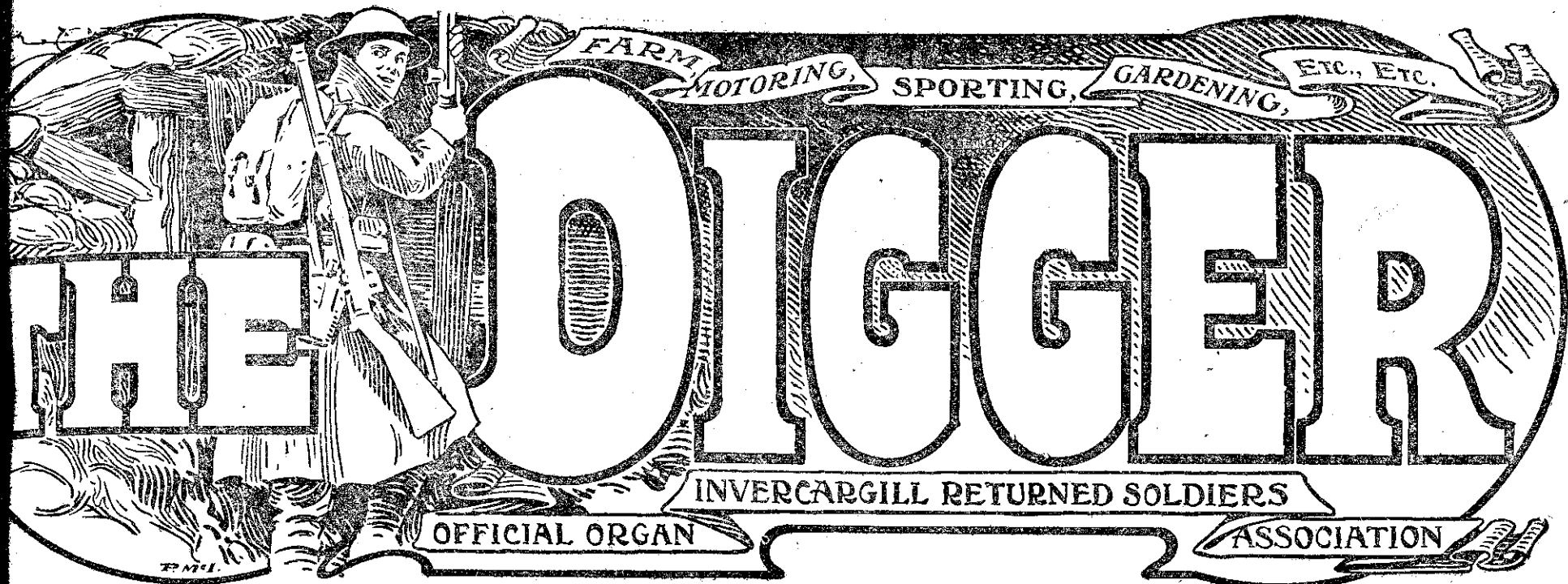




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UNSIGNED.

(By Grace Agnes Timmerman.)

A strong man armed, we walk alone, aloof.
The blinded stumble, whom we will not
lead.

The hungry perish, whom we will not
feed.

The lawless work their will throughout
reproof.

Secure (the road to Jericho is wide!)
We pass unheeding on the other side.

Our work is over, though the earth
resound

With growing evil that our hand might
stay.

Exempt, exalted, move we on our way
As though God made the ocean for a
bound

To Duty's field! Our answer to her call,
"Let Europe stand alone, though Free-
dom fall!"

Cold are we, to the weariness, the wrack,
Of wasted nations—now that conquered
seas

Invite our commerce—though we owe to
these

Long shielded years of profit? Looking
back,

We know who barred the peril from our
shore

With broken bodies—who our charges
bore!

Late, late to kindle, yet we took the fire!
When noble passion, like a prairie flame,
Swept through the nation, did it leave
the same

Swift-fading embers? Had it, mounting
higher,

Consumed the narrow spite, the selfish
creed

That cursed our councils, it were well
indeed!

Still hesitant, we stand to count the
cost,

To glean advantages, or to view with
dread

Some far, contingent peril seen ahead,
Till Valour Sickens, and the cause is
lost.

O God! Those voices from the fields of
sleep!

"We died to steal the faith they will
not keep!"

"Manners are often too much neglected;
they are most important to men, no less
than to women. . . Life is too short
to get over a bad manner; besides, man-
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"Keep good company, and you shall be
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McGruer, Taylor & Co.

The Stolen Bullion.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

Mr Henry Thornton, managing director of the Eclipse Shipping Company, sat impatiently at his desk in his comfortable but quietly furnished office in Liverpool.

He looked the picture of misery. The deep lines which contracted his massive forehead, and the continual rubbing of his hands through his dishevelled iron-grey hair, spoke only too plainly of great mental agitation.

Starting in the Eclipse Shipping Company 30 years ago, he had by dogged pluck and perseverance, risen to his present envied position, but now he had to acknowledge himself beaten.

For a month past a series of daring burglaries had taken place on their largest Atlantic liner, Stalwart, which defied even a man of Mr Thornton's ingenuity to penetrate.

A slight tap sounded on the door, and, in response to the manager's "Come in," a well-built smartly dressed young man of about twenty-five entered the room.

"Good morning, sir," he said briskly. The manager removed his pince-nez.

"Good morning, Strong," he replied, "I want to speak to you on a matter of grave importance to the firm, and therefore, I must ask for your word of honour not to repeat our conversation to any other member of the staff."

The young man nodded acquiescence. "I understand, Strong," continued the manager, "that you have just returned to the firm after serving over four years in the army on the intelligence staff, and, therefore, I thought that I couldn't do better than appeal to you for your advice on a matter which is seriously menacing the firm's good name."

"As no doubt you know," went on the manager quickly, "the Stalwart is our largest and most up-to-date liner, and, the last three trips this vessel has made, the specie-room has in some remarkable manner, which has defied all our experts, been successfully burgled."

"It is in the hope that you may be able to throw some new light on the mystery, that I have asked you here."

"I thank you sir, for your confidence," replied the young man, "but I must ask for further details. Can you tell me whether the whole of the contents have been taken on these occasions?"

"No, that's the peculiar part of it, but altogether articles and bullion to the value of two hundred thousand pounds have been stolen."

The young man whistled softly through his teeth.

"When does the Stalwart set sail again for New York?" he asked.

"To-morrow!"

"Well, could you give me a berth on the boat?"

"Most decidedly. In fact, I thought of suggesting very much, the same thing myself. Could you undertake a purser's job?"

"H'm, it's doubtful, but I'll try. That would suit me much better, as I could then get in direct touch with all the passengers and crew."

"Splendid!" ejaculated the manager. "I'll arrange everything with Mr Drake, the present purser, and you can talk things over with him."

Mr Thornton lifted himself slowly from his chair, and laid his hand on the young man's shoulder.

"I am very glad, Strong," he added, "that you have consented to make the trip as we have just been commissioned to deliver a consignment of diamonds of intrinsic value to a New York millionaire, and just now the newspapers are giving us a hot time. Therefore, I fervently trust that you will be able to clear up the mystery, and if you are successful, you may be sure that the firm will recognise your services."

"I will do my best, sir," replied the young man, straightening his broad shoulders. "I cannot say more."

The manager held out his hand, and his face brightened as the young man gripped it warmly.

"Thank you, Strong," he said, "I wish you success. Now," he added, as he opened the door, "if you will come along with me, I'll introduce you to Mr Drake, and he'll show you over the boat."

With that the two men left the room.

Precisely at eleven o'clock the Stalwart eased her moorings and drifted majestically away from the cosmopolitan crowd on the quay.

Soon she was making full steam ahead for Fishguard, where she would pick up the mails and a few more passengers before commencing her voyage across the vast Atlantic.

Many and arduous are the duties of a purser on a large Atlantic liner like the Stalwart, and Peter Strong soon found what a difficult and thankless task he had undertaken.

But after the first two days he began to settle down, and although he was still kept very busy, he managed to spare a few minutes every day during which time he would pay a hurried visit to the specie room to assure himself that the diamonds were still safely under lock and key.

And so the days passed wearily on without anything happening, and Peter Strong began to get a little despondent.

"I wonder," he murmured as he emerged from his office on the morning of the sixth day, "whether the thief I am looking for is aboard this vessel? I hardly think he can be, unless—"

He paused, thinking deeply, then with a slight shrug of his shoulders he walked on muttering to himself.

"No, it is impossible for anyone to have scented the real purpose of my trip."

"Well!" he added as he turned down a passage which led to the specie-room, "if he is not aboard I can at least find consolation in the fact that I have carried the diamonds safely to their destination."

By this time Strong had reached the specie-room, and, after fumbling for a moment inside his waistcoat, extracted a curiously shaped key which he was wearing next to his skin, and which was suspended from his neck by means of a thin cord.

He paused in front of the door and looked round.

The passage was quite clear.

Everybody was either up on deck or busy packing in their cabins.

"I'll just go inside and take those precious stones into my safe keeping," observed Peter, as he inserted the key in the lock.

He turned it sharply three times, and with a slight pressure the massive steel door swung inwards.

Stepping inside, he closed the door and carefully locked it.

The specie-room was a small one about fifteen feet square, and was strongly encased with thick steel.

Switching on the electric light, Peter gazed across to where he had previously placed the small case of diamonds.

"Great Scott," he muttered hoarsely, as he stood staring in front of him.

The diamonds had disappeared!

Then, as if he had suddenly taken leave of his senses he rushed blindly across the room, and commenced a hurried search of the shelf, but the diamonds seemed to have vanished into thin air.

"Well, this is the absolute limit!" exclaimed Peter scratching his head thoughtfully. "I'm certain the thief did not enter by the door, for I took the precaution before we sailed of having a lock fixed which I will defy the smartest cracksmen in the world to pick, and as for the key, I'm positive that a duplicate doesn't exist, for this one—he tapped his chest significantly—"hasn't left my person since I received it from the locksmith's."

He looked round the massive steel walls of the specie-room.

"If the thief did not come in by that door, how on earth did he enter?"

This was the question which kept running through the young man's mind.

"Well, it's no use standing here wasting precious moments," he muttered to himself. "Within eight hours we shall arrive at New York, and I must during that short period place the thief in irons."

He smiled ironically. The task seemed a stupendous one, but he set to work in a calm, cool, and methodical manner.

Carefully he examined the pigeon-hole in which the diamonds had lain before their sudden and mysterious disappearance.

For fully thirty minutes he worked silently and diligently, but still his efforts were not rewarded with even a slight clue.

Time was very precious, and with a sigh, narrowly approaching despair, he directed his attention to the back of the pigeon-hole, which also formed part of the wall of the specie-room.

Here the light was rather weak and Strong was forced to use his electric torch.

"Ah, that's better!" he murmured, as he began to examine the steel wall. "A little more light improves matters."

Suddenly his face flushed with excitement as he leaned forward to make a closer examination.

"Hullo, what's this?" he exclaimed aloud.

A thin, straight line was just discernible running down the wall at the back of the pigeon-hole.

With the aid of a powerful microscope he closely inspected it, but to his surprise, did not discover any foot-prints.

"H'm! That's peculiar!" observed Peter, rubbing his chin thoughtfully between his forefinger and thumb. "I wonder what is on the other side of this wall?" he added. "I'll make inquiries."

Fortune favoured Peter, for directly he left the specie-room, he ran full tilt into the chief steward.

"Good!" exclaimed Strong, catching hold of his coat sleeve. "Just the man I'm looking for."

The chief steward's face fell immediately. Evidently he expected some extra duties.

"Oh, it's all right, Manning," said Peter quickly. "I only want you to enlighten me on one or two facts."

The chief steward nodded.

"I want to know," continued Peter, "what is on the other side of the specie-room?"

"One of the second-class cabins."

"Do you know who occupies it?"

"Er—let me see," replied the chief steward, striking a thoughtful attitude and drumming his fingers against his forehead. "Ah, I know, Mr Turnbull!" he exclaimed suddenly.

"Mr Turnbull," echoed Peter.

"Yes, I remember the gentleman's name particularly, because this is the third time in succession he has travelled by this boat, and I am not likely to forget the shindy he kicked up on his first trip."

The chief steward emphasised his words by venomously ejecting a plug of tobacco which he had been chewing.

"Ho, this is getting interesting!" murmured Peter to himself. "And what was that about?" he asked aloud.

"Why, the old humbug would persist in having that room, although I explained that it was the smallest and the most uncomfortable of the second-class cabins. After considerable trouble I arranged it for him, and then, as if in thanks for my kindness, he complains to me about his bedroom steward, and asked if Hawkins could attend him instead. Well, purser, you know as well as I do that it is part and parcel of our business to make ourselves agreeable."

He paused as though expecting Peter to make some remark, but as no retort was forthcoming he continued:

"Of course, I sanctioned it, and ever since then the obstreperous Mr Turnbull has been satisfied, for I've had no further complaints."

"Has Mr Turnbull always occupied that room on the three occasions he has travelled by this boat?"

"Oh, yes!"

Peter Strong made as if to walk away, but he turned suddenly and flung over his shoulder:

"By the way, Manning, who is Hawkins? Is he smart at his work?"

Peter asked these questions nonchalantly, so as not to arouse the chief steward's suspicions.

"Oh, yes," replied Mainnig. "In fact, he is the smartest carpenter on my staff."

"Is that so, observed Strong, with a slight tilt of his eyebrows. "Thanks!"

With that the two men parted.

"Excellent!" muttered Peter as the chief steward disappeared down the passage. "The information I've just received puts a new light on the affair. I think I will continue my investigations in Mr Turnbull's cabin."

He walked down the passage, and paused in front of a dark-stained door.

"Ah, this is the one! I wonder if he is in." He rapped loudly on the door with his knuckles, and waited, but silence prevailed. He knocked again, still no answer.

"That settles it," he muttered. "The old boy is evidently up on deck. I must examine that room, so here goes."

With the aid of a skeleton key, Peter Strong soon had the door open, and peered cautiously inside.

The room was meagrely, but neatly furnished. Stepping inside, Peter closed the door and locked it; then he proceeded to measure the position where the tampered plate of the specie-room would back on to Mr Turnbull's cabin.

This done he next examined the panelling, but everything was above suspicion.

"Well," muttered Peter, as he produced a hammer and chisel from his coat pocket, "nothing venture nothing have."

As the last words fell from his lips the chisel commenced its deadly work on the

panelling, and large splinters of wood fell before the sharp instrument.

In a few minutes Peter had hacked away the woodwork, and leaned forward to survey the result of his labour.

"H'm!" he exclaimed. "Just what I imagined. It is a back door into the specie-room. But how on earth did he manage it? This was never done with a drill."

He leaned forward into the hole, and examined the plate.

The original plate had been ingeniously melted out with oxyhydrogen flame, and a false one shipped in its place.

"That's very clever work, indeed, Mr Turnbull," muttered Peter, to himself as he rose to his feet. "But it needed an assistant with an expert knowledge of carpentering to refix the panelling so skillfully. That explains the reason for the old scoundrel complaining about his bedroom steward, and asking for the services of Hawkins. It was—"

He stopped abruptly in his reflections, for footsteps could be heard coming along the passage. Hastily and silently Peter Strong ran across the room and placed a large divan chair in front of the hole he had just made.

The footsteps paused outside the door, and Peter looked round for a place of concealment as he heard a key being inserted in the lock.

To be discovered now would mean the ruin of all his plans.

The door was being opened, and muffled voices were plainly audible.

He must hide, but where—where?

Quickly he glanced round the room, and just managed to secret himself behind the divan as two men entered.

Peter ventured to take a surreptitious peep at his visitors.

The first man was a short, fleshy, overdressed individual, on whose chubby hands several diamonds flashed ostentatiously.

Immediately behind him followed another man, slightly taller, and dressed in the uniform of a bedroom steward.

The two men seated themselves at a small table directly opposite to where Peter lay concealed.

"Now, Hawkins," began the overdressed individual, placing a small case on the table, "how are we going to pass these diamonds through the customs?"

"Why not try the same method that we used before," suggested Hawkins.

"What! You mean the hollow crutches, and place the diamonds inside?"

"Yes."

"H'm! I'm afraid it can't be done. You see, I haven't time to trip up accidentally and hurt my leg sufficiently to need the use of crutches. Besides, it's risky to use the same method twice."

"There is no need to put yourself to such inconvenience, Mr Turnbull," said a quiet voice. "I can manage to pass them through the customs quite easily!"

With loud exclamations of astonishment the two men turned swiftly in their seats and gazed down the muzzle of a revolver which Peter had levelled at them over the top of the divan.

"The purser!" cried the bedroom steward hoarsely, and his limbs shook as if suffering from ague; but his companion swiftly regained his self-composure.

"Who gave you permission to enter my cabin?" he said sternly.

Peter Strong laughed.

"You were not in when I called so I entered without it."

As he spoke he pulled the divan aside without taking his eyes off the man.

"And this," he added, indicating the large hole in the panelling, "is the result of my visit."

Like a tiger at bay Turnbull sat fidgeting in his chair, his eyes gleaming, his lips twitching, and his short hair bristling with anger.

"Come! I can't stand looking at your ugly face any longer, Mr Turnbull, put up your hands!"

With a curse the man obeyed.

"Now, you miserable dupe," exclaimed Peter, flinging the steward, who by this time had almost fainted with fright, a pair of handcuffs, "just slip those bracelets on your confederate's wrists, and sharp's the word!"

The steward was too terrified to disobey, and a few seconds later he had securely handcuffed his companion.

Stepping across to the table, Peter placed the case of diamonds in his pocket, and then escorted the two men to another room, where they were put safely under lock and key.

Three weeks later the two men were deported to England, where Turnbull received a long term of imprisonment, which is likely to keep him out of mischief for many a long year. But, Hawkins, owing to the fact that he turned King's evidence, received a much lighter sentence.

Although Peter Strong was not able to account for all the articles and bullion stolen by Turnbull, he recovered best part of it, and he was very well satisfied with the fat cheque he received from Mr Thornton in payment for his services.

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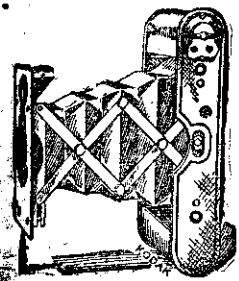
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WYNDHAM CRICKET CLUB.

ANNUAL MEETING.

Some 25 votaries of cricket attended the annual meeting of Wyndham Cricket Club, held on Monday evening, in Currie's sample room. The retiring President (Mr Jabez Golding) occupied the chair, and the proceedings throughout were marked with enthusiasm.

The following report and balance-sheet were read and adopted:—

REPORT.

After a lapse of several years, owing to the war, the Club was again organised. The meeting called for that purpose was well attended—not only by cricketers who intended taking an active part in the Club's activities, but also by those who had been keen participants in the game during bygone years.

The ground had to be put in order; and this caused a considerable outlay—new material having to be procured, etc. The Club thus had to face a heavy strain; but, thanks to the interest manifested by the "old hands," with whom the enthusiasm for cricket still remains young, financial stress was lightened by liberal donations to the funds.

Thanks are also due to Mr William Stevenson, for kindly screening a picture entertainment in aid of the Club's exchequer.

The revival of cricket in our midst led to a most important result: the appointment of a caretaker for the whole of the Recreation Reserve. So far, the experiment has proved an undoubted success; and, for the short time that the caretaker has been engaged, a wonderful change has been effected. Our sports grounds are now an ornament to the town, and are pointed out to visitors with a feeling of pride.

The practices were well attended throughout the season. A number of good matches were played, in addition to the Mercantile Shield fixtures. Our Club succeeded in winning the Mercantile Shield (which carried with it the Southland cricket premiership for the season).

Although the members of our team had to do more than their fair share of travelling in order to fulfil engagements, they always managed to get away, even if it occasioned inconvenience in order to do so. The Club owes its warmest thanks to those enthusiastic friends of the game who so kindly placed their motor cars at the disposal of the team when proceeding to matches away from home.

In the Southland v. Otago inter-provincial home-and-home matches, the Wyndham men McBeath Bros. (Dan, Allick and Gordon) and Tom Bogue were successful in being included in the Southland representative XI for either one of these important fixtures. The Wyndham skipper, Dan McBeath, headed both batting and bowling averages for Southland.

The committee would ask members to consider the advisability or otherwise of raising the subscription. The price of material has more than doubled; and the committee believe that players will therefore consider this suggestion favourably, in order to keep the club free of debt.

BALANCE-SHEET.

Receipts.—A. W. Draper, discount 3s; collections (2), players, £2 5s and 15s; Stevenson's picture entertainment, £1 15s 4d; P.O. a/c, £3 11s 4d; proceeds of dance, 25 5s; subscriptions, £41 13s 6d; non-members' tickets, 15s; dr balance, £7 16s 11d.—£64 0s 1d.

Expenditure.—R. Winter, £1 7s; Chas. Hunt, £1 7s; J. A. Doig, £21 14s 4d; Wm. Wilson, £4 4s; Sports Depot, £11 10s; A. W. Draper, £6; affiliation fee, £1 1s; E. Lister £4 11s; A. and W. McCarthy, 10s; caretaker, £2 10s; Ferguson Bros., £1 17s 6d; printing and advertising, £1 12s; dance, £8 17s 11d; expense a/c, £1 18s 4d.—£64 0s 1d.

Assets.—Net, 3 bats in good order, 2 balls, 7 pads, 6 balls, 7 wickets, pair keeping gloves, 1 batting glove, 1 bag, score book.

Liabilities.—£7 16s 11d.

ELECTIONS.

The following officers were elected:—Patrons, Major Stanley Rice, Messrs Jas. McLauchlan, Henry Ives, Chas. E. Davey, and W. J. Currie; president, Mr D'Arcy N. Raymond; vice-presidents, Messrs G. H. Gifford, J. Golding, Henderson, Hunter, Chris. Finlayson (life member), and D. McBeath, sen.; captain, T. P. Bogue, vice-captain, Dan McBeath; secretary and treasurer, Andy Wilson (re-elected); general committee, Harold McBeath, Will Leitch, Jas. Brown, Fred. Lindsay, and Gerald Bogue; selectors, the captain, vice-captain, and Harold McBeath; auditor, Henderson Hunter; delegates to Southland Cricket Association, the President and Mr Chas. E. Davey.

