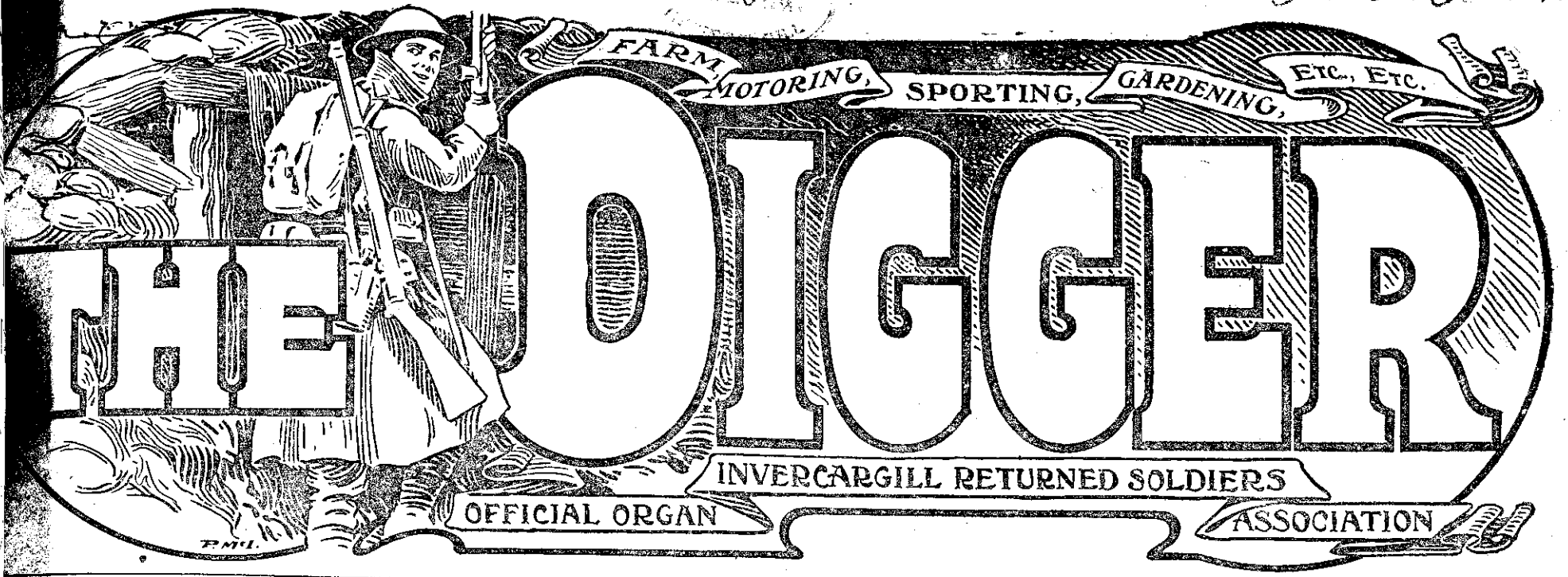




No. 39.

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(By Margaret E. Sangster).

I am coming back with a singing soul
through the surge of the splendid sea,
Coming back to the land called home,
and the love that used to be;
I am coming back through a flash of
spray, through a conquered tempest's
hum,
I am coming back, I am coming back.
but, God! do I want to come.

I have heard the shriek of the shrapnel
speak to the dawn of a flaming day,
And a growling gun when the fight was
won and the twilight flickered gray;
I have seen men die with their chins
raised high, and a curse that was half
a prayer;
I have fought alone when a comrade's
groan was tense on the blinding air.

I have tramped a road when a burning
load was strapped to my aching back,
Through miles of mud that was streaked
with blood, when my closing eyes
turned back;
I have cried aloud to a heedless crowd
of a God that they could not know,
And have knelt at night when the way
was bright with a rocket's sullen glow.

I am coming home through the whirling
foam—home to her arms stretched
wide;
I am coming back to the beaten track
and the sheltered fireside.
With gasping breath, I have sneezed at
death, and have mocked at a shell's
swift whirr,
And safe again, through the years of
pain, I am coming back—to her!

I am coming back with a singing soul
through the surge of the splendid
sea;
Coming back—but my singing soul will
never quite be free?
For I have killed, and my heart has
thrilled to the call of the battle hum.
I am coming back to the used-to-be—
but, God! do I want to come?

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THE FIRST PART.

Doris Thobury, the sister of the children's ward, was telling the little ones stories, when the door opened and the matron and Dr Weston came in. Doris's cheeks took a deep tint, for she loved the kindly, grave-faced young doctor deeply.

As the doctor went his rounds, she held each little patient's hand, for the pain never seemed so bad when Sister Doris was near, and when all the patients had been examined her duty for the day was over.

As she was going out of the Cottage Hospital gate, Paul Weston overtook her. "May I accompany you?" he asked, and she smiled and nodded. They spoke of many things, and at last when they had reached a more secluded spot the doctor seized her hand.

"Miss Thobury," he said, "I love you—I love you with all my heart and soul. Will you be my wife?" She looked at him steadfastly as she answered "Yes." It was some time later when they parted, and when they did so Doris was the happiest girl in the world.

The next morning she received a telegram: "Come home immediately," it ran. "You are wanted at once." And a little later she was speeding towards her home.

At the very moment she was answering Paul Weston on the previous night, an interview was going on which was to alter her whole life.

"Those are my terms; take them or leave them. Accept them and I pull you through; refuse and you are ruined!" The speaker, Roger Armer, was a strong, hard man; he was Walter Thobury's manager, and the man he faced as he uttered those words was Walter Thobury himself.

Doris's father was a failure; he was weak and lazy, and as he faced his manager he looked frightened. His uncle had died and left him the huge business of Thobury and Co. But he did not trouble himself about the business; he left it all in the hands of Roger Armer. And now he found that he was on the brink of ruin, and only Armer could pull him through, and that he would only do so on one condition, and that was that he should marry Doris. And in his weakness and fear of ruin the crushed man agreed—actually agreed to sacrifice his daughter to save himself.

When he told Doris she was horrified. "Father," she cried, "you are not in earnest. Marry Mr Armer? I couldn't. You can't mean it." At last she cast aside all her hopes for the future and promised. That evening she wrote a short note to Paul Weston telling him she had changed her mind and could never be his wife.

Her engagement to Armer was announced, and eventually Doris Thobury became Doris Armer.

She found her husband domineering, and determined to break her proud spirit. She discovered, too, that she had been won by a trick, for her father's business had never been anything but perfectly solvent.

Paul Weston, a young doctor and her former lover, with whom she had been forced to break her engagement. He obtains for her a post as a nurse at a private house, which she thankfully accepts.

A few days after, she reads in the paper that the "missing Mrs Armer" has been found drowned, but actually the unrecognisable body that was discovered belonged to an unknown girl to whom Doris had given her clothes.

Then one day a new housekeeper arrived at Mr Farr's house, and Doris was horrified to recognise in her one of her thief-husband's accomplices.

One day Mr Farr's house is burgled and Doris, recognising her husband's work in this, rushes off to her old home to warn him. From the garden, she sees the figures of Armer and Isobel Vane sil-

houetted on the blind. Then suddenly a heavy hand is laid on her shoulder.

"HER SPIRIT HAUNTS ME—ALWAYS."

With great difficulty, Doris Armer stifled a shriek that rose to her lips.

The scene of domestic happiness, in which her husband and Isobel Vane were the central figures, had wounded her to the heart's core. And now another had been a witness of the quiet, homelike picture beside herself.

"Hush!"

A hand was laid lightly across her lips. She lifted her eyes, and found herself gazing into the face of the man whom she knew as Philip, the man who had rescued her from the lonely house in the woods.

And then suddenly she remembered that this unknown man was her husband's accomplice in guilt, that even now they were probably plotting together, arranging further robberies, fresh outrages.

And to save such a criminal as Roger Armer she had come prepared to break her vow of silence.

"Hush! Don't attract their attention, Mrs Armer."

With a firm hand, he drew the girl away further into the shadow. They passed out of carshot, but not from the range of vision.

The couple on the couch by the fire had drawn close together. Isobel's head, with its heavy coils of rich red hair, was very close to Roger Armer's shoulder.

A wild, fierce feeling of jealousy flamed up within Doris's heart. She held her breath, expecting every moment to see their lips meet in a lover's kiss of perfect understanding.

A strong sensation of resentment against Isobel Vane was prominent in her curiously mixed emotions. Oh, how dare she? While Roger's wife crouched outside, like the outcast a cruel fate had made her.

And then there came a sickening sense of hopelessness and despair. By the silent assumption of her own death she had raised up an eternal barrier between herself and Roger Armer. It was, to the man and woman on whom she gazed, no sin to love.

Only she knew that they could never marry; she only stood between them and happiness!

An awful wave of misery surged over the unhappy girl, whose obstinacy had caused so much misery.

She saw Roger rise, and caught a glimpse of Isobel's face, on which disappointment was writ large.

Roger stood by the high, flower-garlanded Adams mantelshelf. In the centre stood a portrait, flanked on either side by a crystal vase of tall lilies. Her own portrait! Her own favourite flowers!

He raised the heavy silver frame, and, holding it in his hand, turned and said something to the woman.

Doris, of course, could not hear what he said. Had she been able to do so, she would not have been so utterly wretched.

"Somehow, Isobel," Roger was saying, "I cannot forget her. Oh, I know, all you would say—all that you can urge against this mad delusion of mine! But I cannot believe she has left me for ever. Her spirit is with me, haunts me always. Time may remove this strange, almost uncanny, feeling, but it will be many long years before I can put another in her place."

Isobel hid her face, so that he could not read the bitter expression upon it.

"I will wait for years if need be, Roger, for I love you as that cold, silent woman never did. She is dead. How can you believe otherwise? You saw her—"

"Yes," he sighed; "I saw her. As you say, I have proof that Doris—has gone—for ever. But so long as the strange feeling of unreality remains, it must be as—it is."

Very tenderly, he placed the portrait on the shelf. Isobel, with a yearning look, turned slowly, and left the room.

Roger crossed over to the window, and drew the curtains closer, and the familiar fire-lit room and its solitary occupant were blotted out.

"And now, Mrs Armer," said Philip, "will you please tell me what brought you here? It is unwise of you to meddle in affairs that may have disastrous consequences to yourself."

The significant tone did not escape Doris.

"I don't understand you."

She turned startled eyes upon her companion. That the man was ill at ease was evident. He kept sending furtive glances at the house, as though he feared detection. He laughed shortly.

"If it is discovered that Mrs Roger Armer is alive, she will find herself in a very unpleasant position. Her husband—he sent her a peculiarly penetrating glance—"is the head of the gang."

This was a bow drawn at a venture. But Doris did not know this, and a low moan escaped her.

"I know—I know! It was to warn him I ran the risk of coming here."

Philip turned away to hide a smile. How simple this woman was! How easy a dupe he had found her! How her every action had helped them in their career of crime! He felt very kindly disposed towards this innocent victim of roguery.

"Had you not better get back before your absence is discovered?" he asked. "Believe me, it will be best. Should you be discovered here, your object will be defeated. In fact, your presence at your old home would give away your husband."

"I must ask you a few questions before I return," the girl said desperately. "You saved me from him once, and so, somehow against my better judgment, and in defiance of common-sense, I'm going to trust you."

She raised such imploring eyes to his face that somehow Philip felt more of a blackguard than ever.

"I may, mayn't I?"

"Yes, I'll answer you to the best of my ability. Believe me, I am deeply sorry for you. But, come, let us get away from the house. See, there is a light in the upstairs rooms!"

"My room! I mean those that were given to me when I came here a bride—long ago—so very—long ago."

The blinds were up. The light shone, rosy and mellow, over the silver and blue rooms that Doris had called her prison.

Had he given her rooms to Isobel Vane? She could not tear herself away till she knew.

But it was Roger who entered the room. He stood in the centre, gazing round; then suddenly he flung himself on the sofa, and buried his face in his hands.

Philip touched her gently.

"Come!" he said. "Why pain yourself by remaining here?"

They went into the cold, bare woods, towards the spot where Doris had left the car.

"Now ask your questions. If I refuse to answer some of them, it will be—for your husband's sake."

"How long," tear wrens in her voice, "has my husband led this double life?"

Philip hesitated just an instant.

"Armer has always led it," he said. "He could never run straight. It isn't in him."

"But his business! Surely he does not need to rob?"

"Armer's business is merely a blind. He organised the gang of which he is now the head. I am one of them. Henry Barlow another. Whilst enlisting your sympathy Barlow was acting as Armer's tool."

Doris beat her hands together.

"And I have been the blindest tool of all! He married me so that, as the wife of a supposed honourable and wealthy man, I could bring him into touch with those who possessed jewels and valuables. He won me by a lie—he kept me with him by lies. He is false, cruel, unutterably wicked, and yet—I want to save him!"

"Of course, you do! Are you not his wife?"

"Heaven help me, I am!"

The sound of the stable clock striking

recalled Doris to the lateness of the hour. "Tell me all that has happened at Fairwell Court since the burglary was discovered," Philip urged. "I will see Armer, and warn him. You don't want to see him after what you and I have just witnessed."

He saw her shudder, and smiled to himself. Jealously had accomplished what plain speaking would never have done.

"No—no!"

She hid her face, so that he might not see how his stab had gone home. And then rapidly, she gave him a brief account of how a great London detective, called Mark Lewis, had undertaken the case.

Philip listened in silence, his expression growing graver and graver.

"You must go back at once. Already they are beginning to suspect you, and if they arrest you as an accomplice they will force you to speak—to give evidence against your husband."

"That they shall never do! I became a silent wife—I will be a silent witness, if necessary."

Philip placed her in the two-seater, and watched her till she was out of sight.

"What a woman!" he muttered. "A woman in a thousand! A woman who can make a vow of silence, and stick to it, is a rare thing. If only she was one of us! Wanda's infatuation for Armer will lead to mischief, I'm afraid. Although she is my sister, I see her faults, and intense jealousy is one of them. And now to business. That girl's sudden appearance has upset all our calculations. I only hope they haven't gone away."

Lifting his finger to his lips, he gave a low, penetrating whistle, once—twice—three times was it repeated. And then, in quick response, two masked men crept from behind a thicket.

"I thought," said the taller of the two, "that you weren't going to get rid of her. Who was she?"

"That," said Philip, "was Roger Armer's wife."

"THAT DAY IS AT HAND."

That night Westways Court was entered and burgled for the second time. The strong room, where a quantity of valuable plate was deposited was broken open and robbed.

At the Manor House the first intense excitement caused by the burglary had, in a measure, died down. Miss Farr was in a fair way to recovery; already she had doctored herself with the faked jewels.

The news of this second burglary at Westways Court had electrified the police. Whilst they had been engaged in seeking the burglars at the Manor House, the miscreants were robbing Mr Farr's neighbour at the Court!

Mark Lewis alone said nothing. He was working the case in his own way. He would brook no interference from the local police.

"Yes, I have a clue," he owned; "and I intend to follow it up. I either undertake the case alone, or I throw it up."

Mr Farr was only too willing to agree to Lewis's terms.

"Don't forget," Lewis said, when ostensibly leaving the Manor House, that, as your secretary, I am to meet Mr Roger Armer at dinner on the seventeenth."

"I doubt," said Farr, "that Mr Armer will be well enough to come. The robbery gave him a nasty shock. He has never been the same since his wife's death."

"I suppose," Lewis said thoughtfully, "he felt it deeply."

"I believe so. Their married life was an unhappy one. One does not care to talk about it now. Mrs Armer is dead, but she was quite impossible, you know."

"I have heard her called the Silent Wife," Lewis smiled. "An unusual characteristic in a woman."

Before he left, Mark Lewis sought and obtained an interview with Nurse Angela.

"You were late in coming home last night," he said, fixing his dark eyes upon the pale, lovely face.

"Late!" she stammered. "I—"

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He laid his hand upon her arm.

It would be wise if you confided in me," he said quietly. "I saw you driving the car up the lane. It was twelve o'clock.

"I—I—had a headache, Miss Farr told me I could always use her car."

Doris knew how foolish and inconsistent this explanation must sound to this man, with his trained mind and natural quickness. He held out his hand.

"Good-bye, Nurse Angela!" he said. "If ever you feel like sharing your troubles with me, don't hesitate to do so. You will always find me a willing listener."

"There's nothing to confide," she retorted. "Doctor Weston knew me years ago. My story is quite an ordinary one. I made an unhappy marriage—that's all. Many women do that."

Lewis agreed. "It's a pity all the same. You are still quite young—a mere girl."

"Yes." There was a note of passion in the clear, low voice. "I am young. I may have years before me—years of silence and desolation."

He looked keenly at her; opened his lips and then closed them.

"That is Mrs Roger Armer," he thought as he drove to the station. "How she managed to blind the world to the fact that she is alive I do not know. Who ever the girl is who lies buried in the Sussex village by the sea, under the name of Doris Armer, I do not know. But I know she is not the wife of Roger Armer, of Westways Court. I wonder if they are in league together. It looks like it. Her hurried drive last night was undoubtedly to the Court. I wish I had seen her go; I'd have followed her. That vow of silence was a blind, I expect. And yet it seems incredible that a man like Roger Armer should be able to lead a double life without being found out. He is such a prominent man in the city. No; there's a deeper mystery here than I at first imagined. It's quite the most interesting and complicated case I've come across as yet. But I'll unravel the mystery—or I'll throw up the profession for good!"

Two days later Mr Farr's new secretary arrived at the Manor House. Mr Walter Smith was a quiet, badly dressed man, with a slouching gait and unkempt, grizzled hair.

Owing to a slight defect in his eyes, Mr Smith wore smoked glasses. He spoke in husky tones, and was extremely polite to everyone with whom he came in contact.

Helena, in spite of his plain and unattractive appearance, took an extraordinary fancy to her father's secretary, and invited him to have tea in the long, splendidly furnished room whenever he cared to do so.

This exactly suited Mark Lewis, as it gave him an opportunity of studying Miss Farr's attendant from an impartial point of view.

The more he saw of Doris, the more he liked her. That some hidden trouble, bravely borne, had embittered her whole life was very evident.

If the detective's surmise was correct—that she had discovered Roger Armer's secret after she was his wife—her sadness was easily accounted for.

There were, however, many links missing in the chain that Mark Lewis hoped one day to make perfect. But he by no means despaired of finding them. And when he had done so, woe betide the gang whose outrages were getting more and more daring.

There was hardly a day one did not read of some fresh burglary. Sometimes a flat in Mayfair would be entered and robbed; at other times city stores would be rifled of valuable furs, of bales of cloth and silk.

Country houses were pillaged. The gang worked swiftly, silently—coming and going, and leaving no trace behind them.

Scotland Yard was baffled. The woman who had personated the housekeeper had disappeared, and no trace of her could they find. Only Mark Lewis knew that her name was Wanda, and that she was not unknown to Nurse Angela.

At last the day which Doris longed for, and yet dreaded, arrived.

The morning of the seventeenth dawned as so many other monotonous days had dawned for Doris Armer. Nothing out of the common marked this particular Thursday as different from all the others, except that Helena Farr was in one of her excitable moods.

It was Paul Weston's day to visit his hysterical patient, and Helena always gave her nurse trouble on these occasions.

This afternoon she was particularly wayward. Nothing pleased her. Three times she insisted on changing her rest gown, until at last Martha Cox was in despair.

"Now she says she will dress for the evening," Martha told Nurse Angela. "You know she insists on dining downstairs to-night. I wish Doctor Weston would forbid it. Something tells me there'll be a scene before the evening is over."

This presentment of Mrs Cox's was to be realised, but not quite in the way she meant.

"I'll speak to Doctor Weston," said Doris. "After all, if she insists on dressing so early in the afternoon, it won't matter. It'll give her a chance of wearing her jewels. That's what she's thinking of, I know."

Martha Cox flung up her hands.

"And to think they're only bits of paste and glass!" she wailed. "If she found out that her jewels were stolen I believe she'd go out of her mind!"

"I believe she would," Doris sighed. "It is awful for anyone to worship jewels as Helena does."

