

DO YOU KNOW



LION IN LOVE

LEGEND HAS IT THAT A LION
CONSENTED TO HAVE HIS **TEETH AND
CLAWS DRAWN OUT** IN ORDER THAT HE
MIGHT MARRY A FAIR **DAMSEL**. WHEN
HIS **TEETH AND CLAWS WERE GONE**
THE **FATHER OF THE FAIR DAMSEL**
FELL ON THE LION AND **SLEW**
HIM. **SUCH IS LIFE...**

**BURNING
TOOTH-ACHE
OUT**

AN
AUSTRALIAN
ABORIGINAL TRIBE
CURED TOOTHACHE BY
INSERTING A RED HOT
STICK INTO THE HOLLOW
TOOTH. PATIENTS NEVER
WHIMPERED. YOU CAN AVOID
TOOTHACHE BY USING **KOLYND'S**
KOLYND'S KEEPS TEETH SURGICALLY
CLEAN, SPARKLING WITH
NEW LUSTRE.

**SWIRLING BUBBLES THAT END BACTERIAL MOUTH
AND DENTAL
DECAY**

"BACTERIAL MOUTH" STARTS
WHEN TINY FOOD DEPOSITS ARE LEFT
BETWEEN YOUR TEETH TO DECAY. THE
BETWEEN ACTIVE BUBBLES SWIRL BETWEEN
KOLYND'S KILL DENTAL DECAY GERMS
YOUR TEETH. KILL DENTAL DECAY GERMS
AND END "BACTERIAL MOUTH." KOLYND'S
LEAVES YOUR TEETH SPARKLING WITH
GLORIOUS NEW LUSTRE.
And Remember, KOLYND'S LASTS
TWICE AS LONG AS ORDINARY TOOTH
PASTE. 1/2 INCH ON DRY
BRUSH IS PLenty.

**KOLYND'S
DENTAL
CREAM**
1/2 and 2!



Not HAIR, There and Everywhere—
Keep Your Hair Under Control with
BRILEASIA HAIR CREAM
De Luxe
1/6 EVERYWHERE IN THE BOTTLE
WITH THE BLUE CAP

AROUND WELLINGTON

By THID

The City Revisited And Two Significant People Encountered

IT is a long time since I have been around Wellington. There has been a war since then. Although I have not yet reserved sufficient energy from the war effort to find out from the files just when I was last around Wellington, I have an idea it was in the days of the Maginot Line. Could anything seem more utterly prehistoric?

Since then I have not been observing with that abandoned partiality of the sticky beak that was wont to accompany James on his eccentric walk. I have become, for one thing, a reader of newspapers and a listener to Daventry, or to London as the BBC would now suggest we must believe.

I Meet Harry

For another thing (to return to matters of more immediate importance) I have not felt like writing about Wellington.

Lately, however, certain things have been happening which require the benison of publicity. Just to-night, for example, I met Harry, one of those doughty males who cleans and sweeps whole blocks of offices in the time it takes a complaining female to chop the lettuce for a mid-day salad. (Women readers please note that I am not attempting to inveigle Harry in upon my side in a certain raging controversy. I need no help. Besides, Harry is married, and his wife likes a glass of stout.)

But it was neither of women nor their thirst that Harry and I spoke this evening. It was about Maurice Clare's String Orchestra, which was playing at the time. (I should explain that the rattle of the typewriter inside, and the rattle of the trams outside, and the rattle of Harry's broom everywhere, persuaded me that acoustics which would stand so much noise might as well put up with a bit more.)

However, nasty asides where they should be, which is aside, Harry and I enjoyed the NBS String Orchestra. I said to Harry, knowing like (I'd checked with the programmes): "That's the NBS String Orchestra."

"Ah," said Harry, just as knowing, "they play some catchy little pieces, do they not?"

"Yes," I said, "quite bright."

"You know," said Harry, "it's a great thing when a man's legs are just getting him down, for him to have a little bit of music." Followed the tale of a route march "the last time" and how the band used to come out a mile from camp and set their shoulders straight again.

Since Harry had just finished mopping the room, and was about to retire on

the home flank, it was not possible to observe Mr. Clare's effect upon him, but since his knowledge of music is on exactly the same par as my own, I can say he enjoyed what he heard of the concert, because I did, and our tastes are remarkably similar. His wife, for example, recites beautifully. Harry tells me about her rendering of "The Battle



"... He swooped off the footpath and was back like a flash"

of Waterloo." There is nothing I like better. Mr. Clare will by now be aware that he is appreciated, and in good company too.

Another Friend

Harry has his complaints. He has been on night work now for nigh on five years and he's getting "fair fed up with it." A holiday now in progress will set that right, although I doubt that it will make his legs any younger than the String Orchestra could, or even that super-whoop item which someone in the NBS insists on calling "Brittelodia"; but Harry's complaints are nothing to the mute complaint of another friend of mine, who walks each day along one certain busy street where the shops are large, crammed, and gaudy.

I have not yet spoken to him. There has been no occasion for words, and James is no longer here to prompt me into the rudeness of importunity. I met him first one day while I waited outside a shop. The windows of this shop, I would have you know, were just full as windows ever will be filled, and the bits and pieces overflowed into the entrance and along the aisles and up high shelves and they even hung from the roof. It was impossible, I found on experiment,

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