Owing to the unavoidable absence of the newly-elected President, Mr Golding remained in the chair.

GENERAL.

After a free discussion it was unanimously resolved that the annual subscription be increased from 10s to £1 for senior members, and from 5s to 7s 6d for those under 18 years of age.

The matter of club colours was introduced by the Chairman; and, during the free discussion which ensued, the opinion was voiced that the time was opportune for endeavouring to secure the co-operation of the whole of the local sports clubs in having uniform colours, so that the "Wyndham" caps, blazers, jerseys, and ribbons would be familiarly recognised either at home or abroad.—On the motion of Dr Baird, a resolution was affirmed to convene a meeting of delegates from the various clubs interested to endeavour to have this proposal put into effect.

On the motion of Messrs Jas. Hannan and W. Leitch, it was resolved that the Club give fullest encouragement to a second grade eleven; and, in the event of no Association competitions being arranged for junior teams, to seek engagements with the surrounding country clubs.—The Chairman said the idea appealed to him very much, in the interests of the younger players especially. "Evening" matches could be played, say, at Glenham, Mataura Island, or Seaward Downs, during the longer summer days.—The secretary was requested to communicate with neighbouring clubs.

Wednesday, October 6, was fixed upon as opening day.

NIBBLES.

It is in the midst of life that we are in debt.

"What is fame?"

"The nettle-encircled handle at which thou cluthest, which ends in a gold plate on thy coffin-lid, my friend."

Nature has endowed women with cunning to compensate them for their lack of physical strength; that is why women fear no rival but woman.—Seven Journeys. By Dorota Flatau.

There are cats one challenges peremptorily. Others for cause. Serena is the kind of cat one would naturally dislike at sight, unless committed to all cats.—The Great Desire. By Alexander Black.

"It seems to me," said Marthe, with the wisdom that the simple heart acquires with pain and travail, "that in this world a woman's only chance of happiness is if she loves. Being loved doesn't make her so. . . Love's a fire, so it must have fuel to keep it alight, but a woman's fire needs very little, and that is rather a good thing perhaps, for she seldom gets much."—The Journey Home. By Sybil Lethbridge.

In London, when a gentlewoman becomes distressed—which she seems to do on the slightest provocation—she collects about her two or three other distressed gentlewomen, forming a quorum, and starts a tea-shop in the West-end, which she calls Ye Oak Leaf, Ye Olde Willow-Pattern, Ye Linden-Tree, or Ye Snug Harbour, according to personal taste. There, dressed in Tyrolean, Japanese, Norwegian, or some other exotic costume, she and her associates administer refreshments of an afternoon with a proud languor calculated to knock the nonsense out of the cheeriest customer.—A Damsel in Distress. By P. G. Wodehouse.

There are only really two classes in the world—the bounders and the others.—The Odd Hint to the R.A.F. By "Wing Commander."

The male fleas are much smaller than their mates. The females are not only ruthless in attacking their hosts, but very pugnacious towards each other. They occasionally assemble in small colonies, as, for instance, in a cat's or dog's ear, but not for long. There is a dispute in the family, and dissolution follows.—Wonders of Insect Life. By J. H. Crabtree.

An average young man in the shade is better than a hundred fairy princes in the clouds.—Happy House. By Baroness von Hutten.

A woman in love is—just a woman in love. At heart, when you get right down to fundamentals, all women are the same.

He addresses all women under thirty as "My dear." This he does partly on principle and partly because he thinks, being women, that they like it. So they do, unfortunately—most of them.—Invisible Tides. By Beatrice Kean Seymour.

DIGGERS!

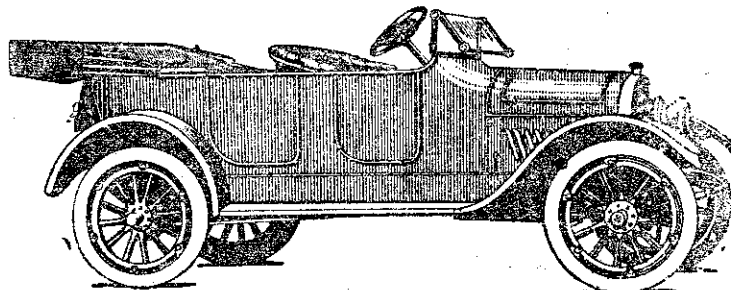
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ELECTRIC POWER BOARD.**Auditor-General's Letter, Legal Expenses and "The Digger."**

The usual meeting of the Electric Power Board was held on Tuesday last, present, Mr A.W. Rodger, Chairman; Messrs Hinchey, Fowler, Buckman, R. A. Anderson, Norman, Fraser, Bowmar, Cody and Young. An apology was received from Mr Rodger of Tapanui. Minutes of previous meeting were read and confirmed.

Under the heading of "Business held over from last meeting," the Auditor-General's communication and the question of legal costs were discussed. Regarding the Auditor-General's communication, the Chairman stated that it should be held over. The amendment to the Electric Power Board's Act was not through Parliament yet. As soon as it was through, it would dispense with the Auditor's objection to the expenses of the Chairman being paid by the Board during his trip abroad.

A member: What is our own solicitor's view on the matter?

Chairman: Our solicitors advise that the Act gives ample power, but the amending bill will dispense with any possible objection from the Auditor.

Mr Fowler: We should deal with the position as it stands to-day. We have had no power to make the arrangements and we should see that we are in accordance with the act as it is at present.

At this stage members considered that they could do nothing as no action would be taken until the bill was through.

Mr Fowler: Better policy on our part to acknowledge communication from Auditor.

The Chairman stated that it had been acknowledged and referred to the solicitors.

Mr Fowler: But we have confirmed the position regarding the Chairman's trip home. The business was done in committee, and confirmed at a later meeting.

It was eventually decided to hold the matter over until the Bill was through. Mr Fowler voting against it.

Legal Costs.—Moved by Mr Hinchey, seconded by Mr Bowmar that the Board go into committee. Carried. While in committee the Chairman reported the financial negotiations which had taken place.

Board resumed in open meeting. Correspondence as follows was placed before the Board.

1. Ohai Railway Board, Otago, 16th September, re Power Board's application for loan of rails for Tuatapere siding, and advising that the Ohai Railway Board had no rails to spare.

The Chairman stated that the Board had no rails to spare. They had communicated with the Government, who also advised that no rails were available.

2. Invercargill Returned Soldier's Association, 16th September, forwarding resolution passed by the Association regarding Board's action in not giving preference to Southland men for the more lucrative positions in the Board's employ.

The Chairman explained that the men who were employed have had great experience in this class of work.

Mr Hinchey: There is no need to import men from Australia! This should be impressed upon the Board. The Engineers did the wrong thing. They should have had some consideration for the Board and not placed the Board in the unfortunate position it is placed in.

Mr Norman: Are these men constantly employed? There are reports that they are not. The Assistant could surely have been obtained locally. I think the policy of the Board should be to obtain local men where possible!

The Chairman: There are a number of Southland men in the Board's employ, and some are getting very fair wages.

On being asked a question by a member, Mr Campbell (secretary), stated that the clerks were working for the Construction Department and were busily engaged in making a copy of the books, the same as we have for their own department.

Mr Anderson: The Engineers were instructed to give local men a chance? It was ultimately decided to reply to the R.S.A. along these lines.

3. Anderson's Ltd., Lyttelton, September 23rd, advising that their price for the portion of the ironwork for Waiau Suspension Bridge allotted to them was £1514.

4. Lawrence and Hanson Electrical Co., Ltd., Wellington, September 23rd: Confirming the Board's order for the supply of 36,000 only 11,000 volt insulators.

5. Hay and Vickerman, Wellington, September 23rd: Re the general conditions in connection with the contracts for

generators. Transformers and switchgear for Monowai scheme.

6. Patterson and Barr, Ltd., Dunedin, September 24th: Asking to be supplied with a copy of the Specifications for the steel pipe for which tenders are being called.

7. Hay and Vickerman, Wellington, 18th September: Notifying that they had forwarded specifications for supply of generators, switchgear, transformers, insulators, etc. to a number of New Zealand firms.

8. J. A. Wallace and Co. Wellington, 18th September, asking the price of the accepted tender for poles.

9. The Editor, "The Digger," 21st September: Asking when it would be convenient for him to see the Minutes of the Board.

The Chairman explained that Section 33 of the Electric Power Board's Act provides that the Minute-book of the Board shall be kept in the office of the Board, and shall be open for inspection, without fee, during all office hours, by any member of the Board or by any creditor or elector of the district, so that the Editor of "The Digger" could not have the right to see the Minutes in his capacity as editor.

Mr Anderson: I move that it be left to the Chairman to arrange with the Editor.

Mr Fowler: Why leave it to the Chairman; we should decide now? There is no reason why he should not see the minutes.

Mr Bowmar: There are things which ought not to be published, but no harm can be done in granting permission.

Mr Hinchey: The Editor of "The Digger" will do the right thing.

The Chairman: I am sure he will. It is not advisable that everything should be public.

Mr Fowler: I am not ashamed at anything and I move that permission be granted.

Mr Anderson: I have already moved that.

Permission was ultimately granted.

11. Richardson, McCabe and Co., Wellington, September 20th: Asking for the price of the accepted tender for Insulators.

12. Richardson, McCabe and Co., September 20th: Same request as above in the case of pole iron-work.

13. H.M. Trade Commissioner Wellington, September 20th: Forwarding copies of various publications regarding electric power supply, etc. from the Department of Overseas Trade, London.

14. P. R. Baillie and Co., Wellington, September 21st: Asking if anything further had been done in the matter of the Board's copper requirements.

15. W. Welton and Co., Wellington, 21st September: Forwarding particulars of "Concentrol" Wood Preservative, and asking whether the Board desired to obtain a supply of same.—Referred to Engineers.

16. Bruce Railway and Coal Co. Ltd., Dunedin, September 23rd: Acknowledging receipt of the Board's acceptance of their tender for rata cross arms.

17. G. Howes and Co., Dunedin, September 24th: Offering to the Board various quantities of high-grade Hardwoods just received by them from Sydney.—Referred to Engineers.

18. Varney, Secretary, Y.M.C.A. Wellington, September 25th: Notifying that Mr Edmond would visit Invercargill in connection with the Y.M.C.A. welfare work at the Construction Camp.—Held over pending further communication.

19. Chairman, Edendale Town Board, 25th September as follows: "It is the intention of this Town Board to purchase electric current in bulk from the Edendale Motor Garage Co., and to fetterulate it throughout the Town Board area. The Town Board has not yet entered into a definite agreement with the Motor Garage Co., and before it does so, and before it does anything definite in the way of construction, it desires to get such information from the Power Board as will enable the Edendale Town Board to fully meet the requirements and regulations of the Power Board. On behalf of the Town Board, therefore, I beg to request that the Power Board will place one of its electrical engineers at the disposal of the Town Board in order to advise it of (1) the class and gauge, etc. of wire, insulators and other fittings that the Board should use; (2) the quantities and class of poles required and also price and date of arrival of same; (3) such other information as will enable the Town Board to carry out the work in such a

way as will enable it to make use of the power in bulk from the Power Board, when available, without further alterations or expense to the Town Board in the system that it proposes to put in now."

Note: The Town Board has ordered the following through the Power Board, contingent upon a vote of the ratepayers being in favour of their proposal: 8 thirty-five foot poles; 132 twenty-five foot poles; 200 seven foot ¾ x ¾ Blue Gum Arms; 50 ten foot ¾ x ¾ Blue Gum Arms.—Referred to Engineers.

20. Carrick Wedderspoon and Co., Christchurch, September 24th: Asking to be advised of the contract price and exchange basis of the accepted tender for insulators.

10. Wallace County Council, Otago, September 20th: Stating that the Clifden-Tuatapere Road, which is now under control of the Board, was in a dangerous condition, and asking the Board to have the road improved and made safe for traffic.—Referred to Engineers.

Under the heading "General Business" Mr Hinchey suggested that the Board should supply electricity to the centre of gravity in each township or borough, should they desire it. After a good deal of discussion it was referred to the Engineer for report.

Mr R. A. Anderson considered the Board should set up a Finance Committee and moved accordingly, suggesting Messrs Hinchey, Fowler and Fraser as the Committee.—Carried.

An application was received requesting the Board to install a telephone at the Electrical Engineer's House. Members generally took the view that as the Engineer was in the employ of Messrs Hay and Vickerman, they should not pay the cost. It was decided to leave the matter with the Chairman.

Accounts amounting to £2,596 12s 9d were passed for payment.

NOTES FROM CALCIUM.

Wanted Urgently.—Some more "Digger" subscribers in this area. Who will be first?

Personal.—Our self-elected mayor is enjoying his usual robust health, thank you. During the past few weeks he has exercised himself by cycling to town to see the intro-pro. matches. It is understood that it was only the strong easterly of last week that prevented his wheeling to Dunedin to see the Otago-Southland stunt.

Public Health.—Measles are epidemic. A dozen families are affected but the trouble is confined to children. Parents dread the east wind as it always seems to be laden with juvenile complaints. In view of the approaching school examination the children are not appreciating their period of invalidity.

General.—The Southland Farmers' Co-operative Association is on the war-path. Meetings have been arranged throughout the Western District. Calcium is booked for October 20th, when Messrs Smith and Simpson will place matters of interest before the district farmers.

A goodly number of Calciumites visited Otahuti on Friday last to assist at the football social. The Otahuti footballers are excellent hosts, and the evening passed away very pleasantly. A happy feature of the proceedings was the hearty reception accorded to vocal performers. It is to be hoped that Cashier McFadyen can show a healthy surplus as a result of the function.

Our local young ladies are practising trick cycling in the moonlight. A public performance is anticipated. If it eventuates our hall will not hold the crowd.

A trip through the districts of Orawia, Clifden and Tuatapere proves the penetrating power of this journal. It is good to know that the folk in these scenic regions are keen supporters of "The Digger," and that as a result of their reading it is not necessary to tell them anything about the vagaries of the Electric Power Board, or to mention the fact that football had a real good run this season in the Central District generally, and in Otahuti and Calcium particularly.

Calcium fishers are overhauling their tackle with a view to whipping the streams on the 1st October. Mr Duke can be expected to extract a decent bag if the conditions are at all favourable. This gentleman has had a very lengthy experience in Southland waters, and is a past master at the game.

If anglers draw a blank in the Jacob's River, they can be assured of consolation and comfort at Colin Aitchison's. An hour there will give them fresh heart to face the shingly stretches towards Ringway.

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SCHOOL COMMITTEES' ASSOCIATION.

The usual monthly meeting of the Association was held recently. Present: Mr Preddy (Chairman), Messrs Gordon Murray, Anderson and Blake.

Correspondence was received from Riverton School Committee intimating that they would join the Association.

Resignation of Mr Chalmers of Rye Bush owing to inability to attend. It was decided to accept it with regret, and the Riverton Committee to nominate a delegate for the vacancy on the executive.

A good deal of discussion centred around the necessity for all school committees joining the Association. Education is now assumed considerable magnitude and school committees must play a more important part in educational activity.

Nothing could be accomplished unless the committees were a united body and the Association had the unanimous backing of every association in Southland. The Association had now linked itself up with the Federation and during the last conference a great deal of valuable work was done.

The question of organisation was important and the advisability of having associations distributed throughout the country seemed necessary. It was decided to send a circular to committees pointing out the good work the Association had done and asking for their loyal co-operation.

Passing Notes.

BY JACQUES.

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

Beecham has come a cropper over his operatic venture. A Beecham spill, as it were.

A woman dropped dead in a northern shop a few days ago. Possibly she had just been told some of the latest prices.

More newspaper arithmetic. According to the "News" the expenditure in connection with Prince Charming's recent visit to Invercargill was £10,962 4s 8d; various receipts, £1631 1s 5d; Dr. balance, £365.

Another instance from the same. An aeroplane, carrying a pilot and five passengers nose-dived to the ground. "Four were killed," and the only survivor terribly injured. Perhaps the pilot didn't count.

The "Otago Daily Times"—possibly as an indication of its opinion of things Irish—always spells the famous hunger-striker's name "McSwiney." On his present dietary (water, carbonate of soda, etc.), however, he cannot be considered as much of a hog.

A sewing machine man was recently picked up at Auckland in a badly battered and insensible condition. The case is most mysterious. If it had been an insurance agent, tax collector, or book fiend we could have understood it.

Bill, my next-door neighbour, has not much in the way of looks to thank Providence for. About five feet high and the same around, with a bald head, red face, and promiscuous sort of whiskers, but a good fellow withal. He has many troubles, which he unfailingly brings to me—when I am not successful in dodging him. Last Sunday he captured me in my garden. I noted his gloomy face with apprehension, but there was no escape, so I set my teeth and prepared to endure. For a few minutes he smoked in moody silence, and then suddenly opened out: "Look 'ere, Jax, I'm about fed up with them blanky picture shows. Tell yeh 'ow it is. At one time me an' the old woman used to get on well together. I useter think a lot of 'er—an' so I do still—an' I know she looked on me as pretty passable as an 'usband an' a father. In those days things was rather tight, so we didn't bother the picture shows much. But since I got me rise an' bonus, and things 'ave been a bit easier like, the old woman's taken to goin' to the pictures about twice a week or so. I don't mind that in itself—I like to see 'er enjoyin' 'erself, an' I can afford the expense now. But what riles me is the 'igh-fainged notions she's gettin' through seein', too much of those blanky picture stars, with their nice clean looks an' smart clothes. She looks dissatisfied with me now, an' though she don't say very much, I know she's always wonderin' why I'm not a cross between Francis Bushman an' Douglas Fairbanks, with a dash of Tom Mix or Bill Hart thrown in. Dammit, I tell 'er I can't 'elp being short an' fat (I've no delusions about myself), but it's no uster try an' reason with a woman. She seems some'ow to think I'm to blame for bein' me, an' not one of those long-legged, curly-headed, clean-shaved tykes on the screen. An' the way she sniffs at my dangerees—the good honest dungarees that I earn 'er and the kiddies' bread an' butter in is enough to break a fellow's 'eart. Thinks I ought to 'ave a swallow-tailed coat and a white shirt front the size of a Union Jack. An' she's always grumblin' because we 'aven't got a motor car, an' lots of other things. Oh, hell, Jax, those pictures 'ave got me wet." I understood, and tried to cheer him up, but he moved off, dejected and disconsolate.

It would seem that on the butter question, as on so many others, Labour does not know exactly what it wants, but is determined to get it. In a recent report of the proceedings of the Butter Prices Committee, among those invited to give evidence and suggestions, the New Zealand Alliance of Labour stated darkly that they did not consider the time yet ripe for action. Nor did they give any hint as to when that same unripe time would be ready for plucking. The Wel-

lington Trades and Labour Council was in favour of the farmers having free right to export and to raise local prices as high as may be, provided (oh, glorious merry-go-round!) the wages of the workers were raised commensurately. To this view the Canterbury Trades and Labour Council is stubbornly opposed. Whatever prices ruled in other world markets, on no account should they be allowed to levitate here. It did not show that it had any clear idea as to how that undesirable probability was to be prevented, though it seemed to think that something might be done by "dealing it out" as solidly as possible to land agents. Truly, they have some clear thinkers in the Labour Parties—only somehow they persist in thinking clearly along widely different and divergent lines. And "who shall decide when doctors disagree."

I see that the editor of this paper has issued his fiat—in future no letter to him (as editor) must exceed three hundred words. I doubt the wisdom of his decision, and hope that he will reconsider it. One of the most useful and attractive features of the modern newspaper is its correspondence column; as a vehicle for the ventilation of wrongs, the spread of information, and the interchange of ideas it is without peer. And there is no question that many of the contributions appearing therein often reach a high level of literary excellence. To compel the compression of every letter to within the compass of three hundred words will be to largely destroy its possible literary quality and argumentative force. One cannot get much of either into such a brief screed. Of course our editor's object is to curb prolixity. But (provided that the subject under discussion is of sufficient general interest and unnecessary repetition is avoided) is prolixity, after all, always undesirable? It is a quality that enters largely into some of our finest literature; Dickens, Scott, Thackeray, Goldsmith, Sterne, and many other of our foremost writers were very prolix, judged by present-day tabloid standards. Yet, strip the works of, say, Dickens of their unnecessary verbiage and you lose most of their charm. The plot, the incidents—all of the essentials of the story are there, but, shorn of their beautiful wordy raiment, their stark nakedness has little of attraction for us. So with our newspaper correspondence. The very way in which a letter is worded will often command more interest than even the theme itself. Moreover a little latitude in the matter of space gives a controversialist a better chance to avoid that seeming of offence that the necessarily abrupt tone of a briefer epistle might convey. It is much pleasanter for all concerned when the editor gives one sufficient space to dub one's opponent's statements "terminological inexactitudes" instead of "d—d lies."

It must not be assumed from the foregoing that I deny brevity its full share of merit. Brevity is something more than the soul of wit; there are times and circumstances when it rises to an exalted place among the virtues, and others in which it represents the highest form of wisdom. "Cit!" said the Yankee householder, as he rammed his revolver in the face of the burglar. "You bet!" replied the burglar—and "got." Now this conversation was quite complete; to have enlarged it would have been "wasteful and ridiculous excess." In business and official circles brevity is esteemed a virtue; the rule is to decide what you want to say and then say it in as few words as will cover the ground. Even in domestic, or family, correspondence that rule may be employed with advantage, as witness the epistolary interchange between John Steel and his mother: "Dear Mother,—I'm in quod.—Yours, John Steel." Now that note, brief as it was, fully subserved its purpose. It conveyed the fact of recent misfortune, his then present detention and whereabouts, and a delicate intimation that some form of assistance—probably pecuniary—was expected and would be appreciated. Had he filled quires he could have said no more. The virtue of John's brevity had its reward—as virtue always does, according to the picture show and the penny novelette

Promptly came the equally brief answer: "Dear Son,—So am I.—Yours, Mary Steel." Like John's own, her few pregnant words told all that she wished to tell or that he desired to know. She had received his letter; she evidently deplored his plight, but, being also unfortunate, it was not in her power to assist him in any way, etc. etc. It is such instances as this which compel one to acknowledge the value at times of verbal frugality.