When Doctor Weston entered Helena's room, even he, accustomed though he was to his patient's vagaries, was a little taken aback at the splendour of her toilette. His expression of astonishment seemed to amuse the impish creature.

"I'm dining with the party to-night," she informed him; "and so I've dressed, so as to be in good time. Are not my jewels beautiful, Doctor Weston? And wasn't it a good thing the thieves did not discover where I had hidden them?"

Doctor Weston, who knew the truth, adroitly turned the conversation to a strictly professional one. He made his visit as brief as possible. The girl's openly expressed preference for himself disgusted and repelled him.

"If you will come with me, Nurse Angela," he said, as he bade Miss Farr good-bye, "I will give you instructions."

Helena pouted. "Can't you give them to nurse here?" she asked. "I believe you flirt with nurse when I'm not there."

Doris's face grew hot.

"I don't like such jokes," she said.

"Nor I, Miss Farr," Paul Weston added coldly. "If you suggest such a thing again I shall be obliged to throw up your case. I cannot allow you to insult Nurse Angela or me."

Instantly the jealous girl was all contrition.

"I shall die if you don't come, Dr Weston!" she wailed, in her extravagant way.

Paul and Doris went into the library. Dr Weston sat down at the table to write a prescription.

"What are you going to do this evening, Doris?" he asked. "Can you bear to know that your husband is, beneath the same roof as you, and not speak to him?"

An expression of deep sadness swept over the perfect face of the girl whom Paul Weston had loved so well.

"Do you remember that once I told you that one day Roger Armer would be in great danger, and that if that day should come, my lips would be unsealed—that I would break my vow of silence? Paul that day is at hand!"

He looked into the calm, lovely face. "If only you would tell me all! Let me help you!"

She shook her head. "It is impossible."

"You know I have been asked to dine here to-night?" he said.

Doris started. "Yes. But you cannot, Paul. My husband and you are not friends."

She shuddered at the remembrance of that fatal day when Roger had openly insulted Paul Weston in a manner no man would forgive.

"Have you forgotten, Paul?"

"No, I have not forgotten—neither the insult nor your defence of me. Doris, only for that you might have been—happy—in time."

"I wonder—" she sighed, a dreamy light coming into the clear, grey eyes. "I often wonder if it would have been possible to—to care for—him one day?"

And then, before Paul could answer, the softness died out of her face.

"No, no! Not now I know! Is that the prescription? I'll send it to the chemist's at once." She moved away. Good-bye!

She held out her hand.

"I shall try to see you to-night," Paul said.

"Then you intend to come?"

"Yes, Doris. Something tells me you will be in need of—of—a friend to-night."

"You mustn't see me!" Her agitation surprised him. "Promise you won't try to—find out what I do!"

Paul Weston was alarmed. There was something about Doris he could not understand.

There was a slight movement. The secretary, Mr Smith, stood before them.

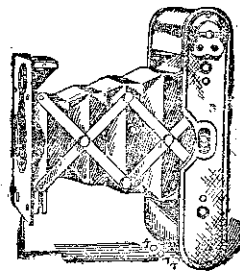
Mr Smith yawned.

"Pardon me! I must have fallen asleep. I was in that big chair over there. It's such a charming room—lulls one to sleep against one's will."

Paul looked annoyed.

"I did not know anyone was in the room," he said curtly. "I was giving Nurse instructions about her patient, Miss Farr."

(Continued on page 4.)



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THE SILENT WIFE.

(Continued from page 3.)

Mr Smith spread on his hands with a
deprecating gesture.

"I assure you, doctor," he said, "I
didn't hear a word you said. So no
harm's done. I was literally dead to
the world."

He paused again.

Somehow, Paul doubted this statement.

MINA VANDERDECKEN'S PEARLS.

Morton Farr rarely entertained, but
when he did it was on a princely scale. He
had been very much against his daughter
appearing at the dinner-table.

Her nerves were terribly unstrung. Dr.
Weston had warned Mr Farr against ex-
citement, or allowing her to sit so long in
one position.

But threats and entreaties proved vain.
Nothing would do but that she should
take the head of the table, and show off
her gorgeous and most unsuitable apparel
and treasured jewels.

Doris, standing aside, while Mr Farr
was reasoning with his wayward daughter,
thought it pathetic that Helena should
not know the truth—that the gaudy
stones, flashing red and green and blue
from her skinny arms and neck, were
worth but a few pounds, and not the
thousands she still believed them to
represent.

"Well, if you will—you will," Morton
Farr shrugged his shoulders, and glanced
at the beautiful face of Nurse Angela.
"But, if you must, I shall make a stipula-
tion."

Helena pouted.

"I hate stipulations," she grumbled.
"They always spoil your fun."

"This one won't," Farr's eyes were still
on Doris. "That Nurse Angela joins the
party."

"No, no! I—couldn't!"

Doris flushed hotly.

To join the party she would have to see
her husband. It might even be that she
would be forced to speak to him.

She intended, somehow, to give him
another warning. But it must be done
secretly. She would wait and watch, and
clutch at the first chance she could get.

"But why, Nurse Angela?"

In Morton Farr's eyes was an expression
of undisguised admiration, from which
Doris shrank involuntarily. It was not the
first time she had seen that expression
on her employer's dark face. She recalled
Martha Cox's joking words: "You could
be Mrs Farr any day, nurse, if you played
your cards properly." Doris had only
laughed, and turned the conversation
quickly.

Paul had been right. It had been a mis-
take to pose as an unmarried woman. But,
then, from how many questions and pre-
variations her ringless hands had saved
her!

"I—I have no evening-dress," she stam-
mered. "I have nothing but my uniform."

"And what could be more becoming,
nurse?" Mr Farr touched the sleeve of her
dress. "To my mind it is the most becom-
ing garb any woman can wear. But, if you
dislike being singular, surely in Helena's
wardrobe—"

"It is impossible, Mr Farr," Doris
thought it time to speak firmly. "I will
remain on duty in the ante-room, if you
wish, in case Miss Farr requires aid, but I
utterly refuse to make one of your party."

"Please yourself," Mr Farr said. And
then, in a lower tone, he added. "You
must know that it is my dearest wish to
please you!"

"Father," Lena Farr's shrill tones broke
in. "Miss Vanderdecken is coming, isn't
she?"

"Yes."

"They say her pearls are priceless. I
hope she will wear them."

"I expect she will. Nina Vanderdecken
rarely goes anywhere without them. They
are historic, and once belonged to a de-
throned queen."

Helena sighed enviously.

"How I wish they were mine!"

"Didn't I tell you they were priceless?
I may be wealthy, but even I couldn't
afford pearls like Nina Vanderdecken's. I
wonder the thieves have not had a try for
them."

"Yes," Doris said mechanically.

She raised her eyes, and found Mr Farr's
fixed eyes upon her with an expression that
held something more than admiration. Un-
nerved by this strange look, and the news
she had heard, she turned away.

But Helena would not let the subject
of the pearls drop.

"Nina is a very rich American. She
lives in the Dower House, and is dad's
tenant. Martha used to say he would
marry Mrs Van, but now she says some-
one has put Nina's nose out of joint. I
wonder if you know who it is?"

She grinned impudently into Doris's
crimson face.

"Don't repeat such vulgar gossip. And
now you had better lie on your couch for
half an hour, or you'll be fainting before
the dinner is half over."

"I wonder if they are after the pearls!"

Doris paced her room, wondering how
best she could warn Roger of the risk he
was running. But before she had decided
on any plan of action the guests began to
arrive.

Mrs Vanderdecken was exquisitely
dressed in grey and silver. The cele-
brated pearls hung in two long ropes, one
of which reached to her knees.

The ante-room in which Doris decided
to wait lay between the further of the
suite of rooms and the big banquetting
hall.

It was an ideal place, as far as Doris's
plans were concerned, for she could see
into both drawing-room and dining-room.

Also, if she wanted to breathe the night
air, she could walk along the terrace, and
get a good view of the winter garden, the
door of which opened into the centre draw-
ing-room.

Heavy curtains hung over the ante-room
doors, and from behind these Nurse Angela
watched the assembling of the guests.

Roger Armer was last to arrive. As it
happened, Morton Farr stood not far from
the curtain that concealed Doris.

"I wonder, Farr," she heard her hus-
band say, "if you would allow me to use
your telephone. Awfully sorry, but I for-
got to send a message to my clerk!"

"Of course! Come this way. I'll take you
to the library, and then, if you'll excuse
me, I'll leave you."

They went away together.

Doris's nervousness increased. What
message did Roger want to send? Was it
to summon his accomplices—let them
know for certain that Mrs Vanderdecken
had argued, wearing her pearls?

Now was the time to warn him, to tell
him that if he persisted in his career of
crime she would shield him no longer, she
would be silent no longer. He should
have another chance of escape, and one
only.

Very quietly, she unlatched the window.
The moon, on a light powder of snow,
made everything bright as day. Keeping
close to the ivy-covered walls, she gained
the library windows. They were tightly
closed and curtained!

"How foolish of me!" she thought. "I
might have guessed they would be shut."

Mr Walter Smith watched the slender
figure, a smile on his bearded face.

"As I thought. She's shielding someone.
Well, can one blame a woman for shielding
her husband, no matter how big a black-
guard he may be? If what I suspect is
true, we shall have the gang in hand now
in twenty-four hours."

Throughout dinner Doris never took her
eyes off her husband. He sat on one side
of the American widow, Morton Farr on
the other.

She saw Roger furtively surveying the
priceless pearls that hung round Mrs Van-
derdecken's white neck. And then, all
of a sudden, Roger Armer made a curious
remark:

"Are you not afraid of carrying so much
value about you, Mrs Vanderdecken?"

Doris held her breath as she waited
Nina's answer.

(To be Continued.)

CONTINUOUS WHEAT GROWING.

In view of the soil exhausting demands
of wheat its continuous cropping in some
localities in the Dominion is a matter for
some surprise. Parts of the Rangitikei
district, in the North Island, provide an
illustration in the matter of continuous
oat-growing, and in a few instances wheat,
and it has been suggested that this dis-
trict could have done a good deal more in
amplifying the wheat supplies of the
Dominion during the shortage. A Home
paper to hand records a very interesting
fact in connection with continuous experi-
ments at Rothamstead, demonstrating that
white-straw crops can follow one another
without deterioration of the land for any
number of years. There, wheat has been
grown continuously on the same land for
73 years, with only two seasons' break for
fallow, and barley has been grown for 63
years, with only one season's fallow. There
has been some falling off on the unman-
ured land in the case of wheat, though less
than might have been expected—but a
plot supplied with farmyard manure
showed a rise from 28 bushels for the
first eight years to an average of 35
bushels in the last ten years. In the
case of fully-manured land, it has been
proved that no falling off in yield need
be anticipated. While the advantages
of rotations will never be questioned, what
the Ministry of Agriculture in drawing
attention to these experimental results
wish to emphasise, is that there are large
areas of clay where the possibility of
introducing some system of continuous
wheat growing, in which both grain and
straw will be sold, is worthy of serious
consideration, especially in counties where
there is a ready sale for straw. It is
suggested that the only real difficulty lies
in keeping the land clean and in getting
through the necessary cultivation in the
short period between the harvesting of one
crop and the sowing of the next.

THE PERSONAL TOUCH IN INDUSTRY.

In the old days of last century, when
large establishments were the exception
rather than the rule, the employer re-
garded his workman as one of his business
family (writes Sir Robert Hadfield, Bart.,
head of the great steel firm of Hadfield's
of Sheffield, in the London "Daily Mail").
And, though it be true that no man is a
hero to his valet, it is undoubtedly the
case that this close association of master
and man resulted in a personal under-
standing and regard which conduced to
good service on the one hand, and fair
and generous treatment on the other.

The same close personal relationship
between the head of a firm and the staff
is not possible in the ordinary course of
business to-day, but there is still room
for much closer co-operation between the
two great branches of the industrial
machine.

Many grievances on the part of the
workers—and some which have led to seri-
ous consequences—have arisen from almost
trivial misunderstandings. The employer
is misunderstood by the men he employs;
the employees' point of view is difficult
of appreciation by the employer.

The trend of modern industrial condi-
tions has been to cut the employer off
further than ever from his workmen.
Whereas formerly he would walk round
the shop, chat with the men, and give
them the opportunity of stating their
troubles or their suggestions to him, he
is now made aware of their aspirations
and demands only through the medium
of their representatives whom he meets
in round-table conference.

With such conferences we have per-
force to be content to-day, but their in-
stitution is all to the good. They have
had the effect of proving to both sides
that neither is as unreasonable as the
other thought it was. They settle
many difficulties and clear away many
obscurities, even though the employer
knows only the trade union representa-
tives and the shop stewards, and could
not identify the men at the benches who
are the real backbone of the business.

The loss of the personal touch in in-
dustry is to be regretted, for it had a
fine humanising influence, but industry
has grown to such an enormous size in
these days of world-wide markets that
its maintenance is practically impossible
to-day.

Many employers, however, though
bound to follow modern methods in
their dealings with their workers, still
endeavour to keep the old personal
touch in some of the little things that
count for so much in smooth working.
In doing so they are keeping alive, at
any rate, the spirit underlying the in-
timacy between master and man which
was so prominent a characteristic of
nineteenth century industrialism.

LAND FOR SOLDIERS.

GOVERNMENT PURCHASES.

According to a statement to a News
correspondent by the Hon. H. D. Guthrie,
Minister in Charge Soldier Settlement, ac-
tive purchase is being continued. He has
made a definite offer for an area at Tai-
rua, Mercury Bay, at a little less than the
vendor asked. If this is bought twenty
or twenty-two soldiers will be able to
secure good dairy farms.

The Government has bought the well-
known Motutara property near Kumeu,
on the Helensville railway. The area is
2,984 acres capable of subdivision into
twenty-two sections for dairying and
grazing. There are also a number of sea-
side sections fronting the West Coast.
Instructions have been given that no time
is to be lost in arranging the area for
selection.

An offer for portion of Clark's Opu-
estate, near Gisborne, is being considered
by the vendor.

There were 2628 fatal street accidents in
the United Kingdom last year.

The Hon. W. Nosworthy, Minister for
Agriculture, in the course of a letter to
Mr Twentymen Hodgson, of Oteramika,
says: "I have read with interest your re-
marks concerning the question of an ex-
perimental farm in Southland. Though
it is intended to establish such a farm in
the South Island the question of locality
still remains to be decided. I propose,
however, to shortly make a trip through
Otago and Southland in connection with
this matter, and if possible, I shall en-
deavour to have a look at the properties
you mention. The question of the Gov-
ernment acquiring this land for settlement
is, however, a matter for the considera-
tion of my colleague, the Minister of
Lands, to whom I am referring a copy of
your letter for his consideration."

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SOUTHLAND RACING CLUB.

ENTRIES FOR SUMMER MEETING.

The entries for the Southland Racing Club's Summer meeting constitute a record, numbering 470, as compared with 3 for the corresponding fixture of last season. The nominations for the two mile races (19 and 18) and the two principal events (26 and 30) exceed expectations. The following are the lists:—

—First Day.—

Avon Hurdles, £200 (one mile and a half)—Mandrake, Compulsion, Hard Hit, Bahr, Gowabrae, Barrister, Tutin, Brough, General Advance, Kilgus, Achilles, Red Tape, St. Cletus, Calma, Goodstart, Jack Symons, War Hawk, Staff Officer.

Makarewa Saddle Trot, £245 (one mile and a half)—Evening Chimes, Red Emu, Country Queen, Kaloon, Wildcat, Colchester, Nellie Scot, Hecteroo, Jennie Scott, Clifton Chimes, Ferry Wallace, Nightcaps, Intolerance, Eros, Electra, Betty King, Cross Battery, Queen's, Lady Wild, Until, Armistice, Harold, Mountain Wood, Thea, Satin Boy, Namor, Wallroon, Nell Pointer, South, Norma Dillon, Rothstar, Lady Mar, Gladiola, Bellfashion, Blue Chimes, Briquet, Hectdale, Miss O'Neill, Coldwater, McConachie.

Flying Handicap, £400 (six furlongs)—Algidus, Michaela, Satisfaction, Ethna, Helicon, Rokelaine, Link Up, Muriel, Jazz, Buller, Onslaught, Sun-Kilkee, Redshire, Volkovo, Killowen, Librogan, Silver Peak, Mantua, Pyjama, New Year Handicap, £150 (six furlongs)—The Reaver, Wartone, Herbert, Morreka, Necessity, Clentruin, ag Lieutenant, Royal Admiral, Brownie, renchman, Strowana, Red Mac, Rockampton, Naomi, Admiral Fisher, Marla, Kokowai, Admiral Gonne, Killory, Mferino—Rosahiegelding, Lady Blissful, Ithilde, Breton, Soldier Boy.

Invercargill Cup, £1050 (one mile and a quarter)—Malaga, Jock, Warlove, Thaddeus, Twinkle, Linden, Satisfaction, Whipcord, Link Up, Miss Muriel, Necessity, Rorke's Drift, Cashmere, Tin Soldier, Red Admiral, Warlike, Onslaught, engeroop, Almoner, Kilkee, Foochow, Killowen, Eleus, Sunny Loch, Melee, adial.

Oreti Harness Trot, £220 (one mile and half)—Outcast, John Redmond, Lady Prince, Colchester, Golden Age, Downst, General Joffre, Bell Wallace, Ngare, Oaknut, Rothmond, Flower o' Turri, he Sheik, Tahawia, Rothbell, Laura Child, Lady Adonis, Greystone, Peterville, Joonglow, Greenstripe, Promenade, Dark losine, Little Pointer, Croydon Chimes, Jorma Dillon, Irish Imp, Kentucky Wood, Sundridge, Wild Flower, Vitalis, Miss O'Neill, Coldwater, McGrath, Moor Chimes, Princess Peter.

Waikiki Handicap, £150 (seven furlongs)—Reproachful, Bothnia, Blue Admiral, Filigree, Mettle Drift, Mirza, Jazz, rderdown, Flag Lieutenant, Barley Rigs, oniform, M. onironge, Red Mac, All rish, Wild Night, Morodino, Sunlit, Osmarin, Kokowai, Lady Links, Greenie, Botanist, Volkovo, Post Haste, Kilry, Lady Pallas, Sartolite, Bright Spot, reton Marching Order.

Waihopai Handicap, £250 (one mile), andrake, Marianne, Algidus, Thaddeus, winkle, Linden, Don Pacifico, Moonglow, iss Muriel, Caverock, Hineamaru, Marchig Order, Barley Rigs, Roniform, Cashero, Mazama, Tin Soldier, Red Admiral, engeroop, Almoner, Glenshine, Foochow, War Hawk, Eleus, Sunny Loch, Melee.

—Second Day.—

Gladstone Hurdles, £200 (one mile and three-quarters)—Mandrake, Compulsion, Hard Hit, Seid-el-Bahr, Gowabrae, Barrister, Tutin, Brough, Moonglow, Kilboyne, Achilles, Red Tape, Awahou, Calma, Goodstart, Jack Symons, War Hawk, Darcy Sam, Staff Officer.

Roslyn Harness Trot, £270 (two miles)—Red Empress, Country Queen, Wild Queen, Colchester, Nellie Scot, Golden Age, General Joffre, Eves, Quick March, Ngahere, Seaward Spot, Cross Battery, lower o' Turri, St. Mihil, Until, Haroldon, Biddy Tracey, May Tracey, Mountain Wood, Thea, Wakanui, Malice, First oll, Rothstar, Lady Marvin, Gladiola, lue Chimes, Sobriquet, Harold's Treasre, Hectdale, Coldwater, Lenamhor, Vallroon.

Shorts Handicap, £250 (six furlongs)—Algidus, Michaela, Satisfaction, Bothnia, Helicon, Rokelaine, Link Up, Miss Muriel, Jazz, Buller, Barley Rigs, Borodino, Kilkee, Redshire, Volkovo, Killowen, Kilbrian, Mantua, Pyjama.

Summer Handicap, £150 (seven furlongs)—Wartone, Reproachful, Night larpp, Filigree, Mettle Drift, Mirza, Necessity, Flag Lieutenant, Marching Order, Royal Admiral, Barley Rigs, Roniform, Etta, Corn Rigs, Mazama, July spark, Strowana, Wild Night, Markella, Kokowai, Volkovo, War Hawk, Post Haste, Killory, Solferino—Rosahiegelding, Lady Pallas, Sartolite, Clothilde, Soldier Joy, Breton.

