

GRAND SERIAL STORY.

JUDGMENT.

The Most Amazing Story Ever Penned.

FOR NEW READERS.

SIR JOHN MILLBANK, a successful, but stern judge, quarrels with his only son,

JACK, who leaves his father's house to fight his own way in the world; and whilst serving with the Australian contingent, under the name of Dick Foster, he meets, and falls in love with

KITTY, the adopted daughter of Sir John. However, Sir John has arranged for her marriage with

LORD HAVERHAM. In a moment of despair, Kitty writes to Dick, asking him to meet her in the Blue Room at Rivercourt Mansions. At the appointed hour, Lord Haverham goes to the Blue Room to write some letters, and, unbeknown to the guests, Sir John meets him there. An altercation arises between the two men, resulting in the accidental death of Lord Haverham. Later, Dick arrives in the Blue Room, is caught and accused of murder, and found guilty. Whilst passing the sentence of death, Sir John recognises the prisoner as his own son Jack! A few days later, Sir John interviews the prisoner at his private residence under escort of the warders, and tells him he will have to serve at least three years' imprisonment. Just as they are leaving, Dick with the assistance of Kitty makes his escape, and that night they decide to drive into Winnerleigh; but the car breaks down, and they are forced to accept the hospitality of

BEAUMONT CHASE, a millionaire. The following morning, Dick's host informs him that Sir John had called during the night and taken his daughter away. Dick, believing this story, leaves that morning for Winnerleigh. Kitty goes down to breakfast, and is cross-examined by Mr Chase, but on his promise of assistance tells him the whole story. At a fabulous price Mr Chase engages the services of

MR PELHAM WEBB, a clever but unscrupulous detective, to find Dick Foster, and extracts a promise from Kitty not to attempt to see or write to her lover until a year has elapsed. Pelham Webb discovers Dick, and unbeknown to Beaumont Chase, takes him to the latter's residence where he is installed as gardener. Sir John and Kitty arrive at Beaumont Hall, and Beaumont Chase loses no time in asking Sir John for the hand of his daughter. Sir John consents. That afternoon Kitty receives news that the gardener is seriously injured.

The concluding paragraphs of last week's instalment, reprinted to refresh reader's memories.

"The point is that the man, although convicted, was innocent. Therefore, I feel justified in assisting him. You agree with me, Chase? Very well, there is nothing further to be said."

"Pardon me, my lord!" said Jacob Jole smoothly, and there was a note of vindictiveness in his voice. "But there is just one point I consider it my duty to raise."

"Well," snapped Sir John impatiently. "Richard Foster, my late client, did not murder Lord Haverham. That is what your lordships asserts?"

"I am quite convinced of it," said the judge shortly.

"So am I, my lord. And yet, Lord Haverham was murdered."

The solicitor paused, and fixed his cunning eyes piercingly upon the other's face. "That we know for a fact," he said significantly. "What we don't know is who committed the deed. As solicitor to the accused I am anxious to get at the truth. Perhaps your lordship can assist me."

THE CONFESSION.

Some men are born fighters. However weary they may be, however crushed beneath the adverse blows of Fate or circumstance, they, nevertheless, face a new attack with undaunted spirit so long as there is an ounce of strength and a spark of vitality left in them.

Judge Millbank was a man of that sort. He was a disappointed man, broken in health and weary of life, but Jacob Jole's guarded sneer and veiled threat roused all the old fighting instincts in his nature.

His drooping figure straightened, and he turned to the man who had addressed him a face of granite, in which the eyes were as cold and hard as steel.

"Please repeat that," he said quietly. Mr Jole, somewhat taken aback, became flustered, and when he did manage to speak, said more perhaps than he intended.

"I—er—my point is, my lord, that Lord Haverham was murdered by someone. In the interests of my late client and of justice, I mean to discover who that someone is. The affair is not going to be hushed up, no matter how influential those persons may be who are anxious to prevent the truth from coming to light. I have information, and I mean to expose the real criminal. What I want to know is whether your lordship intends to help or to hinder me?"

"You have information?" said the judge slowly.

"I have!" replied the other defiantly.

"Then, my man," observed the judge, "you will go at once to the police and place that information in their hands. Otherwise, I shall make it my business to compel you to do so. It is intolerable that the murderer of Lord Haverham should still be at large while you, for some private purpose of your own, are concealing facts which may bring him to justice."

Jacob Jole contrived to smile. He realised that Mr Justice Millbank would not be an easy adversary to overcome. Nevertheless, he had some good cards to play, and he was rapidly recovering his nerve.