KINGS AND PRINCES I HAVE MET. PRINCE PASCO.

In this Prince we have one of the most bewildering and baffling cases of dual personality yet recorded in the annals of science. Like Dr Jekyll and Mr Hide, he not only undergoes frequent changes in physical appearance, but his name also varies in correspondence. Sometimes he is very dark, and has three days stubble on his face, and looks at you as though he didn't think much of you, and would like to go to sleep again, anyway. On these occasions you must mind your p's and q's, and address him as "Ange." At others he is distinctly taller and fairer, with a clean shave and a friendly, if somewhat supercilious smile, and a habit of overloading the cash register with shelds. Then, if you would avoid offence, you must call him "Joe"—with just the proper dash of respect in your tone and manner. Sometimes his changes are so swift that if you offer him a glass of beer as "Ange," you are startled to find that it is as "Joe" that he drinks it.

Early in life His Highness developed an interest in commercial affairs, and to-day he may be regarded as our foremost collector of and dealer in curios. He has his own fleet of ships, which day and night scour the briny deep in search of treasure for him. Not diamonds or rubies, bric-a-brac, works of Art, or other things of that kind; these are trash to him. He flies at higher game; such rare and priceless things as groper, flounders, blue cod, oysters, etc. Also mutton birds—which, for rarity and price, rank today with the bird-of-paradise. Incredible as it may appear to the present generation, there was a time when these things were so plentiful and cheap that people—even the working classes—used to eat them. In fact, at the risk of being branded as an untrustworthy exaggerator, I will go so far as to say that they formed quite a common article of diet in God's Own Country.

I can bring proof of this if desired. To-day, as you all know, that man is considered fortunate indeed, who can afford a stuffed mullet for the show case on his mantelpiece, while, if he has a life-sized groper there he is held guilty of vulgar ostentation. As for eating them—well, we would as soon think of eating angels. Sic transit gloria mundi et Friday. Impelled by my usual insatiable thirst for knowledge I recently waited on His Highness to learn from him, if possible, the why and wherefore of the present disagreeable thushness of things in his particular domain. Receiving no response to my repeated knocks, I at length boldly opened the door and entered—to find myself at once in the Prince's beautiful marble lined museum and art-treasury, in which were lavishly displayed soles, trevally, trumpeter, and many other evidences of the Prince's vast wealth. The Prince himself stood gazing at the latest addition to his wonderful collection—a lovely, fat, three foot groper—with the same expression of rapturous exultation as we may imagine on the face of a Ruskin discovering a rare gem from the brush of a Raphael or a Carpaccio. I then understood why my knocking had been unnoticed. I waited awhile, out of respect for his evident artistic temperament, and then gently coughed, to attract his attention. He turned quickly at the sound and, apologetic for his seeming discourtesy, demanded to know what the devil I wanted. I replied, with becoming respect, that, in the interests of the general public and my own attenuated stomach, I desired to learn why it was that fish prices persisted in smashing the altitude records of even our most daring airmen. He explained that it was chiefly due to the increased price of worms. I could not accept this explanation as sufficient, and pointed out that the weekly market reports had not yet shown, so far as I knew, any phenomenal inflation in worm values. He then admitted that there were other factors in operation—such as the price of fish-hooks, etc. I was still far from satisfied, which he, no doubt, perceived, for he added hastily, as a sort of afterthought, "Rockefeller." I was mystified, until he explained that it was through that arch-soundrel that petrol was so expensive. This seemed more satisfactory, though I must confess that I had hitherto been ignorant of the value of benzine or distillate as part of the dietary of fishes.

Seeing that the Prince was wearying of questions I prepared to withdraw. I was loth to depart, however, without some memento of my visit, so taking out my bloated wallet I asked to be supplied with one of his piscine curios. He looked with contempt on the temerity I laid before him, and asked me if I would have an oyster or a whitebait. I said I would prefer a whitebait, provided the Prince would condescend to open and clean it and otherwise prepare it for mounting. This he kindly did, and to-day that whitebait, framed and glazed, is cherished by my wife as the rarest and most precious of her drawing-room treasures.

SCIENCE NOTES.

Before the war the knowledge of the average man with regard to poison gases was not an extensive one. Poisons were associated in his mind with the chemist's shop, the extermination of rats, a post-mortem, or with a murder case. Prussic acid was the best known. The young man blighted in love raised the phial of this accursed drug to his lips, and so deadly was its vapour that he passed over, as the Spiritualists say, ere his lips came in contact with the liquid.

The only poison gas commonly known was the domestic sort, which certainly had a detrimental effect on the system when (in absence of a lighted taper) it was turned full on in a badly ventilated room.

But the war has changed all this. The Germans made use of poison gases as a weapon of war, the Allies retaliated, and a new art of warfare, the science of gassing, came into being. To Dr Haber, whose work on gases gained for him the Nobel Prize in Chemistry of last year, much of the development of this art is to be ascribed.

The first use of poison-gas in warfare was made in April 1915. The gas used was chlorine. This gas was liquefied behind the line in large heavy cylinders. These were carried into position by perspiring Teutons, and disposed at regular intervals along the line. At a given signal, on a day of favourable wind, the gas was released among our men. The result we knew. There was great indignation at home, because this act was clearly and blatantly at variance with the terms of the Hague Convention, but in France among our men there was even greater anger. Emergency respirators of a kind were rapidly improvised, but many thousands of our men were killed by the gas, and many of the survivors suffered most terrible agonies. These first respirators were merely pads of material tied round the mouth, not unlike what a Dickensian character might wear if he were suffering from a sore throat or a badly stopped tooth on a cold day. They were more effective when moistened, but they were not a striking success.

We ourselves began to use gas in September 1915. It was a great secret, and it was so well kept that the first intimation many of us had of our intention to use gas came from those at home who were serving their country by making it. About this time many artillery units found themselves digging numerous small dug-outs in the front line, just sufficiently large to accommodate "a general and one staff officer." Most units set to work without putting any but a literal interpretation on this somewhat extraordinary order. These dug-outs were for the accommodation of our cylinders of chlorine.

At the same time there appeared a new brand of brothers in the Corps of Royal Coloured Corporals, partly because of the Engineers. They were nicknamed the armlet of many colours which they wore, and partly because the lowest rank in the company was that of corporal. These men were for the most part excellent chemists in private life, but in war their duty was to handle the heavy cylinders of chlorine (familiarily termed Rodger), and to release the gas at the required moment. Many an infantryman or gunner watching these men, felt glad that at school chemistry had not been in the curriculum.

But the use of cylinders of poison gas was open to many objections. The cylinders were not only very cumbersome, but they were extremely vulnerable. (They went off when struck by an enemy shell, even though they weren't manufactured for that purpose). In addition the opportune discharge of gas depended on the slope of the country in front of the front line, and on the shape of the trenches and on the direction and velocity of the wind. Even then, after much palaver over the 'phone, and the alteration of the zero hour because of "conditions" the discharged gas not infrequently did some harm to our own troops as they went over to the attack.

In consequence shell and trench-mortar bombs, and even hand-grenades were filled with poison, and then fired into the

enemy's midst. These had no back effect, and so long as they fell approximately at the chosen spot they were effective.

For success in attacking by gas, one of the most important things was to maintain a high concentration of the poison in the air around. One part of a gas in a thousand of air when maintained was considered a high concentration, and indeed one part in ten thousand with most poison gases was quite effective. One would imagine that the denser the gas being equal, because it would lie in trenches and in shell-holes where soldiers were; but it must be remembered that all poison gases soon became very diluted by the air around, and the density of the mixture, therefore, after a time, could not be very different from that of air itself.

What did the scientific organiser of warfare consider to be the most important features of a gas? First of all, the ease with which the necessary large quantities of the gas could be made, and the convenience with which it could be transported; secondly, the effect of the gas when inhaled by the soldier, and the difficulty the other side might have in providing adequate protection against it.

The best known of the gases used were chlorine, phosgene, mustard gas, and chloropicrin, but many more, described by long chemical formulae and even longer chemical names, were used by both sides. The element of surprise was an important tactical point, and it was considered clever to send over a new gas of which the other side was ignorant, and against which they had provided their soldiers with no protection.

Chlorine, as everyone knows who has inhaled it, even in small doses, has a most irritating effect on the throat and lungs. It is, however, a simple and honest poison. You may see it coming, and avoid it. Further, either you get it or you don't get it. With phosgene, on the other hand, you are never quite sure where you are. Although its effect is less irritating than chlorine, it has a delayed physiological action. It may be breathed apparently with impunity, but the trouble comes later.

Chloropicrin was one of the chief lachrymators or weeping gases, and was used effectively, even at a concentration of one part in a million, against troops doing any work in which weeping rather interfered with things. Mustard gas was an irritant which even in very small amounts had a very inflammatory effect on the skin, the more insidious because it was not immediate. It produced serious sores at the parts affected, notably on the eyes, leading to many cases of permanent blindness, and to an enormous number of cases of temporary blindness.

These are the best known, but more irritating and more deadly gases were being experimented with towards the end of hostilities. It is rather curious that prussic acid, which is associated in most minds with sudden death, was used so little. The reason for this is that, except in large concentration, its effect is very mild. Also it is a very simple gas to secure protection from with a respirator.

The first respirator issued to our troops after the original mouth-pad had been superseded, consisted of a flannel helmet with mica eyepieces, which was pulled over the head and tucked in under the collar. Impregnated in the flannel was a solution of "hypo" and other materials for absorbing the chlorine. Later patterns of this type were provided with glass windows for the eyes, and a rubber valve for exhaling the breathed air. After a time a box respirator was introduced, and this completely superseded the helmet type. This respirator consisted of a small box filled with granules of specially prepared charcoal, which was guaranteed to absorb nearly every kind of poison gas known. It was connected with the piece that covered the face by a flexible rubber tube. A clip gripped the nose in a most convincing manner. The breathing in and out was done through the mouth by means of suitable valves.

It was a simple device, comfortable enough, and everyone who was in France had the pleasure of drilling in it. It gave complete protection against most of the poison gases used, and when the charcoal deteriorated it could be easily replaced.

It is the opinion of a speaker at the last meeting of the British Association that poison-gas warfare is not so inhuman as it is commonly supposed to be. The argument was, that granted that human beings must die or suffer so that military objects may be gained, then such objects may be attained by the use of poison gas with less loss of life and permanent injury than by the employment of high explosives.

We agree, but we hope that this type of warfare is ended for ever.

A. S. RUSSELL

GORDON BROWN.

Those in search of houses and farm lands cannot do better than consult me. I shall at all times do my best to find properties that are fair value and give your finance at lowest current rate of interest.

10.—Very superior seven-roomed slab-tile grates, art mantels, picture and wide freizes; commodious room. Full 1-acre freehold in handy town. Terms: £300 down, balance cash, balance 6 per cent.

11.—Comfortable six-roomed house; c. water; one-eighth acre freehold area. A handy home. Terms: cash, balance 6 per cent.

12.—Twelve acres freehold land; new five-roomed house, cowbyre, trap shed, etc. Close to factory and only 3 1/2 miles from Invercargill Office.

13.—Special new five-roomed Bungalow with porcelain bath and panelled half-acre freehold land with ample room for another house. Real good value. See it.

GORDON BROWN.

UNION BANK CHAMBERS,
TAY STREET, INVERCARGILL.

H. D. PRESTON.

BUILDING CONTRACTOR,

WINDOW FITTER AND SHOW-CASE
MAKER,

TAY STREET, INVERCARGILL.

If you require anything in the way of
woodwork please call and have your
wants attended to

I have the staff and material to do any
work required—and do it well.

H. D. PRESTON,

TAY STREET, INVERCARGILL.

Phone—472. Private—507.

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TO

ANDREW WILSON,

Corner DEE and LEET STREETS,

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Also—

TALLOW, HORSEHAIR AND

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BOX 143.

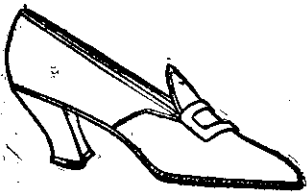
PHONE 1148

TRAMP! Tramp! Tramp! Hear their
ceaseless beat:

Hear the Town Council bleat,
What on earth is that they have upon
their feet,

Why! Boots repaired at Hawthorne's
shop!

Repairs that can't be beat.



J. A. HAWTHORNE.

BOOT REPAIRER,

TAY STREET.

DRAUGHTS.

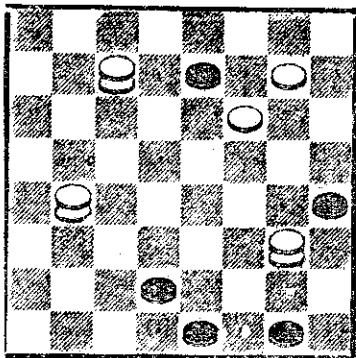
(Conducted by F. Hutchins).

Draughts Club meets in Athenaeum
Wednesday and Saturday, afternoon and
evening, visitors welcome.

Communications of interest to readers
of this column to be addressed "Draughts
Editor" 28 Biggar street.

PROBLEM 29.

By Mr W. O'Malley (Queenstown).



Black—1, 2, 7, 13, and 26.

White—22 and 25, kings 9, 16, and 27.

Black to play and win.

A practical and useful ending.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM 28.

By W. Veal (Southampton).

Black—7, 17, 25, kings 9, 12, 29.

White—5, 11, 16, 19, 27, king 3.

White to play and win.

5.1 19.15 3.12 1.5

6.10 10.19 27.23 12.19

3.8 11.8 19.25 5.16

12.3 W. wins.

The following is an interesting contest,
off the usual lines, published a few years
ago in the "Draughts World":—

Played by correspondence between J.
A. Hoffman (Fremont, O.) and Mr Jud L.
Palmer (Piqua, O.)

GAME 2133. SINGLE CORNER.

Black—Palmer. White—Hoffman.

11.15 23.18 8.12 29.5

22.13 15.17 19.15 15.19

15.22 25.22 12.19 31.27

25.18 6.10 23.15 1.5

12.15 22.13 2.6 5.1

29.25 10.17 27.23 15.10

9.13 24.19 6.10 27.24

18.14 8.11 13.9 20.27

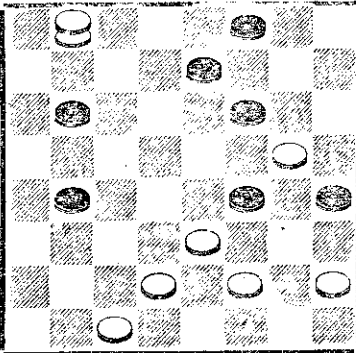
10.17 27.23 5.14 1.6

21.14 4.8 18.9 11.20

16.29 32.27 10.15 6.71

W. wins.

A Mr L. S. Head gives 5.9 at this point
to draw, see position after 5.9:—



White to play; Black to draw.

6.9 23.16 28.24 24.19

9.13 17.22 14.17 21.25

6.10 26.17 11.7 30.21

7.14 13.22 17.21 22.26

16.7 16.11 7.2 19.15

3.10 10.15 15.18 Drawn.

As Hoffman claimed a win after 9.5, but
L. S. Head shows the draw, as in var. A.
If 27.24 is played, then the following
is a safe draw:—

6.9 6.22 22.13 30.23

27.24 3.8 12.19 27.32

20.27 23.16 26.23 23.19

1.6 8.12 19.26 20.24

11.20 (L. S. Head) Drawn.

14.18 loses.

(Contributed by L. S. Head, Paulding,
O., U.S.A.)

THE STEWART-BANKS MATCH.

Considerable interest is being taken in
America (says the "Glasgow Weekly
Herald") over the match for the world's
championship. Mr Banks has asked for
articles of agreement, and Mr Stewart is
now preparing them. The match will
be the first topic at the great checker
meeting to be held at Cedar Point in
August. Meantime Mr Birrell, Ruth-
glen, is proceeding with his arrangements,
and a meeting of the match committee
will be held about the end of August, at
which Bailie A. Smith, Cambridge, will
preside.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Geo. H. Brown.—Your solution of Pro-
blem 27 was correct, but came too late
for acknowledgment in last issue.

Geo. H. Brown.—Your solution of Pro-
blem 28 is correct.

SPORTING.

On Thursday morning I had a stroll
round the new portion of the S.R.C.'s
course, or Baird's abortion as I heard one
trainer call it. The track has been ex-
cellently laid off, but the work appears to
have been very indifferently carried out.
I do not know what the conditions of
the contract were, but they should cer-
tainly have provided for three or four
inches of soil being spread on top of the
clay. There is a slight growth of young
grass, in places, but before it will ever
be a course worth talking about it will
require two or three inches all over of
good soil or else the grass will never re-
main in it. The caretaker is busy now
top-dressing the track with stable
manure, and this will certainly help the
grass. About twenty yards of good coarse
sand to the acre would be the best top-
dressing it could have just now, if the
Committee do really mean to race on it
at New Year time. Unless sand is spread
on the track it will always be a very slip-
pery surface when the least bit wet.

Royal Star's chance in the N.Z. Cup
will be improved by his win at Ashbur-
ton, so will Glen Canny's chance by his
victory in the Avondale Cup.

According to his trainer Bongeroop is
an unlikely starter in the big race at
Riccarton next month.

Don't forget that nominations for the
Gore Racing Club's Spring meeting close
at 5 p.m. on Monday.

Eight Bells moved very scratchily on
the local course on Thursday morning.

Clothilde makes nearly as much noise
on the track now-a-days as Bill Couser
does at a Farmers' Union meeting.

The Kilbroney-Grey Linnet colt in
"Put's" team is an extremely good look-
ing youngster, and if looks win races he
will be hard to beat.

So Bill Gardiner is giving up training
to take on his old trade again. Well
Bill I hope you will plate more winners
during the next two years than you have
trained. Business will be bad if you
don't.

Elcus looks big, healthy and well, and
I am picking him to be a good one to
follow this season.

According to "Put" Hogan the scanti-
ness of the grass on the new course was
caused by the last severe frost which
caused the grass to rise up and look for
Bill Baird. Apparently it forgot to lie
down again.

Old Harry Searle sticks to the game
well. He is now building a fence round
the motor enclosure of the local course.
More profitable Harry than training rum-
my noddies.

Old Awshon is working well, and shows
no sign of bleeding in his work. In a
rough field he might pick up a hurdle-
race, but like "Gib" he is getting old.

He hasn't got a trainer's license but
he should have one as he helps to teach
and train all the youngsters in and around
Rorke's Drift Lodge. I refer to old
Sirius who, though somewhere between
twenty and fifty years' old—and he looks
older—lines up with "Put's" team at the
barrier just as well as he does at the
manger.

I say Ivan, where did you get those
boots? They are indeed a shining adver-
tisement for the brand of polish you use.
If Billy had them it would be a case of
black and tan.

Swanny Smith has got that smart little
pacer Last Vue in work again. She was
off colour last year, but given plenty of
time she will be ready this season to
worry the handicappers and the opposi-
tion she may get up against.

Roy Berry has a mixed team at work on
the local tracks, and amongst the best
looking of the mixture is Coldwater.
This pacer, in Berry's hands should be
a useful one this season. He has plenty
of pace and can stay out a solidly run
mile and a-half.

Seaward Spot is now trained by Digger
Dwyer, and will no doubt appreciate the
lighter weight she has to draw under this
mentor. If Dwyer can get her as well
as old Tom Tilson did he'll catch money
with her all right.

Alex McIvor's team looked at their
best on Thursday morning, and of the
lot I was most pleased with Mantua who
has grown up a lot since she raced last
year. She will be hard in the Winton
Guineas if the weight adjuster is not too
hard on her.

Martial Dance doesn't worry much
about the racing game, and whether it is
a feed of grass or slipping out of the bar-
rier is all the same to Paddy. He has a
typical Martian head, and looks as if he
would be a game one.

Most of our owners and trainers will
welcome the news that Bill Gardiner is
going to commence as a blacksmith again
in Invercargill. Few, if any men in New
Zealand know more about shoeing and
plating than Bill does, and with his
old reputation for care and thoroughness
he will speedily gather a big connection.

LAND!

270 ACRES; new six-roomed Bungalow and splendid range of new outbuild-
ings, with milking machines installed; subdivided into eleven paddocks with
good fences. All heavy flat land carrying at present 30 cows, 200 sheep, and
young cattle, but capable of great improvement. Price £19 per acre, with
easy terms, or would exchange for small farm handy to town.

260 ACRES, close to rail, school, and factory; four-roomed cottage, cowbyre,
stable etc., ring fenced; all felled bush, burnt and sown in grass. Price £5
per acre. £200 deposit.

If the above Farms do not appeal to you we have about 500 other proper-
ties on our books, and would be pleased to submit them for inspection.

CARSWELL & CO., LTD.,

LAND AGENTS, WOOD ST., INVERCARGILL

Lewis's
ESTD 1862 LIMITED

SOUTHLAND'S SHOPPING CENTRE.

DEE & ESK STREETS.

INVERCARGILL.

BRANCHES

GORE and WYNDHAM.

Tea Rooms — Top Floor by Elevator.

Quality - Value - Variety - Service.

Finest in the World.

**WATSON'S No. 10
WHISKY.**

I don't like Tommy Taylor's Adjudge
filly, she is too small and wide in front.

Tom Marshall has the course and train-
ing tracks on the local Club's property
looking at their best. He thoroughly
deserves all the good things said of him
at the recent annual meeting and the
good thing in the shape of a bonus passed
to him by the Committee at their last
meeting. The paddocks and stock all
look well farmed and selected, and the
members of the Club are extremely lucky
in having such a capable man in charge
of their property.

Alex. McLellan has a number of trot-
ters in work again, about ten of them,
and he will want to win a stake or two
to buy oats for this mob. On Thursday
morning Marvelle was given a fast round
or two, and she moved very nicely. This
mare has come in quite sound after her
winter spell, and should she remain
sound I pick her to easily hold her handi-
cap during the coming season.

