

(continued from previous page)

yesterday. But I was determined to have a proper dinner, and dinner never is dinner unless you have it at night.

"Yesterday afternoon I settled down to write to Harold. And then I decided to make up a parcel. Well, by the time I'd finished it was nearly seven and I'd forgotten all about afternoon tea. So unlike me, because I'm never the same without my cup of tea. However, I thought, I'll really enjoy those chops of mine now. And I got up to go and put them on. And just as I was crossing the front room—what do you think?"

Gladys didn't.

"—there was that awful Harris woman coming in the gate. She'd seen me through the window so it was too late to hide behind the chesterfield.

"So I showed her in. She sat down and talked. She told me all about her son Alan who's on final leave and I couldn't even get a word in to tell her about Harold. Not that I tried because I decided it would prolong the conversation. If I left her to keep the ball rolling unaided I thought she couldn't possibly go on for longer than an hour.

"At half-past eight I excused myself to get my knitting. I was determined to waste no more time in mere listening, and took the opportunity to swallow a couple of biscuits.

"At nine o'clock the woman actually said she really *must* go. She'd only called in for a few minutes to see how I was. Not that she'd bothered to ask. I stood up and said, 'You must drop in some other time,' kindly but firmly I thought, and we got as far as the French window.

"And then she said oh yes, She'd forgotten to tell me about Alan's fiancée. So she turned back into the room again and sat down. Not where she'd been sitting before — I'd purposely put her on that couch with the rail and I'd noticed her squirming the best part of the two hours, but unfortunately I'd underestimated the woman's powers of endurance.

"Anyway this time she selected a really comfortable chair and it was obvious she'd settled in for the rest of the evening.

"So I determined to make the best of a bad job. So I said I'd just rip out and put the kettle on for a cup of tea. And she said, 'Oh, don't bother, just for me — I've only just had dinner.' So I pointed out quite curtly it was at least three hours ago and I wanted one if she didn't. So she followed me meekly enough into the kitchen. By this time she was on to Alan's fiancée's sister.

"Well, I enjoyed that cup of tea, and by the time I'd finished I felt quite strengthened and full of the urge to tell Mrs. Harris all about the girl Harold had almost married.

"But it was not to be. We were just sitting cosily over the remains of supper when Mrs. Harris said, 'Goodness me, surely it's not a quarter to eleven!' (It wasn't. The clock was a quarter of an hour fast.) And rose to go. And actually went.

"Well I must confess I didn't feel as interested in my chops as I had done before I'd eaten four slices of bread and butter and two pieces of fruit cake. But I was still fairly interested. I didn't bother with the peas and potatoes but I had chops and mint sauce and bread and butter."

There was a small shriek from Gladys. She felt it was expected of her.

"Sleep?" took up Mrs. Spencerman, long adept at translating Gladys's inarticulate responses. "Of course I slept. I

slept very well. And I had the most thrilling dreams. I dreamt Harold was riding round on a tricycle (I suppose it's the petrol shortage) reviewing troops, and wearing one of those peaked caps with laurel leaves round the edge.

"Is that the time? Five past four? No thanks Gladys, I really can't stay for a cup of tea. I simply *must* catch the butcher before he closes. After all, it's Harold's only chance of becoming an Air Vice-Marshal."

SIMPLE STORY

NEW ZEALAND'S FALSE TEETH

New Zealand is famous for its false teeth; even the Wehrmacht has heard of them. This happened to a New Zealander who was captured in Greece. After skirmishing around, he was taken in by some Greeks living in a small village and lived as one of them. He was dark, so he added sideboards to his hair and picked up a smattering of the language. But one thing he overlooked; the Greeks from young to old have magnificent teeth, and he had the usual false ones. One day, while waiting in a cafe, he happened to click his false teeth. In a second, a Nazi soldier sprang up from nowhere, grabbed him and said, "Kom mit me."

★ SPRUCE UP CARPETS UPHOLSTERY TEXTILES

It's easy now to clean your own carpets, rugs, upholstery — bring new life to faded colours. Just get a bottle of Colourtone — the quick, easy, economical carpet cleaner.

COLOURTONE CARPET SHAMPOO

ONE OF THE ATA FAMILY

STOMACH TROUBLE

Genuine MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder Acts Quickly

For indigestion, excess acidity, heartburn, and stomach pains, the famous MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder will be found an invaluable aid. It promptly reduces excess stomach acidity, and thus relieves the discomfort it causes. Soothes inflamed stomach walls, evacuates stale fermenting wastes. But you must have the genuine MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder.

MACLEAN BRAND
STOMACH POWDER
and Tablets are genuine
only if signed

Alex. C. Maclean



MACLEAN Brand Stomach Powder

Agents: Harold F. Ritchie, N.Z., Ltd., Dixon Street, Wellington.
Proprietors: Macleans Limited, Great West Road, London, England.