

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 her 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.

After a few days an official announcement is made that the death sentence has been revoked, and the prisoner will be detained during his Majesty's pleasure.

Mr Jacob Jole, a shady and unscrupulous character, conducts the defence of the Australian soldier.

Sir Justice Millbank interviews the prisoner, under escort of the warders, at his private residence, and tells him he will have to serve at least three years imprisonment.

Just as Dick is leaving the house the light suddenly goes out. Both the warders make a grab at him and hustle him outside, when they discover, to their dismay that the man they are holding is not Dick Foster but George Peters, a footman.

FLIGHT—THE BREAKDOWN.

While George Peters, the second footman was being sternly questioned by the bewildered officials at the police-station, things were happening in the judge's house in Kensington Park Gardens.

When Dick Foster left his father's room with a warder striding in front of him, and another behind, he had no notion whatever of making any attempt to escape.

He was thinking of Kitty, and telling himself that, in all probability, he would never see her again.

And then, suddenly, as they were passing through the long, narrow ante-room, the lights went out, and he found himself in perfect darkness.

At the same moment a hand clutched him by the arm and dragged him sideways.

He was about to protest, when he felt a warm arm circle his neck, and a softer

hand than that which had just seized him close over his mouth.

"Don't speak or move!" The words were breathed into his ear, and a woman's hair brushed lightly against his cheek.

Amazed he held his breath and waited.

Quite near him he heard what sounded like a scuffle. Then a door opened and shut.

"Quick! This way!"

He recognised the voice now, and his heart gave a great jump.

"Kitty!" he gasped.

"Hush! Not a sound. But quick! Oh, do be quick!"

He was dragged headlong through the darkness, hearing only the swish of skirts at his side.

Then a door opened and he found himself in a lighted room.

Before he could recover from his surprise, his impetuous guide turned and flung herself, laughing and sobbing, in his arms.

"Oh, Dick! I've—I've got you!" was all she could say.

"But, Kitty, what—what does it mean?" exclaimed the young man, utterly bewildered.

"Where are the men? I'm a prisoner. I—"

"No, you are free!" interrupted the girl, looking up into his face with glowing eyes. "I've rescued you."

"But how, dear?" asked Dick.

In a torrent of words the young lady explained.

"I planned it all, but Peters helped. We hid in the alcove, and when you were going by we put out the lights, and Peters changed places with you. But there's no time to waste. They'll soon find out. You must hide, and then get away."

Dick looked admiringly, and yet sadly, at the eager, pretty face.

"My darling," he said unsteadily, as his arms tightened about her slender, graceful form, "you are wonderful! And it is splendid to have these few minutes together. I thought I should never see you again. But in a little while we shall be separated, dear, and it will be for a long, long time. They are sending me to prison—for years. Oh, my darling! I know what I ought to say, but it is so hard to say it."

She gazed at him wonderingly.

"You want to tell me something?" she asked.

"Yes, dear; it is this," he said desperately. "You must not ruin your life for me. You must not wait for me. When I come out I shall be a broken gasbird, and you will be a beautiful woman with all the world at your feet. Ah, dear! Don't you understand?"

She shook her head vigorously.

"No, I don't. You are not going to prison. And if you were, I would marry you just the same. Oh, please don't argue, Dick. Not now. There's no time. I've arranged everything. You've just got to do as I tell you."

She released herself from his embrace, darted to the door, opened it a few inches, and stood listening.

"It's all right!" she declared. "They've gone. The cab has driven away and they haven't found out yet. They won't now till they get to Brixham. That gives us splendid time."

Dick Foster, who was still in a state of mental confusion, stared stupidly around the dainty little boudoir, with all its pretty feminine fripperies, and wondered if, by any chance, he was dreaming.

With an effort, he pulled himself together, and stepping to the girl's side, held her firmly by the shoulders, and looked almost sternly into her animated

face

"Look here, Kitty," he said gravely. "What mad notion have you got into your head? You must tell me in plain words, and you must tell me now."

"Yes, Dick," said the girl meekly, "but you must agree to do as I tell you. When we are married I will obey you: but until then—Oh, Dick, we are wasting time! Go into that room and change. You'll find a suit of clothes on a chair. They belong to Monty, but they will fit you pretty well, I think."

"But, my dear girl, escape is utterly out of the question!" exclaimed the man. "Where could I go to? Where could I hide?"

