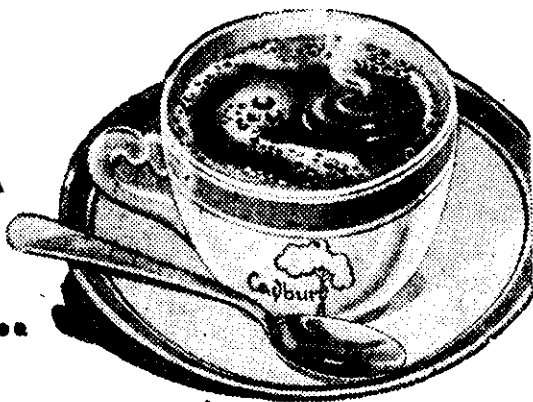


A cup of  
**COCOA**  
is a cup of  
**CHEER..**



Cadbury's  
**BOURNVILLE  
COCOA**

It's the smooth, chocolate flavour that makes Bournville Cocoa so universally popular. It's the warm glowing feeling of good cheer that makes Bournville Cocoa the perfect regular night-cup.

As  
present  
in  
War-time  
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**STILL PRE-WAR QUALITY  
STILL AT PRE-WAR PRICES**

Manufactured by Cadbury Fry Hudson Ltd., Dunedin. 3/6



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Mother likes this healing liquid antiseptic, it's so simple, pleasant and clean to use. D.D.D. Prescription is invaluable for most skin disorders—even such persistent ones as eczema, acne and disfiguring rashes. It is grand too for children's skin troubles or scratches. Father uses it as a lotion after shaving.

D.D.D. Co. Ltd., 3 Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4.  
From all chemists, 2/3, 3/11, 7/2 a bottle.

**D.D.D. 3/5  
PRESCRIPTION**

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IT MAY BE WEAK ARCHES



Arthritic or rheumatic-like pain in the feet or legs; tired, aching feet; callouses; sore heels or excessive fatigue after

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Scholl Mfg. Co. Ltd., Willeston Street, Wellington.



**ANKORIA**  
ALWAYS SAFE BABY FOOD

THE NEW ZEALAND CO-OPERATIVE DAIRY CO. LTD., ANZAC AVENUE, AUCKLAND

**I'M ASKING YOU**

(Written for "The Listener" by UNA CRAIG)

TWO things happened to me last week. Tom proposed and the Automatic Home Aids Co. Ltd. offered me a job as showroom receptionist.

I was given a few days to think over both propositions. So I decided to go and stay with my sister out in suburbia for what I believed would be a short period of quiet reflection.

The day after I arrived my sister went down with the flu. I had to take things over.

Next day the youngest child spilt boiling water over his foot and the hot-water system went wrong. In that order.

I nursed my sister, attended to the foot, and rang the plumber. When I finally got him he said he might be able to come in about a month's time if I were lucky. I said thank you, but I'd try someone else. He wished me luck in a decidedly sarcastic voice and I decided then and there that I did not like plumbers. I never had and never would.

I had to get up very early every morning so that I could find time enough to cook breakfast, cut lunches, with everyone liking a different filling for their sandwiches and nothing much available to fill them with, wash the patient, do the dishes, water the carrots because there hadn't been any rain and one had to grow one's own vegetables these days on account of war or vitamins or something or both, make the beds, sweep the floors, clean the bath and basin, and go the messages before lunch.

MY sister lives in a small house on the hill. It is quite a walk from the back door to the gate, and quite a walk to the shops too. All uphill coming back. One always has a load, coming back. It took me at least an hour to do the shopping, and I had to hurry because most of the shops had adopted the current fashion of shutting at lunchtime. As they all seemed to shut at different times in a shockingly irresponsible manner, I was sometimes caught and had to go back after lunch to collect the remnants of my shopping.

I had never thought a great deal about the work done by packhorses, oxen, mules, camels, etc., having always more or less taken it for granted. But now I have a fellow-feeling stirring within me. I also know now why a camel has that look of cultivated smugness. He has to pretend he likes being a beast of burden, when all the time he loathes the whole beastly business. After three days of housekeeping for my sister I began to look a bit like that.

ON Monday I had to do the washing on top of all the other regular things

and, because my brother-in-law works overtime in order to earn enough money to keep things going, he had not had time to cut any fuel. So I set to work with an axe. After two pieces of wood had made violent contact with my face, I desisted and had recourse to a pile of garden refuse which burned so quickly that I had to stand shoving the beastly stuff into the copper fireplace every other minute.

Once when the telephone rang because a friend of my sister called up to ask how she was getting on and took 20 minutes to tell me how bad she had



"... Waiting with a quiet forbearance for me to cease"

been herself last month with boils in her ears, I got back to the wash-house to find that I had left the tap running and there was water all over the floor and cascading out across the back porch. The second-youngest was having a glorious time in the flood with Peter the Pup acting first assistant with abandoned gusto. I thought of all the things I should like to say—and said them. I can't help it is the second-youngest did pick up a phrase or two. I have never professed to be the

angel in anyone's house.

It is just that you are not used to managing, my sister informed me from the sanctuary of her bedclothes.

I HAD just finished mopping up the floor and was turning over in my mind what I should have for lunch, for dinner, and to-morrow's breakfast, so that I could make out my burden-list, when the baker arrived looking like a cross between a fawning spaniel and a lioness guarding her young. He said he was asking all the customers to co-operate with the bakers by providing suitable receptacles for bread at the front gate so as to save time by eliminating back-door delivery.

Well, I was just in the right mood for him. I looked at him with what I felt was a feverish and accusing eye (the other was always on the clock) and said that it seemed to me everyone in this world was being considered except the housewife and did he think she had nothing better to do than go dashing backwards and forwards to the front gate to bring in the milk, the mail, the newspaper, the bread, to say nothing of the rubbish tin? And did he stop to wonder who was going to make a suitable receptacle for his confounded bread? And didn't he know about birds and germs and the corns on housewives' feet?

I was quite beginning to enjoy my own indignant fervour when I noticed that he had a patient, far-away look in his eye and that he was lolling down on one leg waiting with a quiet forbearance for me to cease.

"Well!" I snapped. "What do you say to all that?"

(continued on next page)