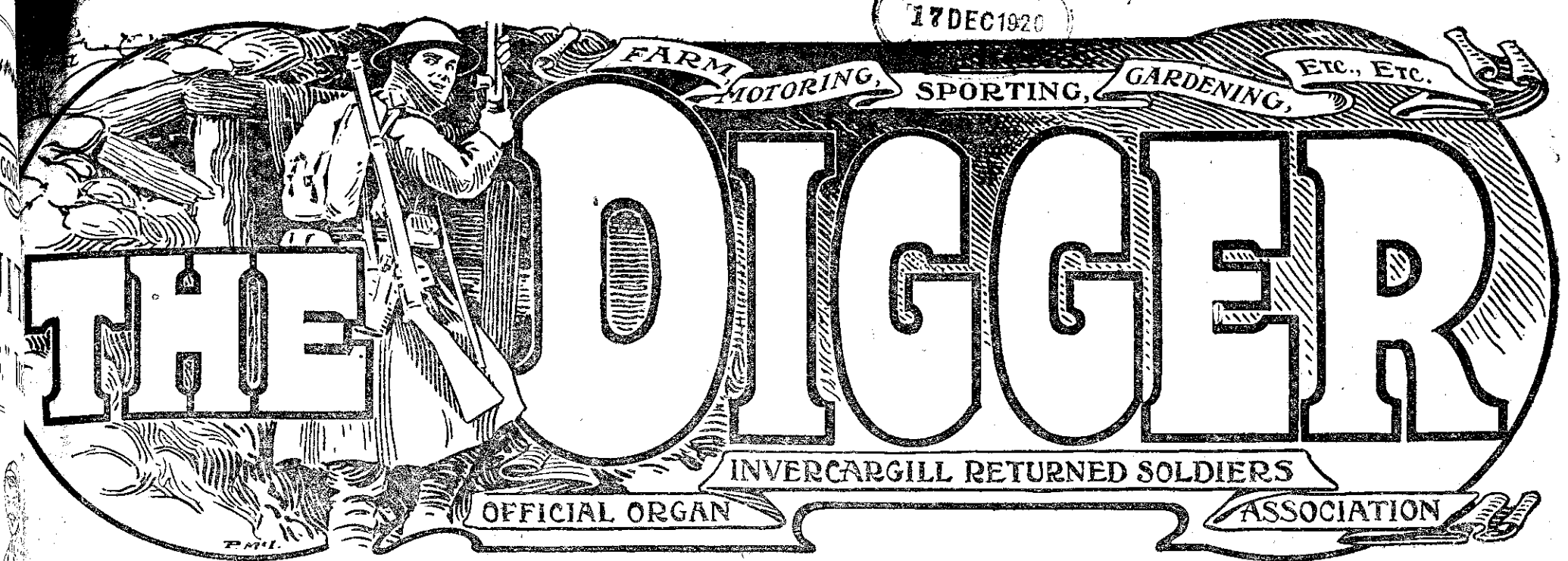




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Our carts will call at your home on re-
ceipt of an order or a ring to 101 on the
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WE.

We who have come back from the war,
And stand upright and draw full
breath,
Seek boldly what life holds in store
And eat its whole fruit, rind and core,
Ere yet we enter through the door
To keep our rendezvous with death.

We who have walked with death in
France,
When all the world with death was
rife,
Who came through all that devil's
dance,
When life was but a circumstance,
A sniper's whim, a bullet's glance,
We have a rendezvous with life!

With life that hurtles like a spark
From stricken steel where anvils chime,
That leaps the space from dark to
dark,
As clean as fire, and frank and stark—
White life that lives while there is
time.

Deliver us from tactless kin,
And drooling bores that start "re-
forms,"
And unctuous folks that prate of sin,
And theorists without a chin,
And politicians out to win,
And generals in uniforms.

We have come back who broke the line
The hard Hun held by bomb and
knife,
All but the blind can read the sign;
This time is ours by right divine,
Who drank with death in blood-red
wine—
We have a rendezvous with life!

—Hervey Allen.

A Sydney cable states: A gold nugget
of 154 ounces was found in the Bathurst
district.

The bituminous coal consumption in the
United States for the present coal year,
which will end on March 31, 1921, will
not likely exceed 550,000,000 tons and
may be more than 500,000,000 tons. This
means that the mines must produce a
little better than 10,000,000 tons a week
in order to supply the demand.

The report of the Medical School Officer
for London for 1919 is cheering reading,
for it reports the lowest death-rate
among children ever recorded. During
the year more than 300,000 children were
medically inspected, and 169,200 received
medical treatment. The general condi-
tion of the children, as regards nutrition
and cleanliness, was distinctly better than
in the year before the war.

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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 one day Mrs Vanderdecken, the owner of a famous pearl necklace, is invited to dinner. Doris watches from behind a curtain, and hears Armer, who is also present, ask her if she is not fearful of her pearls being stolen.

HAD DORIS BROKEN HER VOW OF SILENCE!

"Afraid?" Nina's high American accent was extraordinarily carrying. Doris, behind her curtain, heard the laugh that accompanied her words. "Not much!" continued Mrs Vanderdecken. "I nearly always wear my pearls, and I don't mind telling you in confidence"—she smiled archly into Armer's impassive face—"that I sleep with them under my pillow."

Helena Farr leaned forward. "That's where I hid my jewels!" she cried excitedly. "Only for that, they'd have been stolen when the burglars came the other night. They ransacked my room but they never thought of looking under the mattress."

An awkward silence ensued. To Morton Farr the subject was, naturally, most distasteful, seeing that among the guests round his table sat, disguised as his secretary, one of the cleverest detectives of the day. He changed the subject abruptly.

"I expected Dr Weston," he said to Nina. "I still expect him. But a doctor's time is not entirely his own."

"Indeed, it isn't," agreed the sprightly widow, turning to Armer. "Of course," she said, "you know Dr Weston. A charming man, isn't he?"

"I know Dr Weston very slightly," Armer spoke stiffly.

Doris wondered at the coolness of the man. And then she saw a footman hurry round, and throw the door open.

"Dr Weston," he announced, and Paul, looking very well-bred and good-looking, came quietly in.

"I'm awfully sorry I am late," he said, as he shook hands with Lena and bowed politely to the table in general.

Conversation became general. Doris saw, to her amazement, that Armer was treating Paul, who sat opposite to him, in a most cordial manner. What his object for this was the girl could not imagine.

Paul met Armer's advances coolly. It seemed to Doris that Dr Weston was as much surprised at the change in her husband's manner as she was.

And, certainly, now she could have a long uninterrupted look at Roger.

He was very much changed in every way. His face, always stern, was now hard as well. A curiously furtive expression replaced the old straightforward glance.

"It's the awful life of sin and crime he's living," she thought. "It's bound to tell in time. Oh, if only he would give it up! Have I the right to stand aside, and not do all I can to save him? Have I? Have I?"

She stood back quickly. Helena had given the signal. The ladies rose, and filed to the door.

Armer detained Mrs Vanderdecken for a minute. It seemed to the distracted Doris that he could not bear to let the pearls out of his sight.

He had been most attentive to his partner during the meal. He was evidently saying something about the fastening of the clasp, for Nina put up her hands to the clasp, and made some laughing remark which Doris could not hear.

The ladies passed through the hall, and into the drawing-room, before Doris could recover herself sufficiently to slip away.

"Never mind," she thought; "I can easily slip round the terrace, and in at the side door."

She waited a short time, until the men had settled down to their wine and cigars, and then, quietly opening the window, she slipped out on to the gravelled path.

"After all, I need not be uneasy. So long as they remain clasped round Mrs Vanderdecken's neck, there's no danger."

This was what Doris told herself; but deep down in her mind lay an uneasy feeling that it was not so impossible as she would like to believe. It seemed that nothing that was bad and cruel was impossible for Roger Armer.

And then, even as she turned the angle of the house, she came face to face with the man of whom she was thinking.

How he got there, she didn't stop to think. That he was there she knew. The moon shone down upon his face—pale and hard as ever.

The faultlessly cut evening-dress showed off to perfection his equally faultless figure. He looked strikingly handsome, and Doris's heart contracted with a strangely sharp pain.

It was beyond doubt her husband on whom she gazed, and yet she experienced the sensation that a stranger stood before her.

"I beg your pardon!" he said formally. "I hope I did not alarm you. The fact is the dining-room became insufferably hot. I came out for a breath of air."

Sheer amazement held Doris silent. He was actually pretending that she was a stranger—she, the ill-treated, insulted wife of Roger Armer was being addressed by him as though he had never seen her before!

And then came swiftly an explanation of Armer's conduct. He believed her to be dead! She was dressed in uniform, and moonlight is deceptive, plays strange tricks with form and features. And she herself was changed. She looked older.

And yet it seemed impossible that he did not recognise her.

Well, let it be so. It made her task more easy. Nurse Angela must say to Roger Armer things that Doris Armer dare not utter.

"Roger Armer!"—she spoke in low, tense tones—"I will give you a word of warning. You are being watched. Do not return to the house. You cannot steal Mrs Vanderdecken's pearls. I know I ought to tell Mr Farr what you are. But if you will go—at once—I will not speak. Because of—the past, I will be silent."

Her voice choked; she hardly knew what she said.

Armer continued to gaze at her. She could see his face change colour. Then the look of blank astonishment faded.

"It is good of you, Armer said. "Only—I don't understand you. Surely you are not making a mistake—taking me for someone else?"

"—no." A strange doubt gripped her. This man was Roger, and yet—he was not Roger. She determined to make sure. "You are Roger Armer?"

"Yes, I am—Roger Armer, but—"

"Quick!" She pushed him from her. Her quick ear had caught the sound of an opening window. She glanced up, to see the shock head and coloured spectacles of Mr Smith leaning out of the passage window above them. "I've warned you. Go."

Without a backward glance, she sped away, nor did she pause until she had gamed her own room. She locked the door and threw herself down into a chair, her heart beating as though it would suffocate her, every nerve tingling with excitement.

"How will it end?" she moaned. "How can it end? He believes me dead, and I—I alone—can save him. I am his wife. Nothing can undo that. I have broken my vow of silence, a vow I should never have taken."

She sat for what seemed to her a long time, her face hidden in her hands, thinking what was best to be done, praying to be shown clearly where her duty lay. At last she rose, and bathed her tear-stained face.

"I will go to him to-morrow. I will tell him that it was his most unhappy wife to whom he spoke to-night. I will implore him to give up his double life, to make amends to his victims, and return the jewels he has stolen. If anyone knew that Nurse Angela was Doris Armer, what would they think? But no one knows, except Paul—my one, my only friend."

Armer waited till the white-capped fig-

ure had disappeared, and then, casting a quick glance round, to see no one else was looking, he slipped into the shrubbery.

Had not Mr Walter Smith been so intent on following Nurse Angela's movements, he would have gained some valuable information respecting Mr Roger Armer.

But even the greatest detectives occasionally make mistakes, and this was one of Mark Lewis's biggest, as no one was more ready to concede than himself—later on.

Meanwhile, Armer had reached the wicket gate leading to the woods. A low soft whistle, and a man appeared before him.

"I've had an adventure, Barlow," Armer said. "Come further away and I'll tell you. Oh, yes, we've plenty of time! Farr and the other men won't leave their wine for some time. The port is too good—cigars, too, beyond reproach."

"A pity," said Henry Barlow, who was so disguised that recognition was practically impossible, "that you can't have that adventure. I was watching at the time from behind those ribs of evergreen. I saw you and Doris—"

"Doris! Was that Doris?" Armer's tones were full of astonishment. "How she's changed! I'd never have recognised her. My goodness, you have amazed me!"

"You're too reckless, Armer," Henry Barlow complained. And then in a tense whisper, he added: "Is everything arranged?"

"Yes, Nina Van is ripe for a flirtation and I understand the fastening of her necklace. It's intimate, but it's practically the same as that Russian woman's necklace I pinched with my own hands! necklace I pinched as she was leaving the opera in July."

"Well, be careful! Doris Armer knows—"

"Or thinks she knows," laughed the other. "The odd part about it all is—that everybody believes her to be dead!"

"Oh, well!" Armer shrugged his shoulders impatiently. "We can't bother about Doris. I've got to get on with the pearl business. I expect my character is wondering why I don't put in an appearance. If there was no Wanda, I might do worse than consider Nina Vanderdecken."

"There is Wanda—and there is Doris, also," said Henry Barlow.

They conversed in low tones for a few minutes, and presently Armer strolled leisurely in, through the dining-room window, and he joined the other men.

"All right, Armer?" Morton Farr asked.

"Oh, yes! Never could stand a hot room."

Paul Weston looked steadily at him. There was something about Roger Armer to-night that he did not understand. Roger Armer did not look in the least ill. But, yes, there certainly was something strange about him.

WHAT HAPPENED IN THE WINTER GARDEN.

Nina Vanderdecken looked up invitingly into Mr Armer's face. She swept aside her rich dress, and made room for him on the sofa beside her.

The group of ladies had broken up. Helena had attacked herself to Paul Weston. Morton Farr was wishing that Doris was present. Her dislike to joining the party rather puzzled him.

"Have you seen the winter garden, Mrs Vanderdecken?" Armer whispered, as he slowly waved the widow's jewelled fan to and fro.

"No; not for ever so long. Mr Farr was telling me of some wonderful orchids he had secured."

She sent him a flirtatious glance.

"Will you allow me to show it to you?"

Nina shivered affectingly.

"Won't it be cold?"

"No; quite the reverse. It is over-heated, I think."

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Nina Vanderdecken rose.

"In that case, I'll go."

She looked sentimentally at him as she laid her beringed hand upon his arm. Armer pressed it tenderly, and returned the glance with interest. "All was going well!"

They passed into the conservatory together. The shaded lights, the warm, enervating atmosphere, delighted Nina.

After duly admiring the orchids, she sauk into one of the cane lounges which were placed about beneath the exotic plants and shrubs.

The seat selected by Mrs Vanderdecken had its back to the windows. She did not see that one of them was slightly open. Armer sat in a low chair opposite her, commanding a view of the window.

Presently, he raised his hand slowly, and smoothed his hair. The dark figure of a man crept silently in, and dropped behind a huge orange tree.

"I suppose," sighed Mrs Vanderdecken, "we ought to go back. Won't people talk?"

"Let them talk," Armer said tenderly. "We are very happy here, you and I?"

He took her hand in his, and pressed it. "Yes," she murmured.

"Nina, there's something I want to say to you—"

But what Armer intended to say, Nina Vanderdecken never heard. The lights went suddenly out, plunging the winter garden into darkness.

Mrs Vanderdecken uttered a scream, and clung to Armer. He held her closely, and then, with gentle force, he put her from him.

"Don't be alarmed," he said. "Something has gone wrong with the electric current. I'll go to find out what it is. Sit still—you may fall over something. I won't be a minute."

But Nina was really frightened. She uttered a shrill scream, and clung still tighter to him.

"Oh—oh! Don't go! I can't be left, Mr Armer! You mustn't go!"

Armer could willingly have choked her. Her cries had reached the party in the drawing-room. He could see Farr's bulky form approaching.

Quick as light, a hand shot out from the darkness and gently removed the necklace which Armer had unfasted.

The owner of the eager hand crawled through the foliage, reached the open door passed through it, closed it silently behind him, and then, keeping well in the shadow, disappeared into the copse.

In less than it takes to tell the story, Henry Barlow was speeding towards London with Mrs Nina Vanderdecken's priceless rope of pearls in his pocket.

"Whatever's the matter?" Mr Farr asked.

"Oh, the light has failed! Don't be alarmed, Mrs Vanderdecken. It isn't the first time this has happened. I shall have to send for the electrician. It may be on again any time."

His hand touched the switch. Once more the garden was flooded rosy pink.

"There, you see it was but momentary," He smiled at Nina reassuringly. "Come into the dining-room, and let me give you a glass of wine. Or would you care to go upstairs? Helena's nurse is there. If you feel faint, Nurse Angela will know what to do. There's Weston, too."

"No, no; I don't need a doctor or nurse. I—I know you'll laugh at me, but I experienced such an uncanny sensation! As if I wasn't—alone."

Armer laughed.

"You weren't; I was with you." And then he added gravely: "Do you know, I, too, had the feeling that some third person was present."

Farr peered about.

"Impossible! No one could have got in unless they passed through the drawing-room. The doors on the terrace are always securely locked at night."

Farr offered his arm, and led the still trembling Nina through a side door into the drawing-room. Armer, full of solicitude, followed.

She put her hand to her throat, gave a faint, gurgling cry, and sank helplessly into a chair.

Farr and Armer gazed at her in dismay. It was true! The thick rope of flawless gems was no longer decorating Nina Vanderdecken's plump, white neck.

"You must have dropped them in the winter garden," Morton Farr said. "Go, like a good chap, Armer, and hunt for them. Don't upset yourself, dear Mrs Vanderdecken. Armer'll find them, and bring them back in a moment. Now drink this. That's better!"

Nina swallowed the wine, and her colour returned. But her nerve seemed gone.

"I shall never see them again!" She moaned. "They are stolen! There was someone else in the garden, someone beside Mr Armer and I. Whoever it was, stole my pearls." She staggered towards the door. "I'll help Mr Armer look."

They entered the conservatory, to find Roger Armer and one of the footmen searching among the plants.

"I can't find them." Armer rose from his knees. "It's most extraordinary! I never left Mrs Vanderdecken. In fact"—he hesitated, and glanced at the distracted woman apologetically—"my arm was very close to her. It's incredible that anyone could steal the necklace off Mrs Vanderdecken's neck without my knowledge."

"The window was unlatched, sir."

Charles came forward.

Morton Farr turned angrily.

"And whose fault is that but yours." In vain the footman declared that he had locked and fastened the window.

Roger Armer's face was a study. Sympathy mingled with shrewdness.

"I'm afraid," he said quietly, "that Mrs Vanderdecken is right. She has been robbed. The gang who robbed me—and you, Farr—has been here again. There is no time to lose. If you will allow me, I will go at once to the police-station."

"Thanks, old man! In the meantime, I will ring up Scotland Yard—" He paused. He had only just remembered that he had a detective in the house. He beckoned Armer on one side.

"Armer, I'm going to let you into a secret. You saw my secretary at dinner—Mr Smith?"

Armer nodded.

"Well, he is the celebrated Mark Lewis, one of the keenest 'tocs of the day."

"I employed Jeffrey Smart," said Armer. "He is no use! I'd best be off."

He turned abruptly away.

He, like Henry Barlow, made straight for the woods. A bicycle lay among the brushwood. He mounted it, and in half an hour had caught the last up-train.

Safe in the solitude of a first-class compartment, Armer wiped his brow.

"A narrow shave that! What a scare that Doris gave me! She's a plucky one. But all's well that ends well. In a few hours' time the fair Nina's pearls will be well out of the country. And after that I really will retire from the profession. England will be too hot to hold us!"

His face wore a look of regret. The "profession," as he called it, was too interesting to be relinquished without a pang.

Meanwhile, the commotion at Fairwell Manor had somewhat subsided.

"Armer's gone to tell the police," Farr told Lewis.

The detective looked annoyed.

"Excuse me, Mr Farr," he said, "but you should not have allowed anyone to leave the house without telling me."

"But Armer—surely Mr Armer is above suspicion."

Mark Lewis shrugged his shoulders.

"No one is above suspicion until the guilty part is discovered. I think my disguise has served its purpose. I will now assume once more the personality of Mark Lewis, detective."

To this Morton Farr agreed at once.

"It's most extraordinary," he said. "Someone inside the house must have opened the conservatory door. Mustn't they?"

The detective smiled.

"Looks like it. And now, with your permission, I will search your guests—and the servants."

In vain did Mr Farr protest. Mrs Vanderdecken backed up Lewis.

"Of course, the guests are a matter of form. But the servants—ah, they are quite another matter!"

"I will ring up the police-station, and ask them to send along an officer to help me."

