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WIZARD LIGHTING SYSTEM.

The Silent Wife.

(Continued from page 3.)

"Is it necessary?" he asked. "She has
been terribly upset, and, of course, is ab-
solutely above suspicion."

"Of course." A faint smile crossed the
detective's face. "You can rely on me to
treat Nurse Angela with every considera-
tion. Oh, by the way, Mr Farr, I should
like to meet Mr Roger Armer—as your
secretary, of course."

"That is an easy matter. Mr Armer
is dining here next week." He rang the
bell. "Ask Nurse Angela to step down
here."

Mr Farr rose.

"I will leave you and Nurse Angela
alone. You would rather I did so, wouldn't
you, Mr Lewis?"

"Most decidedly I should," said Lewis
emphatically.

"DEAD AND QUICKLY FORGOTTEN."

Mark Lewis set a chair facing the light
for Nurse Angela.

"I hope," he said courteously, "that you
are able to answer a few questions I should
like to put to you. I feel," he smiled
engagingly into Doris Armer's pale, love-
ly face, "that you can be of great as-
sistance in helping me to solve this mys-
tery."

Lewis settled himself in a position where
he could see every change upon the girl's
face.

"I," faltered Doris. "How can I be of
use? I will tell you all I can. After all,
it isn't much."

"Will you tell me who Wanda is?"

The colour receded from Doris's face.

"Wanda?" She could only repeat the
name blankly.

"Yes," smiled Mr Lewis. "Mrs Cox
told me you mentioned the name in con-
nection with the woman who impersonated
Ada Warren, the housekeeper. It is most
important we should trace that woman,
Nurse Angela. When we have found this
Wanda"—he paused, watching every pass-
ing expression on Doris's countenance—
"we shall be in touch with the gang of
thieves for which the police have been
looking so long."

His words, to Doris's excited imagina-
tion, held a hidden meaning. His man-
ner even more so. The hands—those
small, ringless, white hands that lay in
the lap of her nurse's apron—trembled.
She was obliged to press her fingers into her
palms to prevent this keen-eyed question-
er from noticing how they shook.

"Surely," she nervously, "you don't
suggest that I am in league with a gang
of robbers? Doctor Paul Weston can as-
sure you that I am innocent."

Mark Lewis looked steadily at her.

"No—I suggest nothing of the sort.
But I think you know more than you—
say."

The colour flamed into Doris Armer's
face. Lewis, watching like a lynx, sud-
denly started.

"I have it!" he muttered. "She's the
image of the picture of Roger Armer's
wife. Only that Mrs Armer is dead."

His eyes were on Doris's trembling
hands. Bending forward, he took the left
one in his.

"You are married woman, nurse!"

"I—I—"

He smiled, still retaining her left hand.

"There is the mark of a thick wedding
ring on this third finger. Your ring must
have been a tight one."

Doris said nothing. Her eyes—held
horror—a kind of despair seized upon her.
Yes—her inquisitor was right. How well
she remembered that Roger had had to
use force to get it on.

She had thought at the time that this
was intentional on her husband's part,
that he meant to prove to her that she
was bound for life.

And so she was. The removal of a plain
gold ring does not dissolve a marriage!

"Come, nurse, won't you be frank with
me? I assure you you will find it to your
advantage to do so. Tell me how you came
to know Wanda—" he paused dramati-
cally—"and why you concealed the
chloroformed handkerchief which the maid
found on the floor of your room?"

Doris Armer rose to her feet. Her ter-
rified glance into his face would have
amused the detective, had it not been
so tragic. Taken off her guard for the
moment, Doris lost her head.

"How did you know?"

Lewis shrugged his shoulders.

"Quite easily. When I bent over you
just now the odour of chloroform was quite
strong. The handkerchief is at this
moment in the pocket of your uniform."

He held out his hand. May I see it?"

There was something determined in his
expression that warned Doris not to op-
pose him. In silence she handed him the
handkerchief. He examined it carefully.

"H'm! Initials 'R.A.' Carefully he
folded the handkerchief and placed it in

his breast-pocket. He made no remark
beyond a careless: "Thank you. This is
an important clue. I don't think I need
trouble you any longer, Nurse—Angela.
Not at present, at any rate. By the way,
have you a sister?"

"No. Why?"

"Because you very much resemble some-
one who is dead."

Doris stood still as a statue. She had
her nerves well in hand now.

"I am an only child."

"You will not tell me your married
name, then?"

"There are family reasons why I do not
wish to do so," she bowed coldly.

Mark Lewis bowed, and held the door
open, and Doris passed out, and up the
stairs to her own room.

"That man suspects something," she
told herself distractedly. "He will work
the clue of the handkerchief for all it is
worth, I must warn Roger. I cannot let
him be caught like a rat in a trap. He
doesn't deserve it. He is a criminal. No
need to wonder where his great wealth
comes from. A common thief! That is the
man I have married—and yet—I wouldn't
have believed it if I had not seen with my
own eyes. But seeing is believing—and
now—Heaven help me—I know—"

For a time she paced up and down the
room, and then, when the fit of restless-
ness passed, she sat down to consider how
best she could warn Roger. There was no
time to lose now. This sharp-eyed detective
was on the track.

Westways Court was ten miles away—
too far to walk.

She knew that Helena had a small two-
seater, which she was learning to drive.
Doris, who drove remarkably well herself,
had been giving her lessons.

Dare she risk taking the car out?

She knew that the chauffeur was sup-
posed to lock the garage last thing, and
hang up the keys in Mr Farr's own par-
ticular den.

She must either get the car out before
Wicks locked the garage for the night, or
wait till he had gone, and trust to chance
to get the key from Mr Farr's room. The
former course appealed most to her.

Composing herself, she went down to the
housekeeper's room.

