

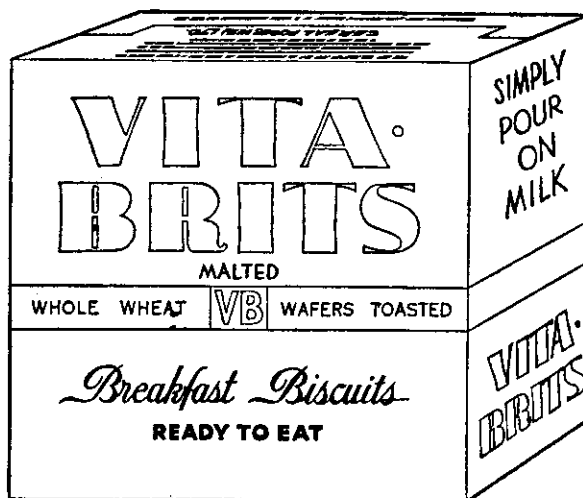
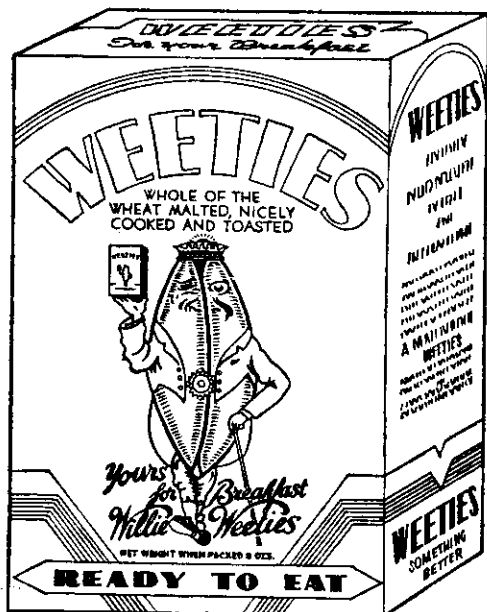
£100 TO BE WON

in this simple COLOURING COMPETITION

All you have to do: With crayons or paints colour in the four packets shown below. The cash prizes will be awarded to the best entries WHICH MOST CLOSELY MATCH THE COLOURINGS ON THE REAL PACKETS. So get from your grocer a packet of each delicious breakfast food—VITA BRITS, WEETIES, KORNIES, RICE FLAKES—and follow the same colours as near as you can. You have six weeks to colour in the four packets if you start now. At the same time you can enjoy a different breakfast food each week! When you have coloured in the four packets, post your entry, not later than Wednesday, December 13th, to

CEREAL FOODS N.Z. LTD., Surrey Crescent, Grey Lynn, Auckland.

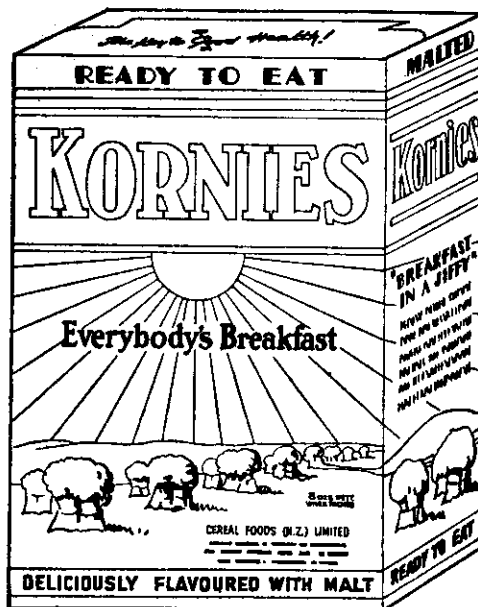
Write your name, age and address clearly on your entry. The whole family can enter for this easy colouring competition—and win big cash prizes for Christmas!



SOUTH ISLAND ENTRANTS: If the Weeties packet you buy is slightly different from the one shown here, follow the same colour scheme as in the particular packet you purchase. This will be taken into account when judging your entry.



NOTE:—You can mount the four packets that you have to colour on a sheet of cardboard to simplify working. If you want extra copies of this advertisement, write to Cereal Foods N.Z. Ltd., Surrey Crescent, Grey Lynn, Auckland.



PRIZE-WINNERS WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN "THE N.Z. LISTENER"
approximately two weeks after closing date.

Ask your Grocer for WEETIES, KORNIES, VITA-BRITS and RICE FLAKES

The Song of The Mounted P.

("You will now hear 'Rose Marie,' the love song of the North-West Mounted Police."—Wireless Announcement.)

The drumming of hooves on the prairie wide

Is a sound that we hear when the Red Coats ride.

*But it isn't the only sound we hear,
There's a crooning wail that strikes the ear,*

*A call like a moan from the restless sea,
The song of the North-West Mounted P.*

*The squaws in their teepees side by side
With their painted braves run off to hide*

*When they hear on the wind that mournful cry,
Like an elephant heaving a heavy sigh.*

*The cry that is seeking, ashore—afloat—
The call of the hungry-souled Red Coat.*

*The beaver beside his mud log dam,
The great bull moose and the big horned ram,*

*Each pauses awhile at his wooing game
To hark to that noise, the call to the tame,*

*That comes from the throbbing heart of a he—
The mating call of the Mounted P.*

*And the birds and the bees and the little chickens
To the sound that rises and falls and thickens,*

*They listen and shiver in silent wonder,
At the song so soft, and yet like thunder,*

*A call of love on a tender note,
The lover song of the brave Red Coat.*

*When the snow comes cold in the forests deep,
And freezes the birds and beasts to sleep,*

*The song of the men who guard the law
Will sometimes produce a saving thaw,
If it's sung on a warm and melting key
As it is by the men of the Mounted P.*

*From up in the North where the winds all meet
And a thousand miles is a policeman's beat,*

*That call would make many a maiden fret
(Of course she would need a wireless set)
From that vibrant call she would never flee—
The love song of the Mounted P.*

The love song of the Mounted P.

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And a thousand miles is a policeman's beat,

That call would make many a maiden fret

(Of course she would need a wireless set)

From that vibrant call she would never flee—

The love song of the Mounted P.

Bruce Stronach

WITH EDGED TOOLS

Herr Hitler is the superman of history. The highest a man could attain was to engrave his name on his era.—Goebbels.

Engraved on Time's grim Record of the Years,

Deep, where the Deeds of ruthless Men appal,

The Name of Adolf Hitler now appears—

"This was the most unkindest cut of all."

—W.S.B.