ANNE HIRST Your Family Courselot

"Dear Anne Hirst: Can you help me understand what kind of a wife I've got? She makes me feel like a fool! Whenever we go anywhere she pays no fust acts like a kid with the men, playing up to them and generally acting silly. It's got so

I hate to go any place with her.
"The best one she's pulled yet was with a stranger who came to the house to see me about a deal. She behaved like a 16year-old, openly flirting with him. He was badly embarrassed -yet when I spoke about it wrong! If she doesn't stop, and it should happen again, I confess I'll be through.

"Her mind seems to run in waves. One day she is so loving, and the next she seems to hate me. We don't seem to have anyinterest in anything I do or plan to undertake.

"We are both in our late 40's. During three years of marriage we have had nothing but arguments. She does not keep a promise she makes, and I find it unbearable to live with someone I cannot trust. Please tell me what to do. Is she crazy, or man-crazy, or both? DISGUSTED."

If your wife were a young · girl who had married the first · boy she fell in love with, there might be some excuse for her · high spirits, though precious * little. To see a woman her age behaving like a congenital · flirt is revolting to any self-• respecting man. Her husband • is likely to consider her man-

Separates



• 1951 CHEV. DELUX 4-Door - Radi • 1945 CHEV. DUM

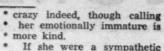
ובובובובובו

Complete v4545 SIZES ZUEN • 1948 MERCUF My Anna Adams • 1954 CHEV

Exc Busy mom, whip up these wardrobe wonders in a jiffy! imum of pattern parts, no fitting worries - designed for beginners! Princess jumper, box jacket, blouse offer many changes for Monday-to-Sunday

variety. Send now! Pattern 4545: Children's Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. Size 6 blouse, 1 yard 35-inch; jumper, 1% yards 35-inch nap; jacket, 1% yards. This pattern easy to use, to sew, is tested for fit.

Send THIRTY-FIVE CENTS (35¢) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern. plainly SIZE, NAME, AD-DRESS, STYLE NUMBER. Send order to Box 1, 123 Eigheenth St., New Toronto, Ont.



* and satisfactory wife, and in-* terested in all that concerns you, it might be possible to condone her indiscretions. But · you cannot even count on her * affection! As you describe * your private life (your letter was too involved to print en-• tirely) it is hard to see what you are getting out of mar- riage except shame, confusion and anxiety. Yet you still love her. That

* will weigh, of course, against • the idea of divorce. Against that, however, you will have • to charge the fact that she is making you the object of
 derision, the subject of snide * remarks, and a worm besides. What price, then, your love for her? You have been bitter-* ly disillusioned, I know. All your wife's promises to be-have herself flee with the * wind before her exhibition-* ism. The future looks intoler-

Try one more warning. If • you can convince her you mean it, she may decide that * the dignity (and security) of marriage is worth a quick and permanent reform. For your * sake, I hope so.

PLAY FAIR "Dear Anne Hirst: I am in love with a boy I met four weeks ago. We get along perfectly! He doesn't want met to date anybody else, and I am will-

"But if my mother learns of

that arrangement she would break up this romance. She has always done that when she thinks I'm getting too serious. (I am 17, the boy is 18). "So often I've tried to talk her out of this idea of hers, but it doesn't do any good. Please advise me. LAURA."

* When your mother insisted earlier that you date more than one boy at a time, you survived, didn't you? It isn't * likely that you would break

* your heart over one you've * known only a month. At your age it is not unusual * to fall head-over-heels for a nice new lad, and feel your time is wasted if you date anyone else. Young hearts are sus-ceptible; that is why they are so certain that the last boy on the scene is the only one. You have found this to be true, so why tempt fate

Don't think of deceiving * your mother. You will be found out, and disappoint her all over again. Then how will my young friend.

We all need to be proud of the one we love; if we cannot, the very seed of love is destroyyou would like to write her, address her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth Street, New Toronto.

"BLIND" MAN'S BLUFF Charged with stealing a pair of 7s. 6d. spectacles from a departmental store in Hamilton, Ontario, Mr. Joseph McShane submitted an original excuse to the magistrate by stating that could see my way out of the





ny Sald 'Ne," Deers" - Nibbling at trouble from which their refuge is designed to protect them, two deer in the Wild We Zoe at Shubenacadie, Nova Scotia, sample a guard's rifle.



