

**Alex Peat & Co Ltd.,**

1. EET STREET, INVERCARGILL.  
(Alex. Peat) (Alex. Leslie)  
Garage 'Phone—471.  
1. EET STREET, INVERCARGILL.  
Sole Southland Agents: Allen, Maxwell,  
and Oldsmobile Cars.

**HOW ARE YOUR TYRES LASTING?**

We stock Dunlop, Michelin, Goodyear,  
Bergougnan, Spencer, Moulton,  
Avon, Miller, McGraw.

Have you seen the Miller Tyres, if not,  
come round and see them. They are  
guaranteed for 5000 miles.

Several good second-hand cars for sale;  
also one 3½ three-speed Singer Motor  
Cycle and sidecar at £75.

Full stocks of the best Tyres, etc., al-  
ways on hand.

INSPECTION INVITED. THE PRICE  
IS RIGHT.

**TYRES REPAIRED**

By the

AMERICAN

VULCANISING

PROCESS.

A BIG SAVING TO MOTORISTS.

Do not throw your old Covers away.  
The B. and F. Rubber Co. can repair  
any size of blow out, whether blown  
through canvas or not.

An expert staff of Diggers to attend to  
your repairs.

Address—

B. AND F. RUBBER CO.,

KELVIN STREET.

'Phone—1557.

A TRIAL SOLICITED.



WHERE TO GET YOUR PRIME  
JOINTS.

WHERE THE BEST OF MEAT IS  
KEPT.

PRIME OX BEEF

And

WETHER MUTTON

CHEAP FOR CASH,

At the Leading MEAT Suppliers.

WILLS AND METCALFE,

CASH BUTCHERS,

Dee street.

'Phone—343. Private 'Phone—883.

**Alex. Peterson,**

PLUMBER AND GASFITTER,

75 Tay street,

INVERCARGILL.

MANUFACTURER OF Spouting, Down-  
pipes, Ridging, Tanks, Baths, Hot  
and Cold Water Apparatus, etc.

No work too large or too small.

MANUFACTURER OF EXTENSION  
LADDERS, Etc.

Sole Southland Agent for

WIZARD LIGHTING SYSTEM.

**The Silent Wife.**

(Continued from page 3.)

His face flushed. "And you, sane! You  
—you—" He clenched his hands.

Then Doris told him of the lonely house  
in the woods—how it was not an asylum,  
how she was a prisoner there, attended  
by a mental nurse.

"I am sure Nurse Merton believed me  
insane," she said; and then, very gently,  
she laid her hand on Paul's. "Don't ask  
me how I escaped," she said. "That is  
one of the things I may not tell. Neither  
can I tell you what has happened to me  
since I escaped. It would be harmful to  
Roger!"

"You think kindly of him still! In spite  
of all, you care?"

Never, to the end of his life, did Paul  
Weston forget the look Doris Armer gave  
him. Grave and yet full of pain was  
that exquisite face.

"There are reasons," she said gently.  
"He is my husband. Nothing can alter  
that. There is one thing I think I may  
tell you. Roger Armer is not what he  
seems. He may one day be in danger;  
and if that day should come it would be  
my duty to warn him. On that day my  
lips would be unsealed, and I shall break  
my vow of silence."

All that she said deepened, as far as  
Dr. Weston was concerned, the mystery  
surrounding Doris Armer's wedded life.  
He could not forget—never forget—that he  
had been the innocent cause of widening  
the breach between the unhappy couple.

Had he not appeared on that fateful  
night at Westways court, Doris's vow  
would never have been uttered.

"And now," said Doris, in brighter  
tone, "I want you to help me. Will you?"

"You know I will."  
"You see," the girl went on, "I have no  
money. I cannot afford to stay, even in  
the cheap room I am now in. Can you get  
me some nursing to do?"

"In a hospital? Of course I can."

Doris shook her head.  
"Too public. I don't want to be found.  
I am never going back to—Westways.  
I have burned my boats behind me. Doris  
Armer disappears. Couldn't Nurse An-  
gela take her place?"