"But," protested Mr Farr, "Mr Armer has gone."

"All the same it will be more satisfactory if I myself ring 'em up."

Morton Farr accompanied Lewis to the telephone-room.

"Hullo! There's something the matter with your telephone. It won't act! It's been tampered with! It doesn't work!"

Closer inspection proved this to be the case. Inquiries also showed that since Roger Armer had used the instrument no one else had done so.

Lewis made a mental note of this, but he said nothing—only asked Mr Farr to send a special messenger to the police-station, as the telephone was useless.

As soon as the inspector arrived, accompanied by a female detective, he proceeded with the disagreeable duty of searching guests and servants.

The former took it philosophically—make jokes about it—but it was evident that the servants resented what they termed "the insult." Lewis took the female searcher on one side.

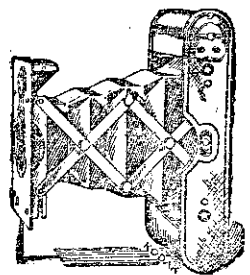
"I want you to be very particular about searching Nurse Angela."

"You think—?" Mrs Shale began.

"Not that she's the thief; but that she's shielding the thief. Bring me any letters—or anything else you may find—privately."

But when they sought for Nurse Angela she was not to be found. Her room was empty.

(Continued on page 4.)



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LADDERS, Etc.

Sole Southland Agent for

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THE SILENT WIFE.

(Continued from page 3.)

"I'LL STAND BY YOU, MY
DEAREST."

"Roger must be warned—and at once!"
Doris's mind held but this one thought.
No matter what it cost her, she must
tell him that the game was up—that the
daring robbery had brought his undoing.

Hastily she removed her uniform, and
put on her old serge suit.

She must be quick. The commotion
the loss of Nina Vanderdecken's pearls
had caused would throw the whole house
out of its usual routine.

"They're going to have us all searched!"
she heard Martha Cox cry indignantly.

And cook responded excitedly.

"As if we were thieves! The idea!"

She must go—before they began the
search.

She wished she could have seen and
spoken to Paul Weston before she left the
Manor. He had been so kind, so under-
standing. It seemed so ungrateful to go
like a thief in the night.

The word "thief" brought another ter-
rible idea to the girl's distracted brain.
If she disappeared without an explanation
they would, in all probability, connect her
with the gang of burglars!

Everything seemed against her. Of
course, she could not return home. She
dared not.

But Roger must be saved! It didn't
matter much what became of her once
Roger was safe.

And then, like a flash, it came to her
that she loved him—that it was not all
duty to the man because he was her hus-
band that prompted her actions. In spite
of the fact that he was guilty, she loved
him!

A wild longing to throw herself into his
arms, to beg him to take her with him
wherever he went, to go with him to a
new land and start life afresh together,
came rushing over her.

Together they would retrieve the past,
redress as far as possible the wrong Roger
Armer had done during his dreadful
double life.

She packed feverishly, and was soon
ready.

And then she found herself confronted
by a new difficulty. How was she to reach
Westways Court?

She dared not risk the car again. The
outdoor servants were still searching the
grounds. She could see their lanterns, like
glow-worms among the shrubs.

Suddenly, she remembered her bicycle.
It was in the shed at the back of the
house. She would have to risk being seen,
that she couldn't help.

The back portion of the house was prac-
tically deserted. Servants and guests
seemed to have congregated in the hall.
No one saw her steal into the shed, no
one saw her go.

She dared not light her lamp. She must
risk running across the police. As a mat-
ter of fact, the inspector's car, on its way
to Fairwell Manor, passed her as she
crouched in the hedge.

After that she met nothing, and, after
a couple of hours' steady riding, found
herself once more at the gates of her old
home.

She dismounted, and stood a minute
looking towards the house. To her surprise
the gates were open, and so she got an un-
interrupted view of the house, which lay
at the end of the long, straight avenue.

"How late they were up!" she thought.
The windows were lit up; the electric
lights on the staircases were on. And then
she thought bitterly that this might well
be. Roger could not long have returned
home. Rather imprudent, all the same.

As she stood hesitating—wondering—
dreading what lay before her, a closed
car came swiftly down the avenue. Doris
slipped through the gates, leaving her
bicycle in the hedge outside.

Whoever these late visitors might be,
she did not want to attract their attention.
A woman came out of the lodge.

"How is the master?"

Doris recognised the woman's voice. She
had been lodgekeeper ever since Roger
Armer had purchased the estate.

"Oh," Mrs Beasley continued, "I do
hope he is better, doctor!"

The man inside put out his head. Paul
Weston spoke gravely. Every word
reached Doris, clear as a bell.

"I can't say Mr Armer is much better,
Mrs Beasley," Dr. Weston said. "If he
doesn't improve in twenty-four hours I
will send to London for Sir Hector Wil-
son."

"Eh, dearie me!" wailed Mrs Beasley,
whom, Doris remembered, was devoted to
the master—and with good reason, seeing
he had practically saved her child's life,
by placing her in a nursing home, and pay-
ing all expenses connected with a long and
serious illness. "Dearie me, but it's a
bad job! It seems the car overturned stop
of Mr Armer. He was found beneath it.
Lucky job you was a-coming along at the

moment, or he might have bin lyin' there
now!"

"Indeed he might, Mrs Beasley, I shall
see him first thing in the morning. I hope
to bring another doctor and a nurse with
me. In the meantime, Mrs Spry and
Miss Vane are looking after him. Not
that there's much to be done till he re-
covers consciousness, except watch him
carefully."

The car moved on, and was out of sight
before Doris could rally from the shock
the conversation had caused her.

Roger had met with an accident. He had
been found on the roadside by Paul Wes-
ton, and, because of this, he was being
attended to by the very man whom he
had forbidden to enter his house! But Paul
would save Roger's life if anyone could.

And Isobel Vane was nursing him.
Isobel, who had hated her and wanted
Roger's love! It should not be! It was
unthinkable that another woman should
tend him, whilst she—the woman who
loved him—stood outside, in the cold, a
pariah at his gates.

"I'll tell her I live!" She clenched her
hands until the nails bit into her soft
palms.

"I'll break my vow of silence! I'll tell
him I love him! I'll ask his forgiveness!"

(To be continued.)

GORE TROTTERING CLUB.**HANDICAPS FOR ANNUAL MEETING**

The following are the handicaps for the
Gore Trotting Club's meeting:—

Novice Handicap, class 3.52 (one mile
and a-half)—Alyone, Bell Wallace, Croy-
don Chimes, Downcast, Dark Rosine,
Enid Fenchild, Fashion Plate, Little Rain,
McGrath, Princess Alert, Princess Bell,
Rothmond, Sunridge Sarita, Tahawai and
Tuxedo Lady limit, Cock Robin and Sol-
dier's Vote 36yds bhd, Rothbell 43, Roth-
star 72, Eric Rothschild 103. Clifton
Chimes and May Tracey are not eligible.

Mataura Handicap (harness), trotters
only, class 5.8 (two miles)—Ambassador,
Darkest, El Bellette, Harmony, Randolph,
Santos, St. Peter, St. Anthony, Wallace
Maid, Zena Dare, and b g by Young
McKinney limit, Bushranger 12, Bonette,
Flowerbell, Kola Bell and Waihemu 24,
The Squire 36, King Pirate and Delville
Wood 72, Exmoor 120, Rito and Wallace-
town 144.

Christmas Handicap (harness), class
3.45 (one mile and a-half)—Ben Mac, Ben
o' Hau, Elma Boy, Healdale and Until
limit, Armistice, Evening Chimes, First
Toll, General Joffre, Lenamhor, Moun-
tain Wood, Nightcaps, St. Mihiel, Thea
and Wild Queen 12, Eric Rothschild, Mc-
Connachie, Miss O'Neill, Norma Dillon
and Red Empress 24, Country Queen,
Erin's Isle, Haroldson and Sweet
Chimes 36, Cross Battery 60, Intolerance
72.

Gore Trotting Club Handicap (harness),
2400, class 4.52 (two miles)—Blue Chimes,
Biddy Tracey, Canadian Club, Coldwater,
Full Cry, Gladiola, Lady Chimes, Mam-
mon, Nellie Dillon, Nellie Scott and So-
briquet limit, Barooga 12, Indra and
Vera K 24, Marvelle, Newcourt, South
Star and Thixendale 36, Matty's Boy 60.

Telegraph Handicap (saddle), class 2.24
(one mile)—Blue Chimes, Eros, Full Cry,
Frances Derby, Ferry Wallace, Jane Wil-
kes, King Daphne, Last Vue, Masterpiece
and Rosebery limit, Oxenwood 36, Bell-
fashion 60, Matty's Boy 72.

Croydon Handicap (saddle), trotters
only, class 4.0 (1½ miles)—Bessie
Mac, Billy Moor, Berlin Bell, Captain
Wallace, Dolly Havelock, General Quin-
cey, Inc, Jimmy Moor, Kernella, Lady
Evelyn, Little Kate, Merry Ben, Miss
Malvern, Ma Chere, Princess Roth, Prin-
cess Peter, Stone Ginger, Zingiber, and
b m by Dragon—Tipperary limit, Dorin-
da 24, Straychild 36, Darkest, El Bellette,
Randolph, Syndicate, Wallace Maid, b g
by Young McKinney and Special Ribbon
103, Bushranger, Flowerbell, Kola Bell
and Prejudice 120, Delville Wood 156.

Waimea Handicap (harness), class 5.6
(two miles)—Cock Robin, Colchester, John
Redmond, Quick Match, Soldier's Vote
and The Sheik limit, Maile 12, Seamount
24, Rothstar 43, St. Mihiel, Tahiti, Waka-
nui and Thea 60, Flower o' Turi, Gen-
eral Joffre, Lenamhor, Miss O'Neill and
Wild Queen 72, Erin's Isle 84, Harold's
Treasure 96.

Final Handicap (harness), class 3.0 (1½
miles)—Barooga, Blue Chimes, Biddy
Tracey, Canadian Club, Coldwater, Eros,
Full Cry, Guardess, King Daphne, Last
Vue, Minimax, Masterpiece, Mammon and
Nellie Dillon limit, Jane Wilks, Marvelle,
Indra and Newcourt 12.

Worms are sensitive to light, though
they have no eyes. They do not hear as
we hear, but they feel vibrations and so
are warned of danger.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

By "Commentator."

In a claim before the Arbitration
Court by the Typographical Union for the
9s bonus, Mr F. Pirani speaking on be-
half of the employers, stated that paper
had gone up from £12 to £70 per ton.

This goes a long way towards explaining
why footwear is so costly.

A MODERN MIRACLE.

Extract from speech by the Hon. E. P.
Lee to the Chamber of Commerce confer-
ence:—"The policy of the Government is
that there should be a main arterial road
from Auckland to the Bluff.

This is even a more ambitious undertak-
ing than the road made by Moses through
the Red Sea.

A UNIQUE DISTINCTION.

Mr V. H. Treant, the New South Wales
Rhodes Scholar, is the fifteenth child of a
family of eighteen.

GO-SLOW POLICY.

The only thing that could make a Lab-
our Party popular in this country is a lit-
tle more labour.

This at any rate seems to be the opin-
ion of the Hon. W. F. Massey, whose clar-
ion call is still more production.

Methinks our Parliamentary represent-
atives are the greatest laggards in this
respect. Six months work in one year
can hardly be called setting an example.
If some of our representatives were paid
by the day they would starve.

To profiteer is human, to catch them
would be divine.

One of the causes of the shortage of
labour in this country is that there are too
many automobile drivers and not enough
barrow pushers.

FROM THE "SOUTHLAND NEWS."

"A Sydney cable states that the As-
sembly read a first time, after a disorderly
debate, the bill to increase members' sal-
aries.

Members have evidently been indulging
in a "wee drap" in anticipation of a
rise in salary, which seems to give weight
to the suspicion that they are not there
to see what good they can do the country,
so much as to see what good the country
can do them.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

The hostess is again asking, "How many
lumps?"

A NEW CODE.

A new idea for saving words was hit
upon by a writer of an "Agony ad" in
a daily paper the other day, the chief
phrases being:—"Willu dine?" Give dates
suitu." One might wire a friend. "Willu
meetme atrotunda ifu finduve time." But
there is, unfortunately a Postmaster
General to consider, and his interests are
rather to make us spend more on our tele-
grams than to encourage ingenious meth-
ods of sending two words for the price of
one.

PILOTS AND PACIFICISM.

Ex-digger H. G. Gilbert, Pastor of St.
Paul's let loose the vials of his wrath on
Dr Gibb at the Presbyterian General As-
sembly recently on the subject of pacif-
ism. He was ably seconded by the Rev.
W. McLean, ex-Padre of 2nd Otago. In
the end the venerable Doctor capitulated
and practically admitted that he hadn't
meant all he said.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE SCOT.

The following advertisement appeared in
the Edinburgh "Scotsman":—

"A soldier who has lost his right leg is
desirous of making the acquaintance of
some one who has lost his left leg, in order
to become associated with him in the pur-
chase of boots and shoes, Size 8."

To we diggers it seems that though a
"Jock" may have the misfortune to lose
a leg he never loses his head.

R.I.P.

In England there are recruiting posters
everywhere, "Join the Army, and see the
World."

Having regard to the murderous assaults
that are so frequent recruits must often
be wanted for the Royal Irish Police and
the posters in that case should read:—
"Join the R.I.P. and see the next world."

Our local tonsorial artists have increased
the price of a man's haircut to 1s 6d.
What about a rebate for partial baldness.

RABBITSKINS

RABBITSKINS

RABBITSKINS

J. K. MOONEY & CO.,

(Geo. Stewart, Manager),

STUART STREET, DUNEDIN.

P.O. BOX 54, DUNEDIN.

CASH BUYERS—

RABBITSKINS, SHEEPSKINS,

WOOL, HIDES, ETC.

Send us your consignments and you will
receive highest market prices and prompt
returns. We deal direct with the Over-
seas Manufacturers.

WE PAY HIGHEST MARKET PRICES

CHARGE NO COMMISSION.

SEND PROMPT RETURNS.

A TRIAL CONSIGNMENT WILL CON-
VINCE YOU.

TYRES!!

MOTORISTS.—Beware of getting large
discounts off when buying tyres as you
could do the same, as some firms are do-
ing, namely:—

Put 50 per cent. on the list prices and
give a discount of 20 per cent. perhaps
more, but we believe in fair dealing, by
first, keeping down the list prices and sec-
ond by giving motorists more than hal-
our profits.

CALL ON US BEFORE GOING
ELSEWHERE.

A LARGE VARIETY OF MAKES
AND SIZES IN STOCK.

TRILLO'S FREE GARAGE.

DEE STREET.

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GET THE ENGAGEMENT RING
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Not only do you get the Best Ring
possible for her, but there's a big
saving. The 25 per cent. duty we
save by importing stones unset and
making up rings in our own workroom
ensures this.

That's why we offer the best value
in New Zealand.

Wm. A. Brown
The Ring Specialist

Corner Dee and Don streets,

INVERCARGILL

ANGLING NOTES.

(By "Creel").

"MY OLD BROQUES."

Old pals of mine; old friends of fishing days;
We both got old and frail, yes, sad to say,
The glorious days we had upon the river,
Bring back, sweet, sad thoughts, from mem'ry's quiver.

Old pals of mine, you must remember well,
The happy days we spent with our dear Nell.
She was so sweet and pure as Gold above,
She's there with Him now, my love, my love.

It did seem hard when He first called her,
The devil nearly got me then, the cur;
For on the brink of hell I began to shiver,
You took me back, old pals, to the clean river.

And there I felt the good of Nature's plan,
It cleansed my soul and made a better man;
God's lesson there I humbly learnt anew,
To trust in Him, to guide me safely through.

And as we sit to-night beside the fire;
Those memories sweet seem so much nigher;
I see within its blaze, old faces, friends,
Whose kindness in our sorrow made amends.

For her sad loss to me, old pals, and you,
Her soul had gone to heaven, and they knew.
I seem to feel her presence close to-night,
An angel's voice singing "Lead Kindly Light."

Why, really, pals, you seem to understand,
That I am leaving for the promised land.
Yes, yes, dear wife, I hear you calling me,
I come at last my love, my love, to thee.

—By "Creel."

I would again like to ask all secretaries and anglers in general, to forward for publication, items of interest, for this column.

MAIL BRAINS FIND SMALL "FUN."

A disgusting experience to some anglers, as been related to me, and, I think my readers will agree that the above heading is the clever culprit "like a glove." While fishing the Oreti in the precincts of 3yal Bush, a party of anglers left their car on the road, absolutely in a place where it could not do any harm to anybody, but on their return, found that some "clever" busybody, had altered the terminals on the sparking plugs, thereby causing them considerable anxiety and inconvenience. This was not an isolated experience as another party in the same locality had a similar happening just recently. Luckily, one of the members of the latter party, was a partaker in the previous stunt, and profited thereby, finding the same treatment had been meted out to his friend's car. Such a despicable "practical joke" is worthy of grave censure. A warning and example should be made of the guilty party, by laying a rap for the individual (a stronger name would suit better), and making it a subject for police enquiry. It is to be hoped that this warning in these notes will suffice.

For week-ending December 4th, Messrs Hoffman and Baldwin, fishing the Makarawa, with the natural bully, caught 19 well-conditioned trout, and for week-ending the 11th December, eleven fish weighing 38lb (heaviest fish 7lbs), all in good "nick." Natural bully was again the bait used. (Their footnote on their report was eagerly scanned by the Editor, Messrs. Gavin Brighton, the lady typiste, and the printer's devil, and they all hope that next week's catch will be a record one). —"Creel."

Messrs Speden Bros. and J. McArthur (Gore), creeled 30 fish on the Otamita in splendid condition. The creeper and red

body Waipahi fly was used. The heaviest fish weighed 43lbs.

Mr J. Sparkes (Railway) and friend, visited the Oreti, at Lady Barclay, last Saturday. The river was in beautiful order, but owing to the very high wind prevailing, fly fishing was very difficult. However, 18 nice fish rewarded their efforts, and they report the water to be particularly good, fine ripples and holes (where good fish must lie) being predominant. The Stone fly, red body Waipahi, and Owaka were the killing flies.

A HEART-BREAKING SIGHT.

Displayed in a fish shop in Invercargill, last Saturday, was a beautiful display of estuary trout. To the angler they would be great sport if he only had the opportunity of catching them in some of our Southland rivers. However, some day this class of fish will have the opportunity of running up our streams, as it is only a matter of time when the unjust netting will be totally abolished.

FINE GUT AND A BREAKING STRAIN.

The following article is taken from the "Field," of October 9th, 1920:—

To use a distinctively American expression "Chelidon" has the right dope" when he suggests (in the "Field" of August 21) that the thickness of the gut cast or leader as it is called in America, has a lot to do with success, or otherwise, when fly-fishing for highly educated trout. I have proved the fact over and over again, to my own satisfaction, that the cast is nearly the whole thing, and the fly, provided the size is right, only has a secondary influence on the inducement to rise. A drawn gut point has a theoretical or laboratory breaking strain of about two and a half pounds. When using such a point "on the stream" numerous influences which it is not necessary to specify, reduce this theoretical strength considerably below the value obtained when testing. Even so it is surprising how much strain we can put on against a hooked fish, and not break the point, if we only keep in mind certain advice that nearly every angling writer has given, viz., "Keep the point of the rod up." I will add another word to this, which is, "And do not take hold of the rod at any other place except the handle." Without going into the exact mathematics of the case it is sufficient to say that if we wish to break gut point that has a final strength of two and a-half pounds, and if we hold the rod properly, it will be necessary to exert a force of twenty-two and a-half pounds with the fingers that grasp the upper part of the handle, and at the same time the lower part of the inside hand must be pressing against the bottom of the handle with a force equal to nearly 21lbs. If, however, we pivot the bulk of the rod against our body and hold the rod at a point possibly 10in. above the top of the handle, so as to get more "purchase" against the struggling fish, we shall get it, yes, and also, we shall not get that fish, because in this latter position it only takes a force of about five and a-quarter pounds, applied by the hand that is holding the rod in this position, to produce a strain of two and a-half pounds in the cast, which will ensure the freedom of the hooked trout.