Embroidered and Encrusted with glitter and tiny ceramic flowers Is Tibor de Nagay's nylon dress, displayed at the New York fa-shion show of the Association of Canadian Couturiers, in the Hotel Pierre. The show, first American venture by the Canadian designers, featured Canadian fabrics. The pink embroidered white organdy is given an agua cast by a cotton organdy underskirt. Skirt is gathered from the hips into pannier fullness at the sides and the square, stand-away neckline canceals a second smug-fitting one. The Toronto couturier was born in Budapest and has designed for the stage and movies abroad.

most destructive fits of temper.

On this occasion he picked up a heavy book and threw it at the beautiful clock. It was smashed

completely. The unhappy inci-

CHRONICLES GINGER FARM

The Festive Season is upon us . . . time to say again "Happy Christmas and God Bless Us Everyone." Christmas 1954! Is it any different from any other Christ-

mas? How many years can you that have passed which were the happiest Christmases that you remember? Or the presents that gave you the greatest joy. Was it the doll-carriage that you had always longed for, or the bicycle the family gave you between them? Do you remember the first time you realized that Santa Claus didn't really exist? You didn't always get what you wanted but now, suppose, if you are a foolish little girl the very things you perhaps it is the gifts that you gave you remember even betthe wonderful pot-holders you

made in secrecy to give mother on Christmas Day.
Or is it the first Christmas after you were married you reall have our memories, and the memories of the past contribute passing year. This Christmas would not mean as much to us unless we could add to it the

memory of those that have gone before. As I look back every Christ-mas in my childhood is inter-woven with thoughts of my mo-ther and my brothers and sis-ter. My father died when I was three so there is little that I remember of him. His death meant that mother became the breadwinner for her family of five, one of whom was born after my father died and who left us when he was sixteen

months old.

I remember our first Christmas Tree. Every family did not have a Christmas tree in those of affluence—a story-beek symbol of Christmas. But I had been very ill and my family pooled their meagre resources to give the little girl who had been spared to them the best Christmas ever. I can see that tree so clearly - trimmed with glittering tinsel and real candles. I was propped up on a couch with pillows and blankets, right across from the beautiful tree.

I remember another Christmas - or rather, pre-Christmas. We were busily engaged for weeks making paper-chain decorations; presents for mother and for each other that often had to be hastily hidden away. I had two brothers, Eddie and Evelyn. Eddie was very clever at fret-work. This particular Christmas he had worked for hours and hours making a fretwork clockstand for mother, for which he had bought a small clock. It was almost finished and stood about eight inches high, the clock being at the top. One evening my two brothers got into an argument. Eddie was the easy-going type but Evelyn often had

dent marred that one Christmas

From that time on I have no recollection of any Christmas every Christmas was happy and exciting We used to lie awake on Christmas' Eve listening .to the Waites playing all the old familiar hymns. Sometimes carol singers would join the Salvation Army Band and go from street to street singing and playing. Then I remember our firs Christmas in Canada out on the

prairie, on a farm where Partner was working as hired help. Mail had been delayed and there wasn't a letter, a parcel, or even a Christmas card from our friends in the Old Country. Christmas morning we got a phone call - there was mail at he post office. There was no delivery along prairie trails so Partner walked in for it - at hirty below. Fortunately he had only to walk half-a-mile. He came back with letters, cards and parcels. It was a Happy Christmas then, believe me.

I remember, too, our next Christmas on the prairie as we were at last in a home of our own. Wee daughter was 11 months old. We had balloons and gay streamers hanging from the ceiling near her cot. When she woke up Christmas morning the wonder of it kept her cooing for hours.

Then came our first Christmas at Ginger Farm. Our ten-room house was sparsely furnished and very cold. All our money had gone into stock and implements. But we were happy - we had our baby with us . . . our son whose life for the first nine months teetered perilously on death. Dee was nearly four, a happy healthy little girl. We did into a depression that would mean a lean Christmas for many

years to come.
And now to Christmas 1954. As we grow older we are thankful for each Christmas that finds our family circle still complete.
So that is Christmas through
the years as I remember it. You, too, will have your memories. Happy ones, I trust. And I hope that this Christmas was the happiest yet.

Every Hour Is His "Rush Hour"

At thirty-two, Tom Metcalfe is one of the few craftsmen in Britain who have mastered the art of cutting rushes, an art which members of the Metcalfe family have been practising without a break for nearly 90

Tom cuts the ten-foot-high rushes as they grow in the muddy River Ouse, using a punt and a long rush hook. They are used for making mats and fancy baskets and for caulking beer

Tom says that rushes are rather like hay and you have to learn the knack of just when and how to store them. If you store them when they are wet, they are useless; if you store them when they have become very dry, they snap.

