



No. 30.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1920.

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LIGHTING PLANTS, MOTOR LIGHT-
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Four-roomed Dwelling, nice section; wash-
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Six-roomed Dwelling, in good order; full
4-acre section, northerly aspect. No
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We have other tip top properties worthy
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CIGAR DIVAN,
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A good stock of—
CIGARS,
CIGARETTES,
TOBACCO, and
SMOKERS' REQUISITES
ALWAYS AT YOUR DISPOSAL

Quick March, be in Line,
Take that Old Suit

to

A. MACKLAM.

Ladies' Costumes and Gents' Suits Cleaned
and Renovated.

(Opposite News Buildings.)

ALSWEILER BROS.,

HAIRDRESSERS & TOBACCONISTS,

WISH to notify the public generally that
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supply of all smokes, and other lines, such
as

RAZORS, PIPES, SOAPS, etc.,

and when a SHAVE or HAIR-CUT is re-
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IF YOU REQUIRE ASSISTANCE

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ESTABLISH A BUSINESS.

FURNISH A HOME,

SECURE EMPLOYMENT,

LEARN A TRADE,

Etc.,

CONSULT THE NEAREST RE-
PATRIATION OFFICER.

Local Committees at Gore and
Queenstown.

A. GLASS,

Secretary,

Tay Street, Invercargill.

LOOK UP!

W. E. Butcher's,

HIGH-CLASS TAILORING ESTABLISH-
MENT,

At No. 8, TAY STREET.

RETURNED MEN entrusting their or-
ders to my care may rest assured
that they will have the very best that
English Tailoring can produce.

F. Holloway & Co.,

LICENSED SECOND-HAND DEALER.

WHY THROW ANYTHING ASIDE?

WE LIVE OFF WHAT YOU DON'T
REQUIRE, AND PAY CASH
FOR SAME.

Bottles, Rags, Bones, Fat, Metals,
Gents' Clothing, Boots, Books, Old Bikes,
Go-carts, Ironwork, etc., Carts, Gigs,
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WE WANT YOUR BUSINESS!

Remember, it costs money to advertise
now, and its up to the people of South-
land to remember us when there's any
business in these lines we've mentioned.
Our carts will call at your home on re-
ceipt of an order or a ring to 101 on the
phone.

BOOTS!

Boots! Boots! Boots!
Tramping all the day
Down the dusty, war-worn road,
Well they earn their pay—
For they carry such a load.

Boots! Boots! Boots!
If you treat them fair
They will save your feet from pain
And honest pair
Take you there and back again.

Boots! Boots! Boots!
Till your latest breath
They will climb the hill to fame,
Trudge the road to Death,
Or march back the road you came.

Boots! Boots! Boots!
Help to win the war;
Though they are only leather
They will take you far
In fair or stormy weather.

Boots! Boots! Boots!
Oil them if you can;
Then, when you are dead and gone,
On some other man
They may still keep marching on.

Boots! Boots! Boots!
Tramping all the day
Down the dusty, war-worn road,
Well they earn their pay—
Bearing such a heavy load.

—Rewi.

WAR FRIENDS.

Digger and cobber, mate and chum—
Who says there's nothing in a name?
Friends who adown my pathway come,
And pass as quickly as they came;
They who have faced the fume and
flame,
And marched with me to beat the
drum,

Have taught the meaning of the name,
Digger, and cobber, mate and chum;
But when they're far away, or dumb,
And lapsing memory I blame,
This page shall ever guard the sum
Of those who helped me play the
game—

Digger and cobber, mate and chum;
Indeed there's something in a name.
—H.S.B.R.

Extraordinary cold has been experien-
ced in Victoria, Australia, snow falling
as far north as Albury, on the River
Murray, where it has not been seen for
twenty years.

LADIES!

WE have pleasure in announcing the
arrival of a delightful assortment of
Swallow and Aerial's

BISCUITS.

In it are included such favoured varieties
as—

Lemon Rings, Macaroons, Crack-
nells, Cream Crackers, Water,
Orange Sandwich, Devon Creams,
Cocoanut Creams, Cocoa Creams,
Fancy Mixed, etc.

For the high quality this assortment
represents the prices are

NOT EXCESSIVE.

Call in and inspect. We'd be delighted
to show them.

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GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS COM-
PLETE,

DEE STREET.

SMART SUITS TO MEASURE.

FROM ALL WOOL N.Z. TWEEDS.

PLACE your order now. We anticipate
a very busy time from now to
Christmas.

These Suits are giving every satis-
faction.

They are made from reliable material,

They are smart cut, and perfect
fitting.

They keep their shape, and look well,

They are reasonable in price.

£7 10/-, £8, £8 10/-

Place your order to-day. Later we may
have to refuse orders, and don't want to
do that.

Order in time and we will not disap-
point you.

W. GEORGE AND CO.

A NEW SEASON—Brings New Goods.

WE HAVE JUST LANDED OUR NEW SEASON'S STOCK OF MEN'S TIES IN ALL THE LATEST
COLOURS AND DESIGNS.

WIDE-END TIES, 2/6 up to 7/6. COLD KNITTED TIES, 1/6, 1/9, 3/6, 3/9.

BOYS' NARROW TIES, 9d, 1/-, up to 2/6.

BUY OUR TIES AND YOU WILL HAVE NO TROUBLE WITH TWISTED LININGS.

McGruer, Taylor & Co.

SPRING . . .

SUMMER

NOVELTIES

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In all

DEPARTMENTS.

INSPECTION CORDIALLY INVITED.

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LIMITED.

TAY STREET, INVERCARGILL.

AND BLUFF.

FOUNTAIN PENS.

THE kind that are always at your service; that never balk, splutter, or cultivate bad language. The tried and proved stalwarts of the pen world. You'll get them here.

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The Capitol, Lever Self-filler, 12/6.

The Conklin, Crescent Self-filler, 20/-

The Cameron Waverley, secure, Self-filler, 22/6; gold-mounted, 30/- and 35/-

The Onoto, Self Filler, 20/-

The Waterman, Lever Self Filler, 25/-

The self-filling principle saves bother and inky fingers and the quality of the above pens is beyond dispute. Post free anywhere.

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GENTS' VELOUR HATS,

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TWEED HATS,

TWEED and CRAVENETTE CAPS.

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SPECIAL LINE

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McNeil & Clark,

CLOTHIERS AND MERCERS

94 Dee St.

THE SILENT WIFE!

Remarkable Drama of Married Life.

By MARK ENGLISH.

CHAPTER IV.

ENGAGED.

"My dear Doris, your father tells me that you will favour my suit. I need hardly assure you that I am sensible of the honour that you do me."

"Stop!" She turned on him with a quick gesture, an imperious gesture. "Let there be no mistakes between us, Mr Armer."

"My name is Roger," he said. "I called you Doris."

"I am aware you did, you have purchased me, and therefore I suppose you are at liberty to call me what you like; but to me you are Mr Armer."

Just a little compression of the lips, and a bow.

"Very well," he said.

"I repeat, let there be no mistake between us. You say my father told you that I will favour your suit. My father, through some villainy of yours, I presume, has got into your power, and the only way of escape is for him to sacrifice his daughter. I have listened to his pleadings, and I have elected to pay the price. There is no question of accepting; I am helpless, and there is no question of your being honoured. Let there be no mistakes and no mockery. I respected you as my father's manager. I respect you no longer."

He smiled, he rather liked her for her candour.

"Let me remind you, my dear Doris"—it seemed that he almost emphasised that word—"that all is fair in love and war. Because I loved you, and because I saw no other way of winning you, I have chosen this way."

"Love!" she retorted. "Do not defame that holy word by speaking of it. Love would have died sooner than do a thing of this sort. Love would have suffered anything rather than stoop so low. You love! You do not know what love means. Now listen to me. Only yesterday a man whom I loved asked me to be his wife, and I consented. Since then I have had to write to him and break off the engagement. But make no mistake, Mr Armer, my love is not yours, and never will be yours. You may have secured the casket, but the gem which it contains is given to another. Do not say that I am deceiving you. That is all that I wish to remark. And now, if you have nothing to say to me, there is not the slightest reason why we should continue this conversation."

He had come to the fireplace where she was, he stood there leaning his elbow upon the mantel, contemplating her gravely.

"Certainly I must thank you for your candour, Doris," he said; "but it does not influence me in the slightest. I was not so foolish as to expect that there could be any affection for me in your heart—that will come by and by—in fact, we may find our wedded life will be all the happier because we do not begin with any romantic nonsense. Now, since you do not wish to be alone with me, by all means let us rejoin your father."

"And, as far as possible," she said, "let us avoid this subject. There is no need for anything to be said in reference to it—at any rate, between ourselves. I suppose, for common decency's sake, we must keep some sort of appearance before outsiders. If you have any consideration at all, I would suggest that you leave me as free as possible." And he answered, with just the trace of a mocking smile, by repeating her own words:

"We must keep up some sort of appearance before outsiders."

The engagement was announced. Perhaps some were surprised. They said that Doris Thobury might have looked higher. But those who looked upon her father as a man of wealth flattered and fawned, and offered their congratulations. What a life it was for her, but she schooled herself to go through with it. People wondered at her aspect, she did not act her part, and Roger Armer did not care to act his.

"Doris and I," so he said to some, "have advanced ideas. We do not believe in romantic exuberance of passion, and we respect and admire each other all the more because of it. Still waters run deepest, you know." So he passed the thing off.

"I should like you to come with me,

Doris," he said one day, it was only a week after that. "I want to show you the new home I have chosen for you."

"It does not matter to me," she answered, "where we live. It is for you to choose."

Perhaps it is to his credit that he remained so absolutely patient.

"Most women care to see the home they are to live in," he remonstrated.

"A prisoner cares very little to see the prison in which she is to be confined," was her answer. "You are taking me to a prison. I look upon it as nothing else. I have not the slightest interest in what arrangements you make, Mr Armer."

"Very well. I shall have to tax my ingenuity as best I can to see that I make your prison as comfortable as possible for you."

Was she doing right? The thought came to Doris as she sat alone. The words of Miss Dalley concerning duty came to her mind. She had taken this step, she had been coerced, but it was taken. It occurred to her as she sat alone that she even owed some sort of duty to Roger Armer. She was to be his wife; there was no question of love or affection, but the very fact that she was accepting that position entailed duties. Even in her misery and wretchedness Doris was a conscientious girl. Was she doing right to treat his suggestion that she should go and see her new home, and give her own orders, in such an ungracious fashion?

Duty to her was no longer a sweet happy thing; it was, indeed, a hard, thorny road, but it was the road; and convincing herself that she was wrong, she sought the first opportunity of putting it right, so when he called the next day she said to him:

"Roger"—it was the first time she had used his Christian name, and he started—"I have been thinking of what you said."

"Yes?" How coldly it was spoken.

"I will be pleased to come with you when you like to see our home."

"I am sorry, but I am busy at present; I can make no appointment just now."

It was ungenerous of him. He might have known what it had cost her to humble herself so much, and he met her advances in that way. Any yielding in Doris was checked: she was the cold, indifferent woman once more.

"Oh, I am sorry," she answered. "Do not trouble yourself." And so the chance was allowed to pass.

She had received no answer to her letter to Paul Weston, but she had had two letters from Miss Dalley; kindly letters. How her heart longed to go and see her old friend once more, to tell her of all her troubles, to ask her advice. She instinctively realised that Miss Dalley was disappointed, and she felt that she would have to go and talk with her.

The time was drawing close—terribly close; how she shrank from it! The nearer it came, the more joyful and merry her father grew. They had a dinner-party. It was a fortnight—only a fortnight before the wedding, and Roger Armer was staying as a guest in the house that night. How glad she was when it was all over; how glad to creep away to her own room, to throw herself on her knees and pray for strength to face the ordeal. The more she thought of it the more she dreaded it. Alas, it seemed as though prayer was unanswered now.

She crept to bed at last, to fall into an uneasy sleep, from which she was aroused with a sudden start. What was the matter? How hot the air seemed, she could hardly breathe, and what strange smell was this? A smell of burning! She opened her bedroom door, the corridor was full of smoke, and beyond the smoke was an ugly, sullen glow.

She ran back to her room. Doris was no more deficient in courage than most people, but there is something so dreadful in fire; the smoke seems to benumb the brain, a sense of helplessness possesses the body.

The house was on fire! Her window was too high for her to reach the ground, and as she cowered there the thought came that, perhaps this was an answer to her prayer. Perhaps this was Heaven's way to freedom; a short, dreadful, fiery way, but—a way.

Who was that? Who was that who burst into her room crying hoarsely: "Doris! Doris, are you there?"

She raised herself. It was Roger Armer.

er. He caught her in his arms and, snatching the clothing from the bed, wrapped it round her.

"Lie still," he said. "Don't be frightened, I'll see you through."

And then there came to her a sense of his strength, not only of body, but strength of spirit. When he set her down she was in the open air. He himself was but half-dressed, and it seemed to her that the fire had scorched his face.

He turned quickly.

"Take your young mistress away and see to her," he said to the servants; but she broke from them.

"My father!" she cried desperately.

"Where is he? Is he safe?"

"Your father? I forgot him."

Just at that moment Walter Thobury appeared at a window above. He was shrieking, gesticulating, begging for help, and she seized the man she was to marry by the arm.

"Save him!" she cried. "Save my father!"

He looked at her strangely, there was a world of meaning in that look, then he turned and was gone.

People stood shivering, gasping, and she knelt there, cowed with the horror of it. The face disappeared from the window, a belch of flame took its place, and then—then Armer came out, staggering with his burden in his arms. Willing hands would have relieved him, but he pushed through them, he carried his burden to where Doris was, and laid the swooning man on the ground with something of an expression of contempt on his face. Then he turned to her.

"I have done your bidding," he said.

"I have saved your father."

An then she—had she had time to think she would not have done it—but overcome with a burst of gratitude, realising that this man had risked his life; realising, too, that she and her father both owed their lives to him, she put her arms round his neck and kissed him.

"Thank you, Roger," she said.

He started back, there was a smile, a cold smile, and then:

"Oh, really, there is nothing to make an exhibition about. You had better go with the servants. I will see how this damage can be checked."

She went. Oh, it would have been better if he had left her to perish in the fire, far better. Why did this man want to bind her to him when he despised her so much? But she would be careful never to give him cause for contempt again.

"And so that chance—the second chance—was gone. Would another never come?"

CHAPTER V.

WEDDED.

"I'll tell you what it is, Armer, you're marrying my daughter, but you're not getting a slave. Remember a father's feelings, sir."

Those were the words which Doris heard as she entered. Her father and her future husband were quarrelling, and her father had been drinking; she knew it.

"You're not buying a horse or a dog. It's my daughter, sir, and there's time enough yet to break the match off."

"Is there?" was the answer. "You will find there will be time enough to ruin you, then. Don't you try anything of that sort, Mr Thobury."

"Oh, I—I—" How quickly the man knuckled under—"I didn't mean that exactly. But you don't understand the girl. Of course, she doesn't care for you, she's got a proud spirit."

"Pray do not interfere in those matters, Mr Thobury." How contemptuously he spoke. "Believe me, after to-morrow Doris will be my wife, and I will find means to curb that self-same proud spirit. You have no need to feel any anxiety upon that score, I—"

He stopped, and for once he looked confused as Doris walked in.

"I am sorry I have overheard your conversation," she said; and that was all.

Then she went to her room to sit down to—Heaven help her!—to do what? It seemed as though she could not even pray now. And this was the way in which her future husband looked upon her. He would break her spirit. He should not! She would meet spirit with spirit. Roger Armer should find that he had not got the best of the bargain after all.

Hers was a weary sleep that night, and hers a bitter awakening. How many maidens awake with joy and gladness to greet their wedding-day, what high hopes are in their hearts, but what misery was in hers? Had they aroused her to tell her to prepare for execution, she could not have felt more solemn, more sombre.

There were so many friends, such a crowd, such a wine drinking, such a popping of champagne corks, such laughter. Then at last she found herself alone with her father, driving to the church. And he tried to be so jovial.

"My dear girl," he said, "I shall never forget what you have done to help me, and I am sure that your filial duty will be crowned with happiness."

It pleased him to talk in that way, it ministered to his vanity; but she sat silent and made no answer. She was as one in a dream. Was this the church? Were they there so soon? Mechanically she passed in, treading on the thick carpet that had been laid down. She was conscious, in a vague way, of hundreds and hundreds of faces staring at her, and she thought, so they must have stared in the arena of old in ancient Rome, as they watched the victims go to their death.

The bride, with a face white as the veil which covers her, as white as the spotless blossoms of her bouquet, a bride who, as one in a dream, passes into the church on her father's arm, while the bridesmaids fall in two and two behind, the youngest bearing her train.

A hum of admiration, smiles everywhere. "Our dear Doris looks beautiful, but our dear Doris certainly does not look over-well. Perhaps it is the excitement, or it may be natural nervousness," although most people did not think that "dear Doris" was of a nervous disposition. The gentlemen especially say to themselves that "dear Doris" was worthy of a better bridegroom than Roger Armer. He goes forward to meet her, her father relinquishes his place, and so they stand, man and woman, before the altar-rail, and the church becomes silent as the vicar commences the service.

"Dearly beloved, we are met here before God and this congregation to join this man and woman together in holy matrimony."

And so the service goes on until it comes to the words, "To love, to honour, and obey."

A pause. To love, to honour, and obey! Can she—can she say those words? Their meaning burst upon her all in a moment. Facing her, in the centre of the great stained window over the high altar, was the representation of the Saviour, and underneath a scroll bearing the words, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

The truth! Could she say those words! The bridesmaids were startled, one whispered to another that "dear Doris" looked as though she was going to faint. Her father looked concerned; the bridegroom, stern and calm, watched her intently.

"To love, to honour, and obey," the vicar repeated in low tones.

It was impossible, it was horrible, it was a mockery. It seemed to her as though something snapped in her brain, and she gasped out:

"I cannot say that!"

They heard it, the vicar heard it, the bridesmaids heard it, her father heard it, friends clustering round and smiling heard it. What did the bride mean? Had she gone mad? They looked at each other in amazement.

"My dear Doris," protested her father; but she paid no attention to him.

"The words of the service must be repeated," said the vicar gravely. "I cannot continue unless you answer."

"Doris!" said her father again, in a theatrical whisper.

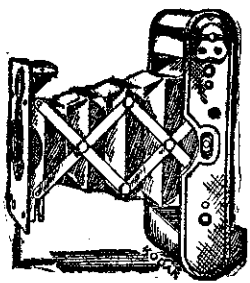
People were standing up in their seats now, an electric thrill ran through that great congregation. The bride had refused to go on with the service! Whoever heard of such a thing? Local reporters very busy with their pencils. Here was something that would make a good story indeed. The bridegroom's friends were indignant. Was the girl mad?

And then the bridegroom spoke.

"Are you going to say those words, Doris?"

It was asked in a low tone and she answered:

"I cannot!"



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never in the way."Fits a lady's handbag or a man's
waistcoat pocket. Simple and
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(Member R. San. Inst., London.)
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TELEGRAMS: "Pulsator," Invercargill.

He did not ask again, he turned and
walked into the vestry, merely observing to
the vicar:"You had better tell these people there
will be no wedding."It was a breakdown! People who had
been laughing and smiling stood as though
they were stunned.

Then the vicar stepped forward.

"I regret to say that the wedding cere-
mony will not take place," he said.
"There is nothing for the congregation to
stay for."The good old gentleman hoped that it
might take place, he would reason with
the bride, but he had better get rid of
these people. He hated anything like
a scene or a scandal in his church.They took her into the vestry, and
there the vicar joined them. She put
her hands in her forehead and looked a-
round in a dazed way. What had she
done? What awful thing was this? What
scandal had she made? She looked at the
man who was to have been her husband—
he was standing there cold and stern.
She looked at the bridesmaids—they re-
garded her with mingled dismay and con-
tempt. She looked at the friends—they
stared at her as though she was some
strange animal. She looked at her father—
his face was pale with anger, he had
torn off his gloves and was twisting them
in his hands. What had she done?"Now, my dear young lady," the vicar
began; but she stopped him."Oh, I am sorry, I am so sorry!" she
gasped. "I don't know what was the
matter with me. Roger, forgive me, I—
There was no yielding on his part."I am afraid that your daughter is ill,
sir," said the vicar to Walter Thobury.
"Overwrought. Perhaps if she was to
go home, tomorrow—""To-morrow?" interrupted the bride-
groom. "There will be no wedding to-
morrow."The vicar was really distressed. The
bride had buried her face in her hands
and was sobbing. What did it mean?
What could it mean? No one there had
any idea that she was an unwilling bride.
—that Walter Thobury, the rich man,
should give his daughter to someone to
whom she was not willing to go was a
thing they never dreamt of.

