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## McGRUER & TAYLOR,

Agents For THE "SWANNNDRI" Coats,

### JUDGMENT.

(Continued from page five.)

"Another gentleman to see you, ma'am," said the girl.  
 "Another?"  
 "Yes, ma'am."  
 "Show him in at once," commanded the actress, glad of any interruption.  
 A moment later a little wizen-faced man entered the room.  
 Inspector Biggs turned upon him at once, somewhat aggressively, but instantly they recognised one another, and both smiled.  
 "Pelham Webb!" exclaimed the inspector.  
 "Yes, inspector, not for the first time we both seem to be on the same case."  
 "Well, I was before you this time, sir," said Biggs. "Not that it matters much. The fellow has slipped through my fingers."  
 "You've let him go?" exclaimed Webb, in a tone of annoyance. "Really, that's too bad! You've frightened him away just as I had arranged everything."  
 The inspector flushed.  
 "I'm not sure. I don't see how he could have got away. I am going to make a few more inquiries."  
 Pelman Webb sighed and shrugged his shoulders.  
 "Twenty minutes ago I met a motor-car on the London road coming from this direction. It was going dangerously fast. I'm afraid our man was in it. How on earth did you—"  
 "A car? From here? The London road, you say? Confound it! Well, there's time to 'phone from Wickford if we're sharp! Hi Evans—Carter."  
 Shouting, he rushed from the room.  
 A few minutes later there was the sound of a car driving away. Inspector Biggs and his men had departed.  
 Clara Clarke turned to Pelman Webb.  
 "May I ask who you are, sir?"  
 "Pelham Webb, private detective, in search of Richard Foster, escaped convict, ma'am," he replied briskly. "I thought he was hiding here. But if Biggs has searched the house I am not likely to find anything. I have only to apologise and take my departure."  
 The actress smiled graciously.  
 "Won't you take some refreshment before you go?"  
 "No thanks; but I should certainly like to shake hands with this gentleman who is your father, I believe?"  
 As he spoke he advanced towards Dick and held out his hand.  
 Then suddenly he turned his head and looked at the actress. Her startled eyes were fixed upon him.  
 The little detective smiled wickedly.  
 "Your father, my dear lady, died six months ago. It is fortunate Inspector Biggs did not know that, isn't it? The old gentleman's long rest in the grave seems to have done him good, for to-night he looks remarkable healthy!"  
 Once more he turned to Dick, who had now risen to his feet.

(Another thrilling instalment next week.)

### ANNUAL MEETING.

#### REPORT OF R.S.A. REPRESENTATIVE ON REPATRIATION BOARD

I beg to submit as your representative on the Repatriation Board the following report:—  
 During the year advances amounting to £23,167 19s 8d, which represents 119 cases have been made.  
 The great majority of the returned soldiers who have been assisted by the Department to start business on their own account have done remarkably well, and quite a number of them are now firmly established.  
 No delay has occurred at the Head

Office as within a few days after the recommendation from the Committee telegraphic advice is received intimating the decision of the Ministerial Board.

#### FURNITURE LOANS.

The total amount disbursed in respect to furniture loans is £9,402 15s 3d, representing 216 cases. Of this amount approximately 23 per cent was accounted for during the end of the year.

#### TOOLS OF TRADE.

The Repatriation Board has also advanced during the period the amount of £453 4s 5d for tools of trade. This represents 28 cases.

#### TRAINING.

This forms a very important branch of the Department's work, the total number receiving training during the period being 111, 65 of these are apprentices and subsidised workers, a large proportion of whom are disabled men learning a new trade. The most difficult work in repatriation is the retraining of disabled men, who are unable to follow their pre-war occupation, but so far the Repatriation Board have been able to cope with all applications and the successful rehabilitation of these returned men is owing in a great measure to the warm sympathy and help of employers of labour and the trade unions.

#### EMPLOYMENT.

During the period 317 men have been placed in suitable employment. Although of considerable assistance to returned men this branch of the Department's work shows a considerable falling off, due partly to the fact that most of the men have now settled down to civil employment and also to the great demand for all classes of labour.

#### UNEMPLOYED SUSTENANCE.

The total amount paid in sustenance for unemployment is £29 15s 4d, representing nine cases. The last payment of such sustenance was made on September 24.

#### REPAYMENTS.

It is indeed gratifying to report that repayments have been made regularly, and in most cases right up to date, which proves conclusively that the returned soldier is making good in the particular line he has taken up. I also desire to report that during the year the question of paying apprentices and subsidised workers the full amount of subsidised sustenance of pension was discussed and it is indeed gratifying to report that pension is on no account taken into consideration.  
 The question of increasing furniture loans from £50 to £75, and business loans from £300 to £500 was also discussed and it was recommended by the Repatriation Committee that the increase be granted. Unfortunately this was evidently not the case throughout the whole of New Zealand, as the Government have only granted the increase in the furniture loans leaving the business loan still standing at £300.

In conclusion, I may say that the Repatriation Committee deals with each case in the most sympathetic manner, and I am sure that if other Departments who handle soldiers' affairs dealt with them in the same manner as this Department there would be little need of complaint from anyone.

