

JUDGMENT.

(Continued from Page 5.)

"Have no fear," he said, almost sternly. "Kitty will do as I tell her. You can give her a great position. It is my wish that she marries such a man as you. When do you wish the marriage to take place?"

"I meant to postpone it for a year, but I cannot wait," replied the millionaire. "I shall to-morrow ask her to be my wife."

"Very well, I will speak to her in the morning. In the evening she will give you the answer you desire."

Beaumont Chase held out his hand impulsively.

"Thank you, sir," he said gravely. "Thank you for your help, if I mistake not I shall need it!"

Meanwhile Kitty was in her own room. A feeling of great depression had fallen on her to-night, and she, sat for a long time thinking, her hands folded in her lap.

She closed her eyes and prayed, and her prayers were all for Dick.

In spite of herself the tears began to flow. She tried to convince herself that she only wanted to be sure he was safe and yet it was hard that she should never see his dear face again, never hear his beloved voice.

With a sigh she rose from a chair, and then stood motionless, listening. An unusual sound came from outside the open window.

She looked towards it, and as she did so a bit of paper flew in and fell at her feet.

Her heart almost stood still. Then she stooped and picked up the paper and smoothed it out. It contained but a few words. With staring eyes she read:

"Be brave. I cannot speak, but I am watching over you. God bless you!"

(To be continued.)

SENSATIONAL KNOCKOUTS.

(Continued from page 4.)

own conceit. When he was in training he openly expressed the opinion that there was not a man on earth who could hurt him with a punch. Poor young fellow! I write "poor" because even the hiding he got did not seem to teach him anything in the way of a lesson.

AN AMAZING COMMENT.

He was shown a snapshot of himself lying on his back, at full stretch on the floor of the ring, and his only comment was:

"That me?"

What can be done with a fellow of that sort?

How Beckett brought about that knock-out is well worth the telling. He had heard of Goddard's expression of contempt for anything in the way of a punch that Beckett might possess, but he had not dreamt that the big chap would leave himself open to that left hook so soon as he did. Anyhow in the first round, Goddard proved the courage of his convictions by leaving himself clear to be hit, and he was hit so hard that the pride of the Queen's Boys shivered from head to foot, and must have wondered if half Olympia had fallen in on him.

The recovery he made during the first interval between rounds was wonderful—so good in fact, that the confidence he ever possessed returned to him, and he again failed to guard against that left hook. On this occasion Goddard had to go to the floor to rest, and when he looked appealingly round to his seconds to know what to do, he was told to remain on the floor for another second or two.

Goddard was cool enough to do that; but when he got up he was all out to defend himself, and of that he had about the most crude idea of any heavy-weight in Great Britain, and that is saying a great deal. Those punches were the preliminary to the final hit, for when Goddard, shaking and wondering, concentrated as much as his scattered wits would let him upon guarding against that left hand, Beckett sent along one of the quickest and straightest right-hand hits I have ever seen from a heavy-weight, and Goddard had been taught that it was foolish to have talked of people not being able to hurt him.

REALLY OUT.

That punch by Beckett went straight and truly to the chin, and the reason that Goddard would not believe the picture where he was shown lying on his back lies in the fact that he was so utterly senseless as a result of the blow that he could not remember anything before he began to sit up and take notice.

That was a sensational knock-out to all who had taken Goddard at his word—a thing that it is very unsafe to do with a boxer who talks about the impossibility of a man of thirteen stones and more being able to hurt him. Goddard was hurt so badly that he scarcely knew he was hurt. The punch had produced insensibility as

quickly and completely as if the boxer had been put into dreamland by the application of chloroform—possibly more quickly.

Goddard's case was one of absurd disregard to defence, born of a stupid notion that he could not be knocked out.

CARPENTIER v. SMITH.

Quite different from all the preceding knock-outs was that administered by Carpenter to Smith recently. It was no particular cleverness on the part of the Frenchman which enabled him to finish off an opponent who had given him no end of trouble.

Just as important as the blow which is the last are those which lead up to them. Nothing contributed to the downfall of Smith on this occasion more than a couple of low blows, which were most painful to the Englishman. In writing this, I have not only the word of Smith, but I happen to know that each of those low and very hurtful blows were recorded on the sheet of one of the judges.