She went up to Armer.

"Roger, I am so sorry." No relaxing in
that hard face of his. "Won't you forgive
me? Cannot you understand how terrible
it is for me to say those words? But I
will try to mean them. I will pray for
strength to be faithful to that vow. I
am sorry."There was such a world of desperate
entreaty in her tones, such a sorrow for
what had taken place, such self-abasement
and yet he was unmoved."You have made an absurd exhibition
of yourself," he retorted in equally low
tones. "It is simply part of a formal
service. Is this your revenge?""No, no!" she pleaded. "I did not
think of such a thing. Cannot you see
how sorry I am? Let us go back; let the
service go on."The vicar looked at the bridegroom;
he shrugged his shoulders and walked
back into the church—an empty church
now—with not one of the smiling faces
left.Once more they stood there, brides
maids, indignant, friends angry or sneer-
ing, the unhappy bride realising the en-
ormity of what she had done, and so the
service was continued. How their voices
seemed to echo! How hollow it sounded!
To love, to honour, to obey. She lifted
her eyes towards the window, she looked
at the Way, the Truth, the Life, and so
looking, she made that vow, and Doris
Thobury became Doris Armer.Something was wrong in the church.
The crowd without pushed and tiptoed
and stared when at last the doors were
opened. Here they were. They were
coming out now.She trembled as she caught sight of
that dense crowd, she held tightly to her
husband's arm, feeling that otherwise she
would fall. A big crowd but a silent one;
no laughter, no cheers, no showering con-
fetti or rice, no good wishes uttered. A
silent crowd through which she passed
to the car, where the best man, trying
hard to appear unconcerned, stood at the
open door. Her husband handed her in
silence, in silence they drove off
through the throng that stared so curious-
ly at her."Well, Doris,"—how coldly it was said
—"I have to thank you for this humilia-
tion. You have succeeded very well." And
he smiled grimly—almost threaten-
ing. "Ah, well, you are mine now, and
I am your master—a master you will soon
learn to obey, or I'll know the reason
why." He suddenly leaned out of the
window and spoke to the chauffeur, and
as he sat back again remarked: "After
your exhibition, a reception would be a
farce, and I've ordered the man to drive
straight to our house. I've had enough
of public ignominy for one day."She shuddered at the cold merciless
tone of his voice, and shrank back into
her corner as far as she could. So they
drove on in awful silence until the car
turned in at a pair of big sombre iron
gates."Here we are," said Roger grimly.
"Our home—yours and mine. But I'm its
master, remember that. I'll soon teach
you obedience once you are inside those
walls."What will happen to Doris now? To
keep her wretched bargain, his home must
be hers, but will he master her spirit?
Next week's instalment answers this, and
contains some startling revelations.

IRISH WIT AND HUMOUR.

The other day a little red-faced Irish-
man approached a post office which had
three letter boxes outside. One was labelled
"City," another "Domestic," and
the third "Foreign." He looked at the
three in turn and then, as a puzzled
expression crossed his face, scratched his
head."Faith," he was heard to mutter, "I
don't know in which wan to put th'
letter. Sure, Katie's a domestic, an'
she lives in the city all right, an' she's a
furriner, too; but, begobs, how can th'
thing go in both of the three holes at
wance?"Pat—"Yez may say wot you please,
gentlemen; it's not anywhere ye'll be
foindin' braver men nor th' Irish."Banter—"Come off, Pat; it was only
the other day that I made five of them
run."Pat—"Was it ong catching ye they
were?""Well, Misther McPhelim, how'd ye
schlape last night?""Ah, bedad, Denny bhaid! Unconscious
a good dale of the toime."McGuire—"How did he make all his
money?"Rafferty—"Smoking; he was the great-
est smoker in America."McGuire—"Dry up, Rafferty, you can't
make money by smoking."

Rafferty—"He did; he smoked hams."

"Yes," said the dentist, "to insure
painless extraction you'll have to take
gas, and that's fifty cents extra.""Oh!" said Casey, "I guess the old
way'll be best; never mind no gas."

"You're a brave man."

"Oh! it ain't me that's got the tooth;
it's my wife Bridget.""What has become of your niece, Miss
Murphy, Mrs O'Raherty?""Och, sure an' she's done well wid her-
self. She married a lord.""Why, you don't tell me! An English
lord?""No; I don't think he's an English
lord. He's a landlord. He kapes a
hotel out in Indiana."When Paddy heard an Englishman
speaking of the fine echo at the Lake of
Killarney, which repeats the sound forty
times, he very promptly observed:"Faith, that's nothing at all to the
echo in my father's garden in the county
of Galway. If you say to it, 'How do
you do, Paddy Blake?' it will answer,
'Pretty well thank you, sir.'""Pat, if Mr Jones comes back before I
return, tell him that I will meet him at
two o'clock.""Ay, ay, sir; but what will I tell him
if he doesn't come?""Well, Pat, and how is that bull pup
of yours doing?""Oh! he's dead! The illigant baste wint
an' swallowed tape-measure!"

"Oh, I see! He died by inches, then?"

"No, begorra, he didn't! He wint
round to the back of the house an' died
by the yard!"An Irishman on being told that the price
of bread had fallen, exclaimed: "This is
the first time I ever rejoiced at the fall
of my best friend."An Irishman wandering up Fifth
Avenue saw in the window of a photo-
grapher's shop a large photograph of
Mephisto. He went inside, and after
gazing about the walls, said to the prop-
rietor:"I want to have a pictur taken av
meself an' me bruther. How much?"

The proprietor named the figure.

"All right," said Pat. "Will you take
it now?""Where is your brother?" asked the
photographer.

"He's in Ireland," was the reply.

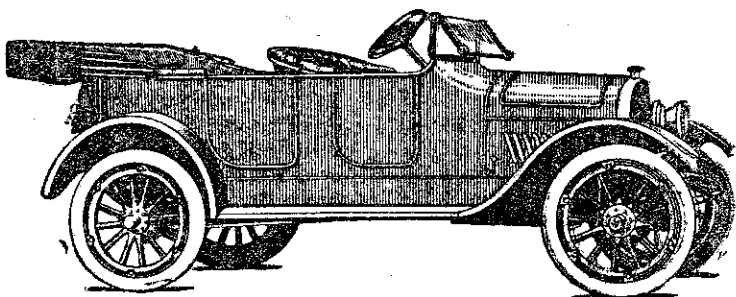
"Well, my man," said the photo-
grapher, "we can't take his picture
unless he is here.""That's funny," said Pat. "Ye took
the pictur av the devil, an' he's down
below."

DIGGERS!

IMMEDIATE ACTION 1914.

Turn the crank handle on to the buffer spring; pull the belt
to the left front and let go the crank handle.

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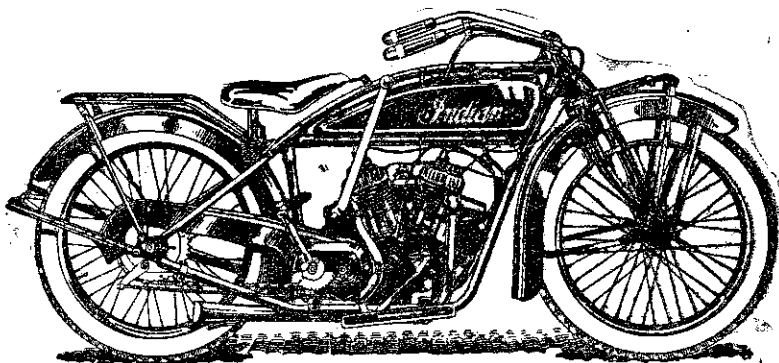
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As a prospective motor cycle buyer, there are, naturally, many
things you look for in the mount of your choice.

THE INDIAN 5-6 H.P. SCOUT MODEL

offers a superb combination of all the points you are likely to look for
and expect in the mount you buy.

POWER—it has ample. SPEED—plenty of it.

COMFORT—Its sensible design assures that.

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on this point.ECONOMY—The beautifully constructed engine turns every drop of
petrol into power.APPEARANCE—It is an extremely handsome model, superior looking.
A quality appearance quite in keeping with its through and
through quality.

VALUE—It has no equal, when priced at

£130.

Don't these particulars make you curious? Let us tell you more
about it to-day.

Davies and Prentice, Ltd.,

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Alex Peat & Co Ltd.,

LEET STREET, INVERCARGILL.
(Alex. Peat) (Alex. Leslie)
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LEET STREET, INVERCARGILL.
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Have you seen the Miller Tyres, if not,
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Several good second-hand cars for sale;
also one 3½ three-speed Singer Motor
Cycle and sidechair at £75.

Full stocks of the best Tyres, etc., al-
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The B. and F. Rubber Co. can repair
any size of blow out, whether blown
through canvas or not.

An expert staff of Diggers to attend to
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and Cold Water Apparatus, etc.

No work too large or too small.

MANUFACTURER OF EXTENSION
LADDERS/ Etc.

Sole Southland Agent for

WIZARD LIGHTING SYSTEM.

GAS ENGINEER'S REPORT.

In accordance with your instructions I
have to report having inspected the vari-
ous systems of vertical retorts in opera-
tion or in course of erection in New Zea-
land, which meant visiting Christchurch,
Wellington, Wanganui, Palmerston North,
Napier, Auckland, and Devonport.

At Auckland, vertical retorts have been
in operation for three years in conjunction
with horizontal retorts, and at Devon-
port, a branch business of the Auckland
Co., the whole of the gas has been
made by verticals for six years, the out-
put being about that of our works. At
the Miramar works, Wellington, a similar
plant has been in operation for over three
years, at Wanganui about one half of the
supply has been made for over six years
by vertical retorts, at Napier the plant is
very nearly completed and will displace
the horizontal plant now in operation, at
Palmerston North the material is on the
site for a similar plant to Napier, and at
Christchurch a contract has been let for
the first part of a plant that will eventu-
ally displace the present one, the founda-
tions being nearly completed and a por-
tion of the plant is on its way from Aus-
tralia.

At Wellington, Auckland and Devon-
port the system is known as the "Inter-
mittent Vertical Retort," a charge of
12 cwt. of coal being placed in the retort,
taking twelve hours to carbonize, and the
coke being removed hot in one operation.

I could see nothing to recommend this
in comparison with the continuous retorts,
the labour involved being much greater,
and in Wellington the extension mention-
ed is in the continuous system, in pre-
ference to the one now in use.

At Wanganui, the continuous plant has
been in operation for six years, and has
undoubtedly done great work for the De-
partment. Half the gas supplied is made
by this plant and half by the same sys-
tem in use here, and it certainly is most
convincing to watch the two plants at
work. In the old retort house three
men are continually engaged in laborious
striking work, in addition to which trim-
mers and labourers are employed. In
the vertical house only one man is em-
ployed, whose duties are more those of
a mechanic than anything else. This
plant was recently repaired after six
year's work at a cost of £180, and will
continue for some years before further
repairs will be necessary. A contract
has been let for an extension of this plant,
of twice the capacity of the existing one,
which on completion will make the whole
of the output. The plant at Napier is
also on the continuous system, having
many improvements of the latest design,
and it is easy to appreciate their advan-
tages. In each case the responsible en-
gineers are most enthusiastic on the ad-
vantages and results from these plants,
and it is quite certain that no further
extensions of gas plant of any but the
smallest units will be made on the old
system in New Zealand, all those inter-
ested whom I have met being unanimous
in their opinions.

The control of the quality of gas sup-
plied is made full use of in every case,
and my remarks in the report regarding
the standard of quality are fully confir-
med. The economy in the cost of opera-
tions and the results obtained from these
plants exceed my estimates in all cases,
and I can only say that I have no reason
to amend my figures in any particular,
excepting that the percentage of renewal
fund might be increased for the purpose
of wiping off the capital cost in a shorter
period, consequent by reducing standing
charges in the future. My estimate of
the capital cost of a plant suitable for
our requirements must also stand, as
contracts entered into quite recently for
complete plants confirm the stated
amount. In each case a large portion
of the material and machinery is being
made in New Zealand and Australia, the
portions in which patents are involved
being imported. It is general opinion that
prices for this class of plant will not in-
crease in the future to any great extent.

My experiences and observations dur-
ing my trip of every branch of the gas in-
dustry in New Zealand lead me to the
conclusion that although the coal supply
question is a difficult one at present, the
future of the industry is assured, as the
demand for gas for all purposes is in-
creasing faster than it can be met in most
cases. Electricity is no longer regarded
as a competitor, but as a public neces-
sity, and gas authorities find quite suffi-
cient business in other directions than
lighting and power, and as there is no
reason why this should not apply in In-
vercargill in the future I have no hesita-
tion in recommending the Council to
adopt the most economical methods in our
operations and to favourably consider the
advisability of adopting the system re-
ported on in this and my previous report.

During my trip I have visited eleven
of the principal gasworks, with a consequ-

ent gain in experience in methods of
manufacture and administration, the holi-
day has had the desired effect on my
health, and I beg to thank the Council
for the leave granted.—Yours obediently,
(Signed) E. RABIDGE,
Gas Manager.

Invercargill, October 7, 1920.

REPATRIATION DEPARTMENT.

PROGRESS RETURN.

There are at the present time 78,350
names on the register of the Repatriation
Department.

EMPLOYMENT.

Since its inception, the Department has
placed 20,018 discharged soldiers in suit-
able employment, and the number on the
"Employment Wanted" register at the
date of this report (20/9/20) is 186. The
majority of these have registered for em-
ployment within the past few days, and
it should be noted that at the present
time not a single discharged soldier is
drawing unemployment allowance, i.e.,
has not been on the books of the De-
partment for more than one week. The
total amount paid out to date as unem-
ployment sustenance is £5,203, an average
expenditure of 1s 3d per demobilised
soldier.

TRAINING.

Vocational training (with sustenance or
subsidy) has been arranged for 5,089 men,
and of these 2,126 have finished courses,
leaving a balance of 2,963 still being
trained in special soldier classes and
technical schools or in the workshops and
factories of private employers. An addi-
tional 1,145 students who are attend-
ing evening classes at universities or com-
mercial colleges, or who are studying by
correspondence with recognised institu-
tions have been assisted with grants to-
wards fees and text books. Officers of the
Department keep in touch with them all
and the latest reports show that the latter
are making excellent progress. This
section of the Department's operations
is showing a slight decrease month by
month and during September 104 men
commenced training and 194 trainees com-
pleted their courses and secured employ-
ment as "skilled" tradesmen. The total
expenditure to date on training facilities,
sustenance of trainees, etc., is £200,667.

AFTER-CARE.

After-care officers are doing good work
by getting into personal touch with num-
bers of seriously disabled men in an en-
deavour to further assist them by arrang-
ing any necessary medical treatment, re-
consideration of pension, placing in more
suitable employment, arranging training,
etc., and up-to-date the branch have
dealt with the cases of 748 tubercular
men, 238 amputees, and 245 men suffer-
ing from other serious disabilities. Dur-
ing the past month after-care officers have
also inspected 151 ex-soldiers whom the
Department is training in various trades
and has supervised the trainees' wages
and general conditions.

FINANCIAL ASSISTANCE.

A steady decrease is apparent during
the past few months in the number of
applications received for financial assist-
ance, and a substantial decrease of ex-
penditure in this direction is confidently
anticipated. Up to the 20th Sep-
tember 4,376 loans for the purpose of
acquiring or establishing businesses had
been approved by the Ministerial Board,
involving an expenditure of £992, 44s.
In addition to this 9,248 men have been
granted loans for the purchase of house-
hold furniture, tools, etc., and a further
3,735 have received financial assistance in
other directions, the amount paid to or
on behalf of soldiers under all headings
totalling £1,472,512.

REPAYMENTS.

The amount collected by the Depart-
ment up to 31/8/30 on account of loans
granted was £274,002. Grantors are
in the great majority of cases meeting
their obligations with loyalty and prompt-
itude and less than five per cent. of the
14,156 men who have been granted loans
are in arrears with their payments. In-
stalments amounting to £33,813 were col-
lected during the month of August, a rate
of over £400,000 per annum.

—Summary of Assistance Rendered.—

Placed in Employment	20,018
Trained or in Training	6,234
Financially Assisted	17,358

Total

43,610

A van containing 47,000 eggs was stolen
from a London street by a man, who was
afterwards seen driving in a certain direc-
tion. The empty van was subsequently
recovered.

NIBBLES ABOUT FRANCE.

"MY SECOND COUNTRY (FRANCE)."

(By Robert Dell).

There is nothing that most Frenchmen
like so much as to break a law.

Love of money is one of the chief weak-
nesses of the French, at least of the bour-
geois and the peasants.

During the whole of my twelve years'
residence in Paris I have never heard of
a sanitary inspector, much less had a visit
from one.

A Frenchman spends half his life in
signing papers, apparently for no object
but that of providing easy employment
for an army of otherwise useless officials.

French business methods are just about
a century behind the times.

French administration is a centralised
bureaucracy which spreads its tentacles
over the whole country, controls the life
of the people through its agents, dis-
couraging individual initiative and en-
forcing an arid uniformity.

In Paris about 30 per cent. of the chil-
dren are born illegitimate.

Paris is strangely unlike the rest of
France and the Parisian is a type apart,
very different from other Frenchmen. He
that knows only Paris does not know
France.

The police are intensely unpopular in
France, even with honest people, and in
many cases people will suffer an injustice
or a wrong rather than resort to them,
such is the suspicion with which they are
regarded.

I do not think that there is an ex-
ample in history of a nation which,
having been forced to go to war in self-
defence, has been content to stop at self-
defence and to end the war when it had
repelled the attack.

Probably in no country is the level of
individual intelligence so high as in
France; certainly in none is the interest
in intellectual matters so widespread.

French conservatism extends to most
of the practical matters of life. No people
is more open to new ideas or more sus-
picious of new methods.

The whole of French literature in the
nineteenth century from Balzac to Anatole
France is filled with examples of the
meanness and avarice produced by small
property, Guy de Maupassant and Emile
Zola have shown us what small property
has done for the character of the peasants,
Octave Mirabeau has exposed with bitter
irony the avidity and hypocrisy to be
found among the bourgeois.

The total ignorance of economic ques-
tions, for example, that one finds even
among French men of high intelligence
and great knowledge is astonishing. No-
where is that ignorance more general
than among politicians; not one of the
most prominent men in French politics
outside the Socialist party, except M.
Caillaux, has any real knowledge of
economics or seems to pay much attention
to them. M. Clemenceau is a case in
point. His greatest admirer would not
venture to say that he ever grasped
even the elementary data of an economic
problem or ever thought it worth while
to try to do so; his attitude towards such
problems is purely romantic and literary.

After thirteen years' experience of
France it is my deliberate conviction that
private property in the means of produc-
tion is even more pernicious when it is
distributed in many hands than when it
is concentrated in a few.

The French public has no confidence
in the administration of justice... its
want of confidence is fully justified. The
French criminal procedure is quite liter-
ally mediaeval—it is, in fact, the system
of the Inquisition almost unchanged. In
theory, French, like English, law pre-
sumes an accused person to be innocent
until he is proved to be guilty; in prac-
tice, French judges assume him to be
guilty until he has proved himself to be
innocent.

Bail is seldom granted in France, and
detention is deliberately used as a means
of pressure on an accused person in the
hope that he will finally inculcate him-
self.

That Anatole France was right in say-
ing that the true France is the France
of Voltaire is my firm conviction. Vol-
taire was the typical Frenchman of the
best kind with the typical French quali-
ties and weaknesses.

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(Geo. Stewart, Manager),

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P.O. BOX 54, DUNEDIN.

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returns. We deal direct with the Over-
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MAPLE LEAF (non-skid), 30 x 3½,
£5 5s.
DOMINION (Letter Tread), 30 x 3½,
£6 19s 6d.
DOMINION (3 Ribbed), 30 x 3½, £5
19s 6d.
DUNLOP (Ford Special), 30 x 3½, £7
4s.
FIRESTONE (non-skid), 30 x 3½, £7
12s.
DUNLOP (Railroad), 30 x 3½, £7 12s
9d.
MICHELIN (R.W.), 30 x 3½, £7 12s
6d.
GOODRICH (non-skid), 30 x 3½, £3
17s.

