

### The Vest Pocket Autographic KODAK

Price 50/-

Makes pictures 1½ x 2½ inches.

"Always with you—  
never in the way."Fits a lady's handbag or a man's  
waistcoat pocket. Simple and  
efficient.

Other Kodaks up to £20.

Chief Agents:  
**NEIL'S DISPENSARY,**  
DEE STREET, INVERCARGILL.

## COPELAND'S.

STORE IS FULL OF WARM

WOOLLEN GARMENTS

FOR SOUTHLAND WEATHER.

Our BOXED SUITS in the Famous—

ALL-WOOL COLONIAL TWEED

are far the nicest Tweed seen to-day.

Our Motto—

"A SQUARE DEAL ALWAYS."

COPELAND'S,

36 DEE STREET.

HIGH-CLASS CONFECTIONERY.

HIGH-CLASS CONFECTIONERY.

HIGH-CLASS CONFECTIONERY.

FOR COUGHS, ETC.,

—Use—

KIWI COUGH DROPS.

EUCALYPTUS TABLETS.

ACCIDULATED FRUIT DROPS.

GINGER AND BUTTER NUGGETS.

ALMOND AND BUTTER.

All 1/4 per lb.

—At—

## RICE'S,

LEADING CONFECTIONERS.

DEE STREET.

Registered Plumber. Telephones: Shop  
320.

## W. K. SCRYMCEOUR,

(Member R. San. Inst., London.)  
Successor to Anchor and Co.,SANITARY HEATING AND VENTI-  
LATING ENGINEER,

ESK ST., INVERCARGILL.

Sole Agent in Southland for Ward's  
Patent Ventilating Skylight.  
Supreme Petrol Light Installations on  
shortest notice.Certif. Sanitary Science. Certif. Sanitary  
Inspector.

All work done by competent tradesmen.

REMOVAL NOTICE.

SHIELS, JENKINS &amp; CO., LTD.

(Late Farmers' Machinery Exchange).  
PROPRIETORS & MANUFACTURERS  
STORRIE IMPROVED  
MILKING MACHINE.Wish to notify their Customers that they  
have removed to premises at rear of Club  
Hotel.

ENTRANCE:

DEE ST.: Club Hotel Right-of-way.  
LEVEN ST.: Mackerras and Hazlett  
Right-of-way.

P.O. BOX—278.

TELEGRAMS: "Pulsator," Invercargill.

He did not ask again, he turned and  
walked into the vestry, merely observing to  
the vicar:"You had better tell these people there  
will be no wedding."It was a breakdown! People who had  
been laughing and smiling stood as though  
they were stunned.

Then the vicar stepped forward.

"I regret to say that the wedding cere-  
mony will not take place," he said.  
"There is nothing for the congregation to  
stay for."The good old gentleman hoped that it  
might take place, he would reason with  
the bride, but he had better get rid of  
these people. He hated anything like  
a scene or a scandal in his church.They took her into the vestry, and  
there the vicar joined them. She put  
her hands in her forehead and looked a-  
round in a dazed way. What had she  
done? What awful thing was this? What  
scandal had she made? She looked at the  
man who was to have been her husband—  
he was standing there cold and stern.  
She looked at the bridesmaids—they re-  
garded her with mingled dismay and con-  
tempt. She looked at the friends—they  
stared at her as though she was some  
strange animal. She looked at her father—  
his face was pale with anger, he had  
torn off his gloves and was twisting them  
in his hands. What had she done?"Now, my dear young lady," the vicar  
began; but she stopped him."Oh, I am sorry, I am so sorry!" she  
gasped. "I don't know what was the  
matter with me. Roger, forgive me, I—  
There was no yielding on his part."I am afraid that your daughter is ill,  
sir," said the vicar to Walter Thobury.  
"Overwrought. Perhaps if she was to  
go home, tomorrow—""To-morrow?" interrupted the bride-  
groom. "There will be no wedding to-  
morrow."The vicar was really distressed. The  
bride had buried her face in her hands  
and was sobbing. What did it mean?  
What could it mean? No one there had  
any idea that she was an unwilling bride.  
—that Walter Thobury, the rich man,  
should give his daughter to someone to  
whom she was not willing to go was a  
thing they never dreamt of.

She went up to Armer.

