

SCOTCH! HOTCH! POTCH!

(Contributed by "The Groper.")

Thou of an independent mind,
With soul resolv'd, with soul resign'd;
Prepar'd Power's proudest frown to
brave,
Who wilt not be, nor have a slave;
Virtue alone who dost revere,
Thy own reproach alone dost fear,
Approach this shrine, and worship here.

—Burns.

"A great man is this day fallen in Israel." The occasion of his passing is one for the interrogation, "When shall we see his like again?" Admiral Lord Fisher was one of the very few really big men of his time—too big to argue. His imagination and vision were almost those of a God. Of Fisher more than any other might we say he was the "organiser of victory." He transferred the iron-walls of England from the azure Mediterranean to the murky North Sea. With unerring genius he fathomed the German mind—he knew where the blow would fall and how. Those welter weights, the inflexible and invincible, that in a space of hours placed themselves in the South Atlantic, chose their own barking distance and sent the broken hulls of Von Spee to "Davey Jones," were the children of his witchery. And this master-mind controlled, in person, the fleet of his creating, there would have been a naval Armageddon—a Jutland never. Like Nelson and Wellington, he knew his mind, he liked the truth, and spoke it. His English, like Sir Ian Hamilton's, is unmistakable. It is that of the autocrat. God save England when the hearts of democratic autocrats, like Fisher, cease to beat. One "Jackey" Fisher is worth a nation of peck-sniffing little Englands, and the whole cut-throat pack of ignorant, misguided Sin Feins. Here you are:—

"I was born in 1841, the same year as King Edward VII. There never was such a healthy couple as my father and mother. They never married for money; they married for love. They married very young, and I was their first child. All the physical advantages were in my favour, so I consider I was absolutely right, when I was nine months old, in refusing to be weaned.

"I entered the navy, July 12, 1854, on board her Majesty's ship Victory after being immediately examined by the doctor on board of her, and writing out from dictation The Lord's Prayer; and I rather think I did a Rule of Three sums."

Those who run may read the secret of life's happiness in these plain words. Fisher believed in having suitable appliances handy to clip when necessary the German Eagle's wings. Presumably he was against the use of all other damnable devices for the restriction of population. Fisher, with Wilberforce and Lincoln, and the other really big men of history, was not ashamed to let the little fellows know that he looked at the Bible occasionally. Truth is his writings literally glitter with gems from the crown of literature.

Fisher's place in history is assured—a glorious one it is—high up on the gilded arch of fame. That he was less than Nelson is not established and he may have been greater! Who knows—but enough

"Wisdom is knowing what to do next; skill is knowing how to do it, and virtue is doing it."

ONE QUARREL.

After the sermon, which had been on "Domestic Felicity," the minister happened to meet Sandy, one of the flock, who expressed his delight with the discourse.

"Are you happy at home, Alexander?" inquired the man of cloth.

"Well, sir," responded Sandy, "the wife and me ha'e only had yin quarrel in a' oor life."

"Indeed!" said the minister, evidently quite pleased.

"Aye," continued Sandy, looking down at his feet, "of course, it's occasionally interrupted!"

To be or not to be, that is the question, Sabbath night concerts at seven-thirteen.

"I'm glad there is a day of rest, one day in every seven, when worldly cares cannot molest, and we may dream of heaven. The week day labour that we do, is highly necessary, but if our tasks were never through, if they should never vary, we'd soon be covered o'er with mould, from bridle-bits to breeching; so let the Sabbath bells be tolled, and let us hear the preaching!"

The editor of the Dee street daily flivver speaks!

"I use my trenchant, fertile pen to help along the cause of men and make the

sad world brighter, to give all good ambitions wings, to help the poor to better things, and make their burdens lighter. The page wherein my screeds appear enjoys a sacred atmosphere, it's helpful and uplifting; it hands out morals by the ton, and shows the people how to shun the rocks to which they're drifting."

Prices are coming down with a run. Newspapers will soon be quoted at "one!"

Sandy had been staying with some friends for about a month and while he and his host were out for a walk one day they called at a wayside inn for a drink. As his host was about to pay for the same, Sandy stopped him.

"No, no," he said. "I'll not allow it. Ye've been keeping me in everything at yer hoose for a month, and ye've treated me to the theatres, and cab fares, and paid for all the drinks. I tell ye, I'll hae na mair of it; we'll hae to toss for this one."

Contented wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,
Where'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,
I gie them a skelp, as they're creepin' along,
Wi' a cog o' guid swats, and an auld Scottish sang.
I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought,
But man is a sodger and life is a laught;
My mirth and guid humour are coin in my pouch,
And my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.

—Burns.

Of Interest to Women.

BY THE WAY.

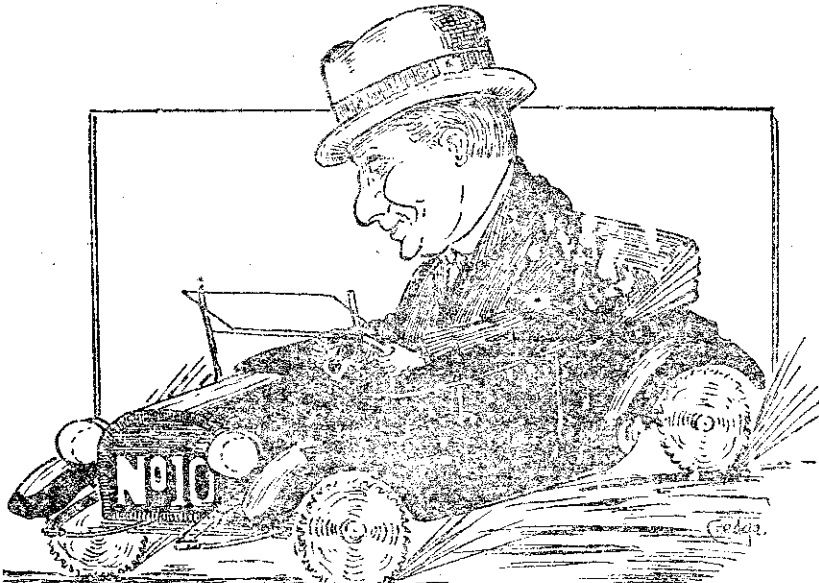
There are times when one grows tired of one's mission in life, ebb-tides when the energies flow backwards and leave you high and dry on the sands. Whatever your mission, these times always come. If you are a reformer, the world seems very old and beset with bad habits; if you are a housewife, the dishes seem unending—"and the making of meals there is no end, and much cooking is a weariness to the flesh."