FORD SPARES, OILS, GREASE,
ACCESSORIES, ETC.

All the above makes and all other sizes
kept in stock.

C. S. TRILLO.

ENGINEER AND MOTOR EXPERT,
DEE STREET, INVERCARGILL.

CLUTHA R. S. A.

The ordinary monthly meeting was held
recently and was attended by Dr J. E.
K. Brown (chairman), and Messrs A. L.
Russell, J. Little, G. Jardine, J. Weir,
C. Parr, R. S. Jordan, S. J. Warren, and
the secretary (Mr A. C. Laing).

Accounts amounting to £27 11s 9d
were passed for payment.

One transfer outward was granted, and
three re-issues of badges were approved
of.

The secretary intimated that he had
received a copy of the amended headquar-
ters' constitution and it would be neces-
sary to revise the rules of the local as-
sociation.—A subcommittee was appointed
to revise the constitution accordingly and
submit same to next meeting.

A circular re-Trentham scholarships
was received.

Mr Parr reported on behalf of the
library subcommittee that arrangements
were complete in as far as establishing
a library was concerned, and it was left
to the library committee to select and pur-
chase books.

The secretary reported that under the
new organisation constitution it was
necessary for this association to unite with
some other association for the purpose of
gaining representation at the annual con-
ference. He pointed out that this in no
way affected the status of the association.
—Resolved to unite with Gore Associa-
tion.

ANGLING NOTES.

"By Creel."

"THE BALLY LIMIT."

Two anglers grand with gear all sublime,
Went out to angle when the weather

was fine;
With rods of split cane, waders and

trousers,
Near up-to-date they had loads and

loads.
The water was good and their hopes

high;
Reggie to Algy, "we fish with the

you fish up and I'll fish down,
I'll beat you for weight, I bet a

crown."
The bet duly made operations com-

menced,
When a ragged young urchin hopped

over a fence;
A korapi his rod, a string to it tied;

"You fishing?" he said. "Yes," Algy

replied.
The boy looked hard at their fancy

gear,
And said to himself, "there's no fish

here,
I've fished the river and I think I

know
Where there's one or two beauties,

down below."
Algy and Reggie fished all the day,

Caught very few fish, I'm sorry to say.
Algy returning met our fisher lad,

A fish over his shoulder, but the boy

looked sad.
Algy stared hard at the three pound

trout,
And gasped "it's a fish, I have no

doubt."
But the boy replied, with a kind of

grin,
"That ain't wot yer mate said, no,

not 'im."
"Ye'll see, I'd a bet with Jimmy Green

I'd catch better fish than ever he's

seen!
I caught this fish, the bet to win it;

But yer mate he calls it, "the bally

limit."

—"CREEL."

Last Friday, the season, compared to

some previous opening days, commenced

under auspicious circumstances. The

early part of the day promised great

things, but unfortunately for the fly fish-

erman the wind came up too strong and

gold. However, under these adverse

circumstances some very fair catches were

creed. Complaints are fairly general

that the fish are not in as good condition

as former years, and in conversation with

an angler of wide experience, he suggests,

that the explanation may be found in the

fact of Southland enjoying such an open

winter, there being very few freshes in

the rivers, consequently the fish would

not have the same opportunity of getting

the variety and quantity of food as in

former years. Whether this is the ex-

planation or no it is hard to say, but

personally, I think there is something in

his contention. A brother angler re-

lates an experience he had during the

week-end, and there are others I know

can sympathise with him in his predic-

ament. It appears he was enjoying him-

self to the full amongst the "speckled

beauties," when lo, his operations were

interrupted by the sudden appearance of

a very pugnacious bull, who evidently

mistook our friend for Dempsey, or Car-

pantier, of fistic fame. A hurried entry

into the water (as my friend said,

"frightened all the bally fish"), and our

angler was immune from attack. Not so

being the heaviest bagged. All these

were taken on the fly.

On the opening day, three local anglers

on the Aparima bagged 24 fish with the

minnow. The take included two four

pounders. Another fisherman creel

nine fish, the heaviest scaling six pounds.

They report the fish were in rather poor

condition.

The Makawera gave better results, some

goods bags being secured. One bag com-

prised thirteen fish, the heaviest six

pounds, all in good condition. Another

bag of sixteen pounds was taken. The

Oreti gave as usual good returns, fish-

ermen using the worm, or "snake," creel-

ing good fish. On the Otamita (Gore),

some really good bags were secured on the

"creeper," Messrs Hoffman brothers, J.

McArthur, H. T. Braxton, creeling fish

up to three pounds in weight. On the

same river Mr G. Richardson landed

35 fish on the fly at the bottom end

of the stream, although I understand they

were mostly small. The Otaria and Wai-

pahi gave fair returns. On the latter Mr

F. Young and partner (Gore), securing

twenty-seven fish between them, reporting

the fish were in rather poor condition.

I would again ask all secretaries to for-

ward in results of competitions, particu-

lars of any good bags, reports of meet-

ings, etc.

WYNDHAM ANGLERS.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Club was

held in Gray's sample rooms on Monday,

September 20. There was a large attend-

ance, Mr J. E. Mitchell, president, be-

ing in the chair.

The president stated that last season

had been most successful and he hoped

the coming one would be as good. For

all the competitions there had been good

entries. The club was to be congrat-

ulated upon having won the shield donated

for the triangular competition. Finance

was satisfactory and there was a promise

of increased membership for the forthcom-

ing season.

Office-bearers for the ensuing year were

selected as follows:—President, Mr J. E. Mitchell (re-elected); vice-presidents Messrs A. T. Ross and A. Udy; secretary and treasurer, Mr C. King (re-elected); general committee—Office bearers and Messrs A. A. Aitken, A. Young and G. Bogue.

Messrs Mitchell, Aitken and Smart were re-appointed as a handicapping committee.

On the motion of Messrs Bogue and Young it was decided to hold an all-day handicap competition (bare fly) on the opening day, October 1; the weigh-in at Gray's sample-rooms at 7 p.m.; the fish to be distributed as in previous years.

The secretary was instructed to write thanking Mr J. Brand for his good work in clearing the banks of the Wyndham River, also the Acclimatisation Society asking for a donation or medal as a prize for the highest aggregate weight in the season's competitions.

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.

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LET US QUOTE YOU FOR THOSE ARTICLES YOU ARE THINKING OF BUYING.

You will then be convinced that our Prices are Right.

GEO. MOIR & SON,

FURNITURE DEALERS AND MANUFACTURERS.

72 and 74 TAY STREET.

(Next Price and Bulleid.)

NOTES FROM CALCIUM.

(Own Correspondent).

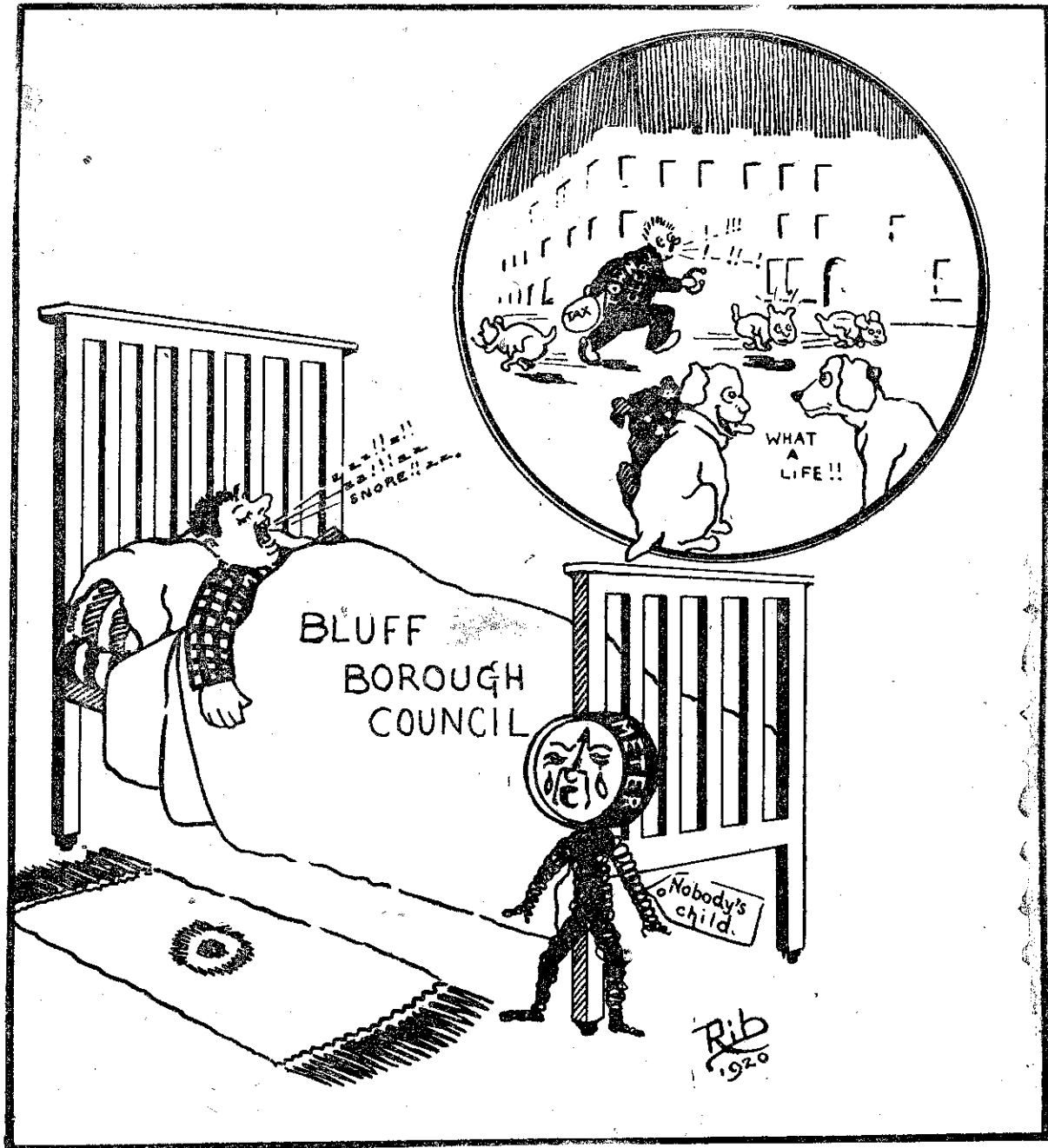
Public Notice.—These notes will be written, if possible, once a week whether they are printed and read or not.

Butterfat.—Quite the largest meeting in the history of Calcium was held on Friday last when the local backbone turned up in force to meet a representative of the N.Z. Milk Products Co., Ltd., to discuss matters pertaining to the price and carriage of cow extract. The result of the discussion seemed to be highly satisfactory to the knights of the milk-pail. At the price of butterfat, calves will have a kind of butterfly existence this season—short and gay.

Statistics.—Our folk are not content to wait until Bill Massey's immigration policy fructifies. In fact most of them are inclined to favour the local product and in this connection it is pleasing to report full cradles in at least three houses.

Sport.—In the rush of spring work there has been little leisure for outdoor games during the past month. However, as the days lengthen it may be possible to arrange for a little cricket practice in the evenings. Some years ago there were nine cricket clubs in the Western District; to-day there are none. Writing of Western District cricket recalls some good old days and brings to mind the following prominent players of some 20 years ago:—Messrs Soar, Inglis, Lyle, F. Mills, Robertson, McKenzie, Matheson brothers, Pattison brothers, Instone, Fullarton brothers, Willett, Smith, Dr Fox, and the late J. R. Mills. The good old days cannot come back, but if our young men are to be retained in the country districts it is necessary that something should be done to enable them to meet for some recreation at least once a week during the greater part of the year.

Sauce.—Apropos of a recent report of the Otahuti football social your Calcium correspondent has much pleasure in endorsing the kind remarks concerning the Calcium young ladies, but he wishes to add that when beauty and good sense are combined, the mixture will stand both wet and dry weather.



BLUFF BOROUGH COUNCIL.

Even the Bluff Borough Council has its sins and shortcomings, as evidenced by recent disclosures. The electric light meters have not been read for a period extending over years. The Town Clerk stated that he was expected to collect dog tax, read meters, etc., besides his ordinary routine work. About two years ago it was found that the Department was not paying and the rates were increased accordingly. It is presumed there will be a spring cleaning in Borough affairs next Election.

For your Garden Seeds,
Plants and Trees, go to

TINY DANIEL

Albion Buildings, Dee Street, Invercargill.

Southland Floral, Plant,
and Seed Supply.

Passing Notes.

BY JACQUES.

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

Two local doctors are to act as judges in the Labour Carnival Baby Show. Daredevils!

A recent "News" par. refers to our leading industrial concern as the "N.Z. Milk By-Products Co." "By-products!" Such is fame.

During September a dozen people over 80, and ten between 70 and 80 years of age, passed out in Wellington. Looks as though a deadly epidemic of Methusalemitis has struck the Empire City.

According to a recent cable Norah March announces that "many women of private means are prepared to face independent motherhood," and to bring up the children without any mere man's assistance. Probably by this time Miss March is very busy answering inquiries as to the whereabouts of those women.

Dairy farmers have been informing the Butter Prices Investigation Committee that butter making has been carried on at a loss during the last two or three years. That accounts, no doubt, for the phenomenal rise in farm land, and dairy cattle prices during that same time.

"Groper," in last week's issue of the "Digger," gives an amusing instance of that curious form of aphasia commonly known nowadays as "Spoonerism." Here is another, which has been (with what truth I know not) tacked on to Sir Robert Stout. During a Supreme Court trial a witness questioned as to certain distance, said that it was about fifteen miles "as the cry flows."

"You mean," said the examining counsel, "as the flow cries."

An embarrassing titter went round the court, and the judge, with a benevolent desire to relieve the situation, leaned forward and said:

"A mere slip of the tongue in both the witness and yourself, Mr —. Of course we understand that what both of you meant to say was that the distance was fifteen miles as the fly crows."

My friend Bill came over again last Sunday—this time to borrow my wheelbarrow. He sat on the back doorstep and smoked in pessimistic silence for a few minutes. I waited. Presently it all came out.

"By cripes, Jax, this cost of livin' business is gettin' a terror. Last night the old woman went into a shop up town and bought a pound of cooked 'am. Three bob, as I'm a livin' sinner. Wotjer think of that? Three bob for a pound of 'am!" I imprudently hazarded the opinion that perhaps ham at three shillings a pound was a not altogether indispensable luxury.

"But, blimey, Jase," he retorted truculently, "a feller must eat something. But it's not only 'am. Look at the price of coal, an' boots, an' clothes, an'—an'—well, everything. It's gettin' too strong altogether. An' now, on top of it all, they're goin' to shove up the price of butter another notch or two—or rather about a dozen all at once. Wotinel are we goin' to do. I think it's about time the Government took a hand in real earnest, an' swung up a few of these blanky profiteers. If they did, I betjer the cost of livin' wouldn't be long tumblin' down."

After a brief interval of silence, during which Bill filled and lit his pipe, he abruptly changed the subject.

D'yer thing, Jax, that eggs will go up again at Cris'mas?" (Bill is one of our largest city poultry farmers.)

I explained that commercial prophecy was not my forte, so I could offer no opinion of value on that head. But, I added, I hoped not.

"Well that's where we differ," said Bill. "I think there's goin' to be a big rise, an' I've got 'opes that they will go up to three bob a dozen again. Anyway I'm picklin' all my eggs now expectin' it." And he marched off with the barrow leaving me pondering over—oh, quite a lot of things.

The Rev. Harold Sharpe's attack on the Ne Temere decree has evoked a reply (there may be more before this sees print) from one W. Burke (our respected Dean?) to the effect that the decree

somehow doesn't really mean what it seems to mean, that what it says is tempered with quite a lot of reservations, exceptions, concessions and "such like," and that, on the whole, it is a highly respectable thing. Also, Archbishop O'Shea and other prelates of the R.C. Church have been putting in overtime explaining that the general objection to the Papal dictum is merely another manifestation of no-popey bigotry, P.P.A. mendacity, and so forth. Which is all very well in its way, but — Well, here is the position in a nutshell. There are a few dozen people who are outside the R.C. fold, but who have certain human feelings. Among these are reverence for their mothers, love for their wives and children, and regard for their own honour. Now these people have been told by, or through, the public press (their chief, or only, source of information) that the Ne Temere decree declares, or somehow implies, that, though a marriage may conform to the law of the country, it is imperfect unless solemnised before a priest, and that the offspring of such marriage is of dubious legitimacy. Whether this is correct or not I cannot presume to say. But that is the general impression, and, in matters like this, it is with impressions that we have to deal. Now, these few dozen people aforementioned are feeling quite as sore—perhaps a little sorer—at the attack (as they understand it) by the R.C. Church on their mothers, wives, and little ones as the R.C. Church is feeling over the activities of the P.P.A. and kindred associations. Would it not be wise and well, in view of all the circumstances, for the R.C. Church to publish, verbatim et liberatim, the whole text of the decree so that the public may judge for themselves whether the Pope or Howard Elliott is in the right. Any newspaper in the Dominion would gladly give the space—and would add enormously to its circulation thereby.

Sometimes our only statesman can be more foolish than the good Lord intended him to be. This was shown in his recent promise—or threat—to seek legal opinion as to whether or not a certain Labour resolution in favour of an industrial Parliament was seditious. It may have been, of course, that other things said at the same Labour meeting would bring the speakers within the four corners of some old Act or other, but to use the particular resolution quoted as the basis of legal action would be to bring William the Conqueror and his party into everlasting ridicule. The industrial Parliament has long been regarded by many — of all shades of political opinion — as the natural and necessary corollary of extended State industrial and commercial activity. It has been freely advocated through the press and on the public platform, and has furnished many a mutual admiration Society with matter for debate. Pamphlets have been written on the subject, and in many a standard work on political economy it has the dignity of a chapter or more to itself. Yet no one, so far as I know, has ever discovered anything treasonable, seditious, or in any other way objectionable in the proposal until now. Truly William has a keen nose for rats. Also it would seem that he has some rats.

If that part of Labour which is represented in our Trades' Unions has any sense of humour it must have many a laugh at its own funny antics. With one foot for ever in the sea and one on shore, it is consistent in nothing but its inconsistency. To-day it curses the profiteer, and to-morrow demands a wage based not on its own real economic value, or the increased burden of living, but, on its own scarcity. Probed deeply one form of profiteering proves very like the others. Again, at nearly every Labour meeting resolutions in favour of a "White New Zealand" are passed, yet when it is proposed to bring out enough British immigrants to make that ideal realisable, Labour gets up on its hind legs and says a lot of unpleasant things in a very unpleasant tone. As though our pigmy population can hope to long keep out the hordes of Asia unless it grows much more rapidly than it is doing at present. Then

we have demands as rapid as machine gun fire that the Government shall "do something" to reduce the cost of living, and to enforce those demands Labour strikes, or goes slow—and up again, as a necessary consequence, go the prices of coal and boots, and other things. It does not seem to strike Labour's brilliant mind that the quickest and easiest way to reduce the cost of living is to have fewer strikes, work harder, and so flood the world's markets with the things that Labour needs. Another instance of Labour's inconsistency (though there are hundreds more), and then I'm done. The powers that be have been frequently threatened with dire penalties of late by the greater power behind the pickaxe, and shovel for penalising the conscientious objector to military service. Yet, at the very time of writing this there is every prospect of serious trouble on the West Coast and elsewhere because certain workers there have conscientious objections to being dragged into paying a levy, of which they do not approve, to the Broken Hill strikers. Truly, as a crowning act of humour, Labour should take "Semper eadem" as its motto.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE TREASURES OF COAL-TAR.

If you put a bit of soft coal into a test-tube (or, if you haven't a test-tube, into a clay tobacco pipe, and cover it over with clay) and heat it, you will find a gas coming out at the end of the tube, that will burn with a yellow smoky flame. After all the gas comes off you will find in the bottom of the test-tube a chunk of dry, porous coke. These, then, are the two main products of the destructive distillation of coal. But if you are a born chemist, with an eye to by-products, you will notice along the middle of the tube, where it is neither too hot nor too cold, some dirty drops of water and some black, sticky stuff. If you are just an ordinary person you won't pay any attention to this, because there is only a little of it, and because what you are after is the coke and gas. You regard the nasty smelly mess that comes in between as merely a nuisance, because it clogs up and spoils your nice clean tube.

