

SCOTCH! HOTCH! POTCH!

(Contributed by "The Groper.")

My courtiers, I find this issue, takes exception to the McCabe paragraph of a fortnight ago. We always had letters of the "A." type fair and without spleen. Our regret is that the paragraphs don't bring forth more adverse comment. You are quite right "A." the name is "Tabrum." The "Groper" is not concerned with the abilities in general of this scribe, but says, in effect, that "Christianity and Slavery," by Tabrum, makes McCabe look silly—which it does. Read the book. Even Achilles was fatally weak in the heel tendon and Goliath not proof against the brook pebble in the sling of the stripling David. McCabe cannot expect to win all his bouts any more than Napoleon could. McCabe's chief fault is a too sweeping dogmatism. This fault is noticeable in more than one churchman who has gone to the other extreme.

To "A." the "Groper" will frankly confess the daily weakness of "Holy Wullie"; but if "A." is prepared to accept the "Groper" as an authority on the pedigree of "Tam o' Shanter's Maro," the "Groper" will not accept McCabe's (and incidentally "A.'s") opinion on the origin of man. When the "Groper" sits down over the fire and attempts to solve the eternal question from the books of the clever chaps he is convinced that the inquisitive and tireless tongue of the wife had its origin not in dumb, inarticulate protoplasmic mud but in the clarion blast of Gabriel's horn!

"Well, Mac, and what are you going to give the wife for her birthday?"

Mac: "I canna really say, but the last eleven birthday's she's had she's been wantin' a piano."

"No, Mistress Cameron, I'm shure yo'll not be drappie—ye're no strict teetotal!" Mrs Cameron: "O' yes, Mistress Brown, I'm a person o' principle and strictly teetotal, but my conscience winna hurt me if I tak' it free a tea-cup."

An Invercargill schoolboy's description of the County Council: "The County Council consists of a number of men, mostly Scotchmen, who run the affairs of the town headed by the Mayor."

Tonald: "I'm rale sorry she pit the sovereign in the plate on Sabbath in place o' the shillin'. I'd get her back and gie' them the shillin' she intendit."

Tongal: "No, no, she's gien her tae the Lord, so tae Hell wi' her."

The Rev. A. A. Murray, of Auckland, is not allowed all the freedom we could desire by his irate brethren of the cloth. We'd expect the treatment Murray is receiving from the church whose priests are automaton chanting a cast iron creed—not from the enlightened kirk of Scotland.

Professor Reinke (Lincoln University, U.S.A.), in a letter published in a contemporary N.Z. journal, says: "I note with interest the discussions on baptism that are going on in N.Z. That the N.Z. Presbyterian Church now far down on the toboggan, is showing itself intolerant, is not at all surprising to me. The truth is there is nothing under the heavens more intolerant than our modern honey-sweet liberalism. It is a smiler with a knife hidden under its cloak, if one may quote the phrase of Smiler Russell Lowell."

Surely it is apparent to all intelligent beings that the essence of true Christianity is charity. The injunctions of holy writ are "Above all these things put on charity," and yet again "And to brotherly kindness charity."

A beautifully docile and meek follower of the greatest one who ever trod the earth is Mannix—Archbishop Mannix. We wonder whether Christ or St. Peter gave him authority to preach the Gospel of hate. We hardly think that the Church of Savonarola and Damien can be proud of Mannix.

Archbishop Mannix, addressing the Clifton Catholic Summer school at Plattsburg, declared himself a Sinn Feiner. He said that Australian Catholics were solid for De Valera and affirmed that England was the greatest hypocrite in the world. He expressed the hope that Ireland would fight England, the same as the Americans did. Ireland has the same grievances against England which the American revolutionaries had, only they are ten times greater. England was your enemy, is your enemy, and shall be your enemy for all time.

