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'Ovaltine'
Quality
except from 'Ovaltine'

THERE is something so cheering and comforting about a cup of 'Ovaltine'.

'Ovaltine' is a scientific combination of Nature's best foods—malt, milk and eggs—and provides important food elements required to build up body, brain and nerves to a high degree of efficiency. Eggs are of particular importance because of their richness in nerve-restoring properties, without which no tonic food beverage would be complete.

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**'Ovaltine' is The World's
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Under Which King?

(continued from previous page)

been on his side in my heart—only through cussedness.

"Nice large morning," he said. There was fresh snow on the hills and a mean wind blowing from the west and I was as cold as a frog.

"There's plenty of it," I said, and pretended to be busy with the mixer, making it quite plain that I wasn't one of the boys—not one of his boys anyway.

"Look," he said. "Me and a couple or three mates is getting a little five Friday. Maybe a little ten. Want to be in, Mack: you're new, see. You don't know anyone."

"Thanks, Irish," I said, "but I don't drink."

"Like me," he said. "Like me old Granny. Old Granny was always losing her glasses. Now we pick 'em up as she empties 'em." And he went away roaring with laughter.

I gave Ginger a smoke at ten and another at lunchtime. I wasn't weakening. It was the thought of Shorty's prim mouth when he'd said to me earlier, after knocking Ginger back heavily: "Our young friend a bit on the bludge, eh?" Certainly we were on the same side, Shorty and I, but Hell... a man has to live with himself.

At three it was Shorty who gave Ginger his smoke. He looked in his packet of tailor-mades and there was one left. Then he looked at Ginger, pressed his lips together in a sort of

smile, and threw the packet at Ginger's feet. It was the coldest thing I've ever seen done. Ginger sucked away greedily, but I was glad he hadn't said thank you.

The mixer broke down soon afterwards and in the sudden silence I heard myself saying: "Look, Ginger. I just remembered I got a spare tin of tobacco. Hut 39. I'll give it you before tea."

"Ta," said Ginger. "I'll fix you up when that stuff comes from Cappy."

I was mad with myself, but I didn't feel any longer that Shorty and I were on the same side.

* * *

IRISH was opposite me at tea and he leant over and winked.

"Granny's glasses," he said, roaring with laughter.

"It'll be Granny's glasses all right Friday," I told him. "You and that little five."

"So you won't be in, Mack?"

"It's not that," I said. "I got a touch of the shorts. No sugar."

"She's right, boy. She's as right as rain. I said be in... not put in."

"Thanks, Lofty," I said.

Inside I was cursing everyone—Irish, Ginger, Shorty Stevenson, and myself most of all. He pushed himself up from the table and under those big hands with the black nails was my house, the girl in the pictures, the electric iron, every damned thing.

I knew I should be there Friday.

Empire Games for Christchurch



CANTERBURY SPORTSMEN, who look as far ahead as most people, hope that Christchurch will be the venue of the Empire Games in 1950. To help that hope reach fulfilment they have formed a Canterbury Empire Games Promotion Committee and members of the committee (seen above) were heard in a broadcast interview from 3ZB on June 13

NEW ZEALAND LISTENER, JUNE 25