That sort of thing is always unpleasant to record but, in justice to Smith, such an occurrence must be pointed out. There was more than those hits which helped the Frenchman to his sudden victory, and that was the conduct of the ring-master, who mauled Smith about in the most unfair manner. It was after one of these maulings that Smith was sent down, for Carpenter, giving his opponent no time in which to recover, sprang forward and landed two uppercuts to the chin in such rapid succession that the effect of them, coming upon the effect of the blows I have mentioned, were too much for the sergeant-major.

Smith's was far indeed from being a dishonourable yielding either in the matter of skill or pluck.

JEFFRIES v. JOHNSON.

As I have said, that which leads up to a knock-out blow is just as important as the last punch itself. It may surprise you that Jeffries went through the preliminary part of his knock-out from Jack Johnson twelve months before the two met.

Jeffries had put on such an alarming amount of flesh that, when the match was made, he stipulated for twelve months in which to train, and started his preparation at Carlsbad. You know what that means—purging and scouring the inner coats of the intestines until fatty deposits are simply torn away, and all the power of resistance or recovery of the stomach muscles is dissipated.

No wonder you see the big nigger laughing while he is doing just what he liked with the big frame of the man who thought that the salts of Carlsbad could put him back to the physical condition that was his before countless cocktails had had their sway.

KNOCKED OUT BY KINDNESS.

Jeffries was knocked out by kindness; by the forbearance of an opponent who, with smiling face and merry quip to on-lookers, illustrated how easy it would be in any particular round to put a finish to the half-resuscitated Jeffries. The later did not lose sight of this, and the indignity he suffered while watching the frequency with which Johnson let him off, scorched its way into what vanity of mind Jeffries had left, and he was knocked-out by a broken heart as much as by the severity of the nigger's punching.

UTOPIA.

The preachers of Utopia
Are an agreeable lot,
Who seldom seem a bit concerned
About the Hottentot;
Instead, they stick to local stunts,
Unmixed with tommyrot!

The laundries of Utopia
Are gentle with their duds;
They do not chew them up, as cows
Would chew upon their cud;
And lo! no buttons disappear
While tripping through the suds!

The schoolgirls of Utopia
Are not compelled to know
The family history of Keats,
Or of Gaboriau;
Part of the time they learn to cook,
And part of it they sew!

The Congress of Utopia
Is filled with brainy men
Who legislate with great dispatch,
And then go home again;
How can they? Ah! They don't expel
Excessive oxygen!

—Oliver B. Cap-lie.

One home in every two in the rural districts of Ontario has a telephone, and about one farm out of every four has a motor car.

DRAUGHTS.

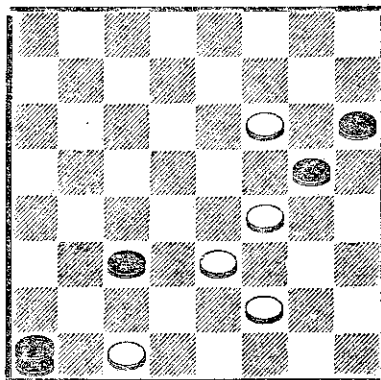
(Conducted by F. Hutchins.)

Invercargill Draughts Club meets Wednesday and Saturday evenings in Atheneum smoke room.

Let science give release,
To minds o'er wrought by care and thought;
Let the checker board be brought,
The battlefield of peace.

PROBLEM 9.

BLACK 12, 16, 22; King 29.



WHITE 11, 19, 23, 27, 30.

White to play and win.

A pleasing little finish from the "Draughts World."

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM 8.

BLACK—14, 15, 17, 20.

WHITE—21, 25, 28, King on 23.

White to play and win.

23.19	15.24	28.19	20.24	19.15	24.27
15.10	27.32	10.6	32.27	6.1	27.23
1.6	23.18	6.10	18.23	10.15	White wins.