The old custom of rush-bearing is still observed in some parts of Britain. It dates back to the days when rushes were the only known means of floor covering in houses and churches.

Young people in white carry in procession to church sheet bearing the rushes. A service follows. The rest of the day is spent in merry-making, dancing and singing.



THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Condensed Annual Statement

30th November 1054

30th November, 1954	
ASSETS	
Cash on hand and due from banks (including items in transit)	\$ 467,429,065
Government of Canada and provincial government securities, not exceeding market value	969,888,546
Municipal and other securities, not exceeding market value	288,188,034 156,395,203
Total quick assets	\$1,881,900,848
Other loans and discounts	1,031,626,844
(1954)	22,672,390
Bank premises	24,194,181
and letters of credit	59,349,565 7,152,016
	\$3,026,895,844
LIABILITIES	
Deposits	\$2,797,548,149 59,349,565
Other liabilities	23,064,466
Total liabilities to the public	\$2,879,962,180
Capital paid up	41,809,863 103,619,726
Undivided profits	1,504,075
	\$3,026,895,844
STATEMENT OF UNDIVIDED PROFITS	
Profits for the year ended 30th November, 1954, after make appropriations to Inner Reserves, out of which full p vision for bad and doubtful debts has been made	ng.

Provision for depreciation of bank premises 2,079,466

\$ 9,558,045

\$19,988,700

\$21,504,075

\$ 1,504,075

Provision for income taxes on above profits 9,276,000 Dividends at the rate of \$1.421/2 per share \$5,151,634 Extra distribution at the rate of 10 cents per 417,711 \$ 5,569,345 Transferred from Inner Reserves after provision for income

Balance of undivided profits, 30th November, 1953 1,515,375 Transferred to Rest Account 20,000,000 Balance of undivided profits, 30th November, 1954

JAMES MUIR, T. H. ATKINSON. Chairman and President

Never Can Tell Where You'll Find Treasure

thousand pounds in till. . . .

They were puzzled. The dead

ness and although they searched

They found the volume. A-

When John Addington set out

ne decided to take no risks with

And his pot of gold? In 1926

a hen and her brood of chicks

in her cabbage patch. Hearing

woman rose in wrath to eject

hen, if it had not laid a golden

egg, had at least unearthed a gold five-dollar piece. She in-

in the discovery of \$10,000 in

1923. She was cleaning out a

room when she noticed the tag

of a lace peeping from a crev-

ed it back in; but she chose to

pull it out, and found on the

end of it a bag containing more

than \$10,000 in scrip and notes.

In a Durham house a work-

man was stopping some smoke-holes in a chimney stack when

he came across a large tin box

crammed with bills and on top

a small piece of paper marked

Five minutes later he found

"\$2.000."

ice. She could easily have push

vel, dug up the long-lost pot

the invaders and found that the

It had always been a nuisance
the rusty old stove which a
Berlin woman shopkeeper had Two men were going through the papers of a bachelor friend who had died suddenly when stored for many years in her they found a scrap of paper addressed to them in his handwriting with the words: "Seven attic after picking it up for next to nothing at a sale. She had never made use of it, yet in some strange way she felt she did not want to part with it. Then came war - and the bombing of Berlin. Her shop

was badly damaged and she was find no money. evacuated with what belongings Then one of them had she could salve to Westphalia. idea. He remembered that their She did not abandon the old friend had often been found stove. It went with her. And when, not long ago, she returnreading a book of "Tillotson's Sermons." Could this be the ed to open a new shop in a Bermeaning of the word "Till"? lin suburb, back went the stove

But she could see imediately mong the leaves were banknotes to the value of \$20,000. that to keep it any longer was sheer folly. The ugly thing was out of place in the new shop, from his old Kentucky home a though she still had a vague Southdown ninety years ago to feeling that she ought not to fight in the American Civil War, part with it. She decided to put it in the his great store of gold. So he

window for a week, not really believing that anybody would buried it in a huge pot in his garden. He died in captivity and his secret was buried with buy it even at the bargain price she marked it. But someone did buy it, on the very first day. "Thank goodness," muttered the shopkeeper. But somehow broke through the fencing of the present woman owner of she wasn't really pleased when Addington's house and got busy

the stove was taken away. Nor was the little old lady who had bought it. Two days later she rang up, complaining bitterly that the stove was "ka put" - that - it just wouldn't work. She asked the shopkeeper to take it back. The shopkeeper hesitated -

vestigated, found many more gold pieces and then, with a then refused to do so. shovel, dug up the long-lost pot of gold and the fortune it con-So the new owner called in an engineer to try to make the Yes, it's usually the folk who screws were missing and said aren't looking for treasure who he would first have to dismantle strike it rich. A pretty young housewife's lucky pull at a bootlace resulted Suddenly, as he worked, there

tumbled out a stream of golden coins, jewellery, watches and other treasure from a secret rea conservative estimate, the treasure was worth \$75,000. Police were told, but the owner of the treasure, probably long-dead, has not been traced. So the lucky little old lady receives every penny of the for-