Now, that is the way the gas-makers and coke-makers—being for the most part ordinary persons, and not born chemists—used to regard the water and tar that got into their pipes. They washed it out so as to have the gas clean, and then ran it into the creek. But the neighbours—especially those who fished in the stream below the gas-works—made a fuss about spoiling the water, so that the gas-men gave away the tar to the boys for bonfires or sold it for roofing. But this same tar, which for a hundred years was thrown away, and nearly half of which is thrown away yet in the United States, turns out to be one of the most useful things in the world. It is one of the strategic points in war and commerce. It wounds and heals. It supplies munitions and medicines. It is like the magic purse of Fortunatus, from which everything wished for could be drawn. The chemist puts his hand into the black mass and draws out all the colours of the rainbow. This evil-smelling substance beats the rose in the production of perfume, and surpasses the honeycomb in sweetness.

It is interesting to recall that anaesthetics like novocaine and stovaine are derived from coal-tar; anti-pyretics like aspirin, acetanilid, and acetphenetidin; specifics such as adrenaline prescribed for Addison's disease, soamin and arsacetin for sleeping sickness, salvarsan for blood disease, and phenolphthalein used as a laxative. Saccharin, dulcin, and other sweeteners are obtained from the same source; essences like cinnamon and cumarin; photographic developers of various kinds; lyllite, melinite, and trinitrotoluol (called TNT for short), which did such destructive work on the battle-front in Europe. So diverse are the products that it seems incomprehensible that all can be found in one original product.

In the distillation of coal-tar we obtain from the light oil such products as benzol, toluol, xylol, pyridine, phenol, and cresol. From the middle oil we get naphthalene, and from the heavy oil comes anthracene. The refined tar and the pitch left as a residue have their uses. Great industries have been built upon each and every one of these remarkable products, and the chemists have only begun their work in this line. The future is full of possibilities.

Tuberculosis is increasing in British Honduras, and the Legislature of the colony has asked the Imperial Government to take steps to meet the situation.

DRAUGHTS.

(Conducted by F. Hutchins).

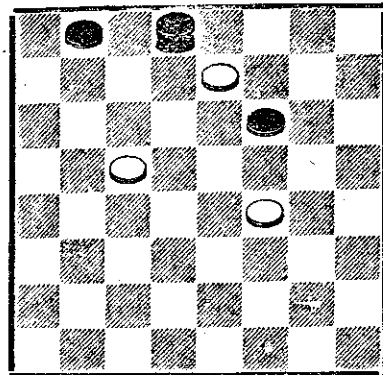
All communications of interest to readers of this column to be addressed to "Draughts Editor," 28 Biggar street.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GEO. H. BROWN.—Your solution to Problem 29 is correct.

PROBLEM 30.

By J. T. Gordon, Sheffield.
(No. 235 in the "Week.")
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and draw.

Black 1, 11, King 2.

White 7, 14, 19.

A pretty conception, and one which reflects considerable credit on author.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM 29.

Black 1, 2, 7, 13, 26; White 22, 25; K 9, 16, 27. Black to play and win.

26.30	22.18	22.18	9.18	1.5
25.21	25.22	15.11	2.6	2.9
30.25a	18.15	18.14	11.2	5.32

Black wins.

(A) 1.5, 27.23, 5.14, 16.19, 2.6, 22.18, 6.9, 18.15, 30.25, 15.10, 7.11, 10.7, 25.22, 7.3 drawn.

The following two games between Messrs C. C. Clark and H. O. Dorsey decided the State Championship. Shortly after playing the Ohio championship match, we regret to hear that Mr Clark was stricken with paralysis, and removed to a sanatorium in a serious condition:—

DOUBLE CORNER.

Black—CLARK. White—DORSEY.

9.14	4. 8	17.13	14.18
22.18	22.17	16.20b	23.14
5. 9	8.11	31.27	9.18
24.19	32.28	10.15	30.25
11.15a	11.16	19.10	15.19
18.11	24.20	6.15	25.22
8.24	15.24	13. 6	18.25
28.19	28.19	2. 9	29.22
7.11b	3. 7	25.22	19.24
25.22c	20.11	1. 5	27.23
11.15	7.16	22.17	24.27
27.24			Drawn.

(A) Safest reply. 11.16 leads to many subtle combinations.

(B) 4.8, 25. 22, etc., draws.

(C) 19.15 is a good line for White.

(D) 10.15 is also quite good.

DOUBLE CORNER.

Black—DORSEY. White—CLARK.

9.14	16.20	2. 6	3.12
22.18	22.18	10.16	18.15
5. 9	8.11	10.15	6. 9
18.15a	29.25	24.19	22.18
11.18	4. 8	15.24	1, 13.17c
21.17	25.22	28.19	15.11
14.21	6. 9	8.12	7.16
23. 5	26.23	19.15	27.23
12.16b	9.13	12.19	19.26
25.22	23.19	15. 8	31. 6m
			W. wins.

(A) Quite a strong line for White.

(B) The following interesting var. is given by John Robertson:—

10.14	6. 9	8.11	6. 9
25.22	19.15	25.22	32.27
8.11	10.19	2. 6	21.25
24.19	23. 7	31.26	30.21
7.10	14.23	10.14	14.17
27.23	26.19a	28.24	21.14
4. 8	3.10	9.13	9.25
22.18	29.25	24.20	27.23
			Drawn.

(C) Dorsey remarked after the match that 19.23 would have drawn, and 19.24 nearly have won.

VARIATION 1.

19.24	17.22	22.25	29.25
32.28	27.24b	24.20	30.26
13.17	20.27	25.29	25.30
28.19	31.24	20.16	
			And Black should win.

(D) 30.26, 18.22, 26.23, 25.30, 18.14, 9.18, 23.14—Drawn.

(E) Although a winning advantage yet there is some play required.

The Invercargill Draughts Club tourney for 1920 has been brought to a close. The following is the prize list. There were 12 entries, each player having to play four games with every other entrant. Two of the players did not finish:—

	Handi.	Points	Total.
A. Thom	... 12½	18	30½
W. Adcock	... 12½	15	27½
F. Hutchins	... scr.	26	26
J. McGregor	... 10	16½	26½

AUCTION—"NO RESERVE."

(Contributed).

I kenna weel hoo to begin,
I've got so much to say;
I canna get each thing put doon
An' gi'e the screed fair play.

O', McKay's gran', matchless Auction Mart!
The folks that I saw there!
Whaur they cam' frae, an' what they bocht—
A rather big affair.

A wife oot the Waiianiwa way
Wad liked a carpet cheap,
An' there wis carpets, rugs, an' mats,
An' carpet-ends a heap.

But when they were put up for sale
She thoct they gied gey dear;
The folks jist lauched at her an' cried—
"We mak' oor ain price here."

They'd feather bolsters, beds an' quilts,
An' feather pillows, too;
A bird, was sell't—I think the geese
On which the feathers grew!

An' kitchen dressers, chiffoniers,
An' cupboards, shelves, an' presses,
An' bracket things for fixin' on
An' fillin' up odd places;

An' gurnels, barrels, washin' tubs,
An' baskets, bags an' creels,
An' tables (with an' without leaved,
An' forms composed o' deals;

An' bicycles an' bassinettes,
Go-carts, perambulators,
An' chicker-coops wi' nests an' roosts,
An' patent incubators;

An' fenders, kerbs, an' grates an' stoves.
An' stoves for paraffin,
Steel fireirons, as weel as bress,
Fire-dogs an' a fire-screen;

Stop-watches, timepieces, an' clocks,
Theodolites, chronometers,
The wristlet things that flappers wear,
Eyeglasses, specs., barometers;

An' sideboards couches, parlour suites—
Ae dandy suite wigs there:
I think he ca'd it "the ston,"
A really swank affair;

An' organs with an' without teeth,
Piano without wire,
An' gramophones quite fit to lead
Invercargill's "Male" Choir;

An' lots o' things that I forget,
An' things I canna spell,
An' things I canna get to rhyme,
Wi' some queer words, as well.

An' cae sic samples maun suffice,
For mair you mauna look;
To tell o' a' that I saw there
Wad fill a great big book.

But if I see you at next sale
I'll tell you mair about it;
An' if you canna' get to that,
Ye'll hae dae without it.

WHITERIG NOTES.

Last Friday evening the farmers and settlers of Whiterig gathered to bid farewell to Mr W. McKinnon, who is leaving the district. Mr J. Stark was in the chair, and eulogising the guest's good qualities, made him a suitable presentation. Several others present endorsed the Chairman's remarks, songs, recitations, and story interspersed, making a most enjoyable evening.

NORTH INVERCARGILL SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

The usual monthly meeting of the committee was held recently. Present: Rev. Collie (chairman), Messrs Kent, Kiesel, Purdue, Bain, Attley and Gregory. The head master reported that the average attendance was 302.8, the average roll number 346.8 and the percentage of attendance 87.3. The average attendance for the quarter ended is 295.9, the average roll number 343.8, and the percentage of attendance 86.1, this low attendance being due to sickness. Miss Brown left at the beginning of the month, to take up her position as infant mistress at the Bluff. Miss Cameron has been appointed to fill the vacancy until the end of the year. It was decided that plans and specifications be prepared for levelling the playground. The matter of advertising was also decided that Mr Blake be added to the works committee and that the committee unanimously nominate him for the vacancy on the Education Board. Accounts amounting to \$14 12s 6d were passed for payment.

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 submit properties that are fair value and arrange your finance at lowest current rates of interest.

£900.—Very superior seven-roomed villa; slab-tile grates, art mantels, picture rails, and wide freizes; commodious bedroom. Full 4-acre freehold in handy position. Terms: £300 down, balance 5 per cent.

£650.—Comfortable six-roomed house; and c. water; one-eighth acre freehold city area. A handy home. Terms: £100 cash, balance 6 per cent.

£1275.—Twelve acres freehold land; early new five-roomed house, cowbyre, trap shed, etc. Close to factory and only 3½ miles from Invercargill Post Office.

£800.—Special new five-roomed Bungalow, with porcelain bath and panelled hall; half-acre freehold land with ample room for another house. Real good buying. 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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INVERCARGILL.

Also—

TALLOW, HORSEHAIR AND
RABBITSKINS.

Tags on Application to—

BOX 143.

'PHONE 1148

TRAMP! Tramp! Tramp! Hear their
ceaseless beat:

Hear the Town Council bleat,
That 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



SPORTING.

Glen Canny, it is reported from the North Island, is not likely to fulfill his N.Z. Cup engagement.

Fleetham, looking very well, was the only thoroughbred shown at the stallion parade on Wednesday morning. Frank Donovan should do well with this imported horse.

Charlie Church is going back into the training game again, and will have charge of the preparation of Silverspire for the jumping races this season.

The late Dave Morton's horses are to be sold. Killowen, who has been well nominated at the Gore meeting should be a good proposition.

Racing is reported to be flourishing in and around the 'Caps, and quite a crop of new owners are reported to be considering registering their colours this season.

Coldwater has been nominated for the mile and a-half and two mile trots at the Gore meeting, but Berry will have to cure him of hanging before he can be relied on as a god bet.

The short distance open races at Gore have attracted four smart sprinters in Silver Peak, Michaela, Killowen and Rokelaine. It will be interesting to see how handicapper Cobb measures this quartet up.

Last Vue broke down on the local tracks on Thursday morning. Bad luck for Swanny Smith, as he had her very well, and nominated her the night before for Gore.

A Riverton correspondent is responsible for the statement that a recently elected member of the committee of the Riverton Racing Club has never been on a race course. Good luck to the gentleman who evidently thoroughly believes in the old adage: "It is never too late to learn."

Secretary Young should be well pleased with the nominations he recorded last Monday evening for the Gore Club's Spring Meeting. It is a fine list he publishes in another column, and this popular fixture which opens the sporting season in Southland this season, promises to be unusually well patronised this year.

Mr P. Fahey, chairman of the course sub-committee of the Riverton Racing Club, recently reported to his committee that the training tracks were in good order, and that trainers were satisfied with the facilities offered. Pat is a particularly lucky chairman in having a caretaker who can satisfy every trainer's whim. He should be worth his weight in gold to the club.

"Starter" in the "Mataura Ensign," bewails the fact that the nominations received for the meeting this month are only seven more than received for the last Autumn Meeting. "Starter" should remember that this is the beginning of the season and not nearly as many horses are ready to race now as will be towards the end of the season.

"Put" Hogan has gone off to Wingatui for a while with a big string of horses. There are some good looking ones amongst the team, but I did not see any certain stake winners like old Golden King and Rorke's Drift. A couple of seasons ago "Put" was always sure of catching a stake with one or other of these two, no matter what else his team contained.

According to a correspondent from Lumsden the local club intends holding another meeting to keep their club in the limelight in case some fresh permits are available under George Hunter's bill. That is the only way, Lumsden, and you should know it, for that is how Te Rua Mick beat you for the last permit available in Southland. The success that has followed the granting of that permit to Otautau shows how very little the Commissioners knew of Southland, and I have every confidence that if the Lumsden club is granted a permit the district will do as Otautau did and show that it is long overdue.

Abbey Jones will frame the handicaps for the Tapanui meeting next January.

Gibb McLean is surely flying high with old Awahou at Gore. Still, a Gore Cup stake would come in very handy just now.

The Winton racing track is in excellent order just now, and by November it should be at its best.

The class engaged in the steeplechases at Gore is not high class and Take Down will be hard to stop should she come down again.

Next week we will have the Dunedin Jockey Club's spring meeting to open the ball in the south this season. The two classic races this year have added interest for Southlanders as they are well represented with both two and three-year-olds.

Listening Post opened Digger Eric's winning account at Geraldine last week. May he keep on in the winning way!

The Riverton Racing Club is again going to review their programme of improvements, the committee is to meet on the course next Tuesday.

Frank Boyce, had bad luck with little Ayediff as he got into a barb wire fence a few weeks ago just when he was ready to go into solid work for jumping events. Ayediff was jumping very well, and must have been decidedly awkward in some of the hunters races at the Otago Hunt Meeting this month.

GORE RACING CLUB.

NOMINATIONS FOR SPRING MEETING.

The following nominations have been received for October 23 and 25:

—First Day.—

First Hack Handicap (seven furlongs).—Adjust, Blue Admiral, Canie Jack, Cattach, Checkmate, Etta, Filigree, Kokowai, Linton, Marching Order, Martial Dance, Martifors, Mettle Drift, Moneymusk, Red Eagle, Sartolite, Twinkle.

Otago Trot Handicap, 1½ mile (harness).—Alcyone, Armistice, Bell Fire, Brown Owl, Biddy Tracey, Black Harold, Coldwater, Cross Battery, Dark Rosine, Enoch Arden, Evening Chimes, First Toll, Full Cry, Harold Treasure, Haroldsoon, Hazlefield, Hoch Aye, Houi Jim, Laura Child, Queen's Lane, Quick Match, Red Empress, Roseberry, Seaward Spot, St. Mihel, Sweet Chimes, Silver Shoe, Socialist, Until, War Scott, War Chimes.

Waikaka Handicap, 1 mile and a distance.—Almoner, Bengeroop, Eleus, Jock, Killowen, Kilkee, Linden, Melee, Silent King, Thaddeus, Tin Soldier.

Dominion Hack Handicap (six furlongs).—Admiral Fisher, Bay Mare (Rose-Noble-Kea), Canio, Centimetre, Flag Lieutenant, Glenhupai, Goodstart, Kokowai, Lady Joan, La Palmas, Lady Knight, Martifors, Mantua, Mademoiselle Fedelma, Mettle Drift, Markilla, Poste Haste, Royal Admiral, Red Eagle, Sealight, Sunlit, Soldier Boy, Strowand, Sartolite, Vice Grand, Wild Night, Wild Shot.

Wantwood Steeplechase (about 2½ miles).—Cazna, Dunmure, Glenisla, Luigi, Miss Trisix, Palladio, Precious Metal, Red Tape, Take Down, Whipcord, Wicklow.

Stewards' Handicap (six furlongs).—Eight Bells, Helicon, Kilbarry, Killowen, Kilbrogan, Michaela, Redshire, Rokelaine, Silent King, Silver Peak, Satisfaction, Tin Soldier.

Balfour Trot Handicap, 1 mile (saddle).—Barooga, Dragoon, Eros, Elma Boy, Enoch Arden, Evening Chimes, Ferry Wallace, Guy Wild, Hazelfield, Kentucky Wood, Last Vue, Miss O'Neill, Moon-glow, Moore Chimes, Quick Match, Roseberry, Seamount, Sireta, The Sheik.

Charlton Handicap (1 mile).—Almoner, Awahou, Kilkee, Linden, Marianne, Mirza, Primum, Revolution, Thaddeus, Twinkle.

—Second Day.—

Apprentices' Handicap (7 furlongs).—Adjust, Admiral Fisher, Blue Admiral, Cattach, Checkmate, Canio, Etta, Flag Lieutenant, Galway, Goodstart, Kokowai, Linton, Martifors, Mettle Drift, Moneymusk, Markilla, Post Haste, Red Eagle, Sartolite, Twinkle, Vice-Grand.

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WHISKY.

Mataura Trot Handicap (2 miles, harness).—Black Harold, Biddy Tracey, Cold Water, Eros, Full Cry, First Toll, Hoch Aye, Hazlefield, Jane Wilkes, Matty's Boy, Nellie Scott, Queen's Lane, Quick Match, Red Empress, Royal Chances, Seaward Spot, Silver Shoe, Thea, War Scott.

Gore Cup (1½ miles).—Almoner, Awahou, Bengeroop, Eleus, Helicon, Jock, Killowen, Kilkee, Linden, Melee, Silent King, Sunlit, Thaddeus, Tin Soldier.

Waimea Hack Handicap (6 furlongs).—Admiral Fisher, Adjust, Canio, Canie Jack, Cattach, Centimetre, Etta, Filigree, Glenhupai, Goodstart, Kokowai, Lady Joan, La Palmas, Lady Knight, Martifors, Mantua, Martial Dance, Mademoiselle Fedelma, Mettle Drift, Marching Order, Moneymusk, Mirza, Markilla, Post Haste, Royal Admiral, Red Eagle, Sealight, Sunlit, Soldier Boy, Strowand, Sartolite, Vice-Grand, Wild Night, Wild Shot.

Eastern Steeplechase (about 2½ miles).—Cazna, Dunmure, Glenisla, Miss Trisix, Palladio, Precious Metal, Red Tape, Take Down, Whipcord and Wicklow.

Flying Handicap (6 furlongs).—Eight Bells, Helicon, Kilbarry, Killowen, Kilbrogan, Michaela, Rokelaine, Revolution, Redshire, Satisfaction, Silent King, Silver Peak and Tin Soldier.

Labour Trot (1½ miles) harness.—Armistice, Bell Fire, Brown Owl, Black Harold, Cross Battery, Dark Rosine, Enoch Arden, Eros, Elma Boy, Evening Chimes, Full Cry, Hoch Aye, Houi Jim, Harold Treasure, Haroldsoon, Last Vue, Laura Child, Miss O'Neill, Moore Chimes, Quick Match, Rothstar, Red Empress, Seaward Spot, Sweet Chimes, St. Mihel, Silver Shoe, Socialist, Thea, Until, War Scott, War Chimes.

Murihiku Handicap (1 mile).—Almoner, Awahou, Kilkee, Linden, Linton, Marianne, Mirza, Primum, Revolution, Thaddeus and Twinkle.

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FOR THE EMPIRE'S CAUSE.

IN MEMORIAM.

WAKEFIELD.—In proud and loving memory of Private Archibald McPherson Wakefield, dearly beloved youngest son of the late Wm. Wakefield and Priscilla Keith, who was killed in action at Passchendaele, France, on Friday, October 12, 1917; aged 22 years 4 months.

Sigh not for me,
I've done my duty;
And comrades brave above my head
Press on to victory.
Weep not for me,
It is as I would have it;
Blue skies above, kind dust beneath,
And you to think of me.

—Inserted by his sorrowing and loving mother.

"The Digger."

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1920.

