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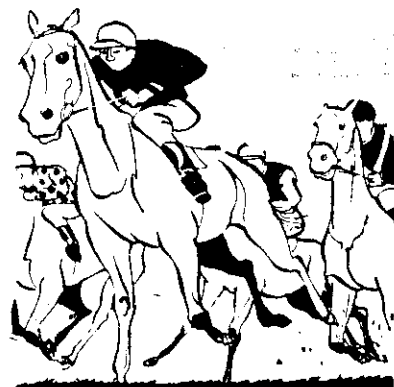
It is your duty to be sure that you are on the Electoral Roll for 1943.

Apply at any Post Office or to the Registrar of Electors for enrolment form.

Hurry!

A Jockey Whose Comfort Was Prayer

HOW many of those who followed Grand National events the other day on the air remembered an English jockey who rode winners in 1749 races and has now, 57 years later, had his record beaten in America? Here are pictures from an English magazine of two of the most famous riders in the history of the racing.



FREDERICK JAMES ARCHER was a tall, rangy boy, long-legged and loose-limbed. He was a little heavy for the job, but he captured and held the elegant eyes that watched him in that fabulous era which belonged to Queen Victoria and was polished by the manners of Disraeli and the perfectionists of the art of living who graced the times.

He captured the era, first as just a boy—a picturesque little figure, sitting there easily and gracefully on his mounts.

It was an era in which proficiency, prowess, and victory were essentials. And Fred Archer not only rode beautifully—and according to the aesthetics of riding which every horse-lover knows—he also won. His first winner was chalked up when he was 13.

Before he had begun to shave his lean, sensitive cheeks, he was at the top. On the skill of his thin, sinewy hands depended the ownership of many golden guineas.

Over the green turf of England, before the glittering Society which made almost a fetish out of *The Season*, Archer thundered into a series of victories which made sporting history. He reached his peak in 1885 when he rode the incredible number of 246 winners. He was at the top of his form, and the top of his profession.

He was a careful man with his money, a family man. He had married a beautiful young girl, and the next year they were expecting a child. But his wife died in 1886, leaving him his only child, a girl.

Given, as all men of the time, to elaborate Victorian rhetoric, and its noble sentimentality, Archer explained to his American friend, William Easton: "I have been luckier in riding than some of the other lads. That's about all the patting on the back I gave myself. But what does it amount to now? It's nothing, absolutely nothing. Poor Nellie! She was the only thing, really, that made any difference to me."

(Continued on next page)



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