A number of fish are lost in striking, especially on a short line, because the maximum strain comes on suddenly and frequently before the rod has reached the vertical position; but once a fish is hooked it is surprising how roughly we can handle him at times and still keep the fragile connection between us intact.

NEWSPAPER AND AEROPLANE.

Aeroplanes scored heavily against time on Derby Day at Home, and the "Daily Mail," using the new method of travel, scooped other papers with its Manchester and Paris editions, which had photos of the classic event in the next day's papers. To enable the pictures to reach Paris (250 miles) in time, they were handed, immediately after the close of the race at Epsom, to a motor car passenger, who drove with them to Croydon Aerodrome, where an Airco plane was waiting. This left for Paris at once with the undeveloped plates, and reached Le Bourget Aerodrome, near Paris, at 6.45 p.m. A fast car was waiting, and delivered them to the Paris office at 7.30 p.m., photographs being posted up in the Daily Mail Travel Bureau within forty minutes of the arrival of the plates at Le Bourget. Within a few minutes of the race finish another batch of plates was on the way to the London office of the "Daily Mail" in a specially-fitted-up delivery van, in which they were developed on the journey, and contact prints made. Carmelite House was reached at 4.9 p.m., and within 20 minutes half-tone blocks were ready for newspaper

printing. The blocks were taken by car to Cricklewood Aerodrome, where a Bristol "Fighter" was waiting with propeller running. The plane, piloted by Major Foot, left at 5.12 p.m. for Didsbury Aerodrome, Manchester, 185 miles away. This was reached at 7.30 p.m.—a speed of over 80 m.p.h.—and at 7.45 p.m. the blocks were in the Manchester office, whence the Northern, Scottish, and Irish editions of the "Daily Mail" are circulated. Lord Northcliffe is to be congratulated on his up-to-date organisation, and he has led the way for other newspapers in the use of the aeroplane.

The mouth of the River Elbe has been blocked up by a gigantic Swedish raft of 140,000 tree trunks, which was on its way to Amsterdam.

It is thought that 200,000 acres of cotton can be cultivated in Mesopotamia, producing up to 20,000,000lb of cotton every year.

A communication received by the Minister of Lands (Hon. D. H. Guthrie) indicates that William Gordon Low, the Scotsman who claims to own Wellington land to the value of £4,000,000 on account of a grant made to his soldier-grandfather, is not the sole claimant, reports the "Dominion." An English lady has written to the Minister asking him to see that the estate is not made over to Mr Low, since, she alleges, he is not the rightful heir at all. She herself, she adds, is the real owner of the £4,000,000 property. The rival claimants may be relieved when they find that they have really nothing to quarrel about.

Liverpool has now completed 100 of the total of 1200 new houses which are being provided. Some of the occupiers took in their furniture before the paint was dry. The applications for the houses numbered 14,000.

The Maoris in the Taihape district are predicting a very dry summer and autumn on account of the profuse flowering of the cabbage palms. Some years ago, when the conditions were similar, the Maoris predicted a dry summer and long autumn, which proved to be the driest ever experienced there. If this theory proves correct, Southland may anticipate similar conditions, for cabbage trees have never shown such prolific heads of bloom. Moreover, the flax bushes are flowering stems of quite exceptional size.

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, 8s 6d.
Smart READY-TO-WEARS from 12s 6d.
CHILDREN'S HATS and BONNETS, from 2s 6d.
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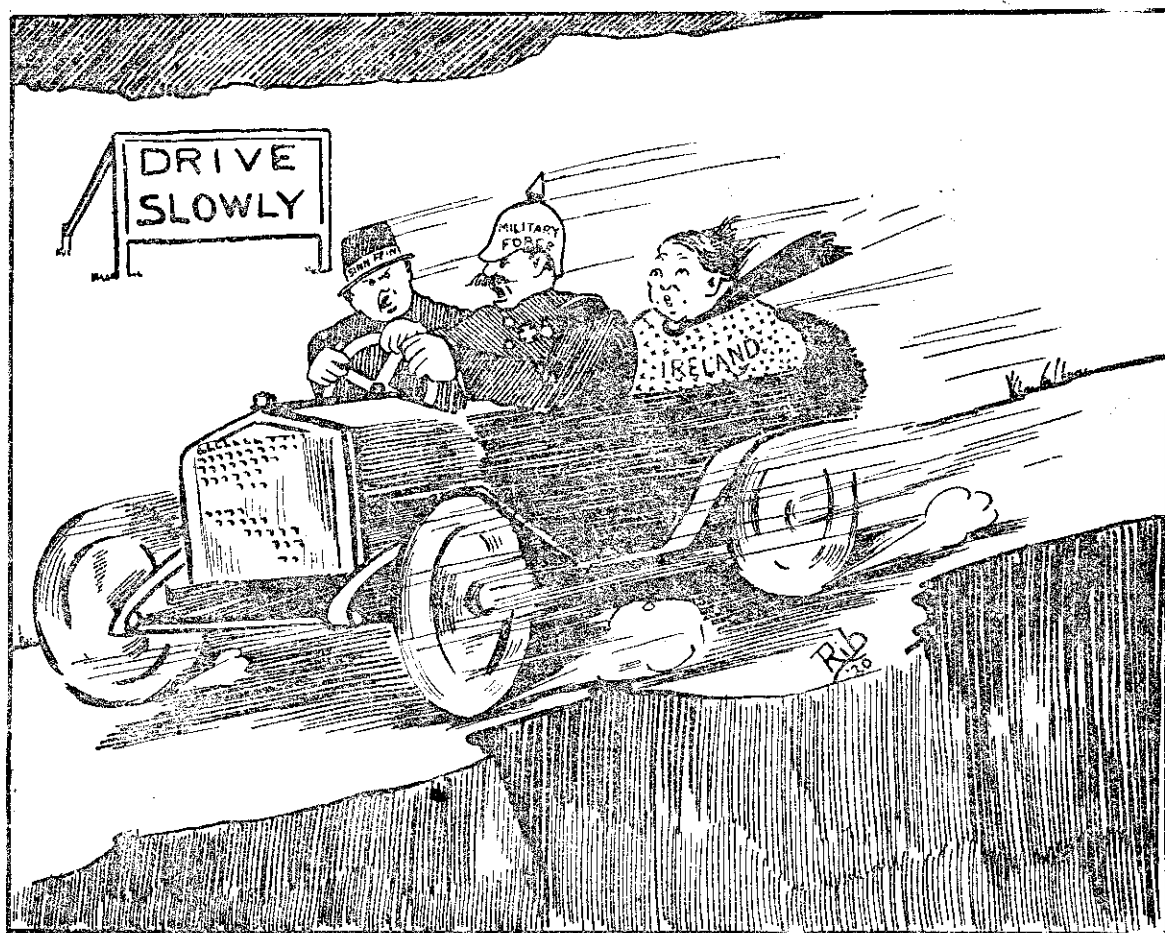
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FURNITURE DEALERS AND MANUFACTURERS.

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Passing Notes.

BY JACQUES

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

A Wellington milk vendor was recently fined heavily for selling adulterated milk. The Magistrate said that it was one of the worst cases he had known, the evidence having proven the addition of water in considerable quantities.

"To labour is to pray." Ah! that maxim, old and gray,
Is as false as many others of its ilk;
For I'm d—d if I can see where the piety can be
In the work of pumping water in my milk.

It would seem that to Howard Elliott the end justifies any means, however vile. He is evidently ready to stoop very low to conquer the "Scarlet Woman." When facts fail him—well, his fecund imagination is always ready to breed something that will supply their place. Passing over his cowardly insinuations against the late Richard Seddon—though they show that a live ass can still kick a dead lion, and get credit for it with some—I note that he charges the "Mother Church" with instigating and fostering the present terrorism in Ireland. In doing so he displays either incomprehensible ignorance or reckless malice. The reverend mischief-maker might, with equal truth and profanity, have blamed her for the sins of Sodom and Gomorrah or the San Francisco earthquake. The plain fact is that the Home Rule question is not a religious one at all—except in so far as the Howard Elliotts of Ulster have made it so. The movement for Irish autonomy is a purely patriotic one, and would continue, with unabated vigour if all England were miraculously converted to Romanism to-morrow. That it is intrinsically non-sectarian is shown by the fact that many of its most eminent leaders have been Protestants. Moreover, as Joseph Hocking—who must surely be acquitted of pro-Romanism—concluded, after months of patient observation on the spot, the R.C. Church has absolutely nothing to gain from its success. As for the charge that that church condones murder and outrage, we read daily of the fearless condemnation of such by its priesthood. And these same priests have, more than once, been told, in effect, to go to—! and mind their own business. At the very time of writing, it is the Catholic hierarchy which, more than any other element, is working most earnestly for peace and mutual good will. I am no Catholic; nor do I think the Catholic Church faultless; but I do think that it should be judged by its own real fruits, not by those of Howard Elliott's disordered imagination.

Sectarian bitterness is, in the main, a pitiful thing. Still, there is always the savour of good in things evil, and from the mutual antipathy of the sects, the on-looker may often get a little unexpected fun. Take, for instance, the case of Paddy—a true son of "Mother Church," of course—who, when Mick enquired what he was working at replied gleefully: "Begob, I've got the best job I ever had. Fifteen bob a day, and I'd willingly do it for nothing."

"Phwat's the job?" asked Mick.

"Pull down a d—d Protesdan Church."

Said the Rev. W. Dunlop at a recent meeting of the Christchurch Presbytery. "There seems to have come into our (Bible) classes an ungodly spirit regarding dancing and drinking. The suggestion was made one evening that the churches should buy out all the public houses and sell the liquor with a Christian spirit!" Well, why not? The idea, though startling in its novelty, is nevertheless fascinating in its possibilities. Mere financial considerations apart, think of the immense other benefits that would accrue from such a course. The Church would then, through its pubbery department, attract more sinners in one day than it now does in a decade, thereby enormously enlarging its sphere of influence. How its membership rolls would be augmented by a proviso that only members should be supplied! And the whole traffic could be lifted to a far loftier plane under church

control and conduct. Just picture the Rev. — (your fancy can make its own choice) engaged in his uplifting work at the beer pump, the while that dainty and demure Bible class damsels—for, presumably, the ladies would participate also in the good work—handed round the stuff that is a mockery, and the other stuff that is raging. The prospect is a pleasant one, and really involves no anomaly, after all. For if Byron was right in his claim that "rum and true religion" are of equal efficacy in soothing the soul, then surely there is nothing incongruous in the association of tracts and tanglefoot, piety and potables, benedictions and beer. There is, moreover, an obvious metrical relationship between "No. 10" and the "Old Hundredth." Every drink could be served with a text, and the parson—or should I say the publican's?—should be made the occasion for a dissertation on the evils of prohibition, and other similar subjects. Under such conditions we would take our "spots" in a chastened spirit, and get drunk in a staid and sober way. Verily, that brilliant young Bible student's suggestion is an attractive one, and our churches would be well advised to drop for once their foolish conservatism, and give it their careful and prayerful consideration.

Pulpit, platform, parliament, and press unite in voicing the general alarm at the growing increase in sexual offences. Various means of dealing with the evil have been suggested, some silly, some savage. Few, however, of those who so glibly discuss the question recognise the fact that the waxing danger to our womenfolk is largely due to our own prudery, which insists on the suppression of passion's safety valve, the Papian. I know that, in making such a daring statement I shall deeply offend the moral susceptibilities of the unco' guid, but facts are stubborn things, and it is an incontestable fact that where the prostitute is tolerated, there the decent woman is safest. Comparatively few men are capable of absolute and lifelong continence, and in many the sexual instinct often attains ungovernable intensity. Yet a considerable proportion of these, in every community, are precluded by their circumstances from marriage. It is chiefly for these that the woman of the town (often, as Miss Ettie Roat stated, less from the pressure of poverty than from free choice) caters, and, in closing the avenue of relief afforded by her we enlarge and intensify the menace to her more chaste sisters. It is, I grant, an ugly subject, but it will have to be frankly faced some time, so why not at once? To attempt to cope with the evil—as is so often proposed—by flogging or emasculating the offender were not only savage, but futile, since passion does not stay to weigh consequences.

"Member I said last week that women was funny things?" queried Bill, as he patted the dog.

I assured him that his remarks were still vividly clear in my memory.

"Well, Jax," he continued, "I've proved it again. Also that Bible texts ain't always what they're cracked up to be. It's this way. The ol' woman's lately took up with a sorter religious crowd—the 'True Believers,' or something like that, they call themselves, to show they're different from other believers. The other day one of 'em—a young woman—comes to the 'ouse, an' 'er an' the ol' woman starts in to convert me, or 'plack a brand from the burning,' as they called it. The young woman gives me a tract, which says, 'Always do to others as yeh'd 'ave 'em to you.' Well I reads the 'eadin', an' then I shakes my 'ead, an' sez, 'It won't do! 'Yes, it will,' sez the girl, 'It's in the Bible, so it mus' be right.' 'But,' sez I, 'it wouldn't always work. People might get riled if yeh did it sometimes.'"

"Ow could they," sez she, "when yeh'd only be obeyin' the good book?"

Well, with that I walks over to 'er—she was a real tasty lookin' piece—an' kisses 'er fair an' square on the lips. Did she snort? Eh, what! Fireworks was nothin' to it. I'd never 'a' thought that such a pretty little mouth as 'ers could 'old so many 'ard names for a feller. I tried to explain that I'd only done to 'er what I'd like 'er to do to me, but it was no good. She called me a 'vile

'eathen,' 'a son of Belial,' 'an uncouth brute' an' a whole lot of other fancy names, an' then banged outer the door, sayin' she'd never, never enter such an abode of iniquity again. An' what sort of a time did I 'ave afterwards with the ol' woman? 'Ate to think of it. I only 'ope to 'ell nobody else ever brings any more Bible maxims into our 'ouse. They're too dangerous."

And Bill walked slowly and pensively away.

DRAUGHTS.

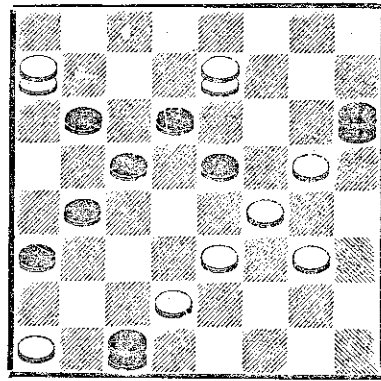
(Conducted by F. Hutchins).

Let science give release
To minds o'erwrought by care and thought;
Let the checker board be brought—the battlefield of peace.

Those who wish to maintain interest in the kingly game of draughts are invited to send along games, problems or items of interest to the readers of this column. Address, Draughts Editor, "Digger," 28 Biggar street, Invercargill.

PROBLEM 40.

(By L. Williams, Wrexham, in the the "Draughts World.")
Black.



White.

Black to play and win.
Black 9, 10, 14, 15, 17, 21. Kings 12, 30.
White 16, 19, 23, 24, 26, 29, Kings 5, 7.
Ingeniously Constructed.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM 29.

Black 4, 14, 17, 20.
White 12, 29, 32, King 19. White to play and win.
29.25, 17.21, 25.22, 21.25(a),
19.23, 25.30, 32.28, 30.25, 22.18, 14.17,
12.8, 4.11, 18.15.—White wins.
(a).—20.24, 19.28, 21.25, 32.27, 25.30,
28.32.—White wins.

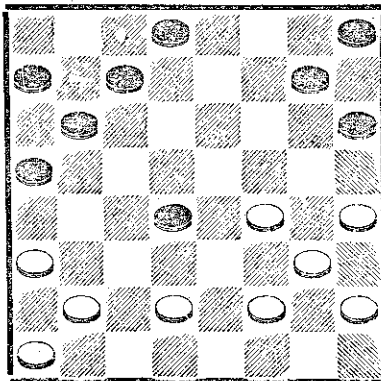
The subjoined game was played by correspondence in 1906 between Staff-Sergt. F. W. Slade, Secunderabad, Deccan, and Drummer J. W. Gamsby, 2nd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, Agra, Bengal:—

GAME 2153—CROSS

Black—Slade.		White—Gamsby.	
11.15	14.23	6.9	32.27
23.18	19.10	24.20	14.18
8.11	7.14	1.6	22.15
27.23	26.19	27.24	11.18
1,10.14	9.13	3.8	* 30.26
23.19	A.31.27		

*.—See diagram:—

Black.



White.

Black to play.
2.7 20.16 13.22 19.10
26.22 6.10 25.18 13.17
7.11 24.20 14.23 21.14
22.15 10.14 16.11 9.18
11.18 27.24 8.15 Drawn.
A.—30.26 is the usual move here, but I think the text move is equally as good, and leads to some interesting play.

VAR. 1.

4.8	22.17	3.7	19.16
23.19	15.24	25.22	12.19
10.14	28.19	11.15	23.7
19.10	8.11	31.26	2.11
14.23	32.28	15.24	26.22
26.19	9.13	28.19	10.15
7.14	26.23	7.11	22.17
30.26	13.22	22.18	14.18
6.10	25.9	1.5	17.14
24.20	5.14	18.9	15.19
11.15	29.25	5.14	Drawn.

—J. W. Gamsby v. R. Menzies
Comment is often made on the length of time some players take to consider moves

As a rule players do not object to their opponent taking their own time in a critical position, what is irritating, however, is when a player takes minutes to consider a move that is obvious to an ordinary player. In the championship meeting at Timaru last Easter a rather amusing incident occurred. The champions in the early stages of a game would move without wasting much time or even in the later stages where the move was obvious, but, realising what was at stake they would take perhaps 20 or 25 minutes at critical stages, and no objection was made. An old fellow happened to come in at one of these times and asked the doorkeeper where the champions were playing. The table was pointed out to him and he tip-toed over to it and sat down. He looked from one to the other of the contestants and after five minutes had passed he began to wonder and looked round at the spectators, all seemed to have their minds intent on the board. He looked again at the players but no movement, each had their eyes on the board. When a quarter of an hour had passed he tip-toed back to the doorkeeper and saying: "Them fellows are no' playing they're just looking at the board," passed out.

NOTES FROM CALCIUM.

Mr C. Lindsay, of Waiianiwa, is in the district with his house-shifting plant. He is engaged in removing a cottage recently purchased from Mr Teviotdale by Mr McFarlane, of Drummond.

Shearing operations are proceeding slowly on account of unfavourable weather. Farm work is well advanced and turnip-sowing should be completed before Xmas. A fair amount of grass is being saved for seed, and the prospects for a heavy crop are good. Business in stock is at a standstill. At present prices farmers do not care to part with stores as long as feed holds out.

Invercargill will have its usual complement of visitors from this part during the week. Weather prospects are favourable for a successful show and the tent-men should have a profitable day at Reuben's expense.

VICTORIA CROSS FIGURES.

The thousandth V.C. was awarded to Private Henry Dalziel.

Of this number, no fewer than 478 have been won in the present war, and two soldiers, Lieut.-Colonel Arthur Martin-Leake and the late Captain Noel Chavasse, qualified for the Cross twice over, and were awarded bars in consequence.

Notwithstanding many statements to the contrary, these two cases stand alone, no other award of a double V.C. having been gazetted during the last sixty odd years that have elapsed since the decoration was instituted.

Fifty of the one thousand Crosses have been won by two regiments, the English Rifle Brigade and the Prince Consort's Own, which tie for first place with 25 each.

Next come the South Wales Borderers and the King's Royal Rifles, each with a score of Crosses to their credit.

The Lancashire Fusiliers, which four years ago possessed not a single Cross, now has thirteen, all gained in the recent war, and there is not now a single regiment in the British Regular Army without its Cross or Crosses.

