

SCOTCH! NOTCH! POTCH!

(Contributed by the "Cropper.")

We had thought the little argument ended, but our catenacous friend "A." changes by a further reference to the McCabe paragraph. "Christianity and Slavery" is a big question, but some of the points Tabram scored at McCabe's expense, won't be out of joint here. The Stoics, amongst other things taught, "There is no difference between Greeks and barbarians; the world is our city." But really "A." this is more aptly stated by St. Paul in Acts and Romans. McCabe in his desire to exalt his cult to the detriment of Christianity, says "Not one single syllable is written in condemnation of slavery" throughout the Bible. Is not this a "too creeping dogmatism?" "A." McCabe's statement that "St. Paul had a slave" is equally false. McCabe we have a renegade priest passing judgment on a book that obviously knows little about. Dogmatism "A." what? Tabram may be a fool but he quotes three men McCabe professes to admire—R.P.A. men—to some purpose! (1) Huxley, who wrote, "The Bible has been the Magna Charta of the poor and of the oppressed. So far as such equality, liberty, and fraternity are included under the democratic principles which assume the same names, the Bible is the most democratic book in the world." (2) Thos. Paine, who said "The Moslem account of creation, whether taken as divine authority or merely as historical, is fully up to his point—the unity or equality of man. The distinction of sexes is pointed out, but no other distinction is ever implied." (3) Edward Clive, who said "Christianity swelled all distinctions, it welcomed the master and his slave, the outcast and the sinner; it treated woman as the spiritual equal of man; it held out to each the hope of a future life." But why continue. Did not Christ in the opening sentence of his ministry at Nazareth say: "He hath appointed me to preach the gospel to the poor, he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives and recovering of sight to the blind, etc." It's all there, "A." Of the more recent abolitionists, Wilberforce, Lloyd-Garrison, Lovejoy, Henry Wood Beecher, Channing, Theodore Parker, John Brown, Abe Lincoln, who among them was not a deeply religious man? Don't tell me Lincoln was a modern Stoic or we shall bowl you out! "The Cropper" has no more time for church creed than McCabe, and is glad McCabe had enough sense to quit; but "A," the fault is in practice not in precept. Our only excuse for writing so lengthily is that, unless corrected, chaps of the McCabe type will be claiming the humanitarianism of George Muller, Dr Barnardo, and William Booth to be the outcome of Stoic philosophy per medium of an inapplicable evolutionary process.—"The Cropper."

Chinese are noted for their disposition to adopt Scottish names. One who smiled broadly under the name, McDonald, married an Englishwoman, who attended the Presbyterian church. The minister in course of his weekly visiting, called on Mrs McDonald, and asking for Mr McDonald, was informed by the guid wife that "he was working in the garden." The minister returning to the house said, "No, he's not there. Mrs McDonald!" "Oh! but he must be, because he only went down a few minutes ago." Being informed that the minister saw "nothing but a Chinaman" the guid wife said, "Well, that Mr McDonald!" "Miss McDonald, Miss McDonald, why on earth did ye marry a Chinaman, tell me woman, tell me?" "Oh, that's nothing," said Mrs McDonald, "my second sister married a Scotchman!"

That sagacious man, General Smuts, in a striking speech just recently published, made reference to the ineffectiveness of the League of Nations, thus:—"It ought to have said to Poland, 'This can not be; it ought to have prevented these operations, and yet the official answer in the House of Commons is: 'This is not a new war, but the old one. Great Britain was not consulted, and it is not a case for the League of Nations to interfere.' Who, then, is to interfere? Poland is an ally member of the League of Nations, and yet can not be checked in this enterprise. You cannot defeat Russia. Napoleon learned that lesson, and now Denikin and Koltchak have learned it too. Sooner or later Pilsudski will likewise learn the lesson. Then when Lenin and Trotsky are marching on Warsaw he will come to the League perhaps for help."

Just what has happened. Smuts is an observant student of history and in the poet's words: "Scans the future by the

past of man." Next scene please, Mr Smuts, and we'd like to know how if Germany is likely to figure in it?

Scots are reported to be rather more fond of funerals than other nationalities. Robert Burns preferred to write epitaphs. Here's a quarter:

ON A RENEGGED SQUIRE.

As father Adam first was fooled,
A case that's still too common;
Here lies a man a woman ruled,
The Devil ruled the woman.

On an elder, Hood, by name, who was noted for his ability to look after the church finances—

Here Squire Hood in death doth sleep,
In hell, if he's gone further;
Satan, gie him the gear to keep;
He'll hand it wae, together.

FOR "LAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ."

The poor man weens here Gavin sleeps,
Whom canting wretches blamed;
But with such as he wherever he lies,
May I be saved or damned.

A BARD'S EPIGRAPH.

Is there a man whose judgment clear,
Can others teach the coast to steer;
Yet runs himself, life's mad career
Wild as the wave?
Here pause—and, thro' the starting tear,
Survey this grave.

The devil is reported to have recently visited the planet Mars and to have returned disgusted. It is understood he found a piece of tallow candle, a piece of tartan, empty whiskey bottle, and a notice board bearing the note: Mc-MARS. Sandy McGraw, get here first!



