

## GRAND SERIAL STORY.

## JUDGMENT.

The Most Amazing Story Ever Penned.

FOR NEW READERS.

SIR JOHN MILLBANK, a successful, but stern judge, quarrels with his only son,

JACK, who leaves his father's house to fight his own way in the world; and whilst serving with the Australian contingent, under the name of Dick Foster, he meets, and falls in love with

KITTY, the adopted daughter of Sir John. However, Sir John has arranged for her marriage with

LORD HAVERHAM. In a moment of despair, Kitty writes to Dick, asking him to meet her in the Blue Room at Rivercourt Mansions. At the appointed hour, Lord Haverham goes to the Blue Room to write some letters, and, unbeknown to the guests, Sir John meets him there. An altercation arises between the two men, resulting in the accidental death of Lord Haverham. Later, Dick arrives in the Blue Room, is caught and accused of murder, and found guilty. Whilst passing the sentence of death, Sir John recognises the prisoner as his own son Jack! A few days later, Sir John interviews the prisoner at his private residence under escort of the warders, and tells him he will have to serve at least three years' imprisonment. Just as they are leaving, Dick with the assistance of Kitty makes his escape, and that night they decide to drive into Wimmerleigh; but the car breaks down, and they are forced to accept the hospitality of

BEAUMONT CHASE, a millionaire. The following morning, Dick's host informs him that Sir John had called during the night and taken his daughter away. Dick, believing this story, leaves that morning for Wimmerleigh. Kitty goes down to breakfast, and is cross-examined by Mr Chase, but on his promise of assistance tells him the whole story. At a fabulous price Mr Chase engages the services of

MR PELHAM WEBB, a clever but unscrupulous detective, to find Dick Foster, and extracts a promise from Kitty not to attempt to see or write to her lover until a year has elapsed.

## MR PELHAM WEBB RECEIVES INSTRUCTIONS.

Mr Beaumont Chase wrote out a cheque and handed it to the little man, who was watching him expectantly.

"That's it, I think," he said.

Mr Pelham Webb, produced a pair of spectacles from his pocket, carefully adjusted them on his nose, and then examined the cheque.

Having done this he neatly folded the precious slip of paper, and thrust it into his waistcoat pocket.

"It is perfectly correct," he said. "I thank you, Mr Chase. I will not deny that in all my experience I have never before met anyone quite like you. There is a generosity, I may say, a lavishness, about your methods which appeals to me. It will give me very great pleasure to work for you, and I have now only to ask you to give your instructions. Whatever they are, I will carry them out."

The millionaire nodded.

"That is what I expected you to say, Webb. If I mistake not, you are a man who will serve well those who pay you well. Well, you need not fear that I shall keep you idle. One thing I must warn

you against—don't jump to conclusions. I will tell you what to do. Don't act on your own judgment."

The little detective flushed.

"I thought you wished to make use of my detective skill, my trained intellect, my gift of following up the faintest clue and going straight to the heart of the mystery," he said, a little resentfully.

"No, my dear sir—no," replied the millionaire coolly. "Frankly I don't think much of your trained intellect. You are painstaking, and a careful observer, but as soon as you begin to think you go wrong. Don't think; let me do that."

"As you please, sir," replied the detective stiffly. "You are paying. All the same, I would remind you that my habit of thinking, which you despise, has not been altogether unprofitable to myself. Without it, I should never have got on the track of Dick Foster."

"Are you sure you did get on his track?"

"Well, I found out he was on board your yacht, the Flying Spray, didn't I?"

"Are you sure he is on board my yacht?"

"Eh?"

The millionaire laughed.

"My dear Webb, you must give me credit for not being quite a fool. When I found you were following me I arranged a plant. You discovered just what I meant you to discover, and no more. I really wonder you did not suspect something. At a time like this, just after the war, with peace not yet signed, do you think the authorities would allow me take an escaped convict out of the country on board my yacht? Not so likely. Dick Foster is in England hiding with friends. I don't exactly know where he is. That is what I want you to find out. When you have found him, I want you to bring him here."

"Here?"

"Yes, I want to keep him here in hiding for a year. Actually, he will be a prisoner; but I shall pose as his protector and friend. I want to be in a position to prevent him from holding any communication with Miss Kitty Millbank. For one year he must disappear utterly, and no one must know of his whereabouts."

And at the end of the year?"