"Roger, I am so sorry." No relaxing in  
that hard face of his. "Won't you forgive  
me? Cannot you understand how terrible  
it is for me to say those words? But I  
will try to mean them. I will pray for  
strength to be faithful to that vow. I  
am sorry."There was such a world of desperate  
entreaty in her tones, such a sorrow for  
what had taken place, such self-abasement  
and yet he was unmoved."You have made an absurd exhibition  
of yourself," he retorted in equally low  
tones. "It is simply part of a formal  
service. Is this your revenge?""No, no!" she pleaded. "I did not  
think of such a thing. Cannot you see  
how sorry I am? Let us go back; let the  
service go on."The vicar looked at the bridegroom;  
he shrugged his shoulders and walked  
back into the church—an empty church  
now—with not one of the smiling faces  
left.Once more they stood there, brides  
maids, indignant, friends angry or sneer-  
ing, the unhappy bride realising the en-  
ormity of what she had done, and so the  
service was continued. How their voices  
seemed to echo! How hollow it sounded!  
To love, to honour, to obey. She lifted  
her eyes towards the window, she looked  
at the Way, the Truth, the Life, and so  
looking, she made that vow, and Doris  
Thobury became Doris Armer.Something was wrong in the church.  
The crowd without pushed and tiptoed  
and stared when at last the doors were  
opened. Here they were. They were  
coming out now.She trembled as she caught sight of  
that dense crowd, she held tightly to her  
husband's arm, feeling that otherwise she  
would fall. A big crowd but a silent one;  
no laughter, no cheers, no showering con-  
fetti or rice, no good wishes uttered. A  
silent crowd through which she passed  
to the car, where the best man, trying  
hard to appear unconcerned, stood at the  
open door. Her husband handed her in  
silence, in silence they drove off  
through the throng that stared so curious-  
ly at her."Well, Doris,"—how coldly it was said  
—"I have to thank you for this humilia-  
tion. You have succeeded very well." And  
he smiled grimly—almost threaten-  
ing. "Ah, well, you are mine now, and  
I am your master—a master you will soon  
learn to obey, or I'll know the reason  
why." He suddenly leaned out of the  
window and spoke to the chauffeur, and  
as he sat back again remarked: "After  
your exhibition, a reception would be a  
farce, and I've ordered the man to drive  
straight to our house. I've had enough  
of public ignominy for one day."She shuddered at the cold merciless  
tone of his voice, and shrank back into  
her corner as far as she could. So they  
drove on in awful silence until the car  
turned in at a pair of big sombre iron  
gates."Here we are," said Roger grimly.  
"Our home—yours and mine. But I'm its  
master, remember that. I'll soon teach  
you obedience once you are inside those  
walls."What will happen to Doris now? To  
keep her wretched bargain, his home must  
be hers, but will he master her spirit?  
Next week's instalment answers this, and  
contains some startling revelations.

### IRISH WIT AND HUMOUR.

The other day a little red-faced Irish-  
man approached a post office which had  
three letter boxes outside. One was labelled  
"City," another "Domestic," and  
the third "Foreign." He looked at the  
three in turn and then, as a puzzled  
expression crossed his face, scratched his  
head."Faith," he was heard to mutter, "I  
don't know in which wan to put th'  
letter. Sure, Katie's a domestic, an'  
she lives in the city all right, an' she's a  
furriner, too; but, begobs, how can th'  
thing go in both of the three holes at  
wance?"Pat—"Yez may say wot you please,  
gentlemen; it's not anywhere ye'll be  
foindin' braver men nor th' Irish."Banter—"Come off, Pat; it was only  
the other day that I made five of them  
run."Pat—"Was it ong catching ye they  
were?""Well, Misther McPhelim, how'd ye  
schlape last night?""Ah, bedad, Denny bhaid! Unconscious  
a good dale of the toime."McGuire—"How did he make all his  
money?"Rafferty—"Smoking; he was the great-  
est smoker in America."McGuire—"Dry up, Rafferty, you can't  
make money by smoking."

Rafferty—"He did; he smoked hams."

"Yes," said the dentist, "to insure  
painless extraction you'll have to take  
gas, and that's fifty cents extra.""Oh!" said Casey, "I guess the old  
way'll be best; never mind no gas."

"You're a brave man."

"Oh! it ain't me that's got the tooth;  
it's my wife Bridget.""What has become of your niece, Miss  
Murphy, Mrs O'Raherty?""Och, sure an' she's done well wid her-  
self. She married a lord.""Why, you don't tell me! An English  
lord?""No; I don't think he's an English  
lord. He's a landlord. He kapes a  
hotel out in Indiana."When Paddy heard an Englishman  
speaking of the fine echo at the Lake of  
Killarney, which repeats the sound forty  
times, he very promptly observed:"Faith, that's nothing at all to the  
echo in my father's garden in the county  
of Galway. If you say to it, 'How do  
you do, Paddy Blake?' it will answer,  
'Pretty well thank you, sir.'""Pat, if Mr Jones comes back before I  
return, tell him that I will meet him at  
two o'clock.""Ay, ay, sir; but what will I tell him  
if he doesn't come?""Well, Pat, and how is that bull pup  
of yours doing?""Oh! he's dead! The illigant baste wint  
an' swallowed tape-measure!"

