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WIZARD LIGHTING SYSTEM.

THE SILENT WIFE.

(Continued from page 3.)

"You mean," said the persistent young
man, "you thought you saw him?"
"I did see him," repeated Doris obstin-
ately.

"Doris," interposed Paul Weston, send-
ing her a warning glance, "are you quite
certain the man you saw was your hus-
band?"

"Yes, Smart said. 'Are you certain?'"
Doris looked from one to the other.
What did it all mean? Was this sharp de-
tective trying to get some admission from
her—something that he might use against
her later?

"It isn't likely that I could be mistaken
in my own husband."

"Nevertheless," said Jeffrey Smart
quietly, "you are mistaken. The man you
warned on that night when you disap-
peared was not Mr Roger Armer!"

"Not—not—" Doris's brain began to
reel. "Then who was he?"

"Roger Armer's twin brother—Richard.
Do you mean to tell me your husband
never told you he had a brother?"

"No. No one told me. I never knew.
Oh, if only I had known, how much misery
I might have been saved!"

No need now to fence when the truth
in her endeavour to save Roger from ar-
rest. No need to hide facts from this
keen-eyed man.

"You are sure?" she asked, almost
doubtingly.

"Quite sure," Smart said. "I have
tracked the gang to a certain house in
North London. It was the woman Wanda
who gave me the clue. Not willingly, you
may be sure, seeing she is Richard Ar-
mer's wife!"

"His wife! And I thought—" Doris
stopped short. A sensation of shame that
she should have doubted her husband came
over her, and rendered her speechless.

Mr Smart's voice came dimly to her.
"And now, Mrs Armer," he was saying,
"we must find your husband at once. I
believe the gang has had something to do
with this mysterious disappearance."

Doris went white. A sudden idea had
come to her.

"I believe the house to which you
tracked Wanda is the same house to which
I was taken by the man called Philip."

"I am very sure it is," the detective
said coldly. Your car is outside, Dr Wes-
ton. We had better go to London at
once."

And so back to London Paul and Doris
went once more, but this time they were
accompanied by Jeffrey Smart.

"DORIS IS NOT DEAD."

It seemed to Roger Armer that he had
been sleeping for years. How his head
ached! What a peculiar feeling of las-
situde was over him, and how still every-
thing seemed! Surely it was morning!
And where was he?

He sat up, and looked round at the
bare, unfamiliar room very much as Doris
had done under similar circumstances.

At first he could not collect his thoughts.
Though his memory had returned in great
measure, there remained a blank, which
time alone could fill in satisfactorily.

His last clear recollection was of driv-
ing his car from London, of a jar, and a
stinging pain followed by oblivion.

"I must have met with an accident,"
he thought, "and been brought in here;
but it does not seem like a nursing
home."

He sat up, and gazed curiously round.
"I seem to recall a nurse," he muttered,
"with a face like Doris's. Not that
that's possible," he thought sadly. "I've
lost her for ever! My darling wife lies
buried in the churchyard by the sea; and
she never knew how dearly I loved her,
how I repented the fraud by which I
won her, how I regret the means by which
I strove to bend her to my will. And now
I shall never see her again, never gaze
into the face that is dearest to me in all
the world!"

Overcome by these bitter memories of
the past, his whole being filled with an
aching longing he knew too well could
never be realised on this earth, Roger Ar-
mer remained for a time indifferent to his
surroundings.

Physically he felt incapable of exertion,
but as he lay upon his couch his brain
gradually grew more and more active.

And as he lay trying to account for his
presence in this silent house, little in-
cidents came drifting across his mind; the
burglary at his home, the disappearance
of Doris, the coming of Isobel. And, as a
natural consequence, with the thought of
Isobel came the memory of his beautiful
home, the home to which he had brought
Doris, an unwilling bride.

"I see her now." He clasped his hands
over his eyes, endeavouring to conjure up
the fair vision of his young wife, "so sad,
yet so proud, so defiant in her splendid
youth and health! And to think she lies
now, silent for ever! No need now, for a
vow of silence!" He laughed wildly at his

bitterness of spirit. "Sleeping—eternally
sleeping!"

