load of fresh shattered rocks from the mountain peaks, but the present head of the lake is its limit and there it commences again to fill up a terminal moraine, in the same way for a mile or so. Milder conditions now prevail, and the top part of the glaci-

er melts leaving this barrier in the middle distance separating two portions of the lake. Now when the present lake filled to overflowing, a river commenced to flow over the moraine wearing down an outlet and swinging from side to side of the valley resorting the moraine heaps of stones left by the glacier and leaving a fairly flat boulder-strewn plain with the river still at work as we see it to-day.

The upper part of the lake above the middle barrier which the glacier formed in its later stage had, however, quite a different experience. When the upper portion of the glacier melted, forming another lake, and subsequent rains filled it to overflowing it found an easier outlet north of Mangapouri, and consequently did not cut or resort this chain of moraine hills as it would have done if it had to flow over it. So the head of Monowai stands to-day a dead end with no river running into it where the surrounding mountains show plainly the valley once continued. The other part being fed by a number of streams coming off steep mountains has long since filled up, as all lakes are in process of doing, and is now a tussocky flat with the stream wandering through it.

The conspicuous feature of Monowai is its want of watershed or catchment area. Along the south side of the lake the peaks rise abruptly to a height of three or four thousand feet and then slope away gradually for 10 miles or so to the Lilburn valley and Hauaro. Beyond its one stream which comes in on the north-west, and which the local run-holder describes as no size, there is nothing of any consequence running into the lake. The Green Lake which lies about a mile from Monowai and about a thousand feet above it drains to Mangapouri 15 miles away. If you take a line between the two points of the lake you are practically on the watershed between the Borland and the Grebe River on the north, and Monowai on the south. The distance between the two points being about nine miles, and the widest part about four miles, giving an area of about 20 square miles; then, for its one river, allow, say, six square miles, and say one mile wide on the south, on a coast line of thirteen miles, and the estimated area of the lake itself eleven square miles. This gives a catchment area altogether of fifty square miles. Lying into the inner bend of Monowai lake is Cleughearn peak rising to a height of 5100 feet, and stretching away to the northward is a chain of mountains, named in succession, Cleughearn, Cuthbert, Burns, Elorig. On the west side of Cuthbert peak and reaching a shoulder of Cleughearn lies the Green Lake already mentioned. It occupies what has been the western slopes of these peaks leaving only one side as it were to show the valley which separates the peaks starting close to the lake and running away from it, although a thousand feet above it. Peak and valley are therefore cut across by the wall of the lake, and into which you could throw a stone a thousand feet below. As to what agency has cut away this mountain side it is difficult to conjecture. If it was cut by a river, it has been before the ice period, for the south end of the Green Lake is blocked by the same barrier that closes the head of Monowai, and if the ice eroded it, it is still more difficult to understand as it lies so completely into the hills that one would think it would miss the pressure. But it is just possible that among the bush covered moraine hills may be some previously existing spurs which threw the force against the eastern wall. For while these spurs are ultimately cut off and left as islands, as to be seen in Mangapouri, Te Anau, Hauaro, still in the earlier stages they must thrown the ice against the opposite bank, the same as they did the water of a river.

To better understand the look of this country get a map that shows Monowai Lake. Start at the foot of it where the Monowai river comes out and travel in imagination, due west as if making for the other end of the lake, and you travel through about six miles of fairly flat bush. Then climb and come out on the open country on the slopes of Cleughearn. Here there is a comfortable hut, erected by the monks of St. Bernard (Cleughearn), or some other Samaritan endowed with a philanthropy of a romantic sort. Going another half mile westward you come suddenly out looking over the Green Lake. Right in front of you now, lies ridge after ridge of bush-covered hills intersected by an occasional small lake or tussock flat. To the south on your left hand lies the head of Monowai, but too low down for you to see it, on your right to the north is

the valley of the Grebe river flowing into Mangapouri and draining all this country in front of you, while to the west beyond peaks reaching from Monowai to Mangapouri. The four streams which form the Grebe river run in a southerly direction until they enter the Grebe valley then they turn to the north, showing as we have already mentioned a reversion in the course of the upper end of the Grebe river. Monowai lake is about sixty feet higher than Mangapouri, and the Grebe river although broken by a few rapids is comparatively flat with long reaches of calm water, so that the flat at the head of the river cannot be more than a few hundred feet above Monowai lake on the other side of the moraine barrier.

Some interesting information about Monowai lake is contained in a pamphlet issued by the Southland Electric Power Board recently. It is also referred to in a Government report on hydro-electricity, issued in 1904, wherein the flow is given as 700 cubic feet per second and the catchment area as 67 square miles, although the engineer, admits that the latter is only a guess. The Power Board in their pamphlet give the same (700), but make no mention of area which drains into the lake.