Southland Handicap, £500 (one mile and a distance)—Malaga, Jock, Marianne, Warlove, Thaddeus, Michaela, Twinkle, Linden, Satisfaction, Whipcord, Link Up, Miss Muriel, Caverock, Necessity, Hineamaru, Rorke's Drift, Cashmere, Tin Soldier, Red Admiral, Warlike, Onslaught, engeroop, Almoner, Kilkee, Foochow, Killowen, Silver Peak, Eleus, Sunny Loch, adial.

Electric Saddle Trot, £200 (one mile)—Country Queen, Kaloon, Wild Queen, Lady Prince, Hecteroo, Jennie Scott, Fenild, Thronage, Bell Wallace, Nightcaps, Francis Derby, Eppie Adair, Intolerance, Betty King, Polygon, Tahiti, Queen's Lane, Albert Mac, The Sheik, Fashion Plate, Tahawia, Lora Child, War Chimes, Greystone, Satin Boy, Moonglow, Green-

stripe, Bessie Mac, Mascot, Enid, Maile, South Star, Little Pointer, Norma Dillon, Kentucky Wood, Kapuka Lass, Eric Rothschild, Marvendale, Vitalis, Spotswood, Hectdale, Miss O'Neill, The Badger, McConachie, Moor Chimes.

Rosedale Handicap, £150 (six furlongs)—The Reaver, Wartone, Reproachful, Herbert, Bothnia, Blue Admiral, Barrister, Moreaki, M. Jazz, Glenaruin, Flag Lieutenant, Royal Admiral, Brownie, Etta, Corn Rigs, Cattach, Frenchman, Red Mac, All British, Rockhampton, Lady Winston, Sunlit, Markella, Osterman, Kokowai, Lady Links, Red Pal, Volkovo, Hard Cash, Post Haste, Killory, Mantua, Lady Pallas, Lady Blissful, Destined, Kilmeedy.

Final Handicap, £250 (one mile)—Mandrake, Jock, Marianne, Algidus, Thaddeus, Twinkle, Linden, Blue Admiral, Helicon, Don Pacifico, Moonglow, Miss Muriel, Caverock, Hineamaru, Marching Order, Roniform, Cashmere, Mazama, Tin Soldier, Red Admiral, Wild Night, Awahou, Borodino, Sunlit, Bengeroop, Almoner, Kilkee, Glenshine, Foochow, War Hawk, Eleus, Sunny Loch, Melee, Radial, Sartolite.

ANGLING NOTES.

(By "Creel").

THE HERO.

His mind is set, and his features grim,
Depict a master strong, success to win;
Grim purpose blazeth from his very eye;
A hero he to fight, to do, to die.

(Perhaps).

Who is this noble creature so endowed?
Whose nobleness enshrouns him like a shroud,
Whose knowledge great, unrivalled, has
no peer;
Is he some great and clever-minded
seer?

(Perhaps).

Surely such a hero great as he,
Shall have noble worship from posterity!
Alack, I do not wish to cause you pain,
An angler ("mad"), to fish out in the
rain.

(Perhaps).

—By "Creel."

Conditions for last week-end were some, what better for those disciples of Isaac Walton, who leave the trammels and tribulations of the city and seek recreation on the banks of the babbling brook, amid the cleanliness and wholesomeness of Nature, pure and free. I sometimes wonder whether man can worship God under His blue sky, with the canopy of the heavens as his church, and the song of the sweet birds filling the air, like some grand celestial choir. I venture to say he can, and further, man feels within himself full reverence for Him who made this universe of ours, and offers thanks in an unostentatious and duly reverent manner. To the true angler it is a grand world.

A party of four local fly fishermen on Wednesday, December 1st, creeled some seventy small fish on the Aparima for an afternoon's catch. The following flies were the popular killers. Hardy's Favourite, Stone fly, Owaka red tag, red body Waipahi and McKay's Fancy. On the same day fishing the Makarewa below Underwood another exponent of the popular fly fishing secured a splendid bag of fifteen fish, amongst the take being two beautifully shaped fish, weighing 2½ lbs each. Jessie No. 4 and Purple Grouse were the most effective flies. The latter pattern "tempted" the heavier fish.

Fishing the Waiau Messrs Aitken and Olsen made the fine catch of 21 fish on the minnow. The heaviest fish weighed 8½ lbs, and fish 7½ lbs, 6½ lbs and 5½ lbs were also included in the bag. They report the trout to be in beautiful condition. There is no doubt that the Waiau is one of the best rivers in New Zealand for large fish.

A case of interest to those holding trout fishing licenses came before the Magistrate's Court at Wellington on Friday, states the "Dominion," when Edward B. Gardiner was charged with failing to produce his fishing license when requested to do so by a ranger. The defendant was fishing the Hutt river between Hayward's and Belmont with another man. A ranger came on the scene, and asked Gardiner to produce his license. Gardiner, it was stated, refused to do so, and told the ranger to bring a test case against him. It was contended for the defendant that he was fishing for eels, and did not therefore need to produce a license. Furthermore the ranger could not demand to see his license until he had a trout in his possession. Mr R. Cooke, who appeared for the Acclimatisation Society, said the defendant was under a misapprehension as to the interpretation of the regulations,

and the society did not press for a heavy penalty. Gardiner was fined 40s and costs 45s.

SOUTHLAND ANGLING CLUB.

From noon Saturday, December 4th, until weigh-in at 9 a.m., Monday the 6th, the above club held a week-end roving competition, any legal bait. Conditions were not "perfectus" and some six bags only were weighed in. The up-country anglers were the successful contestants, and the following is the result. All fish are "cleaned" weight:—

Name.	No. fish.	Tl. wght.	lb. ozs.
1. H. Hammond (Centre Bush) ...	39	22	0
2. E. Durry (Lamsden) ...	38	22	8
Handicap 25 p.c. 16 14			
3. G. Braxton (Invercargill) 21	12	6	
R. Jones (Invercargill) ...	9	12	0
J. A. Nisbet do	5	8	11

Mr Nisbet won the prize for the heaviest fish with a beautiful specimen of sea-run trout, weighing 7½ lbs (cleaned weight). This fact makes all anglers think seriously of injustice meted out to them by the Government in allowing the continuation of netting trout at the river mouth. Let's hope that this grave injustice will be abolished by next season.

Included in Mr Hammond's bag was a "freak" trout with an extra fin, directly situated at the back of the fish's head. It was otherwise quite a normal trout.

GORE ANGLERS' CLUB.

A public meeting was held at Gore on Friday night for the purpose of forming an Anglers' Club. The convener, Mr J. Wyllie, was voted to the chair, and the following gentlemen were present: Messrs B. Smith, D. M. Collett, Hoffman (2), D. Graham, C. Richardson, Beattie, W. J. Hayles, J. Winning, J. P. Wyllie, C. Steans, J. McArthur, and B. Ward. Apologies were received from Messrs J. M. Gillies, F. Young, F. Wallis, Jr., and A. J. Grant. It was decided to form a club, and the following office-bearers were appointed.—President, Mr D. McArat; vice-presidents, Messrs Winning, Collett, and Graham; secretary and treasurer, Mr G. Richardson; auditor, Mr F. Young; committee, Messrs Smith, Hoffman (2), Beattie, Steans, Ward, Hayles, Wyllie, and the office-bearers.

It was decided to adopt the rules and regulations of the Invercargill Society, except the clause regarding subscriptions

MILLINERY AND SPECIAL BLOUSE WEEK.

2 dozen only WHITE VOILE BLOUSES, 12s 6d.
4 dozen WHITE and COLOURED VOILE BLOUSES, Newest Shapes, 16s 6d.
The COTOLINE BLOUSE, all colours, stronger than silk, 24s.
See Our Morning Blouses, dark colours, 6s 11d.
SILK BLOUSES, from 22s 6d.
LADIES' MILLINERY, Trimmed Shapes, from 28s 6d.
LADIES' SILK HATS, 6s 6d.
Smart READY-TO-WEARS from 12s 6d.
CHILDREN'S HATS and BONNETS, from 2s 6d.
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Good Wearing SCHOOL HATS, from 4s 11d.

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GEO. MOIR & SON.

FURNITURE DEALERS AND MANUFACTURERS.

72 and 74 TAY STREET.

(Next Price and Bulleid.)

RETURNED SOLDIERS' ASSOCIATION.

PRIVILEGE RAILWAY TICKETS.

The following has been received and is published for general information:—

Arrangements have now been completed with the Railway Department, whereby the period of availability for four weeks' privilege rail tickets is extended to 28th February, 1921, in lieu of 30th instant as previously fixed, and telegraphic advices accordingly have been issued to all Group and Area Offices, etc. This means of course, that four weeks' tickets must, to have full availability, be drawn on or prior to 31st January.

Tickets already issued for a lesser period than 4 weeks so as to expire on 30th Nov. ember, will be extended to cover four weeks from date of issue of ticket on personal application to any railway stationmaster. Guards on trains are not empowered to extend these tickets.

Men who have not applied locally to Group Offices for their four weeks' tickets by the 30th instant, will require to make application to the Officer-in-Charge, War Accounts and Records, Wellington, after that date.

The present provisions in regard to men undergoing hospital treatment will now apply as from 28th February, viz., those who, owing to health, have been unable to travel, may draw their tickets within one month from date of discharge from hospital, the necessary medical certificate to support claim for ticket being issuable by the hospital medical officer.

DISCHARGED SOLDIERS: MEDICAL TREATMENT.

The Defence Department will provide medical treatment for discharged soldiers who are suffering from a recurrence of illnesses arising out of and directly by their service in the forces, such as the reopening of a wound, muscular rheumatism, neurasthenia, pneumonia, or any other ailment which renders them unfit to follow their daily avocation, and also for any other disabilities for which the Director General of Medical Services may grant treatment, on consideration of each individual case.

Before an aeroplane is considered perfect, it has to pass through 200 tests.

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 bathroom. Full ½-acre freehold in handy position. Terms: £300 down, balance easy.

£650.—Comfortable six-roomed house; h. and c. water; one-eighth acre freehold in city area. A handy home. Terms: £150 cash, balance 6 per cent.

£1275.—Twelve acres freehold land; nearly new five-roomed house, cowbyre, loft, trap shed, etc. Close to factory and school 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.

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MAKER,

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woodwork please call and have your
wants attended to.

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

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skilled Mechanics, we can guar-
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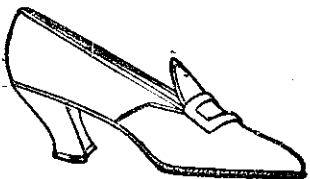
INDIAN, BIG X., DOUGLAS.

TRAMP! Tramp! Tramp! Hear their
ceaseless beat:

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

Why! Boots repaired at Hawthorne's
shop!

Repairs that can't be beat.



J. A. HAWTHORNE.

BOOT REPAIRER,
TAY STREET.



SPORTING.

Rito was sold to a northern owner
after the Forbury meeting.

The Winton Jockey Club has presented
the Winton Band with £25.

Plans for a new stewards' stand for
the Winton course are to be prepared.

Abbey Jones has been appointed handi-
capper to the Lumsden Hack Racing Club.

Racing is going ahead everywhere. In
Algiers, the capital of Algeria, £7000 was
distributed at the recent eight-days' Autumn Meeting.

The Lake County Jockey will probably
race on February 2nd and 3rd, and the
stake money spread over two days will be
about the same amount as the Wyndham
Cup will be worth.

The Lumsden Hack Racing Club has
a credit balance of £63 7s 6d in hand.
The club will hold another hack meeting
this season and give £170 in stakes.

The members of the Lumsden Club are
full of hope in regard to a totalisator per-
mit from the Gaming Commission. There
is no doubt that it is a good centre, and
the district could run a good meeting.

Congratulations to Secretary Jack Oliver
on the nominations he received for the
Summer Meeting. He lost no time in
establishing one record for his club,
and his many friends will join me in wish-
ing him success right through the meet-
ing.

Frank Young, the popular secretary to
the Gore Trotting and Racing Clubs, has
got the mumps. He contracted them at
the Gore Show this week, but stuck to his
job to the finish. His many friends will
join me in wishing him a complete re-
covery before Boxing Day.

George Smart established a record in the
way of nominations for the Wyndham
Club. With a Sunday between the Wynd-
ham and the first day of the Southland
meetings I expect to see record fields turn
out for the good money put up by the
Wyndham Club. The Wyndham Club
knows how to treat visiting owners too.

Chocolates and flattery—that's the stuff
to catch them. At Bradford (Eng.) on
October 12, John Cure, a well-known
Bradford business man, appeared before
the magistrates to answer a number of
summonses charging him with extensive
frauds by the use of forged telegrams re-
lating to horse races. The prosecution
alleged that Cure obtained the confidence
of two female operators at Bradford Post
Office by flattery over the telephone and
by gifts of chocolates, and then made bets
by wires sent to a London bookmaker
after the results of races had been received,
on the tape machine in his offices, the
telegrams handed in at 3.30 being coded
by the operator a few minutes earlier.
The return on a bet on a horse named
Pelops at Brighton was over £300.

In the turf frauds cases in England a
few bookmakers gave evidence in favour
of the pearl merchant, Weisz. They said
they did not think Weisz knew a swindle
was being worked, notwithstanding he
wagered so heavily on the race won by
Silver Badge. He had promised to re-
turn the money if there was anything
wrong. Mr Gill, for the Crown, in ad-
dressing the jury, said that a great point
had been made of the fact that the book-
makers with whom Weisz had betted on
the fraudulent race, were satisfied with
his conduct, and were anxious for his
acquittal. He then satirically remarked:
"The bookmakers are satisfied with
Weisz's promise that he will repay them
if he is acquitted of this charge. It is
not a question with them that the bet,
was made on a fraudulent basis, but on his
promise to repay them on condition that
he is acquitted on the conspiracy, though
the fraud is proved against the other de-
fendants. The attitude of the bookmakers
is one of benevolent sympathy to-
wards Weisz." It appears that Weisz
won about £3000 over Silver Badge's race,
and the evidence went to show that Bar-
rie had arranged with him to buy in Silver
Badge after the race. One witness, on be-

ing asked what Weisz was like on a race-
course, replied: "To be candid, he was a
bit of a fool. He was at the mercy of any-
one who could tell him the tale and give
him a supposed good tip." However,
the jury's verdict showed that though
Weisz may have come into the game as a
flat, he was prepared to act as a sharp
when opportunity offered. There is nothing
unusual about that, either.

THE FORBURY MEETING.

The weather for the second day at
Forbury was an improvement on that of
the opening day, but still left something
to be desired from the clerk of the
weather.

Clifferton Chimes, owned and trained by
J. A. Orlowski, of Pukerua, just lasted
long enough to beat the Riversdale owned
Rothbell, in the Second Amateur Handi-
cap. Rothbell isn't ready yet, nor is
another, named Towhare Child. When this
latter steps out again, Diggers, you had
better be a bit with her.

Jim McMurray started both The Shiek
and May Tracey in the Advance Handi-
cap, and the latter went well, putting up
the awkward time of 3min 37 3-5sec to
win from Polka. The coupled pair paid
nearly a tanner, and they do say the heads
in Gore got to it well.

Micky Marr was very sore in the pre-
liminary prior to the Suburban Handicap,
but he struck the front early and stayed
there to win comfortably from the Win-
ton owned Flowerbell, the most unlucky
horse at the meeting. She trotted second
twice and got 3min 49 2-5sec against her.
In both races she only required to go a
little more kindly and she would have
won.

Though very nearly the outsider of the
field the straight-out trotter Whispering
Willie got a great reception from the
crowd when he won the Forbury Cup
from the well-backed Royal Step and Jack
Arrah. Royal Step was unlucky to run
second each day, but he picked up £240
for his efforts and only got 4min 39 2-5sec
against him. He is on the limit in the
Auckland Cup and might be hard as he
is an improving pacer.

Jack Arrah was a bad outsider the first
day, and a screaming hot favourite on
Saturday. The good old public the mugs
again!

Cross Battery was reported to have done
a sensational trial before leaving Gore,
and the race she ran in the Tainui Handi-
cap looked as if the report was true. But
she put in one bad break, and with a good
one like Thizendale on the limit she
couldn't make up the lost ground. He
won nicely and has now started twice for
as many wins.

Blue Chimes isn't much good, at least
that is what one would judge by his run
in the Tainui Handicap.

Rito was sent through as the good goods
of the meeting for the first day, but I
don't think there could have been "any-
thing doing." On the second day Alex
McLellan took Dwyer's place behind his
tail in the race and he drove a patient race,
finishing second to Peter Timmerman, who
was in front nearly all the way.

Solace was well backed by his connec-
tions but he put in a couple of bad breaks
and lost his chance. He was driven each
day by N. L. Price.

The Auckland Derby candidate, Sir
Henry, was made a hot favourite in the
Empire Handicap, but an outsider in
Madeline was the winner and she just
beat the Gore owned Biddy Tracey who
also paid a good price, and if the rumours
from Gore are to be believed the heads
again got good sugar. Some of them think
she won, but from my posy, Madeline
had half a length the best of it at the post.
Marie Tempest easily downed the op-
position in the Recovery Handicap, and
by the amount of money she carried on
her chance she must have been backed by
some for a recovery. She had nearly
£3500 investments registered against her
chance.

The perfume industry causes about 5000
tons of blossoms to be collected on the
French Alps during a single summer. Of
jasmine alone it is estimated that 5,000,
000,000 separate blossoms are gathered in
a season, and of all sorts of flowers there
must be 50,000 millions.

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ON THE MARKET FOR THE FIRST TIME.

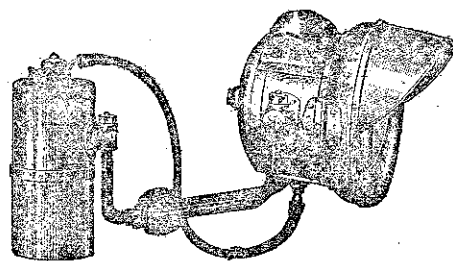
250 ACRES adjoining railway and all conveniences: excellent six-roomed house, five-roomed barn, stable, cow-byre, garage, etc. Originally all heavy bush land, and grows splendid crops, up to 4 tons of chaff per acre having been grown on the place. This is a good farm, and is capable of great improvement. Come and see it. Price £25 per acre and terms may be arranged

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DRIES, MOTOR CYCLE TYRES, SUNDRIES AND SPARE PARTS.

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WHISKY.

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With the Show,
And for homewards
Start to go;
Just follow Dee street
With weary feet,
To the Grand Hotel.

Your eyes will brighten
When you're there,
For in the window,
Arrayed with care,
Are toffees sweet,
And candies a treat,
And everything delicious.

TRY THEM.

AYSON'S

Anglo-American Candy Shop

The World's Master Motor Cycle.

READING STANDARD.

INSPECT THIS WONDERFUL
MACHINE.

PLAIN MODEL ... £150

ELECTRIC MODEL ... £160

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CHALLENGE CYCLE
AND YOU OWN THE BEST.

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P.O. Box—116.

Phone—144.

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We hold auction sales every morning and country orders will have our special attention.

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

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

Thomas Bird,

122 DEE STREET.

SPEND THAT £50 TO THE BEST ADVANTAGE.

BY spending a pound here and a pound there you cannot buy to the best advantage.

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

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Money to Lend on approved security at current rates. Solicitors under Discharged Soldiers' Settlement Act.

FOR THE EMPIRE'S CAUSE.

IN MEMORIAM.

HISHON.—In loving memory of Michael (Mick) Hishon, of Winton, killed in France on December 3, 1917; and of his brother Daniel (Dan), killed in France on May 4, 1918.—Inserted by those who loved them.

BALLANTINE.—In fond and loving memory of Corporal Lockhart Ballantine, who died on December 8, 1917. "For the Empire's Cause."

Not dead to us—we love him still, Not lost but gone before; He lives with us in memory still, And will for evermore.