T. B. MEN.

The treatment of T.B. men is one which has necessitated a great deal of thought and careful handling. It is possible that it is one of the most difficult problems to be faced by those who control the repatriation of the soldier from war to peace. In Australia the problem has assumed considerable magnitude and it seems evident that every attempt is being made to attain a high degree of efficiency and give the men the best conditions possible to restore them to health. The medical section of the department of repatriation have given much thought to the question of returned tuberculars and as a result, a system has been evolved which is declared to be the realisation of an ideal for which the profession have been striving for years. The tubercular cases handled by the Department include:

- (1) Sanatoria—early cases.
- (2) Men whose disease has been arrested.
- (3) Incurable cases.

To these the following policy is being applied:—

Class (1) are treated in sanatoria already existing for the purpose, including those either privately or State-owned, but

they are segregated from the civilian cases. During the period of sanatorium treatment, the men are educated as to their future course of life by lectures, demonstrations, and printed matter, and encouraged and shown how to keep their disease in subjection when once it has been arrested and they have been discharged from the institution.

For Class (2) cases, in each State a communal farm, to insure open-air employment under adequate medical supervision, has been established. These will provide married quarters, so as to encourage the man to maintain his family ties, and to prevent the dread of prolonged separation from his family from militating against his submitting himself for treatment. For single men there are dormitories, and for all there is a central clubroom, which furnishes plenty of recreative facilities. Educational arrangements for the children have been made. The stability of a man's condition can thus be judged, and allowances paid or assistance provided commensurate with his state of health. Those who are well on the way to recovery and have regained sufficient strength to become self-reliant can then be assisted on the land under the Soldiers' Settlement Schemes, an outdoor calling more than any other relied on to ward off a recurrence of the disease.

Those men (Class 3) whose disease is past arresting, and who may be classed as incurable tuberculars, are segregated in cheerful homes, established expressly for its purpose in the vicinity of the metropolis, so as to be easily accessible to their relatives and friends, and thus with shade trees, lawns, chalets, and good recreative facilities the last days of these men will be brightened.

Furthermore, and most importantly, the separation of these men from Classes (1) and (2) will not only permit of their declining days being made as bright and happy as possible, but will also exclude from the less advanced cases the depressing effect upon them of haemorrhages and rapid decline which would otherwise tend to retard recovery.

DIGGERS' LETTER BOX.

TO THE EDITOR "SOUTHLAND TIMES," INVERCARGILL.

Sir,—In your leading columns of October 6, there appeared an article headed "Power Board and Council." The following paragraph is excised from the article in question:—"Councillor Blake seems to us to have presumed too much in suggesting that the amending bill was brought into being by the Auditor-General's objection to the chairman's visit to the Old Country on the board's business. A little consideration of the dates upon which this visit was proposed and on which the amending act was prepared, will show the hollowness of Councillor Blake's contention, and as we understand the position, the 'objection of the Auditor-General' does not exist as a barrier to the chairman's visit to Britain."

The plain facts are that we have presumed no more than the chairman of the Board stated. When discussing this point at the Council meeting, reference was made to Section 34 of the Electric Power Board's Act, and it was never suggested that the Auditor-General's letter was a factor in the whole of the provisions of the new Amending Bill. The point is that the Auditor-General does not consider that there is sufficient power in the Act to enable the chairman to go to any part of the world to purchase machinery. The following is an extract from "The Digger" of October 1st, and happened at the last meeting of the Power Board:—

"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 solicitors' 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."

In conclusion, sir, to use your own phrase, you will see the "hollowness" of your comment as indicated in the above paragraph.—I am, etc.,

EDITOR "DIGGER."

ELECTRIC POWER BOARD.

(To the Editor).

Sir,—When the electrification idea was in the embryo stage, a member of the Southland League lectured on the commissioner system. His arguments must have carried weight, for we find that the Southland Electrical Power Board has adopted the system without so much as by-your-leave.

The Board have given Mr Rodger the powers of a managing director. Two hundred a year is certainly a meagre payment for such an onerous position, so the Board with all secrecy and haste, get the Act amended to permit of a rise in salary or rather honorarium.

Why all these back-stairs methods? Why not ask outright for the power to elect a commissioner and pay him a recent salary. £3000 is not too much. The rate-payers, however, should decide who is to be the man for the job and not the Board. I am thoroughly in accord with one-man control, provided you get the right man for the purpose, and a sufficient salary must be offered to bring out the right man.—I am, etc.,

ONE-MAN CONTROL,
Invercargill, 7th October, 1920.

A REPLY TO JACQUES.

Dear Jacques,—In your reply to my last, you complain that I sneered at some of your statements. I did. I admit the sneer. I asked you to justify your claim that Joseph McCabe's "usual method" of explaining spiritist phenomena was to ascribe them to telepathy, that "he was, and it," persistent in the use of this method, that he holds that "telepathy provides the whole key to the puzzle" and that he continues to use this argument "for all that is worth." And you reheat answer was to refer me to two books published ten and six years ago, in the latter of which you had to leave out a qualifying word in order to make your case a little stronger. I admit the sneer freely. You advise me to re-read your statement as to the £1000 challenge and to note that it runs "to Joseph McCabe—or anyone else." I am well aware how it ran. Here it is: "So persistent was—and is—Joseph McCabe's dogmatic use (of the telepathic argument) that a writer to the British press was some time ago provoked into offering Joseph McCabe—or anyone else—a considerable sum of money (£1000, I think) for proof of telepathy under test conditions." Not one reader in a hundred would take that to mean other than that the challenge was made directly to McCabe and, of course, it strengthened your case to make it appear that McCabe had been individually picked out. Again I feel that sneering impulse twitching at my labial muscles.

Further, you quote me as saying that many of the incidents brought forward by Conan Doyle "all came easily within the scope of the telepathic hypothesis." Really, your genius for misquotation is masterly! What I said was "all these could have been explained away, more or less successfully, by the telepathic hypothesis." Out of fifteen words you manage to get eleven wrong! Not that I would trouble about absolute accuracy as long as the sense is there, but your misquotations have all been in the same direction; they either help to strengthen your own case or to damage your opponent's. It is not fair fighting. To conclude I must point out that you reduce your own position to an absurdity. In one breath you declare that McCabe holds telepathy to be "the whole key to the puzzle" and in the next you say that there are a great many puzzles which he does not try to unlock with this key. You're getting mixed.—I am, etc.,

A.

That enterprise is by no means dead in Southland has been shown on more than one occasion. The local vendors of wholesome foodstuffs, Messrs A. C. Millars, Ltd., whose bakery is generally recognised as a model throughout the Dominion, have again demonstrated a spirit of progressiveness in overcoming oppressive restrictions in the matter of supplies—a complaint that is all too common at this end of the Dominion—and are now in a position to be able to meet the demand for their attractive products.

NEWS IN BRIEF

Auckland has been without gas for the first time in fifty-five years.

The Broken Hill mine will re-open. Provision is made for a 39 hour week.

Latest returns show that 13,000 hands are required to fully man New Zealand factories.

There were over 100 applicants for the lease of a four-roomed cottage in Wellington.

Many business firms in Britain are urging the early resumption of trade with Russia.

The Poles captured practically the whole of the headquarters staff of the Fourth Red Army.

An outbreak of riots and strikes is reported in Petrograd owing to the shortage of food and war weariness.

Unprecedented rains have fallen in the Kiwitea country and caused considerable damage to roads and bridges.

Lord Haig speaking at Tredegar, made a further appeal to Welshmen to redeem the nation's debt to the ex-service men.

A message from Melbourne states that the postal and telegraphic rates have been gazetted.

Sinn Feiners ambushed a party of police. The inspector of police was killed and two constables wounded.

It is estimated that the audit of the American financial "wizard's" accounts by the Federal auditor will show a deficit of about £600,000.

Captain Fryatt's ship, the Brussels, was sold to Mr T. B. Stott, a Liverpool ship-owner, at the Baltic Exchange for £3,100.

The death is announced of Sir Norman Lockyer, a great astronomer, who made striking discoveries in solar physics and astro-chemistry.

An aeroplane carrying six passengers and mails from Croydon to Paris crashed into some back gardens near the aerodrome. The passengers were unhurt.

Active campaigning for and against prohibition in Glasgow is now going on in preparation for the local option polls on November 2.

The Auckland Electric Tramways Company's balance sheet shows a profit of £47,735. A dividend of 1s 3d a share has been declared, and £9610 carried forward.

An oil barge burst into flames near Woolwich and, drifting about the river, set fire to several barges, a ferry boat, a pontoon, and some fire engines. The skipper of the oil barge is missing.

Ten informations have been laid against four well known warehouses for alleged profiteering in the sale of tweeds. The Crown Solicitor stated that the public would be staggered when they knew all the facts.

The Prime Minister states that 7,937 German heavy guns, 35,950 field guns and howitzers, and 2,729,804 small arms had been surrendered or destroyed up to August 5. Air craft surrendered or destroyed number 943.

Sinn Fein recruiting has experienced a partial set-back recently, and the leaders have therefore initiated a sort of conscription, warning young farmers that if they fail to enlist they will be barred from sending cattle to the fairs.

The Tennessee Senate has voted for the amendment of the Constitution providing for woman suffrage, and the Lower House of the State is expected to vote for the amendment next week. Tennessee will have been the 36th State to declare in favour of woman suffrage, and accordingly woman suffrage will become the law of all the States.

Many returned soldiers, particularly troopers of the Mounted Rifles, will remember Mr W. G. Bradley, whose home in Cairo was thrown open to men of all units quartered in Egypt. Mr Bradley is visiting Wellington for the purpose of giving a number of talks on vital matters of the day. On account of the magnificent services rendered by him to the troops during the Egyptian campaign, he has been described by many returned men as the "soldiers' friend." He is an attractive speaker with a magnetic personality.

ELECTRIC POWER BOARD.

IN SPEAKING BY THE TOWN COUNCIL.

FURTHER AMENDMENTS TO THE BILL.

LOCAL BODIES NOT CONSULTED.

Here is the Power Behind the Throne?

At the last meeting of the Invercargill Council, Cr. Lillicrap drew the attention of the Council to the provisions of an amending Bill to the Electric Power Board's Act.

Lillicrap said that he had perused the Bill, and found much in it for the Bill to disapprove of. When the Council was asked to join in the scheme supplying electricity for Southland, understanding was that the position would be the same as that which the Invercargill Board occupied so far as revenue by the Board was concerned. The C.A. Board prepared its rates and found what each local body had to pay, and sent in a statement accordingly when the local authority agreed to raise the money. That was the satisfactory way of doing the business, since the Corporation's decision to join the scheme an alteration had been made in the Act of 1919, that was so satisfactory as the system that had been found favour with the Council. This had not been so bad, but the latest Bill had a clause empowering electric supply to levy a rate on constituent districts to allow the controlling authority in the various areas to do it, paying two and a-half per cent. for the service. It was only reasonable to expect that before such an alteration was proposed the bodies interested should be consulted, but no such course had been taken in this instance. Then there was provision in the Act for the payment of members of power boards for their attendance at meetings. When a body came into existence with such a flourish of trumpets and with, as it was said, the object of promoting the interests of the district, they should have been the to bring forward such a proposal. Members of other local bodies could have every reason also ask for payment for their services. One of the grand features of the administration of the affairs of counties and other areas was that those who attended to such matters gave services free to their country, but members of this Board, which they were going to confer so much benefit on Southland were to be paid besides receiving out-of-pocket expenses. However, as now law, but he thought the Power Board, the only local body in existence for their services. Then again the chairman's salary was to be £200 per annum, but according to the Bill the rate may fix it from time to time. It never intended that the chairman should be a permanent official of the Board. He moved that the copy of the Bill be referred to the committee with power to act.

Seconded by Cr. Martin.

Mr. Blake: It is very gratifying to hear Lillicrap's analysis of the provisions of the Bill and the candour of his remarks is worthy of appreciation. The members of the Board are giving the ratepayers a considerable amount of money and it would be interesting to know many of the provisions of the Amendment Bill originated in the local office. The thing has been done is tantamount to a betrayal of the ratepayers. This is the second time the Act has been amended, and it seems easier to amend it than for a debating society to alter its constitution. As an example—it was recently said that the chairman go abroad to

purchase machinery. The Auditor-General stated that if the chairman went Home, then he and the members would be held responsible. In other words, Section 34 of the Act was not capable of such a wide interpretation. The chairman's visit was put off until an amending bill was through which gave a wider interpretation to Section 34. This extension is provided for in the new bill and it is scandalous that the act should be so easily amended. As far as expenses are concerned, the members receive a guinea a day and expenses. The ratepayers had understood that the scheme would cost about a million and a half, but it would seem that it was going to cost a great deal more. The engineers have stated that turbines which were estimated at £300,000 are now going to cost between £600,000 and £700,000. The confidence of the ratepayers has been completely shaken by the Board's methods of administration. There was too much secrecy about the conducting of the Board's affairs. As soon as anything of importance came up the Board went into committee. There was the censorship of the Press. I could talk to the Council, sir, for half an hour about the methods of the Power Board which it is impossible to approve of.

Cr. Carswell said that possibly if the Bill had come before them in its present form the Council would not have given their approval to the scheme. Such rating powers given to the Board must cause the ratepayers some alarm, while there was the other point referred to before—the payment of members. A highly praised feature of the administration of local affairs had always been the readiness with which public-spirited men offered their services and there was no reason why members of the Power Board should not also give gratuitous service. If it was right they should be paid so should others receive similar consideration, but he was sure members of other local bodies were quite satisfied with things as they were.

Cr. Mackrell: I have thought a great deal about this matter, and I considered giving notice of motion with a view to getting more information. It seems as if the Power Board had gone to the ratepayers with certain proposals and had afterwards approached Parliament to have the Act amended over the heads of the ratepayers. There is reason for grave apprehension at the present time. Finance did not seem right. It was first considered that £800,000 would meet the requirements, then the amount was raised to £1,000,000 and now it was getting to £2,000,000. The committee should give it every consideration and I will support its being referred to the committee with power to act.

The motion was carried unanimously.

THE AMENDMENT BILL.

PROVISION FOR RATING.

The Electric Power Boards Amendment Bill introduced yesterday consists very largely of machinery amendments to the Act of 1918. Such points as the definition of the term ratepayer for the purposes of the measures and the formal description of a hydro-electric power board as a local authority within the meaning of other Acts are covered.

The powers of levying rates invested in

power boards are dealt with to a certain degree. The procedure is set down as being by resolution. When such a rate has been levied it is for the board to determine whether it shall itself collect the money (for which purpose it may pay away not more than 2½ per cent. of the proceeds to cover expenses) or whether the local authorities of the districts comprised within the board's territory shall collect it. In the latter case, if the local authority fails to take the necessary steps to collect the money the amount shall constitute a debt payable to the board, which may take action to recover the money.

By the principal act, when the board decided to construct or purchase works for the generation of power it was necessary to supply to the Public Works Department full details of the scheme it was intended to launch before the empowering Order-in-Council was issued. These provisions are preserved, and it is stated that no such work shall be commenced "except with the authority of the Governor-General in Council and pursuant to such condition as may be prescribed in that behalf by the Governor-General in Council."

An Order-in-Council may also authorise the purchase by a power board of any electric works within its district owned by a local authority. Power to make by-laws in the same way as any other local authorities for the use and management of its works, for the protection of people from injury, and for the protection of its property is to be given to the boards. The maximum penalty for breaches is made a fine of £50 with a further £5 per day for continuing the breaches.

Finally, the cost of the installation of electric equipment in public or private buildings or the rent payable for the use of it is made a charge upon the land for rating purposes.

MATAURA ISLAND NOTES.

(Own Correspondent).

Rain and sunshine have alternated during the past week. On Sunday and Monday nights very hard frosts were experienced, which caused most of the early potatoes that are through the ground to be blackened.

This district is still affected with colds and other sicknesses, in the form of mumps, influenza, and spinal meningitis have been noted in the district.

At a meeting of the Island Cricket Club held last Monday night, it was decided to lay down a new pitch. The ground where this new pitch is to be held has yet to be considered.

A largely attended meeting of returned soldiers was held on Tuesday night. Representatives of the Invercargill executive were present and outlined the views and objects of the R.S.A. Before this most successful meeting closed a sub-committee was formed which no doubt will be a great success in this district.

Mr L. Howden has made arrangements with the local carpenter for an addition to be built to his house. A large portion of the timber required is already on the ground.

INVERCARGILL PROGRESS.

During the past nine months dating from the 1st January 142 plans for new buildings have been inspected and permits issued representing a total value of £101,177, made up as follows:—Fifty-nine dwellings, value £62,169; 46 garages, £2,920; 3 warehouses, £27,500; alterations and additions, £8,588; total, £101,177. This shows a large increase both in number and value compared with the same period last year, when 33 dwellings and other small buildings, having a total value of £36,400, were erected.

Winton residents have taken up the question of establishing a woollen industry in the town. Already two meetings have been held, and the project is now under way. Information gathered shows that capital to the extent of between £50,000 and £60,000 would be sufficient to start with.

Congoleum art rugs. They are on sale now. Rugs for every room in the home. The beautiful patterns, rich in colour, and truly artistic in design. Congoleum does not "kick up" at the edges. It lies quite flat without fastening of any kind. Never "buckles" in the centre, and Congoleum art rugs are seamless. You are cordially invited to come and see our splendid display, also a new showing of cretonnes, casement cloth, curtains, drills, blankets, sheetings, pillow slips, table linens, towels, etc., at H. and J. Smith, Ltd., the Progressive Stores, Tay street, Invercargill, and Main street, Gore.

Novelties in Costumes and Blouses

—AT—

"THE EXHIBITION."



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PLAIN WHITE VOILE BLOUSES, in many styles; sizes 13½ to 15 inch at 10/6, 11/6, to 15/11.

PLAIN COLOURED VOILE BLOUSES, all sizes, 13/6, 15/6, 15/11.

STRIPED COTTON CREPE BLOUSES, 13/6 and 14/6.

WHITE JAP. SILK BLOUSES, extra heavy silk. Prices 19/6, 22/6, to 38/6.

WHITE AND COLOURED CREPE DE CHENE BLOUSES; all sizes and styles. Prices 32/6 to 95/-.

A lovely lot of Striped FULL SILK BLOUSES, at 37/6, 42/6, 45/6, to 52/6.

Striped SPUNELLA SILK BLOUSES at 47/6.

Dainty NINON and GEORGETTE BLOUSES are a feature. Prices 42/6 to 84/-.

MODEL BLOUSES.—A great selection in every kind of material in the choicest French and British designs.

Thomson & Beattie, Ltd.

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'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.

BOROUGH OF INVERCARGILL.

DISTRICT ELECTORS' ROLL.

PURSUANT to "The Municipal Corporations Act, 1908" (Regulations No. 6, 15th February, 1911), NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the District Electors' Roll (Residential) is being purged by omitting the name of every person whose name appears on the District Electors' Roll for the last General Election of Mayor and Councillors who did not vote at that Election.

All Persons who may be entitled to have their names inserted in the said Roll, which is now in course of preparation, are invited to ascertain by enquiry at the Town Hall whether their name appears on the list, and if not, to make a claim on the prescribed form.

F. BURWELL,
Town Clerk.

Town Hall,
October 6, 1920.

The Diggers' Motor Car, FOR HIRE.

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

R. A. BAIRD.

Ring 'Phone—744.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Casual Advertisements—One insertion, 4/- per inch; 3/- per inch for each subsequent 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.

REMOVAL NOTICE.

SHIELDS, JENKINS & CO., LTD.

(Late Farmers' Machinery Exchange),
PROPRIETORS & MANUFACTURERS

STORRIE IMPROVED

MILKING MACHINE.

Wish to notify their Customers that they have removed to premises at rear of Club Hotel.

ENTRANCE:

DEE ST.: Club Hotel Right-of-way,
LEVEN ST.: Mackerras and Hamilton

Right-of-way.

P.O. BOX—278.

TELEGRAMS: "Pulsator." Invercargill.

In these days of startling occurrences one is surprised at nothing. Anything may happen. It is well known that the ubiquitous Scot has already a very fair hold of God's Own Country and that he thinks nothing is too good for him. In other words he wants the damn lot. We are not things of Jimmy King and his hundred square miles—more or less—nor do we conjure up the burly figure of Bill McRobie when he casts a field-marshal's eye over the field when Wellington and

Mr Massey replied that the interest would be 5½ per cent. The debenture would not be free of income tax.

