

RHEUMATISM

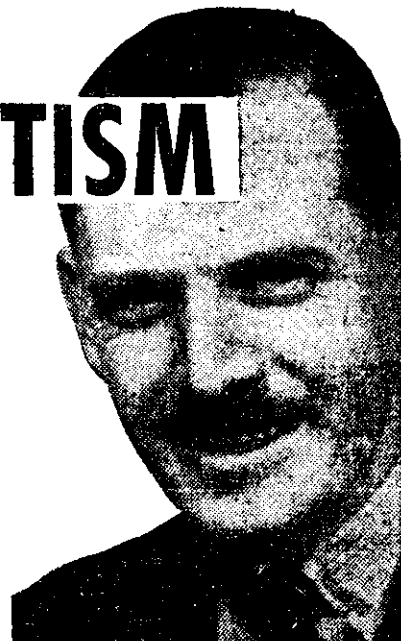
De Witt's Pills
quickly freed him
from pain!

Mr. W. W. is so grateful for the benefit from De Witt's Pills that he is continually recommending them to others—who also "swear by them."

He writes:—"I state without fear of contradiction that I was a very bad sufferer from rheumatism. Then I heard of De Witt's Pills and decided to give them a trial. They acted like magic—I am now free from pain, but I always keep a bottle in the house. I have recommended them to others, who swear by them. What they have done for me they will do for others, if given a fair trial."

Mr. W. W.

De Witt's Pills overcome the pain caused by rheumatism because they tackle the trouble right at the source—weak kidneys. When kidneys are weak and sluggish they allow impurities and poisons, especially excess uric acid, to accumulate in the system. It is then your trouble starts. Until you get your kidneys acting normally again, your pain will continue and get worse.



De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills act directly on the kidneys. They tone them up, strengthen them and restore normal healthy activity. You get visible proof of their direct action on the kidneys within 24 hours of taking the first dose.

With kidneys back at work again the real cause of your rheumatic troubles is cleared right out of the system. Then, and only then, will your pain end and the vigour and vitality of good health return again.

DeWitt's KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS

Specialty for Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains and Kidney Troubles. Obtainable everywhere. Prices—3/6 and 6/6. Start to get well TO-DAY.

Don't accept
any substitute
for SYLKO



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buy your materials

100 YARDS REELS (Size No. 40)
Black, White and OVER 350 FAST COLORS

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SILK SUBSTITUTE MADE BY (MERCERISED)
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Trade enquiries to THE CENTRAL AGENCY LTD. (Incorporated in Scotland),
New Zealand, Automobiles Chambers, 35, Taranaki Street, Wellington.

A MEETING WAS ARRANGED

(Written for "The Listener" by JEAN STEVENSON)

FIVE minutes before the boat train was due the station was still almost deserted; the girl who walked quickly along the platform was the only bright thing to be seen on this dismal nor-west winter morning. Five minutes to wait. Then she would meet Peter Isbister, the painter whose work she admired more than any other New Zealander's.

"Stand under the clock," he had written to her, "and I'll easily find you." Yes, this was an adventure. Quite unlike New Zealand, really. She, Kathie Emerson, had suddenly one day taken her courage in her hands and had written to this painter: "Dear Peter Isbister, You don't know me. But I admire your work so much I feel I must say so." Just like writing to a film star, her friends had said. But Kathie Emerson had explained how different it was. Peter Isbister was obviously a painter who had something to say. His pictures had line and form. Line and form and light. And of course his colour sense was simply marvellous. For three months Kathie Emerson wrote long letters appreciating Peter Isbister's work; and received from him an equal number of letters, shorter but quite encouraging. She wrote to him about the novel she was working on.

And now he was coming; he would have more than an hour before he left by the express for the south; they would have breakfast together; Kathie Emerson stood on the cold station and made plans about the future.

Suddenly, for no particular reason, she was doubtful. Perhaps she would not like him. He must not see her first. She must see him before he saw her. She must arrive a little late. Quickly, as the train shrieked into the station, she moved among the people who now crowded through the entrance. From this shelter she watched the place under the clock where there stood two young men with packs and ice-axes, and an elderly woman with a dog on a lead.

Kathie Emerson watched the platform doors as the train slowed. She watched a young man give his hand to an old man who moved with difficulty, a stick in his right hand, a large flat parcel under his left arm. An old man who said, "Much obliged, much obliged. Can you tell me where the clock is?"

Kathie Emerson ran out of the station and walked angrily along Morehouse Avenue, with the nor-wester swirling the dust round her feet and the blaring of taxi horns assailing her ears.

Peter Isbister was alert and wide awake as the boat train clanked him through the net-work of lines towards the misted lights of the station. Meeting his first fan. This would be interesting, surely. He'd take her to breakfast—the shakedown on the boat had given him a few spare shillings. He stood up, slung his knap-sack over his shoulder, casually helped an old man to his feet, carried his case, and helped him down the steps of the train. The old man asked where



"A meeting was arranged"

the clock was. Peter Isbister would have taken him to it. But, just in time, he saw a woman who stood there waiting; elderly, rain-coated, felt-hatted, with rimless glasses and a small dog on a lead.

"Stiffen the crows!" muttered Peter Isbister as he dived into the crowd; "the old hag!" And he went to breakfast alone and thankfully.

Spirit Voices On The Air

DEAD men may tell tales, and tell them to American radio listeners, if a scheme put forward by Ralph Pressing, prominent United States spiritualist, is acceptable to radio networks. Pressing hopes to broadcast seance voices.

Several obstacles lie in the way of the scheme. The non-appearance of a "voice" may subject listeners to a session of silence, and if a "voice" does appear, executives will be in trouble as to payment of the performing fee.

Pressing got his idea from recordings of "voices" taken at English seances, and argues that if a voice can be recorded it can also be broadcast.

He has, he says, been in personal contact with the spirit of the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who has promised to co-operate.

Pressing will play a record of Sir Arthur's "voice," obtained at a previous seance, and then, as a challenge to "doubting Thomases," will ask Sir Arthur's spirit to take the air and prove the disc authentic.