

(continued from previous page)

was a commotion at the back of the crowd. Men and women and children jumped hastily aside, and Maggie Peka pedalled furiously into the group on the Parson's bike. She jumped from the machine and it took two or three women to stop her from throwing herself over the cliff.

Hearing the commotion, Monday looked up. He took a long, long look. Every detail of that scene must have printed itself deep in his memory—the girl in her old blue dress, among all the finery of the others she was bare-legged and hatless in an old faded dress. Her hair blew wildly in the wind, her strong legs and arms and her whole strong body strained to break away from the women, to leap into the sea to be with Monday. What her eyes were like only Monday could tell. He looked straight into her eyes.

Monday Wiremu had just let go of the tree, and lots of people swore that he was walking on the water. But after that one long look at Maggie he seemed to shrug his shoulders and fall right through the water. He sank like a stone.

Women screamed and men shouted advice to one another, children began to cry and dogs to howl. People rushed here and there. All was confusion.

But scarcely had Monday gone under the water and bobbed up again than a boat manned by some of the boys of the gang shot out from the shelter of the headland, where it had been waiting for this very moment, and fished Monday out of the sea.

After that everyone was emphatic that Monday had walked on the water. If it hadn't been for that Maggie Peka hussy he would have walked right to the other side they all agreed. They couldn't do enough for Monday. They wanted to build him a meeting-house where he could preach and cure the sick.

\* \* \*

THE funny thing, though, was that Monday didn't want to be thought a prophet after that.

"No," he insisted. "No good to call me the prophet. Monday Wiremu not the good saint, just the poor bad man."

What he *did* want was to marry Maggie Peka. And he married her.

"That the miracle," he tells his friends. "How a man want to put up with a girl like this all his life—that the miracle, eh? That the everlasting miracle."

Old Tupara, who listens at a distance, just winks.

## TRY YOUR LUCK WITH YOUR PEN

### IMPORTANT NEW LITERARY COMPETITION

CAN you write a novel? If you can, you have 10 months in which to win £100. If novels are beyond your range, you have six months in which to win £15 for a short story.

We do not guarantee one sum or the other. We merely announce the fact that such prizes are offered by a New Zealand firm of publishers, that the judges have been appointed, and that all further particulars can be obtained by writing to P.O. Box 956, Wellington. It is an opportunity for New Zealand writers to show what they can do for New Zealand readers.

**DEFENCE**  
is our best protection

ANTISEPTIC OIL GUMMOLIVE SOAP  
**PROTEX**  
COLGATE-PALMOLIVE LIMITED

It's good policy to look for trouble before it looks for you. That's what the fighting boys in tropical jungles have proven with PROTEX soap. That safe antiseptic contained in PROTEX is on constant guard against all sorts of infection and it's the reason why they need plenty of PROTEX. For the time being, will you go easy on your PROTEX at home so the boys won't go short.

LISTEN-IN to the PROTEX RADIO PROGRAMME on your ZB Station every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday afternoon at 2.15.

DID YOU PROTEX YOURSELF THIS MORNING?

COLGATE-PALMOLIVE LIMITED. PETONE.

PR2.4

**Windows Gleam!**

When cleaned with  
**WINDOLENE**

The Window Cleaner  
**1/2d** Just Windolene and a dry duster for a quick, lasting polish.  
ALL STORES W12

Dry up  
**COLD SORES**  
quickly!

With this new vitaminised skin healer Quickly heals the affected part and discourages the spread of skin infection

Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores.

**Greenwell's**  
VITAMIN A ointment  
Scientifically prepared by  
R. GREENWELL LTD., Beaumont St., Auckland.