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**WIZARD LIGHTING SYSTEM.**

**THE SILENT WIFE.**

(Continued from page 3.)

And then a quick thought stabbed her.  
What if Roger wanted Isobel, and did  
not want her—Doris?

Well, if he did, she would go. She  
would accept this as the punishment for  
her long silence.

Roger Armer's sensations, as he stop-  
ped the car at the great gates of his  
home, were as mixed as Doris's. Weston  
had told him that Doris would be waiting  
and a curious shyness took hold of him.

"I'll go up alone, Weston," he said  
half apologetically. "You don't mind, do  
you?"

He held out his hand, and Paul gripped  
it warmly.

"I think it far better that you should  
go alone. Doris would not thank me for  
intruding. I know."

He smiled genially; putting—like the  
unselfish fellow he was—all thought of  
self on one side.

And so it happened that Roger Armer  
saw his wife before she had any idea that  
he had come.

She was standing bending over a tall  
goblet, in which she was arranging some  
exquisite hot-house blooms.

Though the window stood open, a  
bright fire of pine logs threw out a genial  
heat. A small round table stood in the  
centre of the room, sparkling with cut  
glass and old silver.

His eyes grew dim. The gracious figure  
of the beautiful girl grew misty. With a  
yearning cry he stepped over the sill.

"Doris! My wife—my darling!"

The girl turned. The flowers fell, un-  
heeded, from her hands. With a low cry  
of rapture she went straight to his arms—  
as a bird flies for shelter to her mate.

"Oh, I beg parding ma'am!"

Mrs Spry's voice cut in upon the splen-  
did silence, and sent them, blushing like  
an engaged couple caught in the act of  
love-making to different parts of the room.

"I didn't know the master had come. Wel-  
come home, sir—welcome!" The good old  
woman beamed on the handsome couple.  
"We sha'n't know ourselves now with our  
master and mistress both at home. You've  
come to stay I hope?"

She looked wistfully, first at Roger,  
then at Doris, and from Doris back to  
Roger. Her expression spoke volumes,  
and was so comical, and yet so pathetic,  
that husband and wife could not refrain  
from smiling.

"Have you?" whispered Doris, with a  
look Mrs Spry could not understand.

"Have you?" Roger whispered back,  
with an expression on his handsome face  
that Mrs Spry afterwards described as  
"that touching, it made me want to cry."

It was Doris who answered the old  
woman's question.

"Yes, Mrs Spry. We've both come  
home—to stay. Roger and I are tired of  
roaming."

"Bless you, dearies!" Tears welled  
into the faithful creature's eyes. "I'm  
glad. There's no place like home, when  
all's said and done. And you'll excuse  
me, sir, but you wants kitchen physic  
now, by your looks! We must fatten 'im  
up—mustn't we, ma'am?"

"Yes, indeed!" Doris cried. "And if—  
if anyone should call—Oh, well, say  
anything, only don't let them in!"

"That I won't!" cried Mrs Spry.  
"I'll tell 'em I'll give any of them the  
sack as lets any visitors inside this place  
this evening."

She waddled away; and as soon as they  
were alone, Doris went up to Roger and  
laid her arms round his neck.

"This is our real honeymoon," she  
said softly. "That is, if you can ever  
forgive me."

Roger pressed his lips on her beautiful  
barnished hair.

Presently they went upstairs together,  
arm in arm. They had suffered so much  
they felt one could scarcely let the other  
out of sight.

For a time the joy of their re-union  
drove all else out of their minds. They  
forgot that, before they dare accept their  
full happiness, many grim details must be  
settled that whilst their cup was filled  
with joy, bitter grief filled another's.

Wanda Armer had lost her husband,  
who, in spite of his sin and weakness,  
she adored; whilst Doris, had despite  
her folly, regained hers.

Roger's identity must be proved beyond  
the shadow of a doubt before he could  
again hold up his head among his fellows.  
For rumour is hydra-headed, and bitter  
tongues are not easily silenced.

Dinner was over, and Roger and Doris  
sat in the window, gazing out on to the  
beautiful gardens.

"I beg pardon, sir, but I found this  
packet in the pocket of your coat. I  
thought it might be important." Roger's  
servant handed him a sealed packet.  
"And this letter, sir, has just come." Roger  
opened the packet first.