Golden King Graham, according to my
friend "Put," has solved the problem of
how the Canadian thistles came to flourish
round about the pay-in windows of the to-
talisator on the local course. The seed
was sown by the farmers who attend
the meetings and who have had to shake
their pockets out to get the last quid to
put on the machine, and manured or
top-dressed each meeting by farmers who
during the same process of extraction
shake artificial manures over them.

Since the day when Eve plucked the
apple

And gave it to Adam to eat,
We've had all sorts of problems to
grapple,

And all kinds of ailments to treat.
But the troubles which haunt us eternal,
And which each in his turn must en-
dure

Are the coughs that we'd find most
infernal,

Without Woods' Great Peppermint Cure

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Casual Advertisements—One insertion, 4/-
per inch; 3/- per inch for each sub-
sequent insertion (prepaid).

Births and Marriage Notices—3/6 one
insertion; 5/6 two insertions.

Death Notices—3/6 one insertion, 5/6 for
two, and 7/6 for three insertions.

Memorial Notices—For notice only, 3/6;
notice with verse, 3/6, plus 6d per
line for each verse.

Wanted, Lost and Found—1/- for one
insertion of sixteen words.

'Phone—45.

THE GRAND

GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS COM-
PLETE,

DEE STREET.

FISHERMEN,
FARMERS,
STOCKMEN,

And anyone requiring a Guaranteed

WATERPROOF OVERCOAT.

Come to us. We have a lot of the
genuine—

McLOGAN COATS.

You can fish all day in pouring rain
and we guarantee you will be dry and
comfortable.

PRICE ... 107/6.

Why pay nearly as much for a Coat you
don't know.

W. GEORGE AND CO.

SPLENDID SHOWING of HIGH-CLASS FURNITURE at the EXCHANGE MART.

We have a Large Stock of
First Grade Furniture in our
SHOWROOMS and our prices
are the Lowest in Town.

GET QUOTATIONS FROM
US TO-DAY.

Everything Necessary for Set-
ting up House, and at Cut
Prices.

The Leading Insurance Firm,
Offices: Briscoe's Buildings,

McKAY BROS.

AUCTIONEERS AND LAND
AGENTS
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INVERCARGILL.
Box—17. Phone—15.

Telephone—862.

THE PRAM AND CYCLE SHOP,
122 DEE STREET.

**PRAME, PUSH CARTS, PUSH
CHAIRS.**

The best selection in Invercargill to
choose from.

**BICYCLES, TYRES, AND ALL CYCLE
SUNDRIES.**

We have just opened up a fine assortment
of SUIT CASES—20in, 22in, 24in,
26in. The price is right. Get one for
the holiday season.

REPAIRS.—We don't repair motor cars
nor motor cycles, but we can and do
repair Prams and Bicycles. AND
WE DO IT WELL.

If your Pram or Bike is beyond repair
we will sell you a new one. THAT'S
FAIR.

Thomas Bird,

122 DEE STREET.

**SPEND THAT £50 TO THE
BEST ADVANTAGE.**

BY spending a pound here and a pound
there you cannot buy to the best ad-
vantage.

Make out a list and buy from the ONE
reliable firm,

VERNON SMITH & CO.

ATHENAEUM BUILDINGS,

INVERCARGILL.

Our stocks include Household Iron-
mongery, Glassware, Cutlery, Tools for all
trades—in fact everything in the house-
hold line.

WE REGRET THAT

SHORTAGE OF SUGAR

PREVENTS US FROM FULLY SUP-
PLYING THE DEMAND FOR OUR
CAKES.

WE CONTINUE TO OFFER THE
BEST

VALUE AND VARIETY

OF

SCONES, BUNS, PIKELETS, AND
FANCY BREAD.

A. C. MILLARS LTD.

PROFESSIONAL.

W. Macalister, B.A., LL.B.; S. Morell
Macalister, LL.B.; Horace J. Macalister,
LL.B.; Alan B. Macalister.

MACALISTER BROS.,

Barristers and Solicitors.

INVERCARGILL.

Money to Lend on approved security at
current rates.

P. G. HALL JONES, B.A., LL.B. (late
Rattray, Armistead and Murray, and
late James Harvey).

P.O. Box 48. Telephone 36.

RATTRAY & HALL-JONES,
BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS,
ESK STREET, INVERCARGILL, N.Z.

MR CHARLES DUERDEN, Pianist,
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"The Digger."

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1920.

THE R.S.A.

General Russell's speech at the annual
re-union of returned Soldiers at Master-
ton will provide food for thought for
all returned men throughout the Domi-
nion. The speech was temperate, and
characterised by a clearness of vision
which cannot fail to arrest the attention
of every thoughtful man and woman who
pays any attention to the welfare of this
Dominion. We are living in an age when
phrases such as "principles of Democ-
racy," "Government for and by the
people," have become synonymous with
camouflage and hypocrisy. When Lloyd
George declared in 1914 "That the war
has raised us to an elevation where we
can see the things that matter for a na-
tion," we believed it, but how soon did we
forget? Anyone who has followed the
activities of General Russell since his re-
turn from the front will readily perceive
that the present day political activity of
sham and humbug is alien to his charac-
ter. As the General has stated in his
speech, that the work of the R.S.A. is
necessarily growing less, it is evident
that some machinery should be created
which will act as a union among returned
men for all time. Even if the R.S.A.
went out of existence to-morrow, it is
highly desirable that we should have the
requisite machinery whereby the com-
radeship attained in war may be per-
petuated in peace. Returned soldiers
must take an active part in every sphere
of life within this Dominion, and as the
General states, "there must be a real
desire for peace and tolerance." Soldiers
have learnt the lesson of selfishness and
self-sacrifice. They have been brought
face to face with "reality," and these
valuable lessons must never be lost sight
of amongst the present day hypocritical
activities as associated with the Domi-
nion's political life. Possibly the
majority of soldiers will agree that after
the work of the R.S.A. has been practi-
cally completed it would make an effective
piece of political machinery. So far, very

few soldiers have taken part in politics,
but they could do much in that direc-
tion. They have a clearer view of what is
right and wrong for a world seething
with discontent. It is true that there
must be discipline in life. The successes
at the front were won by obedience and
it must be so in civilian life. We must
stand for law and order, and lose no op-
portunity of directing our services in the
interests of the country. It is time the
old order changed and yielded place to
the new, and a step in the right direction
would be a "New Zealand Party" with
General Russell as leader.

DIGGERS' LETTER BOX.

THE CHAIRMAN AND MEMBERS
SOUTHLAND ELECTRIC POWER
BOARD.

Sir and Gentlemen,—At your last meet-
ing there was quite a tendency to be more
critical than in the past amongst members
of the Board, and we believe that in the
future there will be a greater expression
of opinion. There is still room for im-
provement and we want to refer to a pre-
vious meeting. At this meeting two mem-
bers of the Board were remarkable for
their quietness. At lunch time these
two members had enough to say to meet
the whole requirements of the Board.
The fact that these members were so silent
during important considerations by
the Board does not appeal to us. It takes
men of courage to freely express them-
selves in what they believe to be right.
Further it is only fair to the Chairman
and in the interests of efficiency that
there should be criticism at the meetings
of the Board. And now, Mr Chairman,
we wish to draw your attention to the
manner in which you introduced our ap-
plication to see the Board's minutes.
When we wrote to the Board, our ob-
ject was to be courteous, and your re-
mark that "the Editor of 'The Digger'
could not have the right to see the min-
utes in his capacity as editor," was at
least out of place, and we assure you
that we are as fully aware of the pro-
visions of Section 33, Sub-Section 4, as
the Auditor-General is of Section 34, both
of which are quoted for public infor-
mation:

Section 33, Sub-Section 4.—The minute-
book of the Board shall be kept in the
office of the Board, and shall be open
for inspection, without fee, during all
office hours, by any member of the
Board or by any creditor or elector of
the district.

Section 34.—The Board may, out of its
funds, pay to members such reasonable
remuneration for their services and trav-
elling expenses as may be prescribed.
The receipt of any payment under this
section shall not constitute a cause of
forfeiture of office under section fifteen
hereof.

Regarding the question of legal expenses,
we think that there is no reason why the
Board should go into committee on this
matter. Every time it comes before the
Board it is immediately passed into com-
mittee, and it is time so much committee
work was dispensed with. Legal expenses
have to be paid, and the item must be
shown on the balance-sheet. Legal ex-
penses in connection with the scheme up
to the 31st March, 1920, is £648 14s 8d,
as shown on the balance-sheet, and the
remaining items of £380 and one hundred
guineas must be shown also, and there
is nothing to be gained by considering
negotiations in committee. At this stage
we would point out that the above in-
formation was not dealt with in committee.
The question of amending the Act seems
to be a very simple matter, and it seems
as easy to effect this as for a debating
society to alter its rules. This is the
second time the Act has been amended
(if this Bill goes through) and this
being necessary in the early stages of the
scheme, we may reasonably wonder what
will happen as the scheme advances and
fresh difficulties arise. Further, these
amendments incur heavy legal expenses.
Readers of this correspondence will re-
member that in a previous issue we
stated "that the Board existed as a piece
of machinery to satisfy Legislative re-
quirements." In our last issue we took
exception to the Chairman letting a con-
tract which the Board had decided should
be advertised again. This tender was
£1300 above the Engineer's estimate, and
within an hour after the Board meeting
it was signed up at the Engineer's esti-
mate. The Chairman has explained to us
that apart from being Chairman of the
Board he is also managing director and
thus considers his action justifiable. In
the face of this it is possibly true. Now,
the plain facts are that if the Chairman
in his capacity of managing director can
veto a decision of the Board, where does
the Board come in? Of what use are
they, except to pass accounts, peruse cor-
respondence and so forth. Really, Gen-
tlemen, it isn't worth a guinea a day and
expenses. In other words "the Board

is a piece of machinery to satisfy Legisla-
tive requirements." Then there is the re-
lationship of the Construction Depart-
ment and the Board's executive officer,
however, as the Chairman is already try-
ing to adjust matters we refrain from
comment in the meantime. Likewise the
question of finance.—Editor "Digger."

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE MINIS- TER OF LANDS.

Sir,—Since you have occupied the posi-
tion of Minister of Lands it may safely
be said that the only time we have had
an exhibition of your candour was when
you stated that the operation of the Dis-
charged Soldiers Settlement Act was a
failure. We have noticed through the
press that you are "discouraging" the
purchase of houses under the provisions
of the act. In view of the fact that you
have made no statement about rendering
certain provisions of the Act ineffective,
we would like some explanation of the
circular which has been sent to the Land
Boards, the details of which have not
yet appeared in the daily press. And
you still use the word "discouraging."
This circular provides that no advances
be made for houses except in very special
circumstances. We are all aware of what
"special circumstances" mean when ut-
tered by a Cabinet Minister. Mortgages
are not to be discharged unless rate of
interest paid by the soldiers is exorbitant.
Soldiers cannot get farms under your
latest instructions. It would look much
better if you made a definite statement
and let returned men know where they
stand. At the previous suspension of the
Act, the soldiers complained and to
smooth things over you advised Land
Boards to stack the applications in their
office. In this case they are being stack-
ed in Wellington. Soldiers are still tour-
ing the country in search of farms and
these instructions should be made public,
and not a secret communication to the
Board. We have at least forestalled you in
this case and think it would be much
nicer for a Cabinet Minister to be candid
enough to make it public.—Ed. "Digger."

(To the Editor.)

Sir,—There is one aspect of the Electri-
fication Scheme which has not yet been
discussed. The Power Board intends to
take over the Invercargill Power plant
and I think I saw it mentioned somewhere
that they expected to do this for about
£40,000. I believe this plant has cost
Invercargill ratepayers more than double
the above amount. Invercargill has not
got a true representative in Mr Rodger
for the scheme must come first with him.
It therefore behoves the ratepayers to
wake up our city fathers, so that when
the time comes for negotiations we will
get the full value of our plant. This
should be based on replacement cost
and not on the actual cost. No agreement
to hand over the plant should be made
until the Monowai scheme is actually
completed and the true cost of the current
ascertained. It may be that we can gen-
erate as cheaply as the hydro scheme. It
should be remembered that even if we
sell the Power Station we will not get
the whole of the capital back. It will
be necessary to transform the high pres-
sure current from the Waikivi station
down to the town pressure and this will
necessitate a costly plant. The charges
on this plant will have to be added to
the cost price of the current at the Wai-
kivi station. Then again the question
will arise as to the advisability of sell-
ing a town reserve to an outside corpora-
tion. Although vbqkq currentemfwy pp
tion. Altogether there are quite a crop
of interesting points to be discussed be-
fore we hand ourselves over to the Board
and I trust the whole matter will be ven-
tilated in the columns of "The Digger"
as it seems to be the only live paper in
electrical matters.—I am, etc.,
RATEPAYER.

(To the Editor.)

Sir,—Having challenged Scotch Terrier
two weeks ago, I was disappointed to
read you were not stake holders, but at
the same time I fully expected to see
"Scotch Terrier" come up to scratch and
prove his published remarks about me and
my dogs, but as it stands it seems as
though he is not the sport and critic he
publishes himself to be, namely "Scotch
Terrier." In my opinion he has used
the wrong nom-de-plume, because the
Scotch terrier like the Irish terrier for
gameness will usually stand up to any-
thing twice its size. As he is now satis-
fied that his statements were an injus-
tice to me, I trust he will show his man-
liness by apologising through your valu-
able paper in which you have allowed
me to correct the already published state-
ments made by "Scotch Terrier." I leave
it to your readers to sum up the past.—
I am, etc.,
J. DOE.

(To the Editor.)

Sir,—In "The Digger" of the 24th
are some interesting letters, both in the
week's and those held over from the
week's issue. In your answers to the
question which form was best the corre-
spondence began "Dogmatism" and
have taken, when you seem to have been
stopped by a quotation used by Sir
William Crookes "To stop short in any
search that bids fair to widen the gates
to science." Sir William did not stop
short even though he was unable to un-
ravel the tangled skein of Spiritualism
and was deceived, when Florence Cook
acting as medium in Sir William's labo-
ratory to demonstrate full form of man-
ifestation in Spiritualism. When King
appeared, Sir William in writing says,
Katie was a head taller than Mr
Cook and a big woman in company
"John" in his reply to "Jacques" pro-
"Jacques" right by supplying the word
"to an alarming extent on fraudulent
performances," showing that while seances
are frauds, some are not so. We
any one accuse Sir William as being
accomplice in the deception? for he was
the deceived, neither was Miss Cook a
deceiver, but she being possessed by an
evil spirit was used to deceive Sir Wil-
liam because he had disobeyed the in-
junction not to seek after communion with
the dead. That quotation is correct, the
existing thing perishes but only changes
form." When we cease to breathe we
stop to take in energy and through the
of energy we decompose. Would "John"
let me know what he understands by in-
spiration? and what he would consider
sufficient proof that the Bible as it is
given in the original language was the
inspired word of God? and I will give
him that proof. The party who were
Rule Britannia, I consider, was inspired
I am, etc.,
GAVIN BRIGHTON.

MATAURA ISLAND NOTES.

The fine weather of last week brought
on Monday afternoon, when a steady rain
set in and continued throughout the
night.

The County Council have dumped sev-
eral large concrete pipes at a culvert of
the Titiroa-Mataura Island road, and
is to be hoped the surfaceman will en-
deavour to renew this dangerous culvert
before an accident occurs.

The Island factory is in full swing
once more, and by all appearances should
have a record season. Owing to the high
price of butter-fat the farmers have been
tempted to milk a few extra cows this
season. Messrs Duthie Bros. of the
"Bend" have increased their herd from 85
to 100, while many others are milking
from 50 up to 120 cows.

Several sporting parties visited the Ma-
taura river during the week, when some
good catches of whitebait were secured.

A card tournament, Top v. Bottom of
the Island, was played during the week
resulting in a win for the former team.

Attention is drawn to the advertisement
of Mr J. E. Coomer which appears in
these columns. Mr Coomer conducts his
agencies under unique circumstances as
indicated at a recent meeting of the Re-
patriation Board. The advertiser is a
discharged soldier who has been in the
for over 40 weeks, and will be unable to
get up for some considerable time. We
understand he has a telephone installed at
his bed-side and through this agency is
working up his business. The Chairman
of the Repatriation Board (Mr W. Thomp-
son) expressed appreciation of Mr Coom-
er's determination to make good. It
would be of valuable assistance to a dis-
serving case if business men who can reach
the lines advertised would get into touch
with him.

Attention is directed to the advertise-
ment appearing in these columns of Mr
Fraser who is at present making a specu-
lative of the erection of soldier's memo-
rials. Plans and a variety of designs can
be obtained, and the work already com-
pleted will speak for itself. Mr Fraser
has completed a memorial at Dighton and
has now under construction Mandeville,
Gtataua, Waikaka and Invercargill South.
Suggestions for memorials tablets can also
be obtained. The advertisement appears
on Leader page.

At the termination of what has been a
very successful football season, the old-
time players have decided to entertain
players along with the Rugby Union and
Referees' Association at a dinner to be
held on October 11th, at 7.30 p.m. Any
old-time players who are willing to fall
in with the arrangement can obtain tick-
ets at 15s each. Any who are unable to
attend may send a contribution to assist
in defraying expenses. All communi-
cations to be sent to J. A. Doig, Doig
street, Invercargill.

INTER-PROVINCIAL FOOTBALL.

OTAGO (7) v. SOUTHLAND (3).

Probably no match played by Southland has been more fully discussed than the above game. It has been looked at in all angles and with different colored spectacles, the more northern town being that the better team won, and that of the island not yet satisfied that bad dream has not been "yet ended from." Well, present scribe has been an Otago public more confident than the expressions of opinion being critics, quondam representatives, and referees. Unfortunately for the tenor of the game, the referee made feelings run somewhat high, the Otago Association having a grievance against the Southland body not being over-pleased. Southland had given Otago some referee here, and we were not going to accept an Otago referee in Dunedin. Rumours of fabulous punting, the result of the match had a disconcerting effect on amateur followers of the Rugby game, and, finally, excitement ran high down here that a special train was to take up admirers of the Otago Shield holders. Dunedin was on the see its team retrieve itself after the loss against Wellington when, it was thought, the luck was not with the Otago. The result of all these conditions was absorbing interest, the funds of the O.R.F.U. being increased by the great crowd that filled Carisbrook on Saturday, September 25, 1920.

To a roaring welcome the Otago team came on to the field, Southland being applauded in turn. At 2.35 p.m. Southland lined off the first line seeing Maroons back through a whistle pulling up a great rush. Holmes soon mis-kicked, and a free to Otago further improved them, Dalgleish checking to line. Lopdell missed a ball, and the game was at Otago's mercy. Southland again bit deep, but Perry marked; followed a scrum, an Otago heel and punt with the ball landed at half-way. Again Otago marked, and the kick saw the speedy Blues on, back and fore, Dalgleish grounding. The line of Blues was pierced, and the heel sent from Dalgleish to Holmes to be tackled. Maroon forwards again controlled; Blues broke right through; but they were driven back, Watson narrowly missing, the 25 giving Brown a slip and turning back and a retrieve to about half-way. Fortune came along and Southland lined slightly, the line bringing Maroons gain into the Blue last stretch, where a tack by Bain went to Lopdell who missed, and play went back to half. By this time the tactics of the fast Otago side were being developed. Duncan marked, and Edwards made straight for the line. Ward and Perry made straight for the line whenever Southland passed, which they did frequently for some time. The wingforward looked after Lopdell, and Baird had two men to make him play a very ineffective game. This specialisation was fatal to Southland's chances, the position of the referee not being without its effect on the game. The play was not bright; the game was too keenly contested, and the great waves of sound that swelled from stand and enclosure exercised an evident force on the visiting team, nerves being on tension and nothing being done just right, the full at times showing the result of the tremendous currents of odic mal-influence. As Wellington here could little well, so Southland in Dunedin were struck with the waves of energy directed against them by thousands of spectators not exactly well-wishers. Play seemed to go Maroonwards at last and no further and at 12 to 3 p.m. Otago entered Southland's 25; play swinging across to Blues' advantage, a scrum and attack following for the pass to break down on a solid tackling line. Southland broke through to the front of the Stand, some poor Otago punting followed. Scrums in quick succession, and Watson missed a Southland punt, the great Blue proved the best back on the ground. Again, Otago were driven back, Watson, Baird, McKenzie, and Lopdell appearing in turn, the last named feeding Fortune to the line to be reached. Blues came very strongly; but Whyte tore through to the 25, where a scrum sent the ball to Brown and back to McNaughton and back again to Brown. Then came a free to Otago, Kreuse sending to well over half-way. Some neutral work followed, and Brown received to send to Otago, Owles crosskicking, Crewes speeding to smother. Southland returned to half-way, and Brown sent a pass to Fortune, who got into Otago's last 10 yards, where a fumbled kick let Blues back to half. Lopdell broke through from Dalgleish but Stead met his two, and the movement stopped. Soon Fortune had two dashes, but McLeary speculated brilliantly and cleared. Holmes then appeared in a punt to the 25, and Southland moved on for a one-hander to give Otago a mark,

Lopdell returning the good punt to just halfway. The line went to Otago and a pass followed, the effort ending in Maroon's 25. Roche came into the open, and Holmes carried on to mid-flag, where a free relieved Otago, Dalgleish snapping and finding the old spot. A Southland heel reached Holmes in the ordinary way and a free to Southland further bettered, but Ward took the unlined punt and reached his opponent's 30 with an excellent punt. Lopdell and Millar appeared in movements, Otago coming away magnificently and Dalgleish going down like a Briton. McKenzie cross-kicked, and the Otago pack risked it and got to the grand stand middle. Blues rushed the line and Brown, trouble looming and Fortune not connecting with Owles till too late on the first five's miss-kick going to the Otago centre, who deserved every point of the 3 he made for his province. Otago 3. Southland 0. Millar popped out and Otago flashed back, Brown ending the mid-line. Southland freed, and Dalgleish, Millar, and Holmes were prominent. Play was at half-way still. Otago broke the Southland parallel, and swiftly bore down, a clash and a heel to McLeary sent Kreuse on the blind to Southland's corner. To 20 went the first line, Fortune then cutting a pass, and the play entering Blues' 25, where a free stopped play with a punt to Otago's 30, the smart Otago forwards being checked by Dalgleish, who marked a gain of only 5 yards resulting, the play being then at half. It did not take either side long to clear, the line play being all individual. Otago then line fed and passed a bad offside coming, Holmes at last to the line which Southland drove through for 20 yards, the whistle coming with the ball out in Blues' 25. Otago 3. Southland nil.

