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Correctly-balanced HEALTH FOODS for personal needs, attractively served. Diets and vegetable cocktails for special cases. Consultations and treatments arranged. Tariff on application to "PELOHA" (Dept. L.), Box 92, HAVELOCK NORTH, H.B.

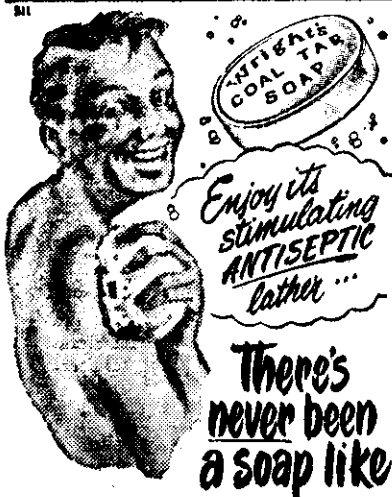
WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. Distributors: Fasset & Johnson Ltd., Levy Buildings, Manners Street, Wellington, C.S.



WRIGHT'S
Coal Tar Soap

Also Shaving Soap, Liquid Shampoo, Shampoo Powder

N.Z. Agents: S.A. Smith & Co. Ltd., Albert Street, Auckland

Traveller's Notebook

MAKE AND MEND

by G. LeF.Y.

THE southern section of Vancouver Island is populated by retired British army and navy officers living outside their incomes, practising British simple lifers living off their gardens, and a few Canadian tradesmen fattening off the British. My host was a simple lifer with sixteen acres of garden and orchard on the shores of Lake Unpronounceable.

"How do you like life in Canada?" my hostess asked at dinner the first evening. "Settling down all right?"

"Oh, fine," I said. "We New Zealanders are very adaptable."

"So I've always heard," my host said, "and very handy at make and mend."

"They make anything," I said, speaking for New Zealanders other than myself, "build their own houses, mend their tractors—always busy at something."

"You hear that, Perry?" my host said to his five-year-old son. "Do you think we might have a New Zealander putting shingles on the shed roof tomorrow?"

"I surrre do," Perry said, removing a cantaloupe from his face for a moment.

"Spoken like a true Canadian," I said, with not the most candid of smiles.

His mother laughed. "I can hardly wait to see the faces of my people in England when they hear his accent," she said. "He's a real Canadian."

"I can hardly wait to see those shingles going on," said her husband jovially.

I surrre can, I thought, remembering my black record as tradesman-about-the-home in New Zealand.

BRAD MARTINS, the local carpenter, who was giving us half a day for six dollars, arrived early next morn-

ing and we made our way to the shed roof.

"It's a simple operation," my host said, offering me a hammer and several hundred fine shingle nails; "we just work up towards the ridge pole, in rows allowing plenty of overlap. Anybody used to tools can pick it up in a minute."

"Most of our roofs are corrugated iron," I said, putting down the hammer before picking up a bundle of cedar shingles. The hammer slid merrily off the roof, heavy end first.

"I guess you got flat roofs in New Zealand," Brad said.

We put in a pretty good morning's work. Brad did two rows to our one, but he wore a special holster for his

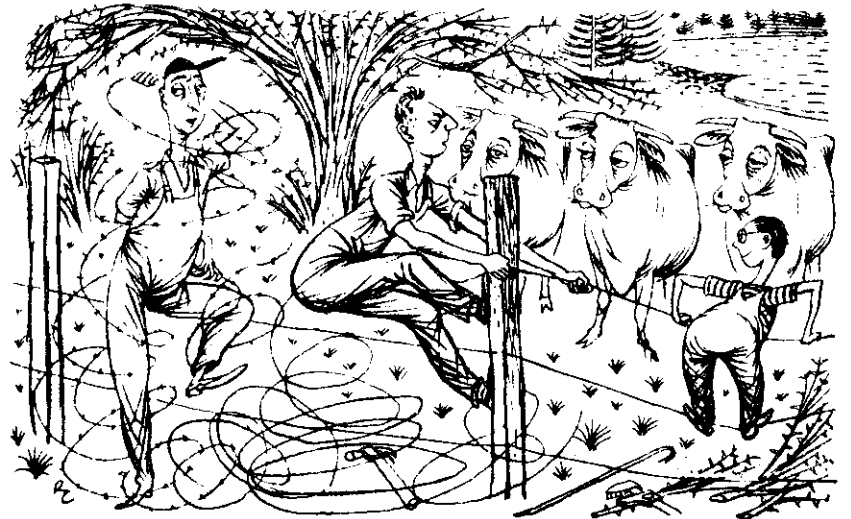
hammer and thus cut his retrieving time to nil. He also drove a nail with two blows, every time. The first hour I split three shingles and my left thumb, and did a number of ascents and descents of the roof by different routes. My host made meticulous measurements and set some pretty shingles, about one to Brad's four. Brad finished off the roof by 11 a.m.

