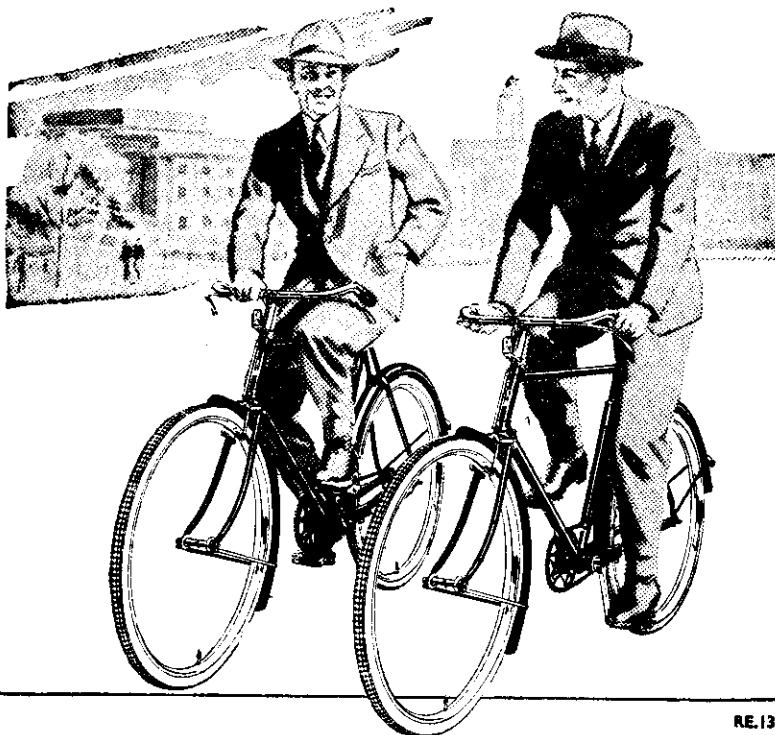


**RALEIGH**  
THE ALL-STEEL BICYCLE

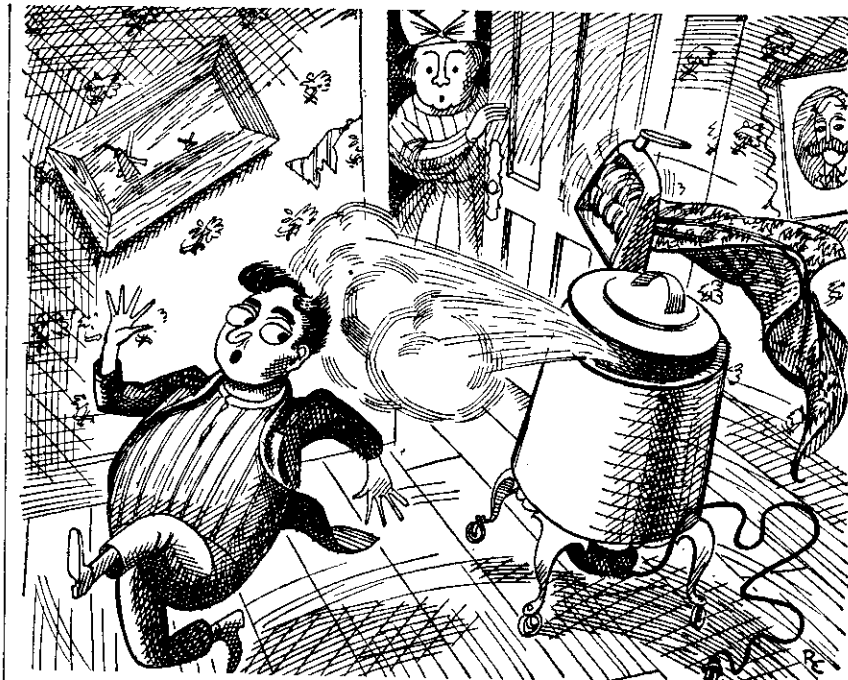
*Business-Pleasure*



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THE RALEIGH CYCLE COMPANY LIMITED, NOTTINGHAM, ENGLAND



### SHORT STORY

## DOUBLE-CROSSED BY A LABOUR-SAVING DEVICE

THE whole business started when we won the hundred quid in the Art Union. "Something for Nothing" it was called, and it was the only time we ever got anything for nothing except the time when somebody who didn't like us much sent us a piece of very high fish through the post. But that was different and was entirely due to an argument that father had had some days previously about the merits of a certain statesman.

This was the real thing.

At the time we were living in quite a respectable house in Grape Lane that runs off Tinakori Road. It was a homely little place without much broken glass in the windows, and it had four rooms and two fireplaces, although we could only use one of them because the chimney of the other had collapsed. It had electric light too, which was a bit of a novelty for us. For the first week or two I used to spend a lot of time switching it on and off and watching the bulb light up. We had been there for about three months, quite a long stretch for us, we usually didn't stay long in one place because of the rent. We would evacuate round about eleven or twelve at night, mostly when we had been in a place about three weeks. We had a handcart that we would take with us that carried all our belongings, which didn't amount to much, and off we would trundle to our new home. We were always hoping for something better in those days, but it never seemed to turn up, and this little place was just a bit of all right.

WE read it in the paper on the Thursday night.

"Ma," I said. "There it is all right. It's your number and everything. A hundred quid."

"Well, son," said mother, "I think I deserve it. Ever since your father deserted us I have been hoping for something to turn up."

She took it pretty calmly, I thought. And I didn't go much on that your father deserted us stuff. Even though I was young at the time I knew that there were two sides to everything.

"It's turned up all right, ma," I said. "The question is—what are you going to do with it? It's a lot of money that is."

"I've got to get it yet," said mother. "I might have lost the ticket, or the paper might be wrong."

I flew over to the table and found ma's bag, and, brushing the hair back from my eyes so as to see properly, I hunted through it until I found that ticket.

"There you are," I said. "It's O.K. all right."

The next day mother put on her other dress, the brown velvet one, and went down to get the money. I stuck pretty close to her—I wasn't going to be separated from a chance of getting in on that hundred if I could help it.

After a little mix-up on the wrong floor of the office building due to mother's stubbornness, we collected the loot without a hitch.

"What are you going to do with it?" I asked.

"First of all," said mother, "I think we should put a little aside to pay for the rent, and then we'll see what we have left."

"It'll be about the first time we've ever done that," I said. I was a bit disappointed about wasting money like that.

"If I've got the money I don't mind paying the rent at all," said mother.

"Oh, well," I said, "I daresay it won't hurt much this time. There'll still be a fair bit left."

(continued on next page)

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