

## SECURITY MAY DEPEND ON YOUR FITNESS

- Today in every walk of life, efficiency is called for as never before, and complete efficiency depends on perfect physical fitness.
- The ability to carry out your job efficiently-whether it's in the air or on the ground-may make all the difference between security and disaster.
- Coughs and Colds may appear to be only minor complaints but they must inevitably lead to loss of efficiency. No one can afford to neglect them for they are often the forerunners of much more serious trouble.
- A course of Scott's Emulsion strengthens the body's powers of resistance to Coughs, Colds, 'Flu and similar winter ailments. This white, creamy emulsion contains the invaluable Vitamins A and D of pure Cod Liver Oil which can be readily and easily assimilated by the most delicate digestion. Scott's Emulsion builds up reserves of vital energy to combat the attacks of winter ailments, protecting the respiratory system and creating strong bones and teeth and firm

muscles. Even those who have failed to benefit from Cod Liver Oil in any other form will quickly respond



# SCOTT'S Emulsion

Nature's Own Food Tonic

All Chemists and Stores.

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if you are thin and anaemic you should try a course of "Yim," the Yeast, Iron, Malt, Tablets, This amazingly triple Tonic puts on firm, healthy flesh quickly. "YIM" Tablets give clear, radiant skin, freedom from indigestion, nervousness and constipa-tion, "VIM" helps build new strength, power and pep. 4/6 (double size 7/6).

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calico cover with tie ends carried by every soldier), 300 dysentery pads, and 3000 gauze dressings. At one time an urgent order from the American Red Cross requested that 800 yards of material be made into dressings-it was: more than 3000 dressings within two days. "Of course," Mrs. Landon said, "we started early and finished late to get that order through." Some of the materials (such as unbleached calico for battle dressings) are so hard to cut or tear that scissors are constantly blunted and finger-nails

ruined temporarily. This year the section has received help from city firms who have used power guillotines to cut the calico tails on the covers for battle dressings -- and when the section has been putting through 150 to 200 yards of unbleached calico a day, this has been a very great help. When the pad is sewn to the calico outer covering, the dressing is closely folded and wrapped in waxed paper ready to be sterilised.

### She's Had Her Share of Wars

Mrs. Landon was showing me piles and piles of taped and folded and padded dressings, some to be used once and then burnt (such as the dysentery pads) and others to be sterilised again and again for many uses. Suddenly she interrupted the display:

"Good morning, Mrs. McFerran," she said so very heartily that I thought I must be going to meet the dux of the school. I was.

"This is Mrs. McFerran. She's our oldest member. How old are you?"
"Seventy-five," said Mrs. McFerran,

proudly.

"And she's one of our best and most constant workers," Mrs. Landon said. "Some days we come here at 8.30 and there she is sitting on the step waiting to be let in. But you really mustn't do it, this cold weather, you know." Landon didn't seem to be very sure that she would be obeyed. Mrs. McFerran said most firmly that she was very hearty. She looked it, in her white overall and her street hat firmly on her head.

"I've had my share of wars," she said. "I was all through the last one; oh, I was in the camps and on hospital ships; and now there's this one." She delved in her bag and brought out an envelope with papers and keys and all sorts of things in it.

"Here they are," she said, "My ribbons. Of course I've got my medals, too, they're at home; I don't carry them round with me. But these are my ribbons."

I watched her working; 75 years had made her fingers wrinkled, but they were still firm and quick and deft; she turned a dressing inside out, patted it flat, smoothed the edges, and whipped along the seam much more quickly than I could have done it.

She lives with her daughter, and haunts the Red Cross rooms. Some of the other women have homes to keep, husbands, children to look after; most of them belong to several sections, and spend all their spare time in the Red Cross work; one of them is in essential industry on shift work. For nearly five

years they have been making dressings.
"What will you do when the war ends?" I asked them.

"Then we can start making dressing gowns and slippers for ordinary patients, I suppose," said one of them.