

JUDGMENT.

(Continued from page 5.)

"I have here evidence in support of the charge I am about to make. I am a solicitor, and I do not speak lightly. With a full sense of responsibility, I make this charge. Sir John Millbank, judge of the High Court, I accuse you of the crime of murder. I assert that I am prepared to prove that you are guilty of the very crime for which you condemned another. Lord Haverham met his death, not at the hands of an obscure soldier creeping into the house by night, he was foully murdered by one of his own distinguished guests—and you, Sir John Millbank, are the man!"

For a second it seemed as though the solicitor with all his cunning had blundered and over-reached himself. His amazing preposterous accusation was on the point of falling flat.

Beaumont Chase began to laugh, and then quite suddenly stopped and stared at the baronet judge.

Sir John, instead of meeting the charge with cold contempt, staggered as though he had received a blow.

His face became vivid, and he put out his hands feebly, and then with a groan he sank into a chair.

"Daddy! What is the matter?" cried Kitty, clinging to him. "The wicked man is telling lies. Oh, how can anyone be so wicked! Daddy, dear daddy, look at me—answer me!"

Jacob Jole laughed grimly.

"You will please note, officer, how the accused receives the charge I have made against him!" he said excitedly.

"But surely, Millbank, you deny this ridiculous——" began Beaumont Chase in amazement, when he was interrupted by Dick.

A great wave of pity swept through the young man as he held his father, once so strong, now crushed and broken, enduring indescribable tortures at the hands of the unspeakable Jole.

With a short laugh, he stepped forward into the centre of the room.

"I am sorry to spoil this dramatic scene, gentlemen," he said, with a reckless toss of his head, "but I have had enough of this nonsense. Jole defended me at my trial, and he means well. He wants to help me, but I don't require his services any longer. The game is up. I confess all. It was I who killed Lord Haverham."

(To be continued.)

MARKET NOTES.

INVERCARGILL, 16th JULY, 1920.

Messrs Bray Bros., Ltd., Auctioneers and Fruit Salesmen, Dee street, Invercargill report as follows:—

Potatoes.—£6 10s to £7 per ton. Onions, 12s cwt. Oats (for fowl feed), 5s 4d to 5s 9d per bushel. Chaff to £8 10s per ton, for prime; discoloured £6. Oaten Straw, £5 10s ton; damaged 2s 6d per bale. Meggitt's Linseed Meal 25s per bag. Oatdust, 6s per bag. Bran, 10s per bag. Pollard, 12s per bag. Molasses 17s 6d cwt.

Fruit.—Apples. Delicious to 5½d per lb. Jonathan, 3d to 3½d lb; Sturmers to 3½d lb. Other dessert varieties from 2½d to 3d per lb. Cooking Apples, first grade from 6s 6d to 8s per case; second grade from 6s. Pears.—There is a temporary shortage of Choice Dessert which are selling at up to 4d per lb, other quality from 2½d to 3½d per lb. Vegetables.—Fair supplies available.

General.—Lepp Salt Lick, 2s 3d per brick; wholesale, 2s. Horse Covers (Best American Duck), £2 15s to £3. Boots, 35s a pair. Honey in 10lb tins, 10s. Tea, in 5lb packets, 12s. Jam in glass pots containing about 2½lbs, 2s 6d per pot. Mutton Birds, 1s per bird by the kit.

Furniture.—Our furniture warehouse in Spey street, has for sale a splendid English Piano, in first-class order and reasonable in price. We carry full stocks of furniture, linoleum, bedding and kapok.

General.—Buick Motor Car, £250. Hallday Motor Car, £175. Late model Studebaker, £400. All these cars are guaranteed in tip-top condition, and any trial will be given. One Douglas Motor Cycle, £35.

Land Department.—One six-roomed house within ten minutes of the Post Office, perfectly sound, gas cooker, and gas lighting throughout. The owner is leaving Invercargill and must sell. A snip at the price, £700. Enquire early at Bray Bros., Dee street.

She's slender and graceful and tall and fair!

The elegant lass with the delicate air; And despite her coquetry, whims and pride,

She's the girlie I've begged to be my bride,

For she's kind of heart and sweet to see And, best of all, she's so fond of me,

For lover's warm welcome in winter assure,

By gifts of Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

DRAUGHTS.

(By F. Hutchins.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

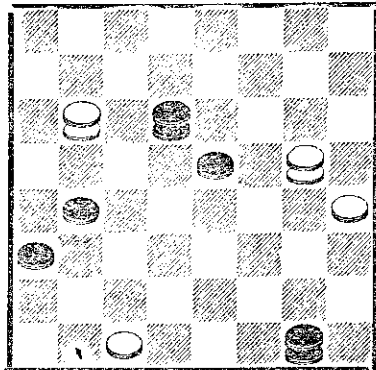
Rev. J. Collic.—Thanks very much for problems. They are good ones and I will make use of them.

