



Not a drop of hot water, and piles of greasy washing up! It couldn't be—could it?—that you'd be interested right now in a **Metro Automatic Sink Heater**, that gives piping hot water on the turn of the tap.

The **Metro** needs no attention at all; it switches itself on and off, uses minimum current! fills itself, heats itself. It's finished in stoved enamel, so conscientiously constructed it lasts for years. Two and three gallon sizes, others to order. Fitted above or below the sink bench.

Send for free leaflet to

Metro-Electric & Engineering Co. Ltd.
22 BLAIR STREET, WELLINGTON. PHONE 54-348.
There's a Metro boiling type water heater, too!

PAIN IN FEET, LEGS, HEELS?



Tired, aching feet: rheumatic-like foot and leg pains: callouses or sore heels—these are signs of weak or fallen arches. Dr. Scholl's Arch Supports and exercise give relief by removing the cause, muscular and ligamentous strain, and help restore your arches to normal. Expertly fitted at all Dr. Scholl's dealers.

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Dr. Scholl's ARCH SUPPORTS

It's only natural ...

... for her to enjoy the sunny hours by the pond watching the ducks dive for crumbs ... she's seldom bored or fretful. But should some minor upset put her out of sorts, then Mother naturally turns to 'Califig' to restore regularity, bright eyes and sunny nature.

This kindly, pleasant laxative contains the juice of ripe figs with an extract of senna. Purely vegetable and naturally nice.

Another product of Scott & Turner Ltd., Andrews House, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England



Califig
(CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS)

SHORT STORY

(continued from previous page)

they would have in the backyard. Marion started to grin at the thought, then she remembered that she wasn't going to marry Jim.

Jim looked hard at the counter. "I was talking to your mother the other day. . . ."

The square, blunt nail of his thumb began picking at a blob of varnish on the counter. Her father had varnished it himself to save expense, and he hadn't made a very good job of it. Marion looked along the counter and noticed a circular mark where her father had put down the tin on the wet varnish.

"Mum is making you a cup of tea," she said. "I suppose you're in a hurry for it."

Jim looked up at her quickly and the furrows in his forehead deepened. "I'm not in a hurry," he said.

NOW that Jim was here with her and was looking so earnest and troubled, Marion began to feel sorry. He was usually so calm. She could imagine the two of them sitting on their verandah in the quiet of the evening, with Jim smoking his smelly pipe—he would be at peace with the world. That was what she liked about him—his air of calm strength. She stopped herself suddenly. If she went on thinking about Jim like that she would never get to Auckland.

"The Limited hasn't gone through yet," she said.

He hesitated a moment, then he said: "Hasn't it?"

They remained motionless, looking at each other. Then Jim took out his pipe and cupped it in his hand.

Marion said: "I wonder what's made it late."

"Does it matter?" he asked, impatiently. She looked up at him quickly. He had never been impatient with her before, and she didn't like it. And then she began to think that perhaps after all it would be better if he became angry. It would be better if he started to swear at her, like he'd sworn at the cream can. But she knew he wouldn't do that—the cream can had hurt him in a different way. He had averted his eyes and was tamping down the stiff black tobacco.

"I wanted to ask you to marry me," he said.

The crisp morning air carried into the room the hoarse moan of the express whistle.

"Here it is now," said Marion.

Jim straightened his back. His face was drawn and his eyes had become hard. He watched Marion walk slowly across the room and lean against the door.

A second low wail drifted across the stillness of the morning as the

express came into view, curving out from behind the low hills and tossing its plume of steam and smoke into the air. Slowly it snaked out from the hills and straightened itself, arrow-straight, for the hurtling rush through the lonely station. The ground began to rumble as the thundering engine approached.

The thought of being a passenger on the train, of arranging her luggage in the rack and of hanging her coat on the hook by the window, began to take shape in Marion's mind. Every pulsing beat of the wheels would be taking her nearer to Auckland, and further away from home. She would be leaving everything behind her. Everything.

The rearing head of the engine, with its tossing mane of smoke, thundered up to the little station, plunged behind it, and then burst out on the other side with a roaring, gusty blast. The confused hurtling roar of the engine changed to a steady clatter of iron wheels as the carriages beat past the station. Bursts of steam hung twisting over the train. The pillows of sleepy passengers glowed brightly against the smoky red of the carriages, and one or two blurred faces appeared at the windows.

Marion began to see that life in a city would be very much like a train—divided up into compartments. The people in one carriage get to know each other on the journey; talking and joking with each other. But seldom knowing the people in the other carriages.

Of course, she would be lonely when she went to Auckland—until she became acquainted with the other people in their compartment. She didn't know anybody there except Lynette, and Lynette was engaged to be married, and busy with her trousseau.

THE clattering rhythm of noise changed abruptly to a rumbling roar as the guards-van cleared the end of the platform. The train became smaller and smaller as the engine drew it down the line. Relentlessly, it was drawn into the cutting and was gone. The last banners of billowing smoke thinned out and melted into the air.

Just as abruptly, she would be leaving Jim behind. And she didn't want to leave him behind. She should have known it all along. She loved him. It was this dead-and-alive valley she hated.

And she didn't have to stay here. When she and Jim were married they wouldn't have to stay here at all. Jim was a good truck driver and could get a job anywhere. And even if they decided to live here, they could spend their honeymoon in Auckland.

Jim's voice broke across her reverie. "I'll be getting along," he said. He brushed past her, climbed into the truck and slammed the door.

Marion was suddenly aware of an angry crash of gears, of a truck moving away from the door and then accelerating up the road in a slither of road-metal.