"What can it be?" he said curiously.

Doris leaned over his shoulder. Some-

thing told her the packet contained some-  
thing of importance.

"It's remarkably heavy," Roger laugh-  
ed.

The paper fell away, and—Mrs Vander-  
decken's pearls dropped from it!

In a flash they saw it all. This was  
part of Richard Armer's late repatriation.

"We must let her know at once," said  
Roger decidedly. "Poor, misguided Dick!  
Ah, well, he paid the penalty of his sins  
if ever a man did!"

Doris laid her soft cheek against the  
haggard one of Dick's brother.

"And to think I took him for you!"

He laid his lips on hers, and so sil-  
enced further speech.

A while later there was a knock at the  
door and Mrs Spry entered. "I said I'd  
sack anyone as disturbed you to-night,"  
she said, "and now I've been and done  
it myself! But there's a pore soul as says  
she must see yer. It's a matter o' life  
an' death, she ses—"

"Her name?" Roger asked.

"She won't give no name. She's  
heavy veiled, but somehow she seems  
familiar like—"

Husband and wife exchanged glances.

"Is it Wanda?"

"Yes," a voice from the shadows said.  
"I came to bring you—these."

She opened her bag, and poured out a glit-  
tering heap of jewels upon the table.  
Doris recognised Helena Farr's jewels  
and her own tiara. "He's dead," Wanda  
said listlessly, "and so nothing matters.  
They can do what they like with me—  
now. You have the pearls, I see."

She turned slowly away.

"You mustn't go!" Doris caught her  
hand. "You are not fit to travel! How  
did you come?"

"Mr Smart brought me." Roger rose.

"I'm going to see Smart," he whis-  
pered to Doris. "Take her to your own  
rooms, dearest. Comfort her—get her to  
stay, if possible. I will make it right  
with Smart. He is in my employ, so it  
may be possible to keep things quiet.  
Anyhow, I'll do my best. After all, she  
is my brother's widow."

It was long before the heartbroken  
woman was able to leave the Court; and  
then she left it for a tiny cottage on  
the estate.

For many days Wanda's life trembled  
in the balance; and when eventually she  
recovered, it was found that her reason  
had fled. She clung like a child to Doris,  
waiting—always waiting and watching—  
for the husband who never came.

"I don't believe a word of your story!"

These words, in Isobel Vane's high-pitch-  
ed voice, reached Roger Armer as he  
stood on the landing outside his wife's  
boudoir. "How you managed to get  
round Roger as you did, goodness knows!  
If you didn't steal the jewels yourself,  
you were in league with the gang that  
did. Why did you masquerade as a  
nurse to Helena Farr, if it wasn't to get  
hold of the fool's jewels. Ha, you see I  
know more than you imagined! Your  
vow of silence was all part of a well-  
laid plot. You broke it soon enough  
when it suited you!"

How long Isobel would have gone on  
insulting Doris it is hard to say, had not  
Roger Armer broken in on her flow of  
abuse.

"Stop!" he said sternly. "Say another  
word, and I shall forget you are a  
woman. Every word uttered against my  
wife—and, on what a world of love  
and pride Roger Armer's voice held—  
"will be sternly resented by me. It is  
unnecessary for you to know the reason  
that made it seem desirable to Mrs Ar-  
mer to leave her home, but this much I  
will tell you. It was my fault—entirely  
my fault; and here, in the presence of  
you who have insulted one of the best  
and dearest women in all the world, I ask  
her to forgive me. Doris—will you?"

Passing the crestfallen Isobel, he put  
his arms round Doris, and kissed her.

"I was to blame as well," Doris smiled  
radiantly.

"You won't get the country to accept  
this trumped-up story!" sneered Isobel,  
maddened by the lover-like expression on  
Roger's face. "I shall take care to—"

Roger turned and seized her wrist. On  
his face was that look of strength and  
determination Doris knew of old.

"Say one word against my wife and I'll  
have you put out. Now go!"

And, strange to say, Isobel went with-  
out another word. That evening Roger  
called upon her, and the next day she  
and her aunt left the cottage.

No reason was given for Miss Vane's  
swift exit. Only she and Roger knew;  
and for different reasons the lips of each  
were sealed.