And the woman who sold her the stove? She is furious that she finally ignored her hunch. Unsuspecting treasure is constanly turning up in odd places. A poor Italian peasant almost burst into tears when his spade broke as he was digging his meagre piece of land in the province of Parma some years ago. He knew he could not afford a new one. The spade had struck what he thought was a large stone but what was actually a

When he realized what it was, he borrowed a spade from a neighbour and uncovered the box which had been buried deeply in the soil. Opening the ox he found it contained a mass of gold coins which proved to e worth \$350,000. Intensive inquiries failed to reveal the ownr of this long-buried wealth. So to-day that lucky peasant no longer digs for his living.



"What are you waiting



CAN'T BEAR TO BE BOTHERED-While most of us huddle in warm elothing, Ivy, the polar bear at the London, England, zoo, finds the cold temperature just right for a snooze. Protected by her heavy warm cont, she looks comfortable as she curls up on the frozen earth.





explanation. The boys were en-Joying a pre-Christmas display of a toy train manufacturer.

another box packed with notes and marked "\$2,500." Before he could recover from the shock of these two discoveries, he had found a large toffee tin which he afterwards said was "cram-Safety's Always In Season med to bursting point with notes." The total value of his A fellow buys rubbers to put on his feet,

poration refuse dump in the north of England found on it ar ancient trinket box containing money and watches worth A cobham, Surrey, man had his home for years before he discovered it. In the dark one

tique oak chest which had come to him years before on th death of his parents. It had stood there for years. get rid of it. He was amazed to find that it had a false bottom and beneath this he found a number of old and very valu able paintings. They included a Rembrandt and two Correggios. As a result of his discovery, the man, a labourer, was

raised to wealth. There was also the Clacton woman who bought an old and dilapidated piano at a local sale. When she got it home, she failshe decided to take it to pieces. Hidden among the wires she



world's lightweight championship three times, Jimmy Carter regaining title in a recent bout with Paddy De Marco.



Reaching The Top Of Mount Everest steep rock slopes on the left, I went on cutting steps on the narrow strip of snow. The ridge curved away on the right and we had no idea where the top was. As I cut around the back

And in that direction of needed protection

Our fighters in khaki wore helmets of steel, Our banks have alarms by the ton.

For merely the reason that safety's in seaso

A copper must carry a gun. But think of your family's future, my friend,

Despite your endurance, YOUR MITE OF INSURANCE

looked all around him. We shook hands and then Tenzing

threw his arm around my shoul-ders and we thumped each other on the back until we were

almost breathless. It was 11:30 a.m. The ridge had taken us two and a half hours, but it

seemed like a lifetime. I turn-ed off the oxygen and removed my set. I had carried my cam-

era, loaded with colour film, in-

side my shirt to keep it warm,

so I now produced it and got Tenzing to pose on top for me,

string of flags — United Nations, British, Napalese and Indian. Then I returned my attention to the great stretch of country ly-

ing below us in every direction.
To the east was our giant

neighbour Makalu, unexplored and unclimbed, and even on top

of Everest the mountaineering instinct was sufficiently strong

to cause me to spend some mo

er a route up that mountain might not exist. Far away across the clouds the great bulk of Kangchenjunga loomed on the

horizon. To the west, Cho Oyu,

old adversary from 1952, dom-

see the great unexplored ranges of Nepal stretching off into the distance. — From Chapter XVI, "The Summit" by Sir Edmund Hillary, from "The Conquest of

"That pretty girl seems to be having a good time!" "H'm, yes—her flance, a young

"Well, she certainly seems to have solved the problem of what

nated the scene and we could

He bulwarks the place he calls home.

IS ALL THAT IS LEFT WHEN YOU AIN'TI

Get wise, use a little restraint!

You'll Live Longer

Half a century ago the ele-phant outlived us; to-day we

outlive him by seventeen and a half years. But we have a long

way to go to catch up to the lively salmon which outlives us

The newest life-expectancy

tables, published recently in the

United States, indicate that our

life span is increasing every

furious life of eighteen years; the early Roman averaged

twenty two years; the Briton of

100 years ago averaged thirty-seven years; in ancient Egypt man reached twenty-nine years,

and in modern Egypt he reaches

only thirty-eight point six years. The modern Western world

male should reach 120 expec-

tancy before the end of the cen-

Married men live longer than

bachelors; university - educated

and farmers outlive skilled workers, but the latter outlive unskilled workers.