With these haunting thoughts Roger fell
into a doze. The effect of the drug was
clearing away, but a curious unwillingness
for exertion remained.

Roger was willing to let things slide.
His eyes closed, and he sank again into un-
consciousness.

But this time it was health-giving sleep
that came to Roger Armer, from which he
woke refreshed in mind and body.

His first waking impression was that he
was not alone. Someone was in the room,
near the couch on which he lay. He felt,
rather than saw, a pair of eyes fixed upon
him.

The room was in semi-darkness. The
light from a street lamp came in a streak
through a chink in the closed shutters.
And then, even as he called "Who's
there?" a man's figure came forward and
stood beside him.

"Don't you know me, Roger?"

"Richard! You! I thought you dead—
years ago. What are you doing here? Is
this your house? And how did I come
here?"

He pressed his hand to his brow, and so
stared into the face of the brother who
was the exact counterpart of himself.

"No," said Dick Armer sadly, "I'm not
dead. Sometimes—with a reckless laugh
—'I wish I were. But I'm as good as
dead to you, Roger. I've only come
back into your life for a few minutes—to
right a great wrong that I have done you
and your wife."

In utter bewilderment Roger listened to
Richard's words. Not having the faintest
clue to his meaning he was all astray.

"Tell me first where I am," Roger de-
manded, getting off the couch and facing
his brother. "After that you shall tell me
why you allowed me to believe you dead
all these years."

Roger's voice was stern. But the ties of
blood were stronger than he knew, and he
was glad that, in spite of all the troubles
he had caused, his brother still lived.

Richard remained silent. In fact, he
hardly knew how to answer. After all,
though he was the head of the gang of
thieves, there were others to think of be-
sides himself.

Had Richard Armer had only himself to
consider his answer would have been eas-
ier.

A feeling of shame at the injury he had
done an innocent man, had proved too
strong for him. That Roger would be
suspected—probably arrested for the rob-
beries that had hitherto baffled Scotland
Yard—he was very certain, that Doris be-
lieved her husband guilty he also knew
beyond a doubt.

And so, after seeing the remainder of
the party off, he had doubled back to the
deserted house where they had left Roger
Armer.

In addition to this feeling of remorse,
Richard had not liked the death-like look
on his brother's face.

He feared the effects of the drug upon
him in his present enfeebled condition of
mind and body. Suppose Roger died? Murder
would be added to a long list of crimes.

"Will you listen patiently to me, Roger,
while I tell you a strange story?"

"Yes, I will listen," Roger controlled
his rising anger. He was not one to take
things meekly.

"And when I have told you I will go
away for ever."

They stood looking at each other, these
two who were so alike in face and form, so
dissimilar by nature—one an upright, hon-
ourable member of society, the other a
shifty, unscrupulous adventurer, the com-
panion of thieves and gaul-birds.

"I sent you the notice of my death,"
Dick Armer said, "because I wanted to
start afresh—a new life of crime. This
I have continued, without interruption,
till to-day. Only for—for a certain
reason with which you are connected, I
would have remained dead for ever!"

"The reason?" Roger demanded, in a
hard tone.

Light was dawning upon him. Thoughts
so terrible as almost to overwhelm him,
chased each other rapidly across his mind.

"I am one of the gang whose burglaries
are now baffling more men than the police.
I burgled your house. I am responsible for
the loss of Miss Farr's bag of jewels. It
was I—masquerading as you, Roger—who
relieved Nina Vanderdecken of her pearl
necklace!"

"What!" shouted Roger, forgetting
everything except the horrible fact that
stared him in the face. "You don't mean
to say that they believe that I—Roger
Armer—am the thief the police are look-
ing for?"

"Yes, that's it! You've got it first shot.
Old man. And that's the reason why I've
come back, at great risk to myself, to
warn you and put you on your guard."