"It's all settled," replied Kitty promptly.

"Ever heard of Clara Clarke?"

"The actress?"

Kitty nodded.

"She's a friend of mine. She's got a cottage at Winnerleigh, a little place on the Essex coast. That's where you're going to-night. Can you drive a car?"

"Yes."

"Good. There's one waiting in the mews at the back of the house."

"But—"

"Oh, please, dear, dear Dick, don't talk any more!" implored Kitty, and as she spoke she fairly pushed him through the doorway into the adjoining room.

On the threshold, however, he stood firm and detained her as she was about to leave him.

A new light was in his eyes. Was there, indeed, a chance of liberty? It seemed too wild a notion to be entertained for a moment, and yet something in Kitty's buoyant confident demeanour inspired him with a crazy hope.

At any rate, there would be a mad, furious drive along the country roads by night. That, at least, was worth while, and his heart leaped at the thought.

"Kitty," he said breathlessly, "I shall see you again."

"Rather! But don't keep me now. I've got to change, too."

"You?"

"Of course! I'm coming with you."

"Kitty!"

"To show you the way. It's all arranged. Be quick!"

She darted away and left him staring blankly after her.

In the room into which he had been so unceremoniously thrust he found a With an unpleasant feeling at the back of his mind that he was taking part in a rather ridiculous game he undressed and attired himself in Mr Frank Montague's best suit of tweeds.

When he returned again to the other room he found awaiting him there a rather scared-face maid.

"This way, sir," she said nervously. "Your hat and coat are in the car."

He followed her obediently along several passages, down stairs, and finally out into the small garden at the back of the house.

The impression of unreality remained with him until he was out in the open air: but when the soft night breeze blew in his face a feeling of exhilaration seized him.

Suppose, after all, Kitty's mad plot succeeded.

Dick had been all through the war, and he had seen things in France that made him hesitate to say anything was impossible.

More than once he had seen an apparently hopeless situation retrieved by sheer audacity and blind, reckless courage.

The girl led him down the garden and into a dark stable. She pointed to a small open door on the other side, and then ran back into the house.

Dick passed through the door, and found himself in a very dimly-lighted mews.

A few feet away stood a big motor-car, unattended.

Dick examined it and found it to his liking. It was a pre-war model, but a good make, and seemed to be in perfect condition.

"All right?"

Dick, who was bending over the engine, looked up sharply.

A slim, dark-haired youth was standing by his side.

"Eh? Oh, yes, it's all right; but—"

"Then we had better be off. What do you think of my wig?"

"Kitty! Good heavens!"

Kitty laughed.

"I've got a disguise for you, too, in the car, but we won't bother about that now. Put on the goggles, and you'll be all right till we get out of London."

She moved out of the circle of light cast by the head lamp, and Dick stared

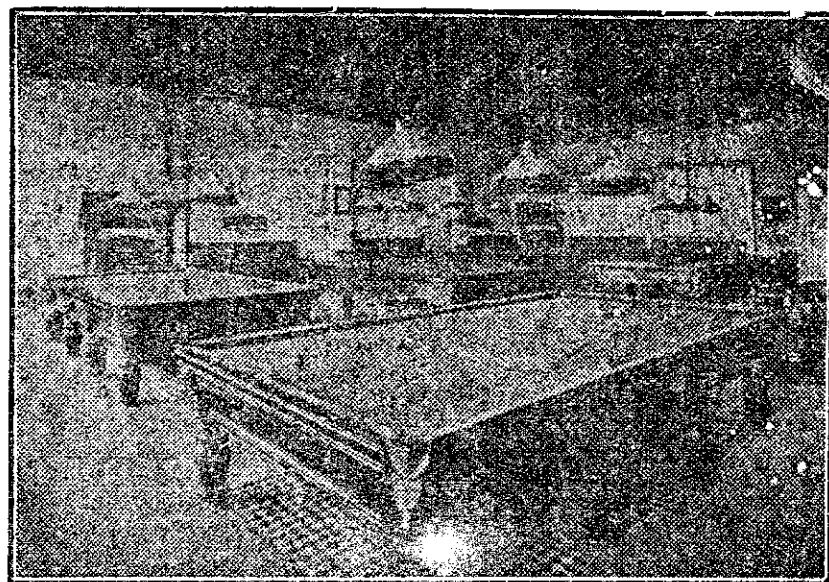
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CIVIC BILLIARD ROOM.

