

**'only the pleasure  
percolates'**

PLEATED TISSUE

COTTON WOOL

The seven-ply tips used in the new Abdulla Cooltip cigarettes are constructed from layers of cotton wool laminated on to pleated tissue.

Abdulla brings Virginia smokers a fully-filtered cigarette . . . flavourful and smooth Cooltip Fully-Filtered cigarettes bring you the pure enjoyment of smoking in all its rich Virginia flavour: *only the pleasure percolates.*

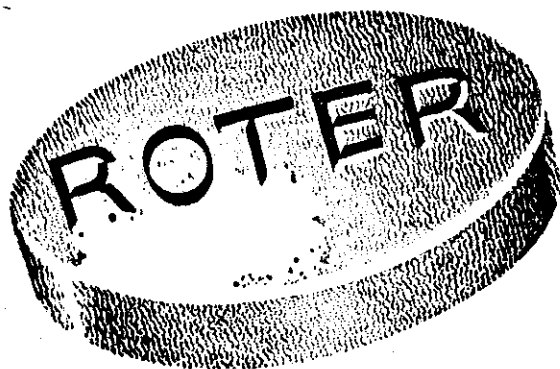
These luxury cigarettes, packed in attractive aluminium cases, **2 1/4 for 20**

**COOLTIPT**  
FULLY-FILTERED

©4042

ABDULLA MAKE THE BEST VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

**Do you suffer from  
Severe Stomach Trouble ?**



Consult your chemist without delay and obtain full particulars regarding Roter Tablets. Up to 2,000,000 of these remarkable tablets are sold DAILY throughout the World. Further supplies are now available from all Chemists throughout New Zealand.

**ROTER TABLETS**

are manufactured by Pharmaceutische Fabriek, Hilversum, Holland, and are distributed in N.Z. by H. F. Stevens Limited, Christchurch.



## THE LAST TRAM

by O. E. Middleton

THE old man sat up stiffly and rubbed his eyes. Then he remembered what day it was and edged off the slats, groping for his sandshoes with his bare toes.

He lit the gas-ring in the corner, put on his shaving water, and went to the bathroom. The workers were not yet up, so he took his time and came back to his own room to find the kettle jiggling briskly.

From a small, curtained cupboard which also housed the gas-meter, he took his shaving mug and a small teapot. A sudden clatter from the next room told him that old Jack, who had a cleaner's job in the city, was still in bed. The harsh clatter of the alarm went on for some seconds, and through the thin wall he could hear Jack coughing and complaining as he began his day.

What a rough, noisy neighbour he was, thought the old man: so different from the earlier tenant, old Joe.

Joe had been soft-spoken and quiet. He had eked out his pension with a gardener's job at one of the big houses in Epsom. You would never have thought he would have ended up the way he did. . . But then they still went on installing gas-rings in bedrooms, in spite of the regulations—so what could you expect?

Oh, well, we all feel that way at times, he thought. But not today! He opened his razor, stropped it carefully on a broad leather belt he had owned since the First War, and stood it in the mug. He put a heaped spoonful of tea in the pot and divided the boiling water between it and the shaving mug.

After breakfast, he picked up the corners of the newspaper and shook the crumbs into the alley for the sparrows. Then he went to the bathroom to rinse his cup and found the Colonel there brushing his false teeth.

Of course he wasn't a *real* Colonel, everyone knew that. But he did get some kind of pension from the Army, and he had been an officer at one time. The men exchanged the formal greetings of the older generation, and the

Colonel remarked how well the old man looked.

Back in his room, he peered into the mirror over his bed. He hadn't worn too badly when you thought of all the ups and downs there had been. . . And at the end of it all, all the slow years here in this dump. . . Eating, sleeping and living in a space he would have thought too cramped for more than two of his dogs, in the old days. . .

But it had its good points. He was still independent, and that was a big thing. And he was very handy to the reading room and the park. And there was always the sing-song up the street on a Sunday if things got too quiet; and you didn't have to read the messages they slipped under your plate.

He got down on to his knees on the lino and pulled out a suitcase from under the bed. In it was a plain dark serge suit with just the hint of a stripe. They could say what they liked in their flash advertisements nowadays; you couldn't buy cloth like that any more.

He spread the suit on the bed and sat down beside it to give a last shine to his shoes. There was just one thing he would have liked. A buttonhole. Just a touch of colour in his lapel to show it was a special occasion. . .

The landlady would not be about, as she came to this part of the city only on Rent Day, but the manageress was very proud of the small garden between the front of the old building and the street. He knew it would be no good to ask her, so he would just have to wait till she went shopping. . .

THERE was an almost festive feeling in the tram as it jolted and swung over the rails with its load of late shoppers and city workers.

Complete strangers talked animatedly about the new trolley-bus service. What an improvement it will be! they said, and when they got up from their seats and left the tram they said *Goodnight* in a way which seemed to include everyone.

By the time the tram reached the terminus, there were not many passen-

N.Z. LISTENER, APRIL 13, 1956.