"There's a fence that should be repaired down by the lake," my host said. "The heifers are getting through from next door. Could you lend us a hand there for an hour?"

"Naw," Brad said, "I have to go work at the house."

"I suppose that's the house he's building himself," my host said, as Brad purred off down the drive in his Buick convertible. "What sort of fences do you have in New Zealand...?"

WE collected cocoons of wire and went down to the shores of Lake Unpronounceable, Perry riding the (continued on next page)



"The heifers eyed us with smug unconcern"

(Solution to No. 578)

R	E	S	I	D	E	A	C	U	M	E	N
I	H	E				O	A				A
P	A	R	A	M	O	E	N	T	R	A	P
S	O	O	T			D	O				I
A	D	V	E	N	T	U	R	E	S	O	M
W	E	S	S	R	S	N					R
							S	T	O	M	A
A	I	R	O	E	C						S
C	O	M	P	A	N	I	O	N	S	H	I
C	P	T	L	S	E						L
O	X	A	L	I	C						Q
R	I	V				O					U
D	O	R	E	E	N						I
											N

Clues Across

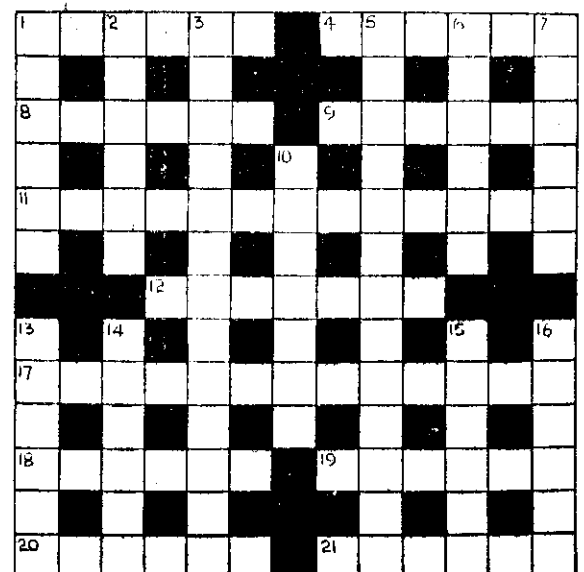
- A row of teeth at last for a struggle.
- If you haven't one, you're unfortunate, but he's the very devil without one particular letter.
- New Zealand native containing a piece of useful information.
- No longer necessary when buying tea.
- Keep this open and be on the alert (3 words).
- Most diminutive, i.e., stint.
- Not much say in getting what you want here (2 words).
- Laugh to scorn.

"THE LISTENER" CROSSWORD

- According to most writers of detective fiction they are like pie crusts—made to be broken.
- This weather tells what happens when defence fails.
- One who suffers from a combination of deformity and idiocy.

- A decoration for Ron to be King of the Fairies.
- It is found before and after a shortened disease, but it's choice.
- No lens required for his telescope!

No. 579 (Constructed by T.W.C.)



Clues Down

- Courteousness particularly between nations.
- Put me on top of a row for my line.
- Complete thorough regular arrangement (3 words).
- Harder schools produce him (2 words). Otago University has just recently produced two.
- Mixed pies at the beginning, in the middle, but not at the end.
- Where the bonnets come from.
- Eager with a star hit.
- How sad to find fuss and bother in the dark!