"I thank you, my lord," he said smoothly. "I shall certainly take your lordship's advice and communicate with the police. But—meanwhile, my concern is with the man Richard Foster. I may require him as a witness, and, therefore, I cannot permit him to be smuggled out of the country. Briefly, my lord, the matter cannot be hushed up, however much you may wish it. Foster is an escaped convict. By the world he is believed to be the murderer of Lord Haverham. He must be given up to the prison authorities. Further investigations of his case can then be made in proper and legal form. I may say that his detention is not likely to be a lengthy one, for I believe that I shall be able to prove in a very short time that Lord Haverham was killed by another person whose name—"

"Well?" said the judge, without so much as the quiver of an eyelid.

"Whose name I will not mention at present," concluded Jole, with a sleek smile. "The police are in the house," he added. "I demand that they be summoned and that man, Richard Foster, be given into their charge at once."

Before Sir John Millbank could reply, Beaumont Chase intervened.

"One moment," he drawled. "I won't deny that the reappearance of Mr Foster is decidedly inconvenient to me, but Sir John

is right, we don't want a scandal. The best thing is to get our friend quietly out of the country. As for your objection, Mr Jole, I suppose that could be removed by—er—by a reasonable money payment?"

As he spoke, he smiled sweetly into the cunning, avaricious face of the solicitor. "Quite impossible," began the latter virtuously. "I—"

And then he paused, his attention attracted by the extraordinary behaviour of Dick.

"What are you doing?" demanded the judge sharply.

Dick made no answer.

And then the door opened and a servant appeared.

"There is a police officer in the house?" said Dick.

"There are several, sir."

"Who is in charge?"

"Inspector Fenn, sir."

"Ask Inspector Fenn to come here at once."

"Yes, sir."

Not until the servant had retired did any of the others recover from their surprise sufficiently to make any remark.

Then it was Beaumont Chase who spoke. "What the deuce do you mean by that?" he demanded.

Dick stepped forward until he was within a couple of feet of the millionaire, and looked at him squarely out of a pair of steady brown eyes.

"I will take no favours at your hands," he said scornfully. "You are a black-guard and a cur, a low-down schemer who makes war upon women. Rather than owe my liberty to you, I would gladly spend the rest of my life in a prison-cell. You think your money makes you all-powerful, but it cannot buy me, and, thank God, it cannot buy my dear girl either. I have brought much sorrow into her life, but I have done one thing for her, I have saved her from you. That is what I mean, Beaumont Chase."

At the same instant the door opened and an officer wearing the uniform of an inspector of police stepped into the room.

"You are Inspector Fenn?" said Dick.

"Yes, sir."

"I am Richard Foster, the escaped convict, I wish to give myself up to you."

The officer, without speaking, at once stepped forward and placed his hand lightly on Dick's arm.

There was a pause, during which the other occupants of the room exchanged startled glances.

Jacob Jole fixed his cunning eyes on the judge.

His hands opened and closed convulsively, the muscles of his face twitched, and into his weary eyes there came a dull, heavy look of mortal agony.

And then suddenly the door opened again and Kitty herself burst into the room.

She took in the scene at a glance, and flew to the judge's side.

"Daddy!" she cried frantically. "You are not going to let them take him! Oh! you would not be so wicked!"

The old man looked down at her with dull, unseeing eyes.

The strain of the ordeal through which he was passing was almost more than he could bear.

"Quick! Take me away," said Dick in a low voice to the officer by his side.

He saw what his father was suffering, and he was desperately anxious to put an end to the scene.

The officer, still holding his prisoner by the arm, moved towards the door.

It was then that Jacob Jole, who all this time had been watching the judge like a cat, intervened.

"One minute, inspector," he said in a tone of suppressed excitement.

"Yes, sir," said the officer, turning his head.

"Are you in a position to make another arrest, should it be necessary?"

Inspector Fenn looked momentarily surprised, but his face swiftly resumed its impassive, official expression.

"Certainly, sir. I have three constables in the next room," he replied. "Have you any reason—"

"I have!" snapped Jole, who now having decided on his line of action, was going forward recklessly. "I have a charge to make, a very serious charge, and I shall presently call on you to make an arrest. As the arrest may be resisted, I expect you to be prepared."

"You can rely on me, sir."

Very deliberately Jacob Jole produced from his pocket a sheaf of papers which he tapped significantly.

