

that. If "any Arteries were wounded or quite cut in two, if the Brain was wounded quite through, either lengthways or breadthways, or the Eye pierced in the very Pupil or Sight," Ellis's Balsam would "so agglutinate the Parts" that a cure was effected in one or two days.

Well, that beats Pain-killer. But Ellis could also beat Aunt Daisy (or very nearly) in getting his balsam where he knew it ought to be: in the house of every farmer.

For as we are all liable to Accidents, a Person may receive a mortal Damage, or bleed to Death, before a Surgeon can be had. I therefore have just Reason to observe, that a Farmer especially ought never to be without this Balsam; because in the Use of Scythes, Chaff-engines, Knives, reaping and other cutting Hooks and Sickles, Hedge-Bills, and Axes, etc., etc., men are more than ordinarily liable to cut and bruise themselves, and also to be hurt by the Kicks of Horses, Falls from Carts, Waggon, Cocks and Mows of Corn and Hay, Trees, etc., etc. Which most excellent Liquid Balsam I furnish any Person with, in Bottles sealed up, at one Shilling each, with printed Directions for its Uses.

Because Mr Ellis was too good a business man to say how his balsam was prepared, the prescription has been lost for ever; but if that had not happened our ancestors might have lived for ever, and then I am not sure where we ourselves would have been.

WHEN I saw six live rabbits today in less than 600 yards, I was reminded that I saw six dead rabbits two or three weeks ago on a roadside in North Otago all within about six chains. Though I did not stop to examine them, they all seemed recently dead, and lay at intervals too evenly spaced for accidents. I suspected an exhibit by the local Rabbit Board—

AUGUST 30 a variation on the mummified exhibits on wire fences by which farmers used to advertise their good citizenship a few years ago. As the rabbit population stands in some areas, six is probably a good kill. It was six times as many rabbits as I saw, living or dead, anywhere else between Christchurch and Balclutha. But I am waiting to see the South Island's last rabbit in the Otago or Canterbury Museum. When we are allowed to see it only in the presence of an attendant, and on no account to handle it, we shall know that our cunning and our fear have triumphed at last over the rabbit's terrifying fecundity.

THIS exciting note reached me this morning from Dunedin:

I counted 14 wood-pigeons flying from one berrying tree to another at the Gardens gate as I was awaiting a bus at the foot of Opoho Road. One, or two are not infrequent visitors to a tree in my back garden at Opoho, and pass overhead every day.

Though the letter carries neither a name nor a date nor an address, the writer indicates that he lives in Opoho, and that happens to

AUGUST 31 be the Dunedin suburb I still remember most clearly. Fourteen pigeons would be a sensation in any part of New Zealand in 1957—even in the remote bush—and to see as many as that feeding together near a city bus terminus, and not far away from the noise of bulldozers and earth-moving lorries is what Americans call "something." It is an event that I can neither explain nor understand, since I can't forget that pigeons lay only one egg, take a month to hatch it, and very nearly two months to rear the young. I will not try to explain the situation, or pretend to understand it. I will just thank my correspondent for the best bird news I have had for, I think, several years. (To be continued)

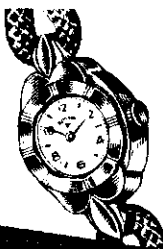
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