The millionaire shrugged his shoulders. "At the end of the year Miss Millbank will marry. On the day she becomes a wife you can hand Dick Foster over to the police. Now go and find him. I can give you a clue. Miss Clara Clarke, the actress, may know something about him. Make your first inquiries of her, but be discreet. She is a friend of Miss Millbank. Tell her nothing about me."

"I understand, sir," said the detective.

"There is one question I should like to ask."

"Well?"

"This man, Dick Foster, is in your way?"

"Very much."

"He is only a convict, convicted of murder."

"Yes."

"His life is forfeit."

"Well?"

"If any accident should happen to him it might be best for all concerned."

"Possibly."

"At any rate, it would not distress you very greatly?"

The little detective was now speaking in a very low voice, and a strange, sinister look had come into his face.

"On the contrary," said the millionaire slowly and thoughtfully, "it would suit me very well."

Webb dreamily. "Mysterious are the ways of Fate, Mr Chase. I will now get to work at once, and in a day or two I hope to make a report which you will not find unsatisfactory."

"Ah, well! Who can tell?" said Pelham. There was a grim, cynical smile on Beaumont Chase's face when he was left alone.

"Horrible little worm," he muttered to himself; "but in a game like this one must make use of every instrument that comes to one's hand. Life certainly begins to be more amusing."

## CLARA CLARKE AT HOME.

Clara Clarke, nearly the most popular actress in England, was a woman of fifty though in private life she passed for thirty-six, and on the stage looked even younger.

She was very well-preserved, had kept her figure, and was an artist in make-up.

Moreover, she had a heart of gold, and this helped to keep her young.

Whenever she could she got away from the glare of the footlights and buried herself in her little cottage and lovely garden on the Essex coast.

It was a warm, wet evening in spring, and the surrounding country looked dreary enough; but the interior of the picturesque little cottage, standing alone on the very edge of the low cliff, was very bright and cheerful.

Miss Clarke believed in bright colours, and the chief living-room—a fair-sized apartment—was gay with flowers and many tinted draperies and bright lights.

The actress—a tall, slim woman with hair skilfully dyed to a beautiful shade of old gold—now wore a white overall which, in spite of its plainness, had a suggestion of style in its cut and in the way it was worn.

Standing on a chair was an oil-painting the portrait of an old man, in a heavy gilt frame.

Miss Clarke was standing in front of this and gazing at it critically. It was the portrait of a rather distinguished-looking man, whose age it would have been difficult to guess.

His long, curly, black hair, with no streak of grey in it, and his bright eyes, suggested youth, and only the lines and wrinkles on his face indicated that he was a man past sixty.

While the actress was looking at the picture the door of the room opened and a young man entered.

It was Dick Foster.

He was rather curiously dressed. He wore a velvet jacket, a sealskin waistcoat, a pair of light check trousers, and a turn-down collar and flowing tie of black silk.

As he entered, the actress gave him a quick glance. Then she laughed. It was a frank, hearty laugh of pure fun and amusement.

"Excellent!" she exclaimed. "To the very life. Now sit down, and I'll make up your face."

The young man seated himself on a chair beside that on which the portrait was standing.

"It is awfully good of you, Miss Clarke, but I can hardly think you can make me look like an old man. It is all very well on the stage, but—"

"You wait, my lad. It is easier to make the young look old than to make the old look young—I can tell you that. Let me work at that handsome face of yours for half an hour, and if I don't make you look like the exact double of my dear departed dad, then I am not the artist in deception which I flatter myself I am. The wig, too, will help a lot. Dad always wore a wig. Thank goodness I kept it!"

She opened a case of theatrical make-up which stood on the table, and busily set to work.

With astonishing delicacy and skill she applied herself to her task, and gradually under her hand the young face seemed to fade away, and a face, bearing a startling resemblance to that of the man in the portrait, appeared in its place.

When she had finished she stood back, and clapped her hands gleefully.

"Now look in the mirror!" she cried triumphantly.

The young man rose and approached the fireplace, above which was a looking-glass. As he gazed into it he uttered an exclamation, and then, swinging round, stared at the painting.

"It is wonderful!" he declared.

"I should think it was. I could almost ask you for your blessing, you look so like my dear old departed dad. Henceforth you are Daddy Clarke, father of the most famous of living actresses. Only

(Continued on page 6.)