The game below is an unusual variation of the second double corner played in the thirteenth Scottish tourney between W. Bryden and A. B. Scott. Taken from the "Draughts World":—

Black—Bryden.			White—Scott.		
11.15	22.18	11.20	17.14	22.26	
24.19	8.11	31.27	13.17	6.2	
15.24	25.22	7.11	22.6	7.11	
27.20	2.7	26.23	1.17	2.7	
8.11	32.28	10.15	18.14	15.19	
28.24	16.20	19.10	3.7	23.18	
31.16	19.16	6.15	25.21	19.24	
20.11	12.19	21.17	11.16	30.23	
7.16	23.16	9.13	14.9	24.31	
24.19	20.24	29.25	17.22		
4.8	28.19	5.9	9.6	Drawn	

(A) An unusual take, and scarcely so strong as 24.19.

(B) 11.15, 10.15, or 9.14 are good lines.

(D) The three for three here may draw, but no more, it seems to leave black with the strongest position.

(C) Another draw for black would be 15.19, but it is scarcely so strong as 17.22. Continue with 15.19, thus 15.19, 21.14, 19.26, 30.23, 7.11, 23.18, 16.19, and the white piece is captured.

(E) A well contested game.

The following is a well known trap in the cross opening given by several old authorities on the game:—

11.15	4.8	14.23	14.18	16.23	18.25
23.18	23.19	26.19	17.14	14.10	27.4
8.11	10.14	7.14	11.16	6.15	White
27.23	19.10	22.17	31.27	25.22	Wins

(A) Not so good as 19.15 if Black eludes the snare at (B).

(B) 11.15, 19.10, 6.15, is better play.

WHEN THE WORLD IS YOUNG, LAD.

When all the world is young, lad,
And all the leaves are green;
And every goose a swan, lad
And every lass a queen;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown;
And the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down;
Creep home, and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among;
God grant you find one face there,
You loved when all way young.

(From "Songs from the Water Babies.")
Charles Kingsley, "Poems."

***** ORIGINAL *****

AHMET.

A True Story of Life with the N.Z. Division in Egypt.

(By 11/1275.)

"LONE PINE."

CHAPTER VIII.

Events moved rapidly after Mahmoud's death. Hassan the graffir could see no reason why he should adopt Ahmet, and his new wife Zeinab certainly did not want him near her.

Ahmet therefore, was left with his friends, the "Umpteenths," who had by then before, for the brief campaign on were undergoing an even stiffer training than before, for the brief campaign on the canal had revealed many deficiencies, and had served to show the weak spots in the forces.

Ahmet went through the severest days, and generally managed to finish in as good condition as the rest of his company, despite his small size, for he had inherited the endurance of several generations of desert-bred Arabs. In fact, the sight of the small figure trudging along sturdily at the end of a particularly gruelling march, often served to hearten up the men, who of course could not fall out whilst a mere boy was able to keep going.

He found life almost too good to be true, he was getting good food, in quantities that he had never before dreamt of, he had good clothes, and he had the companionship of those whom he considered were almost gods, namely the "Umpteenths."

But, all good things come to an end, and Ahmet's paradise was to prove of short duration.

One day, he found the same orderly bustle that he had noticed before the canal fight, the regiment had received orders to prepare for embarkation. Ahmet was told that they were going in a ship over the sea.

He understood the ship all right, for he had seen the boats on the canals, and at Ismalia he had seen the steamers passing through Lake Timsah. But he could not understand anything larger in shape of a piece of water than the lake.

His delight knew no bounds, when his captain told him he could accompany the company, he was to keep with the cooks, and the baggage.

The men interceded for him, and the skipper, knowing well that if he refused his consent, Ahmet would smuggle himself along somehow or other, had reluctantly granted permission.

The day came when he found himself on board the transport at Alexandria, bound for a destination unknown.

Then there were some days following, in the passage of which Ahmet was not very interested, for he was a very sick little boy.

At last they landed on Lemnos, where they had some more training, a training that was as short as it was strenuous.

Then one day they went again aboard the transports, and the next day found them under shell-fire off Gaba Tepe.

Ahmet was quite unconcerned, taking for a pattern his comrades. He was very disappointed when he was not allowed to accompany them ashore.

