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(continued from previous page)

Gio read aloud from his treasure. Most of it was beyond Mrs. Cody's understanding. Some of it she privately thought rather shocking. That one "To Satan," for instance; but the poems evidently delighted the pagan soul of Giovanni. His lustrous black eyes were alight as he read. "But of course it is so much better in the original. Poetry should never be translated. Listen to this-in English so. In Italian, liquid and musical:

> "Lungi, soavi, profundi; Eolia Cetra non rese pui dolei gemiti Mai nei so molli spirti Di Lesbo un di tra i mirti."

You see how deelerent it become?"

"Yes," conceded Mrs. Cody, snipping off a length of darning wool, "Quite different!" And Gio beamed on her.

wakeful. As a matter of fact, he had a stomach-ache. (Annie was putting a lot of onions in the cooking these days. because Gio liked them.) And he heard this conversation:

"Do I seem very old to you, Gio? "Old? But of course not," deprecat-

"I'm eight years older than you, Have some more cake before I put it away."

"Not more, I thank you. Already I have eaten a large piece.

"I made it specially for you."

"You are verra kind to me, Mrs. Cody. You and boss, I did not expect such treatment. You have given me a home. I have heard how bad the treatment of other prisoners. Made to sleep in outhouses like animals, meals apart, and spoken to unkindly. But you are so amiable. I am happy to be here with kind and understanding people."

"You deserve it, Gio. You're such a dear."

Cody heard his wife rise. There was a slight scuffling, and Gio spoke agitatedly. "Plis, Mrs. Cody, do not kissa me so. What would boss say? It is dangerous -for you-for me. Boss would say: 'You kissa my wife? You make lov' to her, no? You are a bastard. You shall go away.' And then I am marked bad man, and kept in concentration camp always—no more freedom like this. I make no lov', Mrs. Cody!" His voice was urgent and distressed.

Mrs. Cody began to cry. "I'm sorry, Gio. It was just an impulse. You'll think I'm a bad woman; but I'm not. Only so lonely and unhappy, and so tired of my life. No one ever kisses me. Nobody wants me."

"It is not so-your hosban' want you. He lov' you-often he tell me so. (Jim wriggled his toes in the bed. Good old Gio-the liar!) "Only Australian hosbans they are desferent. They no make lov'."

"He made love all right before we were married. I'm still the same woman; but he treats me like a bit of furniture about the house."

"I know. But perhaps you too treat him like furniture, is it not? Before, there were welcoming arms and smiles -and now, just Dad—so?"

"Oh, I don't know. I'm sick of everything."

"Plis-don't cry any more. make more tea."

"Don't bother. I'm going to bed."

"Yes. You are verra tired—too much tired. To-morrow you feel better, no?"

Jim was snoring loudly when Mrs. Cody crept into bed. Next day he drove into the township, and spent some time in the post-office writing a letter to the Prisoners of War Department. He wrote that he would no longer require the services of Giovanni as he was arranging for other help on the farm. He had no complaint against the Italian, who had worked willingly and well, and proved himself very useful

The military truck chugged down the rutty road bearing away Giovanni Amafieri, his luggage and his mandoline. Milking cows streaked across the clearing, and Jim went down to the slip rails to let them into the yard. From the fowl run, a hen cackled the announcement ONE night, Jim Cody was unusually of a belated accouchement. But Mrs. Cody, standing in the afternoon sun-shine on the verandah of her home, saw and heard none of these things. Her eves followed the receding dun-coloured truck, her ears heard only the rhythm of its motor growing fainter and fainter. She pressed her hand against her heart -the hand that Gio had kissed in parting. Her eyes were blinded with tears as she turned indoors. Automatically she refuelled the kitchen stove, and reached for the bag apron she had not worn for a long time. With Gio gone, she would have to help outside-feed the poddies, gather the eggs, lock the turkeys up in the old stable.

She stood for a moment looking about the shabby living room, remembering the sound of a mandoline, a soft voice reading aloud, two dark eyes, many gentle courtesies. Prisoner of War. Someday he would be free. But she she was a prisoner for life, a prisoner of fate.

JIM was smiling beneath his drooping moustache as he filled the pipe Annie had given him, and waited for the last of the cows to straggle through the opening. Mum would be pleased when she knew he was getting a Land Army Girl. And he'd take Jack Green's advice and apply for young Roy to be released from the Army. Green reckoned he'd got a good chance of success, and as postmaster, he ought to know!

His thoughts leapt ahead. Maybe Roy and the Land Girl would fall in love and marry. Then they could carry on the place for a time, while he took Mum away for a long holiday. She deserved it-poor old girl!

He gave a hitch to his dungaree pants, and followed the cows to the milking shed.

NATIONAL FILM UNIT

THE 18-footer world's yachting championship, held recently in Auckland, provided the main item for the Weekly Review released on February 27. Other items are Operation Deer Control, showing the part being played by the RNZAF in parachuting supplies to the Internal Affairs Department's deerhunters in the South Island, and More Immigrants, a short clip showing the errival of immigrants from the United Kingdom by the liner Atlantis.