The ghost of her old smile played on  
the girl's face. She looked once more  
like the sunny-faced young nurse of the  
Cottage Hospital days.

"A private case," she said. "Can't  
you think of one for me?"

Paul Weston thought a moment, then he  
said:

"I believe I have one that would just  
suit you. The only drawback is that the  
house you would nurse in is situated not 10  
miles from Westways Court."

"Would that matter?" There was a  
curious expression in Doris's voice, not  
lost on Dr. Weston. "I need not leave  
the grounds. Ten miles is as good as  
a hundred."

"True," agreed Weston.

"Tell me of the case."

"It is a young girl, the daughter of a  
millionaire. From her babyhood Helen  
Farr has been spoiled. The result is that  
she is full of hysteria."

"Then," smiled Doris, her old profes-  
sional interest aroused, "there is nothing  
really the matter with Miss Farr?"

"I won't say that," said Dr. Weston.  
"There is spinal trouble, out of which she  
will probably grow in time. Would you  
care to take the case on? You will find  
Miss Helena an extremely trying patient."

"All the better," replied Doris. "It will  
keep me from dwelling on my own  
troubles."

"Then that's settled," Paul Weston said.

"Can you go down to Fairwell Manor  
to-morrow? Mr Farr is a widower. He  
has left everything in my hands. A new  
house-keeper is going down to-day. Miss  
Helena did not like the last one."

"Certainly I can go to-morrow," said  
Doris. "Paul, how can I ever thank  
you?"

He looked at her.

"There is no need for thanks between  
you and me, Doris," he said simply.

They settled all details, and Paul looked  
up the trains. Doris would reach Fairwell  
Manor about eight o'clock on the following  
evening.

As soon as she had parted from Paul,  
Doris took her engagement ring to a  
pawnbroker's establishment. It was the  
first time she had ever entered such a  
place, and it required a great deal of  
moral courage to do so.

When she came out she had a sub-  
stantial sum in hand.

"I will remove my wedding ring," she  
decided. "Some day—" She broke off,  
and sighed. "But, no—that's impossible  
now!"

She hastened to a store famous for  
nurse's uniforms, and soon she was equip-  
ped as of old. She looked at herself in  
the mottled glass in her squalid room in  
Charlotte Square, and smiled.

"The old life is done with. The new  
life has begun!"

But she was wrong. There was one more  
scene to be enacted before the old life, as  
Doris, was completely closed. Fate was  
going to play into her hands in a most  
unexpected way.

Doris had decided to spend the last  
night in London at an hotel. There was  
something depressing in Charlotte Square,  
and she sighed for something livelier.

On the doorstep she encountered a girl—  
a miserable, unhappy-looking creature,  
who was tired of trying to live.

"She turned me out!" the girl sobbed.  
"And I've not the price of a doss down.  
I'm hungry and I'm cold!"

"Take these clothes. And here's five  
shillings. Get a room, and don't despair."

Doris had made her discarded garments  
into a bundle. She had intended giving  
them to the first beggar she met. She  
was glad this girl should have them. She  
was about her own age. "Heaven bless  
you!" the girl sobbed. "If you only  
knew!" And then, before Doris could  
question her further, she disappeared into  
the darkness, the bundle in her hand.

Little did Doris guess how this incident  
linked her life with that of this girl, whose  
very name she did not know.

As she sat in the quiet coffee-room of a  
small hotel, eating the first substantial  
meal she had had for over a week, the  
waiter brought her an "Evening News."

"Care to see this, madam?"

"Thank you very much, I should."

Idly she opened the pages. A heavy  
head-line attracted her attention at once.

FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD.

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF  
GREAT FINANCIER'S WIFE.

The Beautiful Mrs Roger Armer Missing!

Below was a garbled account of Doris's  
so-called "disappearance."

"Mrs Armer had been in indifferent  
health for some time, and her medical  
man recommended a rest cure. Mr  
Armer had himself conveyed his wife to  
the nursing home. Two days later Mrs  
Armer disappeared, nor has she been heard  
of since."

