

De Witt's Pills

—how they may help you

If the kidneys do not carry out their work properly, you cannot maintain good health. The reason is that the kidneys cleanse the bloodstream by filtering impurities from the system. If, however, they become sluggish, these waste matters remain in the body.

Sluggish kidneys, therefore, may be the cause of many of your rheumatic symptoms, backaches, joint and muscle pains. Many people have found that De Witt's Pills, taken regularly when faulty kidney action is suspected, help to restore the kidneys to normal healthy activity.



Prices
3/6 and 6/6
(plus Sales Tax)

De Witt's
PILLS

can be used with every confidence

A product of E. C. De WITT & Co. (N.Z.) Ltd.
9, Herbert Street, Wellington, New Zealand

ENTR'ACTE

AT seven o'clock on the morning of August 23, Marion Downes opened the door of the Roadside Tearooms and looked out upon a landscape dusted with frost. From the bare wooden steps of the tearooms to the bleak hills etched against the morning sky sprawled a patchwork of farmland and reedy swamp. Across the road stood the deserted railway station, stark and silent, its soot-darkened windows coated with a thin layer of frost. A luggage truck leaned angularly against the station wall and a spider's web, with each filament etched in frost, hung like a gossamer net from the wire rubbish basket. The whole valley was chilled into immobility. Nothing stirred.

Marion leaned her shoulder against the door jamb and looked down the rails for some sign of the train. Sometimes, on clear mornings, the beating of the crank-rods or the low moaning wail of the whistle could be heard long before the train snaked out from behind the hills. She listened intently, but there was no sound. The train was half-an-hour late already.

The chill air had begun to raise goose-skin on her bare white legs. She shouldered herself away from the door. Soon the early-morning tourists would be passing through, complaining of the cold and clamouring for hot tea and toast. And Jim would be here soon, too.

She propped open the door of the tearooms with the old flatiron, and then went back inside. The carnations Jim had sent her were dead. She looked at them wearily for some moments, then she took them from their vase and threw them out on to the road.

It wasn't really strange that Jim had brought her flowers for the very first time in her life. Jim was in love with her and wanted to ask her to marry him, and these carnations with their spicy scent of cloves were his idea of expressing his love.

Jim would be here soon, driving his rattling cream-lorry right up to the door, and stamping into the tearooms, and nearly lifting off the roof with his loud jovial voice. And he would see the dead flowers lying on the road.

She went outside and gathered them up. She didn't want to hurt him any more than she had to. She didn't want to hurt him at all. But she wasn't going to marry him.

HER mother came floundering into the room then, heavy-eyed from sleep and still damp around her face from the hurried wash.

"Have you got the fire alight?" she asked, brusquely, "You'll have to hurry, girl."

Marion went through to the kitchen adjoining the tearooms. The frost had drawn a pattern of rime on the window panes, and the curtains hung motionless. The big black stove, cold and unfriendly, crouched back in the gloom.

She set a match to the kindling and watched it swell into flame. The crackling flames reached out tiny fingers of heat which caressed her white throat and made it tingle. She put her arm across the mantelpiece and leaned her forehead on it. The smoky clock ticked heavily and untiringly, close to her ear.

She was going to have trouble with her family. She knew it. Her mother and father had become so used to this existence in the country that they would never be able to understand why she wanted to leave it and go to a job in the city. She would tell them she was going to share a flat in Auckland with her old school friend, Lynette, who was working in a clothing factory and earning big money; that she could get a job in the same factory. And they would start talking about city life having a bad influence on girls, with its undesirable company, and its sinful pleasures, and its temptations—and all the time they would be wanting to know, why. Why do you want to leave here? Why do you want to leave your friends? Why do you want to leave Jim?

Marion suddenly felt very weary. The thought of trying to explain that she was tired of being anchored in this quiet



A Short Story, written for "The Listener"
by S. C. ARLINGTON

backwater had become almost a nightmare. She didn't really want to leave her family, she didn't want to leave Jim. She just wanted to get away for a while—away from this pinch-penny existence and solitude.

MRS. DOWNES stood watching her daughter strangely. Marion was an unfathomable girl. Sometimes she was gay, and then her brown eyes would glow with light; and sometimes she was silent, and her eyes would be veiled by her heavy lashes, as though a blind had been drawn over a lighted window.

"What's the matter with you this morning, girl?" she asked.

Marion shrugged her shoulders and said: "Oh, nothing." What was the use? They would never understand.

After a while, Marion looked across at her mother, who had begun to wash the dishes from last night's supper. Poor old Mum—struggling along to help Dad make a fortune with the few shillings they earned by selling tea and cakes to passing motorists, and as proud as could be because the tearooms were their own, bought and paid for. She didn't really blame her parents for watching every penny they spent—both of them had known the grinding poverty of the depression years and both of them knew the value of money.

Mum would miss her when she had gone. They might have to pay a girl to take her place, and that would hurt them. And Jim would miss her, too. He loved her and that would hurt him.

Four years ago she had started riding with Jim over to her uncle's farm at the other end of the valley. The cab of the truck would be filled with all his gear—his leather jacket and his spare pair of boots, and yards of rope, and his pipe and tobacco—and he would bundle them all over beside him on the seat to make room for her. When

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FOR HEALTHY HAIR

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