The story of that landing has been told so often that it well known, and it will never be forgotten as long as Britishers live. In that landing the ANZACS earned their name, achieved the impossible, and showed the whole world that the youngest army born could worthily uphold the traditions of the British race. These virile sons of the Southern hemisphere showed that they could fight and die in a manner that staggered the world.

And in this fight the "Umpteenths" did their part.

On the third day after landing, Ahmet managed to get ashore by secreting himself amongst a load of stores.

The sight that met his gaze excited even his pity (for like all Arabs he could look on suffering unmoved), there were dead and dying men lying on the beach, under the rudest shelters, there were badly maimed men, and men already weakened by dysentery, lying in any nook that would afford them cover from the merciless hail of shrapnel.

He soon found some of the "Umpteenths," who had come down from their hastily dug trenches, for the company's rations. He went back with them only to learn that their numbers were sadly depleted. Many a man whose song had been loudest and whose laugh had been readiest should never sing or laugh again.

The men were living in dugouts, which

had a disconcerting way of losing their roofs to the accompaniment of an aw inspiring explosion at times. Yet in any, and in fact all of these dug-outs Ahmet found a welcome.

It is true that with his miniature size, Ahmet could be of little assistance, but with his highly developed senses of sight and smell, he was invaluable at night, being able to detect the approach of an enemy long before any of the rest. Then from throwing stones he had acquired an excellent aim, and it was soon found that he could throw a bomb with the best.

Weeks passed during which there was little to vary the monotony, of attack and counter attack, patrols, snipers, mines, and counter-mines. Then one day the "Umpteenths" were relieved by a British regiment and transferred to another sector at night. When dawn broke all were anxious to observe the position of the Turks. They found that the only land mark was a solitary tree which was in front of the enemy trenches.

This position was at once christened "Lone Pine."

More and more troops were poured into the trenches opposite the tree and the "Umpteenths" soon guessed that an attack was toward, and as there was little activity on the part of the enemy, they anticipated a fairly easy victory.

Presently the word was given, and the first line of Aussies swept like a wave across the intervening space.

A quarter of the distance was covered, half, three-quarters, yet no sign from the enemy, the second line of troops went over the top and races after the first.

Suddenly there is a burst of firing from machine guns cleverly posted by the Turks, and the first line is now a line of dead and wounded men. The second line does not hesitate, but sweeps on to be cut down as grass is cut by a reaper. By this time the third line is in its way only to meet the same withering fire and to add to the ever-increasing heaps of dead and dying.

Then, "Steady, Umpteenths," calls the skipper. "Ready? Then come on," and over the top go the "Umpteenths," following their skipper, and by no means the last to get over was Ahmet.

He never knew how he got over the ground, he only knew that he was one of a line of maddened men, who were rushing forward shouting strange oaths. The man of his left gave a queer little gasp and dropped in a heap. He saw the skipper twist sideways and fall, then raise himself on one elbow and call out: "Go on, Umpteenths, give 'em hell," then give a sob and roll over and lie still. He saw another man with the blood streaming down his face, crawling in ward to get at grips with the enemy, whilst his left leg trailed helpless behind him.

They had now reached the spot where the first line had fallen and the "Umpteenths" were very few in numbers, and the fire of the enemy showed no signs of slackening; still more men fell, yet the rest did not falter. Whether or not they were followed by the rest, of the force they had no means of knowing, they were now on the enemy's parapet all that was left of the "Umpteenths," three men and Ahmet.

Ahmet saw a huge Turk make a dash at him with a bayonet and he jumped into the trench, throwing a bomb as he did so. He found himself seized by an Aussie and thrown bodily back out of the trench, and he had just time to see the Aussie go down fighting like a demon with some half-a-dozen Turks, before he felt a pain like a red-hot knife tearing its way through his breast.

On the day of the armistice, when the Aussies picked up their dead, they found the body of a little Arab boy in an Australian uniform and wearing the badge of the "Umpteenths."

Among the many crosses that mark the site of the battle of Lone Pine is a plain shaft of stone with a rudely carved crescent and the inscription it bears is—

SERGT.-MAJOR MACKENZIE,

(Ahmet Ben Mahmoud).

B. Company,

Umpteenth Battalion,

A.I.F.

The End.