This, in brief, was the report published  
in the paper. But this was not all. Doris  
found herself gazing at her own portrait.  
"Portrait of the missing Mrs Armer."

"How could he? How dare he?" she  
choked.

Feverishly she scanned the paper. Again  
the name of Armer met her horrified eyes.

"MR ARMER'S MANSION ROBBED!

"DIAMOND TIARA STOLEN, TO-  
GETHER WITH SEVERAL  
OTHER VALUABLE PIECES  
OF JEWELLERY.

"The gang of thieves for which the  
police are seeking have been busy again.  
In addition to the robbery at Westways  
Court, the town residence of Sir Joshua  
Blinkiron was entered whilst the family  
were at dinner.

"Lady Blinkiron's famous emeralds have  
all been stolen."

Doris sat like a statue, the paper  
clutched in her hand. She looked up,  
and saw the eyes of the waiter, who had  
handed her the "Evening News," fixed  
furtively upon her.

Does the waiter connect Doris with "the  
beautiful missing Mrs Armer?" Has he  
recognised her by the published photo-  
graph? If so, what will happen to Doris?  
Next week these questions will be an-  
swered in another thrilling instalment.

One Havana tobacco corporation, spe-  
cialising in choice brands, is said to have  
received an order for 50,000,000 cigars.

"The period of hesitation continues,"  
says the New York Guaranty Trust Com-  
pany's circular for September 10, "due  
chiefly to uncertainty regarding the course  
of prices in the immediate future. The  
judgment of most observers is that before  
the end of the year a definite trend will  
make itself felt, and the opinion is gen-  
eral that lower levels will prevail. For  
several months the recession in wholesale  
prices has been continuous, and it will  
be reflected in the retail markets as soon  
as dealers recognise the inevitable neces-  
sity of taking some losses in order to  
stimulate the lagging purchasing of the  
public. Until that turn comes, the present  
disposition to make commitments with ex-  
treme reserve will continue. There is great  
improvement in the congested condition of  
the railroads, although the strike of an-  
thraxite coal miners, which has resulted in  
new arrangements for the allocation of  
cars, has interrupted the smoothing-out  
process. All business is feeling the effects  
of the credit stringency. The crop move-  
ment is proceeding satisfactorily.

**ANGLING NOTES.**

(By "Creel").

KEEP FISHIN'.

Hi Somer was the durndest cuss  
Fer catchin' fish—he sure was great!  
He never used to make no fuss  
About the kind of pole or bait.  
'Er weather, neither; he'd jest say,  
'I got to ketch a mess to-day.'  
An' toward the creek you'd see him  
slide,  
A-whistlin' soft n' walkin' wide.  
I says one day to Hi, says I,  
'How do you always ketch 'em Hi?'  
He gave his bait another switch in,  
An' chucklin', says, "I jest keep  
fishin'."

Hi took to readin' law at night  
And pretty soon, the first we knowed,  
He had a lawsuit, won his fight.  
An' was a lawyer! I'll be blowed!  
He knowed more law than Squire  
McKnab!  
An', though he had no "gift of gab"  
To brag about, somehow he made  
A sober sort of talk that played  
The mischief with the other side.  
One day, when someone asked if Hi'd  
Explain how he got in condishin',  
He laughed an' said, "I jest keep  
fishin'."

Well, Hi is Gov'ner Somers, now;  
A big man round the State, you bet—  
To me the same old Hi, somehow;  
The same old champeen fisher, yet,  
It wasn't so much the bait or pole,  
It wasn't so much the fishin' hole,  
That won fer Hi his big success;  
'Twas jest his fishin' on, I guess;  
A cheerful, stiddy, hopeful kind  
Of keepin' at it—don't you mind?  
And that is why I can't help wishin'  
That more of us would jest keep  
fishin'.

—"Chicago Daily News."