"This life is but a world of care,
Man needs some recreation:
So turn ye to the chequer board,
Its many variations."

Draughts Club meets in Athenaeum every Wednesday and Saturday evenings.

PROBLEM 18.

By A. Rattray, Cabrahe.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and draw.
Black 15, 17, 21, Kings 10, 32.
White 29, 30, Kings 9, 16.

Simple, but will interest the amateur. An ending from the Double Corner.
From the "Draughts World."

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM 17.

Black 7, 14, 16, 17, 18, 19, 23.
White 5, 9, 25, 29, Kings 3, 10, 12.
Black to play and win, 18, 22, 25, 18, 17, 21, 10, 17, 23, 26, 3, 10, 19, 23, 12, 19, 26, 31, 22, and Black wins.

The following is an interesting single corner game played in the New Zealand championship tourney in Auckland:—

F. C. Hilliker (Black), D. Calderwood (White).			
11.15	12.16	9.14	27.32
22.18	24.20	18.9	23.14
15.22	8.12	5.14	10.17
25.18	26.24	22.18	21.14
8.11	9.13	1.5	16.23
29.25	32.28	18.9	14.9
4.8	6.9	5.14	23.27
26.22	24.19	27.24	30.26
			12.16
			20.11
			27.20

Black wins.

THIRTEENTH SCOTTISH TOURNAMENT GAMES.

SECOND ROUND.

H. HENDERSON (Muirkirk) v. A. LAMBIE (Bellshill).			
Game 83—KELSO (10.15, 22 17).			
Black—Lambie.		White—Henderson.	
10.15	8.11	16.20	3.8
22.17	27.23	31.27	12.3
11.16	11.15	5.9 ^B	2.6
23.18	24.19	22.18	3.10
15.22	15.24	9.13	6.31
25.18	28.19	17.14	32.28
9.14 _A	4.8	13.17	31.24
18.9	29.25	30.26	28.19
6.22	8.11	12.16	20.24 _C
26.17	25.22	19.12	Drawn.
(A) 8.11, 17.13, 16.20, 24.19, 11.16, etc., is quite safe.			
(B) 11.16, 22.18, 1.16, 17.13, 7.10, 21.17, 3.7, 18.14, 6.9, 13.6, 2.18, 23.14, 16.23—Drawn.			
(C) The game has been played on well-known lines.			
Game 84—KELSO (10.15, 22.17).			
Black—Henderson.		White—Lambie.	
Similar to Game 83.			
Game 85—KELSO (10.15 23.18).			
Black—Lambie.		White—Henderson.	
10.15	9.13	12.19	6.15
23.18	26.23	32.28	18.4
12.16	6.9	4.8	9.25
21.17	25.21	27.23	29.22
16.20	1.6	8.12	7.10
17.14 _A	30.26	23.16	22.18
8.12	11.16	12.19	5.9
24.19	19.15 _B	31.27	4.8
15.24	16.19	3.8 ^D	2.7
28.19	23.16	15.10	18.15
W. wins.			
(A) 17.13 is more usual and preferable.			
(B) 29.25 draws here, thus:—			
29.25 _C	15.11	13.17	25.21
7.10	14.18	21.14	2.18
14.7	22.15	9.18	27.24
3.10	6.9	23.14	20.27
18.15	15.6	16.30	32.14
9.14	Published Play.—Drawn.		
(C) 32.28 also leads to an interesting draw.			
(D) Cutting 7.10, 14.7, & 10, seems to draw.			

The Nature Column.

"Student" will be pleased to receive notes on any branch of Natural History. Observations on birds, insects, plants, etc., will be equally welcome. If using a pen-name, will correspondents please enclose real name and address.)

Clay is a material with which we are all more or less familiar, yet with all the investigations conducted by scientific men, we are still in the dark as to some of the materials which give it a plastic nature.

Clay is a popular term for a variety of substances of many origins and greatly dissimilar in their composition. It is commonly supposed that all clays are plastic, but some of the purest China clays are almost devoid of this property, while impure earths used for brick-making possess the same property to a striking extent. Shales are clearly a variety of clay, and yet as hard and like rocks. They have to be ground and mixed with water before they become plastic. Many impure clays are so plastic as to require the addition of sand before they can be used for manufacturing. All plastic earths are not clays. Clay though sometimes termed a mineral is not so, but is really a rock. This question has caused the lawyers quite a lot of bother.