"You scoundrel!" hissed Roger, whose
temper was now roused to such an extent
that it had passed beyond his control.
"You unutterable scoundrel to have done
this thing!"

Roger made a step forward, his hand
up-raised as though to strike down the
man who had done him such a cruel in-
jury. But he was weaker than he
thought, and sat down trembling in every
limb.

"Thank Heaven!" he muttered, wiping
the sweat from his brow. "Thank Heaven
my wife, Doris, did not live to know
—this!"

Richard Armer laid his hand on his
brother's shoulder.

"You make a mistake, Roger. Doris is
not dead, and to tell you how she comes
to be alive is part of the reparation I am
here to make."

(To be Continued.)

SAND DUNES.

INFORMATION FOR NEW
ZEALANDERS.

The treatment of sand dunes in France,
where tens of thousands of acres of waste
land have been made profitable, is the sub-
ject of a pamphlet that has been issued
by the Government Printing Office. The
work is a translation of a report by a
French expert, M. Edouard Harle.

The success of the work in Gascony has
been the result of operations which were
commenced in 1787, and which were con-
tinued over many years. The result has
been the afforestation in valuable resin-
ous and timber-producing pines of thou-
sands of acres of sandy wastes, the finan-
cial yield to the State being very consider-
able. The trees, in turn, have prevented
the encroachment of the windblown sands,
and have afforded protection for extensive
cultivation.

It seems from accounts given by the
French writer that in the early stages
of the work long lines of palisading, on
a particular system, were erected on
the seaward side of the dunes. As these
collected the sands they were raised
again and again. The result has been
large protecting seaward dunes which
now fringe the littoral. The sowing of
the flats and dunes was with approved
quantities of pine seed, broom seed, and
marram-grass seed, the last-mentioned
being added when the dunes were very
unstable and exposed. The seeds were
spread separately and quite uniformly,
and were immediately covered over with
brushwood to prevent them being blown
together, or scattered, by the wind. The
pine used was the maritime pine (pinus
pinaster), and the broom the brush
broom (sarthamnus scoparius), Gorse
seed was often added. The pine in its
first growth was protected by the other
plants. Much importance was attached
to the quantities used and the methods
of sowing. The seed was immediately
covered with boughs trimmed fanwise,
"like the branchlets of trees on opposite
branches." To this end all twigs above
or below, which would prevent the
branches lying quite flat on the soil, had
to be cut off. It was of the utmost im-
portance that the branches should lie
flat on the ground to prevent the wind
lifting them, and they were to be placed
across the track of prevailing winds as
offering a better protection to the young
plants. When necessary a few shovels
of sand were thrown on to weight them
down.

SHAKESPEARE'S MEDICINE.

The discovery of some ancient medicine
phials in what was once Shakespeare's
garden at New Place, Stratford-on-Avon,
serves to conjure up a vivid picture of the
last illness of the world's greatest dra-
matist. The phials were found by workmen
engaged in the trenching operations in
connection with the restoration of the
great bard's garden. The phials bear the
impress of old age, and, moreover, were
found in soil wherein were other articles of
the Tudor and early Jacobean periods,
showing that they found their way there
just about the time of Shakespeare's death.
And as the very spot where they were
found was within easy throwing distance
from the window of this house there is
but little stretch of imagination required
to picture Doctor Hall, Shakespeare's son-
in-law, who attended the latter in his last
illness, summarily hurling through the win-
dow such of the tiny bottles as happened
to break during use at the sickbed. Doctor
Hall was the husband of Shakespeare's eld-
est daughter, Elizabeth.—"Philadelphia
Public Ledger."

An enterprising American theatre has
provided a nursery, so that mothers wish-
ing to see the play can leave their babies
in charge of a nurse. The babies are
given a number, like objects left at a
cloak room. There is an electric sign-
board at the side of the stage, and if
any particular baby becomes too unhappy,
the number is flashed on the signboard.
"Baby No. 18" would mean that its
mother had to leave the auditorium and
pay a visit to the nursery."

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