

WHO WANTS TO LOOK YOUNG

Amazing
Discovery
ENDS
WRINKLES



WOMEN
OF 50
CAN LOOK
35

Make this
TEST!

A new precious extract of skin cells—just like the vital elements in a healthy young girl's skin. Discovered by a famous University Professor. Obtained by him from carefully selected young animals. This extract, called 'Bioceol' is now contained in Tokalon Rose Skinfood. Apply it every night. Every minute while you sleep your skin absorbs these vital elements. Every morning when you wake up your skin is clearer, fresher, smoother—YOUNGER. During the day use Crème Tokalon (White colour non-greasy). By this simple treatment any woman can make herself look ten years younger. Have a marvellous skin and complexion of which any young girl would be proud. Successful results positively guaranteed with Tokalon Skinfoods or money refunded. Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores.

Wartime Supplies of MUSTARD



YOU may not be able to buy all the Mustard you would like in war time. Remember, this is not your storekeeper's fault. The amount of mustard available for civilians depends on shipping space and the needs of the troops in camp.

When you do manage to get some mustard, mix just enough for each meal—and add that extra enjoyment with a dash of Colman's Mustard.

Colman's Mustard

M20

The future
won't take care
of itself.....

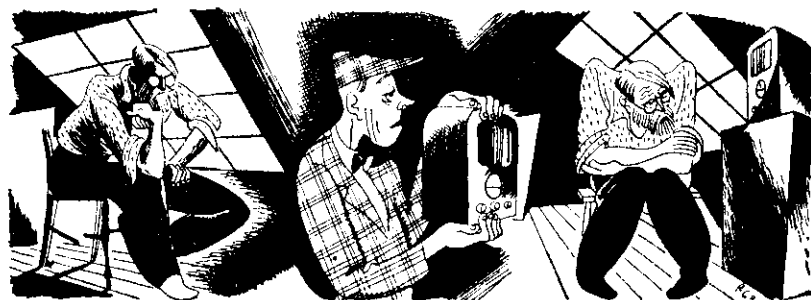
The wise man does not worry about the future but equally he does not ignore it, for dangers have to be guarded against. Your duty is to make suitable provision for the administration of your estate and for the running of your business when you are gone.

Your local Public Trust Office will gladly furnish you with the information you require and show how it can assist in foreseeing and meeting the problems which may arise when you are no longer here to grapple with them.

The PUBLIC TRUSTEE



10/3



WIRELESS IS WONDERFUL

(A Short Story, written for "The Listener" by ISOBEL ANDREWS)

RICHARD Harold Ramsay Furness was a young man of imagination. In fact he had so much imagination when he was younger that his mother said she never knew where she was with him. As he grew up, people began to think he was a genius. Once people started thinking that way, it wasn't hard for Richard to think so, too. So he rented a studio, grew a beard, and people got quite proud of being able to say they knew him. He used to give those sort of parties where the savouries are small, the drinks big, and where everybody goes round with cigarettes and calls you darling but forgets who you really are. They all said Richard was marvellous without being quite sure what he was being marvellous about. They knew he was an artist, because nobody but an artist would rent a studio or grow a beard, so they all went round telling each other what a wonderful imagination Richard had, and how marvellous it was to have a gift.

When he had done that, he told Richard that it was an adjectival hot day to be fixing adjectival wirelesses in an adjectival room like that when it was three flights up and all, but Richard Harold didn't believe in alcoholism in the lower orders, so the wireless man left with a dirty look and nothing in his pocket.

RICHARD was just going to rescue Ellery from the depths of the W.P.B. when he became conscious of a woman's voice. In spite of himself, he had to listen. The woman told him that no one must know. That even if he hated her for ever, she could not tell him. Now Richard hadn't read his Ellery Queen for nothing all those years, and he knew at once that it must have been something she had done in her youth and that she really was the boy's mother but didn't dare to tell him, because if the boy got to know, he would scorn her for ever, and it would almost inevitably ruin the wedding.

However, Richard couldn't put his deductions to the test, because just at that moment the voice ceased, and a man from America was heard to inquire if he wanted to hear the next exciting instalment, and that if he did, the best thing he could do was to eat Kosy Korn Kobs for breakfast.

BELIEVE it or not, it was only at that moment that Richard realised he had actually been listening to a wireless. Inarticulate with wrath, he was in the act of turning it off when another voice, far more arresting and almost refined told him that he would now stand by for what sounded like the National Hiccup, which would be broadcast a few seconds from now. Richard had never heard of a National Hiccup before, so his natural curiosity naturally got the better of his better instincts, and he let the few seconds go without moving. Then it turned out that the star of the National Hiccup was Susy Sprightly, who seemed to be in a perfect dither of excitement about a recipe for Apple Sauce which she had just discovered. In a sort of daze, Richard then listened to a man informing him that if he wanted to cure the cold which was all but choking him to death, the thing to do was to get a bottle of Bush's Great Ginger Remedy, which would immediately set three thousand feet of oxygen of margarine sweeping over his

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