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No work too large or too small.

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LADDERS, Etc.

Sole Southland Agent for

WIZARD LIGHTING SYSTEM.

The Silent Wife.

(Continued from Page 3.)

And now, as she realised this possibility,
she experienced a dull ache at her heart.
She would be dead to him, and in time
he would accept this as truth, and form
a new life for himself. There was always
Isobel Vane to console him.

For her—Doris—life was ended. For
Roger the future might hold much.

Plans began to formulate, visionary as
yet, to crystallise in time into as strange
and romantic a dream of real life as it is
possible to imagine.

Doris Armer was wrong! Her career was
only just beginning! Life and adventure
lay before her!

Before she sought rest, she made a
careful examination of the two rooms in
which she was, by Roger's orders to spend
long, weary weeks and months.

Well had they guarded against her
escape. The windows were screwed down,
the doors locked on the outside. She was
as much a prisoner as though she occupied
one of His Majesty's cells!

The indignity of Roger's way of treat-
ing her drove the last bit of softness out
of Doris Armer's breast. A hard, bitter
feeling filled it, to the exclusion of all else.

Not that she had any reason to com-
plain of her treatment as far as comforts
went. Nurse Merton appeared early at
her bedside with a daintily-spread tray; a
rosy-faced girl lighted a fire. For here,
in this tree-surrounded house, it was chill
and damp.

But the sun was shining, and Doris's
spirits rose—as those of the young and
healthy are bound to do.

If Nurse Merton noticed an underlying
excitement in her patient's manner, she
took no notice. The mentally afflicted are
usually excitable.

"Can't I go out?" Doris inquired, as
she looked out of the window upon the
gardens below. Uncultivated though they
were, there was yet a wild luxuriance
about them that appealed to Doris's
stormy mood. They, at any rate, were
free.

"Which I shall be to-night, unless the
mysterious stranger does not keep his pro-
mise," thought Doris.

"I'd rather you didn't, Mrs Ross. Not
until Mr Ross has been."

"All right," acquiesced the girl, feigning
an indifference she was far from feeling.

"But why do you call him Mr Ross?"

Nurse Merton smiled indulgently.

"Because that's his name," she said.

Doris said nothing.

Nurse Merton brought her a pile of
books and papers. Jenkins had packed
up her work-basket, and Doris set herself
a task of embroidery, hoping by this means
to make the time pass more quickly.

Her one thought was of what ad-
ventures lay before her that night.

(To be Continued).

N. Z. R. S. ASSOCIATION.

CLOTHING FOR SALE BY THE
DEFENCE DEPARTMENT.

The following completes the list of cloth-
ing, etc., offered for sale by the Defence
Department:—

BOOTS.—New, 31s; part worn, re-bot-
tomed, 18s 6d; part worn, repaired, 15s
6d; part worn, not repaired, to be graded,
prices to be had later.

SHOES.—Black leather, new, 12s 6d
and 14s; black leather, new, not repaired,
to be graded; deck, black canvas, leather
uppers, leather soled, 8s; deck, black,
canvas, not repaired, to be graded.

SUITS.—(A la steward), blue, special
pattern consisting of coats, trousers and
waistcoats, £2 10s per suit.

DRAWERS.—Woollen, new, 7s 6d; re-
novated, 5s.

GREATCOATS.—Dyed indigo or Navy
blue, £4 10s; renovated, to be graded.
JACKETS.—Denim, renovated, 1st
grade, 6s 6d; 2nd grade, 4s 6d; 3rd grade,
3s 6d.

JERSEYS.—Woollen 10s 9d; woollen,
renovated, 8s 9d, all first grade.

CAPS.—Balaclava, 1s 6d each.

I have been advised by Headquarters
that samples of the goods for sale will
be on view at the Ordnance Office, Dunedin,
but the local Defence Office informed me
to-day that the samples have not yet
come to hand. They will no doubt be
available in a few days.

Will you please note, however, that the
whole of the goods required by the respec-
tive districts will be ordered by Head-
quarters. I shall therefore, be glad if
you will let me have your requisition at
the earliest possible date in order that
Headquarters may not be unduly delayed
in getting in the Dominion one.

Toronto University is asking the On-
tario Government for £60,000 to increase
the salaries of professors and teachers.

