

New Raleigh bicycles are difficult to obtain but spare parts are still being shipped.



In all parts of the world the British built Raleigh is giving faithful service, and is ridden by those who can afford to pay a little more. Built by skilled cycle craftsmen, this cycle is amazingly light yet exceedingly strong. The quality of the materials used in its construction place it well above other cycles, and its dependability makes it a cycle which you will be proud to own.



THE RALEIGH CYCLE CO. LTD., NOTTINGHAM, ENGLAND

**GO OUT WITH HIM ?
NOT ME!**

THE thing that women simply loathe in men is the thing of which men are frequently guilty—halitosis (bad breath). It is the offence unpardonable, the bar to friendships, romance, and business relations. And men, according to women, are the worst offenders—so flagrant, in fact, that women write to ask that we do something about it in our advertising. Well, gentlemen (we hope), here's a hint: The sensible, easy, delightful precaution against halitosis is Listerine Antiseptic, with its amazing antiseptic and deodorizing power. You simply rinse the mouth with it morning and night, and between times before business or social engagements. Listerine Antiseptic freshens and cleanses the entire mouth, quickly halts the fermentation of



tiny food particles (a major cause of odours) and then overcomes the odours themselves. The breath becomes sweeter, purer, more wholesome, and agreeable. Next time, when you wish to appear at your best, don't take a chance. Remember, "even your best friend won't tell you." Use Listerine Antiseptic. The Lambert Pharmacal Co. (N.Z.) Ltd., 64 Ghuznee Street, Wellington.



Remember—"Even your best friend won't tell you."
LISTERINE CHECKS HALITOSIS!
SOLD IN THREE SIZES BY CHEMISTS AND STORES.

BOOKS

BY CARAVAN

THESE ARE MY PEOPLE. By Alan Marshal, F. W. Cheshire Pty. Ltd., Melbourne (through Oswald-Sealy, Auckland).

THIS is a very pleasant account of a caravan journey through Victoria, written by a man who knows (in general) what to leave out. First it was a horse-drawn caravan; but when the author (a cripple) broke his leg trying to ride one of the horses which had strayed, it was found necessary to substitute petrol for horse-power and to turn back from Mildura instead of venturing into the vast beyond. Fortunately there was a wife in the caravan, and at first a dog too, but the dog died of poison, and the wife had to park herself in a country-store while the broken leg was setting. But she was the right kind of wife, sympathetic and gentle without too much sorrow either for herself or for the man in hospital. The second part of the journey is quite as interesting as the first part, though the travellers are heading in a wide circle for home, beaten by time and petrol-shortage and distance, but never for one day dispirited or dull. Although it was ridiculous to suggest on the dust cover that this is an important book, it is a very good book of its kind, vivid, and now and again almost poetic. If the decorations by Nutter Buzacott are not exactly distinguished, they are certainly very pleasing.

PESTS

GARDEN PESTS IN NEW ZEALAND AND HOW TO CONTROL THEM. By David Miller, Ph.D., M.Sc., etc. Cawthron Institute. Whitcombe & Tombs Ltd.

IT is a melancholy thought that already in New Zealand one of the surest paths to scientific distinction is research into the life-history of pests. This is a second edition (revised and enlarged) of a book written 20 years ago, and even more important to-day than it was then. Dr. Miller has taken great trouble to present his facts in language that an intelligent gardener can read and understand, but he has not allowed himself to be "popular" enough to be confusing. A mite is a mite, but if it is a brown mite

it is *Bryobia praetiosa* in brackets, and if it is the European red mite it is also *Paratetranychus pilosus*. To most of his chapters the author adds a reference list, and he begins with a general review of the animal kingdom which alone is worth the cost of the whole book. The illustrations are so clear that to be confused by them would not perhaps be impossible, but it would at least call for some persistence in seeing things the wrong way.

WHEN HEARING FAILS

HELP FOR THE HARD OF HEARING: A SURVEY OF THE WORK IN NEW ZEALAND SINCE 1880. By K. (Mrs. G. A. Hurd-Wood), Hamilton.

THIS is the story of the New Zealand League for the Hard of Hearing established 10 or 15 years ago in Auckland. Although the deaf have never been left to themselves entirely—an English book on lip-reading appeared in 1648—the first organised attempt to bring relief to them in New Zealand was made in 1933. Now there are branches in Wellington, Auckland, Christchurch, Dunedin, New Plymouth, Wanganui, Napier, Invercargill, and Hastings—all organised to help those whose hearing is not good enough without aids for ordinary social intercourse. It is to be noted that the League makes no attempt to help the congenitally deaf, or rather has given up the attempt to help those and the partially or accidentally deaf simultaneously. This brings returned servicemen into the scope of its operations but excludes those who have never heard at all. The purpose of the booklet, which runs to 64 pages, is to let every sufferer know where to apply for assistance, what to expect, and what not to ask for.

CZECHOSLOVAKS

A MERE TWENTY YEARS. By Maximilian Rosenfeld. Czechoslovak Association, Auckland.

THIS is called the story of the Czechoslovak people but it is of course something more elementary than that. It is an earnest piece of propaganda

(continued on next page)

McCarthy Mows Them Down

ACCORDING to the cables, Winston McCarthy's description of the match at Cardiff against Wales so affected listeners that husky former Internationals staggered from their radios in the extremity of nervous exhaustion long before the match was over. One refused point-blank to listen and another Rugby enthusiast fled to the comparative calm of the local Soccer match.

We are inclined to doubt the truth of the story that a listener became so excited during the commentary that he choked on the orange he was eating, and died. Oranges are not yet so plentiful in Britain that one can afford to eat them with other than undivided attention. But New Zealand listeners who are familiar with the enthusiasm of McCarthy's manner and who have been brought to the edge of their chairs by his infectious excitement will not find it difficult to



Spencer Digby photograph

understand his effect on British listeners, accustomed to the quiet impersonality of their own announcers. But that he should have upset the mental equilibrium of some Britons more than blitz and bombardment did suggests that many still take their pleasures seriously, if not sadly.