

INDIGESTION CAUSED BY EXCESS ACIDS

That's the usual cause of simple indigestion... excess acids in the digestive tract. The stomach becomes inflamed, you get stabbing pains. Neutralise those excess acids with Bisurated Magnesia. In all cases of simple indigestion, Bisurated Magnesia is a dependable standby. If Bisurated Magnesia is not enough to bring quick relief, you would be wise to see your doctor.

BISURATED MAGNESIA (trade mark 'Bismag'). All chemists and stores.

MANUFACTURED BY KOLYNOS (N.Z.) LTD.,
KITCHENER ST., AUCKLAND.

How to deal with Night Attacks of Asthma

Those who wake up to an exhausting fight for breath late at night or in the small hours of the morning will need no bidding to take Asthma seriously. To suffer Asthma is a grim experience; one which makes a careful health discipline well worth while.

A wise course for the night sufferer is to have his evening meal early and to abstain from rich, heavy food. No meat, pastry, cake or cheese should be taken after 7 p.m. Moderation is necessary in smoking or in drinking—especially is this true in the evenings. Asthma sufferers also should take great care to keep warm. Overloaded stomach and irregular habits are often very

important factors with Asthma—hence the need for health discipline.

Dr. Hair's Asthma Treatment is based on the principle that Asthma attacks are caused by a condition favouring spasm of the bronchial muscles. The objective of the treatment is to relieve this strain—thus relieving the actual attack.

Many Asthma sufferers have found relief in Dr. Hair's Treatment. It has been used in New Zealand for over 54 years. A medicine does not gain this solid reputation without cause. Try this well-known treatment and prove its benefits for yourself. 6/9 a bottle at leading chemists, or 6/7 posted from Salmond & Spraggon Ltd., 1 Customhouse Quay, Wellington.

Dr. Hair's

ASTHMA TREATMENT

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Listening While I Work (27)

By "Matertamilias"

[T was a change—and for many a welcome one—to have a play instead of the usual Sunday night talk. It was avowedly a propaganda play from the BBC on the Don't Talk theme, but it was written with an economy of words and acted with considerable skill. As the whole play consisted of a series of telephone conversations, this was something of a *tour de force*. It has however a weakness, even though it was an essential point in the plot, that the spy should be foolish enough to gloat over the telephone to the woman who had been foolish enough to talk. It was also, in my opinion, unnecessary that she should confess herself a refugee. There are many refugees from Nazi terrorism all over the English-speaking world who are as bitter enemies of Nazism as we are. Their social and economic position in England, here in New Zealand, or anywhere in the United Nations is difficult enough without further implications that they are perhaps Hitler's agents.

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THE six A.C.E. talks on *Nutrition for the Young Housewife* supplemented Dr. Muriel Bell's Health Articles in this journal. The talks were full of useful hints (though I found Dr. Bell's actual lists of units of Vitamin B and where they are found rather more fascinating). The quantity of food that a nursing mother should eat to get an adequate daily dose of Vitamin B almost staggered me. But the last of the A.C.E. series seemed to lose grip of reality. The young housewife was asked every week to sit down and plan her meals for the week, beginning with a list of the foibles and peculiarities of her family that she would have to take into account (e.g., Grandad's diabetes and Willie's allergies)—and then do a sort of jigsaw crossword with coupons and shortages for the week's menus until she had worked out a perfect diet for each and all her family for every day of the week. We housewives need all the help and guidance and information we can get, but I find that if I try to plan for a week ahead my plans just don't work. The vicar calls on the day when I am planning to fill up the oven with two days' worth of meals, the butcher hasn't got liver on the right day, and Jimmy drinks up all the milk that was intended for milk pudding; or the day I planned for steak and kidney turns out hot and the day I planned for cold salads turns out cold. I take off my hat to menu-planners, but I remain an opportunist myself.

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SO many of our "tribute" programmes are to those who have just died or who were born a hundred years ago—obituaries, anniversaries, and centennials—that it was a relief to hear that the Tribute to John Gielgud was for his fortieth birthday and not for his premature demise. I like John Gielgud, in fact I have had an especial and motherly interest in him ever since I saw him faint on the stage in the middle of the balcony scene in *Romeo and Juliet* many years ago. He acted very shakily for the rest of the tragedy, but I felt as though I had been allowed to peep at a

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