Last week-end, and indeed for the whole  
of the week, hail, rain, snow and sleet,  
were not conducive to the gentle art. The  
rivers however will benefit by the fresh  
in them, and some good fishing should be  
obtained from now on. Most anglers, I  
suppose, would take the opportunity of  
looking over their gear, and it is really  
surprising how much profitable time can  
be spent in renovating minnows, sharpen-  
ing hooks, retying casts and traces, oiling  
line, washing out creel, etc., etc.

Mr J. Gorton fishing along the edge of  
a ploughed paddock on the Makarewa,  
last Friday, caught nine fish on the min-  
now, average weight about two pounds.  
There was not three inches difference be-  
tween each fish and they were in splendid  
condition.

"Barooga" and "Arrowsmith" had an  
unusual experience while fishing at Ben-  
more. The line was left carelessly in  
the water, and on removal great excite-  
ment was caused by two fish about 2½ lbs  
weight that had "struck" themselves  
being landed from the tail and top fly.

The following distribution of fry was  
adopted at the monthly meeting of the  
Southland Acclimatisation Society last  
week:—Waimumu, 20,000; Oreti, 195,000;  
Otapi, 185,000; Watau, 25,000; Winton  
Angling Club, 20,000; Dipton Angling  
Club, 20,000; Lumsden Angling Club,  
20,000; H. Beer, Mossburn, 1500 and  
Stewart creek, 500.

Confirming the opinion that October  
was one of the best fishing months for  
some few years, Mr Neil R. McKay  
reports having caught over 200 fish  
on the fly in the Oreti at Dipton for that  
particular month.

Owing to pressure of space the report  
of the Gore meeting is held over until  
next week's issue.

SOUTHLAND ANGLING CLUB.

An executive meeting was held in the  
Y.M.C.A. rooms on Monday 15th inst.,  
when there was a good attendance com-  
prising: Messrs G. Braxton (president),  
A. A. McLean (secretary), J. Collins, H.  
Kelly, R. Sloan, Alex. Evans, G. Strang,  
N. F. Pattie, R. Thompson, W. Steel, A.  
Evans, and Neil R. McKay (representing  
Dipton), J. Hamilton (Winton). Apologies  
were received from Messrs A. H. Stock,  
J. W. Smith, and C. W. Wilson. The  
secretary's arrangements for triangular  
competition to take place on the 24th  
inst. were confirmed. It was decided to  
hold a monthly (if possible) competition  
to be called the Oreti River Angling Com-  
petition between Lumsden, Dipton, Winton  
and Southland Clubs. The teams to com-  
prise two bare fly fishers and two artificial  
minnow anglers from each club, total  
weight of bag for four men to count for  
each club. It was further decided to  
procure a shield to cost eight guineas,  
each club subscribing £2 2s towards the  
expense. Provision also to be made for

RABBITSKINS

RABBITSKINS

RABBITSKINS

J. K. MOONEY & CO.,

(Geo. Stewart, Manager),

STUART STREET, DUNEDIN.

P.O. BOX 54, DUNEDIN.

CASH BUYERS—

RABBITSKINS,

SHEEPSKINS

WOOL, HIDES, ETC.

Send us your consignments and you will  
receive highest market prices and prompt  
returns. We deal direct with the Aus-  
tralian Manufacturers.

WE PAY HIGHEST MARKET PRICES

CHARGE NO COMMISSION.

SEND PROMPT RETURNS

A TRIAL CONSIGNMENT WILL CON-  
VINCE YOU.

**NOTICE**

TO MOTORISTS.

FREE

GARAGING.

Don't leave your Car out in the street  
when you can leave it under cover.

C. S. TRILLO.

ENGINEER AND MOTOR EXPERT

DEE STREET, INVERCARGILL

'Phone 1415.

'Phone 1415.

GET THE ENGAGEMENT RING  
AT BROWN'S.

Not only do you get the Best Ring  
possible for her, but there's a big  
saving. The 25 per cent. duty we  
save by importing stones unset and  
making up rings in our own workroom  
ensures this.

That's why we offer the best value  
in New Zealand.

Wm. A. Brown  
The Ring Specialist

Corner Dee and Don streets,  
INVERCARGILL.