—Inserted by his loving mother, sisters and brothers, Kanaana.

"The Digger."

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1920.

THE R.S.A.

The recent poll in connection with the proposed war memorial, and the controversy which preceded it, brought out a desire on the part of some of the public for a concerted expression of opinion on the subject from returned soldiers.

We fear that in some respects the objects and aims of our Association are not understood. We are, in brief, an association of returned soldiers interested purely and simply in the immediate affairs of returned soldiers and their dependents. We stand together to see fair play and a square deal for anyone suffering an injustice as a consequence of war service. We endeavour to educate and enlighten our members and their friends on legislation which immediately affects returned men. We aim to organise and supervise on behalf of returned soldiers any social or formal function which interests them as a body.

Matters of national or municipal interest, unless such matters concern us in a direct way because of our war service, we prefer to view in our civilian capacities. In fact we frequently differ among ourselves on such matters, and the very foundation of our Association would be shaken if we allowed outside affairs to

enter into our deliberations. We stand united in a common desire to assist any fellow soldier requiring assistance; divided on questions of purely civilian interest we should be in danger of a fall.

And that there is need for our Association to live on cannot be doubted by those who inquire into our records. The files in our offices recording the labour and results of our efforts in dozens of instances would be a positive revelation to some of our friends. The volume and variety of the work undertaken by the Executive would astound the average citizen. The sacrifice of spare time, and the willing labour of our members when something can be done for some other member or members in trouble, afford lessons that might well be learnt by some of our civilian critics.

Happily, however, the work grows less. Our men are settling down, and one by one wrongs are being righted. Those who have ungrudgingly carried the burden of returned soldiers' troubles can now rest at times on their oars, and look back with immense satisfaction on the result of their labours. But they cannot put their boat away yet—instances constantly crop up and compel them to move again. And as long as there is a demand from one soldier for the assistance of the Association we shall live and work. Then when the work is done, and not one requires assistance or advice, the purpose of the Association will be complete. The war will be over; and we can take off our equipment, frame our discharges, and forget that we have ever been soldiers. But not until then.

THE KING'S COLOUR.

Every digger will be looking forward to 3 p.m. on Sunday next, the 12th instant, when the King's Colour of the 2nd Battalion, Otago Regiment, is to be consecrated by Bishop Richards and left in St. John's Church, Invercargill, for safe keeping until further required.

It is by the courtesy of Lieut.-Colonel Hargest, D.S.O., M.C. (late officer commanding), that this Colour is to find a resting place in Southland; for it was intended originally to place it with the Colours of the 1st and 3rd Battalions of the Regiment in the First Church, Dunedin. The gallant colonel, however, exercised his prerogative and insisted that the Colour of his Battalion should come to his own province. On behalf of returned soldiers and the public of Southland "The Digger" thanks him for his action and congratulates him on the attitude he took up.

In the past the Invercargill R.S.A. has had reason to be proud of its members when a parade has been called for, we hope to see a big muster on Sunday next, as this is a fitting occasion for what will in all probability be our last public appearance as members of the N.Z.E.F. The ceremony will be undenominational, and a very cordial invitation is extended to all. Returned men in uniform if possible, please.

UNFINANCIAL MEMBERS.

Have you paid your subscription for the year ending 31st March next? This is a delicate subject, and it is not proposed to labour it in this column. The subscription is a small one and it is perhaps easily overlooked. At the same time it must be remembered that we pride ourselves on the fact that we conduct and finance our own affairs as returned soldiers. And we can only preserve this pride if every member maintains his membership by keeping up his subscriptions. When returned men want advice, the Association gives it gladly and promptly, it does not wait to see if the applicants are financial or otherwise.

If you want assistance or advice you will very naturally go to the Association. And you will get it. All we suggest is that it is up to every man to see that his small subscription towards the working expenses is paid up. We leave it with you there.

"THE DIGGER."

In our last issue we admitted frankly that we were out to interest our readers rather than to instruct them. New features will appear in our columns from time to time with this object in view. Returned soldiers are responsible almost entirely for the matter appearing in these pages, and we feel that there must be many more among us able to send along interesting contributions. We shall be pleased to receive as many articles as you like to send along. Avoid controversial subjects as much as possible—the editor is a fiend to argue! Write on one side of the paper only, and remember that calligraphy gets lots of marks. We cannot guarantee immediate publication of everything that comes along; but our waste-paper basket is a small one, and we promise to read all contributed matter at least

twice before the worst happens. We can't be expected to promise more.

AVIATION.

On Thursday last Invercargill was visited by yet another aeroplane. This time the visitors were from Timaru and were representatives of the newly formed New Zealand Aero Transport Company. The promoters of the company are to be congratulated on the enterprise. The public of South Canterbury have viewed their project with enthusiasm we are told, realising that their ideas are not only progressive, but also practical. No doubt our visitors hope to receive similar enthusiastic encouragement from the public of Southland; and as the territory under their control extends from Timaru to the Bluff, it is up to all of us to give them a lift along if we can.

Returned soldiers will readily realise that aviation has come to stay. The progress made during the past five years is astounding; and yet this progress has of necessity been along "active service" lines. Now that there is leisure to develop along commercial lines it seems probable that the aeroplane will soon become a very common means of transport. There is a further, and perhaps a stronger, reason why aviation enterprises should be encouraged. If war should come again the Air Force would admittedly play a most important part. Every country in the world realises this fact, and consequently every possible means is being adopted to develop aviation. We must not lag behind in New Zealand, as in an isolated Dominion such as this our strongest means of defence will probably come from the air. "The Digger" wishes good luck and good fortune to these enterprising gentlemen.

NOTES FROM CALCIUM.

Agriculture.—More than the usual area is under cultivation this year. The hard windy weather has been all against luxuriant growth, but with the advent of milder weather crops should be well up to the average. There is a feeling that the price of grain will not be very high. As a matter of fact the farmer is up against it. Manures and dressed seeds are very costly, and falling markets for nearly all produce point to a very narrow margin of profit for this season's operations.

Business Change.—The farming community regretfully note the retirement of Mr James Macalister from active business in the implement world. Mr Macalister has placed some of the finest farm machinery in the world at the service of Southland farmers. His ridger marked a new era in the cultivation of the turnip crop, and is likely to remain the premier implement for this purpose for many years to come.

Dairying.—The following gem is from a weekly paper: "When the dairy farmer wishes to raise his wages he buys an extra cow or two and works harder, etc., etc." Just so! We don't think. The average cow-farmer can go one better. He buys the extra cows alright, and passes them on to his family to milk at the same old wage while he pockets the increased return. There was further reference to agitators which entirely overlooked the magnificent work of dairymen's delegates on behalf of their fellows in fixing the prices of butter and cheese during the past few seasons. For real hard business the average cow-keeper shows no evidence of having retained his milk teeth.

School.—Inspector Inglis paid the annual visit of inspection to the Limestone Plains school last week. Our school grounds presented a very pleasing appearance in the early spring months, but this month is an off one for flowers.

Post Office.—A magnificent show of rose-blossoms can be seen at our post office. Mrs Stewart is an enthusiast and her garden testifies to her energy and perseverance.

With the population of 20,000,000 inhabitants, the province of Hunan, China, has not an automobile nor a road on which to use one.

A. and P. Show Week, 14th and 15th December. Our big summer show is now on and visitors to town are cordially invited to come along and see for themselves. Big reductions for cash in men's and boys' clothing, all made in the best quality colonial tweeds and worsteds. The material used guaranteed thoroughly shrunken and fast colours. These suits are made by experts. Fit, style and finish guaranteed. Somewhere in our stock we have a suit to fit you. Why delay, our sales clerks are at your service. H. and J. Smith, Ltd., Progressive Stores, Tay street, Invercargill, and Main street, Gore.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

Southlanders will be pleased to learn that Mr H. J. Ryburn, has been chosen as Rhodes Scholar for 1921. Educated at the Invercargill Middle School and later receiving all of his secondary education at Southland Boys' High School, Hubert Ryburn gained fifth place in the Junior University Scholarship list, a distinction which enabled him to proceed to Otago University, where his career has been a distinguished one both as a student and as a sport.

A brilliant hockey player, Mr Ryburn has played for several seasons for the University Hockey Eleven, of which for several years he has been captain. On two occasions he has played in the inter-island hockey matches, always receiving much favourable comment for his brilliant play. At Knox College, where Mr Ryburn has been in residence during his university course, he has been very popular among his fellows who know him as a gentleman and a worker, two unfailing sources of popularity amongst students. Not the least of the qualifications of this brilliant young student who will shortly represent New Zealand at Oxford, is the fact that while still a boy, he took his place in the ranks of the forces that left these shores to fight in the Great War. While in France he served with the New Zealand Machine Gun Corps for a considerable period before the armistice. His "Digger" comrades and Southland friends generally will be pleased to know of his well-merited selection for this post, and his career will be watched with interest.

The subject of Rhodes Scholarship brings to mind Southland's first successful candidate, F. F. Miles, whose brilliant scholarship and fine sporting record placed him "facile princeps" in his year. Fred Miles was in residence at Oxford pursuing his studies when war broke out, and along with thousands of other young men, joined the colours, going eventually to Salonika where he rose to a high position in the B.E.F.

During the war, the famous Colleges Oxford and Cambridge, were utilised largely as "Officers' Training Colleges. Here many of our New Zealand non-commissioned officers, after long and distinguished service in the field, won their well-deserved promotion. While undergoing the necessary instructional course, the New Zealand boys kept up the good name of the New Zealand forces both as sports and as soldiers; and during many sessions when, amongst hundreds of prospective officers from every unit in France, there were but fifteen to twenty New Zealand boys, they organised and trained a redoubtable Rugby team which carried all before it.

The literary event of last week locally was the appearance of a neat little booklet comprising a highly interesting account of Mr W. Quinn's recent trip to the East Indies. Mr Quinn's facile pen has produced a delightful account of a wonderful journey; and it is indeed fortunate that this enterprising and patriotic citizen should have seen fit to incorporate his recently interesting newspaper articles in book form. The "Digger" congratulates Mr Quinn on his new venture and rejoices to see this valuable and gifted citizen appearing in a new role.

Quite a deal of interest has been aroused amongst Invercargill handsmen over the forthcoming Nelson Band Contest, for which fixture two of our bands have entered. The Hibernian and the 8th Regimental Bands will give a good account of themselves in any company, and after months of training of two such conductors as Mr A. R. Wills and Mr Siddall, we can rest assured that Invercargill citizens will be proud of their bandsmen.

The recent open-air concerts given by these two bands have been much appreciated, and have given pleasure to many citizens.

Tennis is becoming a very popular pastime in Invercargill; and as a result of assiduous practice by members of the respective clubs there has been a decided improvement in the standard of play recently. At times in club matches, the once formidable Invercargill Club has had to look to its laurels, on occasions being hard pressed by visiting teams. This is a fine augury and is the best thing that could happen; for it is a bad thing for any contest to have in competition an unassailable contestant. The recently-established Southland Club has been very active throughout the winter and has now succeeded in opening its new courts in Bowmont street. When once well-established this Club will attract to its courts many members who have formerly preferred to adhere to the Invercargill Club on account of its many well-sheltered

Competition in tennis as in walks, will prove to be the "life trade."

It is hoped that the male section of Invercargill citizens will realise on Sunday that the King's Colour represents the attitude of the nation expressed by his Majesty the King, for the sacrifices made by our soldiers who, by their death on the field, have made our Empire safe. Recognising this great fact and the true significance of the colour, we should regard that the rule in our Empire is as good as the flag goes by."

There has been a fine response by the soldiers to Colonel Harget's invitation to assist in forming a Guard of Honour for Sunday's important ceremony. Last Friday evening some forty returned men paraded at the Drill Hall to form part of the guard. Until rifles and drums were issued not much interest was displayed in proceedings, but when the men were under arms, those who witnessed the parade were loud in their praises of the lasting effect of the years of training.

Every call for a returned soldiers' parade brings the response from a certain section of our men that uniforms have been lost and but for that fact they could parade. There is the man, too, who swears that on returning to this fair and, his first real work was to cast on the home fires for more fuel, his khaki overcoat of war days. This last species is rare; but it is sometimes encountered. Now, it seems a pity that our men should so quickly lose sight of what will yet be preserved prove to them a very interesting relic. For example, we remember the interest most of us displayed in witnessing pre-war reunion parades of South African veterans, who assembled in their martial cloaks of once interesting days.

The threatened collapse of the wool market augurs ill for the general prosperity of N.Z. for some time to come; and at the present time the colonial wool-grower is having rather an uneasy time. Those well-established run-holders who reaped the harvests of the exceptionally profitable markets of the war years are well fortified to stand a lengthy siege; but for the soldier producer who has settled on the land within the last year and has looked to this season's crop to establish his venture, there is by no means a glowing prospect ahead.

A recent utterance by Hon. W. F. Massey to the effect that the Government would stand loyally by these soldier settlers is specially cheering at this stage; and though there is no cause for immediate alarm, there seems to be every prospect of the Premier being called upon to redeem his promise.

Recently we have heard it claimed that the work of the R.S.A. was almost complete; but the present threatened collapse has made it apparent that there will be for many years a real need for this association to work in the interests of the soldier. If the crisis does affect this country it will first operate upon these young settlers, and we shall then have an opportunity of witnessing the real patriotism of our Government which must of course only reflect public sentiment.

The commercial uncertainty seems to be spreading to some extent; and it is current street gossip that some of the dairy factory companies which refused early tempting offers for their season's output, are now bitterly regretting their Venetian tactics which have robbed them of a handsome margin for profit.

While we must face realities, there are many very good reasons why we should not become panic-stricken; for this is the state of mind which very often produces a commercial crisis when by a real resolute attitude the danger could be avoided.

Fortunately the recent land boom which resulted largely from the Government's peculiar land policy, has not operated locally to produce inflated prices as it did in northern provinces, and land, the basis of all production, is not yet beyond its productive price in Southland.

The fine weather which prevailed locally until a few weeks ago, filled the hearts of Southland sportsmen with hope for a fine season; but unfortunately the season has belied its early promise and now it is only with difficulty that crews are able to get any reasonable amount of training.

A few years ago Southland possessed rowing crews second to none in N.Z.; but since the war interfered with this important pastime, it has recovered more slowly than other sports. The old Invercargill Club, once the holders of trophies from a dozen contests, has passed through a very trying time; but this year has again some very promising members who are doing their best to bring honours back to their old club. It is very cheering to the new members to see old members like Bass, Bastian and Don Campbell again taking an interest in coaching. Mr

PRIME SPRING LAMB for Xmas at WILLS & METCALFE, Dee street.

SOUTHLAND A. & P. ASSOCIATION.
ANNUAL SHOW.
TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY,
14th and 15th—DECEMBER.

SPECIAL PRIZES—
JUMPING EVENTS—£10 10s from Southland Racing Club, and £3 7s from Wyndham Racing Club.
FRIESIANS—Champion Bull, Silver Cup from Mr Alex. Peat.
CLASS 147A—Best developed purebred Friesian Bull Calf, hand fed, born since August 31, 1920; Special Prize £1 1s.
CLASS 147B—Best developed purebred Friesian Heifer Calf, hand fed, born since August 31, 1920; Special Prize; £1 1s.
CLASS 148—First Prize £5, is from Wyndham Dairy Factory Co., Ltd.

DELAYED TRAINS. EXCURSION FARES.
Box 145. Telephone 377.
D. CUTHBERTSON,
3583 Secretary.

PRIME DAIRY FED PORK at WILLS AND METCALFE, Dee street.

Rigg, through all the lean years of the club, has loyally stood by it; and it is to his credit more, perhaps, than to that of anyone else that the club to-day is in at least a creditable financial position. The members of the Railway Rowing Club have lately been busy doing regatta training, preparing, as are Bluff, Invercargill and Riverton, for the coming Riverton regatta. Many of Harry Webb's old friends were pleased to see him in Invercargill during the week. He is one of the great workers of the I.R.R.C., and on many occasions has stroked his crew to victory not only in Southland but in northern contests. It is the work of such men as Harry Webb that has made this fine club as strong an institution as it is to-day.

ROLL OF HONOUR BOOK.
NOW AVAILABLE.

Robert Trapp, of Dee street, Invercargill, wishes the public to know that he has received the first consignment from the printer's hands of the Southland Soldiers and Their Next-of-Kin Roll of Honour Book, a limited number of books only are ordered from the printer. The price of each book direct from the publishers is 4/-, postage extra. Country orders sent to the "Southland News" will receive prompt attention.

DR. MONTESSORI.

During Dr Montessori's recent visit to London, this wonderful Italian woman doctor with the smile of a child and the authoritative manner of a woman of the world, won over the great majority of English teachers to see eye to eye with her about children (says the "Woman's Magazine"). The great discovery made by her is this: that a normal child, if left to itself, with plenty to occupy itself with, educates itself much faster and more thoroughly than the best kindergarten has ever succeeded in doing. The child goes at its own pace, and is freed from strain. Children love work, and in the Montessori atmosphere they quickly become happy and good. This is partly because there are not too many grown-up people about, fussing them and getting on their nerves. The Montessori atmosphere is fairyland pure and simple, but it is difficult to achieve it, for teachers are wedded to their own old ways. There is a strong movement at present towards the same kind of "auto-education" for big children in many of the more up-to-date preparatory and public schools.

The number of itinerant aerial "taxi-drivers" in the United States who carry passengers on short but remunerative flights is placed at some 300.

Messrs Price and Bulleid, Ltd., are "out for business" in Holiday apparel for young and old. Their supplies are right up-to-date in all respects. Probably never before in the long trading career of this popular firm have they shown such an attractive array of sterling quality goods as is to be inspected at the present moment in their spacious Tay Street Premises. Messrs Price and Bulleid, Ltd., are direct importers and buy on a lavish scale, thus securing the best possible value in the leading markets of the British Empire.

MARSHALL & CO.,
TAY STREET.

HIGH CLASS LADIES' COSTUMIERS.

BEST of VEAL, Prime OX BEEF, and WETHER MUTTON, at WILLS AND METCALFE, Dee street.

BUILDING SITES FOR DISCHARGED SOLDIERS.
District Lands and Survey Office, Invercargill, December 1, 1920.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that 19 sections in Waikiki Town Settlement will be offered for sale or lease, and applications will be received up to 4 p.m. on MONDAY, January 17, 1921. Areas about ½ acre each; prices from £70 to £100. Sections may be bought for cash or on deferred payments or may be leased. Excellent suburban building sites a few chains from Waikiki-Invercargill tram terminus. Full particulars on application to this office.
THOS. BROOK,
Commissioner of Crown Lands.

BEST ASSORTMENT of SMALL GOODS at WILLS AND METCALFE, Dee street.

A TOY for every BOY and GIRL in Southland.

WESNEY'S
WESNEY'S
XMAS TOY FAIR
IS NOW OPEN.
COME AND SEE
"THE DIGGER" SANTA CLAUS.

TOYS FOR GIRLS—
10,000 Dolls at 6d, 1/-, 2/-, up to £4 10/-.
Toy Prams, with hoods, 9/6, 10/6, 16/6, 17/6, 20/-, and 32/6.
Furniture, 3/-.
Teddy Bears, 5/6, 10/6, 20/-, 30/-, 45/-.
Toy Tea Sets, 2/-, 4/-, 10/6, 15/-, 20/-.
Cradles, 2/6, 5/6, 8/6.
Kitchen Ranges, 6/6.
Blackboards, 5/6, 6/6.
Dolls' Beds, 5/6, 7/6.
Girls' Own Annual, 15/6.
1000 Xmas Stockings, 1/-, 2/-, 5/-, 6/6.
Dolls' Push Carts, 10/6, 15/6, 32/6.

TOYS FOR BOYS—
Tricycles, 35/- and 40/-.
Tricycles, Rubber Tyre, 55/- and 65/-.
Rocking Horses, 5/-, 9/-, 9/-.
Magic Lantern, 25/- and 45/-.
Motor Boats, 30/-; Steam, 21/-.
Diving Submarines, 22/6.
Trains on Rails, 12/6, 15/-, 20/-, 27/6.
Trains on rails, with steam, 45/-.
Engines (Clock Work), 6/- 12/-.
Meccano, 9/-, 16/-.
The Kinco Engineering Erecto Sets, 9/-.
Motor Cars, 3/6, 7/6, 10/6, 15/-, 20/-.
Tool Sets, 2/6, 5/-, 7/6, and 12/6.