Most clays can be considered as being composed of quartz grains undecomposed rock, and the products of the decomposition of certain rocks. The matter substance of clay may, however, be put down as certain hydrous aluminous silicates. Sometimes the largest part of a deposit is composed of sand.

Under a microscope clays are seen to be made up of a variety of materials in grains of different sizes, the largest usually being sand, quartz, feldspar, mica, and limestone. The smallest particles to which clay owes most of its valuable properties, are so very small as to make examination exceedingly difficult. They are usually minute crystalline plates, and a larger proportion of amorphous material. The nature of these plates and amorphous material are still largely unknown in spite of many investigations. Clays emit characteristic odour when moist, and geologists often use this test to distinguish sedimentary rocks from others.

So long as clay remains moist it is plastic. If dried with a heat not exceeding 600 deg. it may be made plastic by the addition of water. If heated to a greater extent it loses all plasticity and becomes stone like. If brick be ground and mixed with water it will not become plastic like clay. The plasticity of clays is no doubt largely due to the presence of combined water, and mechanically mixed water, for when either of these factors is removed the clay loses its plastic character. Most of the observers are of opinion that the molecular form of clay is responsible for its peculiar properties, yet strange to say the purest clays—the kaolins—are most deficient in plasticity. The word Kaolin, by the way comes from China—Kao Ling, a ridge in China from which China clay was produced. Of late years the theory has been put forward that the plasticity of clay is due to a colloidal substance in the clay, since it exhibits some of the physical features possessed by glue and other colloids. It is supposed that the colloid has a web-like form and takes up and gives off water, but when over-heated is destroyed. Unfortunately no such substance has yet been isolated from pure clay. When burned, clay may shrink as much as 50 per cent., and this bears out the colloidal theory as colloids shrink considerably on heating.

Clays are formed by weathering of granitic or felspathic rocks, and as primary clays, are found near the place of origin, being fairly pure. These are the China clays. Residual clays are those which having been subjected to pressure and become hard have lost the lime and other constituents by the solvent action of water and gases. Rivers have played a great part in the transport of clays, the particles of which being so small and taking a long time to sink have accumulated in the ocean and in lakes. Alluvial clays have probably been formed by deposits of silt during floods.

An American investigator Dr. Acheson, wondering why the Israelites mixed straw with their brick clay, decided to experiment with this mixture. On boiling some straw he found that the straw lost half its weight. The straw water being added to some clay for making crucibles, he was able to make a much stronger and finer crucible from the mixture. Later with the use of the ultra-microscope it was discovered that straw water and other vegetable extracts possessed the property of dividing matter down to particles approximating the size of molecules. He has also been able to so divide the particles of graphite, and hopes to produce an ideal lubricant. Many years ago Dr. Acheson mentioned that the addition of tannin increased the plasticity of clay and the invention of the ultra-microscope has enabled him to see what has happened.

Passing Notes.

BY JACQUES.

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

Mr Massey's party—the Appointed and Disappointed.

Parliament at present seems to consist of five parties—and Mr Hanan.

Mr Pryor, for the employers, suggests a fight to a finish, and Mr Arbuckle for the miners, says that like Barkis, he is willing. In such an event whichever side gets the ha'pence, the unfortunate consumer will get all the kicks—as usual.

Plain Bill's position just now is not a very enviable one. An empty money box, and everybody clamouring for a bob or two. The miracle of the loaves and fishes was a mere fleabite to what William is expected to perform.

"Why pay rent?" asks a local land agent. Well, some don't. The moonlight flit is cheaper.

Gentle—or ferocious—reader, have you ever seen fruit and vegetables exposed for sale outside shops? And have you ever noticed how dogs of all nationalities and castes show their disdain for a vegetarian or fruitarian diet? And has it never struck you that it would be far nicer and better if those dogs could not get so near to those edibles?

Harry Holland seems to receive greater deference in the present Parliament than in the last. This may be due to a sort of gratitude on the part of some of our members. Many of them, we know, having no particular policy, legislative ability, or personal merit of their own, won their seats through being able to curse Harry Holland more vehemently and satisfactorily than their opponents. In fact, "anti-Holland" may be said to have constituted a full and sufficient policy for most at last election. And, no doubt they are properly grateful to that much maligned individual for having provided in his person and views the means of their own exaltation.

