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# Enzide

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A product of The Latex Rubber Co. Ltd., Christchurch, who invite Enquiries from the Trade.



Can use  
my arm  
again!

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# SLOAN'S

Family  
LINIMENT

Dr. Earl S. Sloan Limited, Power Rd., London.

## HUMUS

Written for  
"The Listener"  
by  
"SHIBLI"



MY wife and I are proud of our front garden. It is a small plot, about eight by eight, sufficient to grow one small native shrub in the centre, carnations in the summer, chrysanthemums in the winter, and geraniums all the year round. About a year ago we had a visit from a farmer relation who, when the eight by eight was pointed out to him, admitted "it was fine," but added that it wanted humus. Some manure would do it a power of good. He had hardly said these words when he sighted a neat pile up the street in the wake of the milk cart.

"Give us a bucket and shovel quick," he said to Mrs. Shibli. I have never seen my wife so interested. She clapped her hands with delight as Cousin Compost came back with a well-filled bucket. Then she turned to me, and there was a new light in her eyes.

"Now we know what to do," she said.

"You don't mean, dear, that you expect me to wander the streets with a bucket?"

"Why not?" cried my wife. "Cousin Compost has done it, so why not you?"

"It's all very well for Compost," I stammered, "he's playing around with that stuff all day long."

"You mean you're too stuck up?"

"Well, hardly that," I replied, "but I would not look too happy if Denhard saw me."

"Why, I saw Denhard peeping out of his window just now," replied my wife. "He looked envious when he saw what was in the bucket."

Denhard the dentist lives a few doors away from us, and also has a front garden, slightly larger than ours.

Next morning, our Cousin whipped out and got another bucketful, but as he had to leave that day for his farm, I dreaded what I would have to face in the absence of his willing hands.

\* \* \*

THEN it happened. Two mornings later as I was about to leave for work, my wife's eagle eye sighted something up the street, and she gave a cry of joy. I muttered a curse on all milkmen's horses.

With the best excuse in the world—I was dressed for the office and in a hurry—I point-blank refused to get busy with the bucket.

"But dear, it will be gone when you come home," cried my wife, "and it's as precious these days as —."

"As ergot," I shot back, and I dashed out of the front gate on my way to work.

I was fuming—me a street cleaner?—not on your life—all horses should be abolished in the city—insanitary

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