Brown returned the second spell opening plucer to half, Southland bettering to the 25, neutral play preceding an Otago break, Millar clearing. Otago got a free, and Perry sent his side to half-way. Stead slipped through, Maroons moving on in a body, Dalgleish following and sending the play to better position, Baird finally finishing well in Blues' 25. Otago returned with smart footwork among the forwards, and McNaughton over-kicked to Brown, who forced. There was a 25 scrum and an Otago free, and our Maroons looked uneasy. Kreuse forcing Brown to 25 his failure. McNaughton sent the good drop out to half-way, Dalgleish being beaten by the swift line heel and Millar relieving. Fortune then overran a ball, Brown repairing the damage. Otago did some neat transferring, Lopdell clashing and Southland forwards then sweeping along in a strong phalanx. The next two lines went to Otago, the roar of applause driving the great Blue pack to 5 yards from Southland's corner, a force relieving a sorely tried team. The 25 was muddled on to half-way where Dalgleish broke through the line; but Otago came back at once through McDougall's agency, a Red mark bringing Perry, Cockcroft, and Edwards into action, Brown winding up caught in possession. Otago pressed and Brown got a punt to half the 25, the attackers coming through the paper lines and forcing Southland. The lack of Maroon packing was telling its tale, and the Otago backs got into action, their passing, however, giving Southland ground gain. Otago crashed through a scrum, and Edwards marked on the line, Lopdell returning to Edwards who dropped a great goal from well-out. Otago 7. Southland 0. The ball was returned out in Otago's 25, the Blues coming on and on, Dalgleish checking the stampede with a daring dive. Southland took a turn, and Stead made a strong effort, play being carried to Blues' harbour corner, Lopdell and Holmes striving hard to cross, the wing three going out at the corner. Two lines then went to Blues, Dalgleish at length getting a pass to Holmes; but Kreuse, Turnbull and a free brought the ball to Brown who sent back to 20, the line bringing in Otago full and a gain to 13 yards from home. Otago were now always carrying the lines. Southland passed, but a knock-on checked, Otago scrummers appearing in the gap and going until Fortune checked them. A free to Otago was smothered by Roche and Otago were in their own 25, where the line let them out an offside further assisting and a mark that Watson took kneeling could not check the Maroon attack, which ended at the corner. Whyte then joined Agnew who had lasted only 10 minutes and Rice filled the gap. Otago got out quickly, and McLeary and Ward carried on to 40, Southland at once returning to Otago's 25. Brown came into play and Otago were still in the last stretch, Dalgleish and Lopdell putting up a strong effort to break through. However, a free relieved the hard pressed Blues to the 25 flag, McDougall and Patterson sending Southland to nearly half-way. A scrum came, and Lopdell's punt reached Watson, the ball dying at mid-way. A line gave a slight gain to Blues,

but Maroons open out the Blue line and Dalgleish, Lopdell, Stead and a cut in sent O'Kane on not much ground resulting. O'Kane and Holmes came into a movement and Watson forced. Dalgleish sent Otago back to the 25, and a free relieved the home team about 5 yards. Holmes and a kick bringing play to a point, the return from which saw five Blues risking it, Millar dribbling through and scoring, and the tally Otago 7. Southland 3. Agnew not being available for the kick. Otago moved on and further gained with a free for Southland offside, play coming to half-way. Blues still carried the lines but O'Kane burst through to half-way, the forwards slightly improving, a free at last sending Otago back. Then came "no time" with the score Otago 7. Southland 3, one try each, Otago a dropped goal to the good.

An old Otago "Blue" and referee took the following notes on the game.

Bad play Watson after Red attack.
Blue forwards loose.
Red forwards beating Blue.
Red getting away from line.
Red passing but Blue spoiling.
Blue in Red 25 at 10 to 3.
Good recovery, Red—Holmes.
Good play Red forwards.
Good attack Blue. Fine recovery. Red passing off ground.
Blue attack—Red recover.
Fine play Red fullback.
Red fullback going too far—in trouble.
Blue attack. Owles scores at 3.15.
Blue passing rush—good attack.
Fortune cuts in—good attack.
Blue forwards good.
Red attack nearly score.
Blue fine opening. McLeary to Ward—missed.

Holmes at 25.
Second spell 3.38.
Good play Millar.
Good play Red forwards, assisted by Dalgleish. Free to Blue for offside, at 3.45, poor kick Crewes.
Good play Blue forwards.
Strong attack Blue forwards.
Edwards potted goal at 3.55.
Watson ? mark.
Good attack Red—try 4.25.
He writes: "You remember that I told you I thought we could win, and we did manage to more than hold your forwards, good though they are."

Phone—1103. Residence—310 North road.

ALBERT E. FRASER,
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STONE OIL,
RAZOR STROP OIL,
LARISSA LEMON CREAM,
Etc., etc.

Each of these preparations carries the hall-mark of Perfection.

DUSTOL is a preparation for using on dusts for furniture, etc.

RAZOR STROP OIL has been produced with a special view to keeping a razor-strop in perfect order, thus ensuring a reliable and keen-edged razor.

STONE OIL.—The action of this Oil on a stone is to remove the residue of steel from the edge of the tool being sharpened. It has been tested and pronounced perfect.

LARISSA LEMON CREAM.—This Cream is a protection for the skin under all conditions of exposure to wind or sun; it is also a valuable hand emollient, and is specially recommended for softening the beard and ensuring an easy shave; used after shaving it is very soothing to tender skins.

Ask your Storekeeper for these preparations. Or write direct to

J. E. COOMER, Agent,
Ythan street, South Invercargill.
Telephone—1471.

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SPORTS SKIRTS

IN SPLENDID RANGES.

AWAITS YOUR INSPECTION AT "THE EXHIBITION."



SILK AND WOOL SPORTS COATS, direct from London, featuring lovely two and three tone combinations of colours, as well as some handsome plain colour garments—long Roll Collars are featured in Coats, while the Jumper has made a great increase in popularity.

A MODEL SILK COAT in Navy. Mastic Square Sailor Collar, wide band of Mastic round Skirt of Coat and Mastic Cuffs. A beautiful Coat of excellent style. Price £11 19s 6d.

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Black and White, also Black, with a colour for trimming, are exceedingly smart COATS. The Striped effects in Black and White are priced at 9 guineas.

MODEL ALL WOOL COATS in fine weave, two tone effect such as ade and Terra, with long Roll Collar, at 8 guineas.

Thomson & Beattie, Ltd.

THE QUALITY HOUSE.

Phone 13. P.O. Box 46. Tay Street, Invercargill.

CALEDONIAN HOTEL,

DUNEDIN.

TUAPEKA ALE AND SPEIGHT'S ALWAYS ON TAP.

P. V. STEVENS, Prop.,
19 Carrol street,
Dunedin.

FIRST ANNUAL BULL FAIR.

and

HORSE PARADE.

will be held on the Show Grounds

on

WEDNESDAY, 6th OCTOBER,

at 11 p.m.

Entries close through selling agents on

SATURDAY, 25th September.

Full particulars from

D. CUTHBERTSON,
Secretary.



ALL RETURNED SOLDIERS and their friends are invited to attend a Concert, to be given by the ladies of the W.C.T.U., in the Soldiers' Club, on Friday, October 1st, 1920, at 8 p.m.

L. S. GRAHAM,
Secretary.

District Lands and Survey Office,
Invercargill, 21st September, 1920.

NOTICE is hereby given that the under-mentioned lands will be opened for selection and applications will be received at this office up till 4 p.m. on MONDAY, the 15th November, 1920.

Lot 6, Forest Hill Hundred (University Endowment), 999 acres. Half-yearly rent £37 10s. Renewable lease. £570 valuation for improvements. 2½ miles from Hedgehope.

FOR DISCHARGED SOLDIERS ONLY. Sections 22 (160 acres, half yearly rent £6 6s), 25 (274 acres, half yearly rent £10 9s 3d), Block VII., and 52 (209 acres, half yearly rent £13 19s), Block III., Aparima Hundred: 4 to 5½ miles from Otautau; Sections 47 (208, half yearly rent £9 6s 9d) for sale or lease, and 46 (350 acres, half yearly rent £19 16s. Renewable Lease only), Block VIII., Jacobs River Hundred: 1½ to 2 miles from Fairfax.

Full particulars, including Sale Plans and application forms may be obtained on application to this office.

THOS. BROOK,
Commissioner of Crown Lands.

The Diggers' Motor Car,

FOR HIRE.

SPLENDIDLY UPHOLSTERED.
FIVE-SEATER,
WILLYS' KNIGHT CAR—35-h.p.

R. A. BAIRD.

Ring Phone—744.

SCOTCH! HOTCH! POTCH!

"John."—Evidently you are still a little sore over the "slavery" bout. There's no need for this, "John!" Having regard for your health, I shall refrain from any further comment—its not worth while anyway.—"The Groper."

The Scottish Federation of Labour seems bent on the downfall of Mr Winston Churchill. Doubtless the impeachment of so prominent a member of the Cabinet would give pleasure to not a few; but what good would result? Churchill is doubtless of an aggressive and militant spirit and wished to nip Bolshevism in the bud. He did not succeed and was compelled to withdraw the forces from Archangel. If twelve months hence the Empire is hastening men to bar the Eastern gate of Empire, Churchill will be in a position to say, "I told you so!" No sane man loves war for its own sake, but on occasion there's no other arbiter. Let us hope that Churchill's vision erred; but as yet it is too early to say that he was not right!

The threatened coal strike is but the periodical attempt made by the miners to better their lot. Most of us heartily sympathise with the men who dig fuel from the bowels of the earth. We are agreed that they should have payment commensurate with hard labour and risk of life. There are two sides to every question and no exception here. What the miners are averaging per week we cannot say; but that a miner at the present hewing rate can make from £1 upwards for an eight hours' day is undeniable. It would seem that the "go slow" policy is at the root of the trouble. In any case the miners by their attitude are making the thousands of other decent people in our midst, who have not the opportunity to earn £1 per day pay more for their coal, as well as increased prices for most of the necessities of life. "The Groper," knows plenty of small business concerns involving much more than eight hours' work per day, where the proprietors are not making five pounds per week apart from any consideration for the capital involved. The miners deserve a fair thing and there is enough common sense left in New Zealand to see that they get it. If the demands are (upon investigation) proved unreasonable all New Zealand will be behind Massey's NO!

Southland's luck was out in the Rugby match played last Saturday in Dunedin. The Red forwards had the Otago men thinking very hard and strenuously defending their line for quite half of the time play was on. It is not too much to say that in the absence of Otago's splendid fullback, Watson, the Reds would have been over the line on several occasions with dire results for Otago.

The Shakespeare Club of New Orleans was noted for its amateur performances. Once a social celebrity, gorgeous in the costume of a Lord-in-waiting, was called upon to say: "The Queen has swooned." As he stepped upon the stage his friends applauded vociferously. Bowing his thanks he faced the King and, in a high-pitched voice he said: "The swoon has quenched!" There was a roar of laughter. He waited patiently until it had subsided and tried again: "The swoon has cooned!" Again the house roared, and the stage manager, in a voice that could be heard all over the theatre said, "Come off, you doggoned fool!" But the ambitious amateur refused to surrender and in a rasping falsetto, as he was being assisted off the stage screamed, "The coon has swooned!"

A young Scottish recruit had been placed on guard outside the Colonel's tent. In the morning the Colonel stuck his head out. "Who are you?" he demanded sternly. The young man turned and affably replied: "Fine mon, fine! How's yerself?"

MARKET REPORTS.

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

Produce.—Seed Potatoes.—There is a fair demand for best varieties. Table potatoes.—Supplies are plentiful, prices from 6s per sack to 6s per cwt. Oats.—from 24s to 27s 6d per sack. Baled Straw, 5s 6d per bale. Meggit's Food, 27s 6d per bag. Farro Food 12s per bag. Molasses, 21s cwt. 12s 6d per tin. We have supplies of posts and stakes and also No. 3 black fencing wire at wholesale prices. Fruit.—Consignments have been very heavy, and prices have "eased." Dessert Apples, best varieties and quality from 10s to 14s per case; ordinary quality from 6s 6d to 8s 6d per case. Cooking Apples, prime quality 7s 6d to 8s; others from 6s to 7s. Pears, choice dessert to 4d per lb; others 10s per case. Vegetables: Swedes 4s 6d per sack. Carrots, 4s to 4s 6d per bag. Horse Carrots, 6s 6d cwt. Parsnips, 2d lb. General: Lepp Salt Lick, 2s 3d per brick, wholesale quotation on application. Cow Covers, 22s 6d

to 30s. Horse Covers, £2 15s to £3. Mutton Birds, 1s 1d per bird by the kit. Honey, 1s lb. Tea, in chests, half-chests, 10lb and 5lb packets, 2s 6d to 3s 3d per lb. Boots to 35s. Furniture.—Those requiring furniture or furnishings of any description should inspect our stocks at Spey street Warehouse. We manufacture oak and rimu furniture to purchaser's own design, and use only the best seasoned timber. The workmanship is the best, and all our furniture is artistic and durable. Land Department.—450 acres, subdivided into 9 paddocks; good five-roomed house; 6 stall cowbyre and 7 stall stable; also usual sheds. 20 acres turnips; 15 acres oats; 20 acres young grass, and the balance is heavy grazing land; one mile from P.O., school, railway and dairy factory. Price, £15 per acre.

OTAHUTI NOTES.

"Well, Well!" The days of "facile imaginations" and "labourious logic" having passed away, a very successful social dance was held in the Otahuti Hall last Friday night, the football funds being considerably increased as a result; several songs were excellently rendered during the evening by Messrs G. Hicks, L. Proctor, L. Duncan and R. McDonald, whilst Mrs A. McLeod (piano) and R. Sim (violin) supplied the music for the dance, ably assisted at intervals by Mr H. Treasider, A. Henderson and J. McCrostie (pipes). There were many ladies present from the historic land of Caledonia, elegantly attired, dazzling in their beauty and charmingly accomplished, small wonder the descendants of this illustrious tribe with such a noble lineage, and ever renowned for an artistic eye, should sally forth into strange lands, strictly adhering to the motto of their glorious ancestors, "None but the brave deserve the fair!" To recall old memories the Scotch Reel and Tulloch were danced by a number of Scotch cronies to the skirt of Jamie's pipes; a "Jock" was heard to remark that it was the best spree he had been at since coming to New Zealand.

Some extraordinary creations in fashionable dresses were in evidence, many of them coinciding with the illustrations in my latest catalogue from Dupine et Cie' rue de Cognac Beauparc, Paris, although the same use has not been made of colour-blending, and also, there was a distinct shortage of Valenciennes lace which was very noticeable.

Engagements have commenced and are likely to be a feature of the coming season, more especially among couples with three or four years' "active service" to their credit. Advice from reliable sources state that price of jewellery will be almost prohibitive shortly.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

Of the 200 returned soldiers who have been training for the teaching profession in Ontario, nearly all were successful in passing the courses prescribed for certificates.

It has been decided to remove the restrictions on exportation from Australia of sheepskins, wool tops, wool noils, wool waste, and manufactured woollen goods and yarns.

A stock farm and a condensed milk factory form part of a scheme formulated by the Government of Jamaica to induce the pheasants to take up small holdings. As a result of the outbreak of cattle disease in certain districts a Belgian Government decree prohibits the exportation and removal of cows, pigs, horses, and other animals.

Electrification of the railway between Cape Town and Simonstown, and Durban and Pietermaritzburg, requiring two power stations and a large quantity of plant, has been announced by the South African Railways.

Czecho-Slovakia has declined the request of the German Government for the extradition of the Communist Holz, who terrorised Saxony some months ago.

The Progressive Stores possess a unique and successful experience in the supply of clothing for kiddies. All the garments are cut and finished by experienced workers. These goods are supreme as business bringers, because they invariably please and satisfy the mothers by emphasising the winsome daintiness of the child. We have striking and exclusive designs for every taste, whilst for quality and price we are unsurpassed. See these splendid values. Dresses for school wear in poplin, pique, tussore, voile, print, etc., all sizes, 7s 6d, 10s 6d, to 45s. Tweed dresses in pure colonial wool, 20s to 45s. Velvet dresses, all sizes, 22s 6d to 65s. Children's coats in endless variety, all sizes, 23s 6d to 99s 6d. Red Riding Hoods, sizes 16in to 20in, 25s 6d to 26s 6d. Smart wool coats, 22s 6d to 28s 6d. Our children's department is aglow with many novelties at H. and J. Smith, Ltd., Progressive Drapers, Tay street, Invercargill, and Main street, Gore.

FURNITURE.

To those in search of Quality and Value, Inspect our Stock and get our Quotations. We carry the Largest Stocks in Invercargill, all of Our Own Manufacture. . .

W. STRANG & CO.,
THE LOCAL FURNITURE FIRM,
ESK & KELVIN STREETS, INVERCARGILL.

DISPLAY OF SPRING GOODS.

MILLINERY.

See our display of Spring READY-TO-WEARS for Ladies and Children; smart and serviceable.

Prices 3/11 to 30/-

The Suvisca BLOUSE for wear in smart striped effects, 22/6.

LADIES' BLOOMERS, in Crepe; good wearing quality; 8/11.

LADIES' COTTON VESTS, from 2/11.

LADIES' HOSE, special quality, 4/11. In fast black. Guaranteed.

BLOUSES.

Our selection of VOILE BLOUSES is worth seeing. All the latest shapes and colours, at the lowest prices, 2/11 to 19/6.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES, in great variety of styles and materials.

MATINEE COATS, in Silk, 12/6.

LADIES' SPORTS COATS, in Silk. A few only at 50/-

TULLY'S DRAPERY SUPPLY SALE,

NEXT NEWS OFFICE, DEE STREET.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE STRIKE.

Telegram from secretary Miners' Union, Runanga:—

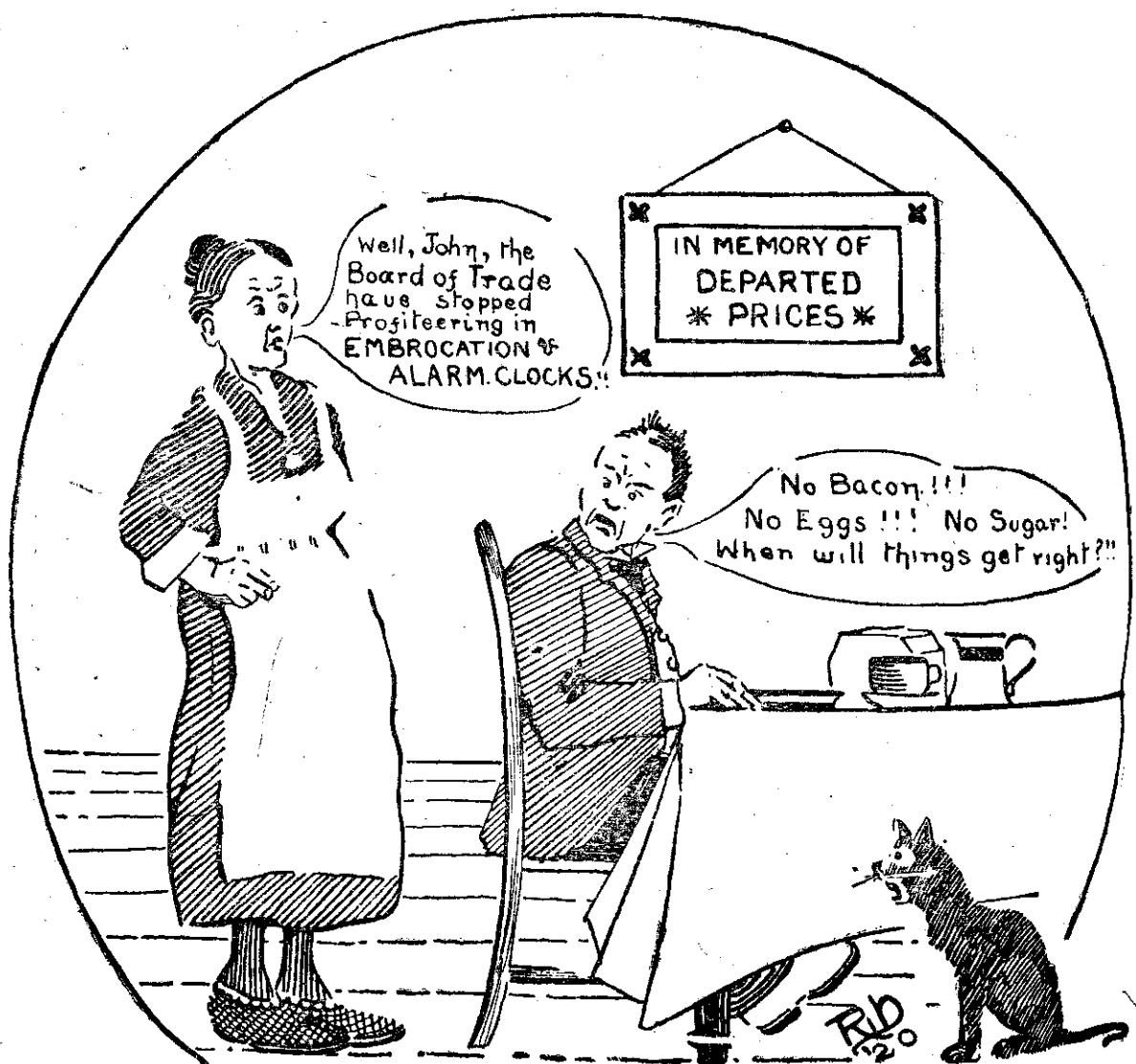
As result of the Railway Department's attitude in ordering workmen out of a first-class car, and there was not sufficient accommodation in the rest of the train, the men were prevented from going to work by the first train to Rewanui. Mass meeting this morning strongly protests against pin-pricking action of Railway Department, and we refuse to travel under such circumstances.—(Signed) Duggan, secretary.