The Royal Army Medical Corps has sixteen Crosses, for the corps has also the only two bars conferred.

RATS AS FOOD HOARDERS.

Several extraordinary performances of rats have come to notice during the clearing away of badly infested premises in Barnsley. The infestation was due to that very common cause—a defective sewer—which had given the vermin easy access to the shops and warehouses. In one case the rats had conveyed a heap of monkey-nuts, sufficient to fill 23 baskets, not to mention quantities of raisins and other foodstuffs, from a grocer's into a linen-draper's shop. In a three-storeyed grain store, the rats had packed the spaces between the floorboards with corn of all kinds, sufficient in amount, at a rough estimate, to fill 200 to 300 sacks. These individual instances are a sufficient index to the damage rats can do to merchandise.

Nearly 2000 French women would like to marry Marshal Foch. This is one of the results of a campaign instituted by a Paris fashion magazine, which has published the answers from more than 5000 women in response to the question: "What great man would you marry if you could?"

J. M. YOUNG KELVIN CYCLE WORKS

(Opposite Robinson and Co., Kelvin Street).

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COMPETENT TRADESMEN.

The "Kelvin" Cycle is the BEST on the MARKET.

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CHILDREN'S PICTURE HANDKERCHIEFS, 3 for 1s.

Special GLOVE Value in White and Black, Suede finish, 1s 11d pair.

SILK ANKLE HOSE, all shades, 5s 11d

Black MERCERISED ANKLE, 3s 9d.

Special Value LADIES' UNDER-SKIRTS, new stripes, 8s 11d.

ART MILLINERY at Bargain prices.

BLOUSES in Pink, Voile, Silk, 6s 11d to 27s 6d.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES, good wearing materials. Our own make, 4s 11d to 24s.

CHILDREN'S ROMPERS, in Pique and Silk, 5s 6d to 8s 11d.

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ANGLO-AMERICAN CANDY SHOP

(AYSON'S),

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The World's Master Motor Cycle.

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PLAIN MODEL ... £150

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P.O. Box—116.

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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 1-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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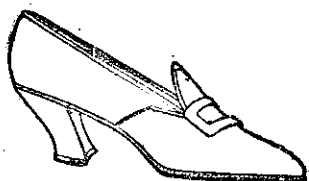
INDIAN, BIG X., DOUGLAS.

TRAMP! Tramp! Tramp! Hear their ceaseless beat:

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

Why! Boots repaired at Hawthorne's shop!

Repairs that can't be beat.



J. A. HAWTHORNE.

BOOT REPAIRER,

TAY STREET.



SPORTING.

Acceptances for the Gore Trotting Meeting close this evening at 5 o'clock.

Mettle Drift is going well. Keep your eye on him at the holiday meetings.

Frank Young estimates the cost of making a good plough track on the Gore course at half a thousand. A lot of money.

Watty Taylor's cup for Wyndham is on view in Burn's jeweller's shop. It is of solid silver, and well worth the winning.

The Clifden Club has cut one of the jumping races out of its programme this season.

Silverpeak has been scratched for the Wyndham Cup. Alex McIvor doesn't like the idea of trying her out over ten furlongs with 9st 2lb.

A noticeable absentee from the jumping competitions at the local show was Mick O'Brien, of Otatua. He generally has several "leppers" going at the shows.

The Gore judge's box is to be placed further back from the course, and raised. This should help the judge in making his decisions.

Barley Rigs ran well up at Winton, a lot of people thought he won, and at 8.9 in the Mimihaui Handicap at Wyndham he reads well.

Big Willy Gardiner, the owner of John Barleycorn, Corn Rigs, Barley Rigs and Co., was judging draught horses at the local show this week.

Donovan has Fleetham looking well and he carried out the yellow ribbon on Wednesday, denoting that the imported stallion is champion for 1920-21 season.

In the Mataura Handicap, two miles for trotters, at Gore on Boxing Day, the ancient Bushranger has been given a royal chance, but perhaps he is too old now.

Rorke's Drift 8.8, in the Wyndham Cup reads well, but I doubt it is not the same old Rorke's Drift that we knew a season or two back. If he has come back to form the race would be a gift to him.

Wairio nominations close next Thursday afternoon at 5 p.m. Owners and trainers will note that they close in Invercargill this year with the secretary who can be found in the "News" buildings.

Mr Gibbs keeps weight up on Marching Order all right. Fred Moore will soon find it difficult to win a race with this horse unless the weight-adjusters modify their high opinion of him.

Bill Stone lost no time in withdrawing his horses from the Dunedin meeting when he saw the handicaps. When an owner has good horses he must expect to carry some good weights.

The handicaps for the first day of the local meeting are published in this issue. Whatever Mr Dunne's qualifications as a handicapper may be he has certainly been prompt in his declaration.

Taking a line through his handicaps for the Mimihaui and President's Handicaps at Wyndham, Mr Gibbs makes Marching Order within a pound of Kilbrogan over six furlongs. A compliment Fred Moore won't like I guess!

Denial, Luigi and Frog were amongst the old steeplechasers trying their luck at the jumping game at the show this week. Frog and Luigi, the latter well handled by the eldest son of the president of the Southland Racing Club, got into the prize-money.

What price Melee in the Wyndham Cup? Last June at Wingatui with 8.8 in the saddle he made hacks of Royal Star 8.15, All Ready 8.3, Burrangong 9.3, Elcus 8.13, Kilkee 7.13, Thaddeus 7.10, Almoner 7.9, Bondage 7.2, and Thistledown 7.0, in the Provincial Handicap, 1½ miles. And now Mr Gibbs only asks him to carry 7.7.

As the local club has issued an invitation to the world's ladies to attend their meeting on January 3 and 4, and barred

all children under twelve years, what about making the outside enclosure available for children of this age and their nurses?

What has Breton ever done or shown that Mr Gibbs should put him within a pound of the top-weight in the Final Plate at Wyndham? They are not a good lot but Frenchman, Lady Knight and Clothilde are all better performed than Willy Swale's nuddy.

There was an attempt made in Dunedin and Christchurch last week to back Eleus and Silverpeak for the double at Invercargill. In Dunedin they said the money came from the right quarter, but perhaps this was only the old dodge of impressing the handicapper that the pair had been reserved for these two races.

Quite a number of horses claim engagements in the Federal Handicap at Wingatui on Boxing Day and the President's Handicap at Wyndham on New Year's Day. A comparison of the weights are:—

	Federal.	President's.
Michaela ...	9 9	9 8
Satisfaction ...	8 13	8 12
Killowen ...	8 9	8 8
Kilbrogan ...	8 2	8 2
Rokelaine ...	7 11	7 10
Redshire ...	7 0	7 0
Pyjama ...	7 0	6 13
Link Up ...	7 0	6 13

The handicaps for the hurdle races at Dunedin and Wyndham furnish another example of how closely Mr Gibbs endorses Mr Henrys' adjustments for Dunedin. The weights of the horses engaged in both are:—

	Dunedin.	Wyndham.
Jack Symons ...	12 7	12 7
Barrister ...	10 9	10 9
Tuticorn ...	10 8	10 8
Awahou ...	10 2	9 13
Mandrake ...	10 1	9 13
Calma ...	9 8	9 6
Good Start ...	9 2	9 0
Gowanbrae ...	9 0	9 0

The following are Messrs Henrys' and Gibbs' opinions of the horses who are engaged in both the Otago Handicap and Wyndham Cup, each run over a mile and a quarter:—

	Otago Hcp	W. Cup.
Radial ...	9 10	9 10
Eleus ...	8 9	8 6
Almoner ...	8 6	8 5
Bengeroop ...	8 6	8 5
Warlove ...	8 5	8 4
Satisfaction ...	8 2	8 1
The Soldier ...	7 10	7 9
Thaddeus ...	7 8	7 7
Jock ...	7 7	7 5
Linden ...	7 5	7 5
Malaga ...	7 3	7 2
Twinkle ...	7 0	7 0

Again how great minds think alike!

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

OF NEW ZEALAND BATTLEFIELDS.

T.J.M. writes from Nelson to enquire if it is possible to obtain photographs of Gallipoli, or any of the battle-fronts on which the N.Z.E.F. fought.

There are few official photographs of Gallipoli, but there are many of other scenes of action, plates and portfolios of which are in the custody of the Dominion Museum. The portfolios are open to inspection, and, in ordering, it is required that the number of the print, the size, and the number of copies desired should be specified. For those who are not able to inspect the portfolios it may, however, be possible to give a general idea of the time and locality of the actions of which photographs are required, but a note to the director, Dominion Museum, Wellington, should elicit definite information.

In ordering prints cast must be forwarded. The prices of photographs are: ½-plate, 4d each, or 3s per dozen; 5½ x 4½ plate, 5d each, or 4s 6d per dozen; ½-plate, 8d each, or 6s 6d per dozen; full-plate, 1s 3d each, or 12s 6d per dozen; enlargements, 15in x 12in, 10s each.

The number of women now employed in ordinary business is 724,000 more than were employed before the war.

LAND!

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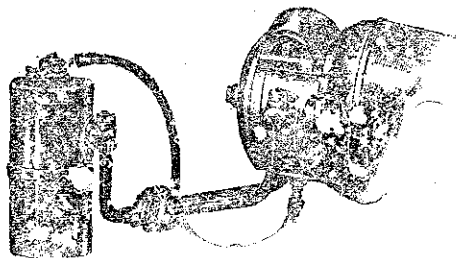
250 ACRES adjoining railway and all conveniences: 250 acres, 15-roomed house, five-roomed barn, stable, cow-byre, garage, etc. Originally all heavy bush land, and grows splendid crops, up to 4 tons of chaff per acre having been grown on the place. This is a good farm, and is capable of great improvement. Come and see it. Price £25 per acre and terms may be arranged.

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

FOR THE EMPIRE'S CAUSE.

IN MEMORIAM.

HUNTER.—In loving memory of Fred Hunter, who died in camp on December 11, 1917.

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 wife and wee daughters. 4430

"The Digger."

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1920.

THE KING'S COLOUR.

The organisers of last Sunday's ceremony, when the Colour of the 2nd Battalion of the Otago Regiment was consecrated and left in St. John's Church until further required, are to be most heartily congratulated. It must have been a great pleasure for Lt. Colonel Hargest, D.S.O., M.C., to see such a grand turn-out of returned men in response to his invitation to them to form the guard. And it was undoubtedly a treat for the people of Invercargill to see so many on parade. It has been suggested by some civilian on-lookers that the work of the returned men was markedly superior to that of the territorials who made up the balance of the parade. We think that this opinion is perhaps a natural one for the public to form; but as the official organ of the returned men themselves we take this opportunity of thanking the territorials for turning out in such large numbers, and of congratulating them on the manner in which they carried out their duties.

After every parade such as we had on Sunday last, one hears numbers of returned men saying that they wished they had turned out. It is to be regretted that every returned man does not make a special effort to attend these parades. In almost every case the parades are called either to do honour to our fallen comrades or to commemorate some glorious incident of the war. It is something of a disgrace to be absent on such occasions; and we hope that the example set by the few hundreds who paraded on Sunday last will be followed by thousands when we are called out again, probably on Anzac Day.

On behalf of returned soldiers "The

Digger" thanks everyone who helped to make last Sunday's ceremony such a success.

The officers of Southland held a reunion dinner in the Federal Tea Rooms on Monday last, and spent a delightful evening with speeches, songs, orchestral music and yarns. The opinion was very freely expressed that the event must become an annual one, and we venture to suggest to the "other ranks" of Southland that these reunion dinners are good for all. It is contended by some that big fortunes have been made by many who avoided the war and stuck to business. This may be so, but these big fortunes cannot buy one fraction of the good fun and good fellowship that reign when returned men gather together for an evening. This good fellowship is our heritage from the war; far more valuable than gold or precious stones. We commend any function which brings returned men together and allows them to enjoy this heritage to the full.

That the soldiers are settling down and taking their place again in the civil life of the community was plainly to be seen at the Southland A. and P. Association's Show on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. In the jumping competitions, perhaps particularly, the Diggers were very much in evidence, and bits of the old familiar khaki uniform were much in demand. It is good to see the boys getting back into their stride in the sporting events as well as in the sterner and more commercial walks of life. The war has given us all a keener interest in the outdoor life. We have lived the life and know its possibilities. We have lived among animals—horses particularly, and now very few of us are "green" when we visit the shows. It should be good for us and good for the A. and P. Associations, and we predict that it will not be long before the experiences of Diggers at the other end of the world and the valuable information they picked up in their travels has some influence for good in the show life of our Dominion.

We all endorsed the remarks made by Mr Hall-Jones when extending on behalf of the soldiers a welcome to Sir Thomas Mackenzie, K.C.M.G., on Tuesday last. Every returned man who has spent time in hospital in England will remember with grateful thanks the informal visits to the hospitals made so frequently by Southland's distinguished guest. He brought with him an atmosphere of New Zealand. It was almost as good as a visit from our own parents or immediate friends. Whatever position Sir Thomas takes up in future he can be sure of the support of returned soldiers.

Mr Hall-Jones also referred to the glorious war record of Sir Thomas's family and Sir Thomas in his reply proudly claimed that the compliments paid to his children had been richly deserved. We share this point of view and we wish good luck and good fortune to them all. The ex-High Commissioner can be justly proud of the reputation he has made for himself and need not be at all surprised at the warmth of the welcome which has greeted him on his return to the land of his adoption. He has earned every bit of it.

The bachelors of Quarry Hills held their annual dance in the shape of a mask ball on Friday evening, December 3rd. They were unfortunate in regard to weather conditions, but, however, a fairly large gathering turned up to enjoy the fun of the evening, several people venturing from as far as Invercargill. Songs and recitations were rendered and dancing was carried on until well into the early hours of morning. This evening will remain a happy memory for some days to come, as all were unanimous that an enjoyable evening had been spent.

A big showing of handkerchiefs and gloves for Christmas trade. As these lines are always in great demand, we have laid in exceptionally large stocks, enabling us to offer these splendid values. The noted linen handkerchief, in white and coloured borders, colours guaranteed fast, 1/3. Plain and embroidered handkerchiefs, hemstitched edges, 8d, 10d, 1/-, 1/11, 2/6. Dainty embroidered handkerchiefs, in boxes of 4 and 6 in muslin and linen, 4/11, 5/11, 6/11, to 21/- box. The new coloured and coloured bordered handkerchiefs, 8d, 10d, 1/-, 1/3. Pure linen hemstitched handkerchiefs, 6d, 7d, 10d, to 1/11. See bargain baskets of bundles of 4 and 6 at quick sale prices. Our stock includes all the best makes of gloves in kid, suede, and fabric. Satisfaction guaranteed. A visit of inspection we are confident will please at H. and J. Smith, Ltd., Progressive Drapers, Tay street, Invercargill, and Main street, Gora.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

One of the most outstanding facts about the N.Z.E.F. was its democratic spirit which while it made officers and men really brothers off parade, at the same time was never fully understood by our British cousins trained in the more exacting autocratic style of the army. Seldom did one find a N.Z. or Australian officer even remembering his official dignity when meeting an old comrade from "down South."

The latest example of soldier democracy comes from Wellington, where Inspector A. B. Charters, late Colonel A. B. Charters, C.M.G., D.S.O., C.O., 1st Battalion Otago Regiment, has resigned from the Education Department to go on the land in partnership with his late groom of army days. This groom, George Sexton, well-known in Southland as an old Southland Rugby footballer of pre-war days, saw considerable service in France, where his qualities for endurance and reliability were sufficiently pronounced to induce the gallant Colonel to mark old George down for service "after la guerre."

The scene of future operations of Charters and Co. is somewhere north of Auckland, near Whangarei, where Geo. Sexton and the Colonel will soon be well "dug in." All the old members of the Colonel's Battalion and all who knew both of these "Diggers" will wish them the best of luck in their new venture. The Colonel's knowledge of "strong points" and communication trenches, to say nothing of his expert understanding of what should be produced by the cooks, coupled with Sexton's army knowledge of transport duties, will all be very valuable in this new venture. Good luck to them and may this new democratic undertaking be as productive of good results as the other similar partnerships were in the War.

Last Sunday's proceedings when the King's Colour of the 2nd Battalion Otago Regiment was consecrated and deposited in St. John's Church, reflected great credit on all concerned with the arrangements.

Particularly did it reflect credit on the returned soldiers who turned out in such fine numbers to do honour to the memory of their old mates. This last was the sentiment that produced the parade and those who know what a difficult task was undertaken cheerfully by the men of the Guard, on Sunday, fully realised when they saw the fine steady march of these hundred men, that much more than ostentation caused the steady swing, the firm step and the lifted head. It was the memory of some old comrade perhaps on Gallipoli's rugged beaches, of one perchance now resting in Palestine, perhaps it may have been the thought of a brave old mate now lying "in Flanders fields"; at any rate it was a proud yet reverent assembly that moved through our streets on Sunday.

The mounted escort led by Major Millard, and composed of men some of whom had ridden twenty or thirty miles to be present, lent a unique touch to the parade and added much to its imposing nature. The Guard of Honour of one section, sixty strong, composed of returned soldiers from every arm of the old Division made a particularly fine show and came in for a good deal of well-deserved praise. The left section of the Guard, 60 Territorials, voluntarily on parade, acquitted themselves very creditably and did not in any way let down their elder brothers. It was inspiring to see the Returned Soldiers and the Territorials working so keenly together, and it speaks volumes for the fine spirit of the local Regiment when we consider that so many volunteers were enthusiastically enrolled at one parade, to assist the Returned Soldiers if necessary to make the Colour party a success.

A most interesting part of the ceremony was witnessed in front of the Post Office, where at 3 p.m. the Colours were marched on. The parade then moved by way of Tay, Kelvin and EsK streets to St. John's Church, where the Colour was consecrated and deposited in the safe keeping of that institution.

The whole ceremony from beginning to end was highly impressive; and those citizens who witnessed the parade and saw the ceremony at the Church will not soon forget the solemnity of this fine ceremony.

It is no easy matter these days to turn out large military parades; for many obstacles, the chief of which is the returned man's natural modesty, which prompts him to shun the publicity of the post-war parade ground, combine to render it well nigh impossible to get a big muster; but Sunday's effort gave very great satisfaction to all who took part, and in the opinion of many officers well qualified to judge, the bearing and discipline of the Guard of Honour was finer than anything of its kind yet seen in New Zealand. The section of the Guard composed of Terri-

torials are specially to be congratulated, in the first place for turning out voluntarily and in the second place for their good discipline which did much to make the whole parade a success.

The beautifully embroidered Colour—embroidered very generously by the Sisters of Mercy at Bluff—now repose in St. John's Church, a silent tribute to the imperishable glory won by those young New Zealanders, who, from the immortal 25th of April, 1915, until 11th November, 1918, died on service, that we might live with honour as a nation. This King's Colour which represents the thanks of the nation expressed graciously by His Majesty the King, means a great deal to every soldier of Southland and Otago, nay of New Zealand, but will it not mean even more to the kith and kin of our old mates who did not return.

A silent testimony to the sacrifices made by our young men, this Colour must always remind us of our duty to the memory of those departed heroes, and we should ever keep before us the ideal for which they died, an ideal which is well summed up in the cheering and unselfish words of a young and promising Otago officer who after gaining his commission on the field for consistent and fine work right from the landing was killed leading his men at Messines. Writing to his mother before that last battle he said, "Mother, in Gallipoli days, I used to fear that we should somehow never beat the Hun, there seemed so much bungling, but now things are different, we have guns, ammunition, and men in millions, and we will win. For myself I care not, for my home and my ideals are safe."

On Monday night of this week, some forty officers representing almost every branch of the old N.Z. Division, met at the Federal Tea Rooms to fight again their old battles and pass a few interesting hours with song and story. The Chair was occupied by Colonel Hargest, who showed that he can direct the convivial barrage as skilfully as he can lead his men in battle.