NEWS OFFICE BUILDINGS, DEE STREET, INVERCARGILL

(Above "The Digger.")

EVERY ATTENTION AND CIVILITY.



BILLIARD NOTES

POTTING THE RED AND CANNON-ING, OR VICE-VERSA, IN ONE STROKE.

WHEN THE GAME IS NOT THE GAME.

Few mistakes are more common with a large number of players than playing a five shot, when the game is to pot the red only or cannon only. Players of this class appear to be carried away by the glamour of making a five shot which they have played for—in contrast to the many five shots which they get without playing for—and never stop for a moment to reflect that they can often just as easily score five in two strokes, and thereby retain position, which is generally lost by playing a five shot.

It will, of course, sometimes happen that the position is such that it is a much better game to play the five shot than the cannon or pot only. The balls may be so located that by playing the five shot the object white will be sent up the table to the vicinity of the spot, and position is almost sure to be left, generally a cannon; but when this is not easily on, the cue ball will often be found more or less well situated for an in-off from the white or the red into one of the top pockets, or it may be in good position for potting the red.

The white balls may come to rest as the result of a half-ball contact between them (on the left side of the white object-ball), and a possible location of the white balls after a nearly full contact. Of course, there are many other positions that could occur, according to which side of the object white is hit, and the degree of fulness of contact. The strength of the stroke is also a most important factor, as the white ball may simply be sent to the vicinity of the spot, or by a slightly stronger stroke it may be driven on to the top cushion, to again return to the neighbourhood of the spot, and so long as this happens, position is generally assured. In fact, the stroke could be played twenty times with the resultant position nearly always a good one, and yet no two of the positions would be the same.

Another position when it is the game to play a five shot, the white ball in this case being hit first. The red ball is right over the corner pocket, either on or very near the top angle. Were the red not right over the pocket, the game would be to play a slow cannon, just to reach the red and leave the pot for the next stroke, as better position could be got for the ensuing cross in-off by potting the red when close to it than potting it by means of the cannon. In the present instance, however, the red is so near the pocket that the cannon is almost certain to send it in, but if played slowly the cue ball will remain near the jaws of the pocket in good position for an in-off from the red into the opposite pocket. By potting the red only, it would not be quite so easy to remain in good position for the in-off, besides, if a player can get good position by a five-shot, it is naturally better to do so in that way by means of a three stroke. If a player be quite sure of get-

ting a six shot, such a stroke would be a better one to play than the five-shot as an in-off from the white could afterwards played.

Another position with the red over centre pocket. By playing a slow five spot, and the object white, being position for an in-off from the red on the spot, and add the object white, being sent towards the centre of the table, will be in a more favourable position than before.

There are, of course, other positions where a five shot would be the game, but the examples given sufficiently illustrate when it is advisable to play the double stroke.

The positions that constantly occur wherein it is not the game to play a five shot—cannon and pot the red or vice versa—may be divided into two broad classes as follows:

Positions wherein the cannon should be played.

Positions wherein only the pot should be played.

The cases wherein only the cannon should be played are so very simple that it is quite unnecessary to describe them at any length. They commonly occur when there is a simple ball-to-ball cannon on, off the white, and the red is very near a pocket but not right in the jaws. By playing the cannon only, the red can be potted next stroke—unless an in-off should be left—and, owing to the cue ball being then near the red, it will be much easier to obtain good position after than by making a five stroke straight away.

The cases wherein only the red should be potted instead of a five shot being made are likewise of the most common occurrence; yet, perhaps, there are no positions on the table which are so constantly mishandled by ordinary players, far more through want of thought than want of ability. These positions generally occur when the object-balls are both in baulk and the cue ball is also inside the line or, at any rate, no great distance from the red.

One of these positions is a thoughtless five shot—by cannoning off the white—would most likely leave the balls safe as the cue ball would remain somewhere near the pocket, and the white ball very close to the baulk cushion. Even a cannon without potting the red would not be advisable in this position, as it might only leave a pot for the next shot, with the white very likely in a more or less safe position. The correct game is to pot the red in such a manner as to get position for an in-off from the white, so that by the next stroke the white may be brought out of baulk. The stroke is one that any player can easily make, and the only thing to be avoided is playing the stroke with too much strength, as in that case the cue ball would travel too far, and position for the in-off would not be gained.

Grand Billiard Saloon

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