



'Looks like Borer'

said this house owner 5 years ago — but he did nothing. Now he's paying for the delay.

A few holes in a post or floorboard may not seem worth bothering about. Yet for every hole you see there are hundreds of Borer out of sight, eating their way into vital timbers of floor, walls, roof. You may forget them, but they won't forget to go on breeding and spreading.

Borer spreads everywhere

A house-owner called us in to advise and estimate because he had noticed a few borer holes. Then the war came and he did nothing about the inner threat to his home. The other day he asked us to put the work in hand, as quoted for. But we found the Borer had spread right through the house and the cost of effective treatment will be ten times as great!

Borer usually begins in a damp corner of the house. The young grubs feed on cellulose in the wood, discard the feet as fine dust. In floors, this naturally falls below the house, so your joists may be seriously infected without your knowing. Each year the

grubs tunnel to the surface, leave the timber as beetles, lay hundreds of eggs and widen the vicious circle of destruction.

Boracure—the proven process

The Boracure Service is a Dominion-wide organisation of trained operators who treat with sprays and pressure guns every inch of infected timber. They know the Borer's haunts and habits. They use the most powerful insecticide of modern science—Pentachlorophenol—which has proved its deadly efficiency in thousands of cases.

But the first step is to have your premises inspected. This is free and carries no obligation. Let us give you an unbiased report. Delay costs money, this action costs nothing. At the very least, send for our free booklet.

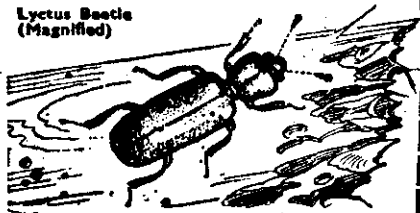
POST NOW to Boracure (N.Z.) Ltd., P.O. Box 632, Wellington.

- ☐ Please send an expert to inspect my property at the address below.
- ☐ Post me your free booklet and details of Free Sample Treatment.

Name

Address

Lyctus Beetle (Magnified)



B.B.4

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Film Reviews by G.M.

SPEAKING CANDIDLY

THE HEAVENLY BODY

(M-G-M)

CORRECTLY illustrated, the attitude of our little man at this film would be shown as somewhere between the upright and the prone position, but as that is a difficult pose to maintain, he has given the show the slight benefit of the doubt. There is, in fact, just enough material in the plot for a film about a quarter the length; but once we have had the proposition placed before us of an eminent astronomer (William Powell) who has to stay up all night looking at the stars while his wife (Hedy Lamarr) yearns for romance and turns for comfort to astrology and an air-raid warden (James Craig); once the director and the cast have exhausted all the *double entendre* possibilities in archly scientific talk about the collision of heavenly bodies; once this has happened there is nothing left except fatuous milling-around, which seems to have no other purpose than to use up the quota of film which M-G-M allocated for the production.

Only two other aspects of *The Heavenly Body* are worthy of comment. One is the fact that M-G-M are apparently prepared to give some official support to the hocus-pocus of astrology, since the predictions in the wife's horoscope are shown coming true to the minute and the letter. The other is how William Powell, Hedy Lamarr and James Craig managed to maintain even a show of interest in the film when towards the end they must have been almost as fed up with the whole silly business as our little man was.

HOLY MATRIMONY

(20th Century-Fox)

IF I were not a critic, and therefore not a completely free agent when it comes to choosing films to see, I might easily have missed this show—or rather, not have missed it but deliberately avoided it—for the trailer which we were shown the previous week suggested that *Holy Matrimony* would be just a slapstick farce, with Monty Woolley in his noisiest, most cantankerous man-who-came-to-dinner mood. As it turns out, the film is an unpretentious, workmanlike little comedy, with some jolly good acting and an even better script; a film with a real story to tell and a most agreeable manner of telling it.

Holy Matrimony's greatest single asset is that it is based on a book by Arnold Bennett, entitled *Buried Alive*. This is not to overlook the considerable contributions made to the entertainment by Mr. Woolley, Gracie Fields, Laird Cregar, Eric Blore, and several others, nor by the director (I didn't notice his name) who treats such sacred British institutions as Westminster Abbey, the Law Courts and King Edward VII., if not exactly with irreverence at least with bonhomie. But Arnold Bennett obviously did the spade-work when he wrote a story about a great Edwardian painter who hoaxes the whole British nation by allowing his valet to be buried in Westminster Abbey in his stead. After years abroad,