"Digger" Duerden's orchestra was responsible for the musical part of the proceedings; and left nothing to be desired, several fine items being particularly well rendered. During the evening songs were rendered by Captain Webber, Rae and Major Rice, while considerable talent and experience were displayed by several officers present in the realm of after-dinner stories. One young staff-officer and a popular local medico was a particular favourite in this direction; and some of their stories bore evidence of years of close study of nature.

The toast list was a brief, but well-chosen one and besides the usual loyal toasts, paid compliments to the N.Z. Division, comrades of other wars, absent comrades, army, navy and territorials, and last but not least, the ladies.

Amongst the officers present were two New Zealanders (Major Gilkison, M.C., and Lieut. Macalister), who were during the war attached to British artillery units. These two gentlemen were able to speak of the New Zealanders from the point of view of the English officer, and their remarks were pleasing to those men who already were proud of a division which, it is claimed, was classed at the end of the war as a first-class division. The function altogether was a very great success and it was the opinion of all present that the dinner would in future be an annual event.

Southland Summer Show attracted visitors from all parts of New Zealand, and since glorious weather was experienced on both days, people from other centres are loud in their praises of our southern province.

Despite the forecast by local Scotchmen, that the 100 per cent rise in entrance fee would be fatal to the attendance the grounds were packed and Wednesday was one of the first occasions on which the new grandstand was comfortably filled. The opinion was expressed widely on Wednesday amongst those well qualified to judge, that Southland this year has had the finest show of the year in the Dominion.

One was struck on entering the grounds by the extent of the space occupied by the parked cars of all makes and values. This was a good indication to visitors of the prosperity of Southland farmers.

Mr R. B. Caws is at present visiting Timaru to confer with the Timaru Aviation Company with regard to proposed commercial flying operations locally. Mr Caws is a "live wire," and possessed of ability in his particular line that renders him well fitted to organise such an undertaking as the above proposition. Certainly the "Digger" firm does not hesitate to "attack" schemes which in their opinion need only "push and go." Good luck to them!

Captain Dickson, the popular airman, who visited Invercargill during the winter, is coming here next week to undertake

series of passenger flights. Local people have now had their appetites whetted for terrestrial gyrations, and Captain Dickson will certainly not lack for passengers to accompany him on his spins.

The recent fine weather has had a fine effect on sporting activities locally; and bowling greens, tennis courts, rowing sheds, now present an animated appearance each evening.

Tennis enthusiasts are very keenly engaged just now practising for the forthcoming tournament to be held here at Christmas time. It is hoped that in this contest, the Southland players will be able to give a good account of themselves; for there is no doubt that, since the war, the standard of play locally has considerably advanced. The experience gained during the tournament will be valuable to our clubs, many of which contain new members whose keenness and sporting instincts are fast improving their play. Volleys and overhead play from the middle and back line are seldom seen here; and those who aim at a finished "repertoire" of strokes, should carefully study the visiting players' ability in this direction.

An important step was taken at a public meeting held in the Theatre on December 9th; when it was decided to appoint a committee of Invercargill citizens to undertake the work of organising a scheme to collect the requisite funds to provide for Invercargill a monument to the memory of our fallen soldiers. At this meeting Mr F. G. Hall-Jones represented the R.S.A., and assured the meeting that any thing in the power of the R.S.A. that could assist the citizens in their worthy scheme, would be cheerfully undertaken. A representative from the R.S.A. was elected to form one of the committee of seventeen whose duty it now is to "get busy."

CRICKET NOTES.

I.C.C. (34) v. UNION (72).

(First Innings).

The ground played keen if not true at Herbert street, Camm (26) very steadily opening for I.C.C. He lost Gleeson early, the l.b.w. being a close thing when the batsman attempted to draw a ball that appeared to be out of line. James Gilbertson (21) scored confidently on the leg side, some of his shots being well-timed. He put Ferguson up to McKenzie and retired. Dr Brown (9) almost reached the double, but the rest of the patched-up team was not fruitful. Extras (3) show well for Pope. Union's fielding was smart and sustained. Ferguson 4 for 20 did well and promises to be a useful bowler. Brown 2 for 9 was well used by his skipper.

Union's first three wickets did not impress, James Gilbertson faster rocking them for under 20. A. Hamilton then ran into a confident vein and 31 rewarded him, Dr Brown beating him with a lob. Gilbertson and Brown then went through the team, extras (7) being the next highest figure. Dr Brown 5 for 29 and Gilbertson 4 for 27 were the best bowlers. Gilbertson was not taking wickets.

APPLEBY (31) v. WYNDHAM (107).
(First Innings).

Groves the steady (29) bowled D. McBeath, steadied up the visitors to Wyndham, Battersby leaving him at Dan's suggestion. Then D'Arcy Raymond googled Edward who put a leg in front of the straight break. Poole (24) not out showed his mettle and defied all efforts to dig him out, though he was uneasy on the matting. Raymond struck his old "honey" form and tied up the Appleby colts. Leggett (11) went to D. McBeath, whose 4 for 27 was good, Raymond's 4 for 52 was a fine performance for the veteran after his long rest from trick bowling. It is to be hoped that he will keep up practice and get physical fitness. Extras (12) mostly on the leg side did not show Bogue in his true form. G. McBeath took first strike and looked moving into eye when he played too far back to the left-hander Washer and hit his wicket at 15. H. McBeath (37) smashed loose stuff and played generally with strength and confidence; but he over-reached for Battersby and cocked one up to Washer. Dan McBeath did not like his rival left-hander of the Appleby, and Washer got him caught behind the wickets before the century man had scored. Washer was hard to play, his dropping ball coming off the matting very briskly. Another McBeath—A.—made 34 not out and with Courtis (14) took the country side ahead of the urbanites. Poole and Washer got the remaining 4 wickets for 1 run. Extras (4) go to Leggett's credit. Washer 5 wickets for 42, Poole 3 for 31 did the bowling, Groves being too fast for the wicket. Appleby fielded well, Battersby being exceptionally smart, and gave his men a fine example.

SOUTHLAND RACING CLUB.

HANDICAPS FOR SUMMER MEETING.

AVENAL	HURDLE	HANDICAP
200sovs.	(One mile and a-half.)	
Jack Symons	12 6	Sedd-el-Bahr 9 13
Compulsion	11 2	Calma 9 9
War Hawk	10 13	Achilleus 9 9
General		Staff Officer 9 7
Advance	10 10	St. Cletus 9 7
Barrister	10 8	Red Tape 9 5
Tuticorn	10 7	Hard Hit 9 3
Kilboyne	10 4	Moonglow 9 0
Awahou	9 13	Gowanbrae 9 0
Mandrake	10 0	

MAKAREWA TROT (saddle), 245sovs.

One mile and a-half.)		yds bhd.
Hecidale	scr	Wallroon 36
Hetty King	scr	Rothstar 36
Until	scr	Red Empress 48
Quick March	scr	Harold Soon 48
Kaloon	scr	Lady Marvyn 48
Clifton Chimes	12	Coldwater 48
Hectoroo	12	Nightcaps 48
Norma Dillon	12	Satin Boy 60
Colchester	12	Evening Chimes 60
Miss O'Neill	24	Nellie Scott 72
Jessie Scott	24	Ferry Wallace 72
Country Queen	24	Cross Battery 72
Lenamhor	24	McConachie 84
Mountain Wood	24	Blue Chimes 84
Nell Pointer	24	Sobriquet 84
Thea	24	Eros 84
Queen's Lane	24	Intolerance 84
Armistice	36	Gladia 96
Lady Wild	36	South Star 144
Wild Queen	36	Bell Fashion 168

FLYING HANDICAP, 400 sovs.

(Six furlongs.)	st. lb.	st. lb.
Silver Peak	9 9	Helicon 7 7
Onslaught	9 9	Link Up 7 7
Michaela	9 8	Sunlit 7 5
Satisfaction	8 10	Volkova 7 5
Kilkee	8 10	Jazz 7 3
Buller	8 10	Mantua 7 2
Killowen	8 9	Redshire 7 2
Kilbrogan	8 4	Pyjama 7 2
Algidus	8 0	Bothnia 7 0
Rokelaine	7 11	Miss Muriel 7 0

NEW YEAR HANDICAP, 150sovs.

(Six furlongs.)	st. lb.	st. lb.
Breton	9 0	Killory 7 13
War Tone	8 11	Moeraki 7 13
Clothilde	8 11	Rockhampton 7 13
Flag Lieutenant	8 9	Admiral 7 13
Frenchman	8 6	Red Mac 7 13
Barrister	8 3	Soldier Boy 7 13
Brownie	8 2	The Rover 7 13
Kokowai	8 2	Naomi 7 10
Admiral		Necessity 7 10
Fisher	8 0	Strowana 7 10
Admiral		Glentruin 7 10
Gonne	8 0	Lady Blissful 7 7
Simple	8 0	Markella 7 7
Herbert	8 0	

INVERCARGILL CUP, £1050 (one mile and a quarter).

	st. lb.		st. lb.
Radial	9 9	Tin Soldier	7 13
Warlike	8 13	Thaddeus	7 9
Onslaught	8 13	Poo-Chow	7 9
Almoner	8 8	Malaga	7 8
Cashmere	8 8	Jock	7 7
Bongeroop	8 7	Lindon	7 4
Eleus	8 7	Twinkle	7 0
Rourke's Drift	8 4	Link Up	6 13
Kilkee	8 3	Sunny Lock	6 19
War Love	8 2	Red Admiral	6 10
Killowen	8 2	Miss Muriel	6 10
Satisfaction	8 1	Whipcord	6 7
Melce	8 0	Necessity	6 7

OBELI TROT (harness), £220 (one mile and a-half).

scr.	scr.	scr.
Outcast	scr.	Wild Flower
John Redmond	scr.	Little Pointer
Lady Prince	scr.	Croydon
Downcast	scr.	Chimes
Bell Wallace	scr.	The Sheik
Oaknut	scr.	
Rothbell	scr.	Laura Child 12
Lady Adonis	scr.	Tahawai 12
Rothmond	scr.	Colchester 24
Moonglow	scr.	General Joffre 24
Promenade	scr.	Kentucky Wood 24
Dark Rosine	scr.	Peterville 24
McGrath	scr.	Flower o' Turi 24
Moor Chimes	scr.	Miss O'Neill 36
Greystone	scr.	Norma Dillon 36
Irish Imp	scr.	Golden Age 40
Smurridge	scr.	Greenstrike 48
Vitalis	scr.	Cold Water 60
Princes Peter	scr.	Ngahere 84

WAIKAWI HANDICAP, 150sovs (seven furlongs).

	st. lb.		st. lb.
All British	9 2	Jazz	7 12
Roniform	9 2	Lady Pallas	7 12
Marching		Reproachful	7 12
Order	9 0	Lady Links	7 12
Sartolite	8 12	Wild Night	7 11
Gleashine	8 12	Osterman	7 11
Barley Rigs	8 10	Post Haste	7 11
Philiree	8 9	Bright Spot	7 11
Mettle Drift	8 9	Bothnia	7 11
Mirza	8 6	Flag	
Blue Admiral	8 3	Lieutenant	7 11
Sunlit	8 2	Botanist	7 10
Volkovo	8 2	Kokowai	7 10
Borodino	8 0	Killory	7 7
Orderdown	8 0	Moulin Rouge	7 7
Breton	7 13	Red Mac	7 7

WAIHOPAI HANDICAP, 250sovs (one mile).

	st. lb.		st. lb.
Almoner	9 2	Linden	7 12
Cashmere	9 2	Glenshine	7 10
Bengeroop	9 1	Mandrake	7 10
Eleus	9 1	Twinkle	7 8
Melce	8 8	Mazama	7 8
Tin Soldier	8 7	Barley Rigs	7 6
Thaddeus	8 3	Hineamaru	7 6
Foo-Chow	8 3	Marianne	7 5
Caverock	8 3	Sunny Loch	7 4
Don Pacifico	8 0	Miss Muriel	7 4
Roniform	7 13	Red Admiral	7 4
Algibus	7 13	War Hawk	7 2
Marching		Moonglow	7 0
Order	7 12		

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1000 TOYS ON OUR 6d TABLE.

1000 TOYS ON OUR 1/- TABLE.

1000 TOYS ON OUR 2/- TABLE.

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WHITE VOILE FROCKS; a very choice assortment. Usually 57/6, 59/6, 72/6, to 79/6. White Sale 47/-, 48/-, 58/-, 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.

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ARE SPECIALLY WELL CATERED FOR.

CHILDREN'S HEAVY WHITE SINGLETS, Fleecy lined; S.S. Usually 4/6. Sale 2/11.



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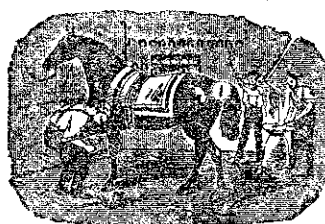
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DEE STREET.

Pen Pictures of the War.

SERIES III.

PHILIP GIBBS ON THE AUSTRALIANS.

Philip Gibbs evinces the greatest admiration of the Australians, with whom he usually couples the New Zealanders. The following description will probably kindle reminiscences in the mind of the Digger who has mixed up with the Australians:—

THE SALUTE.

"Everywhere on the streets and on the esplanade there was incessant saluting. The arms of the men were never still. It was like the St. Vitus disease. Tommies and Jocks saluted every subaltern with an automatic gesture of convulsive energy. Every subaltern acknowledged these movements and in turn saluted a multitude of majors, colonels, and generals. This thing became farcical, a monstrous absurdity of human relationship yet pleasing to the vanity of men lifted up above the lowest caste. It seemed to me an intensification of the snob instinct in the soul of man. Only the Australians stood out against it and went by all officers except their own with a careless slouch and a look of 'To hell with all that hand wagging.'"

Australians slouched up the street of the Three Pebbles with a grim look under their wide-brimmed hats having come down from Pozieres, where it was always hell in the days of Somme fighting. I liked the look of them, dusty up to the eyes in summer, mud up to their ears in winter—these gipsy fellows, scornful of discipline for discipline's sake, but desperate fighters, as simple as children in their ways of thought and speech (except for frightful oaths) and looking at life, this life of war, and this life in Amiens, with frank, curious eyes and a kind of humorous contempt for death and disease, and English Tommies, and French girls, and "the whole damned show," as they called it. They were lawless except for the laws to which their souls gave allegiance. They behaved as the equals of all men, giving no respect to generals or staff officers, or the devils of hell. There was a primitive spirit of manhood in them, and they took what they wanted, and were ready to pay for it in coin, or in disease or in wounds. They had no conceit of themselves in a little, vain way, but they reckoned themselves the only fighting men, simple, and without boasting. They were as hard as steel, and finely tempered. Some of them were ruffians, but most of them were, I imagine, like those English yeomen who came into France with the Black Prince, men who lived "rough," close to nature, of sturdy independence, good-humoured though fierce in a fight, and ruthless. That is how they seemed to me, in a general way, though among them were boys of a more delicate fibre, and sensitive, if one might judge by their clear-cut features and wistful eyes. They had money to spend beyond the dreams of our poor Tommy, six shillings and sixpence a day and remittances from home. So they pushed open the doors of any restaurant in Amiens and sat down at tables next to English officers, not abashed, and ordered anything that pleased their taste, and wine in plenty.

In that High street of Amiens one day I saw a crowd gathered round an Australian so tall that he towered over all other heads. It was at the corner of "the street of the Naked Body without a head," and I suspected trouble. As I pressed on the edge of the crowd I heard the Australian ask in a loud, slow drawl whether there was any officer about who could speak French. He asked the question gravely without anxiety. I pushed through the crowd and said, "I speak French. What's the trouble?"

I saw then that, like the French poilu I have described this tall Australian was in the grasp of a French agent de police, a small man, of whom he took no more notice than if a fly had settled on his wrist. The Australian was not drunk. I could see that he had just drunk enough to make his brain very clear and solemn. He explained the matter deliberately, with a slow choice of words, as though giving evidence of high matters before a court. It appeared that he had gone into the estaminet opposite with four friends. They had ordered five glasses of porto, for which they paid twenty centimes each, and drank them. Then then ordered five more glasses of porto and paid the same price and drank them. After this they took a stroll up and down the street, and were bored, and went into the estaminet again, and ordered five more glasses of porto. It was then the trouble began. But it was not the Australian who began it. It was the woman behind the bar. She served

five glasses more of porto and asked for thirty centimes each.

"Twenty centimes," said the Australian. "Vingt, madame."

"Mais non! Trenta centimes, chaque verre! Thirty, my old one. Six sous, comprenez?"

"No comprenez," said the Australian. "Vingt centimes, or go to hell."

The woman demanded the thirty centimes; kept on demanding with a voice more shrill.

"It was her voice that vexed me," said the Australian. "That and the bloody injustice."

The five Australians drank the five glasses of porto, and the tall Australian paid the thirty centimes each without further argument. Life is too short for argument. Then, still without words, he took each of the five glasses, and broke it at the stem and dropped it over the counter.

"You will see, sir," he said gravely, "the injustice of the matter was on my side."

But when they left the estaminet the woman came shrieking into the street after them. Hence the agent de police, and the grasp on the Australian's wrist.

"I shall be glad if you would explain the case to this little Frenchman," said the soldier. "If he does not take his hand off my wrist I shall have to kill him."

"Perhaps a little explanation might serve," I said.

I spoke to the agent de police at some length, describing the incident in the cafe. I took the view that the lady was wrong in increasing the price so rapidly. The agent agreed, gravely. I then pointed out that the Australian was a very large-sized man, and that in spite of his quietude, he was a man in the habit of killing Germans. He also had a curious dislike of policemen.

"It appears to me," I said politely, "that for the sake of your health the other end of the street is better than this."

The agent de police released his grip from the Australian's wrist and saluted me.

"Vous avez raison, monsieur. Je vous remercie. Ces Australiens sont vraiment formidables, n'est-ce pas?"

He disappeared through the crowd, who were smiling with a keen sense of understanding. Only the lady of the estaminet was unappeased.

"They are bandits, these Australians!" she said to the world about her.

The tall Australian shook hands with me in a comradely way.

"Thanks for your trouble," he said. "It was the injustice I couldn't stick. I always pay the right price. I come from Australia."

I watched him go slouching down the Rue des Trois Cailloux, head above all the passers-by. He would be at Pozieres again next day.

* His comment on the staff of the Fifth Army, which met with much disaster at St. Quentin, will prove of interest:—

I found a general opinion among officers and men, not only of the Irish Division, under the command of the Fifth Army, that they had been the victims of atrocious staff work, tragic in its consequences. From what I saw of some of the Fifth Army staff-officers I was of the same opinion. Some of these young gentlemen, and some of the elderly officers, were arrogant and supercilious, without revealing any symptoms of intelligence. If they had wisdom it was deeply camouflaged by an air of inefficiency. If they had knowledge they hid it as a secret of their own. General Gough, commanding the Fifth Army in Flanders, and afterwards north and south of St. Quentin, where the enemy broke through, was extremely courteous, of most amiable character, with a high sense of duty. But in Flanders, if not personally responsible for many tragic happenings, he was badly served by some of his subordinates, and battalion officers, and divisional staffs, raged against the whole of the Fifth Army organisation, or lack of organisation, with an extreme passion of speech.

Here are two samples of Gibbs's many excellent stories:—

In one section of trenches the men made a habit of betting upon those who would be wounded first. It had all the uncertainty of the roulette table. . . . One day, when the German gunners were putting over a special dose of hate, a sergeant kept coming to one dug-out to enquire about a "new-chum" who had come up with the drafts.

"Is Private Smith all right?" he asked. "Yes, sergeant, he's all right," answered the men crouching in the dark hole. "Private Smith isn't wounded yet?"

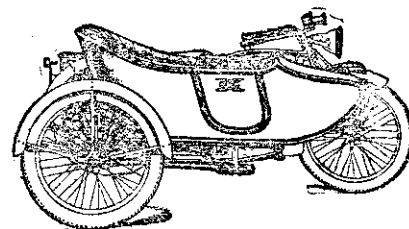
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PREMIER RUBBER STORES,

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TAKE LIFE EASY.

