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Actual statement made on
15th January, 1943, by
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"I use Lux Toilet Soap
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will work miracles for you. Use
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as well—see how fresh and smooth
it makes your skin!"

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Price per pair, com-
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DON'T BE SKINNY!

If you are thin and anaemic you
should try a course of "YIM," the
Yeast, Iron Malt, Tablets. This amaz-
ingly triple Tonic puts on firm, heal-
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clear, radiant skin, freedom from in-
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A LITTLE FLUTTER? It's Mathematics That Count In Gambling

(Written for "The Listener" by J. D. McDONALD.)

BY the time this appears in
print (with a little luck) my
uncle George will have be-
come the owner of a bungalow at
Maitimukau. The Art Union is to
be drawn shortly. So far he has
been unable to ascertain whether or not
there is a garage on the property. This
is a very important matter as his wife
has a ticket in the same Art Union and
the second prize is a
late model Rolls-Jeep
complete with tyres.
George's daughter Alice
is very interested in a
raffle for which the first
prize is a pair of Nylon
stockings. She was won-
dering if it would pay
her to buy up all the tic-
kets, but now regards
that as impractical. She
says she'll die if she
doesn't win the first
prize, but Uncle George
secretly pins his hopes
on the second prize — a
box of butter. Both de-
spise the third prize —
it's merely a refrigerator.

Why not try a little
flutter yourself, now and
then? Well, why not?
Let's suppose your taste
runs to cash—and whose
doesn't? Two thousand in alluvial gold
may be yours, for half a crown. Think
of it, two thousand quid for half a wheel!
It's practically given away. And of
course, your barber can almost assure
you of, say, a trip round the world—or a
business of your own, or a sheep station
with a competent manager. For a beg-
garly ten and sevenpence one may col-
lect £20,000. As Norman Long says,
"Twenty Tharsand' Quid." There's a fine
conspiratorial air about it into the bar-
gain. One furtively slips the cash across
the counter and then waits. Weeks later
a letter with a Tasmanian post-mark re-
veals just how knowing your barber is.

Just Supposing

Suppose, just suppose, one were to
read in the local newspaper, "A promi-
nent citizen of X— yesterday drew the
first prize in an overseas consultation."
And just suppose that prominent citizen
were you! Doesn't your sporting blood
rise to the challenge? No? Well, how
about a syndicate with a few others?
Brother, you can't miss. Anyway, not
always. Have you no romance in your
soul? Doesn't the mere name of the Cal-
cutta Sweep bring you all the romance
of the East? And the Irish Sweep Stake
conjure up a vision of the "Ould Sod"?
And the words "Golden Casket" mean
something?

They must be big hearted, these phil-
anthropists who offer such stupendous
bargains. Or perhaps they're just mugs.
The warm-hearted bookie with his limit
of eight pounds appears quite vulgarly
commercial by contrast with the uni-
ficiency of these anonymous friends.

It's a heartening thought to contem-
plate these bemused bookies waiting to
be milked by anyone astute enough to
have them on. It looks too good to be
true, doesn't it? So it is, brother, so it
is. Before you invest, investigate! Why
does the benign bookie book? What are
your chances anyway? Here are some
facts you should be interested in—if you
think you know when to put your shirt
on a horse's nose (but its draughty walk-
ing home); if you give the smiling



"If you play poker, know your chances"

Oriental ten shillings for the pack and
he gives you a shilling for every card
you get up at patience; if you mark a
pakapoo ticket or try "heading them"; if
housey is your hobby; if you fancy the
little ball in one of the few surreptitious
roulette wheels still whirling in New
Zealand; if you prefer rolling double
sixes; if you flatter yourself you can pick
a good heavyweight wrestler. (And
brother you do flatter yourself.)

Provided you never bet on anything
that talks, you have a chance of retain-
ing the major portion of your tail
feathers—at least for a time. Here are
the figures. But if you have a hunch
about "Barmaid's" form don't read any
further! Not till the race is over any-
way.

More Chances of an Accident

Tatt's, the Golden Casket, the Cal-
cutta Sweep, Art Unions and similar
lotteries are on the level. Your chances
of winning any prize in an Art Union
vary, but they average round two hun-
dred to one against. Your chance of win-
ning a hundred pounds or over is about
twelve thousand to one against. But you're
not interested in chicken feed? Well,
then, your chances of picking up that two
thousand pounds are approximately sixty
thousand to one against and for the
twenty-five thousand pounds on the Mel-
bourne Cup a hundred thousand to one
against. Nevertheless someone must win.
And it might as well be you—or some-
body else. After all, what red-blooded
man was ever daunted by odds? Still
your chances of being killed in a car
accident are better than they are in
Tatt's.

(continued on next page)