Sandy Point Domain.—I have to report having visited Sandy Point Domain on 20th inst., from the northern boundary to within one mile of the Heads. The marram grass is well established and is spreading inland. At the Heads the sand is drifting very badly and is spreading the cut-grass hills. Two men have been there for a week. They have planted three rows from the Heads one mile along the beach northwards, and from the Heads one mile along the eastern bank of the river between the sides filling up gaps between the marram hills further along the coast. Should the Council decide to pay a visit to the Domain before the end of the season it would be quite easy to land from a launch about one mile from the Point in

question of allowing meter readers to collect accounts should be held over to the present. Clauses 8 and 9 provide no doubt that the adoption of the system of reading the meters would result in considerable saving, whether carried out by the Department or Town Council. If the electricity meter reading is transferred to this Department, it should be handled by one of the present meter readers, with the assistance of the other employees during the time when the meters are being read.

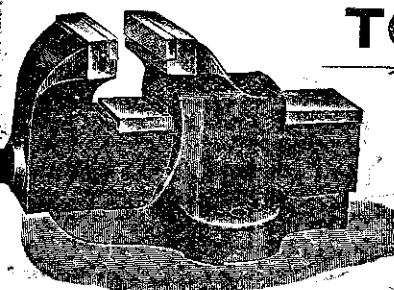
"HIGHLANDER" MILK PRODUCTS

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

HIGHLANDER BRAND

Is a guarantee of quality and nationality.

It can always be depended upon.



TOOLS.

CARPENTERS,
MECHANICS,
FARMERS.

Call and inspect
our range of Tools

Imports 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 at this event, as was also the 100 and 200 mile races.

THE HARLEY DAVIDSON has won the 300 Mile CHAMPIONSHIP 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 History. Observations on birds, insects, plants, etc., will be equally welcome. If using a pen-name, will correspondents please enclose real name and address.)

Mention has been made in the daily papers of late with regard to the climate of Southland has a sub-antarctic climate is North have found that the impression that Southland has a sub-antarctic climate is quite common. It is quite time we did something to controvert this mischievous idea. The climate of Invercargill is not the climate of Southland. Winton for instance seems sunnier and drier. The rainfall in the high country near the lakes is considerably less than Invercargill, and if instruments were available, it would be found that there were more hours of sunshine. Records taken at Waikiki, show, if anything, the worst side of our weather. A station near the sea where the air contains more moisture, is apt to show a higher rainfall than one inland, and perhaps less sunshine through the presence of clouds. Even taking the records as we find them, the far north is not very much warmer than here. The difference in the mean temperature between Auckland and Invercargill is about eight and a-half degrees. Rainfall for the same stations is about the same. Canterbury enjoys the doubtful distinction of having the greatest extremes of climate. Many Southlanders find the winter in Christchurch severe and the summer trying. We have our fair share of wind, and it is a pity this climatic factor is not shown in our returns. Our winds blow steadily, generally from the west and south and we do not experience long periods of calm. In England records of the wind are taken as often as rainfall and sunshine.

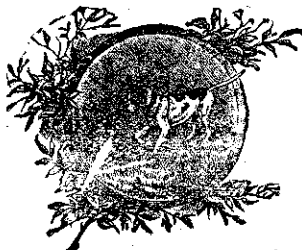
The wind furnishes a very cheap and economical natural source of power. A wind less than ten miles per hour, is not of any great use, but one of fifteen miles per hour is of considerable value. The power of the wind increases roughly as the cube of the speed, and at fifteen miles per hour the power is about three times greater than at ten miles per hour. It has been found in England that a fifteen mile wind blows on an average eight hours of the day during the year. The production of electricity on a commercial scale by wind power is in operation in Denmark, and other places where coal is scarce. The small windmill and pump is a familiar sight in Southland. Larger units should prove of of considerable value for drainage purposes for which wind power is well suited. In England and Holland many large mills are erected for this purpose. Isolated farms could be more cheaply supplied with electric light and power by means of the foregoing than by long transmission lines from a hydro-electric plant. The capital cost of a couple of miles of the line would pay for a windpower plant. Enough has been said to show that the study of the wind should be included in our meteorological records.

As further proof of the mildness of our climate it may be mentioned that plants have been discovered at the Hump (near Orepuki), which were thought not to come farther south than Nelson. Mr Tannock in his book of gardening mentions that plants will grow at Dunedin and Invercargill, which will not do well in Canterbury owing to the severe frosts there. The Southland League if it took the matter up should, without any great amount of trouble, be able to find meteorological observers in the different districts. Once the data had been collected, it could be used in an advertising campaign to boom Southland as a place good to live in and offering opportunities second to no other province.

The "Southland Times" of Wednesday, contains some interesting notes on the water-bearing strata under Invercargill. These notes bear out the writer's contention that the town supply comes from the east. I take it that the boring expert holds that the auriferous gravels came from the same direction, but here I join issue with him. Where is the quartz bearing country from which the gravel came? The mountains surrounding the Southland plains do not contain large amounts of quartz. The gravel must have come from some other direction. Then again he says that the water-bearing strata probably comes out near the mouth of the New River and not at the Bluff, and again it seems open to question whether this hypothesis is right. In next week's issue I hope to go into these questions more fully.

All will probably agree that the water-bearing strata should be thoroughly ex-

plored in the near future, so that when the question of increased supplies of water come up again, we will be in a position to make up our minds as to the most economical position for the pumping plant. It is obvious that the present system of pumping with small isolated units cannot be economical.



Kennel Notes.

The local fanciers are now looking forward to the coming Kennel Club Show to be held in Christchurch during Carnival Week.

One of the large buildings on the A. and P. Show Grounds is to be used for benching the dogs in.

Last year a large marquee was used and was a great success owing to the weather being beautifully fine. Bad weather would always spoil a show held in the open, so the Christchurch Kennel Club has made a very wise move in securing an iron roof over the dogs.

It is quite on the cards for the above club to have in November one of its best shows. Great interest is very manifest throughout the South Island and the competition is sure to be keen. The fact that the show is to be a championship one will attract entries from long distances.

Utility classes are to be a feature of the show. Gun dogs most suitable for work are to be specially judged as are also sheep dogs. The latter are subject to a trial while the former must be certified by two responsible persons as workers on game.

Specialist clubs have done their bit to attract good entries.

The Airedale and bulldog clubs are also in evidence.

Christchurch is the home of the Airedale and with Mr McEntree as judge, very keen competition should be witnessed.

The British bulldog needs a help along at present as for various reasons a good number of the old breeders and exhibitors have dropped out of the game.

Mr Robert Francis should be the means of tempting the terrier men to make a good entry. In him they can depend on a fair and square go and if put down will always have the satisfaction of knowing that the verdict was a conscientious one. Buck up terrier men and give Mr Francis a very busy time!

The Dunedin fanciers, according to one who recently visited the northern town are getting very busy with their dogs in hope of having them at their best.

The Irish terrier fanciers particularly, are very busy and they have some fairly good ones to do battle for them. Invercargill will have a harder task to lower the colours of the Dunedinites now that they have settled down to business.

Messrs Critchfield and Porteous will be sending forward Bellvue Mischief to represent them. This terrier has kept on improving and is now a very fine specimen of a fox terrier.

The Sylvan kennel of cockers are not likely to be strongly represented this time, Mr Kidd having some weeks ago sold his crack bitch "Sylvan Satin" to Mr Eric Hay, of Waiuku, thus leaving him with only "Smiler," to carry on the good work. The others in his kennels, though being good, are hardly forward enough for Christchurch show.

Cocker spaniels will make a great display and it is hoped that the North Island is well represented.

Mr J. E. Lea, owner of "Sylvan Silk," is busy preparing his charge and should he get her looking her best it will take a real good one to put her down.

Mr A. Taylor of Auckland, will be tempted to give "Edenvalle Billy" a trip to the Cathedral City. "Billy" has downed everything in the North Island and it is quite safe to say that there are not many in the South Island good enough to trouble him.

Entries close for the show with the secretary, Box 815, Christchurch, on the 23rd October, 1920.

Established by the German Air Navigation Company, of Berlin, the aeroplane service between Germany and Sweden is being used also for the transport of postal matter.

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 accommodation for twenty passengers and will take parties out day or night at reasonable prices.

GIVE THE DIGGER CARRIERS A SHARE OF YOUR PATRONAGE.

OFFICE—SPEY STREET.

'Phone—779.

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EASY TERMS.

420 ACRES.

SUBDIVIDED INTO 8 PADDocks.

40 ACRES in Grass

80 ACRES Stubble, and Turnip ground.

BALANCE Surface Sown.

CARRIES 350 EWES AND 100

DRY SHEEP.

GOOD HOMESTEAD AND ALL NECESSARY OUTBUILDINGS.

Situated 10 miles from rail and 2 miles from School, Post Office, and Telephone.

PRICE—£8 PER ACRE.

£500 CASH.

BALANCE CAN BE ARRANGED.

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For Furniture.

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Before Selecting

Your Furniture.

W. S. Robinson & Co.,

The Reliable Furniture House,
KELVIN STREET,

'Phone—760.

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BUILDERS
and

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will find us supremely satisfied with our "on-the-spot" service. With our

50 Years Experience

all branches of wheelwrighting we can be surely relied upon to execute neat trustworthy work. We can repair

Anything on Wheels.

For new work or repairs to absolutely any vehicle. Try the "Bath Service." It's there to please.

BATH & SONS,

BATH'S GARAGE,
BARROW ST., INVERCARGILL.

Children's Column.

MATER'S LETTER BOX.

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

THE GIPSY GIRL.

(By Alice Rhodes).

Dorothy was a little gipsy girl who lived in a caravan most of her life. I say most of her life, because when she was about seven years old her father sent her to school to be educated. He wanted her, when she grew up, to be a "fine leddy," as he said.

So Dorothy was sent to a boarding-school, where she spent a very happy time. She was a very enthusiastic scholar, for she loved doing lessons. Although she was only a gipsy girl, she was very popular, both with the girls and the teachers, for she had such a winning way.

When she was about fifteen her father came to fetch her home. He said her new mother was waiting to welcome her. When Dorothy heard this she was very unhappy. It made her think longingly of her mother who was dead, and she did not like to think of anyone filling her place. Her father said he was staying at the small inn in the village for the night, and would call for her the following morning. She cried herself to sleep that night, for she felt so lonely and wished she had someone to help her, someone to comfort her, and to tell her what to do. When at last she fell asleep it was to dream of her mother, who told her to go home and try to be a good girl for her sake.

So the next day she set off with her father to her new home. She determined she would try her best to be good and dutiful, for her father was a very kind man, but he had a weak will. They soon arrived at the caravan, which was connected with a travelling show which went from place to place. Dorothy was very sorry to leave the school and come back to the roaming life. She often wished she could go back, for she had been so happy there.

They travelled from place to place, until at last they came to a village on the outskirts of a town Devonshire. Everything was unpacked, and was soon ready for the evening's performance.

Dorothy was to be a fairy in one of the side shows, but she hated this life, especially with her stepmother for she was always scolding her. She tried to be good, but angry words often came to her lips, which she repressed with difficulty.

In a large house near the circus there lived an old woman of the name of Mrs Carlton and her niece, Helen Carlton. Helen's father and mother were dead, but she was very happy with her aunt. Helen went to the show the first night, and saw Dorothy perform. She felt she would like to meet Dorothy and be a friend to her.

The next day Dorothy was out for a walk when she met Helen, who spoke to her. She said how she had enjoyed last night's entertainment, and they soon became very good friends.

Dorothy had a very good singing voice, and had often tried to persuade her father to let her have her voice trained, but he refused. She was often heard singing over her work, but if her stepmother came in she was always stopped at once.

One day she was out with Helen when she saw her stepmother coming along the path.

"Oh, here comes my stepmother," said Dorothy.

Dorothy never called her "mother," and her stepmother often became angry at this.

"What are you doing here?" said her stepmother, "idling your time away when there is work to be done?"

(To be Continued).

Just satin-smooth skin most divinely fair,
And eyes of celestial blue,
'Neath a glittering crown of crimson hair,
And that is sweet Coral Carew!
Just a beautiful lass of the business class,
Who freedom from colds should assure—
A sensible maid grown wise to the aid
Of Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

The Home.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Never fail to have some sort of fruit for breakfast. Half of an orange or half of a grape fruit is far better than no fruit, and will keep your system in good condition.

Do not put a coat or dress away with dust in the folds or plaits. Shake the garment well and brush with a soft whisk broom, for dust is never so easily removed as at first.

To make a light weight comfortable for summer, use two old worn blankets, tack together, cutting off frayed edges, and cover with some light material. Fasten with heavy cotton, turn in the edges and stitch.

To clean a greasy range, prepare black-lead thus: Dissolve a tiny piece of soap in a tablespoonful of hot water, then add a little paraffin. Into this mix one block of blacklead, and use in the ordinary way. Result—a clean range, showing a brilliant polish.

Shelves in pantries in which food is kept should be painted, as deal and other woods, especially if in a shut-up place, emit a certain odour which flavours eatables of the more sensitive kinds, such as butter, biscuits, etc. If the wood is well painted this is avoided.

Large figured papering makes a small room look smaller; but, on the contrary, a paper covered with a small pattern makes a room look larger, and a striped paper, the stripes running from ceiling to floor, makes a low room look higher.

SCOTCH POTTED MEAT.

Boil together gently a knuckle of hough and 3lbs of hough. The meat and bone should be covered with cold water. Stew until the meat is tender. Strain and chop the meat finely. Season lightly with pepper and salt. Mix with the gravy, boil again for ten minutes and put into moulds.

PAINFUL FEET.

For painful feet, caused by excessive walking, constant standing, or long-continued movement, as in using the sewing machine, there is nothing better than a powder composed of half an ounce each of precipitated chalk and tannin. Apply this powder thrice daily after the feet have been bathed in warm water.

A NOVEL SPIRIT LAMP.

A simple spirit lamp can be easily made out of a blacking tin. Drill holes all round the lid, fill the tin with cotton wool, and soak it with methylated spirits. Put the lid on, and place a lighted match against the tin. The spirits, as they evaporate, will burn like a small gas ring. This makes a splendid little stove for invalid's food.

NUT AND RAISIN SANDWICHES.

One and a half cupfuls of seeded raisins, half a cupful of chopped nuts, juice of half a lemon, buttered bread. Chop the raisins finely or pass them through a meat chopper with the shelled nuts; blend smoothly and moisten with the lemon juice. Spread between slices of well-buttered bread.

A KITCHEN APRON.

A cotton skirt, the bodice of which is worn out, can be turned to account as a kitchen apron. Cut off the skirt at the waist and open it at the back or front—whichever is shabbiest—hemming each side and putting on a belt. Thus a large nice apron is the result. Before throwing away anything in the way of clothing, it is well to consider if there is no useful purpose to which it can be put.

TO CLEAN STAINED MARBLE.

Stained marble can be cleaned with the following:—Two ozs. of washing soap, one oz. of precipitated whiting, one oz. of pumicestone powder. Pound together, moisten with boiling water till of the consistency of cream. Apply this mixture to the marble with a brush. Leave it till quite dry, then wash off with hot

water. Dry and polish well. The mixture must be kept in a well-corked bottle.

LAMB'S FRY.

Boil 1lb of lamb's fry for a quarter of an hour in three pints of water, take it out and dry it in a cloth, grate some bread down finely, mix with it a teaspoonful of chopped parsley and a high seasoning of pepper and salt. Brush the fry lightly over the yolk of an egg, sprinkle over with bread-crumbs, and fry for five minutes. Serve very hot on a napkin in a dish, and garnish with plenty of crisped parsley.

HOMEMADE YEAST.

Boil half an ounce of hops in one quart water for 30 minutes; strain the liquor, and let it cool down to the heat of new milk, then add two teaspoonfuls of salt and 4lb moist sugar. Beat up with 4lb flour, and mix well together. Two days afterwards add 1½ potatoes boiled and mashed. While making, stir frequently and keep it near the fire, but do not cover it closely until it has ceased to work. It will keep in a cool place for two months, and one teacupful raises 6lb flour.

POACHED EGGS IN MILK.

For an invalid or a convalescent patient an egg poached in milk is most tempting, as it presents a snowlike appearance. The milk, after poaching the eggs, may quite well be used for something else, so that it is not extravagance using milk in place of water. Have the milk boiling (as much as will cover the eggs) and seasoned with a little salt. Break an egg into a wetted cup, then quickly transfer it to the boiling milk. Allow to boil up for a second, then draw to the side of the fire until the egg is set. Care should be taken that the milk is boiling before adding a second egg to the pan.

REVIVING A DUSTY COSTUME.

To revive a costume that is dusty-looking and wants freshening, first shake it in the air and brush it thoroughly, then lay on an ironing board, and have ready a dish of warm water, a cake of laundry soap, a damp rag, and a clean, dry cloth. Greasy spots and shiny places on the suit can be removed by rubbing with the slightly wet rag, moistened with soap, and, when clean, by wiping with the dry cloth. The whole suit should then be sponged with soap lather, a small portion at a time, and dried at once with a cloth. The result will be very satisfactory. Finally, press the suit with a hot iron, putting an almost dry cloth between the iron and the materials.

TWO DOZEN HOUSEHOLD MAXIMS.

All is fine that is fitting.
The first wealth is health.
Light suppers make long lives.
Too many cooks spoil the broth.
Bad habits gather imperceptibly.
As is the cook, so is the kitchen.
They who never think, always talk.
Do as you ought, come what may.
Better do a thing than wish it done.
Experience is the mother of science.
Example teaches more than precept.
In an orderly house all is soon ready.
Better is a small fish than an empty dish.

It is well to begin well, better to end well.

Frugality makes an easy chair for old age.

Time and tide wait for no man—or woman.

It is pride and not nature that craves much.

No one knows what's in a pie till the lid is off.

Better to go to bed supperless than rise in debt.

The father is the guest that best becomes a table.

Hunger is the mother of impatience and anger.

Advise not what is pleasant, but what is useful.

What is one man's food is another man's poison.

There is skill in all things, even in making porridge.

It is reported that a Wanganui dairy company contemplates paying 2s 8d per lb to its suppliers for butter-fat in the near future.

A large query mark has been chalked on one of the pinnacles of the school memorial hall at Eton College, and it is thought to be the work of an Etonian to record his secret climb. There is no clue to the identity of the climber.

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. Your orders by post or 'phone, and you will receive them promptly for on delivery. Pay cash and save booking charges.

DEE STREET, INVERCARGILL.

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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.

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From the finest pastures in Southland.

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

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TRUTH AND FICTION.

I saw the posters in a row that advertised a movie show. The characters were far from show,

With guns and ropes and knives. Their plain intention brought dismay. They were prepared to maim or slay and possibly to run away.

With one another's wives. I told myself I'd give no heed, to satisfy my mental need, to turbulence in thought or deed,

But comfort I would find. By sitting in an easy chair, where warmth and comfort fill the air, to read the daily page with care,

And thus improve my mind. I read of Soviets and run; of burglars bold who go and come; of prophets who are going some.

Predicting troubles new. Suspicious dark I found rehearsed; old grudges vengefully were nursed. And all of it, this seemed the worst. Some of it might be true!

I tossed away the fateful page, which told of reckless human rage, and hid myself unto the cage.

Where movie tickets grow. And there I gave my kind applause to clubs and dirks and gats and saws, and feel quite peaceable because

It's only just a show. Washington "Star."

SMART WHITE VOILE BLOUSE

10/6, 11/6, 16/6, to 19/6.

WHITE SILK BLOUSES, 15/6 and 25/6. CREPE DE CHENE, in all colours, from 35/6 to 65/-

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HAVE you a Sewing Machine? If the greatest care should be bestowed on its upkeep; especially does it apply to the method of oiling, and class of oil used. A Sewing Machine may be ruined in a very short time with poor oil, whereas the machine should last a lifetime if properly maintained.

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SEWING MACHINE OIL.

is a pure mineral oil of the finest quality, with only a faint taste and smell. It can even be swallowed without any ill effects. It has more body than any other Spindle or Machine Oil on the market. Also the WEKA OIL.

WILL NOT MARK OR STAIN the finest fabric, which is a distinct advantage, as often valuable garments are practically ruined by oil stains. We have no hesitation in recommending this oil. It is used throughout the largest Woollen Mills in the Dominion, and is pronounced by experts to be better than anything else have previously used.