In regard to the flow of the Monowai river there is an interesting little study in the realm of psychology as demonstrating the growth of the silly folk-lore which characterises the less intelligent part of the human family; those who attribute the state of the weather to some acrobatic feat on the part of the moon, or who see the whole scheme of creation help up to victimise the individual whose number happened to complete the baker's dozen. Some irresponsible had said, the flow of the Monowai river never altered and the next repeated it, and so on until it got so commonly accepted by the people about there that they never thought to take the trouble to look and see if it was a fact. Consequently when the engineer for the Power Board went there he of course heard the same story, and having no occasion to doubt it, he put in his gauge where he thought would be a good place to record the flow of the water from week to week, but alas, when summer came and the river decreased, the gauge was left dry on the bank, the water ten inches below the level of the foot of it and three feet away. Yet to show how hard these beliefs are to die, even in the face of direct evidence, the pamphlet referred to, issued at the time that this gauge was standing three feet away from the water in the river, has the following: "The Monowai river is regarded by the oldest settlers as having a steadiness of flow which is remarkable. All statistics even tracing history back to the Maori period go to substantiate this view. It has never been known to get extremely low in its flow." Now let me say that from my observations the Monowai river is just like any other. It responds to the climatic and physical conditions just the same as any other of the rivers in the mountain country. The lake must rise a foot before the river can be up a foot, and therefore it will be slower in its rise and fall than if no lake existed, but it is exactly the same position as the Waiau, which is controlled by the holding capacity of Te Anau and Mangapouri, but he would be a bold man who would say that the Waiau river never altered.

The area of the Monowai Lake is given by the Board's engineer as eleven square miles. Now if we run up to 700 cubic feet per second for one year we get a depth if stacked in the lake of 72 feet or 6 feet per month to keep the stream going. Now if we take 72 feet deep on the eleven square miles of lake and spread it over the Government engineer's estimate of the catchment, 67 square miles, although I think 50 square miles is near the mark, we get 144 inches of rainfall. The evaporation in England is 30 inches a year, and I do not suppose it is any less in N.Z., which gives 174in. to which must be added the absorption by the forest which covers two-thirds of the area. The pamphlet says enough water will be stored by embankment to last two months. This means a bank twelve feet high. Now it is reasonable to suppose that more rain will fall in the months of June, July and August, than necessary, and that the storage will be full up by the beginning of September. Then when the spring rains come with snow in September and October. A quantity of water must be lost by overflow which, however must be added to the rainfall, putting it well over 200 inches. The nearest rain gauge to Monowai that I know of is at Mangapouri, 12 miles away, and there the record over a number of years is 42 inches, a long way short of 200, or if the catchment area should prove to be 50 square miles, 260 inches. The weakness of the Monowai scheme is the absolute impossibility of increasing the supply. Lake Cleughearn is being added to by bringing in the Harper river, and while the Power Board make some remarks about the

Waiau, it is not considered a practical undertaking.

often varies as much as 2 to 1, Westland for instance varying from 151 to 88 inches in different years, it shows that any undertaking of this sort should have a standard of at least 100 per cent. Hauroko Monowai seems a much better proposition for future requirements, especially as the water of Monowai could be added to it. I am afraid that future generations will not think much of a few enthusiasts who pushed through under the impression that life was too far spent to afford time to make investigations and obtain data, or of the 6000 others who went to the poll and voted with the same avidity with which they or their fathers purchase the picturesque Atlas some 30 years ago.

From a scenic point of view Monowai lake is disappointing. The complete lack of inlets or break of any kind gives it a monotony when seen from above, the only way you can see it at present; but the surroundings in the way of mountain peaks are very fine, and the view from the top of Cleughearn, Burns, or Rocky Top, just above Green Lake, cannot be excelled. In course of time a launch will no doubt be placed on the lake which will add much to the pleasure of a trip to this interesting spot, to which, I understand, a motor road will be constructed in the near future, and as this will only leave 14 miles to Mangapouri, six of which can be done on the steamer, the Waiau Valley may yet come into its own in the way of tourist traffic.

MOTORING NOTES.

NEW MOTOR-CYCLE HORN.

With the idea of operating a horn without having to remove the hands from the handle-bar, an English firm has patented a device that is intended to embody two bulbs in kneepads, from which rubber pipes are carried to a Y connection, thence by a single pipe to the reed. The advantages of such a horn, if properly controllable, would be approximate to those of an electric horn, and it should meet with a ready demand.

TEACHING DRIVING.

None of us like to risk losing a few teeth off the gear-wheel when teaching others to drive, and a very easy way of overcoming this is to seat the pupil in the car, jack up one of the back wheels, securely scotch the other, and then, having discoursed learnedly on the rudimentary idea of gear changing, start the engine and allow him or her to practise changing up and down until conversant with the position of the lever for the various ratios and also with the general feel of the controls. It is usually found that the steering of a car comes naturally to everyone, and it is only the gear changing that presents any difficulties. With the wheel jacked up and the hand brake half on, road conditions are practically reproduced and the inertia of the single wheel is not sufficient to cause any damage to the gears when a dud change is made.

