



When a silencer is rusted through, and full of holes, a deadly CO gas leaks out and seeps into the car body, causing headaches, dizziness, car sickness, and sometimes even death. If your Silencer is in this condition, drive to your garage and have it replaced with a brand new Ace silencer, specially designed for your particular make and model of car. It will give you maximum safety, more mileage, and better engine performance. A paying proposition, whichever way you look at it.

ACE SILENCERS

CORRECT TYPES FOR EVERY MAKE AND MODEL OF CAR
WHOLESALE ONLY.—E. W. PIDGEON & CO. LTD., THROUGHOUT N.Z.

PERSONAL HYGIENE for Women

Be very careful in the choice of an Antiseptic you use for Personal Hygiene purposes. For your own safety you must select an Antiseptic of the highest medical formula—its name is Anti-Germ.

ANTI-GERM

Safe for every intimate purpose, Anti-Germ is potent yet pleasantly fragrant, non-poisonous and non-staining.

SOLD BY YOUR GROCER.

Burch & Co. (N.P.) Ltd., 58 Gill St., New Plymouth.

Chest Cold Misery Relieved by Moist Heat of ANTIPHLOGISTINE

CHEST COLD
SORE THROAT
BRONCHIAL
IRRITATION
SPRAIN, BRUISE
SORE MUSCLES
BOILS

The moist heat of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice relieves cough, tightness of chest, muscle soreness due to chest cold, bronchial irritation and simple sore throat. Apply an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice just hot enough to be comfortable—then feel the moist heat go right to work on that cough, tightness of chest, muscle soreness. Does good, feels good for several hours.

The moist heat of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice also relieves pain . . . reduces swelling, limbers up stiff aching muscles due to a simple boil, sprain, bruise, similar injury or condition. Get ANTIPHLOGISTINE at your Chemist or Store today.

Denver Chemical Mfg. Co.,
78 Liverpool Street, Sydney.

TOGETHER AGAIN IN THE NEVER-NEVER

(By Courtesy of the High Commissioner for Australia)

WE of the Never-Never have come home. After long years of sleep, out under the stars of the great North country they pioneered, the men whose daily life made the story of one of Australia's best-known books; whose names are better known than those of any other Australian fictional characters, have come home to rest together.

It was in February, 1902, that Aeneas Gunn, the new manager of the Elsey cattle station on the Roper River in the Northern Territory's far North, arrived to take over his job. He had with him his young wife of a few weeks, and by bringing her to the bush he was breaking new ground; taking a step hardly ever before contemplated by territory cattle men. For the Territory, wild and scarcely tamed even to-day, was then hardly touched by man. The railway south from Darwin stretched only as far as Pine Creek; and was but a thin ribbon of civilisation lying in a dense tropical jungle. Horses and bullocks were the only form of transport. There were no cars in the Territory in those days, or road for them to travel over, for that matter.

Apart from its difficulties, the bringing of his wife to the cattle country was unpopular with his fellows. His foreman, furious at the idea that a woman should bring "women's ways" to the outback, did everything that he possibly could to prevent her coming. But the new manager kept to his purpose. The "wet" was approaching and the party was forced to swim swollen rivers and cross water-logged plains, but finally the woman and her luggage—the "Woman's Gear" that had been looked on with disdain—arrived at the station.

One Year of Happiness

There followed a year of happiness for the new master of the Elsey and his young wife. They went everywhere together; to musterings and waterhole inspections; on horse-breaking expeditions and visits to the nearest neighbour, over a hundred miles away. And the delicately-nurtured town girl, accustomed to all the niceties of town life, thought of it all as a great picnic, where hardships were to be laughed at, and comfort not to be expected. Because of her courage and determination that they should like her, she overcame the natural prejudices of the rough cattlemen, and very soon she had won her place and was admitted into the great comradeship of the Australian bush.

And then, in March of 1903, the blow fell. Aeneas Gunn died of a sudden illness, and his young wife was left alone. It was a terrible tragedy for her, but as time moved on, there came to her gradually but persistently a great longing to give that year to the outside world in all its quiet day-to-day routine, so that perhaps she might make it live longer for herself and her bushmen. So she wrote to everyone who had taken part in her

year of happiness, and told him of what was in her mind, asking that she might tell everything without reserve.

From Life to Print

She had inherited from her grandfather a gift for writing, and from her mother—to the great delight of her bush-folk—a strangely exact power of observation and deduction, so that when she took store of pens and papers, the book just wrote itself, even though she had no previous literary experience. When it was finished, she called it *We of the Never-Never*.

But as it grew under her pen, a fear grew with it that maybe the world would reject it as merely written by a foolish

Written by JENNIFER CAIRNS

woman, so that when it was done, not able to bear the thought that the precious year might bring only scorn, she put it aside and, taking her pen again, began another which she sent out to the world as a scout.

It was called *Little Black Princess*, the story of Bet-Bet, niece of Ebime! or Goggle-eye, king of the Roper River natives whom Jeannie Gunn had befriended when she was an eight-year-old piccaninny. It was an immediate success. To date it has sold 150,000 copies, and it is still a favourite with children all over the English-speaking world. When this book had drawn the enemy fire, so to speak, and had shown that people wanted to read what Jeannie Gunn had to say, the first book, the story of the beautiful year, was launched.

The Rest is History

The rest is Australian literary history. *We of the Never-Never* has been to Australians for over forty years what *Tom Sawyer* is to Americans or *A Christmas Carol* is to English people. Its characters, all of them the real people who shared Jeannie Gunn's year of happiness in the bush, have become part of Australian folklore, and have been better known to many Australians than anybody in history or politics. There are very few Australians of any age who do not know the "Maluka," as the natives called Aeneas Gunn, or "The Fizzer," the happy-go-lucky mailman who travelled alone across the waterless plains, and who was expected, merely because he was due, "half past eleven four weeks."

It is the same with the others. "The Little Missus," Jeannie Gunn herself; the "Sanguine Scot," whose dislike of women in the outback had made him do everything he could to prevent her coming, and who became one of her staunchest friends; "Mine Host," the keeper of the "pub" at Katherine River, one of her earliest admirers, whose gift of a flat iron won her heart from the beginning, and who always came to the rescue when circumstances put her in need of things for her house.

(continued on next page)