1000 TOYS ON OUR 6d TABLE.
1000 TOYS ON OUR 1/- TABLE.
1000 TOYS ON OUR 2/- TABLE.

WESNEY BROS.'
Xmas Fair.
Dee St.

THE DECEMBER WHITE SALE
At "The Exhibition"
Is a Money Saver that should not be Overlooked.



WHITE VOILE BLOUSES in six useful styles. Sizes 13½ to 15-inch. Special value at 10s 6d. Sale 3s 11d.
WHITE EMBROIDERED AND LACE TRIMMED BLOUSES and JUMPERS, featuring the latest London importations, all reduced 20 per cent. Thus a 25/- Blouse is offered for 20/-.
WHITE VOILE FROCKS; a very choice assortment. Usually 57/6, 59/6, 72/6, to 79/6. White Sale 47/-, 48/-, 59/-, 63/-.
All Trimmed MILLINERY specially-reduced during the WHITE SALE.
WHITE LISLE GLOVES at 1/6.
WHITE COTTON HOSE at 1/11.
WHITE COTTON HOSE at 2/8.
WHITE LISLE HOSE, cash feet at 5/6.
HANDKERCHIEFS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS AT BARGAIN PRICES.
THE CHILDREN ARE SPECIALLY WELL CATERED FOR.
CHILDREN'S HEAVY WHITE SINGLETS, Fleecy lined; S.S. Usually 4/6. Sale 2/11.

Thomson & Beattie, Ltd.
THE QUALITY HOUSE.
Phone 13. P.O. Box 46. Tay Street, Invercargill.

The Eagle Hotel, Bluff.
(Opposite Railway Station.
Proprietor: A. H. CUNNINGHAME.
Late of Wanganui, and West Clive Hotel, Napier.

The Best Appointed House in Bluff for Tourists and Visitors.
Only high-class brands of Wines and Spirits, etc., in stock.
TARIFF MODERATE.
Phone 10.

Stevenson Bros.
BLACKSMITHS, WHEELWRIGHT, AND GENERAL SMITHS.
WORKMANSHIP GUARANTEED.
EXECUTED BY EXPERIENCED WORKMEN.
ALL WOODWORK OF THOROUGHLY SEASONED TIMBER.
PHONE 447. TAY STREET.

Bargains AT LA MODE.
16 DOZEN ASSORTED FLOWERS IN THE LATEST SHADES. USUAL PRICE 4s 6d. NOW 6d.
LADIES' READY-TO-WEAR HATS 19/6 TO CLEAR.
RUSH HATS. THE IDEAL HAT FOR THE BEACH, 4s 6d. NOW 3s 11d.
W. G. Baker,
DEE STREET.

Pen Pictures of the War.

SERIES II.

A CONDEMNATION OF THE STAFF.

Philip Gibbs is one of the best known war correspondents and his "Realities of War" published after the censors' veil had been lifted has aroused considerable controversy over its vehement denunciation of general headquarters and the staff in general.

The outstanding characteristics of the author as revealed in this work are firstly that he hates war and the horrors of war with his whole heart and soul; secondly that he intensely admires and generally praises the fighting soldier, officer and man alike; thirdly that he despises and scourges with all his literary vocabulary the red-tailed gentlemen who occupy nice safe billets far, so far from the scene of fighting and receive various decorations from the British and Allied Governments. We quote first of all his description of General Headquarters, "the City of Beautiful Nonsense."

I came to know G.H.Q. more closely when it removed for fresher air, to Montreuil, a fine old walled town, once within sight of the sea, which ebbed over the low-lying ground below its hill, but now looking across a wide vista of richly cultivated fields where many hamlets are scattered among clumps of trees. One came to G.H.Q. from journeys over the wild desert of the battle-fields, where men lived in ditches and "pill-boxes," muddy, miserable in all things but spirit, as to a place where the pageantry of war still maintained its old and dead tradition. It is like one of those pageants which used to be played in England before the war, picturesque, romantic, utterly unreal. It was as though men were playing at war here, while others, sixty miles away, were fighting and dying in mud and gas-waves and explosive barrages.

An "open Sesame" by means of a special pass, was needed to enter this City of Beautiful Nonsense. Below the gateway, up the steep hillside, sentries stood at a white post across the road, which lifted up on pulleys when the pass had been examined by a military policeman in a red cap. Then the sentries slapped their hands on the rifles to the occupants of any motor car, sure that more staff-officers were going in to perform those duties which no private soldier could attempt to understand. Believing they belonged to such mysteries as those of God. Through the narrowest street walked generals, middle-aged colonels and majors, youthful subalterns all wearing red hat-bands, red tabs, and the blue-and-red armband of G.H.Q., so that colour went with them on their way.

Often one saw the Commander-in-Chief starting for an afternoon ride, a fine figure, nobly mounted, with two A.D.C.'s and an escort of Lancers. A pretty sight with fluttering pennons on all their lances, and horses groomed to the last hair. It was prettier that the real thing up in the salient among ruins and slaughtered trees. War at Montreuil was quite a pleasant occupation for elderly generals who liked their little stroll after lunch, and for young regular officers released from the painful necessity of dying for their country, who were glad to get a game of tennis down below the walls there, after strenuous office work in which they had written, "Passed to you" on many "minutes," or had drawn the most comical caricatures of their immediate chief, and of his immediate chief, on blotting-pads and writing blocks.

It seemed at a mere glance, that all these military inhabitants of G.H.Q. were great and glorious soldiers. Some of the youngest of them had a row of decorations, from Montenegro, Serbia, Italy, Roumania, and other States, as recognition of gallant service in translating German letters (found in dugouts by the fighting men), or arranging for visits of political personages to the back areas of war or initialling requisitions for pink, blue green and yellow forms which in due course would find their way to battalion adjutants for immediate filling-up in the middle of an action. The oldest of them, those white-haired, bronze-faced, grey-eyed generals in the administrative side of war, had started their third row of ribbons well before the end of Somme battles, and had flower borders on their breasts by the time the massacres had been accomplished in the fields of Flanders. I know an officer who was awarded the D.S.O. because he had hindered the work of industrious men with the zeal of a hedge-sparrow in search of worms, and another who was the best decorated man in the army because he had presided over a visitors' chateau and entertaining royalties, Members of Parliament, Mrs Humphry Ward, miners, Japanese, Russian revolutionaries, Portuguese Ministers, Harry Lauder, Swedes, Danes,

Norwegians, clergymen, Montenegrins, and the editor of "John Bull," at the Government's expense—and I am bound to say he deserved them all, being a man of infinite tact, many languages, and a devastating sense of humour. There was always a Charlie Chaplin film between moving pictures of the Battle of the Somme. He brought the actualities of war to the visitors' chateau, by sentry boxes outside the door, a toy tank in the front garden, and a collection of war trophies in the hall. He spoke to high personages with less deference than he showed to miners from Durham and Wales, and was master of them always, ordering them sternly to bed at ten o'clock (when he sat down to bridge with his junior officers), and with strict military discipline, insisting upon the inspection of the bakeries at Boulogne, and boot-mending factories at Calais as part of the glory of war which they had come out to see.

So it was that there were brilliant colours in the streets of Montreuil, and at every doorway a sentry slapped his hand to his rifle, with smart untiring iteration, as the brains of the army, under brass hats and red bands, went hither and thither in the town, looking stern, as soldiers of grave responsibility, answering salutes absent-mindedly, staring haughtily at young battalion officers who passed through Montreuil and looked meekly for a chance of a lorry ride to Boulogne, on seven days' leave from the lines.

The smart society of G.H.Q. was best seen at the Officers' Club, in Montreuil, at dinner-time. It was as much like musical comedy as any stage setting of war at the Gaiety. A band played rag-time and light music while the warriors fed, and all these generals and staff officers, with their decorations and arm-bands and polished buttons, and crossed swords, were waited upon by little W.A.A.C.'s with the G.H.Q. colours tied up in bows on their hair, and kahaki stockings under their short skirts and fancy aprons. Such a chatter! Such bursts of light-hearted laughter! Such whisperings of secrets and intrigues and scandals in high places! Such careless-hearted courage, when British soldiers were being blown to bits, gassed, blinded, maimed, and shell-shocked in places that were far—so very far—from G.H.Q.

We quote further Philip Gibbs' description of the feelings of the fighting soldier towards the staff:—

When the immensity of casualties among British troops was out of all proportion to their gains of ground our men's spirits revolted against these massacres of their youth, and they were embittered against the generalship and staff work which directed these sacrificial actions.

This sense of bitterness became intense, to the point of fury, so that a young staff officer, in his red tabs, with a jaunty manner, was like a red rag to a bull among battalion officers and men, and they desired his death exceedingly, exalting his little personality, dressed in a well cut tunic and fawn-coloured riding-breeches, and highly polished top boots, into the supreme folly of "the Staff" which made men attack impossible positions, sent down conflicting orders, issued a litter of documents—called by an ugly name—containing impracticable instructions, to the torment of the adjutants, and to the scorn of the troops. This hatred of the Staff was stoked high by the fires of passion and despair. Some of it was unjust, and even the jaunty young staff officer with red tabs and polished boots was often not quite such a fool as he looked, but a fellow who had proved his pluck in the early days of the war and was now doing his duty—about equal to the work of a boy clerk—with real industry and an exaggerated sense of its importance while it lasted.

In a subsequent article we shall quote further from Philip Gibbs' pinions, but lest we weary the reader with a surfeit of criticism we quote now a sample of Gibbs' humour with which he lightens the tone of his work.

A PEEP-SHOW FOR POLITICIANS.

One of the most remarkable battles on the front was fought by a Battalion of Worcesters for the benefit of two English Members of Parliament. (Can we not picture Bill and Joe as we read? It was not a big battle but most dramatic while it lasted. The Colonel, who had a sense of humour, arranged it after a telephone message to his dug-out, telling him that two politicians were about to visit his battalion in the line, and asking him to show them something interesting.

"Interesting?" said the colonel. "Do they think this is a peep-show for politicians? Do they want me to arrange a massacre to make a London holiday?" Then his voice changed, and he laughed. "Show them something interesting? Oh, all right; I daresay I can do that."

He did. When the two M.'s.P. arrived, apparently at the front line trenches, they were informed by the colonel that, much

FURNITURE.

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ESK & KELVIN STREETS, INVERCARGILL.

to his regret, for their sake, the enemy was just attacking, and his men were defending their position desperately.

"We hope for the best," he said, "and I think there is just a chance that you will escape with your lives if you stay here quite quietly."

"Great God!" said one of the M.'s.P., and the other was silent but pale.

Certainly there was all the noise of a big attack. The Worcesters were standing, to on the fire-step, firing rifle-grenades and throwing bombs with terrific energy. Every now and then a man fell, and the stretcher-bearers pounced on him, tied him up in bandages, and carried him away to the field dressing-station, whistling as they went, "We won't get home till morning," in a most heroic way. The battle lasted twenty minutes, at the end of which time the colonel announced to the visitors:

"The attack is repulsed, and you, gentlemen, have nothing more to fear."

One of the M.'s.P. was thrilled with excitement. "The valour of your men was marvellous," he said. "What impressed me most was the cheerfulness of the wounded. They were actually grinning as they came down on the stretchers."

The colonel grinned too. In fact, he stifled a fit of coughing. "Fanny devils!" he said, "they are so glad to be going home."

The Members of Parliament went away enormously impressed but they had not enjoyed themselves nearly so well as the Worcesters, who had fought a sham battle—not in the front-line trenches, but in support trenches two miles back. They laughed for a week-afterwards.

MOTORISTS

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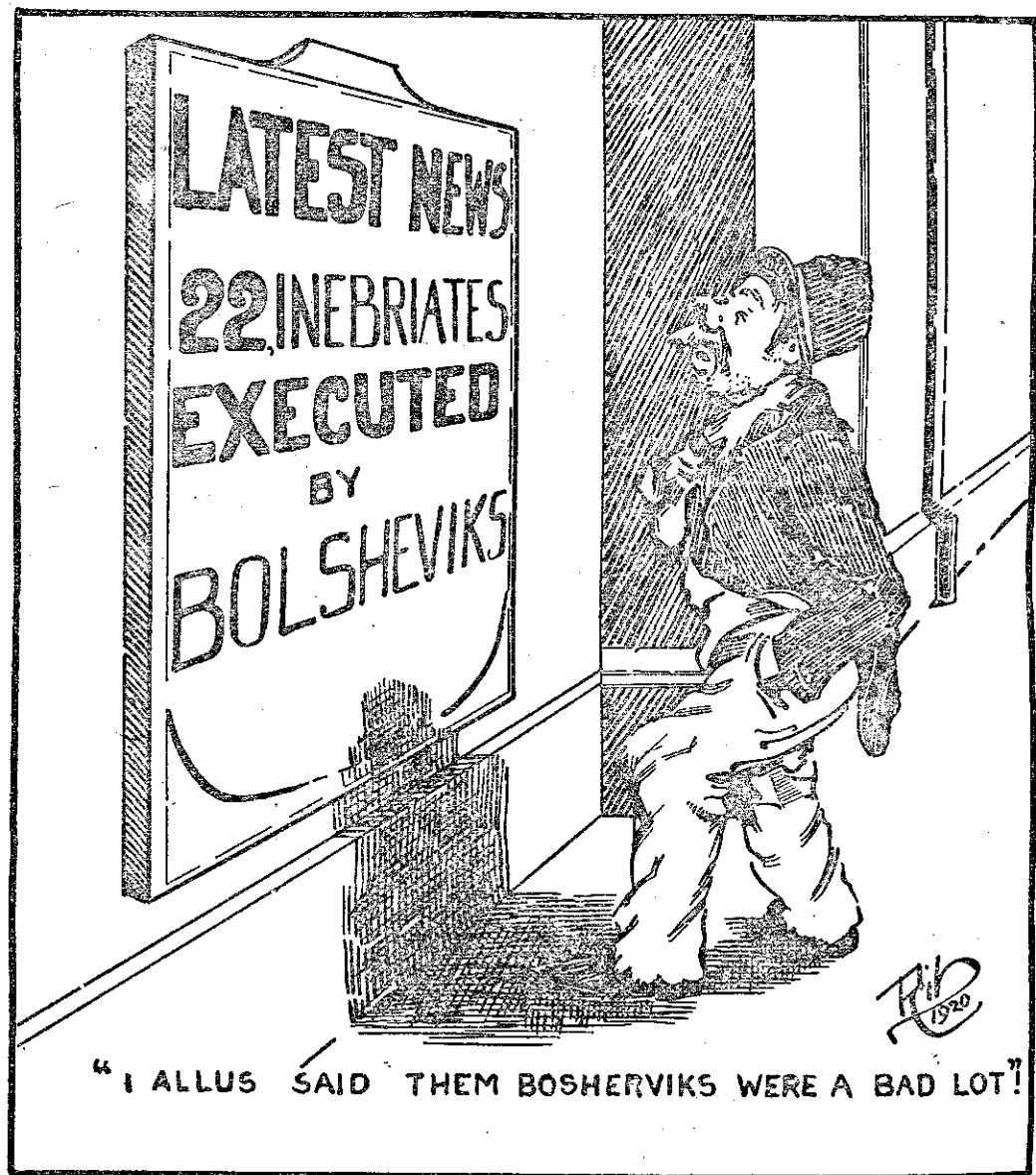
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PREMIER RUBBER STORES,

'Phone—1521. Tay Street. Opposite Courthouse.



WIDOWS NO LONGER.

RE-MARRIAGE AT THE RATE OF 2000 A MONTH.

War widows in England are re-marrying in large numbers. At what rate these marriages are taking place is shown by the official figures given by the Ministry of Pensions, for pensions are withdrawn on the re-marriage of widows. The figures are approximate. Of 10,300 officers' widows to whom pensions were granted there still remain 9700, and they are marrying at the

rate of 10 a month. Pensions were given to 224,700 men's widows; 140,000 are still receiving them, and they are marrying at the rate of 2000 a month, so that, if the rate continues, all will be re-married by the end of 1927.

A large French army supply depot at Angers, containing a number of aeroplanes, motor-cars, and 3200,000yds of cloth, was destroyed by fire. No one was injured, but the extent of the damage is estimated at 500,000,000 fr. (nominally £20,000,000).

The cinema industry is one of the largest in the United States.

The Island of Formosa has sent £5,000,000 worth of lily bulbs each year to the United States, and as the bulbs are packed in Japanese soil to the United States Government has, by a recent order, forbidden their importation. In order to overcome this embargo the lilies are to be landed in Vancouver, and then repacked in Canadian soil, and sent on to the United States free from the Japanese soil which now prohibits their entry. One year's supply numbers 1,000,000,000 lilies.

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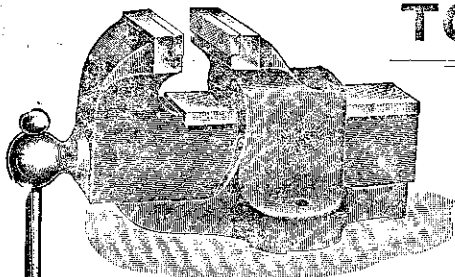
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everyone.

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ROSLYN PANTS and SINGLETS, 7s 11d a garment.

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BOYS' KHAKE KNICKERS, for strong wear, 5s 11d a pair.

MEN'S NAVY FLANNELS, 10s 6d each.

MEN'S NATURAL ROSLYN FLANNELS, 8s 11d each.

BOYS' SUITS in Cotton, Tweed to fit boys all ages. (These are
real snips), from 20s 6d to 25s.

A Special Line of STRIPED NEGLIGE SHIRTS at 10s 6d each.

We now have a complete stock of ROSLYN and MOSGIEL Fawn
and Maudel UNDERWEAR.

THESE ARE ONLY A FEW OF OUR LINES, HUNDREDS
MORE TO TEMPT THE THRIFTY BUYER.

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IRON RAILINGS,
CONCRETE KERBS,
HEADSTONES,
BOOKS, TABLETS,
and all
CEMETERY REQUISITES.

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Store, Reid & Gray's Buildings,
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Small Advertisements—One insertion, 4/-
per inch; 3/- per inch for each sub-
sequent insertion (prepaid).
Births and Marriage Notices—3/6 one
insertion; 5/6 two insertions.
Death Notices—3/6 one insertion, 5/6 for
two, and 7/6 for three insertions.
Memorial Notices—For notice only, 3/6;
notice with verse, 3/6, plus 6d per
line for each verse.
Lost and Found—1/- for one
insertion of sixteen words.

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LATEST DESIGNS

to be had at a reasonable price

from

W. S. Robinson & Co.,

KELVIN STREET.

'Phone—760.

THE FARM.

(By "Furrow").

It is said that exposure to weather
causes greater destruction to farm im-
plements than using them. Avoid this
loss by storing all machinery and tools
properly under shelter.

Anybody who has had to handle cement
or lime knows how unpleasantly dry and
sore the hands get. Relief can speedily
be obtained if, when the job is finished,
you get a basin of warm water, and with
soap work up a good lather on the
hands. Then take a teaspoonful of sugar
among the lather, and work it into the
hands and finger nails for a minute before
rinsing. The hands will then be quite
clean and all soreness gone.

In the State of Michigan, U.S.A., it
is a common practice to make sorghum
syrup take the place of sugar, says a
writer in the "Sydney Mail." The ex-
perimental farm there has turned out
greatly increased quantities lately, owing
to the sugar scarcity. The early amber
cane is said to be the most suitable; but
very great care must be exercised in the
selection of good seed, or trouble will fol-
low. The general yield is about 16 gal-
lons of syrup to the acre. Of course,
there is a good deal of labour in the pre-
paration, and probably when sugar be-
comes cheap again it would not pay to
go in for it.