Mr Massey added that immediately after receiving this telegram he asked the Railway Department and the Mines Department for reports upon the incident. He had received both the reports. The

Railway Department's report was as follows:—"State mine stopped to-day. Miners declined to proceed past Dunellie on account guard 6.35 a.m. train from Grey-mouth refusing; allow them travel first-class on second-class tickets. Train consisted two long "A" second-class cars and one compro "C" car. About ten miners got into first-class compartment at Runanga, but moved out when requested to do so by guard. On arrival at Dunellie other miners got into first-class compartment, and when informed by guard that they would require to pay excess fare unless they removed to second-class compartment declined to go to Rewanui to work. Number of passengers leaving Grey-mouth 18, and leaving Runanga 47. Guard states number leaving Dunellie would not have exceeded 100, and that there was ample second-class accom-

modation on train. We have had no previous complaints, and manager, State Mines, advises that when he travels there has always been ample second-class accommodation."

The manager of the State coal mine telegraphed to the Under-Secretary of Mines as follows:—"The mine is idle to-day. Railway guard ordered men with second-class tickets out of a first-class car. They contend no other accommodation. Guard says there was ample accommodation. All workmen have paid a portion of the levy." The levy mentioned, said Mr Massey, appeared to be the levy in aid of the Broken Hill strikers. The Government had nothing to do with that. But the other incident was a much more serious matter.



"HIGHLANDER" MILK PRODUCTS

Are Manufactured in Southland, and
are made by a Company all British
owned.

HIGHLANDER BRAND

Is a guarantee of quality and nation-
ality.

It can always be depended upon.

TOOLS.

CARPENTERS,
MECHANICS,
FARMERS.

Call and inspect
our range of Tools

Shipments just arrived. Satisfaction warranted: Prices to suit
everyone.

John Edmond,

TAY STREET,
INVERCARGILL.

— THE —

"HARLEY DAVIDSON"

AGAIN WINS

THE WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP LONG DISTANCE RACES
OF 100, 200, AND 300 MILES.

Held at Dodge City, Kansas, under the control of the Motor and
Associated Traders' Association.

J. DAVIS, on his Standard type Harley Davidson, won the
300 mile race in the Record time of 3 hours 40 minutes 4 4-5
seconds, against numerous 8 valve motors of other makes. His
Harley was travelling 81 miles per hour at the finish.

SECOND and THIRD places were also secured by HARLEYS
in this event, as was also the 100 and 200 mile races.

THE HARLEY DAVIDSON has won the 300 Mile CHAM-
PIONSHIP consistently since 1915.

ALSO every LONG DISTANCE RACE held in AMERICA for the
last two years.

Wilson & Fraser
MOTOR CYCLE SPECIALISTS

SOUTHLAND AGENTS.

WHITE SWAN BUILDINGS,

DEE STREET

INVERCARGILL.

The Nature Column.

(By "Student.")

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

Last Wednesday I set out for a little
jaunt of six or eight miles through the
bottom part of the Otatara Peninsula.
I had not visited this part for some 12
or 13 years, and naturally expected some
changes to have taken place, but did not
anticipate the dreary wilderness which
now prevails. The native bush gave the
place its charm, and from a week-end's
point of view its value in £. s. d. The
bush has largely gone, and in its place
is left but gaunt ugly stumps and sand
swamp and rushes. Most of the sections
are decorated with a notice to trespassers
to beware. What reason exists for tres-
passing upon such ugliness? A little of
the bush still exists in places. It gives
pleasure to note the care which some of
the occupiers of sections have taken to
adorn the bush without spoiling it.

However, it is regrettable to find that in-
troduced plants are being planted along
the road lines. No doubt, they grow very
quickly in some cases, but why destroy
the character of the bush, by introducing
strangers. If a windbreak is wanted,
what about the manuka. Plants are to
be procured on the spot and its growth
habit prevents a draught close to the
ground. A manuka bush in flower is a
beautiful sight and its aromatic leaves
perfume the air. Senecio rotundifolius
sometimes called mutton bird scrub is a
handsome shrub and will stand any am-
ount of wind. Witness the plants grow-
ing in the Crescent. One of the Olearias
is also a great wind resisting plant. In
an exposed position by the Post Office it
has grown into a shapely little
tree. I am quite sure that many other
natives could also be grown in the ex-
posed sides of the bush. The Kowhai
(Sophra Tetratera) with its feathery foli-
age and beautiful yellow flowers like Lab-
urnum, is a tree one would expect to find
planted, but the only specimen I saw
was one growing on Bushy Point. Apart
from its beauty the wood of this tree is
now valuable, planting it would prove a
good investment. Young totaras are
springing up in thousands and there seems
no need to plant these. It was sadden-
ing to see that on the steep faces on the
south end of Otatara the bush had been
swept away. The land could not be of
any value and the bush besides giving
life to the faces held the sand together.
It was nothing short of vandalism to cut
it down. The forest which originally
clothed the land was of a mixed charac-
ter and representative of each sort of
tree are still to be found. I noticed from
the roadside a plant of one of the Cy-
athodes. This is the plant fairly common
at the Bluff and generally covered with
white berries. It is quite a handsome
shrub and should be cultivated. Astelias
there are in quantity. This handsome
plant with long leaves like flax grows
easily, and it is surprising that more of
them are not grown in town gardens.
Treeferns are still fairly common and it is
to be hoped will be strictly preserved.
The Coprosma family is in abundance.
If Otatara were left to go back to nature
it is quite probable it would revert to
forest. Of seedling trees there are enor-
mous numbers. In a space a couple of
yards square I counted several dozen
broadleaves and miro. The broadleaf
is another ornamental tree, its fine green
shining foliage making it a plant of value.
It does well in a garden and does not
take up too much room. In the swamps
and on the fringe of the bush the cabbage
tree (Cordyline Australis) is to be seen in
most places. This member of the plant
association is a hardy doer and yet withal
a graceful, ornamental tree. It should
be planted on the road lines together with
toitot and flax (Phormium) to give shel-
ter and beautify the neighbourhood.

The geological evidence shows that the
most part of Otatara consists of ancient
sand dunes; perhaps originally fixed by
the native sand-binding sedge; scrub and
bush having finished the work of consoli-
dation. The sandy desert of several thou-
sand acres, known as Sandy Point Do-
main, was like Otatara in the early days
of Invercargill. I understand that the
rabbit was first liberated there. The rab-
bits burrowed holes in the sand-hills; the
sand ran out, the turf fell in, and the
wind-driven sand soon completed the
work of destruction. Only a small part
of bush is left, and it is apparently being
cut by somebody.

Divested of its bush and with the aid of
rabbits it would be quite possible for Ota-
tara to become another sandy desert in
a very short time.

By a printer's error in last week's col-
umn, I was made to say that the water
supply most likely comes from the "coast"
it should have been from the East.

GENERAL RUSSELL.

VISIT TO MASTERTON.

The annual re-union of the Returned
Soldiers' Association was held in the
Municipal Buildings on Friday evening,
there being a very large and enthusias-
tic attendance. Colonel J. A. Cowles
presided, and among the guests were the
Mayor (Mr W. H. Jackson), Mr G. R.
Sykes, M.P., Colonel Mitchell, M.P.,
General Russell, Brigadier-Generals
Richardson and Hart, and Dr Boxer, Mr
A. P. Whatman, and Mr Hugh Morrison,
president of the Wairarapa Patriotic As-
sociation.

General Russell complimented the local
association on being so fortunate in hav-
ing such a big hearted man as Mr What-
man to see to its interests. He hoped
the association would long continue as a
co-operative body, for it would be a
power for great good in the future. If
the work of repatriation was completed
within the next two years he was afraid
the association would find it hard to exist
unless it found some other work to act
as an incentive to union. When men
ceased to work they died. He felt that
each soldier should take an active in-
terest in the management of the associa-
tion. He had taken no leading part in
association matters himself, because he
felt that having occupied position of
supreme officer of New Zealand forces
there might be a feeling that he was bet-
ter as a private member. So far not many
soldiers had taken part in politics. Yet
he believed they could do much good in
that direction. For had they not learnt
the lesson of selfishness and self-
sacrifice? They had a clearer view of
what was right and wrong for a world
that was at present seething with
trouble. They must enter civilian life
with feeling that they had "routine or-
ders." There must be a real desire for
peace and tolerance, and they must be
determined to have nothing to do with
such doctrines as direct action. They
would have none of direct action; they
had seen too much blood spilt in France
and elsewhere. All problems must be
settled quietly. The future of the Do-
minion lay entirely in the hands of the
returned soldiers. At the front success
was obtained through obedience; so it
must be in civilian life, where great
effort and discipline were even more ne-
cessary than at the front. He advised
all returned men to wear their medals
at every public function, for by doing
so they provided examples of duty which
others might follow.

In regard to the Defence League with
which he was connected, General Rus-
sell said that, to his mind, organised
defence was necessary now that "The
League of Nations" had failed to do
away with the need for armies. The
spirit that was wanted in this country
was a conviction that one man was as
good as another. The poor should have
equal opportunity with the rich.

REPATRIATION WORK.

General Richardson upheld the work
of his department, which was doing all
possible for returned men by carrying
out the policy of the Government. There
had been strenuous times lately in re-
patriating all the men abroad. He
hoped that the £70,000 in canteen funds
would be allocated by Parliament this
session. He officially denied the report
the Turks had desecrated graves on the
Peninsula, and said that the cemeteries
in France were being concentrated and
well looked after. He commended the
resolutions recently passed by returned
soldiers regarding the Asiatic menace,
and said they must be prepared to de-
fend their shores against this peril.

PENSIONS AND LAND.

Colonel Mitchell dealt at some length
with the question of adequate pensions
for permanently disabled men. Did
they think that a man rendered useless
in defence of his country was not worth
more than £5 per week? for that was
about the total of the pension he re-
ceived. Only that which continued Col.
Mitchell, he had been instrumental in
gaining an increased pension for a
Wellington officer who was suffering
from cancer, and had only a month or
two longer to live. The proposals now
before Parliament provided for an in-
crease of £1,250,000 in pensions, and he
had had the greatest difficulty in per-
suading the Government to take up the
bill. "I advise the men wanting land
—there are about six thousand of them
and I should wish there were ten—to
save their money for the present as
there are hard times ahead. I have
been informed that the next market
will see wool down to tenpence per lb.
Let the would-be soldier settlers wait
until Crown and native lands are open-
ed up. Anyhow they will get their
farms more cheaply."

Speeches were also delivered by Bri-
gadier-General Hart and Major Boxer.

Winter Bros.,

GENERAL CARRIERS.

SPEY STREET.

WISH to announce that they have a
first-class Motor Lorry for Hire.

All kinds of Carrying undertaken, and
Furniture removed.

The Lorry has comfortable seating ac-
commodation for twenty passengers and
will take parties out day or night at rea-
sonable prices.

GIVE THE DIGGER CARRIERS A
SHARE OF YOUR PATRONAGE.

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You will find us supremely satis-
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50 Years Experience

in all branches of wheel-wright-
ing we can be surely relied upon
to execute neat trustworthy work.
We can repair

Anything on Wheels.

For new work or repairs to abso-
lutely any vehicle. Try the "Bath
service." It's there to please.

J. BATH & SONS,

BATH'S GARAGE,

YARROW ST., INVERCARGILL

Children's Column.

THE COURAGEOUS SCHOOLBOY.

Philip Robinson was just coming out of the school gates when he suddenly remembered he had left one of his homework books in the classroom. He turned back to get it, and five minutes later Philip was striding toward his home with the book under his arm.

Philip was the only child of Mr and Mrs Robinson. His father had a small engineering business, so he managed to send his son to a High School.

When Philip arrived at school, next morning he was attacked by his special chum, Arthur Brooke, who said very excitedly, "I say, Phil, there has been some money stolen from Mr Manning's desk between four o'clock and half-past four." "Oh, I wonder who can have taken it?" cried Phil, looking rather puzzled. A bell was heard through the hall, and the boys got into their lines and stood at attention.

"Boys," spoke out Doctor MacDonald, "there has been some money stolen out of Mr Manning's desk, a thing that never happened in the whole of my career. I am also grieved to think that a boy under my tuition should do such a dishonourable act, but if the boy who has stolen the money comes to me between twelve and half-past o'clock and confesses, not another word will be said." His kind old face looked very stern as he dismissed his pupils.

The same afternoon the head master came into Mr Manning's room and addressed the class. "Did anybody come back after school yesterday afternoon?"

Immediately Philip stood up saying, "Yes, sir, I did, I forgot my homework book." Everybody looked up dumbfounded, and, of course, they all thought he had stolen the money.

"Come to my room, Robinson," retorted the doctor, as he walked slowly out of the class. He closed his study door, and sat down in his chair, telling Philip to do the same.

"Now, my boy, why did you not confess, when I gave you a chance?" said Doctor MacDonald.

The former looked up and replied, "Because, sir, I did not take it."

The head master got up from his seat saying, "I will forbid any boy to speak to you, as things look very black against you. You may go."

Philip did not protest but silently walked out of the room. He did not say anything to his parents about it.

One day as he was walking home from school feeling very miserable he heard cries of "Help, help!" He looked up, and just saw a head disappear under the water.

Without hesitating he flung off his coat and boots and dived into the water. He struggled violently to get to the bank, and at last he managed it.

Philip rubbed the boy, who happened to be James Keith, one of the scholars of the doctor's school, to try and bring him back to consciousness. He called a man, who was just passing, and asked him to carry the boy to his home, which was not far away.

Philip Robinson told James Keith's mother all he knew, and, without waiting to receive any thanks, ran off home. His mother put him to bed as fast as she could to avoid any illness, and the next day he felt none the worse for it.

Doctor MacDonald heard from Mrs Keith who had saved her son, and when he sent for Robinson, Phil begged the doctor not to say anything until his name was cleared.

One day the head master was sitting by the invalid's bed when he heard him call out in his delirium, "Don't send me to prison, I took the money," and he clutched the bed clothes. The doctor told him it was all right, and he seemed to understand.

When the head master got back to school he at once summoned all the scholars into the hall. The boys knew he was going to tell them some good news by the look on his face.

"Boys," he said "Philip Robinson is not the thief; who the culprit is you will never know. I also want to tell you that Robinson bravely risked his own life to save another boy. I think he deserves three good litany cheers. Now hip, hip," shouted the doctor, and the boys shouted hurrah at the top of their voices. Philip was all smiles as he was lifted up high by half a dozen boys and carried to the platform. The Head rang the bell for silence, and then he spoke.

"You may have a half-holiday in honour of Philip Robinson, and I will also see that he gets a life-saving certificate and a medal."

There were more cheers as Phil was seized and carried into the recreation ground.

There were not a prouder man and woman in England than Philip's parents that day.

The Home.

SOAP.

(1) Ingredients.—5lb of fat, a lb tin of caustic soda, half a cupful of household ammonia, half a cupful of kerosene, 1lb of borax, 3 pints of cold water.

Method.—Dissolve the soda in the water, then add the borax, ammonia and kerosene. Heat the fat and when both are lukewarm, pour the lye into the fat stirring all the time. Line a box with a piece of calico and pour the soap in.

(2) Ingredients.—4lb of fat, 3lb of resin, 3lb of caustic soda, 3lb of borax, 10 pints of cold water.

Method.—Cut a side out of a petrol or kerosene tin and put the cold water into it. Add the soda, resin and fat, and boil for an hour. Take off and add the borax previously powdered. It does not need to be stirred much when boiling, but stir well when cooling. Leave it in the tin and put out in the air where it will cool more quickly and so save time in stirring. The writer does not stir all the time it is cooling; just about every five minutes and 'tis is no need to use washing powders. tin for two days, then turn out and cut up.

From the proportions given, you can make eight large bars of soap. This soap does not harden quickly. It really ought to be kept a month before using. It is really good soap and with it there is no need to use washing powders. Nearly fill the copper with cold water and cut up half a pound of the soap (for a small copper) and put in. Throw in the dry clothes and when the water comes to the boil, let it continue to boil for half an hour. You will find the dirt is all removed from the clothes. There may be a stubborn mark or two which can be easily taken out with a rubbing in the rinsing water. If you have not time to pour boiling water over tea stains in the tablecloths previous to washing day, just pop them in the copper when the water comes to the boil.

TO KEEP SILVER BRIGHT.

To keep silver bright without constant cleaning which is injurious to the plated articles, dissolve a small handful of borax in a tub of hot water with a little soap. Put the silver in, and let it stand all morning; then pour off the suds, rinse with cold water, and wipe with a soft cloth.

CREAM FOR BROWN BOOTS AND LEGGINGS.

Obtain the following:—4oz white wax, 3oz beeswax, 3oz Castile soap, 2 pint turpentine, 2 pint soft water. Shred white wax and beeswax, put in turpentine and let stand until dissolved. Shred Castile soap and boil in soft water, then mix with the other ingredients. Well shake.

CURRANT CAKE.

It saves much time in cooking to make a good keeping fruit cake and to have it to cut from as occasion requires. The following is a really good recipe received from a professional cook:—

Ingredients.—2lb of flour, 2lb of currants, 3lb of peel, 2 cupfuls of sultanas, 1lb of butter, 1lb of sugar, 4 teaspoonfuls of baking soda, 4 eggs, a pint of boiling milk, 4 teaspoonfuls of essence of lemon, 2 of essence of almonds.

Method.—Rub the soda into the flour, then the butter, sugar, and fruit. Beat up the eggs and add the boiling milk to them and the essence. Pour into the centre of the dry ingredients and beat up well. Bake in a moderate oven for three hours. Half quantities may be used for a small family. This recipe will prove a boon to tired housewives, for it is so little trouble to make, no beating of the butter and sugar to a cream. The eggs need only be beaten for a minute. One can sit down and rub the butter into the flour. Some think that the boiling milk will set the eggs, but you mix with it immediately so it has not the chance to do so. This is not an expensive cake considering how rich it looks and tastes, and it keeps for months.

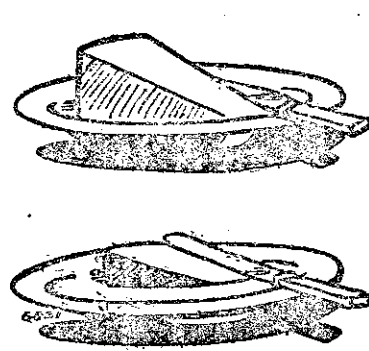
NEWS IN BRIEF.

France's Foreign Legion is to be reinforced by a regiment of foreign cavalry, one of foreign artillery, and a foreign engineers' battalion.

Mr Shaw, the English subject arrested at Seoul, Korea, by the Japanese police, is accused of supplying arms and bombs to Koreans.

Moscow reports that the first electric train in Russia has been built in the Baltic Works, and that it will have a speed of 31 miles an hour.

A tale of two pieces of cheese



These two pieces are different sizes and both cut from the same cheese. Yet strangely enough the small piece gave the same amount of nourishment as the big piece because it was eaten with mustard and the big piece was not. That is the magic of mustard. It makes you digest and profit by the food you buy—more than you would otherwise do. It stimulates the system to assimilate the cheese.

Now you see the economy of mustard. In fact, you are wasting money if you do not eat mustard. The more expensive food becomes, the more you need to eat mustard with it.

Colman's

D.S.F. Mustard

DIGESTS THE DISH

Large numbers of artisans are emigrating from Jamaica to Cuba, where higher wages are offered, and Government work is seriously hindered.

In the last six months fines for violation of the Liquor Laws imposed at Windsor (Ontario), on the frontier, amounted to \$62,500.

All records for the prices of stud rams have been beaten by the sale of a yearling in New South Wales to a South African buyer for 3,600 guineas.

Moscow states that orders have been given to take a census of the Russian population and to collect statistics of the economics of Soviet Russia.

Plans for the expenditure of £8,000,000 (pre-war) on highways in Quebec and Ontario have been approved by the Canadian Government.

A Berlin semi-official communique states that the deliveries of coal to the Entente, in the quantities agreed upon at Spa, are proceeding smoothly.

"Co-operation with Russia is certainly a thing to be striven for, but I doubt whether it is possible with Bolshevistic Russia."—General Ludendorff.

As sugar, reserved for home consumption, at special prices, has been exported from Barbados, imprisonment is now the penalty for this offence.

In connection with the Paris Armistice Day fetes this year, it is proposed that the name of November 11 should be given to one of the streets of Paris.

The Australian Jockey Club, the leading racing institution in New South Wales reported at its annual meeting that during the season it had distributed stakes and trophies valued at \$99,533. The amount passed through the totalisator was £1,150,892, from which the State Government derived revenue amounting to £79,162.

Mr Gloor, the delegate of the International Red Cross, in reply to a request from the Soviet Government for assistance for the Russian Red Cross in return for a promise to respect the Geneva Convention, states that the International Red Cross has learnt with horror of the atrocities committed by the Red army at Proskuroff, and Radvilowka on the personnel of the Polish Red Cross, and requests that an immediate inquiry be held.

Greek authorities have occupied the Custom house at Smyrna.

Count Karolyi is to be editor of a Hungarian newspaper at Prague.

Quebec Government has a surplus for the last fiscal year of £190,380.

Roumanian firms are turning to Canada for their supplies of paper.

Twelve thousand firms will show exhibits at the Leipzig Fair, which is to open shortly.

Para (Brazil) rice crop amounts to 1,293 tons, of which a part will be available for export.

M Poincare has been unanimously elected President of the Council General of the Mense.

Prospects for the Czech-Slovak hop harvest, which begins in the beginning of this month, are good.

The Brazil Government has allotted a large zone of territory to Italian and German immigrants.

Simpler marriage laws, to combat illegitimacy, are advocated by the Roman Catholic community of Trinidad.