"I'm feeling very unwell," she said.
"I think if Martha would sit awhile with
Miss Farr, I will lie down for an hour or
so. I will relieve Mrs Cox at eleven o'clock,
if she would be so kind as to take my place
till then."

The housekeeper was full of sympathy.
"You do look bad. And no wonder, my
dear, with the dance that villain of a
woman gave you. Take it easy, and if
you don't feel well enough I'll sit with
Miss Lena myself."

Once in her room, Doris quickly wrap-
ped herself in a long coat. Quietly she
slipped down the stairs, and out into the
night.

From the dining-room she could hear
the sound of voices, Doctor Weston's
pleasant voice mingling with Mr Farr's
gruff, deeper tones.

Doris had not known that Paul Weston
was still at the Manor House. She had
imagined that he had gone home.

She was in time. The garage was not
locked. Doctor Weston's car stood just
inside; the little two-seater beside it. It
was dark at present, but the moon was
rising.

Ten minutes later the car had left the
Manor House grounds, and was gliding
swiftly and silently towards Doris's old
home.

With what mingled feelings Doris sur-
veyed her old prison! Leaving the car in
the shadow of the trees that fringed the
lawn, she walked across the park and en-
tered the gardens, and soon stood outside
the drawing-room.

The curtains were drawn across the win-
dow. But the conservatory was dimly
lighted, and through the foliage she could
see distinctly into the room beyond.

Two figures stood out in bold relief—
Roger Armer's tall, handsome form, and
Isobel's equally striking one.

They sat together on a big hessian field
couch, drawn up before a blazing fire.

It was a picture of quiet domestic hap-
piness on which Doris Armer's haggard
eyes gazed, and even as she looked she saw
her husband lift Isobel's hand, and press it
to his lips.

"Not only dead—but quickly forgot-
ten!"

A little sob broke from the silent
watcher outside; and then, before she
could decide what to do, a heavy hand
was laid upon her shoulder.

(To be Continued.)

For several days past a blue crane has
been frequenting one of the shallow sandy
beaches in the lower Harbour, says the
"Star." This bird, which is said to be
rare, was at first mistaken for an Austral-
ian grey crane, but closer observation
showed that its colour was distinctly blue.
It is hoped that irresponsible pea-rifle
users will not attempt to destroy the visi-
tor.

ANGLING NOTES.

(By "Creel").

"HARD LUCK FISHIN."

A friend of mine, an angler keen,
Regards himself as an old "has-been,"
I repudiated the silly suggestion,
This tale he told in reply to my question.

To visit a friend he received invitation,
And duly arrived with much elation,
His creel was stocked with finest gear,
The elation he carried in bottles of —.

Next morning bright his feelings ran
high,
He carried something if the "fish—"(er)
got dry.
The elation he tied (on the advice of
his friend),
On a piece of flax-bush at the end.

It was very warm and to keep it cool.
He placed it gently in a nice deep pool;
And thought he was so very clever
To take advantage of Nature's cellar.

And down the river he gamely went,
The bulk of his energy he duly spent;
And sang away to keep quite cool,
But memory dwelt in the flax-bush pool.

The sun shone down relentlessly,
But my pal was calm as he can be;
Of fish he never saw even a tail
But his thoughts were with that bottle
of ale.

Then back to his "possie" he made his
way,
With visions of "de-rink" sad to say,
But this is the saddest part of the tale
He couldn't find the golden ale.

'Tis hard to admit from a veteran old
To find that bush he'd given gold,
And he sadly wonders with deep regret
If the bottle is there in the nice pool
yet.

—By "Creel."

Moral:—Always mark the "spot."

Conditions atmospherically continued
changeable for last week-end, and the
Oreti river was considerably swollen with
snow water. The Makarewa, however,
was in good order both for fly and min-
now work, and some very fair bags were
recorded. There is no doubt about the
latter river being well stocked with hefty
fish as the writer observed last Saturday
afternoon some real thumpers hoing into
the whitebait shoals close to the banks
of the stream. They, however, would not
look at the artificial minnow, as some very
able exponents of that branch of fishing
testified. The angler with the fly showed
better results when knock-off time ap-
proached, one bag containing eight fish of
an average weight of 2½ lbs. The popular
flies were red body Waipahi and Irish
March brown.

On Saturday night, Mr P. Crowe, landed
a 10lb, 8lb, and a 2lb fish respectively on
the minnow. They were caught on the
Waikiki stream.

Fishing the lower waters of the Mak-
arewa, a local enthusiast creel six nice
fish on the copper headed turbot min-
now. The heaviest trout weighed 6lbs.

On the Aparima, Mr Colin Aitchinson,
has been creeling some very fair fish on
the fly, Hardy's favourite being the popu-
lar killer. The heaviest fish turned the
scale at 3½ lbs. On the Makarewa, Messrs
Bert Hinton and T. Ratcliffe, have been
fishing that river consistently with the
minnow, and although they have not se-
cured large numbers of fish a few nice
ones have fallen to their lot. One splendidly
conditioned fish of 4½ lbs was killed on the
Cocoon minnow. Last Saturday evening,
Mr J. Bews, caught two fish on the fly on
the same river, one being 1½ lbs. I did
not learn the killing fly.

TRIANGULAR FLY CONTEST

BETWEEN SOUTHLAND, MATARUA,
AND WANDHAM CLUBS.

—Points Learnt by Experience.—

The following information may be useful
to ambitious exponents of the gentle art,
especially those of us who are termed
"young bloods" in the game:—

Always carry in your "damper" tested
casts only.

Take your spare tip with you up and
down the river.

Study the flies on the water.

Don't waste too much time on heavy
water when the river is above normal.

Keep your flies in the water as long as
possible. As one efficient veteran said:

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