(Continued on page 6.)

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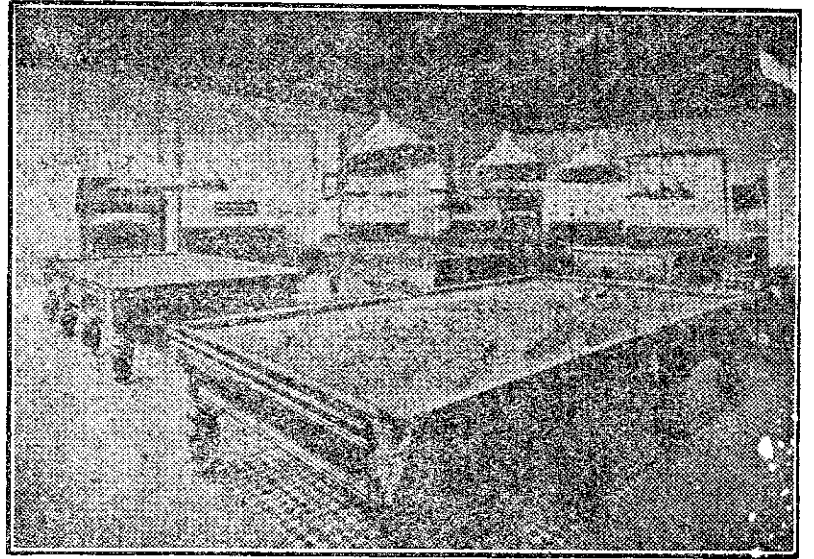
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CIVIC BILLIARD ROOM.

NEWS OFFICE BUILDINGS, DEE STREET, INVERCARGILL.

(Above "The Digger.")

EVERY ATTENTION AND CIVILITY.



BILLIARD NOTES.

A FINE AND FAST IN-OFF.

A position from which an in-off can be made by means of a fine stroke. The object ball, is, however, in baulk, and a slow or even a medium-paced stroke will most certainly leave it there, provided that the contact between the balls has been as fine as the making of the shot demands. The in-off must therefore be played at a high pace, and by this means the object-ball will be brought out of baulk without using any side at all, for as the cue-ball must enter the pocket at a very high speed indeed, side would be of little or no assistance, inasmuch as should the ball strike either angle of the pocket to any appreciable extent, the force of the contact would cause the ball to be thrown away from the pocket, and by playing without any side it will generally be found easier to take that true and exact aim which is required for the accomplishment of all fine and fast strokes. Naturally, the finer the stroke has to be played, the higher must the pace of the cue-ball be in order to bring the object-ball out of baulk. Although strokes of this nature are by no means very easy, especially when the balls are a considerable distance apart, any moderate player should, with a little practice, get them fairly often. Played at a high speed, they are really not much more difficult than when played gently, and when the pocket is a pretty open one, it will accept a ball at lightning speed.

SPEED TO ENSURE POSITION.

Various positions occur when fine and fast strokes should be played in order to bring the object-ball out of baulk. Of course, when the same position occurs at the top of the table, the great pace is not as a rule required; nevertheless, it will often happen that by playing the in-off at

top speed good position will be left, whereas a slow stroke would leave anything but a nice position.

CENTRE POCKET CUSHION IN-OFF.

A cushion in-off into a centre pocket, a stroke that John Roberts used to play occasionally. Strokes of this nature are always anything but easy. In fact, all cushion in-offs into a centre pocket must will tend to keep the cut-ball away from ball is some little distance above or below the pocket, as when this is the case, the though the in-off can be got without any must perform enter the pocket at an angle that makes the pocket a very blind one, and consequently great judgment is required when playing these in-offs. Always be difficult whenever the object-side, the stroke will be found easier if played with left-hand side, as this side cue-ball, after contact with the object-ball, the lower shoulder of the pocket after striking the object-ball.

A COMPARATIVELY EASY STROKE.

Both balls are a little way from the cushion, but in a line parallel with it, and a line passing through the centres of the balls would, if continued, meet the lower angle of the pocket at a point close to the fall of the slate. The in-off is not by any means a difficult one, even for a very ordinary player. All that is required is a very full aim on the object-ball, the cue-ball being struck above the centre and with pocket side. In this stroke, if a full aim be taken, there is no possibility of losing the white, and therefore no very strong stroke is necessary. The full contact will send the object-ball on the lower angle of the pocket, whence it will be thrown on to the upper angle, and rebounding again, will travel down the table.

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