The theory that our laws are somehow related to Justice is a very comforting one, but sometimes their operation sadly shocks our complacency. Take the frequent recent decisions of Justice Stringer in the matter of H.C.L. bonuses to workers, for instance. There is, of course, nothing wrong with the principle that wages should be made sufficiently elastic to meet varying conditions; it is in making such bonuses retrospective that the law shows how divine it can be when it really tries. Any business man could have told the sapient judge that the prices of commodities are based largely on cost, of which wages usually form the chief element. In fixing prices for any given period the manufacturer or merchant makes allowance, inter alia, for the wages ruling during that time, and then arranges for a certain margin—often enough, a fairly narrow one—of profit for himself. It is, therefore, something of a shock to him to find that after he has sold his goods at prices largely based on a certain wage list, he is faced with a demand for retrospective payments, which, when met, will still further narrow down his profits, or perhaps annihilate them altogether for that particular period. It is most illogical and unjust. It is exactly as though after, say, a tailor had made and sold suits for six months at prices based on the cost of the material, the warehouseman should send in a bill for increased payments on every yard of material supplied during that time, and that the law should back up the demand.

When politicians fall out, honest men hear the truth. Our only difficulty at such times is to distinguish between the truth and the other thing. During the recent Parliamentary imbroglio the air was thick with charges and counter-charges, and every form of contradiction, from the "retort courteous" to the "lie direct," was heard. Among the lot some must surely have been speaking the truth. But who? Was it Mr Hanan, when he referred to some of those who had taken office in the Reform administration as "political contortionists?" Or was it Mr Massey when he said, in effect, to Mr Hanan, "You're another?" And when Mr Massey accused Mr Hanan of expressing willingness to accept a portfolio from

him, and Mr Hanan hysterically denied that same—well which are we to believe! Mr Hanan, surely, for had we not his own solemn asseveration last election that he would at no time join forces with those children of Belial, the Reform party! And who could doubt Mr Hanan's word! As for Mr Massey's insinuation that Mr Hanan was himself a "political contortionist"—well those of us who have known that sturdy democrat throughout his Parliamentary career, will laugh such an absurd suggestion to scorn.

The "housing problem" shares with "profiteering" pride of place among newspaper topics. On every hand are heard harrowing stories of the desperate straits of our homeless ones, and, on top of his multitudinous other troubles, Mr Massey is being daily importuned to "do something." He has stated his determination to grapple with the problem, and has set machinery in motion that may succeed in erecting a hundred or a couple of hundred workers' dwelling sometime within the next few years. How it may be in other centres I know not, having nothing better than the daily press to inform me, but, so far as Invercargill is concerned, I venture the opinion that there is no actual shortage of houses at the present time. Every street has its quota of blank windows, but, unfortunately for the eager house-hunter, each is marred with the discouraging legend: "For sale." Now it strikes me that things are not as they should be when we see homeless people on the one hand, and unpeopled houses on the other. I am the last man to question the legitimate rights of individuals or of property, but all rights, I hold, are, or should be limited by considerations of public welfare. These empty houses are, for the most part, evidences of a greedy, profiteering desire to exploit the necessities of the people. The position calls for prompt and drastic action. Those who have read Henry George's works will remember the frequency of his favourite phrase, "Compulsory usufruct." His contention was everyone in possession of land should be compelled to make the fullest possible use of it, or surrender it to one who would. Well, the same principle could be beneficially applied in the case of our tenantless houses—always making provision, of course, for a fair return to the owner.

KINGS AND PRINCES I HAVE MET.
KING CRUICKSHANK.

My presentation—which, curiously enough, was entirely unsolicited on my part—at the Court of this illustrious monarch, was arranged through the kind offices of Prince Euehy, officer commanding the Imperial Blues, the actual introduction being effected by Count Fitzalan Cameron and his dog. His Majesty though not quite as handsome as our late visitor, Prince Charming, proved very condescending, and affably invited me to an elevated position on a dais adjacent to his throne. He asked me, through an interpreter, various questions, some—such as how I pleaded, etc.—striking me as being somewhat irrelevant, and indicating a curious eccentricity on the part of my Royal Host. My natural embarrassment was, however, quickly relieved by the courtesy of a court attendant, one John Hop, who kindly explained that I was only then recovering from a recent attack of Roopitis, which had been so violent that, the evening before, an officer had felt constrained in the interests of law and order (what that is) to extend his Majesty's hospitality to me for the night—getting his uniform badly damaged in the process. His Majesty then asked me how I had slept, and I assured him that my rest would have been perfect but for—but there, it might have been some natural skin disease. Then, after a little kindly advice as to how to avoid Roopitis in the future, His Majesty gave further proof of his eccentricity by asking me for a pound, with costs (the latter, I understand, being something in the nature of a war bonus), with the alternative of receiving a further instalment of the Royal hospitality. I have since learned that it is his Majesty's pleasant and profitable practice to exact payment for all introductions to his court in conformity with the Royal Latin motto "Quid or Quod." I paid, and, thanking his Majesty, withdrew.