STRAIN OF MODERN LIVING INCREASES CANCER DEATHS.

Cancer is spreading at a startling rate in the British Isles. The London Cancer Hospital is formulating plans for a thorough review of the existing cancer peril and the all too insufficient knowledge with which it is compelled to fight it.

Its terrible rate of growth may be illustrated by a few figures. In 1864, there were 8117 deaths from cancer in England and Wales. By 1874 the number had increased to 11,011; and in 1884 to 15,193; and in 1890 to 19,433. The rate per million of population was, in 1864 only 385; in 1874, 461; in 1884, 560; in 1890, 676; in 1901, 842; and in 1917, the last year for which figures have been issued, the rate per million was 1210. With a slight and temporary decrease in 1865 every year has seen a steadily progressive augmentation in the death-rate. The same sad story comes from every part of the civilised world for which statistics are available.

Moreover, as every doctor knows, the figures which the States issue rather understate the case than otherwise. A good many internal cancerous growths in the old people pass unnoticed; their deaths are assigned to other causes. Also there is a desire to spare the feelings of royal and distinguished persons, a class which furnishes its quota to the death rate, yet shrinks from the unpleasant notoriety attaching to the phrase "cancer in the family." I could mention rather numerous royalties, from the great Napoleon down to the Kaiser's father and mother who have succumbed to this curse in the last century, along with one illustrious British premier.

The causes of cancer are supposed to be unknown, but nothing could be more remote from the actual truth. The immediate causes of cancerous growths have long been recognised and more or less precisely stated by every doctor of eminence who has written on the subject. But in order to discuss scientifically the causes of cancer, it is necessary to place each variety of the scourge under a separate heading, and not to lump them all together as simply "cancer." Every case of cancer has its own distinct rise. Cancer is not one malady; it is a host of maladies. There are ten primary kinds of cancer, and at least twenty secondary kinds.

The reasons for the continued increase of cancer turn mainly on the fact that women are the principal sufferers from it, and the special causes which prevail in their case are accelerated by trouble, anxiety, worry, and general wear-

and-tear. Men are not exempt from cancer, but suffer in a far minor degree.

Increasing civilisation has for the last 70 years or more denoted enormously increased worry, and sorrow and augmented mental and physical friction of all kinds, felt most heavily by the poor and toiling classes, but also in a heavy degree by the ranks above. The upper ranks, being more sensitive and more apt to give way to brooding sorrow, often create unnecessary troubles for themselves and so increase their liability to cancer.

This yearly increase in cancer is no more than a measure of the annually augmented wear-and-tear which modern civilisation involves, and which nearly all of us, under modern conditions, have to undergo. It will not entirely cease until the conditions of life become far easier than now—say in another 500 years, if all goes well. But even as matters stand now, much can be done to lessen and to prevent it. For instance, cancer among women may be prevented by greater equanimity and cheerfulness. Commonly it is easier to preach this doctrine than to practice it. But for all that the effort could often be made with complete success. Doctors here at the London Cancer Hospital have told me of cases in which a cancerous seizure has been brought on by a casual bother about servants.

Further than this everything that tends to sustain physical health and well-being materially aids in preventing the onset of cancer. People don't need to be flying always to the doctor. On the contrary, all they need study is the general laws of health which are largely individual, and which vary in different cases. The forms of cancer which attack men are usually due, in the first instance, to some very palpable breach of Nature's laws, such as chronic alcoholism, to say nothing of unsavory maladies which might easily have been prevented, and for which the patient is culpably responsible.

SECTS IN HEAVEN.

Unconventional views of heaven were expressed in a sermon at St. Anne's, Soho, on Sunday, by the vicar, the Rev. Clarence May. They would find all sects in heaven, he said—the Church of England, the Roman Church, the Protestants, the Wesleyans, and the Baptists. They would continue in their separate bodies for some time, but their method of communion, which here was so difficult, would be different there. They would pass on from stage to stage till they became one celestial body working for the great union of Christendom, the union of saints, even as we were working for the union of Christendom on earth.

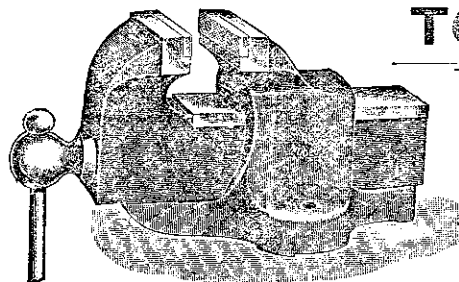
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ROSLYN PANTS and SINGLETs, 7s 11d a garment.

WOOLLEN SOX (Colonial), 2s 6d a pair

STRIPED DRILL SHIRTS, 11s 6d each.

STRONG SAMSON BRACES, 2s 11d a pair.

BOYS' KHAKI 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 snipes), 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 Marled UNDERWEAR.

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

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

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W. S. Robinson & Co.,

KELVIN STREET.

Phone—760.

THE FARM.

(By "Furrow").

THE NEED OF THE DAY.

Efficiency—more production per cow
and more economy in production to match
the high land values and manure and cost
of labour and equipment and cost of feed
—is the most vital need of the dairy in-
dustry to-day.

The average production of the average
cow expressed in terms of milk and but-
ter-fat cannot be called good. In fact, it is
poor—and what man likes to conduct a
poor man's business?

Dairymen may be divided into three
classes—those who fail and eventually
go out of the business, those who eke out
a bare existence, and those who succeed.

Invariably the success of the progres-
sive dairyman is dependent on the quality
of his cows. He climbs to freedom from
financial worry over the backs of high
producing cows. He knows that high
milk producing ability is an inherited
character and that he must carefully select
his breeding stock to the end that all an-
imals born in his herd possess that ability.

The greatest aid in creating efficiency
in the dairy herd is the dairy sire, with
a strong milk producing inheritance. Such
a sire adds to the milk producing ability
of the future herd.

A poor sire gets his own kind and de-
creased production. An increase in milk
production decreases costs, while a de-
crease in production increases costs.

PROFIT-SHARING ON THE FARM.

"Mr M. H. Peake, of High Loxsley
Farm, Dunsford (Surrey), the owner of a
holding covering 400 acres, chiefly grass-
land, adopted a system of profit-sharing
with his men on January 1 this year, and
he is enthusiastic concerning the results,"
says the "Telegraph."

"At that time he had the farm valued,
and, in conference with his men, it was
agreed that he should take 6 per cent. on
the capital invested in it. Employer and
employed worked together, sharing the
common tasks of the farm, and each draws
a sum which had been agreed upon as a
living wage at the end of the week. The
farmer at the end of the year takes his six
per cent., or the current bank rate on the
money he has sunk in the farm, and the re-
mainder of the profits are to be shared
amongst them.

"Mr Peake declares that under this
system the farm labourers have such a real
live interest in the success of the under-
taking that they work from daylight until
dark, and put the very best into their
labour. Two men will, he says, do the
work which six do normally. Should
a man die before the share-out the profit
he has earned will pass to his next-of-
kin."

Good-bye, old Brindle, bony scrub.

The time demands a better breed.

You eat enough, but there's the rub—

You never pay for half your feed.

So after all these years we part,

And pray remember as you go,

If this should break your bovine heart,

You broke my purse long, long ago.

—A cow tester in the "Producers'
Review."

Produce! Produce! Were it but the
pitifullest, infinitesimal fraction of a prod-
uct, produce it. . . . 'Tis the utmost
thou hast in thee! out with it, then. Up!
Up! Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do,
do it with thy whole might—Carlyle.

WATCH THE BULL.

It is not uncommon to find a bull that
is apparently not a sure breeder. The
cause of the trouble should be the first
thing to consider. An examination of
the bull should be made for injury or de-
formity. Has the bull been debilitated
by too frequent usage? Has provision been
made for sufficient exercise, or is he kept
in a poorly-lighted filthy stall? Has the
bull served cows promiscuously over the
neighbourhood with no attention given to
their physical condition at the time of
service? If so, it might be suspected that
the bull has become infected with abortion
germ from one of the cows brought in.
Precaution and systematic handling would
eliminate much of this trouble.

A bull must have exercise to be in
prime breeding condition. The benefit
from this will be handed down to the
offspring.

Cows showing signs of a discharge or in
any way unhealthy should not be bred
from. It is a good practice to irrigate
the sheath of a bull after service, espe-
cially when a cow that has an unknown
history is served. The abortion tabloid
dissolved in two quarters of water should
be used.

The principal cause of inefficiency of
the bull is allowing the bull to run with

the cows, more especially if the cows are
suffering from a contagious complaint
which will often bring her in season every
three weeks, whether she is in calf or
otherwise. Many a time a cow is troubled
with vaginal catarrh without the owner
being aware of it, and the bull may then
pass it on to the whole herd and at the
same time being rendered almost impotent.

Do not depend on internal medicine to
increase the breeding qualities of any an-
imal. Its effect is only temporary and
fails to remove the cause.

The Poultry-Yard

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

At a recent meeting of the Council of
the N.Z. Orpington Club (North Island),
it was decided to hold the club's next
annual club show in conjunction with
the New Plymouth Society's 1921 show.
It was also unanimously agreed to adopt
the new Dominion of New Zealand
utility poultry standards, and judges
will be instructed to make their awards
in utility classes at the club's shows in
accordance therewith. It was further
decided to ask the Manawatu Poultry
Association to institute an amateur
judging competition at its next show.

FEEDING CHICKS.

The feeding of the chickens must be as
plain as possible. Give nothing for the
first forty-eight hours, then feed on dry
coarse oatmeal. Sift the oatmeal and
thus save the fine stuff which would other-
wise be wasted. Mix a little fine grit with
the oatmeal, but take out of this any
glittering particles. These attract the
chickens and encourage them to take more
than they should. This results in the giz-
zard becoming overcharged with the grit,
and starvation ensues. Very finely cut up
tender green stuff should be supplied in
abundance. The chickens should be en-
couraged as early as possible to scratch in
the litter for their food. Therefore allow
some of the oatmeal to fall into the litter
about the tray. After the third day com-
bine a little of some good commercial
chick food with the oatmeal, which may
gradually be eliminated.

The litter should consist of straw chaff
or cavings, or chaffed-up hay. Oaten chaff
is not advisable as stray oats and the
hard joints of the straw cause crop-bind-
ing and gizzard troubles.

When the chickens are seven days old
a little moist mash is given twice a day.
This may consist of two parts of oatmeal,
two of pollard, two of finely-cut green
stuff and half a part of rolled oats, the
whole mixed with boiled rice. The rice
helps to prevent bowel troubles such as
diarrhoea. To boil the rice take one part
of rice to three parts of water, and boil
this in a vessel standing in a larger vessel
of boiling water. The rice will absorb the
water and yet not burn, and the grains
will fall apart.

In feeding the mash it is not desirable to
feed it the last thing at night, the dry
mixture being the best thing at that
time. Feeding moist feed at night gen-
erally means that this, rapidly passing
through the chickens, makes the bedding
moist and at the same time it has not
the same sustaining effect as has the dry
feed.

The moist mash can be altered after a
week to a plainer diet, consisting of two
parts of green stuff, two parts of pollard,
half a part of bran, and a half a part
of maize meal the whole mixed with skim-
milk. If maize meal is not obtainable it
may be eliminated. In changing the food
it should be done gradually.

After about a month the chick feed can
be made plainer by mixing with the mash
kibbled, or ground, wheat, a little
crushed maize, or hulled oats, if procur-
able. Some of these should always be in
the litter, to encourage the chickens to
scratch.

Abundance of green stuff is desirable.
Besides putting cut green stuff in the
mash bunches should be tied up nine
inches to a foot off the floor, thus provid-
ing the chickens with further means of
exercise.

A little cooked meat, such as rabbit,
liver, etc., may be fed occasionally in the
mash, but care should be taken not to
overdo it. Meat is a highly stimulating
food, and should therefore be fed sparing-
ly. Failing fresh meat, a little meat meal
may be fed, but this can easily be over-
done.

A little dry bran, in a tin or hopper,
and always available, is beneficial. Chick-
ens are very fond of it, and it is a great
body builder. Feeding bran separately gets
young stock accustomed to dry mash, and
to balance their feed.

Grit (with the bright particles elimin-
ated) should be constantly before the
chickens from the fifth day. A good qual-
ity grit is desirable. A brand manufac-
tured by Rhodes, of Auckland, is excel-
lent. It contains charcoal, invaluable for
birds of all ages.

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(Cut this out for future reference.)

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WOOL!

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SEWING MACHINE OIL,

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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.

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DUSTOL,

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RAZOR STROP OIL,

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

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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.

JOHNNY FIELDMOUSE AND HIS CONVERSION.

Johnny Fieldmouse pecked cautiously from between the evenly spaced bars of the corn crib and listened for some little time. The moon was just coming up full, round and mellow, and the only sound that fell upon his keen ears was the shrill, constant song of the peepers that came from the creek and meadow some distance away, and that seemed to grow louder as each minute passed.

He lifted a little bag containing some twenty or thirty kernels of shellcorn that he had gathered up from the floor, and laid it upon one of the many narrow strips that formed the side walls of the crib, and again looked out to see that no one was in sight. He then gave the bag a sudden shove that sent it tumbling to the earth some distance below, and it was with no little difficulty that Johnny himself managed to squeeze through, for he had just partaken of a hearty dinner.

The opening that had so spaciouly received him several hours before now seemed so small, but he finally worked his way through, tearing several buttons from his vest as he did so. He hung for an instant from the lowest board he could find, and another second found him landed safely right on top of the bag of corn.

Shouldering his plunder he crossed the lane into the orchard and quietly and as swiftly as his burden would allow, hastened toward home. He was nearly to the opposite side when a strange thing happened that sent an icy chill down his back and caused a lump to rise in his throat as large as any kernel of corn that he carried. From somewhere close at hand came a groan that seemed to fairly shake the very ground beneath his feet. It was more than he could stand. Dropping the bag of corn in his fright he ran toward the lane, and had gone but a little way when another terrific groan fell upon the still night air.

He looked back for an instant, and as he did so ran right into Br'er Rabbit with such force that he fell sprawling to the earth.

"I—I beg your pardon," he said at last after regaining his feet and partial composure, "but I didn't see you!"

"Oh, that's all right," replied Br'er Rabbit. "I hope you didn't hurt yourself. You seem to be terribly excited over something."

His little friend then related what had happened and how he had lost his bag of corn.

"Well," said Br'er Rabbit, "we'll get that later on. I'll help you look for it. The noise that you heard was Mr Squealie groaning. I guess he's pretty sick. He frightened me nearly out of my wits, but I finally got up courage enough to investigate."

"I've just been down to the creek after Doctor Turtle, but it's hard to tell when he will come along. You know how slow he is. Why, he's been practising medicine for the past forty years and he's lost every case excepting one, and he won that one only because old Mr Snail was so slow in getting sick from acute indigestion. Mr Snail ate some Paris green by mistake one spring, and it was fully two weeks before he was taken seriously ill. I went for Doctor Turtle myself as soon as I learned what had happened, and he managed to reach his bedside in time to save him. There's a good chance for some bright young doctor in this locality. Let's walk over to the fence and see if the Doctor is in sight yet."

Sure enough, the old Doctor was coming some distance down the lane.

"We might as well sit and wait patiently until he gets here," said Br'er Rabbit.

Presently Doctor Turtle wobbled up to where they were sitting, and after a few words the three started across the orchard. It was some time before they reached the home of Mr Squealie, and long before they arrived they could hear him moaning.

"Well, sir, what seems to be the trouble?" asked Doctor Turtle when they finally stood by his side.

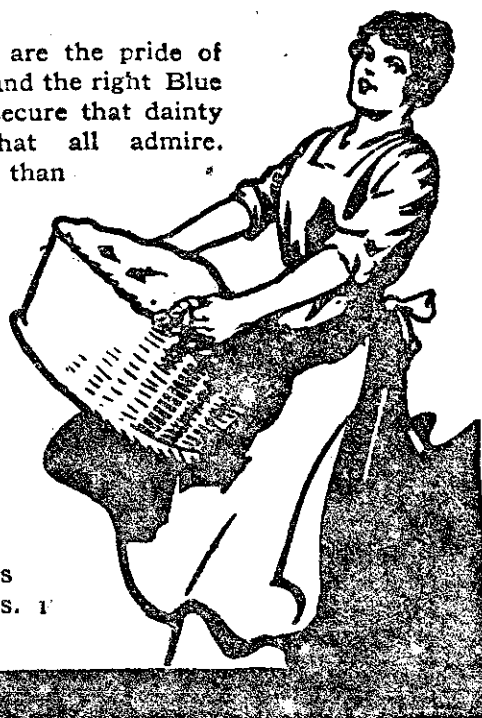
He was lying on the floor, a pitiable sight, and the tears came to Johnny's eyes, for he saw that the poor fellow was in great pain. He was a massive bulk



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Well laundered clothes are the pride of every good housewife—and the right Blue is essential in order to secure that dainty snow white finish that all admire. There's no better Blue than



that seemed more like a mountain to little Johnny.

"Well, I guess it's the same old trouble. Doctor," he finally said between groans. That right foot of mine is terribly inflamed again and every joint in my body is sore."

"He has the gout," whispered Br'er Rabbit to Johnny.

"What's the gout?" asked Johnny.

"Why, it's the result of indiscreet eating. He lives on too rich food and over-eats. I've been after him a long time to cut down on his eating, and take more exercise, but he simply will not do it, and you can see the result."

"I don't know as I can do much to help you," spoke up the Doctor. "The matter lies wholly with yourself. You must fast for a while and take more exercise as soon as you are able to move about. You've been living too high again, and I can't do a thing for you as long as you continue to abuse yourself in this manner."

Mr Squealie only moaned again and said: "I'll promise to do better, Doctor."

They left him and walked back to the lane together.

"He'll be all right again in a few days, if he'll only do his part," said Dr. Turtle.

"Oh, yes," said Br'er Rabbit to Johnny.

"I promised to help you find your bag of corn, didn't I? We'll go back and look for it now."

"Never mind," said Johnny. "I've decided to fast for a while." And the three disappeared down the lane together toward home.

THE HOME.

MINCEMEAT RECIPES.

As mincemeat is all the better if kept for about a month before being used, it is amongst the Christmas dainties which may very well be made at the present time. The golden rule in making mincemeat is to chop all the ingredients by hand. It is quicker and easier to pass the fruits through a mincer, but making mincemeat is one of those occasions when the old-fashioned method pays. The fruit must be carefully cleaned, stoned, and stalked, and if you use flour in chopping the suet let it be the smallest possible amount. The apples must be absolutely sound. It is best to get dessert apples, as they impart a much richer and sweeter flavour than cooking apples. The proportion of chopped apples can be increased in any recipe without in any way spoiling the taste of the mincemeat. Use small jars for storing the mincemeat. Once opened the contents of the jars are apt to get dry as the spirit evaporates. Do not put the mincemeat for two or three days after it is made, but give it a good stirring every morning, keep it well covered with a cloth and stand in a cold place. This ensures thorough mixing, which is so essential to success.

Two Good Recipes.—(1) Chop and mix together a pound and a-half of beef suet, two pounds each of apples and stoned raisins, and one pound of sultanas. Add two pounds of plumped currants, one pound of shredded candied peel, one pound of sugar, a teaspoonful each of mixed spice and salt, the grated rind of one lemon and two oranges, the juice of two lemons and four oranges, and a quarter-pint of rum or brandy. Should any of the mincemeat be kept long after Christmas, a little more spirit is usually added. (2) Stone and chop 2lb of raisins, well wash and dry 2lb of currants, peel,

core, and chop finely 2lb of apples; shred very finely 2lb of good suet free from skin and sinew; 1lb of good sugar, 4oz of crumbled citron, one lemon and orange peel finely shredded, one nutmeg (grated), a teaspoonful of powdered cloves, half a pint of brandy and a gill of port wine. Mix it all well together, and let it stand for a month if possible before using. An ounce or so of blanched and chopped almonds, and the juice and grated rind of a lemon are both to be recommended in addition to the above ingredients.