NEW SOURCE OF ALCOHOL.

Much attention has been given in recent years to the question of manufacturing alcohol within the Empire for use as motor spirit. In the current number of the "Bulletin" of the Imperial Institute the possibility of utilising the mown flowers of India for the purpose is discussed. These flowers possess thick, juicy petals rich in sugar. They are used by the natives as a foodstuff and especially for the preparation by fermentation of an alcoholic liquor called daru or mada spirit. A single tree will yield as much as 200-300lb of flowers in a year. During the war the flowers were used in India for the production of acetone, and large quantities of the flowers would be available for the manufacture of alcohol, and would appear to be exceptionally cheap source of this material as the yield is high compared with that from potatoes and other materials commonly used, alcohol being 80 gallons or 95 per cent. alcohol being obtainable from one ton of dried flowers. It has been estimated that in the Hyderabad State alone there are already sufficient mown flowers for the production of 7,000,000 gallons of proof spirit per annum, in addition to that necessary for the local liquor requirements.

Japan is preparing to build a pyramid for the first Emperor, Jimmu Tennō, somewhere in the suburbs of Tokyo. It is the intention to make this the highest structure in the Far East.

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possible quality.

Compare my prices with town.

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ALEX. KIDD,
Bootmaker.

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 thereat.
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 Bralry.

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 Superintendent
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; "sashey" 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 Carrinthead, 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 alright, 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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Garvice.

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

"The Stepmother," by Annie S. Swan.

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

"Black Rock," by Ralph Connor.

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

"Eric Brighteyes," "Cleopatra," "Heart of
the World," "Swallow," by H. Rider
Haggard.

"The Trampled Cross," "The Man Who
Rose Again," by Joseph Hocking.

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SHORT STORIES.

AFFECTIONATE.

"Oh, papa, come round the corner quick. Brother Bill's there with a dog that's awfully attached to him," said Willie, breathless with excitement.

Father: "No cause for excitement in that, my boy," said papa, in his calm, superior way. "The attachment of dumb animals to those who are kind to them is one of their most beautiful traits."

"Well, this one is attached all right. We've been trying for two hours to pry him loose with a stick, and ma's poured two kettlefuls of hot water on him, and he's still attached!"

THOSE IRISH.

"But, Pat, are you sure you love her?" "Shure, is it? Pe hivins, Oi can't slape for dramin about her."

PA DIDN'T ANSWER.

Little Billie: Say, pa!"

Pa: "Well, what is it, my son?"

Little Billie: "Will my hair fall out when it gets ripe, like yours did?"

THE INDICATION.

Angler: "How do you know the good places to fish in this stream."

Wangler: "Oh, I walk along until I find a place where there are a lot of empty bottles scattered about."

HIS DESERTS.

Box: "You're looking rather tired."

Cox: "Yes, I've been troubled with insomnia lately."

Box: "You don't say so. Boy or girl?"

HE MEANT BUSINESS.

Editor: "Going to sue us for damages?"

Indignant Caller: "Yes. I sent you a poem entitled, 'My Life is a Useless Burden,' and you printed 'wife' instead of 'life,' and published it in my name. Then my wife saw it. And I want damages. And I'll get 'em, too!"

RATHER AWKWARD.

"Our new company is capitalised at forty thousand pounds."

"That's good! Let me see your prospectus."

"Oh, we haven't got a prospectus yet. The printer wants his cheque in advance."

NOT QUITE SURE.

Reggie: "I suppose the leading lady is very happy after getting all those bouquets?"

Attendant: "Oh, no. She only got five."

Reggie: "Gracious! Isn't that enough?"

Attendant: "No; she paid for six, I believe."

UNDOUBTEDLY.

Visitor: "Well, my little man, how old are you?"

Johnnie: "Five."

Visitor: "And what are you going to be?"

Johnnie: "Six."

HE COULDN'T UNDERSTAND.

Mother: "Willie I'm surprised at you!"

Willie: "I wonder when you'll get used to me, mamma. You're always surprised at me, yet I've always been with you."

SEA BREEZES.

"Did you have a good passage?" was asked of a recent traveller.

"Fair: but I couldn't sleep. The first three nights I couldn't tell whether to shut the porthole and go to bed, or to close the bed and go to the porthole. And the last three I spent in reading the Customs regulations."

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MEN'S MOSGIEL MARL UNDERPANTS, 14/6, 15/6.

MEN'S ALL-WOOL SINGLET (Ribbed), 9/11, 10/6.

MEN'S MOSGIEL ALL-WOOL SINGLET, 10/6, 12/6.

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FRIDAY, JUNE 18, 1920.

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