

AUNT DAISY has been an enthusiastic advertiser and user of SCHOLL FOOT COMFORT AIDS

For Over 21 Years

Scholl are the world's largest selling Foot Comfort Appliances and Remedies. FREE BOOKLET, "The Feet and Their Care," by Dr Wm. M. Scholl. Send for your copy today. Scholl Coy., Box 2370, Wellington.



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Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder gives foot comfort all day long. Cools, soothes, refreshes. Soreness and chafing quickly relieved. Makes nylons more comfortable. 2/6 and 3/6 tin.



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SOFT-GRIP CRIMPED NYLON TOP

Maximum comfort for any length of leg. No constriction at edge.

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NEAR INVISIBLE

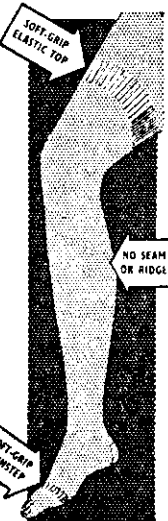
No seam, hem or ridge. Can be worn with confidence under nylons.

SMOOTH FIT

All over snug fit—including behind knee and at ankle.

COMFORT AT FOOT

No ridge or bulkiness where stocking ends.



Thigh Stockings worn with Suspender and Below-Knee Stockings



The Aunt Daisy Story

(continued from page 12)

directed the affairs of England. Those middle-class families, she says now, were of strong personality.

"Each member of them was determined to become somebody, special. The main emphasis was not on children at all. Yet we were never conscious of frustration or repression, as some people nowadays would have us believe. We felt security and a lot of love—but not a demonstrative love. We were very happy in that simpler life—a guided life—reading the books chosen for us and absorbing the atmosphere of politeness and good manners and orderliness in which we lived. I remember the books of J. M. Barrie, *The Little Minister* and *A Window in Thrums*. And, of course, the Royal Family belonged to us all. We knew of everything they did. And we knew all about the British Navy and the soldiers of the Queen—Tommy Atkins—and of all the Highland regiments, the Kilties, and the Campbells are coming, and was Mr Gladstone right or wrong about home rule for Ireland."

THROUGH the child's eyes the great institutions of London took on added size and drama by contrast with her diminutive self. St Paul's and Westminster, the Bank of England and the Mansion House, inspired awe as much by their overpowering size as by their architectural grandeur. The Changing of the Guard was pageantry comparable in New Zealand only with wide-screen spectacle, in brilliant colour and stereophonic sound. The Tower of London was memorable for the gleaming lustre of the Crown Jewels, and for the dark and narrow staircase leading up to where the little Princes were smothered in their sleep.

Drama of the Shaftesbury Avenue kind was not for the children. Daisy listened entranced to the conversation of her elders about Gilbert and Sullivan and about musical comedies like *Dorothy*, *Faust Up to Date*, and *Carmen Up to Date*, all shown at the Gaiety Theatre between 1886 and 1890. But she saw none of them. The pantomime, however, was permitted. "In those days," she remembers, "it had the lovely transformation scene. A gauze curtain came down and everything was done behind it in light. At the end there was the Harlequinade, with Pierrette and Pierrot

★ EASTBOURNE Promenade, in the late 1880's—"Ramsgate and Margate were a trifle 'common'."

and the clown and endless strings of sausages. Sausages have always been considered funny for some reason."

If the children did not go to the theatre, they managed to bring the theatre to themselves. Piano arrangements of light operas like *The Bohemian Girl* and *Maritana* were plentiful and cheap, and all girls and most boys of the middle classes could play the instrument. The theatre thereby came to them.

Each summer, too, a wider vista of England opened. With her brother Bertie, and her sisters Minnie and Katie sitting up very primly and correctly in a four-wheeled carriage, the family would drive across London Bridge to one of the great railway termini, en route to the seaside. Usually it was Brighton or Eastbourne or Bournemouth; seldom Ramsgate or Margate. They were considered a trifle "common."

"But wherever we went," she says, "we children loved it. There were entertainments on the sands—we didn't say beach, we said 'sands'—nigger minstrels and donkeys and donkey chaises and goat chaises. And a man would take photographs or tintypes of us riding in a goat chaise. And we'd watch the fishing boats come in and we'd buy soles and take them home for the landlady to cook."

Just as the beach was the sands, so swimming was bathing. Daisy never did learn to swim. But she bathed daintily in a neck-to-knee costume, "not quite prehistoric," descending the steps of a bathing machine drawn into the water by horses. Not till later, in the free and easy Colonial town of New Plymouth, was she to bathe without benefit of this contraption.

Holidays away from the sands were rarely quite as carefree. Daisy spent them for the most part with two elderly great-aunts of her mother's who lived at Chichester, in Sussex. "They marvelled to see us," she says. "Those great-aunts had really brought up my mother. She had been orphaned as a baby. And here were her children!"

"But they were very strict indeed, and their only idea of a treat for us was to take us to all the services in the Cathedral."

WHEN Daisy Taylor went to school England was engaged in overhauling her navy, and the Great Powers in partitioning tropical Africa between

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