

## GRAND SERIAL STORY.

## JUDGMENT.

The Most Amazing Story Ever Penned.

FOR NEW READERS.

John Millbank, a struggling barrister, fighting hard to make a position for himself.

Just when success comes to him his wife dies, leaving him with an infant son named Jack. The blow shakes him, but does not turn him from his path, and makes him more determined to fight his way to the front.

He decides that his son shall follow his profession and ultimately enter Parliament, but Jack refuses.

In a fit of ungovernable rage at his son's disobedience, John Millbank strikes him across the face with a whip.

That night Jack secretly leaves his father's house.

Several years roll by, and John Millbank is now Sir John, the great criminal judge.

In his loneliness, he adopts a friendless child, named Kitty, who is now eighteen years of age.

Sir John tells that it is his wish that she should marry Lord Haverham, but the girl explains that she is in love with an Australian soldier, Dick Foster.

Sir John is angry, and forbids her to see her lover again.

That night Kitty writes to Dick, asking him to meet her in the Blue Room at Rivercourt, where they are staying as the guests of Lord Haverham.

Just before the appointed hour Lord Haverham goes to the Blue Room to write some letters, and, unbeknown to the guests, Sir John visits him there. An altercation arises between the two men, which results in the accidental death of Lord Haverham.

All unwittingly, Dick Foster arrives in the Blue Room, where the body is still lying, and is caught and accused of murder.

He is tried before Sir Justice Millbank, and the jury return the verdict of "Guilty!"

Just as the judge is passing the death sentence, he recognises the prisoner as his own son Jack!

MR JACOB JOLE.

The sudden illness of Sir Justice Millbank while passing sentence of death on the young Australian soldier, convicted of the murder of Lord Haverham, was a nine days' wonder.

There was some talk, at first, of a new trial, and then an official announcement was made that the death sentence had been revoked, and that the prisoner would be detained "during his Majesty's pleasure."

After that public interest in the affair rapidly died away.

Behind the scenes, however, the drama was still being enacted.

One of the chief of the minor characters in that drama was Mr Jacob Jole. Mr Jole—or "J. J." as he was known in legal circles—was one of the shadiest and most unscrupulous solicitors who ever brought discredit to an eminently respectable profession.

He was a born rogue, who knew all the tricks of the law, and who used his knowledge for the most nefarious ends. People who knew his record wondered how he kept out of prison, but he was very clever, and always seemed to know exactly how far he might go with safety.

It was he who had volunteered to conduct the defence of the penniless Australian soldier free of charge.

There are many ways in which an unscrupulous solicitor can make money out of a sensational murder case, and Jacob Jole knew them all.

About a week after the trial he was seated in his dark little office in Colleyer's Alley, off the Strand, near Covent Garden,

making up his accounts, and his face wore a very satisfied smile.

He was a big man of forty-five, with a puffy, fleshy face, a narrow forehead, and a full-lipped mouth, about which there played a perpetual sneer. His little eyes were cold and colourless, and had in them a look of cruelty and cunning.

"Not so bad," he muttered, as he examined the figures he had jotted down on a scrap of paper. "Not so much as I hoped for. The fellow has no relatives who could be bled. But still, pretty good. I wonder—no, too dangerous. I must be satisfied. I've squeezed the orange dry. I don't think there is any more to be made out of you, Mr Richard Foster."

He leaned back in his chair, and thoughtfully tapped his sharp, white teeth with the butt of his fountain-pen.

"A confession, perhaps," he was saying dubiously, when the glass-topped door of the office opened sharply, and a little old man came in.

The newcomer was a wizened, dried-up creature, whose puckered little face, nevertheless, wore an expression of almost juvenile cheerfulness.

Mr Jeremiah Nobb was nearly seventy. He had been a lawyer's clerk for over fifty years, and he was quite happy. He took life as a joke, and every year he lived he seemed to find it funnier.

He came forward and leaned familiarly against his employer's desk.

"A gentleman to see you," he said confidently. "A somebody—boots, hat, gloves—the real thing. Highly finished."

He gave a significant wink as he dropped a visiting card on to the desk.

Mr Jole glanced at the card.

"Mr Frank Montague," he read aloud.

"Who is he?"

"Don't know."

"What's he want?"

"You."

"He won't state his business?"

"No; insists on seeing you. Polite but pressing. Better see him. Looks like money."

"All right. Show him in."

The old man withdrew and presently ushered in the visitor.

The latter was a clean-shaven man of thirty, well-dressed and well-groomed. His manner, though a little superior, was polite.

"You are Mr Jacob Jole?"

The solicitor nodded.

You conducted the case for the defence in the Foster murder trial case?"

"Well?"

"I am interested in your unfortunate client, and I have come to ask you if you would mind telling me what you know of the man."

A keen look came into J. J.'s cold eyes. "Who are you?" he demanded bluntly.

Although up to every twist and turn in the game, he could be direct in his methods on occasion.

The visitor smiled deprecatingly and glanced at the card, lying on the desk.