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their frugal supper, and now wandered—  
like the lovers they were—hand in  
hand on the glittering sands that lay be-  
low the little inn where they were stay-  
ing.

For some time they stood silent, gazing  
out across the moonlit sea. Suddenly  
Doris leaned against her husband's shoul-  
der, and, looking fondly down into the  
beloved face, Roger saw that the sweet,  
grey eyes were full of tears.

"What—tears, sweetheart! On our  
honeymoon—our real honeymoon! How's  
that?"

"I was thinking how much time we have  
have lost, Roger, and of my wicked vow."

He closed her lips with a kiss.

"We will make up for lost time, dear-  
est heart," he said. "If you reproach  
yourself for so small a thing, what must  
I do—who won you by a trick. It is the  
one thing of which I am ashamed."

"Why did you do it?" A smile fought  
the tears in Doris's eyes.

"Because I loved you so madly that I  
would have moved heaven and earth to  
win you for my own." Intense passion  
shook the man, as he held her closer and  
yet closer to his heart. "I do not deserve  
your love, Doris, but—"

"You have it, Roger. My whole heart  
is yours. I can't tell when I first began  
to love you. I think I must have loved  
you always, though I did not know it,  
even in the days when I was 'The Silent  
Wife.'"

In silence more eloquent than words,  
the married lovers' lips met in a long kiss  
of perfect love and understanding.

The End.

**THE DAIRYING INDUSTRY.****OUTLOOK DISCUSSED.**

The "Taranaki Herald" has the fol-  
lowing which may be of interest to dairy  
farmers:—What return the dairy farm-  
ers will receive for their labour in the  
season now under way is a question  
that is of interest to people other than  
the farmers, the others including those  
who say they wish they had the dairy-  
man's job of drawing big cheques. The  
return to butter suppliers is assured, sub-  
ject to slight variations in the cost of  
manufacture and incidental expenses, by  
reason of the extension of the Imperial  
Government control until March 31 next.  
The position with regard to cheese now  
appears to be tolerably clear, and it can  
be reasonably forecasted that at the end  
of the season suppliers of both butter  
and cheese factories will receive not less  
than 2s 7d per lb. of butter-fat. In a  
good proportion of cases the return will  
be greater, in some quite appreciably so.  
This means at least 7d per lb. of butter-  
fat more than was received last season  
under the commandeer.

While the outlook remains satisfactory,  
the somewhat exaggerated hopes that  
led to much of the high-priced buying  
of land in Taranaki have by no means  
been realised, and the present occupiers  
of many farms are working under a tre-  
mendous burden of interest.

As regards monthly pay-outs, butter  
suppliers are on the same basis as pre-  
viously. With cheese suppliers the posi-  
tion varies according to the arrange-  
ments made for disposing of the output.  
Many of the smaller cheese factories  
were fortunate in selling early in the sea-  
son at from 1s 2½d to 1s 2¾d per lb  
of cheese, and should be able to pay out  
for the season from 2s 10d to 3s per  
lb of butter-fat. These factories, through  
having their monthly advances guaran-  
teed by letter of credit, are able to ad-  
vance at least 2s per lb. On the other  
hand, the factories that are consigning  
their cheese are only able to advance  
about from 1s 6d to 1s 9d per lb but-  
ter-fat on account of the market having  
sagged. With the probability of cheese  
not bringing more than 1s to 1s 0½lb,  
the banks are making correspondingly  
low advances on shipments.

In Taranaki the larger cheese fac-  
tories which were consigning have in  
nearly every case turned over to butter-  
making, or are arranging their plant to  
enable this to be done. The controlled  
price of 2s 6d per lb of butter will en-  
able factories to pay out from 2s. 6d to  
2s 8d per lb butter-fat, according to  
the geographical position, and whether  
they work on the home separation or the  
creamery system. The home separating  
system, by eliminating skimming loss at  
the factory, enables a pay-out of from 1d  
to 7½d higher than in the case of a  
creamery to be made.

A locomotive consumes, every mile it  
travels, about 45 gallons of water.

Germany requires a minimum of 9,-  
000,000 tons of wheat a year. The 1920  
crop amounts to only 7,000,000 tons;  
2,000,000 tons must, therefore, be im-  
ported from abroad.

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