

all over again, she glanced back at the house and began walking slowly towards it.

THE low-slung white gates were ajar but not fastened back and unconsciously she slipped the catches into place. The garage doors were shut and padlocked so that the car was probably still inside. Glancing at the small square of front lawn she saw it had been newly cut, and that a mound of clippings stood in the corner just behind the hedge. The flower-beds had been weeded and dug, and the bulbs were showing a mass of yellow and white, with the rain still glistening on their petals. Down the path to the back door she could see the wood-box brimful of neatly piled logs; and beyond that the beginning of a clothes-line with two tea-towels hanging out to dry. Both the concrete path and the yard behind it were swept and clean.

She turned towards the front door and the window curtains caught her eye. The windows were shut and the curtains hung loosely inside, bright and unfaded. Standing on tip-toe she could just see into the room. It was cold and forlorn-looking, as most living-rooms appear to be in the early morning, and the blinds were half-drawn. In the grate was the remains of a fire, with ashes scattered over

the hearth, and an easy chair had been pushed carelessly back so that the carpet was caught under one of the legs. The table by the mantelpiece was strewn untidily with books and magazines, and although she couldn't see very well she felt sure that there was a layer of dust on it. The ash-tray looked as if it hadn't been emptied for a week. She smiled through her nervousness, because it was obvious that no one had been doing the housework.

She walked almost timidly up to the door and stood there for a moment, uncertain. It was hellish having to admit after all that she was wrong—that she had left him not because of his, but because of her own, selfishness. She had wanted too much and not been prepared to give anything in return. And now she wanted another chance, she was sure of that.

She smiled again, a self-assuring smile, and rang the door-bell. She heard its merry tinkle, followed by the sound of footsteps down the passage becoming louder and louder until they stopped the other side of the door. The door opened suddenly and they were face to face.

THE man stood there, looked down questionably at her. He was tall and dark, with untidy black hair that hadn't

been combed since his morning shower. His shirt sleeves were rolled up to his elbows and in his hand was a piece of toast, the marmalade from which was almost dripping on to the floor. She pushed it level, so as not to spoil the carpet.

"The house looked so sweet," she tried to explain; "I've looked at it from the tram every day and wanted so much to get off—and to-day I did. The garden's so neat and tidy, but I had a look through the windows just now and the inside is terrible. You need someone to look after it. And the place looks so bare without any children playing round about—I was wrong about . . . I was wrong about not wanting children."

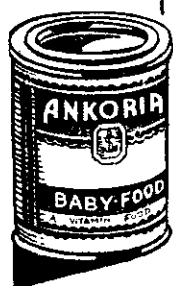
He started to say something, but she rushed on, pretending not to hear him.

"I'm through with my job in town, I'm through with living alone with Mother and only passing by the house and never seeing you. Oh, can't you understand, Bob—I want to come back to you!"

There was a long pause. Then suddenly a voice called from down the passage, a feminine voice, "Is that the post-girl, darling?—I want her to take a letter into town for me. I wrote to the employment agency yesterday asking for a charwoman. I simply can't be bothered with housework."

DREAM SHIP

*BROKEN the dream, the gracile yacht
unlaunched
Denied existence, built in words not wood;
Sailing only in desirous eyes
The mind's dimensions, lazy hours that
should
Have registered in terms of work well
done
And discontented moods. We, the crew
The nameless two contracted Time the
cheat
To hold our dream, preserve it for the
blue
Unblemished future. Nothing now re-
mains,
Not even words. Her mast a slender
wand,
Her graceful line true from bow to stern
Her lifted sails lovely and beyond
All poetry: we lived in fantasy
Upon her decks, quested tropic seas
And slipped asleep hushed by lapping
waves
A yard away. To all the threnodies
For ships forsaken, lost or sold for scrap
I add a song for ships unborn that lie
In broken dreams; for ships built out o
words
That fall to silence like a seagull's cry.
—Merval H. Connelly.*



*Sleep
well
contented
baby . . .*

Sound, contented sleep is the healthy habit of normal babies nourished on Ankoria. And when baby "isn't doing well," a change to Ankoria generally results in new satisfaction and a steady, normal weight increase. Ankoria is the complete, balanced food containing the essential elements for flesh and bone-building. Easy to mix. Ready in a jiffy. Send for Baby Book with feeding tables to N.Z. Co-operative Dairy Co. Ltd., Auckland.

ANKORIA
BABY FOOD

At all Chemists' Stores

Pity I'm not an oratrix

Then I could go to town properly on how good is this Atagleam furniture polish. What it does to fingermarks, dirty marks, and all other marks that get on polished furniture, is nobody's business. Simply whisks them off, it does, and imparts a polish that brings new brilliance to gorgeous grains. Maybe I'm an oratrix after all.



Atagleam Furniture polish is a fast and easy-to-use polish for restoring gloss and shine to Wooden surfaces. It removes all smeary marks, enlivens the grain of the wood, and is safe for high lustre french polished furniture.

ATAGLEAM FURNITURE POLISH

One of the famous Ata family of specialising household helps, made by S. W. Peterson & Co. Ltd., Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch, Dunedin.



*I've proved
that a SHAMPOO
is essential for
Lustre . . .*

Soap dulls hair . . . and can never give the brilliance, sparkle and beauty that a scientifically prepared shampoo gives.

USE
CAMILATONE
with
Tonrinz SHAMPOO

Agents: HILLCASTLE (N.Z.) LTD.,
Wakefield Street, Wellington.