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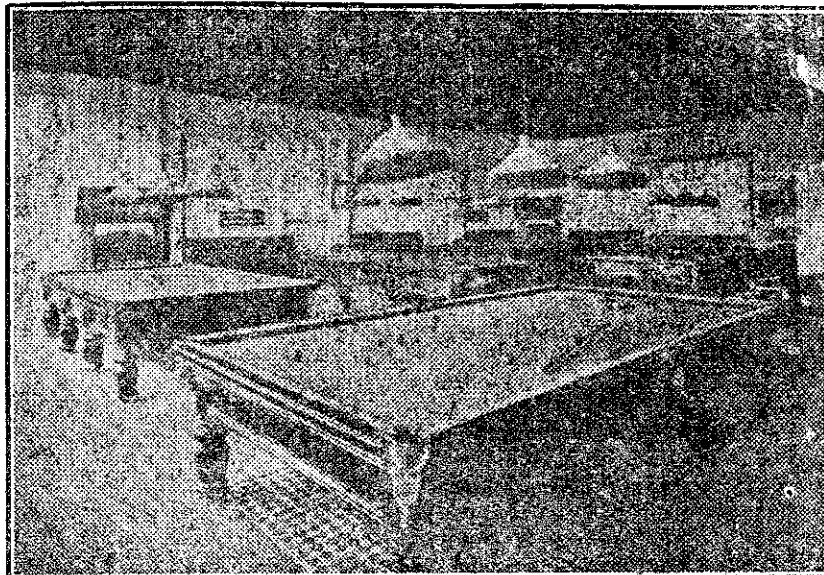
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## BILLIARD NOTES.

## BRINGING THE WHITE OUT OF BAULK.

A point that should be not overlooked is that when a cannon is very uncertain, the after-position is, generally speaking, quite uncertain, whereas an ordinary in-off from a ball can, as a rule, be played by a fair player in such away as to have another in-off. Of course, I do not for a moment advise any player to play an in-off from the red when both balls are in baulk—except under certain conditions, such as, say, when he only requires a few for game—when he could easily—or nearly as easily—get a cannon. By all means play the cannon if there is a very reasonable chance of getting it—and with the same position this will vary with the ability of the striker—but do not go for the cannon when it is odds against it. Remember, the game for every player is to score as many as he can, and not to play what for him may be more or less fancy shots.

When playing an in-off from a ball that is in baulk, a player must be careful that he does not leave the ball still in baulk if it is possible to avoid doing so. Of course, many positions occur when, if not absolutely impossible to bring the ball out of baulk, it would be so terribly difficult to do so that no player—not even a professional—would attempt it. On the other hand, numberless positions occur when it is as easy, or nearly as easy, to bring the ball out of baulk as to leave it in.

## A RUN-THROUGH TO BRING A BALL OUT OF BAULK.

When no half-ball stroke is on. A fine stroke, unless played very strongly indeed, will leave the object-ball in baulk, whereas a run-through stroke—any stroke that is fuller than a half-ball stroke being a run-through, even though the degree of run-through may be slight—will bring it out. Generally speaking, whenever a ball in baulk is so situated that the in-off is only on by means of a fine stroke or a run-through—the object-ball being so located

ated that it will strike the bottom cushion in either case—the pocket should be gained by means of the full stroke.

## BRINGING THE BALL OUT OF BAULK BY MEANS OF A THIN SCREW.

A example of positions that often occur when the in-off can only be got by means of a screw-shot. In these cases it will sometimes happen that, though the easiest way of making the shot by means of a half-ball screw, this method of playing the stroke would leave the object-ball in baulk. Instead, by hitting the object-ball less than half-ball, and playing with increased screw—as compensation for the thinner hitting—it can often be brought out of baulk, and though this is by no means an easy stroke, it is one that is well worthy of notice. The thick, intersected line referred to shows a direction the object-ball may take as the result of thick contact, and the fine, intersected line a direction given by a thinner contact.

On bringing a ball out of baulk, it may be pointed out that in playing to bring a ball out of baulk, whether the red or the white, there is no need to try and see how far out of baulk it is possible to send the ball as so many players do. Sometimes, of course, it may be the game to bring the ball only a very little way out of baulk; but as a rule, it will generally be best to send it towards the centre of the table, for, by so doing, an in-off into one of the four out-of-baulk pockets is almost certain to be left.

## Grand Billiard Saloon.

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