This season the area under crop in Australia is 11½ million acres, an increase of 3½ million acres over last year.

German independents and French socialists may now join the Moscow Third International in an advisory capacity.

In the Kattegat the mine-sweeper flotilla has accomplished its work, the waters having now been cleared of mines.

BARLOW'S Jubilee Store.

NEVER SAY DIE, BUT ALWAYS TRY

BARLOW'S JUBILEE TEA.

Owing to the rise in Butter you will find it cheaper to use Pure Jama. I have a full range in glass and tins in 1, 2, 4, and 7. TRY IT.

Is the place to buy your GROCERIES—where you get the best value for cash. Established nearly a quarter of a century; still going strong. Send your orders by post or 'phone, and you will receive them promptly for cash on delivery. Pay cash and save booking charges.

DEE STREET, INVERCARGILL.

ADVERTISERS!

We guarantee the "Digger" to penetrate the whole of Southland, Lake District, South Otago, and to a lesser degree, a few places beyond this sphere, including as far north as Auckland. The destiny of the "Digger" as an effective and efficient advertising medium is assured.

We can tell you of a number who can testify to our claim and we are always ready to discuss advertising with firms who are desirous of reaching the purchasing public.

Remember ONE advertisement in the "Digger" covers the whole field.

We guarantee to have the largest circulation of any weekly, south of Dunedin, and the largest circulation outside of the leading morning and evening papers.

Failure to change your advertisement is failure to get effective service, and no fault of the "Digger."

CORE KILTIES AT MANDEVILLE.

On Friday evening, the Core Kilties Band paid a visit to Mandeville and put on a very good concert. Perhaps the most enjoyable part of their programme was their march through the township giving stirring music and combined with the moonlight and the hills, and the softening shadows of the trees—it was an inspiring sight and sound, and brought the tears of memory to many an old Highlandman's eyes.

Mr M. Roche, vice-president of the band, did much towards making the evening a success. Although not a Scotchman, at such times he would like to be one. Items were contributed by Misses McCorkindale, Savage, and Ashley (step dance), and Messrs J. Thomson, A. Cochrane and J. Woods. Each half of the programme was opened and closed by band selections. Drum-Major Begbie, at the close of the concert, thanked the audience for the good reception given them, and promised to come back at any time to assist any Mandeville project. The dance that followed was most enjoyable. Music was supplied by Miss Savage (piano) with extras by various pipers, Mr Sid Horrell officiating as M.C.

FOR A SMART SHOWING OF MILLINERY.

TRIMMED, SEMI-TRIMMED, AND UNTRIMMED. With all the most up-to-date ideas in newest straws and materials.

MISS BREY,

INVERCARGILL MILK SUPPLY.

Phone 556. 53 Yarrow street
MILK MILK MILK
and and and
CREAM! CREAM! CREAM!
From the finest pastures in Southland.

Clean, pure, sweet, wholesome, and meticulously pasturised.

A BOON FOR BABIES.

Our Motto: "Purity."

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and and and
CREAM! CREAM! CREAM!

Invercargill Milk Supply,
53 YARROW STREET.

HERE IS NO BETTER VALUE THAN
THE
"VIKING" SEPARATOR.
BY RUNNING, DURABLE, CLEAN
SKIMMING.

The "VIKING" does the work properly
quickly. It is simple, efficient, and
thorough separation. Has a
capacity than any other machine of
this kind.

THE LOGICAL CHOICE IS A
"VIKING."

Size A—15 gals. per hour, £9 10s.
Size B—27 gals. per hour, £14 10s.
Size C—50 gals. per hour, £25 10s.

MONTH'S FREE TRIAL.

Southland Farmers'
Co-op Assn. Ltd.

INVERCARGILL, GORE, WINTON.
Sole Agents for Southland.

Anglo-American Candy Shop

AYSON'S

The popular Confectionery and Soft
Sweets Shop. Watch the crowds who
visit us on Saturdays.

The satisfaction our goods have given is
the results for which we've striven.

TRY US.

HAVE YOU BOUGHT A PROPERTY
YET?

If not, why not buy from our list and so
keep yourself in comfort for the rest
of your days. We can offer you—

SECTIONS—
At prices ranging from £60 to £300
for full quarter-acres in all parts.

HOUSE PROPERTIES—
Plain design, sound, at £500 to £1100.
Wooden Bungalows at £900 to £1400.
Brick Bungalows at £1100 and up-
wards.

SUBURBAN PROPERTIES—

Five acres with house, £1200.
Five acres with house, £2000.
12 Acres with house, £1250.

FARMING PROPERTIES—

41 Acres, buildings, etc., £26.
130 Acres; buildings, etc., £35.
380 Acres; buildings, etc., £15.
532 Acres; buildings, etc., £12 10s.

T. D. A. Moffett,

P.O. Box—193 Telephone—279.
Land and Estate Agent, Grain, Seed,
and Hemp Broker,
Athenaeum Buildings, Invercargill.

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Consign Skins to

R. S. BLACK,
DUNEDIN.

Address Letters—Box 230.
Telegrams—"Blackfoot."
Telephone—1255.
DUNEDIN.

Highest Prices. Prompt Returns.

Results Count Every Time.

THE FARM.

MILK AND ITS HANDLING.

ELECTRIC STERILISATION.

In the newest and, it would appear to
be, the most effective method yet devised
for purifying milk, New Zealand will
find something which she can exploit to
the limit of its usefulness. Few coun-
tries can boast of having both a dairying
industry of the first order and a copious
and inexpensive source of electrical
power.

And it is in just this conjunction New
Zealand will find the newest milk steri-
lising scheme, which is electrical, one of
which the Dominion farmers can avail
themselves more freely, perhaps, than
any other country. Further, as the
system is one in which efficient refrig-
erating following the electrification of the
milk is an essential to success, the ad-
vanced methods followed in New Zealand
in everything connected with refrigeration
will be just one added factor making for
the successful adaptation of electrical
means of purifying milk for human con-
sumption.

Two Liverpool University professors,
Messrs Beatty and Lewis, began their
experiments before the war. They tried
the sterilising effect of direct electrical
currents and of static electricity, but it
was not until they had recourse to alter-
nating currents that they found them-
selves working along the right lines. The
apparatus they finally evolved enables the
treatment to be applied to milk flowing
continuously along a tube to which the
alternating current is supplied through
three electrode chambers. The process
frees the milk from bacillus coli com-
munis and bacillus tuberculosis, and leaves
it pure without raising the temperature
higher than 63 or 64 degrees centigrade,
and that, as Pasteur long ago demon-
strated, is important, the high tempera-
ture given to milk by ordinary boiling
being destructive to milk, and making it
much less useful as a human food.

The use of refrigerating plant is re-
commended as a necessary adjunct to the
electrical apparatus in large scale prac-
tice in order to ensure rapid cooling, and
so improve the keeping quality. The
milk, especially if rapidly cooled, can be
kept for several days at ordinary room
temperature, without any apparent
change. On several occasions milk was
kept in the laboratory without any obvi-
ous change, and in a few instances re-
mained perfectly sweet for a fortnight.
In all cases milk treated in this way has
remained in perfect condition for two or
three days. The taste is not altered,
and, as far as careful chemical tests can
determine, the properties of the milk are
not in any way impaired.

There is a difference of opinion on the
question whether the sterilisation is due
to the direct action of the current on the
bacilli or to the heat generated in its pas-
sage. The opinion of the Liverpool in-
vestigators, however, is that the tempera-
ture effect, which is of very short dura-
tion, is not in itself the principal factor
in the destruction of the bacteria. Pro-
fessor Leith, who, with Professor Sir
Oliver Lodge, have at Birmingham Uni-
versity been interesting themselves in the
matter, takes the view that both the
thermal and electrical methods of sterili-
sation act in the same way. "The ther-
mal is simpler and cheaper," he says,
"the electrical quicker in action." This,
one may remark in passing, may be true
in England, with no easily available elec-
tric power, what the verdict would be in
New Zealand is another story.

Professor Beatty declines to commit
himself to an estimate of the cost of this
method on a commercial scale. The
first cost, that of the installation, would
be the heaviest. After that the expense
of supplying the electric current would be
small.

The inventors experimented for three
months with plant which could deal with
thirty gallons of milk an hour, and dur-
ing that period they handled the milk
supply of the Liverpool Corporation in-
fant Welfare Centres. The Medical Re-
search Committee of that country borough
reports of the milk that the new method
provides an elegant and practical means
for purifying milk for human consump-
tion. To this conclusion one may add
the rider that the inventors themselves
claim it to be much more effective in rid-
ding milk of bacteria than are processes
now in use. The results are regular,
and the risks of after contamination are
comparatively small if the rules of ordi-
nary cleanliness are observed.

To preserve us from persucution,
And unravel plots profound,
There's a wonderful "Secret Service"
Which encircles the Empire round.
Though but few suspect its existence,
It operates silent and sure,
With the searching, resistless persistence
Of Wood's Great Peppermint Cure.

GARDEN NOTES.

Vegetable Marrow.—This very useful
vegetable does not often get the attention
it deserves, nor the treatment calculated
to obtain the best results. Some are
rushed up in too moist and close an
atmosphere, causing soft and lanky
growth quite unsuited to their welfare,
and others are sown thinly in boxes or
pots, and lifted direct from these and
planted out. Neither of these ways of
growing will do. My readers should
adopt a more simple method, and one
that is likely to produce a fine crop of
good sound marrows. When I say sound
marrows, I mean thick in the flesh, not
those soft, hollow things that are void of
taste and coarse in appearance, which are
produced upon soft-drawn plants. The
best plan to adopt with the marrow is to
open out a trench 2ft wide and 1ft deep.
Fill this with good stable manure, making
it nice and firm. Cover the whole with
4in to 6in of soil, then in a day or two
place some small boxes, with the bottoms
knocked out, at intervals of 6ft apart. In
these prick out 2in deep three or four
seeds, so as to make sure of two good
plants—one to go one way and one the
other. When the seeds are sown, place a
square of glass on the box, and let it re-
main until the plants are well up, drawing
the glass off gradually until it may be re-
moved altogether as the plants get strong.
Give water only when they are dry. Once
they are well established they will look
after themselves. A warm, sunny posi-
tion should be given them.

Celery.—For the first sowing select an
early and smaller kind than would be
advisable for the main and late crops. A
mild hotbed should be used, or what will
answer well is to sow a few seeds in a
bottomless box, with a square of glass
placed over it, upon the marrow bed. As
soon as the plants are large enough to
handle, prick them out 3in apart, always
using rich and good soil, especially in
their young stage. Never allow them to
want water, for if celery is allowed to get
very dry it is sure to run to seed. The
main sowing of large and late varieties
should be in about a fortnight.

Sow lettuce, radish, mustard and cress,
also peas and beans for succession, also
carrots and parsnips, and as soon as the
first sowing of turnips are well above the
ground sow again. It is better to sow
small quantities and have them young
than to have a lot at once, as the turnip
is apt to get hot and strong, and then is
not nearly so nice as when grown quickly
and used young.

Plant out cabbage and cauliflower dur-
ing dull and showery weather.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

Young and early-struck plants are now
making rapid progress, and if a successful
flowering period is to be the end of nearly
a year's work, they should on no account
receive a check in their early stage.
Therefore, promptly give all, which by
the quantity of roots show they require it,
a shift into larger pots. At this time of
the year they quickly become pot-bound.
Many a promising lot of plants have been
stunted through the potting being delayed
even a week longer than when the plants
have reached the proper stage, which is
when the roots require more room.
Stopping for specimens depends upon the
kind of plant required. For a plant that
is expected to produce, say, 50 fair-sized
blooms, several stoppings will have to be
resorted to; first at 6in in height, to cause
them to break out low down. When these
shoots have made 4in of growth tie
them out to small side stakes, and down
nearly to the rim of the pot, and pinch
out the points of these to make a further
break. By this means fine specimens are
procured. In the case of growing plants
for large blooms (from 1 to 4) it is
different. In this case a start with strik-
ing the cuttings is not made until very
much later; in fact, it is quite possible to
root them yet and still have good blooms
by taking the first break. However, this
is rather too late for making a start.
Those who intend growing these blooms
cannot do better than procure already-
rooted young plants from the nurseryman.
As October is generally the month for
sending out such plants, no time should
be lost in getting the orders sent in, for,
as with most other things, the first in gets
the best chance.

THE VINERY.

The growth of the vine will be rapid
from now onward, necessitating strict
attention. Rub out shoots as they mature
or grow sufficiently large to distinguish.
Those that show the best form and size
of bunch, and in the right position, should
of course be left. In the case of (1) (2) (3)
of course be left, and the remainder of
the shoots rubbed off, but this should not
be done until growth is well advanced, or
the wrong shoots may be left. In the case

of young vines recently planted, the object
will be to get as strong a growth as pos-
sible on the leading shoot, so as to make
the future cane. Assuming the vine has
been cut or pruned back properly to 2ft
or so, according to strength of cane and
close to the eye, encourage them to make
strong growth by attending to watering
and ventilating and damping down in the
afternoon at closing time. When the side
shoots have made a growth a foot long,
pinch out the points, leaving the top or
leading canes to grow at will. Tie up to
the under side of the wire as growth
advances.

THE HOME SEEKERS.

Said he: "We'll take Apartment Ten,
Although it's small and in the rear;
I rather think We'll like it when
We've lived there for about a year."
But—just to show how hard it is
To please some folks that come in here
I saw her put her hand in his
And speak so low it reached no ear:
"I want to buy some twilight and a
leafy little lane"
To run to greet him in each night when
he comes home again."
In normal tones she said, "I trust
No one will build across the way.
You see we feel we simply must
Have lots of light throughout the day."
And though her husband smiled and
signed
The lease, and wrote a cheque to pay
The first month's rent; if I'm not blind
I'll swear I heard that fellow say:
"I want to buy some firelight for a lovely
lady's hair."
And oh, what is the price of little castles
in the air?"

HERE AND THERE.

Germany has decided that the title
"von" shall cease to be a sign of nobility.
A "Retreat from Vons," in fact.

A scientist declares that high explo-
sives will be replaced by insect pests in
the next war. It will be rather a scratch
affair.

According to a Scotch doctor, a man
who lives on raw vegetables may attain
to 160 years. But why? Other donkey
doesn't!

An advertiser offers to teach farming
through the post. But people who can
afford to pay the new postal rates cannot
need to learn farming.

"New ideas in sashes and sleeves" is
the heading of a fashion note. The old
idea of putting the sleeve as tight round
the sash as possible is gone enough for
us.

It has been said that cows hate motor
cars. But many beautiful calves may
be seen getting in and out of motors in
Dee street.

A news item states that a labourer
stole a traveller's stock of five thousand
rings. He must sadly have wanted to
give his best girl an exact fit.

Certain people, we gather from a medi-
cal note, are liable to attacks of asthma
when brought into contact with cats.
We know a man who once caught a large
tailor's bill through contact with a dog.

A book has been published that deals
with telling fortunes from the teacup.
We imagine that this is an exhibition of
saucery.

Somebody advertises a situation for an
"office boy 16 years old with large cor-
poration." Isn't that asking a great
deal from one so young?

A new way of obtaining housing accom-
modation, it seems, is to marry the ten-
ant. This sounds like converting matri-
mony into key-money.

Alterations in a new prayer book pro-
vide that, instead of petitioning for "all
the nobility," we shall pray for "the
Ministers of the Crown." Perhaps they
need it more.

Nudging is recommended to church
congregations as a hint to the amateur
singer who encroaches on the choir. It
has, of course, long been in use for the
snorer who encroaches on the sermon.

"Flirtation was once a dignified affair
like whist; now it is more like poker,"
asserts a writer. And, beginning with a
"pair," it frequently results eventually
in a "full house."

A news item states that a man who had
lost his nose as the result of an accident
had it successfully sewn on. Our con-
gratulations to him. A man, minus a
nose, must feel like about as awkward as
a football team without its (s) centre for-
ward.

A resident at North Invercargill had
a unique experience recently. It ap-
pears that the resident keeps a pig. Dur-
ing the evening a noise was heard out-
side, caused by the dog barking. On
going out to investigate, the pig was
found in a sack alongside of the fence.
Apparently a case of disputed ownership.

ABRAHAM WACHNER

SAMPLE ROOMS.

FURS! FURS!
FURS!

END OF SEASON.

MUST BE SOLD.

NOW IS YOUR TIME TO BUY.

SHOES! SHOES!
SHOES!

New Court Shoes 20/6.

Ankle Band Shoes, 23/-.

New Style Patent Shoes 32/6.

AND MANY OTHER LINES WORTH
INSPECTION.

ABRAHAM WACHNER

SAMPLE ROOMS.

140 DEE STREET (Side Entrance Only).
Top Floor.

THE DAINTY MARBLE BAR.

Corner of—

DEE AND YARROW STREETS

Under New Management.

FRUIT, CONFECTIONERY, AND TEA
ROOMS.

We stock the choicest of Fruit, and the
best imported Confectionery.

Our Speciality—

STEAK AND KIDNEY PIES.

C. E. Gibb.

J. A. DOIG,

Sports Depot,

TOBACCONIST & HAIRDRESSER,

Opposite Post Office. Phone 574.

ALL LINES OF SPORTS GOODS.

Full stock of all Smokers' Requisites.
Largest stock of Pipes in Southland.
Tobacco Pouches, etc.

Up-to-date HAIRDRESSING SALOON,
Head and Face Massage, Shampooing.

RAZOR SETTING A SPECIALTY.
Every one guaranteed.

In attendance in Saloon—
J. B. TUCKEY, J. BELL.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.

FARMS.

WYNDHAM DISTRICT.—270 Acres Freehold in this famous locality for £13 per acre. Good grass, well fenced, watered and subdivided. Five-roomed house, 5-stall stable, with loft, large woolshed, 6-stall cowbyre, sheep yards, etc. This is the cheapest farm offering in Southland to-day. Terms may be arranged.

LOOK AT THIS—395 acres near Woodlands; 45 acres turnips, 100 acres young grass, balance older pasture. This land has been limed and is in great heart. Well watered, fenced, and subdivided. Six-roomed house, stable, cowbyre with milking plant, etc. Price £20. Terms could be arranged.

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THE SILENT WIFE!

Remarkable Drama of Married Life.

By MARK ENGLISH.

CHAPTER I.

DORIS THOBURY.

It was not a very big ward; it only contained some thirty cots, but it was bright, airy, and sunshiny.

There was a bird singing merrily in its cage, and toys and picture-books, and everywhere a wealth of flowers. There were only two nurses to the ward. It was such a small one it did not need more. Indeed, there was only one in the ward at the moment.

Sister Doris sat in a chair at the end of the ward, so that she could keep her eye on it right the way down.

It was really miraculous how she managed to keep as neat and tidy as she did, how she managed to look as cool as she did, for there were two little ones nestling one on either knee, whilst a little fellow with one leg and a stump had clambered up at the back of her chair, and had got his arms round her neck as though he meant to strangle her, while his poor little face—and yet it was a laughing face now—peeped round to look at her; an elder child, also with crutches—crutches were predominant in the ward—was bending over the chair, and there were a couple more sprawling at her feet.

In the beds near, three little ones who could sit up were propped there with pillows, straining their ears to listen to the conversation, dolls and teddy-bears lying by neglected; and even in two other beds, where the little ones were too ill to move, they turned their faces, so that they might feast their eyes with looking at "dear Sister."

"And so you must know—" said Sister Doris; and then, "Tommy, if you squeeze me so tightly round the neck I can't tell you the story."

There was just a fraction of relaxation in Tommy's grip, rather grudgingly given, it must be owned, and the cripple girl by her side looked up with grave reproof.

"Tommy, don't be so rough with dear Sister," she urged; while a little voice from one of the beds added:

"Tommy, keep quiet! We want to hear Sister finish the story."

"That's better," said Sister Doris, with a sigh of relief. "And so you must know that the wolf-jumped out of bed on purpose to eat Red Riding-hood, and he went—"

That was as far as the story went, for at that moment the matron entered by the door at the end of the ward, and behind the matron came Dr Weston.

Ah, kindly-hearted little Sister, whose cheeks had hardly flushed with the exertion of the straining and with the crowd of children round her, what did they take such a deep tint now for, the moment her eyes rested on the kindly face of the young doctor, who had already made his name in the world, and who gave so much of his time to the hospital here, bestowing quite as much attention upon the poor and the needy as he would have given to his richest private patient?

And why did Paul Weston, as he looked up the ward, think to himself what a beautiful picture? Did he mean the whole group, or did he mean Sister Doris alone? Whichever he meant he was perfectly correct. It was a beautiful picture, and she was a beautiful picture, too.

She rose now, and put her little charges gently down; Tommy, somewhat rebellious, and hardly awed by the presence of the matron, seeming to resent this interruption to the story-telling.

Tall, somewhat slight, very graceful, an oval face, delicate, regular features, perfectly arched brows, and beneath a pair of honest grey eyes; a refined face, and an intellectual face. Some might have wondered how a girl as talented as Doris Thobury could be satisfied with the life she was now leading; indeed, some of her father's friends had laughingly said, what was the good of Gorton? It did not need a college education and honours well won to qualify as a nurse in the children's ward of a small cottage hospital. So they declared.

It was a beautiful face, so the doctor thought, beautiful when there was laughter in the eyes, and beautiful when those eyes were full of tears, and when the delicate lips quivered as she watched the pain of some poor little mite of a child was called upon to suffer.

"Sister Doris!" The matron was very precise in the words. Outside it was often, "My dear Doris," or "My dear girl," but

now it was—"Sister Doris, I am afraid that you let the children make you over-tired. You pet them too much."

Doris looked round with a smile—as though she could pet them too much, when she had room in her heart for every one of them!

And now the serious business of the afternoon had to commence. The doctor had to examine his patients. Some of the little one knew that, tender as he was, he must hurt them. But they were so brave if they could only hold dear Sister's hand. And sometimes, when a little face would wince, at little pair of pain-filled eyes would turn and glance up at her, and meet her steadfast gaze, and then there would come a smile, a pitiful little smile, instead of the wail of pain. And then, when the painful examination was over, the doctor would pat the child's head, and say:

"There, now you have been very good to-day." And like as not the answer would come:

"Because Sister was by; Sister was looking at me."