The important South Island fixture
at Invercargill, the Southland summer
show, on December 14 and 15, is again
to witness the contest for the South
Island cups. Formerly in the south
there was a championship cup for fe-
males, but now there is a cup for both
sexes. The first cup was won outright
by Mr W. D. Hunt in 1918. Last year
the first contest for the new cups was
decided at Christchurch, when Mr John
Grigg's Longbeach Big King was cham-
pion male, and Mr R. Mugford's Bounty
Segis Maid, champion female. The
Southland show promises to produce a
great exhibition of the fancy this year,
great interest having been roused in the
South Island by the enterprise of south-
ern breeders in providing prize-money at
this show totalling no less than £65 for
Derby candidates competing in the year-
ling class. Another fine prize competed
for at this show is a rather unique trophy,
called the Butter-fat Shield, and valued at
25 guineas. The contest for this trophy is
decided on a basis of butter-fat backing
coupled with the ability of the animal to
sire dairy stock.

POTATO SPRAYING.

The potato on the farm often fails to
receive the all-necessary spraying that is
required to protect this crop from blight.
There are certain points in spraying that
are essential to success. They are: Spray
before blight appears. Spraying is a means
of preventing the infection of the foliage,
for once the disease has appeared it is
almost as useless to spray as not to spray
at all. Endeavour to apply the spray in
dry weather, for when the mixture has
thoroughly dried on the foliage it does
not readily wash off; it then retains the
protection to the plant. The spraying must
be thorough; the pressure to secure the
full distribution of the mixture must be
maintained. The spray should cover the
foliage from the top to the bottom of the
hauum. The upper and the lower sur-
faces of every leaf must be covered with
the spray; each side is equally susceptible
to spore infection. It is simply a waste
of time to half-spray. Spraying in time
saves the crop. It is not a question of
increasing the yield, for there may be no
crop to increase without the spraying.
Spraying secures sound potatoes, and
sound potatoes keep sound when they are
stored. Use Bordeaux mixture, at a
strength of from 4lb to 6lb of bluestone
and 4lb of fresh lime to 40 gallons of
water. Keep the mixture well stirred.
It is useless to spray with lime and sul-
phur as a potato blight preventive.

WATERPROOFING CONCRETE.

For the purpose of waterproofing con-
crete there is nothing better than the
commercial waterglass, which is a solution
of sodium silicate. Dilute the water-glass
with four parts of soft water. Apply with
a flat brush, thoroughly wetting the sur-
face.

Another method is the use of copper
sulphate, also known as blue vitriol. One
pound dissolved in 4 gallons of water and
applied the same as the water-glass will
give excellent results. The sulphates of
aluminium, zinc, or iron can also be used,
but the copper solution is by far the cheap-
est and most efficient.

Water-glass is the best water-resisting
agent, for its combination with the cal-

cium of the cement is a chemical one,
forming an insoluble silicate of that ele-
ment. Incidentally the water-glass may
be coloured by mineral pigments, thus at
the same time forming a waterproof colour
for concrete.

Well-painted farm buildings increase
the borrowing capacity of their owner.

The Poultry-Yard

(By "S.Q.M.").

THE LEGHORN FOR INTENSIVE WORK.

For egg-production the Leghorn is a
grand fowl. Its eggs are large and pure
white, and if it is from a good laying
strain it will repay well for the compara-
tively small amount of food it requires.
Being light and active, the Leghorn very
rarely becomes fat, consequently it is less
prone to disease. Where it is kept on
intensive lines it will be found most satis-
factory.

Take care this season that you do not
allow surplus cockerels to eat up the
profits; keep enough for breeding pur-
poses and no more. If the others can-
not be sold for breeding get them into
condition for market.

Hens must have some kind of mineral
matter to form the shells of their eggs.
Do not, therefore, omit to supply them
with shell-making material and hard,
sharp grit. These will keep the fowls
in a healthy condition.

Don't force the breeding birds. You
are after strong chickens, and you are
more likely to get them from a hen that
lays four eggs a week than from the one
that lays seven a week. It is right and
proper to breed from your best layer,
but when she is in the breeding pen,
don't whack too much meat into her. Be
satisfied with four or five eggs a week
at this time. It is but fair to the hen
that is wanted to produce strong chicks
to give her two or three days' spell from
laying in the week. You can't have it
all. There is a limit, and when you go
over the edge something must break.

FEATHER PULLING.

One of the troubles that the small
poultrykeeper has to contend with, par-
ticularly where the birds are closely
confined, is feather plucking. Fowls ap-
pear to develop the habit more for lack
of something to do than for any other
reason, and the male, if one is kept, is
apt to be the first victim. As soon as
the practice begins, however, it quickly
spreads to the other members of the
flock, and if allowed to go unchecked will
presently result in nearly all the birds
being more or less denuded, and with
this there is a reduction in the egg yield.
The best remedy for feather plucking is
exercise. The birds must be kept busily
engaged during the day, and made to
scratch for their feed, plenty of scratch-
ing material must be added to their
sheds, and their food raked well into
it, or if they can be given more liberty
they usually will discontinue the prac-
tice, unless it has become too deep-
seated. One preventive measure is to
prepare a strong solution of bitter aloes,
and sponge the feathers about the de-
nuded parts with this. This makes
them very distasteful. A lack of animal
food is sometimes held to be the cause of
the development of the habit. A
regular and liberal supply of fresh meat
is recommended. This is a good plan
for almost any flock in confinement,
though it is doubtful whether a defi-
ciency in this part of the ration really
has anything to do with feather pulling.
If the meat is fastened to a string and
hung high enough above the floor so
that the fowls have to jump for it, this
will also assist in keeping them busy.
The birds should be supplied with plenty
of green food, as this will help to keep
the blood cool. A small quantity of Ep-
som salts in the drinking water two or
three times a week will also be of service.

INCUBATOR ITEMS.

If possible run your incubator in a well
ventilated cellar.

If a cellar is not available run the
incubator in a well ventilated room.

Always make sure that it is away from
draughts.

Attend to the machine carefully and
at regular hours.

Keep the lamp wick trimmed and
clean.

Always disinfect your incubator after
the completion of a hatch.

Firemen passing through Harrison, a
New Jersey town, on their way to a fire,
were arrested for exceeding the speed
limit. They were later released.

Winter Bros.,

GENERAL CARRIERS,

SPEY STREET,

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

All kinds of Carrying undertaken, and
Furniture removed.

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

GIVE THE DIGGER CARRIERS A
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OFFICE—SPEY STREET.

'Phone—779.

(Cut this out for future reference.)

WOOL!

WOOL!

WOOL!

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SPECIAL SALE
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Commencing—

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 26th.

BLOUSES, MILLINERY, HOSIERY,
ETC., ETC.

ALL THIS SEASON'S GOODS.

GREAT REDUCTIONS.

COME EARLY AND GET YOUR
CHOICE.

MISSES HUGHES,

Milliners and Dressmakers.

TO HOUSEWIVES.

HAVE you a Sewing Machine? If so, the greatest care should be bestowed on its upkeep; especially does this apply to the method of oiling, and the 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.

WEKA BRAND

SEWING MACHINE OIL.

is a pure mineral oil of the finest possible 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 they have previously used.

Also on sale—

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 or sun; it is also a valuable hand emollient, and is specially recommended for softening the beard and ensuring an easy shave; used after shaving it is very soothing to tender skins.

Ask your Storekeeper for these preparations. Or write direct to

THE 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, 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 OLD LAMP.

On Wednesday night last week a great storm raged round the house. The trees bent and cracked, and the wind howled and shrieked. Little gleams of moonlight burst out now and then and fell across the floor. I lay awake and listened to the sound. Suddenly something cracked loudly. I felt startled, and then remembered that our chest of drawers is the home of live goblins, who crack their joints for fun in the dead of night. Then I thought I heard our ghost stealing coldly across the landing outside. It was just as I felt I should have to switch on the light and read "Dope," a bedside meditation which I keep for nights when things don't let me sleep—it was just then I heard a frightful bump, and again bump. It seemed below. Not quite like burglars, but more like a giant's head would sound if cut off by some brave Jack. I began to freeze with horror; but I heard nothing more except the dismal howling and screaming of the wind. Then I fell asleep.

The next day I remembered what had happened in the night; but it wasn't until later that I discovered out in the front garden by the fence the old lamp. Just over the wooden fence had stood a lonely lamp post. Each night the lamp has made a broad splash of light in the back street and in our garden. It must be many years old and must have seen all sorts of things. I went and looked at it. "So it was you," I said, "who bumped down on Wednesday night. What a fright you gave me! I suppose you were getting old and weak, and the wild wind threw you over." "Yes," said the lamp, a little sharply, I thought. "Go on! Blame me! I woke you up, of course. I was a nuisance. Go on!" "Oh! I'm sorry," I said. "Did I seem rude? It must be rotten for you lying here after all you've done for us." "Not at all," said the lamp, suddenly cheerful; "It's been almost worth my awful bump, which did upset me, to hear the opinions of the people in the back street about me. I've stood here guarding the backs of the houses for 20 years, and I've never heard a kind word. Indeed, two lovers once put out their tongues at me; but that was because I helped their parents to discover why they were so long getting an evening paper. I did it for the best." "Yes," I said, soothingly, "I'm sure you did. But we've often felt grateful. We didn't know you cared to hear us say so." "Oh! that's because you're Yorkshire," said the lamp; "I come from Birmingham myself; and I don't believe in waiting till people have their necks broken before you tell them what a comfort they've been to you." "Well, we should have complained if anything had been wrong," I said, "and we never did complain." "There you go again," snapped the lamp. "That's Yorkshire all over. Can't you tell a fellow when you like him as well as when you don't?" "I'm not Yorkshire, anyhow," I said, shortly.

"To continue," said the old lamp, as if I hadn't interrupted, "I have been gratified by the kind things said since my downfall. The old gentleman at No. 9 missed me at once. 'My old friend has gone,' he said. 'Now, I wonder why? Corporation saving again, I suppose; and the rates as they are'; and he got quite peevy. 'If there was a thing in this town I did value, it was that lamp.' I felt it was worth dying for that. And then the little boy across the way, who is so poorly—I heard him cry: 'Oh! my dear lamp is gone'; and he sobbed and wouldn't be comforted. It is pleasant to be loved so. Then quite half-a-dozen people banged themselves badly during the evening coming coming up your garden. 'Just like the Pomeroy's,' they said, 'to live in this forsaken spot.' " "Well," I said, "I do hope you'll be mended and set up again to cheer and guide us. My wife often speaks most highly of you." "Oh! is that who she is?" said the lamp, quite eagerly. "Now, her remarks to me have been most appreciative, and I may say, personal and confidential. I should not care to repeat what she said to me. I am glad to know who she is. I rather gathered from her remarks that she was an orphan and you were her great-uncle." "Are you being funny?" I said coldly. "Not at all," said the lamp. "But I do find it delightful to be able to tell you—as I believe you are a person—that there are

things to make up for being laid aside. Laid aside—a good old phrase, sir. I can truthfully say I regret nothing. It's true I bumped badly. It is true I shall have to be doctored. It is true I am rudely passed by cats as I lie here. But we can always lie and learn. And there's one thing about being ill or dead—you do get to know if you're missed."

"But what a pity to have to wait till then," I said.

THE HOME.

CHRISTMAS CAKE RECIPES.

1.—Slightly warm and free from lumps a pound and a-half of flour, and mix with it a level teaspoonful of spice and a small half-teaspoonful of salt. Beat together one pound each of slightly-warmed butter and castor sugar. When thick and white stir in six eggs, each one separately with a teaspoonful of the flour. Beat thoroughly before adding a pound of plumped currants a half-pound each of sultanas, quartered raisins, and shredded candied peel, and a quarter-pound of sliced almonds. In two or three tablespoonfuls of warm milk dissolve a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda, beat it in, and finally stir in the remainder of the flour. Bake in a buttered paper-lined tin in a moderate oven. Keep it in an air-tight tin for a few days, then level the top, and brush all loose crumbs from both top and side before covering with almond paste.

2.—Take ½lb flour, ½lb butter, ½lb sugar, ½lb currants, ½lb cherries, ½lb mixed peel, ½lb almonds one orange, half teaspoonful baking powder, one teaspoonful spice (a mixture of cinnamon, cloves, and nutmeg may be used), five eggs, a little milk. Prepare the fruit, wash, dry, and pick the currants, cut the peel in small pieces, halve the cherries, blanch the almonds and chop them up finely, or, if liked ground almonds may be used. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, add the eggs beaten, and mix thoroughly. Add the flour, baking powder, and spices, mix, then add the currants, cherries, peel, almonds, and enough milk to moisten—about a quarter of a teacupful. If a rich cake is wanted add another egg and omit some of the milk. Paper a medium-sized tin, put in the mixture and bake in a moderately hot oven for two and a-half or three hours.

3.—Ten eggs, 1lb butter, 2½cups of flour, two cups currants, one cup of raisins, two cups of brown sugar, one cup of mixed peel, half a cup of chopped almonds, one wineglass of brandy. Cream the butter and sugar well, then add the ingredients, the eggs well beaten first. Bake in a moderate oven for two hours. Line the baking tin with a well-greased paper, and if the cake browns too quickly cover with paper.

4.—With four teacupfuls (1lb) of flour mix a small quarter teaspoonful each of salt, bicarbonate of soda, and cream of tartar. Slightly warm three-quarters of a pound of butter; then beat with it until thick and smooth three barely-filled teacups (¾lb) of soft brown sugar. Add five eggs, each one separately, with a teaspoonful of flour, a pound of plumped currants, a pound of sultanas, a half-pound of shredded mixed peel, a small teaspoonful of mixed spice, and a teacupful of warm dark treacle. Add the remainder of the flour and a little milk if necessary. Bake in one large or two smaller buttered and paper-lined tins in a moderate oven.

5.—Four ounces of flour, two ounces of maize flour, two ounces of ground rice, two ounces of chopped dates, two ounces of chopped figs, one ounce of stoned raisins, one ounce of preserved ginger, four ounces of butter, one dessertspoonful of sugar, one dessertspoonful of golden syrup, quarter teaspoonful of carbonate of soda dissolved in a little milk. Sift the flour and maize flour, and mix with the ground rice. Rub in the butter. Add the chopped fruit, halved raisins, sugar, and ginger cut in small pieces. Lastly, add the golden syrup, and the milk in which the carbonate of soda has been dissolved. Line a cake tin with greased paper, and bake in a moderate oven for about an hour and a-half. This cake may at first seem to need rather a number of ingredients, but it is, of course, only intended for a special occasion.

6.—Christmas Cake without eggs.—One pound of flour, half a pound of currants, quarter-pound mixed peel, half a pound moist sugar, six ounces dripping, a teaspoonful of spice, a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, half a pint of sour milk. Mix the carbonate of soda and cream of tartar with the flour, also the spice, then rub in the dripping, and add the currants and sultanas, the sugar, and the peel, cut up finely, pour on the milk, mix quickly, and put in a papered cake-tin, bake in a moderate oven for two hours.

Christmas Plum Pudding (Rich).—Mix together ½lb of finely chopped suet,

BARLOW'S Jubilee Store,

NEVER SAY DIE, BUT ALWAYS TRY

BARLOW'S JUBILEE TEA.

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

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ADVERTISERS!

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

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

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

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

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

5oz of breadcrumbs, 3oz of fine sifted flour, 6oz currants, ½lb of stoned and halved raisins, 6oz of mixed candied peel, 1oz of chopped sweet almonds, 4oz of Demerara sugar, half the grated nutmeg, and a little mixed spice; beat up three eggs with a dessertspoonful of brandy, and add this to the other ingredients, with enough milk to mix it well. Boil eight hours or more in a well-greased mould. Pour a little brandy, rum, or kirsch round, and set it alight just as it is being sent to the dinner table, and serve with almond sauce.

CAKES AND PUDDINGS.

Though the practice of making Christmas cakes and puddings is perhaps more popular in England than in New Zealand, where the festival falls in the summer-time, yet almost everyone likes to make some kind of a good fruit-cake at least for the Christmas season. Moreover, the custom has revived considerably with the cessation of war, especially as people can now procure many ingredients hitherto unobtainable. The successful construction of a big Christmas cake involves a good deal of labour, but it may be made well ahead of the day. There is, indeed, everything to be gained by baking the main cake some time before Christmas. If properly made it will be mellow and is much nicer than a freshly-baked cake.

The following hints may be found useful in making Christmas cakes and puddings:

1. To clean currants without damping, sprinkle with a little flour, and rub in a clean cloth; then pick the currants, and rub on the cloth to free them from the flour, or turn on to a sieve, and rub lightly to allow the flour and stalks to pass through.

2. To stone raisins for Christmas cakes and puddings, place the raisins on a dish in front of a fire so that the heat can melt the sugar that surrounds the fruit. If done in this way, you will find the stones come away quite clean and easily, and all the inside of the raisin remains.

3. To prevent Christmas cake from burning this will be found very useful. Make a stiff paste of flour and water, roll out to size of bottom of the cake tin, then place greased paper on the top of it, and round the sides of the tin. This method will keep cake from burning. It will be quite moist and a light brown.

4. See to the fire, so that the oven will be the right heat when the cakes are ready to be put in. If a gas stove is used light the gas and turn it full on about 15 minutes before the oven is required.

5. Weigh out all the ingredients. These must be carefully weighed or measured and all the utensils required gathered together. Sieve the flour, salt, and any raising ingredients used.

Mining is quite an ancient art, being mentioned in the Bible; while a gold mine is depicted in an ancient Egyptian papyrus drawn in 1400 B.C.

Phone 16

INVERCARGILL MILK SUPPLY.

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

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Our Motto: "Purity."

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CREAM! CREAM! CREAM!

Invercargill Milk
Supply,

53 YARROW STREET.

THE "EDUCATIVE ZOO."

What do they learn, the children,
In front of the grim-barred cages,
Where the frowzy lion sulks,
Or the quivering tiger rages?
In the elephants' spacious house,
Where the tethered beasts stand swaying,
Taught by an iron bar
The beauty of obeying;
Or where a sluggish pool
The polar king allures;
Or where in the grizzlies' pit
The wood's lord mopes, and endures?
Or at the monkeys' cage,
Where the wee beasts "act" before them,
Through the brief span they may live,
Afair from the land that bore them?

Wherever a helpless life
Is barred from the joy God gave it,
By human hardness or greed
That sought it to enslave it,
How can the children learn
Aught that shall raise them nearer
to the great Undying Fire
That warms the heart of the world,
That gave its meed of gladness
To each created thing?
Is it well to learn from their sadness?
Father of Infinite Love,
Creator of all being,
Lord God of the Wordless Ones,
Teach us to speak for their freeing.
—Our Dumb Animals.

According to the British Ministry of Transport figures, everyone in the United Kingdom takes 108 tramcar rides in a year, while since 1913-14 the total number of passengers carried by the tramways has risen from 3,426,473,192 to 4,557,640,078 in 1918-19.

HERE IS NO BETTER VALUE THAN

THE
VIKING SEPARATOR.EASY RUNNING, DURABLE, CLEAN
SKIMMING.The "VIKING" does the work properly
and quickly. It is simple, efficient, and
cures thorough separation. Has a
larger capacity than any other machine of
equal rating.

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Size A—15 gals. per hour, £9 10s.

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The popular Confectionery and Soft
Drinks Shop. Watch the crowds who
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the results for which we've striven.

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Can Offer

HOUSES— for Sale from £500 upwards.

FARMS and SHEEP COUNTRY in all
parts of Southland and Otago.SUBURBAN PROPERTIES.—Live in
town and keep a cow.SECTIONS in Town and Suburbs at Reasonable
prices and terms. Get in
touch with our salesmen.E. BRODIE, T. D. A. MOFFETT,
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FURS!

FURS! FURS!

RUGS, COATS, COLLARS, SETS
OPPOSSUM, FITCH SKUNK,
WOLF, FOX.

R. S. BLACK,

420 MORAY PLACE,

Opposite First Church,

DUNEDIN.

TRAPPERS.—Please note I don't want
rabbitkins at present.

GARDEN NOTES

THE VEGETABLE GARDEN.