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DUSTOL, 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 dusters 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 and 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.

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"VIKING" does the work properly
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15 gals. per hour, £9 10s.
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popular Confectionery and Soft
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satisfaction our goods have given is
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Why not buy from our list and so
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DUNEDIN.

Best Prices. Prompt Returns.

Results Count Every Time.

VINDICTIVE'S EXPLOIT.

STORY OF EPIC VALOUR.

All British people will hear with interest of the raising of the Vindictive. The event crowned with success an arduous and difficult salvage undertaking; it also removes an obstruction to the navigational facilities at Ostend; but at the same time it recalls the daring and heroic achievements of the British seamen in their raids of two years ago.

After service in various capacities during the war the Vindictive was selected and specially prepared for the raid which was planned in 1917 to check the enemy's activity in the Belgium coast ports. Certain other cruisers were used merely as block-ships, but the Vindictive was chosen to carry a storming party to land on the Mole at Zeebrugge, it being especially necessary to put the battery at the sea end of the Mole out of action before the block-ships Thetis, Intrepid, and Iphigenia entered the harbour.

The command of the Vindictive had been entrusted to Commander Alfred F. B. Carpenter, a navigating expert who, at the beginning of the war, had been appointed on the staff of Admiral Jellicoe in the Iron Duke, and who had been promoted to commander on June 30, 1915.

The conditions being favourable on the afternoon and evening of April 22, 1918, the eve of St. George's Day—the expedition started, numbering over 140 vessels of all kinds. It converged upon the scene of action from four points—Harwich, the Nore, Dover, and Dunkirk—and the Vindictive, from the West Swin, the main channel from Nore to the north, towed across the ferry-boats Daffodil and Iris II. Vice-Admiral Sir Rodger Keyes was in supreme command in the destroyer Warwick.

—Rushing the Mole.—

Four minutes before midnight the Vindictive, having cast off the boats in tow and left them to follow her in, emerged from the "fog" and found the end of the Mole, and at 12.1 a.m., a minute beyond her programme time, she was alongside, but three minutes elapsed before the Daffodil arrived, and pushed her in so as to enable the special anchors to hook the parapet. This was the worst time for the Vindictive, exposed to the searchlights and fire of the Mole batteries. Most of the landing-brows were destroyed or damaged, and among the casualties suffered were the loss of Captain H. C. Hala-han and Colonel B. N. Elliot, in command of the naval and marine landing parties respectively. Her own guns, however, kept up a hot fire, although the loss among their crews was heavy.

When the brows were run out, Captain Carpenter has said that the way the men heavily laden as they were, got over them was almost superhuman. Some three or four hundred were on the Mole within a few minutes. The demolition parties, well instructed as to their duties, went about them in perfect order, and one after another the sheds and buildings burst into flame as the exploding charges went off. After an hour the order came to recall the landing parties, and at 1.10 a.m. the Daffodil began to tow the Vindictive's bow from the Mole. She arrived at Dover seven hours later with a story which sent a responsive thrill throughout the land.

—The Second Expedition.—

It was the second expedition which resulted in the vessel being sunk at Ostend in the position from which she has now been raised. There was great eagerness to go in the Vindictive on this occasion, but, as Commander A. E. Godsal, of the Brilliant, had led the attempt on April 23, he and his officers were chosen. He was unfortunately killed in the expedition, when, having placed his vessel between the piers of Ostend Harbour, he left the shelter of the conning tower for the forecastle in order to get a better view for manoeuvring her into the required position.

The command devolved upon Lieutenant Victor Crutchley, who, after the vessel had grounded forward on the eastern pier and had stopped swinging, gave the order to abandon her. When the cruiser had been cleared, her officers and men being taken off by the motor launches, Lieutenant Crutchley fired the forward auxiliary charges and Engineer Lieutenant-Commander Bury the after auxiliary charges, and the main charges, which blew her up. The old ship had no easy task in finding the pierheads, and, after a fruitless search in the darkness, was obliged to give the "last resort" signal to the coastal motor-boats, which promptly lit a million candle-power flare close inshore.

Much has been written on these two undertakings, but nothing can adequately express the skill and resource, coolness and courage, and patient heroism of all who took part. As the Admiralty said in their General Order to the Fleet, "the disciplined daring and singular contempt

of death places this exploit high in the annals of the Royal Navy and Royal Marines, and will be a proud memory for the relatives of those who fell." It will for ever fill a glorious page in our history.

Pasture Notes.

ENSILAGE MAKING.

There has been much difference of opinion as to which is the better food for cattle—hay or ensilage. The balance of opinion, I think, has been in favour of hay for horses, fattening cattle, and quite young stock—say, calves—and ensilage for dairy cows and sheep. And perhaps it would be near the mark to say that mixed hay and ensilage would be better for all kinds of stock than either article of fodder itself. Where roots are out of the way, ensilage appears to fall in very usefully for either cattle or sheep. Ensilage is made in different ways, and often what one man advises another condemns. It is, however, known that in years gone by more trouble was taken over the making than was really needful. It used to cost about as much in the making as hay, but it need not cost anything like it. Simply cut the crop when in the succulent state, draw it together, and stack it neatly on some sound spot of ground handy, but near a sound road for choice, so as to leave the fodder convenient for drawing home in winter when needed for consumption. Or draw to a rickyard, if there is one handy, but the material is heavy cartage in a green state. Draw together and stack the silage while in a green state, and if a bit wet it will be none the worse, as it will lie the more solid, which is desirable. It is important to trample the outside of rick, in building, pretty solid, so as to incline the material to settle inwards. Bring the roof to a fine point, and top up with any rubbishy stuff that is available. It is better to take three weeks or more to complete a stack, for then it has time to settle. No silo need be used, and no expensive pressing tackle is required. But it is necessary to have a pretty large amount of material at command to make a decent-sized stack, else the rick sinks to almost nothing, and is all outdoors, tops, and bottoms. One needs at least 10 acres of bulky crops, and if there be 20 acres, so much the better, because the green material only amounts to about a dozen tons per acre. To make a good ensilage stack from 100 to 200 tons of material is needed, and, even then, it will sink to a small bulk before ready to cut for consumption. It needs a much more experienced farmer to manage hay properly than ensilage.

FEEDING DAIRY COWS.

There has been so much said about the importance of feeding properly-compounded rations that most dairymen have a fair idea of the subject, and feed fairly correctly in that respect; but feeding each the same amount of artificial food, whether the cow be small or large, and gives little milk or much, is quite a general error. Usually the bran, cake, or whatever artificial food is given, is mixed in with chaffed hay, straw, or green fodder, and then each cow given a certain measure of it, regardless entirely of individual capacity or requirement. It is in the feeding of the extra rations where the great error in feeding exists. What is badly needed is to test each one of the cows with artificials, and establish the digestive capacity of each animal, and then feed accordingly. There is likely to be found great variability in this respect, and this can only be decided by investigation. This is the only way one can be prepared to do justice to his cows and to his pocket-book. Great stress should be laid on the point of feeding each cow just enough extra ration, but not enough to surfeit. Some cows will consume and appropriate more than others, and if their physical needs are not fully supplied their greatest powers of milk secretion cannot be est powers of milk secretion cannot be exercised. Regularity of feeding is about as essential to best results as correct feeding. All good dairymen are aware of this, and act accordingly. They have a time set for doing everything pertaining to their cows. These animals are particularly creatures of habit. They soon get accustomed to any routine the dairyman may pursue in their behalf, and then they look for the same at the accustomed hour, or almost the same minute, and if milking, feeding, and watering do not occur at the same time each day the animals get uneasy and nervous, and they will not do the best there is in them. A wisely-conducted dairy is a good place wherein to bring up a young man, for there he learns the lessons of promptness and regularity which will be likely to govern him in all his business transactions through life.

GARDEN NOTES.

THE VEGETABLE GARDEN.

To obtain the best results, whether in the vegetable or flower garden, one will have to be up and doing just now, as vegetation is in full activity, and growth must be promoted by all means. Hoe and rake the ground to keep down weeds and expose the surface soil to the sun and air. This frequent disturbing of the soil not only sweetens it, but also destroys all young weeds that make rapid growth. If this is done before they begin to flower it will save a great deal of labour and annoyance later on.

The thinning and regulating of crops will require early attention. If this is left until the seedlings become big or overcrowded, the thinning takes far longer to do, proves very weakening to the plants, and prevents them attaining size and quality.

Ridge cucumbers, if given a little more warm stable manure than the marrows, will do very well, and in a warm and sheltered position they often yield a really payable crop. They should be protected in a similar manner to the marrow. Rich, turfy, loam should be given them.

Onions should be got in at once, if this has not already been done, as they should have a good hold of the ground before the very hot weather comes.

Now is a good time for sowing onions for pickling. The seeds should be sown thickly and shallow. Make the ground quite firm, or they will not tuber properly.

Sow for succession peas and French beans. Do not be tempted to sow too thickly. Give them room. An inch or two between each pea or bean will give better results than if sown thickly. Use rich soil, with good manure under them, and if the ground for peas has been cropped, much it should have a dressing of lime.

Sow also carrots, turnips, Beetroot, spinach, and parsnips. The latter should not have too rich soil, or they are likely to become a bad colour, coarse, and rooty.

All seeds sown during dry weather should be sown deeper in the ground. This refers to nearly all seeds, especially to such as peas, beans, turnips, beet, etc. When the seeds germinate they will soon force themselves through the soil. Fine seeds will not germinate in hot, dry, dusty soil; therefore they should be sown a little deeper, so as to come into contact with moisture. A light covering, such as some fine manuka scrub or even old split sacks, helps to retain the moisture and saves watering—indeed, is much better than watering unless carefully done as fine seed beds are very liable to harden and crack, and prove injurious to the young, small seeds. As soon as the seeds are visible the covering should be gradually removed, and sprinkle with water; give a good gentle soaking rather than in dribbles.

Plant out cabbage and cauliflower. The best time for this is in showery weather, but if it has to be done during hot, dry days, give them a good watering after planting. The plants will be all the better if the roots are dipped in a paste containing soot, cow manure, and soil, made the thickness of paint. If the roots are treated in this manner they are partially protected against the ravages of club root, grubs, etc., and it also gives them a start and prevents severe flagging.

THE GREENHOUSE.

As the sun's rays become more powerful a corresponding amount of ventilation is necessary, but on dry or cold, windy days, such as we are likely to experience it will not be advisable to put on too much ventilation, or the plants are apt to receive chills from the strong winds. Better keep the house rather close and use more moisture by damping down the floors of the house two or three times a day. By this means the house is kept cool and the plants are in better condition than if exposed to cold draughts or even warm drying winds. Plants will also require more water as the days advance.

Begonias are no doubt one of our very best conservatory or greenhouse flowers, and should be grown by all who possess a greenhouse, whether it be large or small, for it is a grand flower, making one of the best displays possible, and it possesses a great range of colouring, almost unequalled by any other flower—whites, yellows, reds, pinks, and all manner of shades. Then, again, in form and shape the begonia is "great." Some almost resemble a double rosebud in shape, others a carnation; indeed, I well remember a trick being played upon me, being asked by a friend what I thought of his new carnation. He had some carnation foliage around it, and it was pinned in his coat, and I really had to look twice before I recognised that it was a begonia.

ABRAHAM WACHNER

SAMPLE ROOMS.

FURS! FURS!
FURS!

END OF SEASON.

MUST BE SOLD.

NOW IS YOUR TIME TO BUY.

SHOES! SHOES!
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New Court Shoes 20/6.

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AND MANY OTHER LINES OF FUR
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Top Floor.

THE DAINTY MARBLE BAR.

Corner of—

DEE AND YARROW STREETS.

Under New Management.

FRUIT, CONFECTIONERY, AND TEA
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We stock the choicest of Fruit, and the
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Our Speciality—

STEAK AND KIDNEY PIES.

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Opposite Post Office. Phone 574.

ALL LINES OF SPORTS GOODS.

Full stock of all Smokers' Requisites.
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Up-to-date HAIRDRESSING SALOON,
Head and Face Massage, Shampooing.

RAZOR SETTING A SPECIALITY.
Every one guaranteed.

In attendance in Saloon—

J. B. TUCKEY, J. BELL,

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.

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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.

Here is something good—Five-roomed house; bathroom, washhouse, gas. In good order; situated alongside first section of tram. A cheap home at £550. Terms could be arranged.

If you wish to buy or sell a house or a farm consult me.

F. H. TUCKER,

LAND AGENT.

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GENUINE SALE!

10 PER CENT.

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EVERYDAY PRICES.

Save your Shillings and Sixpences and buy now, at

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COUGH ELIXIR.

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA

COLDS, WHOOPING COUGH, Etc.

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PRESCRIPTION CHEMIST,

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ALUMINIUM WARE

—in—

SAUCEPANS, KETTLES, FRYPANS,
COOLANDERS, BOWLS, MUGS,
Etc., Etc., just opened out.

You know how it lasts. How easy it is to cook with. It doesn't chip. It doesn't rust and is always bright and clean.

OUR PRICES ARE RIGHT.

NOBLE'S

Dee street, Invercargill.

INDIRECT ACTION.

AN IDYLL OF SUBURBIA.

Burton Green is one of the newer suburbs, situated on the fringe of London. I won't specify its precise locality, but will content myself with saying that it is exactly similar in appearance, character, and the habits of its residents to all other new suburbs. That is to say, it is better than all the rest. They all are!

Its houses are mostly of red-brick, with plenty of "rough-cast" thrown in. This gives them a distinctly "Arty" flavour, with the agreeable advantage to the builder—of using up old bricks without anyone—other than the actual inhabitants, when it rains—being a penny the wiser.

The houses have neat little gardens both back and front, the latter inevitably being bounded by a box-hedge, which provides the master of the house unlimited recreation. Any fine evening in Burton Green you may see nearly every father of a family trimming his box-hedge with shears and assiduity.

But enough, for the moment, of Burton Green. Let me direct your attention to one of its inhabitants, Cecil Coombes by name, black-and-white artist by profession.

Cecil was a pensive young man with an air of perpetual preoccupation. His face was pale, features rather uneven, but not unpleasing, and he was addicted to "flowing" neckwear. It must, however, be mentioned in his favour that he did not affect long hair.

To a feminine beholder, I am inclined to think his face would belong to the "interesting" type. There was a wishful—indeed, almost pathetic—expression in his eyes that appealed at once to the human sympathies. Possibly, this was the result of two or three years' experience of drawing for the lighter journals—I don't know.

Cecil lived a quiet and sedate life in diggings. He had a few men friends, but, strange to relate, none belonging to the "unfair" sex, for he was a man of shy temperament and reserved nature.

Hence this story. One evening in early October Cecil Coombes was in the sitting-room of his lodgings with his two special cronies, Benjamin Panton and Reginald Slice.

"Cecil," said Benjamin, "you're not your usual bright and merry self to-night! What ails thee, my boyee?"

Cecil sighed. "Touch of indigestion?" suggested Reginald, a tall, fair, good-looking, young man, who never had had a day's illness in his life, consequently, who was always imagining himself and other people to be suffering from various complaints.

"No, it's not indigestion," said Cecil. "Mental trouble," remarked Benjamin. "The lad's got something on his mind. Come on, Cecil, out with it! Have you fallen in love or only committed a murder?"

Let's hear the worst."

Cecil was silent. Taking his pipe from off the mantelpiece, he began gloomily to fill it.

"As a matter of fact," he said, at length, "I don't mind telling you—in strict confidence, mind—that I am feeling rather worried over a girl."

"Ah," said Benjamin sagaciously. "I thought as much. I guessed it was heart trouble. Well, if there's anything we can do—"

"You can count on our help, old man," put in Reggie.

Cecil eyed them stonily.

"I know," he said. "It's awfully good of you, but I don't see what you can do. The whole thing's so absurd—so hopeless!"

Ben sat back in his chair, and eyed his friend judiciously.

"Tell us the whole truth from the beginning," he said.

"There's really very little to tell," said Cecil, after a short pause. "About three weeks ago I was getting into a 'bus at the foot of Mare's Hill. Before I could get on several passengers had to alight first. Of the others I took no notice but one was a strikingly beautiful girl of about twenty. I don't suppose my eyes rested on her for more than a few seconds, yet, at the same time, something caused my heart to beat wildly!"

"Mm!" murmured Ben.

"Ah!" said Reggie.

"I climbed on to the top of the 'bus' continued Cecil, "and a minute later the

thing started, but, although I turned round to watch the girl, in a very short time she disappeared from sight. But, though the incident was so slight—almost trivial, in fact—I found that all the afternoon and evening I could not rid my mind of the vivid impression made by the girl's face.

"The next morning you would have expected me to have forgotten all about it. To my astonishment, however, such was not the case. Indeed, I breakfasted but lightly, and during the day found it very difficult to keep my mind on my work."

"Remarkable!" said Reggie.

"Most astonishing!" exclaimed Ben.

"The following day, in the afternoon, I went for a stroll, and was returning homewards along Rex Lane—my mind still occupied by the picture of the girl, I might mention—when suddenly I espied in the distance, approaching me—who do you think?"

"Not the—" began Ben.

"Surely, it couldn't have been the—" broke in Reggie.

"Yes, it was the girl herself. Needless to say, I was so excited I could scarcely contain myself. I positively trembled at the knees. There we were, walking steadily towards one another! No wonder I felt my pulses race! Now we were fifty yards apart, now forty, then thirty, after that only twenty. And presently we were only ten yards distant from one another."

"Only ten yards! Fancy that!" exclaimed Ben.

"It's almost incredible!" said Reggie.

"What happened next?" asked Ben, getting so excited that he put the lighted end of his cigarette in his mouth by mistake.

"We passed one another," said Cecil, affecting a spurious calm.

"One moment," said Reggie. "Let me get this right. Do I understand you to say you actually passed each other?"

"That is so," said Cecil. "As we drew steadily closer, I raised my eyes reverently to her face. Great heavens! How beautiful she is! For the fraction of a second, our eyes met in one exquisite, lingering glance. Then she turned her gaze away, and an instant later had passed by."

"When did this happen?" asked Ben.

"Over a fortnight ago. Since then I have seen her on three occasions. Once by the gates of Mopfield Park, once getting out of the train at Burton Green Station, and once by the Council offices."

Ben gazed meaningfully at Reginald.

"Tell me, Cecil," he said; "and please don't misunderstand me, for I merely ask the question to satisfy myself upon all points, have your feelings undergone no change, no modification, since you first saw her?"

Cecil heaved a great sigh.

"Though I've only seen her five times, though I've never spoken to her, though I don't even know her name, yet I love her more than life itself!"

During this conversation, Reginald had produced from his pocket a small notebook, and had been taking copious notes. He made an entry at this juncture.

"Lvs hr mr thn life itself," wrote Reginald in his notebook.

Benjamin became exceedingly business-like in his manner.

"Cecil," he said, "if you're quite sure of yourself, and sincerely desire to become acquainted with this young lady, I'm convinced that Reginald can help you."

"But how, my dear chaps?"

"Now," said Ben, ignoring the question, "have you found out where she lives?"

"No—except that I fancy it is somewhere in Rex Lane, for I saw her go into a house there."

"Well, then, that's the first step!"

"What is?"

"Next time you see her follow her, follow her—at a respectful distance, of course—home."

Cecil looked a little shocked.

"I say," he said, "that's not quite the game, what?"

"In the ordinary way," retorted Benjamin, raising a reassuring hand, "no! But this case is exceptional. The girl has not aroused merely your passing curiosity. You've actually fallen in love with her."

"That is so."

"All right. Follow her home; then get a local directory, and look up her name. After that report to us, and we will debate upon the next step."

Cecil pondered for a few minutes, then he said:

"I think you're right, after all. I'll do it. Yes, by Jove, I'll do it! For, by hook or by crook, I mean to meet that girl, and I'll exert every effort to win her!"

Reggie bent over his notebook.

"Hk or ck mns to mt and ext evy efft to wn hr," he wrote, with pursed lips and puckered brow.

II.

The scene now shifts to the interior of a drawingroom in No. 97, Rex Lane. It was the evening following the foregoing conversation. The dramatis personae—as playwrights say—were three sisters, named, respectively, Estelle, Dorice, and Ella. For the benefit of any readers who may be interested in this point, I may add that their surname was Oakley.

