

ACID STOMACH

Here's
REAL
Help



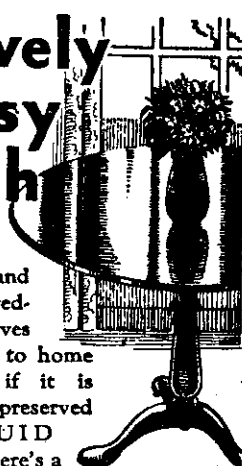
De Witt's Antacid Powder neutralises excess stomach acidity (hyperacidity) so quickly that a single dose usually relieves pain and distress. So, if you suffer after eating, you'll find this effective remedy does indeed give REAL help.

But De Witt's Antacid Powder does more than stop pain and neutralise acid. A timely dose soothes and protects the inflamed lining of the stomach, so that the next meal will not mean a new and worse attack of indigestion. Experience proves De Witt's Antacid Powder is of the greatest value in all those conditions of upset digestion where a good, family remedy is required. Get a canister from your chemist to-day and see how much better you feel—after the first dose.

DeWitt's ANTACID POWDER

Price 2/9, double size 4/6 (incl. Sales Tax)
A product of E. C. De Witt & Co. (N.Z.) Ltd.,
8, Herbert Street, Wellington, New Zealand.

A lovely glossy polish



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LIQUID VENEER

PRICES: 4oz., 1/9; 12oz., 3/-.

NEW ZEALAND DISTRIBUTORS:
FASSETT & JOHNSON LTD.
Levy Building, Manners St., Wellington.

EVERY MORNING AT TEN

AS far as I am concerned going for the mail each morning is quite a ritual. No postman whistles as he leaves letters in the box by the gate-way in our village, but, instead one must go off along the road to the store where, in its deepest, darkest corner, is a small partitioned cubby-hole which is our post office.

I walk down behind our high hedge, under the oaks and thence to the road. Always at this point my head turns to Mt. Egmont. At the corner I may meet old Mrs. Ardrey who brings, once a week, her basket of eggs to the store. As the owner of three hens, she says it is not worth her while to send her surplus to the egg floor.

"Nice morning," she'll smile. "Look at Egmont! Isn't it a fine sight? The hens are picking up, too. I got two eggs this morning."

Or I may meet Mr. Sawyer who will walk with me and tell me how his cows are milking.

"It's a funny thing, you know," he'll explain. "But the three-teater that I nearly threw out of the herd last year is my best milker now, though that heifer that has just come in is going to be pretty good. Her mother's mother was Anna of Posha and she took the Cup at the show four years ago for the best milker. On her father's side there's good blood, too. I was expecting something from that heifer, and I don't think I'm going to be disappointed."

THE store is not at all prepossessing.

There is no shop window display. On one side the glass window space has been painted green to save any other unnecessary decoration, while that across the way is usually in a state of semi-undress, it's main attraction being the local notices: "A Dance Will Be Held . . ." "Fire Wood for Sale . . ." "Wanted to buy, Good Cattle Dog . . ." "Lost, outside the local hall, Blue Brooch, Keepsake." Such notices, written or printed by a number of different hands, are obligingly stuck up with specks of stamp paper by the storekeeper.

No neat pyramids of bottles, tins, or packets, no colourful posters or advertisements greet your eye as you enter the building. Across the ceiling a number of rods are slung, and appended to these are the oddest assortment of articles. Men's working pants hang beside saucepans, hobnail boots and shining tin billies; frying pans, fish slices, slippers, hanks of rope, dog chains and kettles mix indiscriminately and sociably. The main counter (there are two of them—one along the side and one along the end of the shop, the latter serving as a store bench) is flanked at one end by various half-made-up parcels and at the other by a glass case in which repose, if they have not already been ordered or sold, doughnuts and sponge rolls, which the baker leaves monotonously with the bread earlier in the morning. Every soul in our district knows the baker's cooking. ("My dear, she's terribly lazy. Too lazy to cook, in fact. I went to visit her the other day and all she had were buttered doughnuts and sponge roll, and it was perfectly obvious where she got them!")

The other counter holds the mounds of bread, both large loaves and small. Appropriately, a cheese stands close by, while the weighing scales and bacon

cutter leer at the bacon standing in a glass case beside them. Next door, poked away in a corner, its opening flanked by coils of wire, pot cleaners, and other odds and ends, is the post office. Its pigeonholes are usually crammed full, for those whose names start with the letter A have the first box, the B's the second, and so on. If you receive a large amount of mail including parcels, magazines, and papers, then one of the buckets from the shop is brought round, your mail is deposited therein, and the lot pushed under the counter.

"HULLO!" you are greeted. "How are you?" There is a hurried sorting of mail in the box bearing your initial and



"No neat pyramids of bottles, tins, or packets greet your eye"

then a worried frown. "Now I'm sure there was mail for you this morning. What can have happened to it? John, where is all the mail? I'm sure there was something for you. Peter, do you know what happened to all the letters? Ah, here it is, under the counter. And just look at it! There'd be enough to last me a year here. Have you heard from your mother lately? How is she? And that little niece of yours who fell over and cut her lip open? All healed again? Ah, that's good. Aha! I can see you'll be dropping letters and papers all the way home if I let you go like that. Just a minute and I'll pop out the back and get my basket to lend you. You've got to get your bread yet, don't forget. Biscuits? No, none yet, but we hope to have some tomorrow." She leans confidentially near. "We've got some cakes of chocolate, though. You'll have one, I expect, though if you don't mind me saying so, it is wasted on you. It doesn't put an ounce of weight on you, does it? Wish I could say the same."

"Hullo, missus! How yer doin'?" a big voice blares behind me and I turn to see our district odd-job man beaming toothlessly at me. ("Had me teeth out 20 years and more ago. Gums as hard as nails. Can eat anything with them. Look!" he'll declare, opening his mouth wide for inspection and rubbing a grimy finger along his "hard-as-nails" gums. "What do I want false teeth for? Be a waste of money, that's all!")

I assure him that I'm very well and ask after his health.

Written for "The Listener"
by RITA ATKINSON

"Got my rheumatics to-day. That's why I'm not at work. Expect Bob McInnes is wondering where I am, too . . . He was expecting me to-day. But this changeable weather's tough on us old jokers!"

"Hullo!" another voice calls. "Out enjoying the fresh air? How's your cold? Better? That's good. I meant to come over to see how you were getting on, but bless me if Jenny didn't go down with a bilious attack and one of our

cows got sick and Jim was up and down to her all night. What with him bobbin' in and out and Jenny vomiting all over the place I had a rare treat, I can tell you."

"I hope they are better now," I tell her.

"Oh yes! 'Course Jenny gets these bilious attacks every now and then. Little wretch eats too much I always say, so I didn't worry over her so much, but that cow was valuable so Jim and I were a bit worried over her. She's all right again now, though, thank goodness."

AT this moment a small smudge-nosed child appears through the door and, marching to the counter asks, without preliminaries, "Have yer got any tobacco, Dad says?"

"No. No tobacco!"

The shopkeeper smiles weakly at her until she disappears and then runs his fingers through his hair and almost shouts at us, "Tobacco! Tobacco! Every day she comes to ask for tobacco and everybody knows I get supplied only twice a month. I'm supposed to be a magician and conjure up everyone's wants out of the air."

The odd-job man looks at him thoughtfully a moment and then says, "So you ain't got no tobacco, eh? Well, that's too bad. Wanted a bit to smoke meself to-day. Got my rheumatics again, yer know, and can't work. Smoke more

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