



A farmer and his wife retired
And bought a house they'd long admired.
Solid it looked, and though not new —
'This place' they said 'will see us thro'.'
But Borer lurked beneath that floor,
And feasting on the timbers' core,
It made their prophecy come true.



Don't let Borer go as far as this in your home. You may see only a few holes here and there but they show Borer is at work, and if you don't check the pest it will multiply and bore its way into the vital timbers of your property, till costly renovations are the only answer.

Pentachlorophenol has been proved by scientific research the best wood preservative and the deadliest killer of Borer. But it must be administered by experts who have the equipment to impregnate timber to the very heart. Boracure supply the experts, to examine your property and report **FREE**, and to deal with Borer as only trained men using the latest knowledge can do. Get in touch with



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"A child's play-ball and a silver-mounted cow's horn"

RAILWAY AUCTION

Cashing in on Absent-Mindedness

"**N**OW then, ladies and gentlemen, we have lots and lots of lots here. They're beauties and they're here to be sold. We'll start with Lot One. What will you give me for her? Only ten bob? Don't be silly; she's worth two notes of anybody's money. All right, then, fifteen bob it is. She's yours, sir—that gentleman with the specs and the bald head. Take her away." And the man with the S. and B.H. clasped her to him and took her away—not a metaphorical baggage but a parcel of assorted clothing.

They were all there—the keen-eyed dealers whose idea was to stock up cheaply; the lone hands to whom a bargain was a bright spot in life, and the curiosity-seekers. "Gosh, Dad," a youngster whispered to his father, "where does all this stuff come from?" "Ah," said his father, "what you see piled up there will teach you not to forget. It comes from railway carriages and baggage depots. It's been **LEFT BEHIND** by people with **BAD MEMORIES**. You'll see some queer things here."

Technically it would be correct to say that "bidding was slow at first, but warmed up," and that there was a "big bench of buyers." Purchaser No. 2 was a returned soldier. He badly wanted a suitcase. Three or four were sold—all full of good things (there might be a gold watch in any of them, the auctioneer suggested), and a handsome affair with reinforced corners took the soldier's eye. His bid of "thirty bob" was accepted. He took his purchase to a corner of the room to inspect the contents. A small crowd gathered round. Among the odds and ends inside were a child's play-ball and a silver-mounted cow's horn. He remarked that, at any rate, the case wasn't bad.

Two radio sets looked like "good buys." There was a buzz of expectation as an assistant held them up for inspection, fading (as radio sets themselves sometimes do) when the auctioneer explained that they were battery-operated

and just the thing for the farm. But they sold at good prices. Do tennis players hold such absorbing post-mortems on their games that they leave their gear in the train on the way home? Dozens of racquets—in presses and covers or out of them, were offered. Ten shillings to two or three pounds secured them. Golf clubs were there too.

As time went on the auctioneer became confidential and friendly. "See this fur coat? I saw one just like it in a city shop yesterday worth twenty notes if a penny." He became expansive. "If I had the money I'd buy it myself."

"Go on, you young card; you're too young to be married," said one of the keen-eyed women. "Right oh, lady," retorted the auctioneer, "the next lot is a pram in first-class condition. More in your line?" And the crowd roared with simple amusement. By now it was one happy party. Perfect strangers admired perfect strangers' purchases, passed money for each other along the rows and up to the auctioneer's clerk, and passed the goods down.

Was it a tribute to the curative powers of railway travel that a pair of crutches should be up for auction? There they were, lying on top of a heap of suitcases and parcels containing boys' school-caps, football boots, books and anything from a pair of gloves to a bottle of cough medicine.

Daintily, between thumb and forefinger, the auctioneer held up a wedding ring. "Ooo, I say, who could it have belonged to, the careless hussy," whispered another of the keen-eyed women. It was sold to a young man. More delicately still the auctioneer displayed an engagement ring. "Well I never!" said the lady, when it was sold to the wedding-ring bidder, "he must be a fast worker."

"Pearls" and Umbrellas

Here and there in the crowd were the bashful who dearly wanted to bid but had not the courage. They called timidly. "Sing out, let's hear you," encouraged the auctioneer, "or if you have a cold, put your hand up." He was a keen



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