

## THE DIGGERS

helped you to win the war. Let 'THE DIGGER' help you to win again.

If you have property to sell or insure we want to know you.

LET 'THE DIGGER' INTRODUCE US.

**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 249.

**Lewis's**  
ESTD 1862 LIMITED

SOUTHLAND'S SHOPPING CENTRE.

DEE & ESK STREETS. INVERCARGILL.  
BRANCHES . . . GORE and WYNDHAM.

Tea Rooms — Top Floor by Elevator.

Quality - Value - Variety - Service.

## TO REMIND YOU

THAT THE SUMMER IS COMING ON AND YOU WILL REQUIRE  
A NEW

IVANHOE OR B.S.A. CYCLE.

NEW ACCESSORIES FOR YOUR PRESENT MOUNT.

YOU HAVE HERE AT YOUR DISPOSAL A COMPLETE CYCLE  
SERVICE.

RELIABLE, NEW, AND SECOND-HAND MACHINES.

ACCESSORIES, TYRES, TUBES, ALL SIZES SADDLES, CHAINS,  
SPROCKETS AND ALL THE NECESSARY PARTS OF  
CYCLES.

**Repairs and Overhauls.**  
RE-ENAMELLING DONE.

We consider ourselves Experts in all manner of repairs, and we  
have the plant and efficient skilled mechanics to do the work.

WORKMANSHIP RELIABLE. MODERATE CHARGES.  
CALL AND CONSULT US TO-DAY.

**Davies and Prentice, Ltd.,**  
DEE STREET, INVERCARGILL.  
SOUTHLAND RUBBER STORES.

He laid his hand upon her arm.  
It would be wise if you confided in me," he said quietly. "I saw you driving the car up the lane. It was twelve o'clock."  
"I—I—had a headache, Miss Farr told me I could always use her car."  
Doris knew how foolish and inconsistent this explanation must sound to this man, with his trained mind and natural quickness. He held out his hand.  
"Good-bye, Nurse Angela!" he said. "If ever you feel like sharing your troubles with me, don't hesitate to do so. You will always find me a willing listener."  
"There's nothing to confide," she retorted. "Doctor Weston knew me years ago. My story is quite an ordinary one. I made an unhappy marriage—that's all. Many women do that."  
Lewis agreed.  
"It's a pity all the same. You are still quite young—a mere girl."  
"Yes." There was a note of passion in the clear, low voice. "I am young. I may have years before me—years of silence and desolation."  
He looked keenly at her; opened his lips and then closed them.

"That is Mrs Roger Armer," he thought as he drove to the station. "How she managed to blind the world to the fact that she is alive I do not know. Who ever the girl is who lies buried in the Sussex village by the sea, under the name of Doris Armer, I do not know. But I know she is not the wife of Roger Armer, of Westways Court. I wonder if they are in league together. It looks like it. Her hurried drive last night was undoubtedly to the Court. I wish I had seen her go; I'd have followed her. That vow of silence was a blind, I expect. And yet it seems incredible that a man like Roger Armer should be able to lead a double life without being found out. He is such a prominent man in the city. No; there's a deeper mystery here than I at first imagined. It's quite the most interesting and complicated case I've come across as yet. But I'll unravel the mystery—or I'll throw up the profession for good!"

Two days later Mr Farr's new secretary arrived at the Manor House. Mr Walter Smith was a quiet, badly dressed man, with a slouching gait and unkempt, grizzled hair.

Owing to a slight defect in his eyes, Mr Smith wore smoked glasses. He spoke in husky tones, and was extremely polite to everyone with whom he came in contact.

Helena, in spite of his plain and unattractive appearance, took an extraordinary fancy to her father's secretary, and invited him to have tea in the long, splendidly furnished room wherever he cared to do so.

This exactly suited Mark Lewis, as it gave him an opportunity of studying Miss Farr's attendant from an impartial point of view.

The more he saw of Doris, the more he liked her. That some hidden trouble, bravely borne, had embittered her whole life was very evident.

If the detective's surmise was correct—that she had discovered Roger Armer's secret after she was his wife—her sadness was easily accounted for.

There were, however, many links missing in the chain that Mark Lewis hoped one day to make perfect. But he by no means despaired of finding them. And when he had done so, woe betide the gang whose outrages were getting more and more daring.

There was hardly a day one did not read of some fresh burglary. Sometimes a flat in Mayfair would be entered and robbed; at other times city stores would be rifled of valuable furs, of bales of cloth and silk.

Country houses were pillaged. The gang worked swiftly, silently—coming and going, and leaving no trace behind them.

Scotland Yard was baffled. The woman who had personated the housekeeper had disappeared, and no trace of her could they find. Only Mark Lewis knew that her name was Wanda, and that she was not unknown to Nurse Angela.

At last the day which Doris longed for, and yet dreaded, arrived.

The morning of the seventeenth dawned as so many other monotonous days had dawned for Doris Armer. Nothing out of the common marked this particular Thursday as different from all the others, except that Helena Farr was in one of her excitable moods.

