

HAIR FALLING OUT?

This Letter Speaks for Itself

Clifford Street,
Seddon.
Dec. 20th, 1942.

Salmond & Spraggon Ltd.
Dear Sirs,

I have been using Pure Silvikrin for a few months now, and have had amazing results—I was nearly bald—the hairdresser said she never saw a person with so much new hair. I am very pleased with my new hair—it has come back as it was in my schooldays. I am still in ill-health so it is only thanks to Pure Silvikrin that I am no bald now, instead of having a thick head of wavy hair.

Now what makes it curly and wavy—the reason is I always use Tonic Lotion Silvikrin in the daytime. No need for a hair set when you can get natural waves as well as keeping your scalp clean. And don't my girls like it. I've just got to hide the bottle if I want any left, so will give them a bottle each for Xmas. Not forgetting the shampoo—I have been using all three for six months. I'm using the last bottle of Pure Silvikrin now, will carry on then with Tonic Shampoo and Oil.

Now let me tell you, I am not telling you all this just to please you—it's all true, as my friends can tell you. But you must use it every day, not miss two or three and start again as a friend of mine does, and then wonder why you aren't getting results. The only thing is I cannot get my hair to shine (that is because of gland trouble.) So you will understand Silvikrin has had a battle and come out with flying colours.

Yours faithfully,
Mrs. P. Watson.

FOR HAIR BEGINNING TO FALL—Slight Dandruff—apply Silvikrin Lotion—keeps normal hair both healthy and tidy. Price 3/5 & 6/- per bottle.

FOR SERIOUS FALLING HAIR—Severe Dandruff—apply Pure Silvikrin—the Concentrated Hair Food. Price 8/3 per bottle.

Silvikrin

FOR THE HAIR

Drugs Ltd., Sydney Road, London, N.10.
N.Z.5.3



a little KIWI goes a long way!

Kiwi is everywhere on the job with the Air Force—keeping boots supple and smart and preserving the leather. To do your bit go easy with the Kiwi. Remember, A LITTLE KIWI GOES A LONG WAY.

VITAMINS FORTY YEARS AGO

(Written for "The Listener" by "TWIGG")

"I ave like best to devoor frute in the forenoon, in gardens by myself dauncing at my leisure frae bush to bush, and frae tree to tree, pu'in awa at strawberries, or raspas, or grozets, or cherries, or apples, or peers, or plooms, or aiblins at young green peas, shawps an' a', or wee juicy neeps that melt in the mooth o' their an accord without chewin, like kisses o' vegetable maitter."—John Wilson ("Noctes Ambrosianae").

I SUPPOSE mine was one of the worst fed of generations. Probably our parents were too busy finding a social niche, or perhaps they were becoming more interested in the psychology of their children or perhaps traces of the pioneering spirit led them to experiment with new patent foods, patent medicines, and new food fads. They may have been a little fed up with

master's garden served the same purpose.

Watercress was forbidden to most of us because our parents were becoming germ-conscious, and had given us graphic descriptions of hydatids. Even those whose taste for the cress was stronger than their fear of an unknown disease would, before eating, carefully wash it in the stagnant pool where it grew.

We were fairly well provided with fruit. Most parents returned from town on Saturday night with at least one large brown paper bag of oranges, mandarins, or bananas, and peaches seem to have been twice as large and juicy then. While the season lasted, most



"The blue bottle for you to-night!"

unadulterated Nature, and science had only got up to minerals then. At least, if memory does not betray me, magazine advertisements led one to believe that all human ills were due to a lack of phosphorous or iron.

My generation, therefore, depended on their grazing along the highways and byways for their vitamins. We did not sprinkle wheat germ on our porridge, but many a handful of wheat we sieved through our fingers in case of mice remains, and then chewed vigorously in a race to see who could first reduce it to a gluey, elastic substance.

Wild Weeds and Leaves

Our official menus may have lacked green stuff, but a surprising number of gardens had a thick border of parsley down the path, and when you went over to play, the first way in which you showed your appreciation of your friend's hospitality was to chew her parsley. Then there were the succulent stems of the wood-sorrel that crept out on the roadside through paling fences; its leaves might be heavy with dust, but its stems were clean and thirst-quenching. And why were the green rosettes of the hawthorn's new leaves called "bread and cheese" if it was not because we used to prise open the cheese pieces in our lunches and add them for a little variety? Nasturtium leaves stolen from the head-

houses could boast a case of peaches sent straight from the growers. Then for the gathering there were Smith's golden pippins, Walker's greengages, Thomson's plums, Brown's honey pears, and Black's damsons. And there must have been merit in a fruit diet, because there were remarkably few fallings out during the fruit season. Nor did we scorn the blackberry, tutu or lawyer berries, while two or three deserted gardens yielded hazel nuts and walnuts.

Pigs' Delight

One or two children were noted for individual tastes. There was Hazel, who could eat a raw onion just like an apple; Mabel, who persisted in eating a loathsome green tissue-paper-like seaweed off the rocks; and Aggie, who ate the bulbs of a little native orchid. But these were left in peace to indulge their taste. Not poor Wilfey, however, who liked acorns. As soon as he began eating, he would be surrounded by a ring of children telling him they were poison. "Pigs eat them, you know, Wilfey," I suggested timidly, but he would just stare stolidly out of very small blue eyes. "Yer'll die," prophesied everyone else. But the only one who could put an end to his feasting was his big sister Saidee, who could stop him by simply screeching "Are you eating them acorns again m'boy? You know they're binding. It's the blue bottle for you to-night m'lady!"

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

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