Of the three, Estelle was the oldest, Ella the youngest, and Dorice betwixt the two. All three were singularly pretty girls, yet of widely different type of beauty, for Estelle was fair, whereas Ella was dark. Dorice, on the other hand, was neither fair nor dark.

Now, it is a curious and satisfying fact that all three sisters were extremely shy and rather excessively reserved. Curious, because this phenomenon is somewhat rare amongst the feminine gender nowadays, satisfying because it fits the plot of my story.

At the present moment all three were engaged in a like manner. All were knitting jumpers (they were still on the 5 puri and 5 plain section), and all were talking about men—not infrequently all at once.

"I saw him again to-day," remarked Ella suddenly, after a pause in the conversation.

"Mm," murmured Estelle, "I thought you'd got something you were bursting to tell us."

"It makes no difference to me whether I tell you or not," retorted Ella, pouting slightly.

Estelle smiled sardonically.

"Let's hear all about him," said Dorice, in soothing tones. She generally played the part of peacemaker between her two rather temperamental sisters.

"He's rather nice," said Ella pensively. "He was standing at the Triangle, at the bottom of Mare's Hill. He blushed a little when he saw me, and stared awfully hard."

"I suppose he didn't—er—speak?" asked Dorice.

"No. I thought he was going to raise his hat, though, so I looked away, with a speak-to-me-sir-if-you-dare expression. But it was no good. He just gazed with a rather pathetic air. I think he must be very shy."

(Reader: I will spare you unnecessary anguish. The shy gentleman in question was and is, none other than Cecil Coombes, whilst Ella was the girl to whom he had lost his heart.)

"I came home very soon after that," continued Ella, "and I'm certain he was following me. At any rate, he was coming in the same direction, for when I entered the gate I glanced back, to find him about fifty yards behind me, walking up the lane."

The next day was Saturday. It was a mild and sunny afternoon. For October, the weather was quite warm.

About four o'clock, Estelle, by chance, was seated at the front-room window, gazing idly into the street.

As she did so three figures presently arrived upon the focus of her vision—three men. They were on the other side of the road, and when they reached the spot immediately opposite No. 97 they halted, and plunged into what seemed an absorbing conversation.

Something about their demeanour aroused Estelle's curiosity. She retired into the hinterland of the room, where she could regard them without being seen herself.

Estelle stared at them closely for several minutes, when suddenly she was inspired with the meaning of their behaviour.

She started from the room.

"Ella! Dorice!" she cried. "Come here—quickly!"

"What's the matter?" cried Ella and Dorice simultaneously.

"Oh, hurry up!" said Estelle.

The other two came scampering into the room.

"Look!" said Estelle, pointing. "Is he one of those?"

They looked.

"Yes," said Ella calmly. "That's he, The one in the middle, in the brown suit."

"I wonder what they're doing!" said Dorice, trembling with excitement.

All unconscious of being overlooked, Cecil, Ben, and Reginald were standing on the pavement on the other side of the road, deep in solemn confabulation.

"We'd better not stand here," Cecil anxiously. "Let's stroll along Mopfield Park, where we can discuss things at our ease."

The others agreed, and the conversation broke up, to move off in a southerly direction.

Ella and Dorice returned to the house that had been occupying their attention.

But within a couple of minutes Cecil and Co. departing, a slim figure, amongst other things, in a sports coat, tam-o-shanter sort of hat, left 97, Rex Lane.

It was Estelle.

III.

"Let us sit here," said Ben, "quiet and secluded."

The trio were in Mopfield Park, by the ornamental lake. They took seats in three small, green chairs, beneath the shade of a tree.

"Now, Ben," said Cecil, "I will go over your plan again, carefully, seemed foolish—not to say, risky—you sketched it out before."

"There's nothing foolish about it," said Ben. "It's simple itself. Personally, I suggest your doing it out as soon as possible—why to-morrow afternoon?"

He turned to Reggie.

"You're not doing anything to-morrow are you?"

The latter nodded negation.

"Well, then," continued Ben, "to-morrow it shall be."

A girl in a vivid sports coat was strolling along behind them, but so absorbed were they in their affairs that they noticed her.

"You and I," said Ben to Cecil, "that the coast is clear, and there are no people about. Then we stroll up to house. You suddenly collapse, as hurriedly drag you into the front den. I rush up to the door, and I loudly. When they come, I explain you've either sprained or broken ankle, and beg to bring you in to fetch a doctor."

"After that I go away. The rest is easy. After about half an hour, ought to give you time to introduce self and get on a friendly footing, turn with the doctor. Reggie will be doctor, understand? He will bandage the ankle, and together we'll get you after that—well, you've got an entry the house and an excuse for calling, everything!"

Cecil thoughtfully scratched his chin.

"It sounds all right," he said cautiously. "But I shall look an awful if I'm found out!"

"You won't be," said Ben.

"Don't you worry about that, old Ben. Reggie and I will see you through. Nothing to fear at all."

"Well," said Cecil, "I'll do it, fair, I suppose. Still, all the same, I don't like it."

"Nonsense!" laughed Ben. "A week's time you'll be showering upon us—won't he, Reggie?"

Reggie laughed acquiescence.

Someone else laughed, too, but were too absorbed to notice her. Presently Estelle melted gently away, features suffused with an expression of mysterious gloom.

The following afternoon, at about quarter to four, the figures of the conspirators lurked at the end of Rex Lane.

"You stay here Reggie," ordered who was stagemanaging the act, "hang around till I come back for you."

Ben then took the diffident, and somewhat reluctant Cecil by the arm, together, they walked slowly up Rex Lane on the opposite side of the road to No. 97.

It was a dull afternoon, and for the moment the street was deserted.

At length, the house they sought came in sight. Whilst crossing the road, whispered his final instructions into Cecil's ear.

"Trip on the kerbstones, old man. Put that shout as loud as you like. Put the rest."

At that instant they reached the pavement. When the psychological moment actually arrived, Cecil's heart began to fail him. Could he carry this through. He began to tremble at the knees.

He made a half-hearted attempt to catch his toe on the kerbstones. That was that Ben came to his assistance, and a shove that nearly overbalanced him. Finding himself falling, Cecil for everything in the desire to save himself. He lurched, half-recovered, then fell the ground, with a shock that shook considerably.

In doing so, he twisted his foot. The next second he felt a burning sensation in his left ankle, as though someone were tickling him with red-hot knitting needles.

"Quick!"

Ben seized him roughly by the shoulders and dragged him, through the front garden of No. 97.

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Then, leaving his friend, he rained a
loud tattoo upon the door.

Suddenly, the door opened, and he
found himself confronted by an exceeding-
ly pretty girl. It was Estelle.

In a few breathless sentences, he ex-
plained the reason of his visit.

"My friend has had an accident—
sprained his ankle. May I bring him in
whilst I go to fetch a doctor?"

"Of course!"

Estelle, together with her two sisters,
followed Ben. Between the four of them,
Cecil was rapidly transferred indoors and
placed upon a sofa. By this time his
ankle was becoming very painful.

"Keep it up, old man!" whispered Ben
in his ear. "You're doing it very well!"
Cecil was about to utter an indignant
protest. It was only with great diffi-
culty he restrained himself.

"You had better fetch the doctor right
away," said Dorice to Ben. "There's Dr
Renton. He would be best; besides he
lives opposite. Meanwhile, we can bathe
the foot. Estelle used to be a V.A.D."
So Ben withdrew.

Not without difficulty Cecil succeeded
in removing his shoe and sock. His ankle
was considerably swollen, and there was
an ugly, grey bruise rapidly coming up.
Whilst he was examining his foot,
Estelle entered the room with a basin of
hot water.

"Put your foot in that!" she command-
ed.

Cecil did so.

"Ow!" he gasped, withdrawing his
foot. "It's boiling! I'm scalded! Take it
away!"

"Too hot?" asked Estelle sweetly.

Cecil lay back on the sofa. The joke,
he considered, was wearing a bit thin.
Estelle retired from the room, with the
basin, followed by her sister Dorice, leav-
ing Cecil alone with Ella.

The latter was regarding him with a
slightly puzzled look. In view of what
Estelle had overheard in the park on the
previous day, she was baffled.

There could be no gainsaying the fact
that Cecil really had hurt his ankle. Yet
it was scarcely credible that he could
have done it purposely, just to—to what?
"I don't quite know what to make of
you," she said presently.

"Eh?"

"If it wasn't for your swollen ankle, I
should think you were a very good actor."

"I don't quite understand," said Cecil,
hedging but feeling slightly uncomfortable.

Ella looked him in the eyes.

"Why did you do it?" she asked quiet-
ly.

Cecil coughed in an embarrassed fash-
ion. Events were taking a course which
he found a trifle overwhelming. First,
he had sprained his ankle when he never
meant to, and now it was clear that the
girl suspected something.

"You had a very nice, little chat in the
park yesterday," pursued the relentless
Ella, "but—even trees have ears, you
know!"

So that was it. They had been over-
heard! Cecil flushed. And any minute Ben
might return with Reggie! Clearly, this
was no place for him. The only course
was flight, instant and ignominious
flight. He would apologise, and take his
departure—somehow!

He looked at Ella. As he did so, he
realised the extraordinary depth and
beauty in all the love passages in every
story he had ever read. She was ador-
able.

Then a wave of self-pity swept over
him.

"I'm sorry!" he mumbled. "I thought
—well, it doesn't matter, anyhow." He
sought to struggle to his feet. "I'll go!"
he said.

Ella gazed at him whimsically.

"You can't," she said; "at least, not
yet. You must get your ankle dressed
first—by a real doctor. Even then, you
won't be able to walk. We'll have to
get a cab for you. And... are you so
keen to go already, anyway?"

He shook his head, smiling sadly.

"Can you forgive me?" he asked.

She pondered, before replying.

"I might—if you will confess every-
thing."

"Oh, yes!" he said. "I will."

When Ben and Reggie returned shortly
afterwards, they received rather a jar.
Their conduct was severely criticised and
denounced by a chorus consisting of
Estelle, Dorice, and Ella. After that,
they were summarily dispatched for a
doctor and a cab.

Still, even they admitted that a sub-
sequent invitation to tea did much to
balance matters. And, after all, their
ed was accomplished. But, as Ella con-
fessed afterwards, it was a shockingly
roundabout method employed of getting
acquainted.

The End.

N. Z. R. S. ASSOCIATION.

PARLIAMENETARY NOTES No. 13.

1.—To ask the Government whether
they will this Session amend the law so
as to allow titles of residence or business
sites granted under the Mining Act to be
accepted as security under the D.S.S. Act
to enable returned soldiers to obtain re-
patriation benefits for the purchase or
erection of homes or business premises.
(Note.—Titles under the Mining Act are
leasehold over which the Crown is usually
the owner of the fee-simple, and therefore
ought to rank high as security for advan-
ces to soldiers. The objection to making
advances upon titles issued under the
Mining Act would appear to be an account
of such being liable to forfeiture for non-
compliance with residence provisions;
but as the Warden's Court which hears
suits for forfeiture is a Court of Equity
and not merely of law—and in practice
forfeiture is rarely decreed, a fine being
usual—the risk of loss of title is more
imaginary than real especially where the
rights of the Crown would be jeopard-
ised).—Mr T. W. Rhodes, M.P.

Reply.—The Hon. Mr Guthrie replied
that it was not proposed to amend the
law in the direction suggested as it al-
ready gave great latitude in the way of
making advances to discharged soldiers
to enable them to acquire leases of any
Crown or other land and to effect im-
provements on land so acquired. The
question as to whether lands held on
business or residence site licenses granted
by warden under the Mining Act afforded
sufficient security for the making of ad-
vances thereon and was one for considera-
tion by the Land Boards as on them
rested the responsibility of deciding in
each case whether the tenure and terms on
which lands were held were such as to
warrant them making recommendation
for advances thereon.

2.—To ask the Minister in charge of
the D.S.S. Department whether he will
favourably consider the question of al-
lowing soldiers to make their payments
at the post offices throughout the Domin-
ion. (Note.—Under existing conditions
all payments have to be made at Wellin-
gton for the Wellington district and al-
though no exchange is charged it would
be a great convenience to the soldiers
to be able to pay at the local post office
where they reside).—Mr Nash, M.P.

Reply.—The Hon. Mr Guthrie replied
that this suggestion would receive con-
sideration and negotiations would be open-
ed with the Postal Department to ascer-
tain if it could be given effect to.

3.—To ask the Government whether the
principal and interest received from sol-
diers who had been settled on the land is
paid into a special fund or into the con-
solidated fund.—Mr Mitchell, M.P.

Reply.—The Hon. Mr Guthrie replied
that by referring to Section 9, of the
D.S.S. Act, 1915, and to Section 2 of the
D.S.S. Amendment Act, 1917, the Hon.
Member would find that advances to dis-
charged soldiers were paid out of the
D.S.S. account and consequently principal
and interest received from soldiers were
repaid to that special account. Capital
repayments were credited to the relative
D.S.S. accounts and were available for
reinvestment. Interest was credited to
the accounts which however paid the con-
solidated fund interest at the rate of 4
per cent. on the capital invested under
the different authorising acts.

To Ask the Minister of Internal Af-
fairs:—

1.—Whether in connection with the ap-
peal that is being made in connection with
the Week of Pity he can give an assur-
ance that the money subscribed will go
to the right quarter, and

2.—Whether he can advise the House
if the money subscribed in New Zealand
for the dependents of the sailors who lost
their lives in the Battle of Jutland has
gone to those dependents or whether it
is still lying in London.—Mr Malcolm,
M.P.

Reply.—The Hon. Mr Anderson re-
plied:—

1.—That an assurance could be given
that the monies being raised throughout
the Dominion for the starving children in
Europe would be transmitted to the Save
the Children's Fund which is an approved
fund under the War Charities Act, 1915,
England.

2.—That the monies collected for the
dependents of the sailors who lost their
lives at the Battle of Jutland had been
paid over to the Navy League Overseas
Relief Fund, London, by whom it was be-
ing disbursed. The Department was un-
able to say what balance was still avail-
able for this purpose in London.

During the ten months to the end of
April, exports from South Australia am-
ounted to £15,444,006, an increase of
£8,163,698 compared with the previous
year.

MOTORING NOTES.

Don't screw a cold spark plug into a
hot pocket too tightly or it will be hard
to remove.

VALVE ADJUSTMENT.

A tight exhaust valve adjustment will
cause a motor to run irregularly at idling
speed. Tappets should be set with six
thousandths clearance with motor COLD.

SETTING PLUG POINTS.

Another cause of irregular running at
idling speed may be traced to one of the
plug points being set too close. The points
in both plugs should be set at a uniform
distance of thirty thousandths. This
distance can be gauged accurately by the
thickness of the metal in the magneto
wire plug clip.

Recently reference was made to the
trouble caused by sparking plug terminal
nuts falling off. The following little de-
vice (says a writer, commenting on the
note) is so simple that it is very seldom
arranged. If the first 3 or 4 threads from
the top of the plug terminal screw are re-
moved with a file, not only can the termi-
nal nut be spun round to release the
wire without running right off, but when
one is wearing gloves on a cold day there
is no trouble in starting the thread, as
one simply drops the terminal nut on to
the terminal wire of the plug, and then,
giving it a spin, it runs down the thread,
being guided into position by the smooth-
sided top where the threads have been
filed off.

PAINTING EXHAUST PIPE.

An excellent preparation for painting
the exhaust manifold of the motor car
can be made by mixing turpentine and
flake graphite. Saturate a piece of waste
with the mixture and then rub it over
the metal while it is hot. A beautiful
polish will be imparted to the pipe.

TESTING DRY CELLS.

The usual method of testing the effi-
ciency of a dry cell is to place an ammeter
in the circuit. Should one of these in-
struments not be at hand, a rough esti-
mate of the condition of the cell can be
obtained by attaching a wire to the zinc
or shell terminal of the cell and then
touching the carbon element lightly with
the free end of the lead. If a small puff
of smoke arises on contact, it is safe to
assume that the cell is in good condition.
If the contact produces only a black ring
on the surface of the electrode, it is an
indication that the cell is nearly ex-
hausted.

MILLING CUTTER LUBRICANT.

An excellent lubricant for milling cut-
ters can be made by mixing together and
boiling for about a half-hour one-quarter
pound sal soda, one-half lard oil, one-half
pint soft soap, and enough water to make
10 quarts.

RATTILING SCREEN.

It is not uncommon to find a screen, the
glass of which rattles owing to the rubber
it is seated in having worn and perished.
A rather ingenious repair that, although
admittedly temporary, can be made by
caulking the gap between glass and wood
carefully with brown paper smashed up
with hot water to a pasty mass, filling
every crevice. After allowing it to dry,
and filling up a few small cracks due to
the drying, a thin line of varnish may
be laid over the paper caulking to keep
out the wet. It is, of course, often pos-
sible to wedge the glass in two or three
places with slips of wood or cork, but,
with an old screen, rain drives into the
groove where the glass fits, and frequently
finds its way under the glass to the back
of the screen; the papier mache method
not only stops the rattle, but possesses the
advantage of being weather-tight.

CARE OF THE NEW CAR.

It behoves you to use the utmost care
in the operation of your car for the first
month or six weeks after it is put in
service. Don't try to speed up to forty,
fifty, or more miles per hour until the car
has been used for some little time, and
the working parts are well worked in.
Don't try to climb the steepest hills you
can find, and if you intend to do country
driving which might necessitate the use
of low or second speed for a considerable
time, wait until the roads are in good
shape. The use of high motor speed on a
new car over bad country roads presents
possibilities of serious damage to the car
which may be exceedingly expensive.

Care in the operation of a car just after
overhauling is as essential as that of a
new car. Don't forget that it only takes
a few minutes of careless operation to
cause great damage to your machine.

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Stockley).

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"Days of Probation" (Louise Gerard),
(A nursery Novel).

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SHORT STORIES.

BROKE.

She: "It's funny you should be so tall. Your artist brother is short, isn't he?"
He (absently): "Yes, generally."

THIS WAY OUT!

We favour the open door
For the Bolshevik so lonely,
With this inscription on it:
FOR EXIT ONLY!

IN THE HYMENOPLANE.

Bollen: "You must have had an exciting time getting married in the airship."
Kapp: "We certainly did. While the minister was tying the knot the aviator was looping the loop."

BUT HE WILL STILL PULL ROPES.

With wireless telegraphy Marconi set the world agog—
With wireless this and wireless that,
we're moving forward cog by cog;
But—greater, far, than 'gram or 'phone,
evolved by "wireless" electrician
Will be the fame of him whose name is
linked with wireless politician!

AN EMBARRASSING ENCOUNTER.

The Earl of Warwick tells a good story of an embarrassing encounter. Whilst he was in command of the Warwickshire Yeomanry he was engaged in early-morning foot-drill one morning, busily thinking out the next manoeuvre, when a dirty and bloated man of between fifty and sixty, whose dress was very sketchy and whose whole appearance suggested anything but chronic sobriety, left the little company of spectators, and approached Lord Warwick.

"I knows you, m'lord," he began, "but you doesn't know me."
"No. Who the devil are you?" the Earl, replied tartly.
"I'm the baby you was vaccinated from!" was the astonishing reply.

MOVIE MAGIC.

Just take her to the movies, where the lights are soft and low,
Where villians scowl and heroes pose
and autos backward go,
Where lovers ride by horseback to the distant Sunset Land,
And when dire dangers threaten—she'll let you hold her hand.
For here's the wand of romance to touch a maiden's heart,
The play and murmured music have all the poet's art;
There need no word be spoken, for Cupid will command
The silent language of the soul, that's spoken hand to hand.
With its ever-changing visions, and the quaint, bewitching tune,
This hour was made for lovers, like moonlit nights in June.
So take her to the movies, and all she'll understand—
You'll know it by the pressure of her little clinging hand!
—Tudor Jenks, in "Cartoons."

HER HAND.

Down by the stream, beneath a shady tree,
With just the moon and winking stars to see,
For hours and hours they'd nestle close,
and he
Would "hold her hand."
It gave him pleasure just to hold it tight
And when at "Bridge" they went to play one night
And she had all the "trumps," he wished he might
Just "hold her hand."
They're married now, and knowing friends have said
The reason why no bandage wraps his head
Is that whenever his loving spouse "sees red"
He "holds her hand!"

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