

something about a pony for himself. He wanted a pony more than anything else in the whole world; but his father had told him he'd have to wait another year, and a year's an awful long time when you're eight. So Roy had thought of telling Santa; but he was so disappointed at not being able to do anything for Joe that he forgot all about it. All that afternoon and right up until it was time to go to bed he wondered how Ivor Ensor could possibly have anything to do with Joe Bailey and what was the best way of making Tight Wads soften their hard hearts.

The next afternoon Roy had an appointment with the dentist and that alone was quite enough to keep him from thinking about anything else. He went downtown shortly before three o'clock with James, the chauffeur, in the big blue automobile. James had to take the automobile to a garage to get something done to it and was to call back for Roy at a quarter past four.

While in the dentist's chair Roy didn't have much chance to think about Joe Bailey; for when a dentist's drill is buzzing in your mouth you've generally got far too many troubles of your own to have time left to worry about other people's. But in less than half an hour the dentist had finished with him, and he was in the waiting room trying to pass the three-quarters of an hour until James would return. The illustrated papers didn't interest him for more than a few minutes, and he soon moved over to a seat near

## A MESSAGE TO SANTA CLAUS

*Continued from page 46*

the window where he could see what was going on in the street below. Then he started to amuse himself by reading all the names on the brass plates at the entrance to the offices on the other side of the street. He had read about half a

dozen of them when the letters on a plate straight across the street suddenly seemed to jump out toward him. He gave a little gasp of astonishment and then his heart began

to pound madly, for the name on the plate was IVOR ENSOR. ROY was spelling it out slowly for the third time to make sure that he was not mistaken, when a closed-in automobile stopped before



*A Studio Study of a budding Mechanical Engineer  
The Son of Mrs. George Reid, Christchurch*

*H. H. Clifford, photo*

dozen of them when the letters on a plate straight across the street suddenly seemed to jump out toward him. He gave a little gasp of astonishment and then his heart began

to pound madly, for the name on the plate was IVOR ENSOR. ROY was spelling it out slowly for the third time to make sure that he was not mistaken, when a closed-in automobile stopped before

for some moments Roy sat staring vacantly at the doorway through which the millionaire had disappeared, and then he suddenly remembered Joe Bailey and what Santa Claus had said. That gave Roy a brilliant idea. Perhaps Old Tight Wad wasn't so mean after all. Perhaps he didn't know Santa Claus and had never heard about having to send messages to him. When Roy came to think things over, he decided that it was very likely the millionaire didn't know anything at all about Joe Bailey. Perhaps that was the real reason he had a hard heart. Possibly if someone told him about Joe and about Santa and about the messages it would make a difference.

Roy reckoned it might, and he made up his mind to do it. So he looked around cautiously to make sure he was alone. Then he got up, tiptoed noiselessly across the waiting room to the door and slipped out. He went quickly along the corridor close to the wall, looking back every now and again to see that no one was following him. At the end of the corridor he rang for the elevator and inside a minute he was out on the sidewalk.

He went up to the first crossing and soon found himself safely on the other side of the street. Then he walked slowly down to the building that bore Ivor Ensor's name on a shining brass plate.

When he got inside he found that there was more than one office and he wandered about for some time looking at the names on different

*Continued on page 50*



*"Just right for tennis!"*

The tennis girl votes Tobralco "just right." A white haircord Tobralco frock is always smart on the courts. Though tubbed again and again, it keeps its original freshness. It is easily washed too.

For holiday frocks see the lovely patterns in coloured Tobralco — all guaranteed; and the picturesque designs for children's wear. Name on Selvedge. Ask your draper for

**TOBRALCO**  
A TOTAL GUARANTEED LINE

NAME ALWAYS ON THE SELVEDGE  
— ALL BRITISH — AT LEADING  
RETAILERS. ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE

Now Double Width 38 ins. wide 2/11 per yard.  
32 ins. for Men's Shirts 2/6 per yard. Also Men's  
ready-to-wear Shirts 10/6 each. With Collar 11/6.

TOOTAL BROADHURST LEE COMPANY LIMITED, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND  
NEW ZEALAND:—22, Customhouse Quay, WELLINGTON.