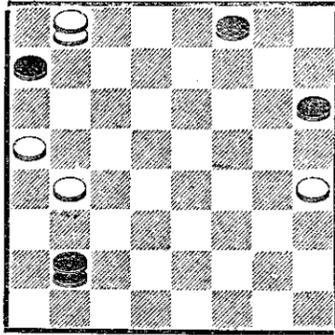
The annual meeting of the Invercargill Draughts Club was held on Wednesday, April 28th. Mr J. Leggat was re-elected president, Mr J. Whitaker, vice-president; P. Hutchins, secretary; Messrs Le Petit, Thom, Diack, Halliday, Brooks and Mescription for the year. Mr M. Shrdushrd Gregor, were appointed as a committee. It was resolved that 2s should be the subscription for the year. A handicap tourney will be held, entrance fee to be 2s. Entries to close on May 12th. An interesting contest is expected. All draught players in Invercargill are invited to enter. Liberal handicaps.

### DRAUGHTS.

(Conducted by F. Hutchins.)

#### PROBLEM 7.

Black 3, 5, 12. King on 25.



White 13, 17, 20. King on 1.

Black to move and win.

The above is an ending played some years ago between D. Scott and the late M. O'Byrne, and should interest old stagers and learners alike.

#### SOLUTION TO PROBLEM 6.

Black men on 1, 7, 12, 13, 14, 23. King on 24.

White men on 5, 8, 22, 25, 29, 30. King on 4.

8.3 7.11, 3.8, 11.16, 22.18, 14.17, 25.21, 17.22, 29.25, 22.29, 30.25, 29.15, 8.11, 15.8, 4.18, and White wins.

The following is an extract worth quoting from a speech delivered by Mr McKilligan, at the opening of the twenty-fourth annual draughts match, Aberdeen City v. Country:—"The man who carried the rules of draughts into daily life would play a fair, straight, open game. There was no room for sneaking, backstairs, subterranean moves. Man must meet man in honest square fight. No undue influence could here be exercised. Brains and not the wiles of low cunning. And they played not as whining milksops, who took possession of any and every kind as a personal affront, and as an excuse for waspish bitterness, but as men, who were matching skill with skill, who met failure manfully, and who, the more they were beaten, respected and admired their adversaries the more. That was the right spirit for draughts, it was the right spirit for the daily round—when a fair game was being played. And what better practice could they have in reflection than that which the moves on the board supplied? They had to look before they leaped—in fact, the less leaping the better. Seeing in front of one was a quality of the first rank. It saved much vain regret. It made the losers in life's game smile when they knew that a few moves further on defeat would be turned to victory, and those who could not see past their noses and who crowded over present advantages, which were actual blunders, were at the time losing ground and running themselves into a snare. They learned to labour, and to wait, especially to wait.

"'Tis perseverance gains the mood,  
 And patience wins the race."

#### EARLY STROKES FOR AMATEURS.

The following shows Mr Wylie's renowned stroke in the switcher:

11.15	10.17	15.18	11.15A	12.19
21.17	21.14	24.20	30.26	27.20
9.13	6.10	2.6	6.9B	18.27
25.21	22.17	28.24	24.19	31.6
8.11	13.22	4.8	15.24	9.18
17.14	26.17	29.25	20.16	26.22
(A) 18.23, 25.18, 10.15	draws. W. wins.			
(B) The fatal move.				

Problems, games, and draughts items are invited for this column. Address: "Draughts Editor," 28 Biggar street, Invercargill.

# AHMET.

A True Story of Life with the N.Z. Division in Egypt.

(By 11/1275.)

## THE COURTMARTIAL.

### CHAPTER 7.

#### THE COURTMARTIAL.

As soon as Ahmet was safely stowed away in the clink, there was a meeting of the boys of his company, and the whole of the matter of his desertion was discussed and thrashed out.

The next day being Saturday, when the men would have a half-holiday, there being no parades after noon, it was decided to hold a courtmartial in the big recreation hut.

Saturday morning saw a weebegone little Gippie boy being "dished out" with new clothes by the Company Q.M.S. The new clothes did not fit with the same neatness of outline, as the smart uniform that had originally been his, when he had first joined the Umpteenths. There was regimental tailor to make tunics of superfine khaki, no smart little slouch hats with jaunty plumes, instead, a soldier's cardigan that reached to his knees, a pair of shorts that upon Ahmet looked more like longs, and a baladava cap completed his outfit.

The Sergt. of the Guard gave him some breakfast, but he had little appetite, so he was sent for a walk in charge of one of the men with whom he showed no desire to enter into conversation. It seemed that the discipline of the soldier, as well as the reserve of the Arab, had combined to make up what might be well termed the essence of taciturnity.

At last the afternoon came and Ahmet was marched into the recreation hut, where were assembled nearly all the Umpteenths, even the R.S.M. was being in the corner.

The charge was read over to the accused, and one of the men was told off as prisoner's friend, evidence of arrest was given, followed by evidence as to when the accused had been last seen with his unit, and the circumstances under which he came to be missed.