Was it worth it? said her father's friends.

Surely it was worth it. She was so happy here. This was her realm, and there was; perhaps, another cause for happiness, a deeper and holier one, that made her grave and thoughtful when, later in the day, her duties over, she went out for the walk and rest that were needful.

To-night she stood hesitating which way to go at the gate of the hospital, when Dr Weston came out.

"Well, Miss Thobury, which way are you going to-night?"

"I suppose I must take my usual constitutional," she answered, "round by the park."

"And may I accompany you?"

What made the brave little heart beat so much more quickly? He had never asked her that before, though sometimes he had strolled a little way and left her. She gave her consent, and they walked along side by side, truly a well-matched pair.

They spoke about many things, though it was obvious that the doctor was ill at ease. He stole shy, guarded glances at the girl, and at length, catching her kindly smile, he said suddenly:

"Miss Thobury, I have long wanted an opportunity to speak to you alone, but I have waited because I was frightened. Like a gambler who is impelled to stake his all upon one fatal throw, yet hesitates to do so because he realises that if he loses all is lost. I have hesitated, but the stake has got to be made now."

"Miss Thobury, I love you—love you with all my heart and soul! I have watched you in your work, so full of kindly sympathy and pity—the very angel of the ward! I have envied the little ones there, because you have given them your love. I have longed to be one of them. When I saw that little rascal this afternoon clutch you round the neck and kiss you, I felt that I could almost have changed places with him for the privilege. I know, of course, that your father is a wealthy man; but, Miss Thobury, although you and I do not want to talk of anything mercenary, I myself am well-to-do. It depends upon you to a great extent what my future will be. I have now had an offer to go away."

"To go away?" she said.

"Yes; to accompany an exploration party, I have been tempted to do so, but I do not think I shall. I want that money cannot buy. I want love! Doris—" He stopped. "Forgive me. I did not mean to take that liberty!"

But she turned and held out her hands to him, and that which he read in her eyes made his heart beat with happiness.

"I suppose I ought not to speak these words to you before I have seen your father," he went on; but, on the other hand, I could not have gone to him without your consent. That would have been unforgivable. And so, like the gambler, Doris, I have staked all. Have I lost or won?"

Just for a moment she dropped her head; then she raised it, and looked at him steadfastly, and the answer came:

"You have won!"

When they parted that night, Doris was the happiest girl in the world. But when the morning came a telegram reached her which quickly clouded her joy.

"Come home immediately," it ran. "You are wanted at once.—FATHER."

It troubled her. What ever could have

happened at home? She showed it to the matron, and Miss Daltry said sympathisingly:

"Pray Heaven, my dear child, it is no trouble for you! Of course, you must go. It is your father who sends for you, and your first duty is to him."

And so she went, and little faces looked after her with disappointment upon them, and little eyes gazed longingly.

What made her stand in the door and look back? What brought that sudden pain to her heart, as though it was breaking?

Was it the shadow of what was coming—the what was to be—implied in those words:

"Duty first?"

CHAPTER II.

THE BARGAIN.

"Those are my terms! Take them or leave them! Accept, and I will pull you through; reject, and you are ruined!" And the speaker brought his hand down heavily upon the table, as if to emphasise that last sentence.

Both men had risen to their feet, and they stood now, one on either side of the table, the very antithesis of each other. The speaker was a strong, a hard man; strength and hardness seemed stamped upon him—a broad, muscular frame, a square, clean-shaven face, with hard jaw and firm nostril, broad brow, and clear, unwavering eye; a man not to be turned lightly from his purpose; a man to go forward, no matter what obstacle was in the way.

And the other? A lazy, easy-going, trouble-hating man, as weak as the other was strong; obstinate, perhaps, but obstinacy and weakness frequently do go together.

There were dismay, anger, surprise, all mingling now on that somewhat sensuous face as he listened. It was the first unpleasant shock that Walter Thobury had received for some years, and he found it very disconcerting.

As Rodger Armer, his manager, noted the look he nodded.

"Don't make any mistake in this matter, Mr Thobury," he said. "I am telling you the simple truth. My price is your daughter's hand."

In his younger days Walter Thobury had been what he termed an unfortunate man, his misfortunes being directly attributable to the fact that he was a lazy man; then his uncle had died and left him his sole heir, and he had come into the huge business of Thobury and Co., a business from which he derived a comfortable fortune.

But he did not trouble himself about the business Rodger Armer had been there at the head of things, and Walter Thobury was quite content for him to remain there. He did not understand the business, and he did not want to.

It was nice to walk through sometimes, and to see the extent of his premises, and the number of his staff; but even that was a pleasure that soon palled, and when Walter Thobury wanted to consult with his manager it was generally at his own mansion that the interviews were held.

Walter Thobury's wife had died before good fortune came to him, leaving him with one child, a daughter.

It was only of late that her father had begun to think seriously of Doris. She was a very beautiful woman, a very graceful and charming woman, and it was absurd that she should be wasting her life at that hospital.

Walter Thobury contemplated an advantageous marriage for his daughter, and now all his schemes and dreams were shattered, blown to the winds by Rodger Armer.

He had received a couple of very unpleasant intimations—one from his bank, another from his accountants. He sent for Armer, and the manager came, calm and inscrutable. Walter Thobury wanted to know what it all meant, what was going wrong. The manager listened and answered. Everything was going wrong.

"It simply means that you have been living beyond your limits. I have told you of it before. Now the end has come, and it is ruin!"

Walter Thobury wrung his hands. He begged, implored, entreated.

Could not his dear Armer do anything? And the answer came:

Yes, Rodger Armer would save him, ex-

tricate him from his difficulties, make everything right again. Rodger Armer could do it, and would do it, on one condition, and one condition only, and there was no hesitation about naming it. His condition was a thing foreign to Armer's nature.

"My price is your daughter's hand," he said.

What wonder that the father was astounded, staggered! He had never dreamt of his manager caring for Doris. When they had met Armer had been quiet, and so far as he knew, respectful. He was not a man to connect with love. There was a wave of angry indignation. Walter Thobury raved, but the manager was calm.

"There is no need for angry words, sir," he said. "Those are my terms! If you cannot assent to them, things must go."

"But how can I do it? Think, man, think of my daughter! How can I compel her?"

"That is for you to decide, sir."

"But you can't mean it; you can't be serious. Her affections—"

"I am not talking of affections, sir. And I am serious—so serious that, if you decline, I must resign my position immediately."

The hapless Thobury sat and stared at him blankly. It was not that he was moved so much by any consideration for his daughter, any love for her. His pride was hurt, his plans were disturbed.

"I didn't think of you, Armer!" was his feeble protest.

Rodger Armer smiled.

"My dear Mr Thobury, I have pointed out to you again and again how things were going, and you have neglected my warnings. I knew you would neglect them, and I had a purpose in view—to win your daughter. I knew well enough that if I came as an ordinary suitor I should stand no chance. I do not come as an ordinary suitor. I come as a man who has something to offer for that which he desires. I come to make a bargain."

He knew Mr Thobury would yield. He knew how weak and helpless he was; he knew that even the high price he said would be paid.

CHAPTER III.

DUTY DEMANDS.

"Father, you are not in earnest; you cannot mean what you are saying! Mary Mr Armer! I cannot do it—I cannot do it! You cannot possibly be in earnest!"

She had risen. She stood at first in silence, as though she had been unable to comprehend what he was talking about, and when at last the full hideousness of the awful request dawned upon her, her whole young nature rose in protest. It was an outrage against her very womanhood. Her whole soul shrank aghast from the idea!

He sat there, and much as she loved him, noble-souled as she was, it seemed to her that he was almost an object of contempt. His pleading had become so abject, he wept almost manly tears, she thought, he wrung his delicate hands, so carefully manicured, so heavily ornamented with rings. But he never faltered, he never said he would rather accept the ruin than ask this sacrifice.

"My dear Doris," he said, "I suppose we ought to take it as a compliment. It is a rough wooing, but he says he will make you to be his wife. He says he will make everything right if you will marry him, so, you see, you must marry him!"

"Father, you cannot mean it! I cannot—cannot do it!"

But the man did mean it. He had put to go through with it now. He knew it was not the slightest use threatening or commanding. He grovelled on his knees before his daughter. He clutched at her skirt; he would not listen to her entreaties to get up.

"If a father must humble himself," he said, "I humble myself. I entreat you, Doris. Armer's a fine fellow, he is a splendid fellow. And think what it means. The poverty, my dear, the degradation, the disgrace! And all of it can be averted. It is really a very generous offer of Armer's. He will be indulgent in every way, and you'll have a splendid home. 'A splendid home!' She stuck her head. "Under such circumstances the world could most glorious palace in the world could only be a prison!" And then: "Father, only be a prison!" And then: "Father, you must get up! I will listen to nothing—I will talk about nothing—until you sit down and behave rationally."

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He got up, carefully dusted the knees of his trousers, and then sat down in his chair with a sigh, and called himself a miserable wretch again.

"Now listen to me, father," she said. "Only yesterday I had an offer of marriage from a noble and true gentleman, from Dr Weston. I was going to bring him to see you and ask your consent."

"I can't consent to anything under the circumstances!"

"Listen to me," she went on. "I am not sure that your change of circumstances would allow me to enter into an engagement with Dr Weston, certainly not unless I told him first. But I do not think he would pay any attention to a reverse of fortune, and he would help you. I am sure of it."

He shook his head impatiently, and waved his hands in the air.

"You talk nonsense!" he wailed. "You talk nonsense! You choose poverty. You have a right to choose it for yourself, but it is not what I looked for in you, Doris, not what I looked for in my daughter. Listen to me, Doris! I believe that Armer worked this on purpose, he as good as told me so. He said he loved you, and he knew there was no chance of winning you, and he's not a man to be turned from his purpose lightly. Only this morning he rang me up."

"Rang you up! Stay!" She went across to the telephone. "What is your number in the City?"

He told her. She rang up, and when she got a reply, desired to be put through to Mr Armer, and soon the answer came.

"Yes? who's that?"

"I am Miss Thobury."

"Yes, Miss Thobury?"

"I have received a communication from my father, Mr Armer, which has surprised me very much. I can hardly believe that you are in earnest."

"I am sorry for that, Miss Thobury, because I am in earnest."

"But you surely cannot mean—"

"Excuse me, Miss Thobury," the voice interrupted, "but at the present moment I am very busy. Things here are in a critical state, and require my immediate attention. I have explained to your father exactly what I do mean, and I shall be calling upon him to-night to receive his answer to my proposition."

His answer! Not hers; There, again, she was not to be taken into consideration. Her whole soul rose in rebellion against this position. "Well, are you satisfied? Her father asked.

"I am satisfied that this man is in earnest," she answered. "I am wondering whether you are in earnest, whether you can stoop to such degradation, as this, whether it would not be better, father, for us to beg our bread in the streets."

"Don't talk such nonsense, Doris!" I sent for you expecting to find a dutiful daughter. If you cannot help me, if the crash is to come, I won't face it. I'll take my own life!"

To anyone else the idea of Walter Thobury taking his own life might have been ludicrous, but she shuddered. It was too terrible. She felt bewildered. If she had had time to think things out, to contemplate it, it might have been different; but to bring this suddenly upon her with a crash, and just when she had been so happy; it meant the sacrifice of all her life, of all her hopes, of all her prospects. It meant a living death for her!

"Doris, we must give an answer soon. For Heaven's sake, my dear girl, be rational! Armer is coming this evening for his answer."

"Heaven give me strength for this!" The prayer was formed in her heart. "Heaven give me strength for this, and then, in mercy, when the sacrifice is made, let me die!" Surely it was a terrible prayer, although unspoken, yet it came from the very bottom of her torn and racked heart.

"Tell me honestly, father," she said, "is there no other way but this?"

"No other way, my dear."

"Then I promise."

He would have rushed in and embraced her, and called her his darling, noble girl, but she shrank from him. She could not endure that.

"Please leave me alone, father," she said.

"I'll phone to Armer, and tell him. He will dine with us, my dear. I'm sure you will be very happy, and all that sort of thing." And with that he left her.

There upon the bed lay her cloak and bonnet, her nurse's uniform. She was dressed in nurse's garb now. She took it off, her eyes were full of tears. She took her gown and kissed it; she kissed the cloak. She took off the little chatelaine slowly and reverently, as one who puts aside that which is brightest and sweetest. She laid them in her box, and then dressed for dinner—to meet her future husband!

In her room were some of her medical works, books of reference, books of nursing and bandaging. She took them down one after another. She was very calm now, unnaturally calm. She placed them

all away, then she sat down and wrote two letters. One was to the matron, telling her that duty would prevent her ever going back to the hospital, the second was to her lover, telling him that circumstances had arisen which forced her to alter her decision, that she could be no engagement between them. She bade him good-bye. They would never meet again, because she was going to be married.

She rang the bell, and when the maid answered the summons, she handed her the letters.

"I want these posted at once, please," she said. And yet, as soon as the girl had gone with them, she cried out for them to be brought back. She could not do it. But they were gone, they were posted, and she cowered down there in her room.

"Heaven help me!" she moaned. "Heaven strengthen me! Now I feel as though my heart was dead!"

Her torture was only beginning, however. The maid returned in a few moments with the information that "Mr Armer had arrived and would be pleased to see her if she would come down."

Like one in an evil dream she rose and went downstairs, her face flushing with shame at the thought of what she was about to do. Slowly she opened the drawing-room door and entered, to find herself face to face with Rodger Armer.

(To be continued.)

IRISH WIT AND HUMOUR.

Casey bet on a horse which finished last. He went down to the paddock, called out the jockey who had ridden him and asked: "In havin' name, young man phawt delayed you?"

An Irish post-boy having driven a gentleman a long distance during torrents of rain, was asked if he was not very wet.

"Arrah, I wouldn't care about being so very wet, if I wasn't so very dry, your honour."

"Did the fisherman have frog's legs, Bridget?"

"Sure, I couldn't see, mum; he had his pants on."

"Have you a very quiet horse? McSorley. It must be like a lamb, neither kick nor shy and not go too fast."

"Certainly, McCassey; which'll you have, a clothes-horse or a rocking-horse?"

"There's a great art," says Mickey Dolan, "in knowing what not to know when yez don't want to know it."

Pat: Who is being lowered into a well; "Stohp, will ye, Murphy? Oi want to coom up again."

"Murphy: Still letting him down, 'Phat for?"

Pat: "O'll show ye. 'Af ye don't stohp lettin' me doon, O'll cut the rope."

"I hear, McGinty, that yez broke yer leg." "Then yez heard wrong, Lafferty. Yez must think I'm a fool. It was broke by accident. What would I want to break me own leg for?"

Once there was a millionaire named O'Reilly, who had a servant girl working for him also named O'Reilly.

O'Reilly disliked fortune hunters, so when one came to town—a duke from England—O'Reilly immediately invited the penniless man to his home.

"Pleased to meet you, duke, said O'Reilly. "Let me introduce you to Miss O'Reilly."

The duke, and Miss O'Reilly, who was dressed for the occasion, got along famously, Miss O'Reilly doing most of the listening. Before two hours had passed the duke came out of the parlour, and said to Mr O'Reilly: "Margaret and I love each other devotedly. Will you give me her hand in marriage?"

"Certainly, duke," answered Mr O'Reilly, gazing up at his cigar smoke. "Margaret has always longed for a title. Can I send for a clergyman and have the ceremony performed now?"

The duke was delighted with this, of course, and answered heartily in the affirmative.

So they were married and the drinks were on the duke.

An Irishman was planting shade trees when a passing lady said:

"You're digging out the holes, are you, Mr Haggerty?"

"No, mum. Oi'm diggin' out the dirt an' lavin' the holes."

Irish Foreman, to gang of men in a sewer: "How many men is down in that hole?"

Voice from the sewer: "Three, sorr." Irish Foreman: "Then lave half of yez cum up."

MOTORING NOTES.

SOME TIMELY SUGGESTIONS.

With the coming of summer, your thoughts naturally turn to your Motor cycle again. We want you to get all the pleasure possible out of your machine this season. But before you take it out on the road, there are a few things that you should do, in order that you do not run up a big repair bill later in the year, and have to be without your machine when the riding is best.

Go carefully over your Indian as outlined below, and when you are through, your machine will run better and you will get a lot more satisfaction from its use.

Motor.—Remove both cylinders and scrape all carbon deposit from them.

Grind the valves to a perfect seat, and after replacing, adjust the clearance carefully.

Drain the oil from crank case, and wash out thoroughly with plenty of kerosene. Drain kerosene and put three pumpful of oil into the case before starting the motor.

Clean the points on spark plugs, and remove carbon from the shell and insulation.

Clutch.—Remove screws and plates; clean all grit from inside; if necessary replace linings. Tilt the machine to one side and put a small amount of light oil into the adjusting screw holes for oiling the roller bearings. Assemble and adjust to proper tension.

Speed.—Drain off the old oil through the lower screw hole in side of case. Fill the case with a fresh supply of good steam engine oil or Mobiloil "C," through the upper screw hole. Do not use grease of any kind.

Fork.—Remove fork, clean cups and cones with kerosene, and repack with a hard cup grease.

Oil bell cranks and studs so that the fork will rock easily.

Springs.—Either remove or spread the front and rear springs, and after cleaning all rust, coat the leaves with a thin layer of graphite grease.

Inject oil in shackle pins through the oil screw holes.

Wheels.—Remove front and rear wheels; clean bearings carefully, inspect for wear, and repack with good hard cup grease. Inspect the brake linings and renew if necessary.

Chains.—Clean thoroughly in kerosene or gasoline; wipe dry and put into oil bath; hang up and let surplus oil drain off, use new connecting links and adjust chains to fit without slapping.

Tanks.—If gas has been left in the tanks over the winter, drain it off and ref. fill with fresh gas.

Refill oil tank, inspect oil and gas lines for leakage, and examine hand pump to see that it draws oil. After the motor is running remove small screw in the automatic oil pump; replace when oil issues through hole.

Magneto.—Put only a few drops of light machine oil into the oilers. Remove front brush holder and with a piece of clean cloth wrapped around the blunt end of a small pencil, clean the collector spool visible inside the opening. Turn the motor over slowly when doing this.

Inspect wires for burns or breaks, and be sure they are not too close to the cylinders.

Battery.—Keep the battery and battery box very clean. Add distilled water to all three cells through the plug openings in the side, until the water reaches the openings. Always use a glass syringe or battery hydrometer for adding water. Never use ordinary water; get a quart of distilled water at your druggist's for a few pence.

Generator.—Put four or five drops of light machine oil into the oilers at each end of the generator; repeat every 400 miles. Remove end cover and put a drop of oil the moving parts of the automatic cutout.

Wiring.—Carefully inspect all wires for chafes, breaks and short circuits; replace wires wherever necessary.

Controls.—Inspect the controls to the Carburettor.—Magneto.—Clutch.—3 speed.—Brakes. Be sure they are all working properly and easily. Oil all joints, shafts and bearings with light oil.

Sidescar.—Inspect and tighten all braces; remove wheel, clean bearings and pack with hard cup grease; see that the wheel is parallel to the machine, and that the machine does not lean towards or away from the sidescar.

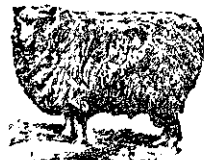
Last: Go over the entire machine carefully with screw driver and wrench, and make sure that all nuts and screws are tight.

"A beautiful behaviour is better than a beautiful form; it gives a higher pleasure than statues and pictures; it is the finest of the fine arts."—Emerson.

CHEAP MEAT.

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SHORT STORIES.**THAT'S THE TICKET.**

Wife (to husband): "John, what are you going to give your uncle for a Birthday present?"
Husband: "My watch."

THE SAFE SIDE.

The burglar climbed over the office partition. "It is well to be on the safe side," he said. Then he began to work on the vault.

HELD.

Under a spreading tree they sat.
He held her hands, she held his hat,
I held my breath and lay quite flat.
They kissed. I saw them do it.
He held that kissing was no crime,
She held her head up every time,
I held my peace, and wrote this rhyme.
While they thought no one knew it.

A GIVE-AWAY.

Inquisitive neighbour. "Your ma's hair is as black as if she dyed it. Does she really dye it, Tommy?"
Tommy: "Oh no, she don't dye it. That's the colour it was when she bought it."

BEVERAGES.

Stipendiary Plowden was once discussing beverages with a fellow club member.
"Have you ever tried gin and ginger beer?" asked the young fellow.
"No," replied Mr Plowden, "but I've tried a lot of folks who have."

THE DEFINITION.

"Papa, what is a waac?"
"A waac, my lad, oh, I believe it's a specie of a wren."
"Could you tell me how they're caught, papa?"
"Well, I couldn't say exactly, my boy, but I believe one has to make a noise like an officer."

O, DEAR, NO!

"What brought you here, my poor man?" inquired the prison visitor.
"Well, lady," replied the prisoner, "I guess my trouble started from attending too many wedding's."
"Ah! You learned to drink there, or steal, perhaps?"
"No, lady; I was always the bridegroom."

AN EYE FOR THE HOUNDS.

Charles Fox and his friend, Mr Hare, both much incommoded by dogs, were together in a house, when seeing some shabby men about the door, they were afraid they were bailiffs in search of one of them. Not knowing which was in danger, Fox opened the window, and calling to them said, "Pray, gentlemen, are you Fox hunting or Hare hunting?"

GOOD BUSINESS.

"Your business college for young ladies seems to be all right."
"It is all right."
"Do you give the girls a good, practical business training?"
"In reply to that question I can only say that sixty per cent. of our graduates marry their employers the first year."

A CHANGE IN PLANS.

Two tramps had followed a wealthy man through many miles of streets waiting for a favourable opportunity to rob him. Suddenly he stopped before the residence of a lawyer, ran up the steps, rang the bell, and was admitted.

The tramps looked at each other in disgust.
"Well," said one to the other—
"Well," said one, "What's to be done? suppose we shall have to wait for him to come out?"
"Not likely," said the other, "we shall have to wait for the lawyer now."



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