Every woman must know what it is to grow tired, in mind as well as in body, and this article is for tired women. So all you gay, easy, cheerful folks may turn aside and pass on till it comes to your turn; for even if your mission is to do nothing, you will get more tired of that than anything else—and then it will be "your turn."

The first and commonest form of tiredness is physical—exhaustion of nerve and muscle. If not excessive it is a good thing and easily removed. Bed, food, fresh air, sunshine, even a change of work, will set it right. Every woman owes it to herself, to her work, and to those dependent on her, not to let physical weariness go to excess so as to impair her health and usefulness. Ill-health is the greatest nuisance in the world and that is very short-sighted devotion which courts ill-health by over-work. Busy wives and

mothers ought to have time for rest and recreation. They ought to be able to go out for a walk or a visit nearly every day; they need an occasional concert or evening at the pictures; if you ask how they are to get these things, let me refer you to their husbands. Some day when I am not tired of trying to reform the world, I am going to write on the education of boys and the making of husbands. These same husbands if they are anyway worth their salt, will see to it; and the wives too should learn to economize time and energy. I imagine that an hour's rest in the afternoon with the pleasing consciousness that work is over for the day, is much better than an extra hour in bed in the morning. Early rising is a prime secret of efficiency and contentment; but it means also early retiring. Late hours are a curse. "Early to bed and early to rise," still makes both man and woman "healthy and wealthy and wise."

A far worse and more subtle weariness is the fatigue of mind that springs out of the monotony of existence. "The daily round, the common task," should furnish all we ought to ask; but somehow they don't. If life is to be worth living we must have diversions. Very often a little thing will suffice, some change, an evening

GOOD SPIRITS
OLD TOM & NIO.

The sound of the saw, is the sound for me,
And the crack of the axe, says Tom O.B.,
They keep me in oof, and plenty to do;
Collecting the subs of the timber-crews.
I whizz through the cities and into the bush,
I'm always in best of good spirits when I'm shifting along on No. 10,
And I love the song of the saw you see,
For the song of the saw is the song for me.

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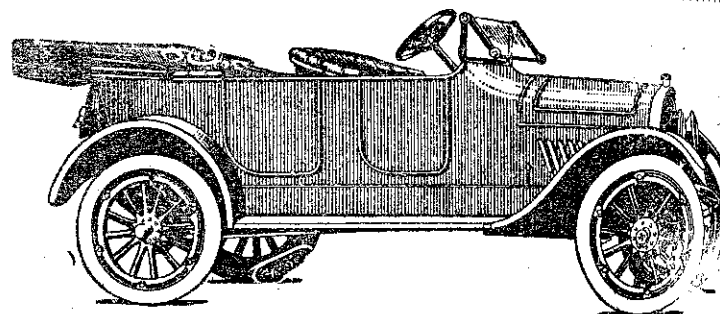
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out, a picnic, a short holiday, a new pair of gloves, a book or picture, or even something nice for tea. The best safeguard against monotony, however, is an enthusiasm. That is why people with hobbies are never tired of life. Whoever heard of the enthusiastic amateur gardener expiring with dullness? The only time he feels really unhappy is when "it's too wet to water the garden."

So what hobbies are there that a woman can take up? Many go in for crochet and knitting and embroidery as so forth, and I once read a complaint from a mere man, that custom unkindly debarr'd his sex from these fascinating pursuits. Music requires time and talent and training. It is a rare and expensive hobby. Photography is fascinating for a time but loses its hold. Moreover it is too watery. Golf and tennis and croquet are not much good to the really busy woman with a family and small means. Reading is all very well, but unless directed by a set purpose, it becomes a stale, and the persistent reading of novels grows into a kind of mental debauchery. For those who can take it up—and they are many if they will only try—gardening is the hobby, par excellence. It takes you into the fresh air and gives you healthful exercise in change of work and postures; it keeps you in close relation with the wonders of old mother earth. It keeps you continually young,

with the perpetual renewal of one with what is fairest and freshest Nature. "Gardening is the purest human pleasures." The lover of flowers is never without an inspiration.

Such people must have a secret potent than any yet offered for "tired feeling." Perhaps it is that they are stronger and finer to begin with than most of us; perhaps it is that they are open inwardly to the out-flowing of life that in and above all life. Probably it is both; but wherever they come, they bring an atmosphere and influence as potent and health-giving as the sunlight. Their presence is a tonic to the weary. To be one of them is perhaps the highest ambition any mere mortal can cherish. And it is an ambition not only possible and feasible to all. If you want to be positive, not negative, if you want to discharge energy instead of absorbing it, if you want to be the sunshine and the air and the beauty of the world. I think you must begin to do all these things unto yourself; and when you are tired, instead of feeling weary for yourself, lay open your mind to the healing and enlivening of Nature, and of God. If you do this, a little and then more and more, you find that vital energy possesses you and all smaller enthusiasms will be in a grand enthusiasm for life.