

# The NEW RONSON

## FIRES START LIKE THIS

A cigarette is left on the edge of an ordinary ash-tray.



It smoulders, drops off and FIRE is on you destroying irreplaceable possessions.



## FIRE CANNOT HAPPEN WITH THE RONSON SAFETY ASHTRAY

Simply drop the cigarette into one of the cells—when it's IN, it's OUT. The cellular construction of all RONSON SAFETY ASHTRAYS is based upon the sound, scientific principle that the exclusion of oxygen rapidly puts out a lighted cigarette.

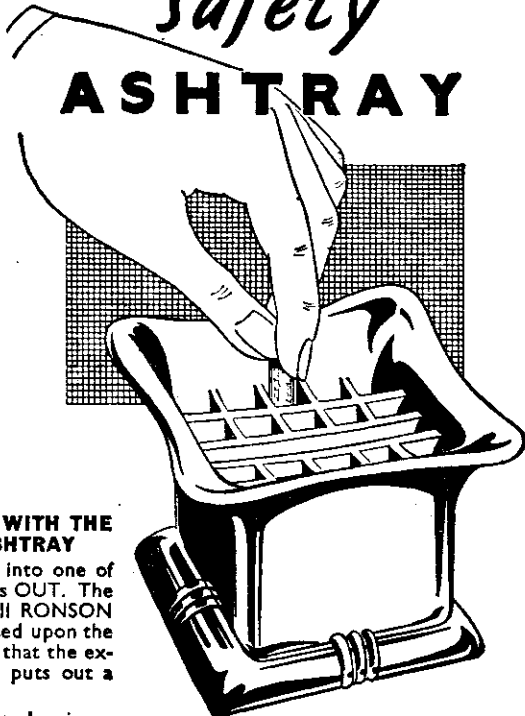
Instead of a cigarette rest and a rim—the really dangerous feature of ordinary ashtrays—the extended top ridge of all RONSON SAFETY ASHTRAYS is deftly curved, which causes cigarette ends to roll inside the ashtray.

Available in a series of Table models in rustless metal, plastic and specially treated glass. Retail prices from 9/6 to 53/6.

Manufactured by RONSON—makers of the world's greatest lighter

FIRE - PREVENTION

## safety ASHTRAY



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## THERE'S A REMEDY for UNPLEASANT FOOT ODOUR

Unpleasant foot odour which is caused by bacterial growth that affect the sweat glands of the foot has its remedy in Dr. Scholl's Bromidrosil Powder. Soothing and deodorizing, it effectively attacks the odour-causing bacteria and in time checks the trouble. If you suffer from excessively odorous feet, then dust them (and your socks and shoes) daily with Dr. Scholl's Bromidrosil powder—3/9 a tin from Dr. Scholl dealers everywhere. Dr. Scholl's Bromidrosil powder is also an effective aid to Solvex in treating Athlete's Foot.

Dr. Scholl's  
BROMIDROSIL  
POWDER

Scholl Mfg. Co. Ltd., Willeston St., Wellington.



For Clearer pictures



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# WHO STEALS MY PURSE

(continued from previous page)

there. That's what makes it look so fishy. They'll think I pinched it."

She was going to suggest that they have their meal, but the strangeness of this last sentence halted her. She had never thought of him as a thief. It was so ridiculous that she looked first to see if he was joking. "What a ridiculous idea," she said: while her mind played with this possibility. "They know you better than that, all the years you've been there. They would not suspect you at all. If I thought they suspected you, I'd... well I... it's just too silly." The strange idea that she could have a criminal for a husband. If you could believe that, nothing could be secure.

"They'll have to suspect somebody," he was saying. "Why not me?"

"But darling, of course they know you couldn't have done it. They know you better than that." Did she herself know him better than that? Could he have some strange secret life, apart from her? After all, in two years... "Of course they know you."

"They know us all. We're all decent people on the surface. Why suspect one of the others and not me?"

"But £3, Les. Only a miserable little thing like £3. What if they did lose it? £3 won't break that firm—why it's one of the wealthiest firms in Dunedin. They've got pots of money."

"It's a matter of principle. We don't look at it your way." He was beginning to feel better now, explaining their theories. "I can imagine old Frosty Eyes coming in—'Our mission is to protect the interests of our shareholders, Mr. Wilson. We cannot allow the slightest irregularity in dealing with our shareholders' investments.'"

To hell with the investors, she thought. "Well, what about baby's insurance? What about protecting the interests of your own son? Doesn't he count as much as your investors? I thought you were going to pay it at dinnertime."

"I was too busy." I'll do it to-morrow."

"But the money, Les. Don't you see, it's our money? You can't use our baby's money to keep your big flash firm going. I won't have it." She had to make him see where his first loyalty lay. "Why should we suffer because some dirty thief raids the cash-box? It's not fair. We're hard enough up as it is what with the expense over baby and paying off the furniture and you know you need a new overcoat before winter and I haven't had a new dress since baby was born. It's not fair. You must tell them and get it back."

What she said was unanswerably right in a way, but if you looked at it in another way these personal feelings didn't come into it at all. He had been in charge of the cash-box when the money disappeared, so he was responsible. Bringing up the question of his responsibility to his family didn't help at all. It was on a different plane

altogether. Her remarks were irritating, too, because he hadn't quite convinced himself that he had acted for the best. "How can I tell them now?" he asked. "It'll look so damned silly. The accountant will say, 'I see. You were the only one in the office when the £3 was found to be missing.' Don't you see it puts me in a hell of a situation? Anyway, £3 isn't so much. I'll keep a damn good watch on that cash-box in the future. It won't happen again."

"They've got pots of money and it isn't fair," she said wearily. "Come and get your tea now."

They were uncertain with each other.

AFTER the meal and the washing-up, Les, in his chair in the other room, with his pipe going and his feet



"She had never thought of him as a thief"

towards the fire, felt restored and confident. He was almost ready to admit that his action over the theft may have been rather weak and hasty. After all, you had to stand up for your own rights, it was no good letting other people make a doormat of you. At the same time, of course, there was the firm's reputation to be considered, but the manager was only human and should understand a man-to-man approach. His satisfied eye took in his wife sitting opposite, knitting something for the baby. The fire was burning nicely. Beside him, his bookcase was within reach. He noticed that one of his H. V. Mortons was among the L's. He leaned over and put it where it should be. "Been dusting again?" he asked. "Try to put them back in the right place."

"Yes, dear," she smiled. She was wondering whether the time was ripe for re-opening the discussion. "Mrs. Henderson's daughter is going to have another baby. It's her third and her teeth are giving her a lot of trouble. Her husband wants her to have them out, but she thinks the gas might affect the baby."

"Oh," he said. "What's he do? The husband?"

"He's something on the wharf."

"Oh." He stirred in his chair. "There's a right way and a wrong way to do everything. It seems to me that the wharfies always choose the wrong way."

"Yes dear." He's all right now, she thought. The wharfies and the coal-miners mean that he's all right again. "Are you going to tell them about the £3 to-morrow and see if you can get it back?"

"Well..." he looked at her rather cautiously. He was feeling somewhat