ANGLING NOTES.

BY "CREEL."

THE FISHY ANGLER.

Have I been a fisherman long, sir?
Aye for sixty-three summers or more.
Why I fished with a bent pin and cot-
ton, in the slop-pail before I was four.
I've caught plaice and skate from the
sea shore,

From the piers I've caught congers and
dabs,

And even when I went out boating, I
was always a-catchin' of crabs.

In the wet I've caught many colds, sir,
When the rain has been pourin' full pelt,
And even if I fished in the sewers, I'll
bet I'd catch fishes that smelt.

I've sat and gazed over the boat-side,
right down to the sea's rocky bed,
Where the lobsters crawled by in such
thousands,

That the water was tinged a bright red.
You want my most thrilling adventure?

Well it happened in nineteen-hundred-
and-ten, I was after a mighty big trout, sir,
which at times by my pals had been
seen,

It kept to one pool in the river, by all
fisherman round it was feared,

For they noted whenever it was spotted,
Some poor angling chap disappeared.

Now I'd long been determined to land
him,

I'd made my arrangements for years,
So I dashed off by train for the spot, sir,

When the news of his coming I hears.
I'd long kept a special great lob-worm,

Which for thickness would quite take
the cake,

I'd fed it on port-wine and bovril,
Till it grew as big as a snake.

I arrived at the place in the evening,
And resolved that next day I'd begin, so

I looked up my pals and we drifted, to
drink my success at the inn.

As we drank I fetched down on the
table,

A stuffed salmon trout from the wall,
And for two hours I studied each detail,

to help me in making my haul.
Well I started next day for the river,

Where I soon had a sight of my mark,
But I'm bound to admit I was scared,

For it's size was as big as a shark.
It suddenly leapt from the water, and

barked with a 'orrible din,
Then flopped back again with a wallop,

Which wet me right through to the skin.
If a Billingsgate porter had seen it,

'twould have coloured his language a
bit.

'Twould have frightened the life out of
Jonah,

Or gin'n Isaac Walton a fit.
I went straight for my worm in a jiffy,

But he didn't quite like my fierce look,
He bit me and fought like a viper, till

I had him at last on the hook.
Then I heaved him right into the river,

at the moment the trout rose again,
He gobbled it down in a moment, and

I pulled it with might and with main,
But lor, sir, my strength was as nothing

Beside this phenomenal fish,
In a flash I was jerked off my feet, sir,

And pulled through the waves with a
swish,

Then he stopped and he turned in his
tracks, sir,

His evil eyes gleamed in his head.
And his horrid great mouth was wide

open,
And his teeth were all dripping with

red.
Then I knew what had happened to

others,
And I said "here's the last of Bill

Jones,"
For as I looked into his gullet, I could

see human skulls and great bones.
He paused for a moment then darted

Towards me with lightning like pace,
So I prayed to St. George and Sam

Isaacs,
And closed in a deadly embrace.

Down, down through the water we
battled,

I could feel I'd got many a wound,
Till at last I was fairly exhausted, my

breath was all gone and I swooned.
I was found late at night at the inn,

With my arms round the stuffed salmon
trout,

But how I managed to get there, is a
puzzle I'd like to find out.

—By Chas. J. Winter.

The rivers throughout Southland have
been unprecedentedly low for the opening
month of the season, and as a consequence
fly fishermen have been able to secure
some good bags on the Oreti on reaches
that as a rule do not give good results
to the consummate art of casting a delicate
3 x 4 x cast at the end of a nice 10
or 11ft fly rod, until later on in the season.
While fishing the Makarewa the other

evening the writer had a unique (to him)
experience while fishing with the fly. Fish
were not on the move in the afternoon,
but about 4.30 p.m. the trout started to
feed on the whitebait, and noticing a
nice hefty fish about 2½lbs swishing into
a shoal he was tempted to try him with a
well-directed cast into the centre of his
feeding patch. The flies duly arrived
there, and the fish turned like a fish and
took the tail fly (red body Waipahi). He
seemed surprised when he got a sudden
jab, but woke up with a start, and then
went it. He was a very strong fish, in
splendid condition, and put up a good fight
before being eventually creeled. The same
tactics were adopted again and this time
a "beauty," 4½lbs in weight was the vic-
tim, and there was some satisfaction in
landing him on a fine 3 x red loop cast.
Other two good fish were encountered, but
two flies were left in two, and a third
(3lbs) was lost in netting. However,
three fish, 4½, 2½, and 2lbs respectively
were very welcome on fine tackle.