Every advantage should be taken to
transplant cabbage, cauliflower, celery,
leeks, etc.If the sowing of parsnips and silver
beet has failed, or partially so, I should
still recommend a resowing.Sow also for succession peas, French
beans, lettuce, radish, turnips, carrots of
the early horn kind, parsley for winter
use and spinach.Asparagus beds should be carefully at-
tended to by way of weeding, and all
young stalks kept carefully cut, as pre-
viously advised, until the final cutting
takes place, which should not be later
than the first week in January. If it is
cut much later than this date it does
not give time to make vigorous growth to
build up strong crowns for another season
before the early frost sets in.

THE TOMATO.

This will be a busy time just now
among tomatoes in the way of pinching
out side shoots as they appear, the tying
up of the stems as growth demands, water-
ing, and airing. The latter must be regu-
larly attended to, or serious results will
occur, such as blight and sleeping disease.
Both these and other complaints are
brought on by bad ventilation. There is
nothing worse for bringing on these
troubles than a hot, damp, and stuffy at-
mosphere, and also the dropping or non-
setting of the bloom.Outside tomatoes should be regularly
attended to by staking and tying, or, if
against a wall, tacking and spreading out
each growth, to admit of sunlight and air.Watch the plants in case any of the
following diseases make their appear-
ance:— Yellow spot on leaves (called
Cladosporium dentriticum), sleepy disease,
white tomato fly, leaf curl, etc. Fortu-
nately, the true yellow leaf is not very
prevalent. It is a very troublesome dis-
ease. As soon as it makes its appearance
the plant should be sprayed at once with
Bordeaux mixture. Sleepy disease attacks
apparently strong and healthy plants;
very often the strongest are attacked first.
The leaves droop, and fall quite limp in a
few hours. On the first indications of this
trouble, if a good watering with a weak
stimulant will not fetch the leaves up
again, pull the plant out by the roots and
dust the ground with fresh lime. Rich
animal manure should be avoided in grow-
ing tomatoes. It is often the cause of the
trouble. Care should be exercised in
watering. Keep the soil moist, but not
wet. Close atmospheres are also injurious.
Ventilate freely on all suitable occasions,
leaving open some top vent at nights,
except when the weather is very cold.
Too loose soil is also detrimental to the
well-being of the tomato. The rapacious
biting little white fly becomes a great
pest if it is allowed to accumulate. On
its first appearance fumigate the house
with Nicotidine or "X.I. All," or if you
have hot water pipes paint with wet
powdered sulphur and turn on the heat.
This will also clear green fly and other
pests. But be sure not to attempt to
burn the sulphur, or you will destroy the
plants.

THE GREENHOUSE.

Pot on cyclamen seedlings as they fill
the small pots with roots, using two parts
good turfy loam, one part of clean sharp
sand. Keep an eye on old tubers that
have been stored away in a corner after
their flowering, so that they are not
allowed to become dust dry, or they will
become blind and crack, and be spoiled.Pot on primulas as they become strong,
but never do this until their pots are well
filled with roots, using clean pots, good
drainage, and good, open, rich soil.Hardy ferns under glass are very beauti-
ful just now, and are just the class of
plants that an amateur might grow with
advantage when his greenhouse is not in a
position suited for the cultivation of
flowers. They do well when planted out
on rocky mounds, if the work has been
well put together, so that the roots of the
plants have a chance. Good loam, leaf,
or bush mould, with a free supply of sharp
sand, will grow well most varieties.
Others may be grown in pots arranged
upon low stages. Many of the maidenhair
ferns are very suitable for growing in cool
ferneries in conjunction with more hardy
kinds. When well grown upon low stages
they make a fine set-off against the
rockery. At this season of the year ferns,
when making their new fronds, require a
lot of water and a moist atmosphere.
Shift on into larger-sized pots young ferns
that may require it, using plenty of drain-
age when potting. Ferns like moisture,
but they cannot endure stagnant moisture.
Plenty of moisture and good drainage is
the life of the fern.

MOTORING NOTES.

EXPOSED BRAKE PARTS.

Much trouble with brakes is due to
mud and wet and rust in the toggle
levers, outside levers, or in the bearings
of the lever rods from outside into the
interior of the drum. These are in a
very exposed position, and are often neg-
lected as to lubrication. They should
have big screw-down greasers, which
should be regularly attended to. A good
deal of skidding and danger is due to
brake levers and toggles working stiff on
one side while the other is free. The
brake compensating gear cannot deal with
this irregularity, and skidding results when
the brakes are applied.

THE MOTOR CYCLE CHAIN.

Motor cyclists should remember that a
loose chain not only wears itself out, but
wears the tops of the sprocket teeth.
They should be kept adjusted at proper
tension at all times. Chains have a ten-
dency to wear unevenly throughout their
length. Rotate the sprocket and make
the adjustment with the chain at its tight-
est point. Proper tension is had when the
chain hangs in a straight line between the
sprockets without being rigidly tight.
Careful attention to chain adjustment will
save pounds in the course of a machine's
life, and reward the rider with vastly
smoother running.

CARBURETTOR TROUBLES.

When an engine, after starting, runs
for a minute or two and stops, the first
place to look for the trouble, the petrol
feed line. A partial stoppage in the
fuel supply pipe will lessen the flow of
fuel so that the float chamber fills
slowly. On being started, the engine
will quickly consume the benzine in the
chamber and stop. Another possible
cause for the fault is the float sticking,
and if the float sticks in the high posi-
tion the flow of fuel will be greatly less-
ened or may be stopped entirely. Water
in the petrol is also troublesome as a drop
may get into the feed pipe or the spray
nozzle and interfere with prompt starting
or reliable feed of fuel. Lint or other
foreign matter around the filter screen in
the feed line is also responsible for re-
stricting the fuel, especially in cars
using the gravity feed system.

A CHATTERING BRAKE.

One of the common troubles encountered
in the brake assembly is a tendency to
chattering, which is extremely annoying.
This is generally induced by a deposit of
the burnt oil on the bands and it may
generally be cured by applying hot kero-
sene oil to the parts. If this does not
serve, the only remedy is to burn off the
deposits with a blow torch. This
operation is carried out by removing the
bands and soaking them in petrol over
night and then applying the torch. The
propeller shaft brake is peculiarly liable
to this trouble as if the transmission case
contains a little too much oil, the excess
lubricant is thrown through the shaft
brushing on to the bands. If an appli-
cation of graphite is used instead of oil
for lubricating the brake bands, it will
lessen this trouble.

LUBRICATION OF SPRINGS.

Springs wear at the shackles, and at
the trunnions in the case of those springs
of the cantilever variety. This wear
is generally due to lack of lubrication.
Shackle bolts have worn nearly in two
through neglect in this respect. These
small items require conscientious attention,
and need a regular renewal of grease at
stated intervals. The lubricators are often
placed in awkward and inaccessible posi-
tions, but this should be no reason for
neglecting them. It is a good plan to
make a list of those occasional lubrica-
tions which should be carried out, and to
note the speedometer mileage on each oc-
casion when these receive attention. Us-
ing the mileage recorder in conjunction
with such a list will add to the life of the
car and often render renewals unnecessary
or infrequent.

NOISY GEARBOXES.

Noisy gearboxes are a great source of
annoyance to the careful motorist. If
the bearings of a gear shaft get worn,
the pitch circles of the engaging teeth
fail to coincide, and the teeth of the gears
meet each other at the wrong part of their
contour. This causes excessive wear, since
the teeth slide instead of rolling upon
each other, as they are theoretically de-
signed to do. A worn spigot bearing be-
tween the primary shaft and the second
shaft will cause the axles of the gear
shafts to get too far away from each otherat one end and cause the teeth to meet
at the edges instead of all along the face.
This causes excessive wear and noise.
Gear shafts should be periodically ex-
amined, and when undue wear is apparent
the spigot bearing should be re-lined, if it
is of the parallel type or new ball-bearings
should be fitted. The same ap-
plies to the bearings of the mainshaft.

THE SPARKING PLUG.

The modern spark plug operates for
extremely long periods without giving
trouble, but occasionally the motorist en-
counters persistent plug trouble and can-
not explain the cause. Plugs as now
made, should not give trouble for six
months if the operating conditions are
right. The greatest source of plug failure
may be traced to leakage in the plug it-
self. This refers to hot gas leakage
brought about by non-gas-tightness of
joints in the plug. The loss in power
due to reduction in compression pressure
is hardly worth considering as compared
with the damage done by the heat of the
gases. The excessive heat causes in-
sulators to crack and because of carbon
contained in the gas there is a black soot
deposited which also interferes with plug
operation. Where the plugs are so
located as to receive no benefit from jack-
et water the conditions are still worse, be-
cause such plugs run normally hot.

GRIT IN WHEEL HUBS.

Those motorists whose vehicles are fit-
ted with detachable wheels should make
a special point of seeing that the hubs
and the wheel hub shells are quite clean
and free from dust, mud, or grit before
attaching the wheels. Otherwise the
wheels will inevitably become loose after
the car has travelled even a short dis-
tance. Grit prevents the wheel being
pushed home on the taper seating, and
when locked tight it is actually locked
on to the grit. When the vehicle is
driven the load pulverises the gritty par-
ticles, and the wheel will be found to be
loose. If this looseness is allowed to
continue, it results in the bedding sur-
faces of hub and shell becoming dis-
torted, and the result is a permanently
wobbling wheel. The hub of the wheel
should be carefully cleaned and greased,
and the greatest care should be taken
to ensure that no foreign matter gets
between the hub and the shell.

A CHEAP MEDICINE.

It has been wisely said somewhere,
"Always laugh when you can. It is a
cheap medicine." And the present being
a time when even our medicines decidedly
"cost us more," it might be as well to
remember this statement, if merely for
reasons of economy.But apart from anything of the kind,
laughter has everything to commend it.
Someone else speaks of it as "a philo-
sophy not sufficiently understood . . .
the sunny side of existence," a descrip-
tion which little exaggerates the import-
ance of a thing which more swiftly than
anything else will draw complete strangers
into mutual understanding, smooth over
strained moments that must occur even
between those near and dear to each other,
and send the light of the sane and normal
into dark and murky corners where sullen
humours might otherwise brood and lurk.
The well-known lines, "Laugh and we
world laughs with you, weep, and you
weep alone," we could all quote glibly,
though no doubt we should call them
cynical.But, exaggerated as they undoubtedly
are, since in this old world the blessed
gift of sympathy for another's sorrow
has never been wholly impossible to find,
are they so altogether cynical? For there
can be no question that unending, un-
diluted grief is very wearing to those
who share as well as those who experience
it, and the "Mrs Gummidge" of life are
liable to be less popular and beloved than
those who, carrying their troubles bravely
have still not forgotten how now and then
to laugh.The world went through stern and ter-
rible months during the war, and often
it was not easy for any of us to laugh.
Even now there are a good many worries
and botherments, delays, and dislocations
of all kinds, consequent on the great up-
heaval, which we find trying to the nerves
and temper, and apt to be depressing at
times.The best thing we can do with all these,
before they begin to loom too seriously in
our minds, is to laugh at them. For
perfectly certain is it that in nine cases
out of ten they have, if we only cultivate
the gift of humour that allows us to
see it, their funny side, which at least
equals and counter-balances the other.The population of New York City at the
beginning of 1920 was 5,521,151.

"The Grand"

GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS, GRAND
HOTEL CORNER.

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Our ANNIVERSARY SALE is in
full swing and is appreciated by
the Public, as the Result for the
Week proves Splendid Business
Doing in every Department.OUR ALL WOOL COLONIAL
CLOTHING which we have al-
ways specialised in has been in
Great Demand. Men's and Boys'
Suits Selling very freely at our
SALE PRICE.Now is the very time to buy Co-
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Holidays.2nd: You buy at a big Reduction on
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Full stock of all Smokers' Requisites,
Largest stock of Pipes in Southland
Tobacco Pouches, etc.Up-to-date HAIRDRESSING SALOON,
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Every one guaranteed.In attendance in Saloon—
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WYNDHAM DISTRICT.—270 Acres Freehold in this famous locality for £15 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.

GILCHRIST'S

COUGH ELIXIR.

2/6. Posted 3/-

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA
COLDS, WHOOPING COUGH, Etc.
W. G. Gilchrist,

PRESCRIPTION CHEMIST,

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Direct from England's famous
Potteries.

Just Landed the Finest Selection

of

DINNER SETS

See in this City for many years.

Beautiful Designs in all all sizes.
Prices from £2 19s 6d up to £14.

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DEE STREET, INVERCARGILL.

TIME

AND

TIDE

WAIT FOR NO ONE.

SO HURRY UP AND SEND YOUR

—CHRISTMAS GREETINGS—

to friends abroad.

I have just opened the right thing in
CHRISTMAS CARDS with local views.

Also—

BOOKS OF VIEWS at 1/6, 2/- and 4/-.

T. HIDE'S,

TAY STREET.

An Old Frontier Adventure.

To be stuck up on the edge of a mountain plateau, with an apparently impossible descent of nearly eighteen hundred feet in front, with something like a score of savage and bloodthirsty pursuers behind and to the right and left of one, and with only the light of the setting second quarter moon to see by. Such a position would not strike the average man as an enviable one, and yet it was the position in which "Monkey" Macdonald found himself on the occasion of his first and last visit to Khyber Pass.

Macdonald—who had the "Monkey" tacked on, not because of ugliness, for, as a matter of fact, he was a distinctly handsome fellow, but because of his exceptional skill and daring as a climber, alike in forest and on hill, was a native of Skye, and consequently a mountaineer born. It was this consideration that had induced his captain to select him to bear a dispatch to the officer in command of the post below the pass. The captain, with his hundred and fifty men, was going up some way into the Afridi country, to inquire into the sudden disappearance of the belongings of a Hindu trader, and equally sudden death of the trader, and his four servants. Had the outrage taken place off the beaten track it would have been regarded as the outcome of the Hindu's own rashness, and so a thing beyond official remedy, but as it had occurred on the regulation route, guaranteed safe by the heavily-subsidised Khyber Rifles (natives) the thing assumed a serious complexion, even among the men of the pass guard themselves. Hence the sending forth of Captain Edwards and his men.

When Mac left his comrades, he had a walk of twenty miles or more before him, but that would have been a trifle to him had he kept to the track, all the more that he would have had the daylight with him during the worst part of the journey. But the winding in and out weariness of the roads up there not being to his taste, he had a consultation with his pocket compass, and then decided to cut across the hills, striking a line likely to bring him out above or nearly above the mouth of the pass.

It was a lovely idea—for a lunatic—and with the fate of the Hindu before him, he ought to have known better. Down on the track below the Khyber Rifles, rupee-inspired, generally kept their fathers and brothers and uncles and cousins well beyond the rifle range, but up in the hills, the beautiful simplicity of the Afridi reasserted itself in yearning for throats to cut and Lee-Metfords to steal—anybody's would do, they had no silly respect of persons about them.

By the time our Highlander had put the first range of hills between himself and the pass trail he had discovered two things, neither of them pleasant. The first one was that the straight line he had calculated on was likely to be as zig-zag as the pass route itself, owing to deep gorges, precipitous cliffs and gloomy valleys—all persisting to lie across his way. The second was that darkness would be upon him before he could get clear of the hills, and what that meant, even he, reckless to rashness as he was, could not help remembering. Night in such a place, with loot-hunting Afridis all about, had in it nothing of a joke; as the sun sank lower and lower to the crest of the savage hills, he began to doubt whether he had not made a mistake.

Doubt became a conviction a few minutes later, when his helmet suddenly flew up into the air as if it had wings, and something whacked against the cliff beside with a noise like a pistol shot, another following immediately after.

"Monkey" Mac might be reckless, but he was no inexperienced griff, and while the echoes of the shots were still rolling about the crags, he had flung his arms about, staggered a pace or two towards a handy hollow between two boulders and fallen therein, the whole impromptu pantomime being so well acted that a distant observer might be excused for thinking he was a dying man.

There was not much dying about him, however, as he made certain preparations for receiving company in that hole, and had the two Afridis, who had let go at him from the farther rocks, but known the real state of affairs, they would have skipped down that slope less joyfully and with more thought of cover.

Crack!

Thin, spiteful, incisive, the Lee-Metford spoke between the boulders, and instantly

the taller of the two hillmen, who was a little in advance, made a frantic clutch at the air with both hands, and pitched forward on his face. So sudden was his fall, that the other was taken unawares, and stumbled over him. Before he could rise the Lee-Metford spat again among the rocks, and the stricken robber collapsed upon the body of his dead companion, clutching at it and pulling it about in his death spasms.

It was a ghastly sight enough, but it woke no compunction in the grim set face on the soldier as he rose and came out of the hollow to recover his helmet. The whistling of the bullets which had so narrowly missed his head only a few minutes back was still in his ears, and did not make for regrets: rather satisfaction that he had been able to return what had been so freely sent.

But the brief encounter, decisively in his favour, though it had ended, was, as he now began to realise, one of the most unlucky things that could have come in his way. The sound of firing could not fail to be heard, and although it might be taken for that attending one of the never-ceasing inter-family fights characteristic of the hill races of India, it must of necessity make those who heard it more alert than usual, if only for news. Besides it did not follow that, because the two he had killed were the only two he had seen of his recent assailants, there were no others present. No, the sooner he got a move on the better.

This decision reached, action did not linger long, and within five minutes he had sped across the rough, but narrow valley, and was climbing up the steep slope on the other side.

On the top of the ridge he stopped to breathe, and while doing so, looked back. The sun was sinking fast in a cloudless bronze-tinted sky, and though the higher crags and peaks burned redly in the fierce light, yet bluish shadows, deepening to black, were gathering in the valley bottoms.

The scene of the fight was still in view, and the dead men were lying where they had fallen. But on the wilderness of rough rocks, boulders, and gravel drift beyond an animal was swiftly moving. So far as he could make out it was either a wolf or a huge, half-tamed dog, which is, to a stranger, even more dangerous than the wolves themselves.

For a while he watched the beast as it ran in and out over the ground, as if scenting a trail. Finally, it seemed to wind in sight of the bodies, for all at once it stopped its casting about among the stones, and made for them swiftly, taking a line as straight as an arrow.

The watcher no longer questioned what it was. It was an Afghan hound, and the man or men to whom it belonged could not be far off. And even as the thought passed through his mind he sighted them, three in number, at the other side of the stony valley, and looking, at that distance, no bigger than tiny beetles.

The situation was growing ugly, and the Scot knew it; knew, too, that no matter at what risk, he must kill that hound before darkness fell utterly. To fly through the night with that devilish beast tracking him would only insure his being attacked at a considerable disadvantage, and when he could not see to defend himself.

He knelt on one knee, levelled his rifle at the hound, not with any expectation of striking it, for the distance was quite fifteen hundred yards, but with the intention of startling it, and, if possible, attracting its attention to himself. If he could do that the beast's ferocity would do the rest. Once it caught sight of him it would rush headlong without waiting for the men, and get comfortably shot as it came up the open hillside—or, even better still, bayoneted when it got on to the top.

The sound of the shot was like tearing stiff cloth, as he emptied the magazine, and as the cordite made no smoke, only a bluish haze, his vision was not obscured. He saw the hound spring round as the bullets showered about it, one or two tiny puffs of white showing where it had hit some of the softer rocks. Then he sprang up on a flat rock, and danced against the sky-line waving his helmet and rifle.

The plan succeeded, for after remaining motionless for some seconds, the hound broke into a long, swift lunge, and came straight across the valley. Smiling grimly, the soldier re-charged his magazine and fixed his bayonet, the former as a

matter of precaution, the latter for the work immediately in hand. He did not want any more firing than he could help just now, not on account of the men that were behind him, but of others who might be in front.

Very swiftly, though moving with all the unfaltering regularity of a machine, the great, gaunt brute covered the distance, and he was soon speeding up the hill. As it came closer the sight of it might well have made one less stout-hearted shiver—with its huge bulk, its bared fangs, its eyes filled with that red fire, and worst of all that terrifying silence. But worst of all, its terrifying silence. But the soldier's mouth only tightened as he drew a little behind the hill crest, and swung his rifle in the position for the old "shorten arms thrust!" perhaps the deadliest that can be given by the bayonet.