It was Paul Weston's day to visit his hysterical patient, and Helena always gave her nurse trouble on these occasions.

This afternoon she was particularly wayward. Nothing pleased her. Three times she insisted on changing her rest gown, until at last Martha Cox was in despair.

"Now she says she will dress for the evening," Martha told Nurse Angela. "You know she insists on dining downstairs to-night. I wish Doctor Weston would forbid it. Something tells me there'll be a scene before the evening is over."

This presentment of Mrs Cox's was to be realised, but not quite in the way she meant.

"I'll speak to Doctor Weston," said Doris. "After all, if she insists on dressing so early in the afternoon, it won't matter. It'll give her a chance of wearing her jewels. That's what she's thinking of, I know."

Martha Cox flung up her hands.  
"And to think they're only bits of paste and glass!" she wailed. "If she found out that her jewels were stolen I believe she'd go out of her mind!"  
"I believe she would," Doris sighed. "It is awful for anyone to worship jewels as Helena does."

When Doctor Weston entered Helena's room, even he, accustomed though he was to his patient's vagaries, was a little taken aback at the splendour of her toilette. His expression of astonishment seemed to amuse the impish creature.

"I'm dining with the party to-night," she informed him; "and so I've dressed, so as to be in good time. Are not my jewels beautiful, Doctor Weston? And wasn't it a good thing the thieves did not discover where I had hidden them?"

Doctor Weston, who knew the truth, adroitly turned the conversation to a strictly professional one. He made his visit as brief as possible. The girl's openly expressed preference for himself disgusted and repelled him.

"If you will come with me, Nurse Angela," he said, as he bade Miss Farr good-bye, "I will give you instructions." Helena pouted.

"Can't you give them to nurse here?" she asked. "I believe you flirt with nurse when I'm not there."

Doris's face grew hot.

"I don't like such jokes," she said. "Nor I, Miss Farr," Paul Weston added coldly. "If you suggest such a thing again I shall be obliged to throw up your case. I cannot allow you to insult Nurse Angela or me."

Instantly the jealous girl was all contrition.

"I shall die if you don't come, Dr Weston!" she wailed, in her extravagant way.

Paul and Doris went into the library. Dr Weston sat down at the table to write a prescription.

"What are you going to do this evening, Doris?" he asked. "Can you bear to know that your husband is, beneath the same roof as you, and not speak to him?"

An expression of deep sadness swept over the perfect face of the girl whom Paul Weston had loved so well.

"Do you remember that once I told you that one day Roger Armer would be in great danger, and that if that day should come, my lips would be unsealed—that I would break my vow of silence? Paul that day is at hand!"

He looked into the calm, lovely face. "If only you would tell me all! Let me help you!"

She shook her head.

"It is impossible."

"You know I have been asked to dine here to-night?" he said.

Doris started.

"Yes. But you cannot, Paul. My—my husband and you are not friends."

She shuddered at the remembrance of that fatal day when Roger had openly insulted Paul Weston in a manner no man would forgive.

"Have you forgotten, Paul?"

"No, I have not forgotten—neither the insult nor your defence of me. Doris, only for that you might have been—happy—in time."

"I wonder—" she sighed, a dreamy light coming into the clear, grey eyes. "I often wonder if it would have been possible to—to care for—him one day?"

And then, before Paul could answer, the softness died out of her face.

"No, no! Not now I know! Is that the prescription? I'll send it to the chemist's at once." She moved away. Good-bye!

She held out her hand.

"I shall try to see you to-night," Paul said.

"Then you intend to come?"

"Yes, Doris. Something tells me you will be in need of—of—a friend to-night."

"You mustn't see me!" Her agitation surprised him. "Promise you won't try to—find out what I do!"

Paul Weston was alarmed. There was something about Doris he could not understand.

There was a slight movement. The secretary, Mr Smith, stood before them.

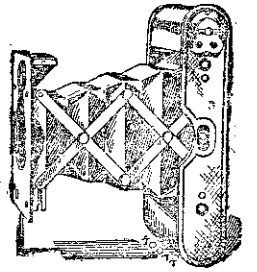
Mr Smith yawned.

"Pardon me! I must have fallen asleep. I was in that big chair over there. It's such a charming room—lulls one to sleep against one's will."

Paul looked annoyed.

"I did not know anyone was in the room," he said curtly. "I was giving Nurse instructions about her patient, Miss Farr."

(Continued on page 4.)



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.

## RICE'S

Leading Confectioners,  
DEE STREET.

HIGH-CLASS CONFECTIONERY.

HIGH-CLASS CONFECTIONERY.

HIGH-CLASS CONFECTIONERY.

## RICE'S,

LEADING CONFECTIONERS.

DEE STREET.

Registered Plumber. Telephones: Shop  
320.

## W. K. SCRYMGEOUR,

(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.

SHIELDS, JENKINS & 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

TELEGRAMS: "Pulsator," Invercargill.

Right-of-way.

P.O. BOX—278.