Mr J. W. Smith landed from the Oreti
on the fly, sixteen fish on Wednesday,
October 27. Mr J. Blick fishing the same
river at the iron bridge secured a bag of
twelve. The killing flies were Red Body
Waipahi, Purple Grouse, March Brown,
and Red Tip Governor.

Last week-end Messrs Hoffman and
Baldwin, landed seven well-conditioned
fish from the Makarewa, and a further
thirty-seven heaviest weighing 7½lbs,
from the New river. Nineteen fish were
caught in one ripple, and the anglers re-
port the river to be well stocked this
season. Natural bully and smelt was
the bait used.

Our Mandeville correspondent con-
tributes the following: The best bags secured
were by Messrs Geo. Richardson, Joseph
and Max. Hoffman, at Gore, who got 75
very nice trout. They used both fly
and creeper, but got the majority with
the creeper. Mr Taylor, of Kaitangata,
got sixteen with the fly in the Otamita,
and in about twenty minutes in the even-
ing landed five from the Waimea, also
with the fly. Both the Waimea and
Otamita are in excellent condition after
the recent rain, and have been well pa-
tronised by disciples of Isaac Walton since
the opening of the season.

The triangular team representing the
Southland Angling Club will be picked
from the following:—Messrs A. E. Tapper,
C. Wilson, N. R. McKay, W. Steel, G.
Braxton and A. N. Pattle.

The following interesting article is
taken from the "Field" of August 21st,
1920. The "Field" is recognised as be-
ing one of the most authoritative journals
published in the Old Country, with re-
ference to anything pertaining to to
angling:—

THE MODERN EDUCATION OF TROUT.

For these many years the education of
the trout has been proceeding apace; but
it is rather a difficult question to decide
in which direction they have made most
progress. I suppose every angler would
agree that they are more difficult to catch
than they used to be, especially in waters
that are much fished. But we cannot
cross-question or examine; we can only
draw our own conclusions from their be-
haviour. The conclusion which I come
to is that, whilst we are endeavouring
more and more exactly to imitate the nat-
ural insect, and to present our invitation
to the fish in a natural manner, the trout
is all the while far more concerned with
our gut than our fly. The modern trout
may be particular about the fly—some-
times he is, at other times he is not, but
he is far more inclined to be suspicious
of a gut attachment. I am inclined to
think that we may overdo the fly ques-
tion. Most of the modern books on angling
are devoted to the tying of flies. Now
fly tying is a delicate art, and fly collect-
ing is a nice hobby. But many men, and
those by no means the least successful
anglers, regularly fish the season through
with a very limited number of patterns. I
believe the secret of their success is the
attention they pay to their gut. With
really fine gut and half a dozen patterns
of flies a fisherman might give a pretty
good account of himself for the season on
most trout streams; let us say, Dark Red
Spinner, March Brown, Red Body Wai-
pahi, Greenwell's Glory, Jessie No. 4, and
perhaps Purple Grouse or Red Tip Gover-
nor (I have substituted N.Z. flies for the
English patterns). There is a certain
fascination in making a selection of flies,
and no two anglers, I suppose, would
agree upon the subject, as most men have
certain favourite flies. Those that they
believe in most they try the oftenest, and
so reinforce their beliefs. Our own at-
tention to-day is chiefly directed towards
the fly; fly-tying, as I said before, looms
very large in our modern angling litera-

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NOTICE

TO MOTORISTS.

I WISH to apologise to the Motorist
Public for having been compelled to
turn work away owing to lack of accom-
modation in the past, but now that I
have taken over the premises lately occu-
pied by McNie Bros. (adjoining my pre-
sent premises) I have now the largest
Garage accommodation in Southland
capable of storing over 200 cars.

There will be no charge to leave your
car here, so why leave it in the street in
all weathers.

C. S. TRILLO.

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making up rings in our own workshop
ensures this.

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in New Zealand.

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