"You have my name?"

"I have, Mr Montague, but that tells me nothing. What are you to Foster?"

"Oh nothing," replied the other, with a little laugh.

"Not a relative, by any chance?"

"Dear me, no," exclaimed Mr Montague.

And he appeared to be genuinely horrified at the suggestion.

"A friend, then?"

Again the visitor shook his head, still smiling.

"I have never met the man. I saw him in court, that is all. But the case interested me."

"Oh, I see, just curiosity, oh?"

Mr Jole had half closed his eyes, but

from between the narrowed lids he was watching his visitor very intently.

"You may call it that," replied Mr Montague easily. "If you can give me any information, I shall be glad to have it."

"Will you pay for it?"

"Oh, of course, I shall be pleased to recompense you for any trouble you take in the matter, Mr Jole."

Mr Jole looked thoughtful.

"Of course, it is a serious matter to ask a solicitor of my standing to betray the confidence of a client," he said, after a pause.

Mr Montague refrained from smiling. He bowed and waited.

"What's it worth to you? was the solicitor's next remark.

"Perhaps you will be good enough to give me a hint as to the nature of the information you are in a position to let me have," said the stranger smoothly.

Before Mr Jole could reply, the office door opened again, and Jeremiah Nobb re-appeared.

"Excuse me, sir, but this has just arrived, and as I think it may be of some importance I ventured to bring it in at once."

As he spoke he handed his employer an envelope.

Mr Jole opened it and read the brief note it contained.

The note was in Mr Nobb's own handwriting, and ran thus:

"The gent now with you, Mr F. Montague, is private secretary to Sir John Millbank, the judge. Have just discovered this.—J. N."

The solicitor's expression did not change.

"All right," he said looking up. "It can wait."

The clerk hobbled briskly out of the room and closed the door.

Mr Jole slowly tore up the note and dropped the fragments on the floor.

Then he leaned forward towards his visitor and looked him very fixedly in the eyes.

"You want to know the value of my information before you offer a price," he said. "Well, sir, let me tell you that it is so valuable that I can only discuss it with your employer. In matters of such importance and such delicacy I only care to deal with principals. You understand?"

"Not quite," replied the other, obviously disconcerted.

"Ah!" observed Mr Jole, rising. "I think Sir John Millbank will understand perfectly. Please tell him that if he will give me a private interview, I shall be pleased to place before him all the information in my possession. You might add that he can rely on my discretion absolutely."

Mr Montague flushed, as he also rose and picked up his hat and gloves.

"You are labouring under a mistake," he said coldly. "However, I see it is useless to discuss the matter any further with you. Good-day."

With an attempt at dignity, not altogether successful, he took his departure.

He was seen safely off the premises by Mr Jeremiah Nobb, who then hurriedly returned to the inner office.

He found his employer in a state of great excitement.

Jacob Jole was pacing up and down the little room, waving his arms.

"Jerry!" he exclaimed. "Why did Justice Millbank break down in court at the trial?"

"A sudden seizure. Man is mortal. Perhaps he doesn't take care of himself."

"Why is he now making secret inquiries about Foster?"

The old clerk gave his employer a quick look.

"Is that so? Compassion, perhaps. The sight of a man who has fought for his country standing in such a terrible position may have moved—"

"Tush! Millbank has a heart of stone. He cares no more for the prisoners he condemns than a ratcatcher cares for the vermin he exterminates in the course of business. No, no; if he takes an interest in Foster, there's some reason for it. We must find out what it is. I rather fancy, Jerry, I'm on to a big thing this time."

"Ah!" said the old clerk, shaking his head dubiously, "you're very gifted, Mr Jole, very gifted; but if I were you, I'd go slow in this little matter."

"And why?" asked the other.

Jacob Jole placed great reliance upon the experience of his old clerk, and always

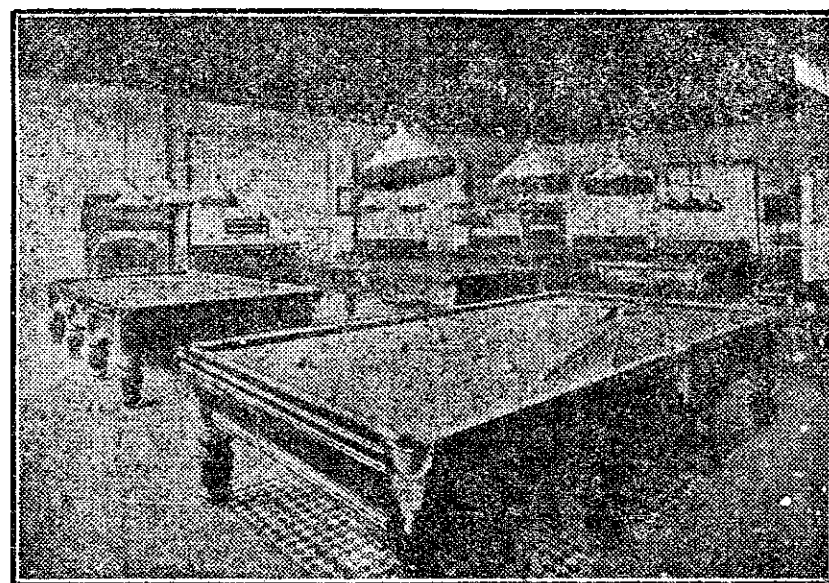
(Continued on Page 6).

