



"Tell me, doctor . . .

Alice is using a new antiseptic (What does she call it, now—'Dettol'!) I must say it seems very pleasant and has a delightful smell, but then, as I tell her, that isn't the point. Is it an efficient antiseptic? You know, doctor, I've always been so very careful about such things, and this stuff is so very unlike disinfectant — well, I thought while you were here I would ask you."

Nothing better was ever discovered for women than 'Dettol,' the Modern Antiseptic. This highly efficient killer of germs is so dainty that it will not even stain linen. It is clean and clear, pleasant in smell, and an excellent deodorant. For all its wide and successful surgical use it might have been made expressly for fastidious personal care. For in spite of its sure destruction of germs

it is not poisonous, and is gentle and tender on human tissues. Use 'Dettol' as part of your toilet routine. Ask your doctor!

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DETTOL

TRADE MARK

THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC

The Horse Laughed

ANN HOPE RIDES

(Continued from page 14).

As I did so Weed swung his head. I saw the white of his eye flash, and was sure that he bared his teeth.

"You're certain he's quiet? He won't buck, will he?" I shouted to Mamie.

"No, he won't buck," she answered with a queer emphasis.

Weed still looked as big and vindictive as ever. He sidled off as I heaved at the saddle again, and I went hopping after him with one foot in the stirrup.

IT was then I learnt that by far the most difficult part of riding is getting on—and getting off. So far as I could tell from that first lesson, the part in between is just nothing at all. All you need to do is wind your legs round the beast's body and hang tightly on to the line of fur down the back of his neck.

Of course, Mamie believes you should sit upright and hold on the straps alone, but I didn't reach the advanced stage.

It took me 20 minutes to get aboard. I soon gave up the idea of pulling on the saddle, and tried running back and making a flying leap at Weed, as the circus people do.

Weed seemed to resent it, and it hurt my stomach.

My second method of mounting was to climb on the yard railings and step down to Weed at my own good time. But Weed refused to stand still. I had no alternative but to submit to ignominious method three of mounting.

Mamie gave me a leg up. I put my foot in her hand and she jerked up, so that I nearly shot off the other side.

Weed started to walk.

"Are you holding him?" I screamed. "Go on," yelled Mamie, standing back, "he's yours."

In a flash I realised that this after all was not my idea of heaven.

"I don't want him," I shouted. "Take him back."

"You're all right," said the silly woman. "Just sit straight and hold the reins. Put him at a canter."

"Don't bother me with details, Mamie," I pleaded. "I don't want to try moving. Just let me lie here quietly and get the feel of things first."

PERHAPS I spoke too hastily. Weed seemed to understand, and on the instant he threw his tail and his head into the air and let out a frightful bellow.

"Isn't he behaving a little oddly?" I asked shyly.

"No, no," urged Mamie. "He wants to race."

At these frightful words Weed began to claw at the ground with his front feet and make moaning sounds.

I gave a cry of terror.

"Catch him!" I shrieked. "Grab the reins! He'll bolt, Mamie! I want to land—at once!"

Instead of helping, Mamie and the farm boy burst out laughing. They must have scared Weed, because the front of him rose suddenly into the air as if an earthquake were beneath.

Weed gave another terrifying roar

(Continued at bottom next column.)