Rich Mincemeat.—Finely chop separately one pound of rather underdone roast or boiled beef (or parboiled lights of a pig), two pounds of beef suet, one and a-half pounds each of apples and pears (or 2lb of apples) one pound each of sultanas and stoned raisins, and one pound of candied peel. Add one pound of plumped currants, one and a-half pounds of sugar, a teaspoonful each of mixed spice and cinnamon, the finely-grated rind and juice of two oranges and two lemons, and finally a half-pint each of brandy and sherry, or all sherry, when the mincemeat will be used within a few weeks.

Economical Mincemeat. — Chop separately one and a-half pound of suet, and two pounds each of apples, stoned raisins, and dates. Add two pounds of plumped currants, one pound of sugar, a teaspoonful each of mixed spice and salt, the grated rind and juice of four lemons, and three tablespoons of orange marmalade—the last chopped on a plate to cup up the shreds. Should the mincemeat not be sufficiently moist, mix with what is being used at one time either the pulp of one or two apples baked in their skins, or a little fruit juice or wine of any kind.

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During 1919 vessels aggregating 62,000 tons were built in Norway, of which 15,000 were for Swedish and Danish accounts. In Denmark about 38,000 tons were built in 1919, of which 2650 tons were for Norwegian account. Sweden built 53,000 tons, of which 4000 tons were for Danish account.

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FURS! FURS!

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TRAPPERS.—Please note I don't want
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GARDEN NOTES

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

Give the ground a good deep hoeing among all growing crops, but when the surface is too hard and tough give it a light forking. By this means the moisture is kept in the ground much longer, and the ground is kept in better heart by the free circulation of air and the warmth of the sun. If the ground be left undisturbed after rains, it hardens and cracks, thus liberating the moisture, and the ground is left in a worst condition than before the rain.

After hoeing, raking, and forking, lose no time in making good any losses of plants, or make fresh sowings for succession of such things as peas, beans, lettuce, radish, mustard and cress, turnips, spinach, and a small sowing of Early Horn carrots for drawing young.

Plant out cabbage and cauliflower, celery in trenches, and leeks.

Scarlet runner beans should be forward enough to require staking. The stakes should be long and straight, and from 6ft to 8ft in length. Drive them in on each side of the row, making the points meet at the top, and if they are tied so much the better will they resist heavy winds. Staking should be done before the beans get large, or they will entwine and become a tangled mass.

This is a good time for preparing a bed of mushrooms. Any old outhouse with a clay or brick floor will answer admirably. The cool end of a greenhouse will also serve. Mushrooms also do very well in a warm, sheltered position outside, provided the beds are well covered with mats or clean straw. Secure a heap of fresh horse manure, with as little straw as possible in it, shake it into a long heap to ferment; turn it occasionally, and when the heat has somewhat gone out of it mix up the whole with four parts of the manure to one part of turfy loam. Mix it well up, then stack the material ridge-shape about 3ft at the base, and as long as convenient. Beat it firm with the back of the spade, then poke a pointed stick into the manure, and when the heat has arisen to about 80deg insert the mushroom spawn in fairly good lumps—say, twice the size of a walnut—3in deep, and 9in apart. Beat it down firm and smooth to put on a neat finish. Then cover with mats or a layer of straw. A good crop should be produced in eight or nine weeks. When gathering mushrooms, never cut them off with a knife; just screw them out gently with the hand. If cut the base of the stalk rots, and becomes injurious to the next crop.

THE ROSE GARDEN.

This being the month in which roses are in their glory, care should be taken that their effect is not destroyed by deformed buds or faded flowers. Seed vessels should be removed as the flowers fade, unless they are required to ripen for seeds. Those who are contemplating cross-fertilising or hybridising the rose for seed should not delay this work too long, but get it done whilst we have the best blooms to work upon and a good long season for the seed pods to develop and ripen. Standard and pillar roses should be made secure to their stakes. Towards the end of the month many shoots will be sufficiently ripe and firm enough for budding.

To some of my readers who may be anticipating showing roses, a few words upon the subject will perhaps prove beneficial. Firstly, keep them going by giving them a good soaking of water, if the ground is at all dry, as if the ground is hot and dry the blooms are forced open before they have attained proper maturity; neither will blooms so forced open retain their beauty any length of time when cut, and therefore they are of little use for show purposes, as perhaps just at the last they collapse, and the exhibit is spoiled. Shading will be necessary in restarting blooms that are inclined to come too early, but shading must not be carried to excess, or the colour and beauty of the rose will be gone, as over-shading is bad for taking out that rich colour so desired in roses. On the other hand, a little shading will bring out richness; indeed, some kinds cannot be brought to perfection without a little shading, at least in most places.

The time to cut roses is undoubtedly very early in the morning; or, if you have not time in the early morning, they should be cut late in the evening, and placed in the coolest place at command, and the final selection made in the morning. Do not be led away with a large bloom. The points are size, colour, and freshness. These must combine in a first-class bloom.

MOTORING NOTES.

WHY THERE WILL BE NO IMMEDIATE REDUCTION IN THE PRICE OF MOTOR CARS.

To assume or permit the assumption to become current that automobile prices are due for an early slump, are about ready to go on the slide, or are scheduled for an immediate decline, betrays both ignorance and carelessness. Worse, yet, it is symptomatic of an utter indifference to consequences. Any price reduction with existing cost of labour and raw materials would represent the sacrifice of manufacture and goods at prices below those for which they were made to sell. That however, unavoidably represents loss, either to the producer or distributor. Price reduction, in the strictest sense of the word, therefore, is an economic accident bordering on disaster. When one considers that automobile prices generally have been increased only about 14 per cent. since 1914 while in these six years food, clothing, fuel, necessities and luxuries of every description have mounted from 100 per cent. to more than 200 per cent., then one can see that at present there is no margin of profit to enable any reduction in price to take place. It is unreasonable to presume that car manufacturers can reduce their prices, since no reduction can be effected.

Touching on the importance of road transport, the opinions expressed by Sir Raymond Dennis (managing director of a large firm of motor lorry builders in England), now on a visit to Australia, are interesting. As a transportation expert, Sir Raymond is impressed with the great mechanical transport in the development of a country. Great spaces cannot be filled up and turned to the best account until linked together, and finally made easily and rapidly accessible to the centres of distribution. With better roads, motor service might be established where railway communication is lacking. There is no need to let a place languish beyond the terminus of the railway; link it up with a good road and motor service. His firm (Messrs Dennis Bros., Ltd., of Guildford, England) supplied to the military authorities 7000 motor lorries of the War Office subsidy model, and the vast experience gained proved helpful in designing the 2-ton and 2-ton models now being marketed.

In almost all of the Australian States the authorities are inclined to make much of the traffic problem, and frame and put into operation all sorts of restrictive regulations without co-ordinating their efforts. If some people had their way, they would limit the pace of the motor vehicle to that of the horse; indeed far too many of the regulations drafted are based on conditions suitable for horse drawn vehicles; they cannot realise that the superior speed of the automobile is its chief attribute, and if it were restricted to the rate of travel of the animal it would be not be worth having, nor would we be progressing. We cannot shut our eyes to the fact that were it not for the motor the city streets would by now be in a bad state of congestion, for if every motor were suddenly replaced by horse-drawn vehicle giving the same capacity and efficiency, there would be at least twice as many vehicles in the thoroughfares as now. If traffic is a problem in our large cities, how should we shape were we to attempt to regulate that of London, New York, Chicago and other busy centres?

MECHANICAL LOSSES.

No doubt economical motorists are keenly interested in the methods which decrease consumption, but in no way decrease speed and climbing capabilities of the car.

The only improvement which suggests itself to the every-day motorist seems to be carburation—such as changing the size of jets, altering level, fitting patent extra-air devices, etc. These methods have proved most satisfactory in many cases, but there is another method by which consumption can be reduced, and this is the reduction of friction.

A good deal of friction is caused by an excess of oil. This can be eliminated by drilling a number of holes radially, immediately under the bottom piston ring. The ring, of course, acts as a scraper releasing all excess lubricant. This operation is probably beyond the capabilities of the average owner-driver, as a small amount of metal has to be removed from the piston immediately below the bottom ring, forming a groove.

It is always a moot point as to which is the better system, that of over-lubricating the motor cycle engine or risking a possible shortage by giving only the regulation amount. The safe rule is to err slightly on the excess side, as the worst that can happen is that the pistons and cylinder heads will require rather more frequent cleaning and the crank case will

ling out at more regular intervals. Some bushes were lying around on the mechanic's bench in a well-known garage. They had been taken from a motor cycle engine the day before, and they were worn oval in shape. The owner of the motor cycle was "prepared to swear an affidavit" that the engine had had "plenty" of oil, but the fact remained that these particular bushes had worn out of truth, whilst those in a sister engine which had done three times the mileage remained as good as when new. Just a slight running dry does the trick in these cases, and we have no doubt at all, neither had the garage people, that at some time or another the very positive owner had denuded his engine temporarily of oil. Where the lubrication of an engine is consistently excessive the bearings become clogged and heavy deposits form on the heated surfaces of the pistons and cylinder heads. The engine becomes sluggish and may in time knock rather badly. Then it is time to take the cylinders down, clean away the accumulated scale, and wash the bearings out with paraffin. After this the knock will, as a rule, have disappeared and the engine will have resumed its wonted life. Then the owner goes on again and over-lubricates, and the same process must be gone through of cleaning and swilling, but he prefers it to taking any risk with his bearings. If the plugs get "oiled up" frequently it is certain indication that the oiling is too frequent and there should follow a cutting down of the supply. Nothing is gained by over-lubrication, and it is uneconomical for the reason that it uses up oil more rapidly than is necessary or desirable.

SCIENCE NOTES.

CHEMISTRY APPLIED TO SAFETY.

The National Safety Council of America is responsible for an investigation undertaken to determine the action of hydrochloric acid on manila rope. When brick work is washed down, the commercial grade of hydrochloric acid known as muriatic acid is commonly employed, the men working from staging supported by manila rope used in blocks and falls. Accidents have occurred because of the rope becoming weakened through contact with the acid or its fumes, and the action takes place without any superficial trace being noticeable to the eye. Serious accidents have resulted, hence it is now suggested that the rope be treated with some acid-resisting compound. This portion of the investigation is now underway, especially with reference to ascertain the protection which would be afforded the rope by the use of compounds which have proven effective in protecting machinery and similar equipment from acid corrosion.

AN IMPROVED HAND-VICE.

It is a well-known fact that the simplest things are the last to undergo improvement. People take them so much for granted that they seldom think out an improvement upon them. A typical case is the ordinary hand-vice, which is used in every workshop all over the globe. It is far from being a perfect instrument, because it works on a hinge and the gripping jaws therefore do not keep parallel as the vice is opened. In spite of this drawback, it is only recently that a successful effort was made to turn out a better type. A British firm is making a patent vice in which the hinge is replaced by a right and left-handed screw. When this screw is turned by means of a small wheel the lower jaw end of the vice opens to the same extent as the jaws, which thus remain parallel to each other. With this vice it is possible to hold round articles quite firmly, which is impossible with the ordinary hinged vice.

ELECTROLYSIS OF CLAYS.

The colloidal of electrolysis solutions has led to the application of this principle to the purification of china and other clays. If clay is mixed with water and certain alkalis are then added to the solution, the mixture settles and becomes more liquid. If, now, an electric current is passed through the solution, the particles of clay connect at the anode, while the impurities (mica, felspar, quartz, iron compounds) either are precipitated or migrate to the cathode. On an industrial scale the process is carried out in a large vat, in which slowly rotates a metal cylinder forming the anode, and near which the cathode is placed. The clay paste, after the electrolyte is added, is left to clarify in other tanks, being then passed into the electrolysis vat for final purification, when it is collected by special rakes. In addition to being pure, clay thus treated has a lower temperature of agglomeration, moulds more easily, and is more plastic and refractory.

What to Give and
Where to buy it.

DON'T let this cause you need less worry. With our wide experience, we know just exactly the gifts that are appreciated most and we will be happy to make suggestions in keeping with the amount you wish to spend. Our Store is replete with Goods specially adapted for Presentation and we invite you to come and look around at your leisure.

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Jenny Jenkins "General."

On the kitchen table lay the unwashed-up crockery from dinner; it had been there since one o'clock, and it was now five, and at half-past two Jenny had plumped down in a chair in front of the fire and gone "on strike."

This strike of hers had a real grievance behind it. It was her monthly "half day out," and a stupid telegram from the husband of "the missus," requesting her immediate presence, had brought that lady into the kitchen, just as Jenny was expecting to go out.

"You can't have your half-day, after all. The master wires me to meet him in the city. You'll have to have it another day next week."

And without another word she had gone, and the sullen fit had come.

Five o'clock struck, and the girl glanced hopelessly at the clock. Then a vindictive look crossed her face.

"I'll go out! Yes, I will! I'll go out. I don't care what her ladyship says. It isn't fair! It isn't fair! Why should I be the one to be put about? Out I go. If she doesn't come back before me she needn't know; if she does—oh, she can go hang!"

Into the boxroom of the flat, called her bedroom, she dashed, tore off her apron and dress, washed her face and hands, put on her best dress and hat and boots, and humming defiantly, "I care for nobody and nobody cares for me," she opened the front door.

"Oh!"

A gentleman, high hatted and smart-looking, was standing there; but Jenny's action startled him as she came out.

"I was just going to ring," he said pleasantly.

"They're out!" she snapped. "And I'm just going out, too."

"I wanted a Miss Geneva Jenkins," he remarked. "I understand she is employed here."

"That's a fact," she said. "She is, I'm the young lady in question. What do you want?"

"Well, it's a long story. May I come in?"

"Not half! How do I know you're not a burglar? Say what you want to say right here now, where other folk can see you."

He smiled.

"You seem a very original young person," he remarked. "Still, if you prefer it I will talk here. You are Geneva Jenkins, daughter of the late Tom Jenkins, of Esseter, in Essex, I believe?"

"That's a fact."

"Well, your father had a brother who went to New Zealand, didn't he?"

"That's a fact!"

"He's dead. But before he died he made some money, and it seems he left it all to you."

"How did you know I was here?" suspiciously.

"I went to the clergyman at Esseter, and he found out your address from one of the old neighbours. So if you are the young lady in question I congratulate you on coming into a very nice little fortune, and I shall be pleased to act for you in any way. If, for instance you want any money at the present, I'll—"

"Oh, will you?" she said sarcastically. "Perhaps you'll hand me over £5 on the spot."

"Certainly!" he said. "Here it is." And he produced a five-pound note, and gave it to her.

She took it, felt it between her thumb and finger, held it up to the light. It was clearly all right.

"Come in!" she said, throwing open the door. "I guess you'll want a receipt. Now, sir"—pointing him to a chair—"sit down and tell me all about it. How much is it? Five hundred?"

"He left £50,000, and a very nice little sum it is. It will make a great difference to you. You are, I presume, the maid here?"

"No," bitterly. "Only 'the slavey.' At it from six in the morning till half-past ten, and lights out at eleven. Every other Sunday night off and a half-day a month. But do you mean to tell me that I—me, Geneva Jenkins—have got £50,000 to do as I like with? Oh, I can't believe it!" she said desperately. "You are up to some game, and I'm here all alone."

"Now, Miss Jenkins, be a sensible girl; be sensible! Here is my card. The address of my office is on it. Come and see me. And just to convince you that I am in earnest, here's the rest of £50—you have £5." And he handed her £45 more.

That did it.

"Then it's true!" she declared. "I am very much obliged to you, sir for your trouble in finding me out, and I'll come round and see you to-morrow, or soon. Are you one of the partners?" looking at the card.

"No; I'm only the managing clerk."

"Well, you manage very well," said Jennie graciously. "Perhaps you won't mind taking one of these fivers for your trouble?"

"Nonsense!" he said. "It's my job. But if you don't mind, I should like to be allowed to wish you every happiness."

"Thank you, sir," said Jennie. "Stay a minute. If you're a lawyer tell me—tell me, am I bound to stay in this place a month?"

"Not if you forfeit your wages."

"And if I broke a few things before I went and had a general bust up, could they do anything to me?"

"You'd better send to me in such an event," he smiled. "It might cost a trifle, but we'd square any little cost. Why, do you want to get your own back with them for something?"

"Do I want to? Why, there's a kind of inside fire here burning for it. Perhaps I shall have to wire you to come and help me."

"Very well," he said. "Now I'll go. Good luck!"

Jenny let him out, and stood staring after him; then, as soon as he was out of sight she dashed out, too.

"Taxi!" she cried. "Kilburn High street. The Bon Marché!"

"I'll get some clothes there," she muttered. "I'll just have time between now and eight."

The Kilburn business proved a longer matter than Jenny expected; but she made her purchases, and in a taxi she whirled back to the flat.

She let herself in with her key—they were not back yet.

She poked out the kitchen, and laid it ready for the morning; then lighting the gas in the little hall and in the dining-room, she went to bed.

"No doubt they'd like to find me up, and it'd be, Jenny, get me a cup of tea, I'm dying for it! Well, she'll have to die, that's all. And there'll be no cups of tea in the morning, missus. How will you like that, 'Mrs Montagu'?"

Suddenly her eyes gleamed with mischief, and going into the kitchen, she lit the gas again, and left it on. When she went to her box-room.

It was eleven before Mrs Montagu and her husband returned, and seeing the gas lit ready for them, the mistress naturally imagined Jenny had waited up, so rang the dining-room bell.

No Jenny!

"Jim, that girl's gone to bed, and left her gas on."

"Go and make her get up and put it out," he growled.

"I've put it out already," she said. "It's too bad she should have gone to bed. I wanted a cup of tea."

"Well, go and light it again, and call out to her to get up instantly and turn it out. It will teach her a lesson; and while she's up she can get your tea, I'd like a cup, too."

That was the programme. This is what happened:

Bang! Bang! Bang! on Jenny's door. No answer. Jenny was hugging herself with glee.

Then the missus opened the door.

"Jenny! Jenny!"

"Yes, mum?" sleepily.

"Do you know you left the kitchen light on?"

"Did I?"

"Yes, you did!"

"Then put it out."

"What?"

"Didn't I speak plain?" queried Jenny.

"I said, 'put it out!'"

"Jenny, I'm very much surprised at you!" And she was. Then Jenny sat bolt upright.

"And I'm surprised at you," she said. "What kind of a woman are you, I'd like to know, waking up a poor girl out of her first sleep to go and turn your silly gas out? Haven't you got fingers? Why don't you use them?" And she lay down again, saying: "Shut that door!"

"Jenny, you will have to leave."

"Oh," came the reply, "I don't care when I leave if only you will go away and turn that gas out."

Pale-faced, Mrs Montagu joined her grinning husband, who had overheard the patter between them.

"What's come to her?" he said.

And his wife made a hopeless gesture.

Next morning Jenny rose with the lark. Instead of scrambling down anyhow, as usual, she carefully brushed her hair, donned one of the new prints, put on a smart linen apron, fastening crosswise over the shoulders, and gave a glance in the glass.

"Fetchin'!" she said. "Not half!"

So Mr Montagu thought as he breakfasted.

"Smart this morning, Jenny?"

No answer as she removed his plate in offended silence.

But he laughed, and the laugh stung her.

"What's it to do with you whether I'm smart or not?" she demanded angrily. "You keep your place, and I'll keep mine."

He remained at the table, very, very thoughtful; and presently as he rose to rush away, he said:

"I didn't mean any harm. I'm not that kind. Buck up, and take your mistress in a cup of tea."

"Take it in yourself, sir," she said. "It'd be a bit of a surprise." And went off into the kitchen.