Witness after witness appeared, and the case looked black against our hero, who preserved a silence which astonished all the Aussies. The prisoner's friend pleaded on his behalf, that he had been a good soldier, and that he had held a good character, that he was an Arab, to whom there could be no greater crime than filial disobedience, thus, when ordered to follow his father he could have no chance but to obey.

Ahmet was then marched out, whilst the court considered their verdict; after about five minutes he was marched in, and the President put the following questions to him.

"Prisoner, do you know what is the punishment for desertion?"

"Aiwa Effendi; it is death."

"And are you not afraid to die?"

"No. I am a soldier, an Arab, and the son of a moghassil. Why should I fear death?"

At this there were loud cheers from the crowd of Aussies, who rushed to the centre of the room, and carried the astonished Ahmet shoulder high out into the square. "The gamest little bantam in the whole — outfit," was the verdict of the delighted Umpteenths, as they took their mascot to the town, where with many threats, they persuaded a native tailor to start on a brand new outfit for Sergeant-Major McKenzie. "For," said they, "he has earned his promotion."

Mahmoud, passing the camp that night saw Ahmet, still in the nondescript garb in which he had stood his so-called trial, yet supremely happy amongst his Aussie friends, and he thought it better to leave him there whilst he returned to Helmeih and to Zeinab. It was towards sunset when Mahmoud arrived near Helmeih, riding on the guards-van of a goods train, for though he had enough money to have paid his fare, he, like many a European could not see the necessity of so doing if he could avoid it.

As he drew near to the end of his journey, he felt at ease with all the world, the Omdar, who had done him a wrong was dead, Said the thatcher, who had put on him a deadly insult was also gone to his account, whilst Abu Sulieman, who had done him so much harm, he had personally attended to. Such little mat-

ters as the death of Abu's kinsmen, and the theft of the latter's camel, troubled him not a scrap. He was going home to Zeinab, and though he had doubts as to her conduct, he considered that she had been merely indiscreet, and that he had effectually silenced all scurrilous tongues.

At last his train arrived at Marg, and he got off, desiring to do the last few miles on foot, and also because he had reasons for wishing to arrive at his home under the cover of darkness.

Arrived then at Marg, he went to the house of a brother moghassil, and asked the news. He was told that Hassan the ghaffi had been diligent in his enquiries as to the slayer of the late Omdar, and though there had been detectives on the scene from Cairo, yet they had found no clue.

"Fools. Do they not know that the Omdar died by his own hand?" said Mahmoud. "See, my brother, did not the angel of death leave him a knife on his doorstep, and then what choice had he but to obey the summons?"

Nevertheless, he felt ill at ease, and after sundown he set off along the Marg rich road. "This Hassan," thought he, "knows too much; he is taxing himself with matters far more weighty than should be dealt with by a mere ghaffi, and it seems to me that Helmeih will soon need a new ghaffir."

Arrived at Helmeih, he made his way straight to his house, and on entering he called to Zeinab, but instead of an answer he was dazzled by the glare of an electric torch, whilst a voice which he recognised as that of Hassan, called on him to yield in the name of the Sultan.

Drawing his long knife, Mahmoud sprang in the direction of the voice. At the same time a shot rang out, and he gave a little choking sigh and dropped in a heap.

Lights were procured and the police officer with his two shawishes removed the body. Then Hassan the ghaffir made out his report, to the effect that Mahmoud the moghassil, murderer of the Omdar, had been shot whilst resisting arrest.

He then went to his home and told Zeinab, who was sheltering there, that after the prescribed days of mourning she would take her for his wife.

(Next Chapter "Lone Pine.")

### A SIGHT IN CAMP.

A sight in camp in the daybreak grey and dim,  
 As from my tent I emerge, so early and dim,  
 As from my tent I emerge, so early and dim,  
 As from my tent I emerge, so early and dim,

As slow I walk in the cool fresh air,  
 Path near by the hospital tent,  
 Three forms I see on stretchers lying,  
 Brought out there, untended lying,  
 Over each blanket spread,  
 Brownish woollen blanket,  
 Grey and heavy blanket, folding,  
 All.

Curiously I halt and silent stand,  
 Then with light fingers I from  
 Face of the nearest, the first,  
 Lift the blanket;

Who are you, elderly man so grey  
 And grim, with well-gre'd hair,  
 Flesh all sunken about the eyes?  
 Who are you, my dear comrade?

Then to the second I step—and who  
 You, my child and darling?

Who are you, sweet boy, with the  
 Yet blooming?

Then to the third—a face not child  
 Old, very calm, as of beautiful  
 Low white ivory;

Young man, I think I know you,  
 Think this face is the face of  
 Himself,

Dear and Divine and brother of  
 And here again he lies.  
 Walt Whitman, "Leaves of Grass"

"Let me pop it on your finger  
 Where the wedding ring will be  
 Will you? Won't you? Will you?  
 Honey! will you marry me?"  
 That's what Sammie said to Sadie,  
 While she sighed in rapture  
 Now she's bending over baby  
 Mixing Woods' Peppermint Corn