



## Why Your Child needs **Ovaltine** Sleep

**W**HEN a child sleeps soundly and peacefully, Nature has her opportunity to restore strength and energy — which all active children expend so freely — and to build up reserves of vitality for the coming day.

A cup of delicious 'Ovaltine' at bedtime will greatly assist Nature in this important task. First of all, 'Ovaltine' soothes mind and body, and helps quickly to induce deep, untroubled sleep. Secondly, it provides just the form of concentrated, easily assimilated nourishment required to restore, revitalise and refresh the whole physical and mental system during sleep.

# Ovaltine

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for Children

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## Centenary of Max O'Rell

(continued from previous page)

And there is a good deal of interest in what Max O'Rell said about "the great colonial branches of the firm of John Bull & Co." Part of the interest lies in the changes that have taken place since he toured the Empire well over 50 years ago. When he came to New Zealand, it was direct to the South Island from Australia; you could travel to and fro on that route in those days, and for many years after. And if your luck was in, as his was, you called at Milford Sound en route to the Bluff. Max O'Rell liked us. To our superb scenery he added "a perfect climate, a

He did not note drunkenness in New Zealand, but what he saw in Australia disgusted him; not only the heavy and persistent drinking by men, but the acquiescence of the women. He contrasted this with the sensible drinking habits of his own countrymen. If he did not greatly exaggerate conditions in Australia, a considerable improvement must have taken place during the last half century. But Max could appreciate fully many other conditions of colonial life. There is a delightful contrast between the colonising methods of the British and the French. He liked our New Zealand towns.



WELLINGTON, as Max O'Rell saw it in the early '90's—an illustration from his book "John Bull & Co."

fertile soil, a well-spread population, intelligent and industrious, the upper classes of which are amiable, agreeable, intelligent and artistic." Here was "a privileged country where people ought to be content with their lot. Adieu, New Zealand, most beautiful of lands." Bear in mind that this was written in the early 'nineties, when New Zealand was still feeling the effects of a great depression.

Max O'Rell owed much of his appeal to his broadmindedness. He would praise warmly as well as criticise and he salted his comments with a nice wit. "You are a foreigner, aren't you?" an American asked him on an Atlantic crossing. "I will be, sir, when I have set foot in your country." Two things he particularly disliked in British communities—extreme Puritanism and drunkenness. After a lecture in New Zealand on the Scotch a Presbyterian minister who had sat through it and never smiled, came to his bedroom and asked permission to say a prayer. This given, the minister knelt down and prayed for the salvation of this traveller "through our godly lands." The prayer over, the two shook hands, and Max asked permission to pray in his turn. He then prayed for "A Pharisee who doubts not for one moment, and that, without knowing me, that he is better than I." "And now," said the Frenchman, "we are quits. Good-night."

"The rapidity with which these towns grow is prodigious. A commercial enterprise is launched. After a few weeks a public house is built, a bank opens its doors, a newspaper is started, and population flows in and groups itself around this nucleus. In a very few years it has become a flourishing town. Not a soldier, not a functionary. This is what strikes a Frenchman, whose country is crippled by bureaucracy, bound down with red tape." He quotes another French traveller as saying that in French colonies the first building is a police station, the second the tax-collector's, the third the statistics office. Max O'Rell had much to say about the Maoris. Drink and contact with the Whites were weakening the race, and everywhere except "King's Country," where they led their natural life, their numbers were rapidly decreasing. This was a common belief of the time, that the Maori was doomed. It is comforting to reflect that there are illustrations in history of the poet's saying that if hopes may be dupes, fears may be liars.

At the end of his life Paul Blouet returned to journalism in Paris, and worked for the Entente Cordiale. Really he had been working for it in another way for many years. He was a not unimportant ambassador between two great nations, and as such, and as a lively but sympathetic commentator on British ways of life, he deserves to be remembered.