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kiddies just love filling them up with chips; then if you have plenty of these all filled, dry and handy, you can boil a kettle in a jiffy. Others in the open fireplace only need a match to the bag, and your fire is alight without any mess. Also, if filled with slack coal they are so handy to pop on at the back of the fire without getting your hands grubby.

Then for keeping paper sewing-patterns together and tidy, they are splendid. Your own patterns can be put in one paper bag, patterns to fit one child in another — and with each person's name on the bag, it saves a lot of hunting when going to sew. I also use them for putting gladiola, tulip and narcissi bulbs in when I lift them. They are also handy where there are lunches to be cut each day; each person's name written on a bag, for they may take different things in their lunches. Then the lunch is just wrapped in its grease-proof paper, and popped in each bag; it saves a lot of wrapping.—"A Busy Country Mother," (Central Otago).

An Inspiring Letter

Dear Aunt Daisy,

I listen, as often as I can, to your sessions, especially the Happiness Club, and I think you may be interested in the doings of my little lads. They are ten years of age, and have never been able to walk. When John was almost one year old, we were involved in a railway smash in Australia, and unfortunately he lost both legs just above the knees. Little Brian lost his parents in the same accident, and also had his legs damaged; so we, being fairly well endowed with this world's goods, adopted him, and have brought the pair of them up as well as we possibly could.

They are the happiest pair of young imps I know, and never have I heard a moan about their hard luck. Their father and I have always made light of it, and encouraged them to do the same.

They also do as much as possible for themselves, and each other, and we all get a lot of fun out of life. Until recently we had a nursery-governess; but now we have a very fine old gentleman—an ex-teacher—to give them their lessons; and even though they are only ten years old, he considers they are up to secondary school standard. Brian is exceptionally good at languages, and John vows he is going to be a lawyer. Goodness knows, he can argue—so well, that he can almost convince me that black is white sometimes.

Don't think we have nothing but lessons—far from it. We have had a pony cart made, so that they can go driving alone, and it would do you good to see the dear kids going for an airing. The wee pony's name is Bill, but the boys are considering changing it to Goering, because of his figure! Perched on the cart, there are usually two bantams, a white rabbit, and the smallest of a family of cats. Bringing up the rear there are dogs of various shapes and sizes—"Handsome," a hideous bulldog; "Hamish" and "Angus," the Scotties, and several cats. As the boys always go alone, they send "Handsome" home several times with a note, just to let me know that they are all right. Several times lately, "Hamish" has come home with "Handsome," and you can imagine how amused we were yesterday to see the

little dog coming alone with his note. Apparently "Handsome" had decided that he needed an assistant.

There is a table in the pony cart, and this has a gramophone fastened to it, so that we can usually hear where they are, even though we can't see them. We live on a sheep-station, and as all gates have to be closed we have had special latches made, so that John can manage to open and shut them with a long stick with a hook on the end. The boys have their own room, and have to keep it tidy—it has been fitted with several electric points so that they can have a radio, and an electric jug for making drinks—also a basin to wash their own cups. It may sound unkind to make them do such things, but it seems best to me to let them do as much as possible independently.

They are just like other boys in their efforts to play pranks, but owing to their inability to move about, they usually write very impolite things about each other. This morning, Brian's effort was this:

*John thought he'd be quite clever,
And give us all a treat,
He argued with a railway train,
And lost a pair of feet.
It's rather hard upon his pants,
For he walks upon his seat!*

Which is exactly what John does — he pushes himself about with his hands, and it is marvellous how quickly he can travel. We have had all the doors made wide so that the wheel-chairs can be brought in; but John seems to enjoy what he calls "a slither."

We are a happy family, Aunt Daisy, and I would not change my pair of sweet lads for half a dozen "whole" ones. I must not forget to tell you that "Cookie" has been teaching the boys to make scones and biscuits, and they always toss up to see who will be "Aunt Daisy" and who will be "Barbara." I hope you don't mind.

My husband insists on my going away for a fortnight twice a year—we have a very lovely and capable lady (and she is a lady in every sense of the word) to help me—and I am always so happy to get back and get the hugs and squeezes from my family. The happiest moment of my day is when I go in to say "good-night." I'm not a very large person, and John nearly strangles me as he says, "Good-night, sweet little Mummy," and Brian is just adorable as he kisses me and always says, "Thank you, God, for a darling wee Mother." I should be used to it by now, but I never fail to get a thrill out of that, Aunt Daisy. They are sweet.

We are all going to join the Happiness Club just as soon as we can get a postal note, but it's a long job on a back-country sheep-station.

Bless you, Aunt Daisy, you do bring a lot of happiness to a great many people. May you live long.—"The Boys' Mother."

I know that everyone will derive inspiration from that letter, as I have. Isn't there a verse somewhere about accepting a great misfortune as a challenge? I thank you very sincerely, "Little Mother of the Boys" for giving us a glimpse into the home which you and your husband have made such a happy and blessed place. I shall watch out, as the years go on, for the future careers of your "little lads."



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