We knew him in the fighting line in Flanders, and can tell
That Bobby did his little bit—and did it very well;
In trench and camp, through good and ill, he always "played the game;"
And here, among his ledgers—well, we find him just the same.
He's as decent as they make 'em, clean and straight in every way,
And we feel we do not flatter little Bobby when we say
(Though we know he nothing cares for either censure or applause),
That, like the thing he fought for he's
A Right—Good—Cawa.

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TULLY'S DRAPERY SUPPLY SALE,

NEXT NEWS OFFICE, DEE STREET.

MARKET NOTES.

Messrs Bray Bros., Ltd., Auctioneers and Fruit Salesmen, Dee street, Invercargill, report as follows:—

Produce:—Large supplies of Potatoes are being placed on the market. The sale is restricted entirely to local requirements, price £6 per ton, s.i.; Seed Potatoes, there is a good enquiry for early seed varieties and consignments are recommended. Onions, 14s per cwt. Oats from 5s 4d to 5s 9d per bushel. Chaff, prime to £8 10s per ton, discoloured £6. Straw Chaff, £7 10s per ton, s.i.; Oaten Straw to £5 10s per ton. Hay to £6 per ton. Meggitt's Linseed Meal, 30s per bag. Pollard, 13s per bag. Farro Food, 12s per bag. Molasses 21s per cwt.

Fruit:—We have received large supplies during the week. Apples (dessert) 12s 6d to 10s per case, for choice, well-coloured varieties; medium quality, from 10s to 8s per case; Cooking Apples, best varieties, 8s 6d to 7s 6d; others from 7s to 6s; Pears (dessert), best varieties to 5d per lb; others from 4½d to 3d per lb.

Vegetables:—Cabbage to 6s per sack; Swedes, 2s to 3s 6d per bag; Carrots 4s per bag, 6s 6d per cwt; Parsnips, 2d lb; Pumpkins, 2d per lb; Jam Melons to 3½d per lb.

General.—Lepp Salt Lick, supplies arriving early this month. Cow Covers, 22s 6d to 30s, a tip-top line. Horse Covers, £2 15s to £3. Boots 35s per pair; Mutton Birds, 1s 1d per bird. Tea (B.O.P.) 2s 6d to 3s per lb, in chests and half-chests.

Sundries.—Halladay five-seater Motor Car, £175; Buick five-seater, £225; One old model English car, two-seater, £35.

Furniture.—Business is very brisk in this line and we advise you to inspect our stocks at our Spey street warehouse, when requiring anything in the house furnishing line. We have a piano and several sewing machines for sale.

Land Department.—We have several houses for sale in Invercargill, prices range from £660 to £1500. Farm properties for sale in Southland, Otago, Canterbury, Wellington and Auckland.

Archbishop Mannix travelled from America on the steamer Baltic. A destroyer came alongside and took Archbishop Mannix on board. Many thousands of people awaited his arrival at Liverpool, but were surprised to find that he had been landed at Penzance.

The sun has gone, my darling one,
Put me on to nine-O-three.
Thank you, girlie! Who's that speaking?
Alright, Night Dispensary.
That you, Druggo? D'y'e yet me?
Much obliged, Old Top, I'm sure.
Send it now, yes, sent it quickly!
Gold old Woods' Great Peppermint
Cure.

A VISIT TO THE WILD WEST

At a township out the western way
Where all the railways meet
I found myself the other day
Upon the busy street.
No business had I to transact,
At least just at the time,
So I started out in search of fact,
For subject for my rhyme.
I met a number of the folk
Who seemed to have a minute,
And tried to fossick up a joke,
That might have something in it.
I asked about the cheese concern,
About its worthy "sec,"
I gathered all that I could learn
About the Co-op "spec,"
And if directors ran amuck
And wrangled in discord,
And whether they had sold on fact
Or whether free on board.

Or whether they were standing fast
Against old Tooley street,
And learned a lesson from the past
To "stand on one's own feet."
I found on one fine day they'd met
Their pathway to outline,
And there 'tis said, they all got
"wet."

Although the day was fine,
The Lion from down Toi Toi way
Together with the "Lamb,"
Armed to the teeth to meet the fray,
And also Buckingham,
And others I was made believe
Who "Arenott" loth to speak
Expressed the fact that they would
"Grieve."

If factories should prove weak,
Now in this township stands a pub
Two storeys high I think,
Three times a day you get some grub
At night you get a wink.
Your many cares and pleasures low
'Mong neighbours you would share,
Go in some afternoon and you
Soon banish all dull care.
Now all these men that very day
A hurdle had got o'er,
The Co-op scheme was seen to go
For butter fat galore.
And ere they part they say, "would
seem,

The milk in torrents flow
Side Aparima's turbulent stream
When fed by Lake's snow,
And one more optimistic pal
The ardent throng among
Declared that every animal
That suckles of its young
Would be broke in to yield its share
And that it would be found
That butter fat would be somewhere
Above three bob a pound.

SODA WATER.

Thornbury, N.Z.

The Antarctic is the shallowest of oceans, the depth averaging 2000 fathoms or less.