## CIVIC BILLIARD ROOM.

NEWS OFFICE BUILDINGS, DEE STREET, INVERCARGILL.

(Above "The Digger.")

EVERY ATTENTION AND CIVILITY.



## BILLIARD NOTES

Shows two examples of these positions. The red is on the spot, and the object white is right on the brink of the pocket, in such a position that not only is no in-off on, but that also the slightest touch would send it in. The cue-ball is either at A or B, from which locations an ordinary ball-to-ball cannon is the easiest of strokes. If, however, the striker plays the cannon he is bound to pot the white, and the after position will be a matter of uncertainty. The best that he can hope for is a seven-shot, which is never a very certain stroke in the positions given. What is more likely to happen is that after cannoning and losing the white, the cue-ball will remain somewhere in the vicinity of the corner pocket, and the red will be in some safe place, so that the striker will have nothing but a double-baulk to play for. Instead, therefore, of playing the cannon, the game is to pot the white, and remain near the jaws of the pocket for an in-off from the red afterwards, and by this means it will be possible to go on scoring. A very good axiom to remember is that when you must lose the white, lose it to the best advantage. The great thing in billiards is to play a shot in such a manner that you either know, or have some idea, what your next stroke is going to be.

## A 4 SHOT INSTEAD OF A CANNON THE GAME.

A position when, instead of playing the cannon, the game is to pot the white, and follow in after it. The object white is right over the pocket in such a position that no in-off is on. The cue-ball is in hand, and the red is so located that, were the white not in the way, an ordinary half-ball in-off into the right top is on for the other pocket. Playing the cannon would mean potting the white, and the after-position would be most doubtful. Instead if a 4 shot be made by playing at the white, the in-off from the red can be played afterwards, and even a moderate player might materially increase his break, by continuing to score from the red. I once saw a good amateur have a position similar to the one just described, after having made a break of ninety-four. He had never made a break of a hundred, and just when he looked most likely to accomplish his desire, he made the mistake of playing the cannon with the hope of getting a seven-shot. As it happened he only scored four, his own ball remaining somewhere near the pocket, the red ran into perfectly safe position, and the break, therefore only reached ninety-eight. Had he instead played the four-shot, he would have only had an ordinary half-ball in-off from the red to make in order to top the century, with a very fair prospect of making a good few more, as he played a very sound in-off game.

Another position when it pays to pot the white in preference to playing the cannon. The balls are in this instance comparatively close to each other, but the white is over-hanging the pocket, and in such a position that no in-off is pos-

sible. While playing the four-shot the easiest of in-offs into the centre pocket can be played from baulk with the prospect of still further adding to one's score. After potting the white, whether intentionally, or otherwise, if the red be in a safe position, unless very sure that he can save a double-baulk, the striker should be satisfied to play only to send the red into baulk—if possible near to one of the pockets—and leave his own ball in some safe position. If, however, he does not feel competent even to do this, he should send his own ball into baulk by means of a miss.

Many fair players often lose far more than they gain by potting the white with the intention of afterwards leaving a double-baulk, and then failing to do so.

Another thing to be remembered is, that after making a four-shot—potting the white, and going in-off from it in the same, or another pocket—unless the red be in a good position for scoring, a miss in baulk—or a double-baulk, if possible—is the game. It must not be forgotten that your opponent is ball in hand, and ready to take advantage of anything you may leave him if you fail to score from the red. Besides, if you play a difficult stroke and get it, you score three only, and have nothing left, and if you miss it—as you are quite likely to do if the shot be a difficult one—you will most likely leave a lot, so that the odds are really always against you. Even in the ordinary way with your opponent well in hand, if you miss an easy shot, you generally leave him more than you leave yourself when you get the stroke, for, however well you play the stroke, you have only one ball to play at, whereas when you miss your stroke you generally leave him two. If you want to see how likely it is that an easy score will be left for your opponent whenever he is in hand and you miss a shot and leave both balls out of baulk, try the following experiment: Stand at the baulk end of the table, and put a red and white ball in your hand and throw them up the table together, anyway you like, slowly or fast, though not fast enough to bring either into baulk—against the top cushion or side cushions. Let them kiss or otherwise, and you will find that when they come to rest, far more often than not, some easy stroke or other will be on from the D. Let those who may doubt this try it, and judge for themselves.

I do not wish for a moment to convey any impression that the white should be potted on every available occasion, such a procedure would only stultify one's game instead of improving it. At the same time never have any scruples about potting the white when you can clearly gain by doing so. And, above all, remember that when the white is in such a position that it must be lost, it should be lost to the best advantage.

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