He stared; then did it.

"Brought you in some tea, my dear."

"How good of you," she murmured sleepily. "Breakfast is all right?"

"Yes, the breakfast's all right, but Jenny's all wrong. Guess you upset her last night." And he left for the city.

She lay back for a second sleep when—Crash!!

"Good heavens! What's that?" Mrs Montagu cried. She sprang out of bed, and rushing to the door called:

"What have you done now?"

"Breakfast things, mum. Dropped the tray, that's all!"

"Very well, then, you'll have the cost of the breakfast service stopped out of your month's pay. It cost thirty shillings; and I can't match it."

She waited for the retort, then she heard something hit the wall near her. It was a sovereign. Before she could get over her surprise a half-sovereign followed.

She picked them up dazed, and went back to her room.

"Now where did she get this?" she muttered.

The owner of the next flat called in for a few minutes, and in that few minutes Jenny's character was torn to shreds.

She had been seen talking to a young man, and after a little had asked him in. "He stayed, my dear." He had gone away, and Jenny had gone out soon after and taken a taxi; and she came back dressed like a lady.

It was enough.

"You will have to leave at once, Jenny! Not another hour will you stay in a respectable flat. And it is no good referring to me for a character!" exclaimed her mistress, as she recited all this.

Jenny went red with indignation, and hounced out of the room, put on her hat, dashed to the phone, and summoned the solicitor, who came rushing down in a taxi.

"Now," said Jenny, as she let him in, "march in there! Here, mum," she said spitefully, "here's the gentleman who came last night. He is my solicitor! Tell her why you came and who you are; and then bring an action against her for taking away a poor girl's character." And he very quietly told her.

Mrs Montagu listened in amazed fashion.

"Why, then you're an heiress," she said. "I see it all now. I—I wish you every joy in your fortune."

"Oh, be quiet!" said Jenny. "What I want to know is, do you take back what you said about me and him?"

"Certainly!" said Mrs Montagu. "Certainly! But when you have a house of your own you will understand my anxiety about servants."

"When I have," Jenny retorted, "they'll be treated like human beings, not necessary evils. Well, my hour's up. And if you will wait, sir, I'll pack my boxes and come away with you. Have you got a wife?"

"No," he said; "but I have a mother."

"I meant perhaps your lady will take me for a little, as a paying guest," she suggested; "till I decide what to do. At present I only want to do one thing, and that's to start a home for servants that are put upon by the like of you," to Mrs Montagu. "Can your mother do that?" anxiously.

"Certainly," he said.

And in half an hour Jennie—neat, stylish-looking, far more of a lady than her mistress—hailed the driver to help her with her box, and drove off.

Potatoes seldom grow larger than marbles in Greenland.

From the date of the armistice to March 31, 1920, the British naval and military operations in Russia have cost £55,973,000.

ALLIED BLUNDERS IN THE WAR.

Very frank criticism of Allied war policy and methods of command is contained in an article, "At the Supreme War Council," in the September "Blackwood's," by Captain Peter Wright, late Assistant Secretary, Supreme War Council. Captain Wright maintains that "for a period that can almost be called of years the British and French were at least seven to four to the Germans on the Western front and almost double in material." At the end of 1917:—

Britain and France alone were, and had been for two years, numerically stronger than Germany. . . . How much more, and how crushing, had their numerical superiority been when more than 120 Russian and Rumanian divisions were fighting on their side. Yet they had failed to win the war.

This failure Captain Wright attributes to the lack of unity, both of command and plan, of the Allies. Upon Sir William Robertson he is specially severe. "His plan, and he had no other, was to raise more and more men. If the two sides were allowed to go on killing each other in France indefinitely, when all the Germans were dead there would still be a few Allies left and they would win the war." But at the end of 1917 German divisions were pouring from the east to the western front. Germany might be counted on to fling them against the weakest point in the Allied line, and that pressure might be sufficient to inflict disaster upon the Allies before sufficient help could be brought up from other parts of the front.

Hence, says Captain Wright, the scheme of a General Reserve, to be formed from the Armies of the west and to be placed under the control of the Executive War Board—Foch, Wilson, Bliss, Cadorna. This plan was elaborated after Carpoletto by Foch and Wilson.

It gave each Commander-in-Chief the advantages of a Generalissimo. The General Reserve was a banking account on which each could draw if he were attacked; his drafts would be fixed by the War Board according to their judgment. On the other hand, he had none of the disadvantages of a Generalissimo. No Commander-in-Chief could suspect his forces were being exploited for the benefit of an Ally's forces, for each nation had its representative on the war Board.

Foch, says Captain Wright, foresaw that the German blow must fall either towards Cambrai or towards Reims. His plan was to concentrate the larger part of his General Reserve round Paris, ready to be flung in on the flank of the German attack, whether it were towards Amiens or towards Reims; for "the more successful the German's attack is, the longer and therefore the more open and unguarded his flank will be."

But the General Reserve was never formed. Why? Because, says Captain Wright, Haig and Petain met at the end of February and formed a plan which was wholly inconsistent with and destructive of the plan of the General Reserve. This plan of the British and French Commanders-in-Chief was unknown to Foch. That is Captain Wright's belief.

The immediate consequence was that the General Reserve vanished, for the Italians at once withdrew their assent. Captain Wright does not blame Sir Douglas Haig—his refusal "was natural, for he could not undertake the double liability of taking over more French line (as far south as Bosisio) and feeding the General Reserve as well." But the defeat of Gough's Army in March at once became inevitable if the Germans should attack him.

From the first week of March, when the plan of the General Reserve was abandoned, Gough's Army was doomed. During the fortnight that preceded the battle no one on the immediate Staff of Foch had any doubt that a catastrophe was inevitable.

It came. Reinforcements, which would have been speedily available if the major part of the General Reserve had been concentrated as Foch had planned, could not be brought up in time. And then, in the midst of disaster, after the British had sustained what Captain Wright describes as "the greatest defeat we have ever suffered in our history, measured by any standard," Foch was at last given his chance.

He was only appointed towards the middle of the day on Tuesday. But at a quarter to five, a few hours after his appointment, he managed to get through to Debene on the telephone. He now had authority to command. He at once ordered him to take all his troops out of the line farther south on a front of six miles, risk leaving a gap there, and send them up in front of Amiens. Against these, on the Wednesday, the last effort of the spent German wave broke itself.

So Foch, as soon as he was given a chance, found in himself at once . . . the means of retrieving the faults and errors of other leaders, and so saved them, but only just, on the edge of ruin.

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SRGT. R. C. TRAVIS, V.C., D.C.M.,
M.M.

The following appreciation of the late Sgt. Travis is taken from the "Southlandian," the magazine of the Southland Boys' High School:—

I never quite knew how it was I became attached to the 14th South Otago Company. I started off a member of the Wellington Battalion but Fate was instrumental in my transference to the Otago's, and—well, somehow I found myself in the 14th's—the unlucky 14th's. Our whole battalion, by the way, was known at the "Unlucky Otago's"—last to get paid, last to leave bivvy's, last to finish route marches but—first over the top. And I don't suppose we really were so very unlucky after all, although providence did seem to ordain that our arrival in the line was the signal for a specially energetic raid from Fritz or a special heavy peppering with his heavies.

But personally I shall never consider myself unlucky, for never have I met a finer lot of fellows from our skipper down than I found in that same old 14th Company. But I am sure they will pardon me one and all when I say that the finest of them all was old Dick.

Yet even now I see that I am wrong. Who am I that I should claim Dick as the special property of the 14th Company? For Dick was battalion scout, and seemed to declare himself for any one particular company. So his coat badges were the 4th Company, his hat badge was the 8th Company, and—he dined and slept with the old 14th's. And it was because he dined and slept with the 14th's that I have quite come to regard Dick as our peculiar property.

No one seems to know exactly from what part of Southland he hailed from. Possibly he was as much of a roaming spirit here as he was over in France. He could never be prevailed to talk of home affairs, and somehow you never pressed Dick with personal questions—he wasn't the sort.

To this day they call him king of "No Man's Land." And his knowledge of that delectable locality, be it night or day, was absolutely uncanny. He could find his way from post to post in the dark with unerring precision, but just now and again he would strike a miss. I remember one night on Passchendaele ridge, when the rain was as usual falling in buckets, hearing a sudden sharp challenge in the darkness ahead, followed immediately by the unmistakable "bung, bung" of four Mills' bombs. Presently Dick loomed out of the darkness, chuckling in high glee. "I thought they were our own outposts," he said, "until they challenged me in their infernal lingo so I let drive with my whole packet." Investigation showed that that Fritz's outpost had been wiped clean off the slate!

At another delightful little health resort, called La Basseville, Fritz was holding one side of the Canal while we occupied a disused trench of his half a mile across the other side. Every evening Fritz treated us to a machine-gun peppering, and it was obvious that the machine-gun must be on our side of the Canal. Dick immediately got anxious. He even suggested to me that we might together occupy an old water tower on the banks of the Canal, stay there the night, and see if we could not solve the mystery. I declined with thanks. But away went Dick with his revolver his old note-book and his Fritz binoculars, and next day came back with a tale of a sunken bridge just below the surface of the Canal. Word was sent back to the artillery, and—well, no more machine-guns came over to our side.

One could go on multiplying such instances till further notice. In the line, they were his every-day doings. Colonels and captains would pore over his old notes and sketches with as much zest as an Egyptologist over a newly found papyrus from the tomb of Ramesses. But I like rather to think of Dick away from the line, the happy-go-lucky free-and-easy Dick of the billets, untidy yet always picturesque, fond of a dram of good cognac yet never quarrelsome, always bubbling over with spirits, always cheerful, always just—Dick.

We were ever a hard up lot in billets. But Dick had one unfailing source of revenue—the new officer. Whenever a brand new officer from New Zealand arrived, Dick would make his way to the officer's billet, and propound the terms of a compact. In consideration of the sum of ten francs, to be paid over to the sergeants, the mantle of protection was to be thrown over them—in fact, things would be made easy both in the line and out of it. And the officers were always sports—the ten francs, always forthcoming—a bottle of cognac always broached the same night by the sergeants, and—the promise always kept.

Then came the day when Dick, after on a favourite."

having served with his battalion for over two years, was ordered to England for a six months' duty tour. Poor Dick was most unhappy. The idea of Sling parades filled his roving spirit with horror. But it was the will of the Powers that be so Dick bade goodbye to his mates and returned to civilisation. There are two stories told of him which I believe to be true, but which I certainly must recount.

He had applied for fourteen days' leave from Sling Camp to visit Scotland, but for some unaccountable reason had only been granted ten. So at the expiration of ten days, the Adjutant of Sling Camp received a telegram "Returning end of week—Dick." From a sergeant, scarcely military, but from Dick, typical.

Then there was a C.O. parade at Sling, with full packs up, and Dick arrived on parade with a beautifully squared pack, quite the best on parade. The colonel noticed it too, and after telling the newly arrived reinforcement something of Dick's prowess in the field asked him to show how he managed to pack his haversack so neatly. Dick was too shy, so the Colonel himself unbuckled the straps and drew forth—a cardboard box containing three empty whisky bottles.

Unfortunately, I was not in France when the final tragedy took place, the tragedy that yet was a fitting end to a glorious life. Even the English papers published glowing accounts of the brilliant attacking movement which earned for him the highest honour that can be earned by any soldier, the Victoria Cross. And when within a week, when in company with his old messmate, Charlie Kerse, he was killed in action by a stray shell, dying in harness as he had always wished. They carried him behind the lines, and gave him a full military funeral. And so died Sergeant Richard Travis, M.M., D.C.M., French Croix de Guerre, Belgian Legion of Honour, 1915 Star, V.C. No more fitting epitaph could be had than that engraved in the memories of his old comrades, which being put into words might read: "He was Nature's own gentleman."

—A Comrade in Arms.

THE CURSE OF FOOD.

The laboratory expert emerged from his workshop on the run. In his eyes shone the deathless fire of a great discovery.

"While studying a prohibitionist pamphlet," he cried to his brother experts, "I came across figures showing how one glass of beer impairs a workman's efficiency. It declared that beer should be prohibited because it slows up a man's work, makes him sleepy, and increases the danger of accidents."

His brother experts regarded him coldly and shook their heads at each other, as if to intimate that here was a sad case.

"It immediately occurred to me," continued the laboratory expert, oblivious of the lack of enthusiasm about him, "that the symptoms induced by beer were strikingly similar to those induced by a full meal. I determined to investigate. I devoured a meal of oysters, turtle soup, fillet of sole, breast of guinea chicken, fried egg-plant, stuffed green peppers, potatoes au gratin, chiffonade salad, cafe parait, angel cake, cheese and coffee, after which I went back to work. I then found that it took me twenty minutes to do work which I had done in twelve minutes before eating. I was overcome by languor. I made several serious mistakes, such as adding nine and six and getting seventeen. I was horrified. A few moments of thought convinced me that the efficiency and vitality of the nation are being destroyed by the curse of eating. It is no different from the curse of drink, I have determined to start a crusade against the devouring of food!"

"But, surely," protested one of his brother experts, "surely you wouldn't go so far as to say that a man shouldn't have food in moderation, just because one meal affects his work a trifle?"

"Yes, I would, too!" shrieked the laboratory expert. "Food must be prohibited! No food! No waste! No more slowing up of work! No more necessity of food conversation! Three cheers for Food Prohibition!"

Unostentatiously one of the experts slipped from the room. A few minutes later two white-capped attendants entered quietly, and found the laboratory expert frothing at the mouth and preaching food prohibition at the top of his lungs.

"Is this the party?" enquired one of the white-capped attendants, rolling up his sleeves and producing a pair of handcuffs.

Two minutes later the Food Prohibitionist was lying in an ambulance, bound for the hospital, with one attendant sitting on his feed and the other on his head.

A huge cypress tree in the churchyard near Santa Maria del Tule, in Southern Mexico, is said to be between 5000 and 6000 years old.

FREE TOBACCO FOR LIFE FOR
BRIDEGROOMS.

Enticing young people to get married, although not figuring in our curriculum of State affairs, has more than once received the attention and support of foreign governments while municipal authorities and even the Church have "done their bit" to incite matrimony among the people.

The "Old Maid's Chart," once published by the American Government, caused consternation among backward wooers. In the form of a map printed in colour, it showed, at a glance, just in what localities bachelors were thickest, and in what region spinsters were most dense to the square mile. The fun came when some of the "seekers" afterwards found they were being "sought."

Coaxing young people into marriage by exempting them from taxes for five years, was a method employed in a certain Alsatian town. For a long time the municipal authorities had been worried over young people "fighting shy" of marriage, so they decided to induce tardy couples to the altar by lightening the burden of taxation. In some of the French towns, too, prosperous mayors have offered cash prizes of one hundred francs to those who married within their term of office.

Free tobacco for life for bridegrooms, and four pairs of gloves per annum for the brides, was the novel inducement employed by an Austrian. For a long time the upper class had found difficulty in getting peasants to work their estates, until they struck on the idea of encouraging with gifts. The ruse worked well, and there was scarcely an eligible man or woman who was not led to the altar, sooner or later. With the cheapness of tobacco and gloves prevailing at the time, one shudders to think what the result would be nowadays.

Some of the American churches have also played the role of matchmaking parents. Courtship parlors for engaged couples have been annexed to the churches, in some instances; while in others, young people were encouraged to do their sweetheating in the church pews.

A piano was occasionally provided, and an effort made to create the home atmosphere, where they could sit at ease.

Customs of ours, has done most to encourage sweetheating. On certain fete days in some parts of Brittany, the marriageable girls appear in red petticoats with white of yellow borders around them. The number of borders denote the portion the father is willing to give his daughter. Each white band denotes one hundred francs per annum; each yellow band represents one thousand francs a year. As the colours are somewhat conflicting at times, it is not to be wondered that mistakes occur, and thousand franc brides turn out to be hundred franc brides, or vice versa.

The annual marriage fairs are occasions of great rejoicing in Belgium. At these festivities, the eligible young men become the guests of the unattached spinsters desirous of matrimony, and are entertained by the maidens at an alfresco banquet, mutual friendships thus being formed.

Marriage lotteries are still in vogue during October in some parts of India. The names of both sexes eligible for marriage are written on slips of paper and put into separate earthenware jars. The local wise man draws one of each kind, and the youth whose name is drawn obtains a letter of introduction to the young woman whose name accompanies his, after which the courting commences.

Italy, of course, has marriage brokers galore. They are supplied with lists containing information as to the personal attraction of marriageable girls, together with particulars of their fortunes, if any. Make it worth the broker's while, and well—you give up working for a living and look after your bride's financial interests or yours.

For several years past England has had to depend on other countries for first-class jockeys, a fact that drew from the Special Commissioner of the "Sportsman" the following comment: "It is strange that our home stables produce so few really capable jockeys in these days, and there is much in the argument that, instead of raising the minimum weight in handicaps, it should be lowered. Certainly there were far more good boys in the old days than there are now, and it was possible to back a horse with 4.7 up and not be afraid that his jockey would not be able to do him justice. This may have been largely due to the fact that boys could be taken into stables far earlier in life than they are now, when the enforcement of book-learning up to a certain age cuts them off from the chance of early proficiency in riding, but this cannot be the sole reason, and it must be possible for trainers and owners to bring out more jockeys than they do, though backers are apt to complain if an unknown apprentice is put up.

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THE HUMOUR OF THINGS.**THE EXCEPTION.**

A Baltimore man recently wrote to a lawyer in another town seeking information as to the standing of a person there who had for a long time been indebted to the Baltimore man for a considerable sum of money. In this letter the writer asked "What property has he that I could attach?"

The lawyer's reply was prompt and to the point:

"The man to whom you refer died some time ago. He left nothing subject to attachment except a widow."

A LONG SLEEP.

Alexander Dumas was at the theatre with his friend Soumet during the playing of a piece by that author, when Dumas noticed a man in the audience asleep.

"Look at that!" said he to Soumet, "That's your work."

A week later they were at the theatre again, when one of the plays of Dumas was being acted. Again they saw the same man sleeping.

"Look there!" said Soumet, pointing to the sleeper. "That is what your work does."

"Why, dear Soumet," said Dumas, "that man has never yet awakened from the sleep which your play induced a week ago."

WHERE THE FAULT LAY.

In a dingy and dirty alley two "ladies" with rubicund faces might have been seen engaged in a wordy battle that seemed likely to culminate in a yet more dangerous one.

"Look 'ere," shouted one, "you just keep your boy and 'is peg-top indoors. 'E's broke two panes of glass in my front window already." "I shall do no such thing," retorted the other lady hotly.

"It's not the boy's fault; it's 'cause the string is too thick 'e tries to spin 'is top with."

"String!" almost shrieked the first speaker. "What do I care about 'is string? Got nothin' to do with me, it ain't."

"In course it 'as," leered the other. "You shouldn't 'ang such nasty thick stuff in your backyard for clothes lines. Get thinner string, an' then p'raps 'e could spin 'is top properly, 'an you wouldn't get any more windows broke."

THE DOWNFALL.

An old woman from a remote country district, visiting Edinburgh for the first time, happened to arrive as a party of golfers were hurrying to catch a suburban train for the links. On her return the minister asked her how she enjoyed herself.

"It's a fine town," she said, "but it hurt me, sair, tae see sae many decent-like men carrying bags of broken umbrellas. There maun has been sair, down-comes, and though I wadna mention it for the world to another, there was two or three that lookit as if they hau been ministers."

MORE CONVENIENT.

Little Betty was staying with her grandmother in the country. Just before dinner-time one day she discovered that chicken was to be the principal attraction.

"Oh, wherd you get the chicken, grandma?" Betty asked, very excitedly.

"In the poultry yard," the old lady replied. "You remember the chickens you saw this morning, don't you?"

"Do you mean the ones I fed?"

"Certainly. Well, we killed one of them."

"Oh, did you," exclaimed Betty in surprise. "We buy our chickens ready-made."

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