

Why I use the new Poudre Tokalon



By PRINCESS ALA TROUBETZKOY

- ★ It is made in so many up-to-date flattering shades.
- ★ It is finer and lighter than any other powder I know.
- ★ I love its exquisite real flower perfume.
- ★ I find it stays on all day long. No other powder has this 'Mousse of Cream' secret.
- ★ It keeps my complexion fresh and lovely even in wind and rain.
- ★ I am sure I could not buy a better powder at any price.

Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores.

FREE: By special arrangement any woman reader of this paper may obtain a de luxe Beauty Outfit containing a special box of Poudre Tokalon and six samples of other shades so that she may test them for herself. The outfit also contains Crème Tokalon Skinfoods for both day and night use. Send 6d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc., to Salmund & Spraggon Ltd. (Dept. 289F), Maritime Buildings Custom House Quay, Wellington, N.Z.



WELLINGTON ROUNABOUT

By "Thid"

The Sea Is Free

LAST month 14 little boys got off a train at Wellington station. They all wore Boy Scout uniforms. They ranged in height from four feet, I should think, down to two feet. With them was a woman in a Girl Guide's uniform.

The little boys had never seen a city before.

They had never even seen the sea.

As a matter of fact, one of them asked: "Does it cost anything to go and bathe in the sea?"

Since his adventure so far had brought him hard against only such facts of life as the cost of getting to the train, the cost of riding in the train, the cost of meals away from the orphanage, the cost of riding to the Exhibition, the cost of entering the Exhibition, and the cost of getting safely home again, it was not surprising that he should have gazed in wonder at the crowds in Oriental Bay, knowing for the first time that here, lapping the shores with its gallons and gallons and gallons of blue freshness, was something which really could be had for nothing.

Anything Might Happen

I believe, personally, although it may not be true, that he most certainly would have jumped out of the bus and had a good long drink of the sea, if the bus had stopped for him.

But they had to get to the Exhibition, and the bus had to hurry, for time was short.

The sun might go behind a cloud. The bus might fail them. It might be a trick. There might be no Exhibition when they got there. Or the Exhibition might stop short before they arrived. The money of the substantial fairy who made this marvellous experience possible might run out.

Things happen that way, you know.

If someone wakes you up in the morning and says, come out and catch tadpoles, then you can immediately go to the pond and catch tadpoles. It is a matter of minutes. There is no time for anything to happen to prevent it.

But when you have decided, weeks ago, that it really is true that you are going to the Exhibition, then there are days and days and days and weeks for things to go wrong. And the more excited you get the more likely things are to go wrong.

So when you do get close you must hurry-hurry-hurry before the worst happens.

So the bus did not stop and the first time they had seen something that really cost nothing at all, they had to pass it by.

Sights to See

The guide, of course, knew all about where they were going. It was just like having a book to read. "There are the Parliament Buildings, where the government is done. There are the wharves, where the ships tie up. See that big building? That's the Government Life Insurance Building." (What's life insurance?) "And there's the Customs Offices." (Why do they have to have officers for Customs?) "This is Custom-house Quay." (Key, That's funny!) "There's the fire station." (Look at the brass!) "See the people swimming." (Fancy, it doesn't cost anything!) "Look at the little boats on the slips." (Who ever heard of a boat on land before?) "What a twisty road. My! And this is where they repair the big ships." (That one's come up right across the road. Can we get past? The road goes round.) "There's the Exhibition tower." (It's yellow!) "That's the power station." (It's still a long way. Let's get out and run.) "Here we are." (Gates that click and men with caps.) "Now wait here." (Why doesn't she hurry? Perhaps there's no money! Let's go. Let's go. What's she doing? Talking. Why must she talk? We're here! We're here! But we've got to get in yet. Here she is. Now then . . .)

And in they went.

What I Would Remember

I do not know what impressed them most about the Exhibition, or what would be their clearest memory of Wellington. I should imagine that most of

their impressions would be telescoped, with only one odd thing standing out here and there in the jumble.

Most of all, if I had been one of the party, I think I should have remembered the sea, and how cheap the sea really is, especially for its size.

If I had been living all my life in an orphanage, where money, I fancy, although not discussed directly, might well be the first and last consideration in a very unfinancial existence, I should be as surprised as that little boy to find that the one thing for which no charge is made should be so gloriously plentiful.

Why Not Advertise It?

Why is more notice not taken of this remarkable fact?

Why does the Harbour Board not advertise:

Free offer. As much as you can take away. Guaranteed free from submarines, although not entirely from sewage. May be had blue, green, or leaden grey; rippled, wavy, or smooth. Just help yourself.

For a lad from an orphanage, who has never seen the sea before, there are other astonishing things to be learnt about it. Someone should have told them, for instance, that all the people in the world, scooping out a bucketful every minute of every day for a year, would not make any difference to the size of the sea. Or that it has a peculiar friendship for the moon, which makes it rise and fall in tides: higher in some places than in others, so that sometimes there must be hills in it, and valleys. Or that in wet weather the heavier pressure of the air (which really does weigh quite a lot, you know) will force the tide as much as two or three feet back below its normal level.

I once knew an artist who sometimes found it necessary to paint for profit. After a long experience of the ways and whims of buyers he invariably painted all his pot boilers with water in the foreground. A river was best, he used to say, but a pool or a pond of any size would do.

Cities Without Water

It is the same with cities. Wellington without its harbour would boil no kettles. It would not, in fact, exist at all, for no one in his senses would dream of building a city on the side of a hill if he had no good excuse for all the trouble involved. Christchurch without the Avon would be herring without bones. Auckland without its bays and beaches could hardly fall back on Mt. Eden. Dunedin, of course, has both river and harbour. One contains too little water and the other, by report, often carries too much, but the water is there and that's what counts.

Provision of water in quantities is not a purely æsthetic consideration. It has its uses. Ships must float. Drains must flow downhill. But at the moment, overwhelmed by the innocent enthusiasm of the fourteen orphans, I think it did its best job of the year when the bus went past.

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