"Oh, I see! He died by inches, then?"

"No, begorra, he didn't! He wint  
round to the back of the house an' died  
by the yard!"An Irishman on being told that the price  
of bread had fallen, exclaimed: "This is  
the first time I ever rejoiced at the fall  
of my best friend."An Irishman wandering up Fifth  
Avenue saw in the window of a photo-  
grapher's shop a large photograph of  
Mephisto. He went inside, and after  
gazing about the walls, said to the prop-  
rietor:"I want to have a pictur taken av  
meself an' me bruther. How much?"

The proprietor named the figure.

"All right," said Pat. "Will you take  
it now?""Where is your brother?" asked the  
photographer.

"He's in Ireland," was the reply.

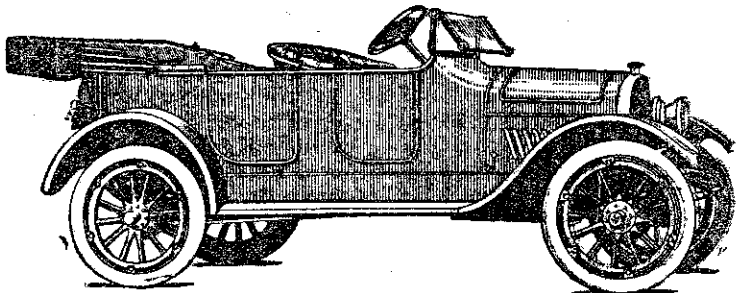
"Well, my man," said the photo-  
grapher, "we can't take his picture  
unless he is here.""That's funny," said Pat. "Ye took  
the pictur av the devil, an' he's down  
below."

### DIGGERS!

IMMEDIATE ACTION 1914.

Turn the crank handle on to the buffer spring; pull the belt  
to the left front and let go the crank handle.

IMMEDIATE ACTION 1920.

Grasp your opportunity. Buy a house and make your rent pay  
for it. Every payment is a stepping stone to prosperity.  
House properties are not plentiful, so make up your mind to  
inspect to-day. You will command our best services.COLIN McDONALD, R. B. CAWS & CO.,  
PROPERTY SALESMEN, MERCANTILE BROKERS,  
GENERAL COMMISSION AGENTS,  
COLONIAL BANK CHAMBERS, DEE STREET, INVERCARGILL.  
Telephones: 736 and 1136. P.O. Box 219.

## Car Owners, Farmers & Others.

Now is the TIME to PAINT  
YOUR CAR and YOUR GIG.Expert WORKMANSHIP and FINISH Guaranteed  
AT REASONABLE PRICES.

## J. BATH & SONS,

BATH'S GARAGE,  
YARROW STREET, INVERCARGILL.

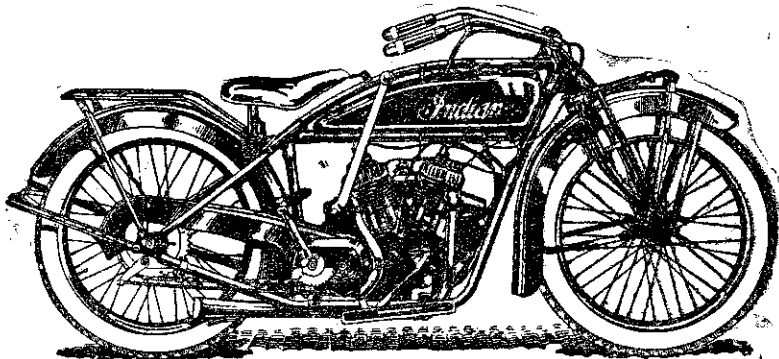
Painting Department—Phone 747.

Office—401.

## YOUR MOUNT.

As a prospective motor cycle buyer, there are, naturally, many  
things you look for in the mount of your choice.

### THE INDIAN 5-6 H.P. SCOUT MODEL

offers a superb combination of all the points you are likely to look for  
and expect in the mount you buy.

POWER—it has ample. SPEED—plenty of it.

COMFORT—Its sensible design assures that.

RELIABILITY—The fact that it is an Indian should dispel all doubts  
on this point.ECONOMY—The beautifully constructed engine turns every drop of  
petrol into power.APPEARANCE—It is an extremely handsome model, superior looking.  
A quality appearance quite in keeping with its through and  
through quality.

VALUE—It has no equal, when priced at

£130.

Don't these particulars make you curious? Let us tell you more  
about it to-day.

## Davies and Prentice, Ltd.,

DEE STREET, INVERCARGILL.