It was swift work. There came a dull pattering of feet, a whistling hiss of hard-drawn breath, and the tanwy bulk of the savage beast shot over the crest and down. A keen glancing flash leapt to meet it as the soldier sprang forward like a spring released and the long, double-edged blade was driven to the rifle muzzle in the hound's chest, killing it instantly. Never was a fight so fiercely begun, so quickly ended.

While wiping the bayonet and returning it to the scabbard, Mac peered over the crest of the hill. The three Afridis had reached and were standing beside the two dead ones, and from their actions and gestures they seemed to be in some perplexity probably as to the whereabouts of the hound. The soldier thought that since they had not heard the firing they would naturally be at a loss to guess what had become of their canine guide; but night was coming on fast now and he had no time to bother over Afridi perplexities, so after another look at that invaluable compass, he resumed his journey, travelling fast and hard, albeit certain that pursuit was now inevitable and that he was in the hottest thing of its sort that he had ever been in his life.

He was not mistaken, for as hour after hour went past, each bringing with it some new difficulty, in the way of descending steep rock faces, scrambling through thickets, skirting nullahs and bogs, wading through, and on one occasion swimming, streams, with his rifle and ammunition balanced on his head, and running over treacherous flats, only faintly seen in the dim moonlight. What with all these he got enough invigorating exercise that night to have shaken a worse liver than his into its proper behaviour for the rest of his life. He did not once hear or see anything of his pursuers for many hours but this did not reassure him to any extent, as their knowledge of the country being so superior to his, they could travel faster than he and so choose their own time for attack. And even had he felt disposed to believe that the chase had been abandoned, or never begun at all, the scattered fires that began to gleam on the hilltops all round would have undecieved him. Yet he kept on with characteristic pluck and coolness, alert always and only stopping to crawl from time to time into noisome holes and corners, to consult the compass by the light of matches, and set his course by the stars.

In this fashion he spent the better part of the night, and only a short time before dawn came out on the edge of the plateau above the precipice where he saw at once that if he could but get down that fearful cliff, his peril would be a thing past and done with. Far, far below, and dotting at intervals, the winding way towards the pass proper, were little bunches of twinkling lights, while at a much greater distance, in the opposite direction, a vastly larger assemblage, massed into one steady, unwinking gleam.

The sight cheered him greatly, if it did nothing else, giving him heart to face the last and most formidable of the night's risks—getting down the cliff. And yet down he must get at any hazard, for to stay where he was meant death, and a death that might come out on him from the dark at any moment. He was wet, tired, and hungry, and the bruises left by numerous falls were beginning to stiffen. The sleep of an hour would have been priceless in its restorative value, and if—but what was the good of thinking about it? If he did not find a way down that cliff at once, he would get a deeper and longer sleep than he at all wanted, he reminded himself, with a sound that was half oath half chuckle.

Lying down on his face, with his head projecting over the edge, he scanned the face of the precipice. The moon was waning low, but its dim, ghostly light was yet sufficient to show him the leading characteristics of the cliff about half-way down—all beyond that being misty darkness. He could just make out that a little to the right of where he lay a narrow ledge began and ran down to where a broad bank of bosses, cracks and projecting splinters sank down, down, down, till

they were lost in the misty depths below.

The place seemed as good as any Mac thought, for so far as he could make out, the cliff seemed to stretch out into the night on both sides of him. He had no time to look for another and more promising one, and only hoped that the bosses and splinters might run unbroken to the bottom.

A long, eerie howl, distant, but still plainly heard, came out of the darkness behind him. It was answered by another to the right, and then, after an interval by another from the left, but nearer than the other two. So they had put more hounds on the job! Well, they wouldn't find him there when they arrived.

He rose, slung his rifle, and braced his nerves for the frightful task before him. Bold and skilful though he was it is questionable whether anything but imminent death could have induced him to give himself over to the unseen perils of that terrible descent. But there was no other way, and if the thing was to be done at all it was best not to think about it. So, with an unfaltering deliberation that was eloquent of nerves that was strung to the highest tension, he swung himself over and began his terrible journey.

Much to his relief, he found that the ledge was easily passable, and it was only when he reached that bank of broken rock he came in contact with the real dangers of the descent. Many, very many of the bosses and splinters were badly weathered, the friable stones giving under his hands and feet like rotten wood. Still, the sound knobs were fairly numerous as well, so that by testing them all before trusting his weight upon them, he might reasonably hope to escape disaster from that source. His greatest trouble he found was likely to arise from the breaks, more or less wide, that occurred at intervals in the descending ladder of splinters. Here he had to trust to swarming down the sheer wall-like faces with no better hold than that afforded by the cracks and lesser indentations of the main cliff. Sometimes he had not even that, and had to let himself drop down from one cluster to another, trusting to luck and his own cat-like activity to secure a fresh hold and prevent him from pitching headlong over the blackness below. These did not fail him, but afterwards, when he looked up at that cliff in daylight and saw what he had taken in the way of chances, he felt the hair rise on his head.

Down, down, down, unhalting, unhesitating, he kept on his desperate way until half the way had been accomplished, and then breathless, shaken, and for the moment at least, utterly exhausted, he had to halt. His uniform was torn to rags, his hands and even his face were bleeding from wounds inflicted by contact with the hard rocks, and his throat was like fire from a thirst, a thirst which he could not quench as he had lost his water bottle. But the dawn was not far away, and with it would come better chances he told himself as he half crouched, half lay in a narrow cleft, trying to brace himself for what there was still to do.

All at once there broke through the dead stillness of the night, the confused murmur of voices, and it came from the top of the precipice. His Afridi pursuers had run the trail to its end and would now give it up, since pursuit was now no longer possible.

That was his idea, but it was not theirs. True, neither dogs nor man could hope to get down there, and in all likelihood the son of a burned father had broken his accursed neck in attempting it. Still, there was no reason why they should not send over a few loose boulders, they might hit something.

So they sent them over, and one of the things that one of them, or a splinter of one of them hit, after crashing and tumbling down the cliff, was a patrol of the Khyber Rifles. The result was that in less than two minutes, the said Rifles, having a shrewd idea that the stones did not come down of themselves, resolved to see in turn whether they could not hit something. A volley of twenty shots thrashed along the cliff summit they brought over two of the Afridis and one of the dogs. Mac, pressing forward as far into the sheltering cliff as he could, saw three dark, indistinct objects swirl downwards past him to utter smash at the bottom of the precipice. Then, as the firing ceased and no more rocks came down he gave way to the drowsiness which came over him, and, regardless of his perilous situation, fell asleep.

When he awoke it was broad daylight, and a Gurkha cragsman had climbed nearly to his perch, and with this man's help he was able to complete what remained of the descent, all the more that the lower half was far more practicable than the upper part. A week served to mend the sore places, but it was months before he was able to think of his night-curtained scramble down that frightful rock ladder, without shuddering.

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ROMANCE OF THE BUFFALO.

HOW THIS NOBLE BEAST WAS
SAVED FROM EXTINCTION.

The reported discovery in Central Africa of a prehistoric monster has naturally called attention to the whole subject of the survival of the larger mammals. If the Brontosaurus is actually not extinct, its preservation is due to the fact that man has not hitherto invaded its ancient haunts. But in most cases the survival of the larger beasts has been achieved by the direct intervention of far-seeing man.

The case of the American bison ("buffalo" is really misnomer) is a striking example of this benevolent interposition. Twenty years ago the bison was given very short shrift. So much so, indeed, that less than a decade since the animal in its wild state was said to be practically extinct.

But for the action of the Canadian Government that statement would probably now be correct. Happily, measures taken shortly before those words were printed have ensured to the buffalo perpetuation of his species under the most favourable conditions in the territory of the Dominion.

No tourist in Canada should omit a visit to Wainwright in the province of Alberta. There he will find an extensive and beautiful park in whose peaceful pastures he may study at his ease the appearance and the habits of the largest existing herd of American buffaloes. The extent of this National Buffalo Park, as it is called, may be gauged from the fact that the steel-woven wire fence which encloses it measures 75 miles in length, and cost \$15,000. Within these walls the visitor will see mile after mile of rolling prairie, covered with a luxuriant native grass, and diversified with clumps of poplars and charming miniature lakes. Here and there are sand dunes which provide those "wallows" which delight the heart of the buffalo; and a number of streams connect the lakes, and issue at one corner of the park into the Battle River. The bison is not the sole denizen of this beautiful preserve; moose, elk and deer roam unmolested within its precincts; and in summer and autumn the lakes are clamorous with the cries of thousands of wild geese and ducks.

Constant efforts are being made by the Dominion Government to increase the natural charm of the Buffalo Park, and beautiful boulevards and shady drives have been constructed near the lakes and the river. No restrictions are placed on visitors to the park, save that dogs and firearms are forbidden. The buffaloes have become so accustomed to the presence of visitors that one may approach within a few yards of them, if one is on foot or in a vehicle. But an inherited instinct of self-preservation sends the beasts off at a gallop at the sight of a man on horseback. Altogether the herd numbers between 1,200 and 1,500, and the sight of these great, shaggy monsters quietly browsing on the slopes is a picture that lives long in the memory of all who have visited the National Park.

The acquisition of this vast herd of buffaloes forms one of the most fascinating episodes in recent Canadian history. About twelve years ago it came to the knowledge of Mr Howard Douglas, Dominion Commissioner of Parks, that one Michael Pablo, a Mexican half-breed living in Montana, possessed the only large herd of wild buffaloes on the American Continent, numbering about 900 head. For years the beasts had ranged the mountainous region of Western Montana, undisturbed by man. With the authority of the Canadian Government, Mr Douglas opened negotiations with Pablo for the purchase of the whole herd, and the bargain was clinched at the price, it is said, of £50 per head, this sum to include delivery at railroad. As soon as the news leaked out, the American papers were furious at the prospective transfer of the herd across the frontier, and loudly called upon the United States to rescind the transaction. But matters had gone too far, and the contract was kept.

The reluctance of the American public to allow the departure of the herd was a trifle to the resentment displayed by the buffaloes at their enforced emigration. To conclude the deal was an affair of a few hours; to deliver the goods proved a much more lengthy business. The bison were scattered over a hundred square miles of difficult country in small herds of about fifty each. Pablo's first task was to collect these small bodies into one large herd, and then drive the whole lot into a corral at the railroad. With the aid of forty skilled cowboys, the first aim was partially achieved, and after considerable trouble about four hundred and fifty buffaloes were safely entrained and dispatched to Alberta.

The utmost pains had been expended by Mr Douglas and his colleagues on the preparations for transporting the precious cargo. Stock cars, i.e., cattle trucks—

with individual stalls and openings in the roof through which water and food could be supplied en route, were employed; and in the Grand Trunk Pacific yards at Wainwright an ingenious unloading chute was specially constructed. So admirable were the arrangements that practically no losses occurred in transit.

The corralling of the first half of the herd was child's play compared with the problem now presented to Pablo and his assistants. Naturally, the buffaloes which had escaped the first drive were the most active and cunning beasts. Warned by the disappearance of their fellows they led their would-be captors an exhausting and often dangerous dance. As a picture the scene must have been extraordinarily thrilling. A score of cowboys rounding up hundreds of these quaint, shaggy monsters in rocky ravines and down steep mountain-sides; at one time eagerly pursuing; at the next closely chased by the infuriated beasts. Even when after incredible efforts a bunch of them had been driven as far as the rails of the corral, the exhausted state of the horses prevented the cowboys from making the final charge necessary to force the buffaloes through the entrances; and time after time all but a few tired cows and calves would break back to the open country.

At the end of several weeks of incredible but futile exertions, the cowboys were ready to abandon the job in despair; Canada's prospect of securing the remainder of the buffaloes seemed remote indeed. At the critical moment a dashing figure appeared on the scene. This was Charles Allard, son of the man who had originally founded the herd. A superb horseman, absolutely careless of danger, handsome in appearance, with an irresistible devil-may-care swagger, young Allard was the idol of the cow-punchers. He had little difficulty in collecting a band of riders after his own stamp, and once again the bison knew what it was to be hustled. A carefully organised supply of remounts at strategic points, and sound generalship in the disposition of his men, gradually enabled Allard to overcome the difficulties which had baffled the Mexican, and two hundred and ten bison were added to the herd at Wainwright. By degrees the rest were brought in until October, 1910, eight hundred and fifty beasts had been safely emigrated from Montana.

An incident in Allard's early career will show what manner of man this prince of cow-punchers proved himself. Before the herd was acquired by the Canadian Government one of the largest and fiercest bulls had been sold as a specimen, but had defied all efforts to secure him. Young Allard volunteered for the job, and, single-handed, armed only with a bamboo fishing-rod rode out on his quest. Encountering his adversary, the lad leapt him over the head with the rod. Infuriated at the insult, the beast gave chase. With the utmost coolness, Allard kept himself just out of the buffalo's reach, drawing him towards the corral, and repeating the blows with his pole whenever the bull showed signs of relinquishing the chase, until at length he was safe within the fences—an exploit of which the most famous matador in Spain might be proud.

Subsequently, about fifty more buffaloes were secured from other places in the Dominion and the States, bringing up the total in the National Park to 900. As the natural rate of increase is about 125 per annum, there is now no likelihood that the Bison, which once in countless numbers ranged the vast prairies of North America, will ever become extinct.

THE POPULAR SINGER.

No triumph is so easy, so undeserved, and so devastatingly vulgar as that of the popular singer. She has many assets, but only one gift. But of that one gift—a powerful and musical voice she is insanely vain; her vanity breeds self-assurance, and from that self-assurance arise a thousand petty affectations and insincurities; her brainless little head swells to inordinate size, and she tours through the English provinces and the American States convinced, a la Mary Pickford, that she is one of the greatest ones of the earth. Whereas, of course, she is nothing but a laryngeal curiosity. For Nature blunders sadly in the bestowal of her gifts—to the empty-headed she gives, perhaps as compensation, a marvellous voice, whilst the keen-witted and the imaginative have to go empty away. As Mr Ernest Newman said when writing of Hugo Wolf, the goods mean well, but their technique is weak. When by some divine accident, a fine voice is allied with a robust and sensitive brain, we get a great singer; but great singers are as rare as great poets or as honest politicians. Moreover, they cannot hope to compete with those whom the public worships. When Madame Aïda Acte comes to town she gives pleasure to hundreds, but when Dame Nellie Melba sings Tosti's "Good-Bye," with a sob in her throat, vast multitudes lie prone and weep.

RETURNED SOLDIERS.

REFUSE AFFILIATION
TO EMPIRE ALLIANCE.

The executive of the Returned Soldiers' League of Australia, decided not to grant affiliation to the King and Empire Alliance.

The secretary of the alliance (Major-General Rosenthal), who is also a member of the league executive, brought forward the proposal, having given notice of motion at the previous meeting.

The publicity officer of the league (Mr C. Davis) said that the resolution was the outcome of a discussion on a letter received from the King and Empire Alliance, accompanied by a memo. from Sir Sir Charles Rosenthal, asking that a notice of motion to this effect be placed on the agenda paper for congress. The letter was accompanied by a list of associations in Queensland with which the King and Empire Alliance was affiliated. It was pointed out that the Queensland association was formed 18 months ago, and was not a parent body of the association of which Sir Charles Rosenthal was hon. secretary. It was further stated that from the league standpoint there was no necessity for the existence of such an organisation in Australia, which had already proved its loyalty to King and Empire.

Another point raised was that the list of affiliated associations in Queensland should not influence the committee, seeing that those associations are not associations with kindred aims and objects to the league, whereas many were sectarian, such as the Protestant Federation. It was further remarked that although nearly every employers' association was included in the list, not one labour or unionist organisation was mentioned.

As the bulk of the league's members were working men, and did not concern themselves with the religion of their comrades—so long as they're white—the King and Empire Alliance was not of a sufficiently democratic nature to appeal to the members.

It was also pointed out that the only body that had the right to claim the title of "King and Empire Alliance" was the body of men who had fought for King and Empire, which body embraced men of every religious creed, every political belief and calling.

Allusion was also made to the fact that the Council of the King and Empire Alliance did not contain that number or proportion of returned soldiers that would inspire confidence in the league, and that if the Empire or Australia were to require men to defend King and Empire one need not go outside the league to obtain all the willing men needed.

Accordingly the executive declined to place the matter of affiliation on the agenda paper for the forthcoming conference of sub-branch delegates.

TRUCKS MADE OF CONCRETE.

The beginning of practical plans for the manufacture of reinforced concrete freight cars dates from 1909, when a patent for such a car was granted to Joseph B. Strauss, of Chicago. On account of the war, construction of a trial car was delayed; and it was but recently that the first car, of the gondola type, was completed by a Chicago company and tested under service conditions. Not only in the material used, but in its design and the details of construction, it represents an interesting departure from usual methods. The basic feature of the design, the "Scientific American" explains, is a steel skeleton body forming the outer boundary of the car, and mounted upon a steel underframe. The concrete walls and floor are contained within this frame, and, together with the frame and floor reinforcement, are connected to and interlocked with the underframe. The steel frame forms the finishing and protective edges, thus entirely shielding the concrete, and also serving as a complete system of stress-bearing members. In the construction of the test car the "cement gun" was used. The forms were placed on the outside of the car, and the cement was shot against them from within. The outside of the car, that is the surface against the forms, was given a smooth finish, but the interior was left much as it came from the gun. Tests of the completed car, both empty and loaded, demonstrated its practicability for rough service. In the test without load it withstood extremely rough handling in switching, and came through without injury. Subsequently the car was loaded with 55 tons (10 per cent. overload) of sand and turned over to a switching crew for service handling. It withstood this test also without injury. Other merits are claimed for the concrete car. It will not need painting, and will practically eliminate maintenance charges. Its life will be much longer than that of the wooden car.

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Belle: Jack proposed to me last night.
Bill: I'm not surprised. He told me he didn't care what became of him when I refused him.

She: Oh, Carl, there was once a time when you used to lovingly stroke my chin. You don't do it any more.
He: Yes, but that was when you had only one.

Suitor: What makes you think, sir, that I will not be able to support your daughter?

Her Father: The difficulty I've had in doing it myself.

"When a man does anything well he ought to get credit for it," remarked the generous-minded man.

"Not always," replied Bronco Bob. "Me an' Pinte Pete got the reputation of bein' such good poker players that it completely spoiled business."

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.

Business Man: Who is at the 'phone?

Typist: Your wife, sir.

Business Man: What does she want?

Typist: The only word I can make out is "idiot," sir.

Business Man: I'll come at once. She probably wants to talk to me.

HE WINS.

A man who was showing off by diving into the sea and staying under the water for a time, after one dive came up and found that he had remained under water for two minutes.

"That's going some!" he bragged. "I'll bet that's a record around here!"

"Oh, no, it ain't!" replied a spectator. "A man dived in here this time yesterday, and he ain't come up yet!"

LOST HIS ENTHUSIASM.

The worried countenance of the bridegroom disturbed the best man. Tiptoeing up the aisle, he whispered:

"What's the matter, Jock? Hae ye lost the ring?"

"No," blurted the unhappy Jock, "the ring's safe eno'. But, mon, I've lost me enthusiasm."

EVIDENCE.

The Judge (to jury, who have retired several times without agreeing): I understand that one jurymen prevents your coming to a verdict. In my summing up I have clearly stated the law, and any jurymen who obstinately sets his individual opinion against the remaining eleven is totally unfitted for his duties.

The Solitary Objector: Please, m'lud, I'm the only man who agrees with you!

WILL IT WORK BOTH WAYS?

Mrs Brown: The trousers which I have washed for Ike have shrunk so much that the poor child can hardly put them on.

Her Friend: Try washing Ike, and he might shrink too.

MAKING THE TARGET.

Two Irishmen arranged to fight a duel with pistols. One of them was distinctly stout, and when he saw his lean adversary facing him he raised an objection.

"Bedad!" he said, "I'm twice as big a target as he is, so I ought to stand twice as far away from him as he is from me."

"Be aisy now," replied his second. "I'll soon put that right."

Taking a piece of chalk from his pocket he drew lines down the stout man's coat, leaving a space between them.

"Now," he said, turning to the other man, "fire away, ye spalpeen, and remember that any hits outside that chalk line don't count."



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