

Feeling
your Age?
Losing
your grip?



It is time
you started taking

'PHYLLOSAN'

(PRONOUNCED FILL-O-SAN)

These Revitalizing Tablets are obtainable from Chemists and Stores.
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Sales Agents: Fassett & Johnson Ltd., Levy Bldg., Manners Street, Wellington.

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YOUR BEST FRIENDS WON'T TELL YOU!

Halitosis (bad breath) is an offence unforgivable. Since you, yourself, can offend without realising it, and since your best friends won't tell you, you should take the easy, delightful precaution that so many really nice people insist on. Simply gargle with Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, and between times before social or business engagements. This wonderful antiseptic and deodorant immediately makes your breath sweeter, purer, less likely to offend. Then to make and keep your teeth bright and sparkling, use the New Listerine Tooth Paste . . . charged with "Luster-Foam."

★ "Double O"—Offensive Breath—Offensive looking teeth—you CAN avoid both.

The Lambert Pharmacal Co. (N.Z.) Ltd., 64 Ghuznee Street, Wellington.

SHE DUSTED THE BOOKS

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used to say 'Oh well, I don't say much, but I'm very satisfied.' And we knew that he meant that."

When we asked her about the building—what it was like before it was the library—Miss Brouard smiled.

Always the Library

"But this always was the library. Mr. Turnbull built it in 1916 as a home and library combined, and it was just about as it is now. The old home was up at the back there. It's the nurses' home for the Bowen Street Hospital now. We used to dust all the books in those days—and that was a job, I can tell you. He had the books even on the beds in the spare room in the old place. Cases of books came every other mail. He had his agents everywhere buying for him. Books filled his mind. In the case of anything else he would say 'Oh, you know what to do about it.' There was a lot of responsibility, but we had no restrictions. He always trusted us, so of course we did our best."

"Then you were some years with him before the library arrived."

"Oh, yes, 10 or 12. He used to say 'Some day I'm going to build a library.'

"We used to say 'Well, he hasn't built it yet.' But we knew he would, and at last he did. He died just 18 months after he moved into this building."

"Did you wonder what would happen then?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Turnbull always promised we'd be looked after. He left the library to the Government, of course, but it was some time before the opening took place. However, there was so much to do tidying, dusting and getting things ready that the time did not seem long. You don't realise changes when you are living in the middle of them. The place just seemed to grow with us."

Giving, But No Lending

"Were you encouraged to read the books?"

"Oh, no, they were much too heavy for me. But I knew where they were kept. Sometimes he would ask me to look something up, and I'd know just where to find it. He'd never lend a book—he'd buy another and give it, but he'd never lend. I used to wonder sometimes what would happen to all the books, but he would say 'Somebody will put them right.' He always knew that his books would be cared for."

"And what would you do with yourselves when you weren't minding the books?"

"Goodness me, there was always plenty going on. I remember when penny postage stamps came in. The wharves were crowded out with people waiting to buy a stamp. You see, the Post Office was facing the wharf in those days. I've never heard such a New Year's Eve as that. Then we had the Regent—that was the opera house. A friend and I would have a 'bob's worth of lean-over' sometimes. The back seats had a ledge we could lean over, and you could see better than in the front. In that way we saw Bland Holt and his wife, but I've forgotten their plays. And everybody followed the Brougs, and, of course, the Fullers. Then at the back of the Midland Hotel was

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