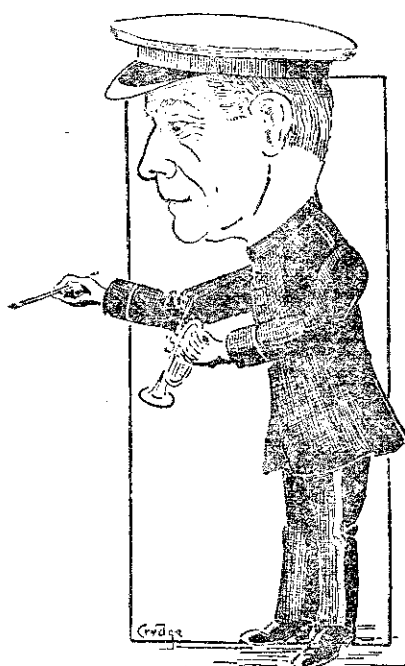
Poor fellow. For the time being he has left the spiritual order for the militant, and is shaping badly as a politician, much less a statesman. He has not even the

horse sense necessary to see that historic, political, and geographical considerations make an independent Ireland (for her own sake) impossible.

One man in this town "The Groper" frankly admires. He is David Scott the sword-arm, so as to speak, of the Labour party. He may have his faults, but with a heart in the right place he is busy writing and fighting for the cause of the bottom, or labour, dog. Most New Zealanders are workers. Here there is neither a "submerged tenth" nor an "upper ten." There is nevertheless room for improvement. Dave Scott doesn't propose to bring about the change by cutting the throat of every chap possessed of five bob more than he. Consequently "The Groper" proposes to help on the good work. The Editor has kindly granted space for a "Labour Carnival Subscription." "The Groper" kicks off with £2 2s. Send along your donations—Dave takes from a bob upwards.

Holland, M.P., is detracting from his other good qualities by sneering at the Prince of Wales. New Zealand says to Holland, "Hands off." We like the Prince for his own sake. If we didn't we would still show him respect. People of the Holland type fail to see that in honouring the Crown and all that pertains to it we honour ourselves, our institutions, our laws, our freedom, our Nation.

Councillor Baird has forfeited his seat by neglect. Bill did good work for the town. We thank him for it, but nevertheless agree that he should go. Could not one of our medical men be persuaded to devote a few hours a week to the town's service. Ewart, Pottinger, and Ritchie Crawford have been a while in our midst. It's up to one of them to stand or find a substitute from the medical ranks—with a proviso that he be a Scot.



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He Beats Time Easy

A man of parts is little Bob;
At acting and at music too;
He puts his soul into the job,
And does well, what he has to do.
He leads the bold Hibernian Band,
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As soloists throughout the land,
Their names are known both near and far,
With Rex and Arthur, Bud and Bill,
No wonder that his band's in line,
With them he makes old time stand still,
For he beats time.

WAR TROPHIES.

In addition to asking the loyal co-operation of all soldiers for transport publications for the public library, we are anxious to receive on behalf of the Southland War Museum a collection of trophies. It is very important that nothing be lost that will be in any way a war trophy. Southland soldiers have played an important part in the war and we must preserve, for the benefit of those who follow, something of a tangible character.

Every part of the Dominion is seeking a collection of trophies and we must not be behind. Numbers of articles which have been brought from the battle front are being lost sight of, and we would be glad to receive anything at all. Name and address must be sent, also full particulars of article, where found, stant, etc. Articles can also be displayed in the museum and remain the property of the sender, but can be, as representing Southland soldiers, make a direct gift to the people. Trophies can be sent to "The Digger" office direct, box 310, Invercargill; or to Mr Crosby Smith, Atheneum Buildings, Dee street, Invercargill.

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(And all Good Goods).
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20 Dozen GIRLS' AND MAIDS' VELVET PADDY HATS. Usual price 7/6. Sale price 1/11.
6 Only Left LADIES' VELVET PADDY HATS. Usual price 12/6. Sale price 3/6.
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WOMEN'S BLACK MOCK SUEDE LANGTRY TONGUE SHOES; 16/6.

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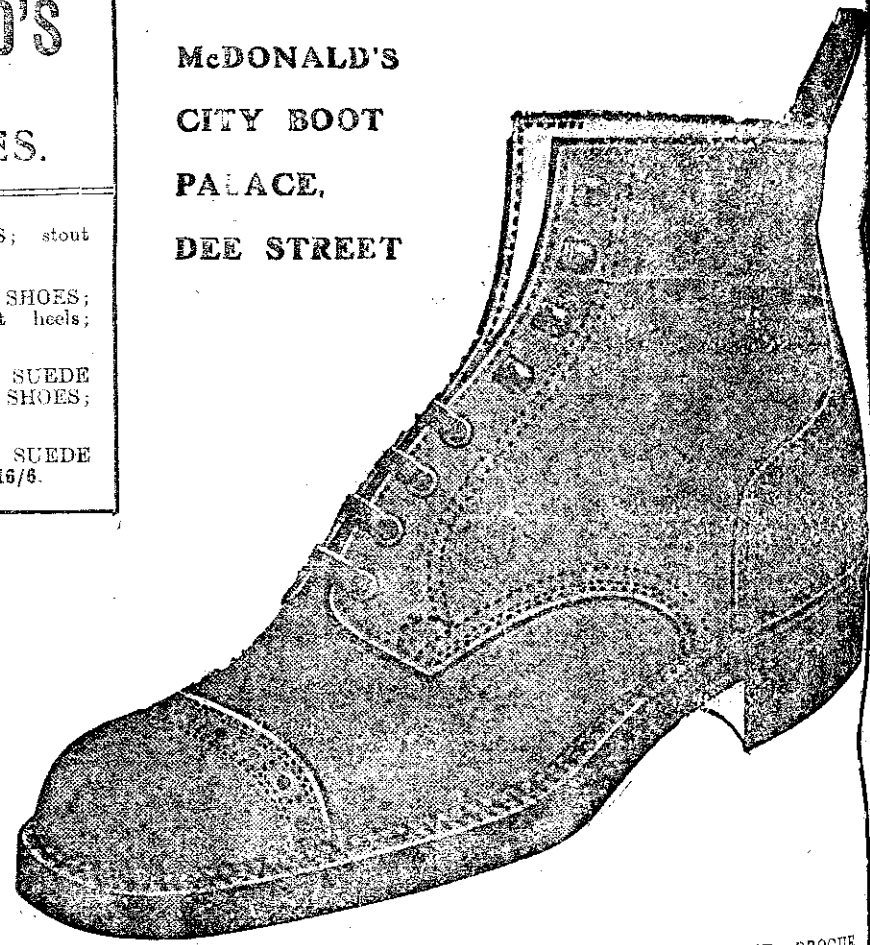
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GENTS' BOX STOUT BROGUE SHOES; Standard; 33/6.
GENTS' BOX CALF DERBY BOOTS; Welted; leather lined; full round toe; 42/6.
GENTS' LIGHT GLACE DERBY BALMORALS; M.S.; 33/6.
GENTS' BOX DERBY COOKHAMS; Double Sole; leather lined; wide fitting. Value—32/9.
GENTS' TAN DERBY BALMORALS; light sole, pug toe; 56/6.

McDonald's City Boot Palace.

SOLDIERS!

The Invercargill Municipal Library are anxious to have a complete file of all publications on transports, or others published by the soldiers. It is fitting and in the interest of all concerned that this file should be obtained, and copies from soldiers will be greatly appreciated. All copies should be accompanied by the sender's full name and address, and will be acknowledged through the columns of "The Digger." We have undertaken to help the librarian in this matter and would appreciate the action of returned men in helping to bring it to a successful issue. Copies can be forwarded to "The Digger," Box 310, Invercargill, or to the Public Library direct.

SOCIAL NOTES.

The engagement is announced of Miss Margaret Macdonald to Mr Robin Williams.

Mrs J. G. Macdonald, Don street, gave a most enjoyable birdge party last Thursday evening.

The Civil Service held their annual ball in the Victoria Hall, on Monday evening. It was a most successful function.

The Commercial Travellers' and Warehousemen's Association held their first annual ball in the Victoria Hall, on Friday evening last. The ball was a brilliant success, over three hundred guests being present.

MISSING.

23/2108 TURNBULL G. P.

The above named left New Zealand with "E." Company, 10th Reinforcements, and returned to New Zealand by "Remora," October 1919.

Any information regarding present whereabouts of the above-named will be gratefully received by his relatives. Reply to: General Secretary, N.Z.R.S.A., Wellington.

Wood for tennis rackets requires at least five years' seasoning—that is to say, it requires to be kept for five years in the rough timber state before being cut up for use.