Here are some figures to show

how the insurance companies might rate the animal kingdom;

might rate the animal kingdom; tortoise, 150 years; salmon, 100 years; cockatoo, ninety years; pelican, fifty-two years; elephant, fifty years; ostrich, forty years; toad, thirty-six years; horse, thirty years; gorilla, twenty-six years; lion, twenty-five years; rabbit, eight years; mouse, one and a half years, mayfly, one day.

tury, scientists claim.

Primitive man lived a short,

by some thirty-three years!

If You're Married

000, 000 in 1951. failure in the West. in half, butter has been at floor price for the last two years, hogs came close to it this fall and eggs, in many parts of the country, are below the 32 cents per dozen supposed to be a minimum price to the producer. These 32¢ per dozen of eggs, incidentally, are not guaranteed by the government, but promised by the packers. The packers, however received a guaran-

"GEE, CHIEF, I'M SORRY" — Brian Cullman, 4, wrings his hands as he finds the passenger special is due to meet a freight head-on just out of this picture. "Chief Engineer" Daniel Dunning, 8, son of actress Celeste Holm, is highly skeptical of the

firm snow and we stood on top.

My initial feelings were of relief — relief that there were no more steps to cut — no more ridges to traverse and no more humps to tantalize us with hopes of success. I looked at Tenzing and in spite of the balaclava, goggles and oxygen mask all encrusted with long icicles that concealed his face there was no disguising his infectious grin of pure delight as he

try as rising unemployment fig-ures show. Unless the trend is changed, it may drag down the of one hump, another higher one would swing into view. . . I had been cutting steps con-1954 has seen Great Britain nually for two hours, and withdraw from the International Wheat Agreement unwilling to Tenzing, too, was moving very slowly. As I chipped steps around still another corner, I accept Mr. C. D. Howe's demand for a top price of \$2.05. In view of the considerable drop wondered rather dully just how long we could keep it up. Our of the wheat price below the ceiling, Mr. Howe's insistence original zest had now quite gone and it was turning more into a grim struggle. I then realized that the ridge ahead, instead of on the extra nickel proved to be lack of foresight, unless, of course, Canada's Minister of still monotonously rising, now Trade wants to get away from co-operative marketing and back dropped sharply away, and far below I could see the North Col and the Rongbuk glacier. I looked upwards to see a narr The Canadian Wheat Board snow ridge running up to a snowy summit. A few more whacks of the ice-axe in the

has been under constant attack and a British Columbia farmer ably with anti-Board backing, to test its constitutionality. The floor price policy of the federal government, meagre as it is, has also been attacked by

the press, processors, distribu-

tors and even a provincial Min-

ister of Agriculture. Particular-

tee from the government of 38

actually cut the purchasing

The slump in agriculture has already had its effect on indus-

power of the farmer in half.

Canadian farm net income in 1954 will be down a cool billion dollars from its peak of \$2,200,-000, 000 in 1951.

The continuous recession of farm income over the last three years is due mainly to the decline of prices of all agricultural entered in the stabilization of the dairy ever, seems to be a low price for the stabilization of the dairy 1954 will be down a cool billion dollars from its peak of \$2,200,-The continuous recession of farm income over the last three years is due mainly to the decline of prices of all agricultural commodities to which in the for the stabilization of the dairy industry, most important branch of farming outside of wheat. current year was added the crop In 1954 the United States of Beef price was practically cut

PLAIN HORSE SENSE

By F. (BOB) VON PILIS

America imposed further restrictions on the importation of Canadian farm products, meekly accepted by the Canadian government which also refused the advice of the CCF members in the House of Commons to expenditure of the commons of the common port farm surpluses against payment in foreign currencies. The idea was taken up by the Americans and the U.S. Administration in surbevised to sell tration is authorized to sell abroad farm products up to one billion dollars and accept the buyer's currency.

cents per dozen plus storage and handling charges. Encouraging signs, however, are coming from the ranks of Although feed grains are down, prices of mill feeds and mixed feeds have gone up; so have the costs of production in Canada's farmers, signs of re-bellion against the fallow agricultural policies of the Liberal general. Increased costs coupled government in Ottawa. with decreased cash income have

In the West the hue and cry for direct political action of farthe initiative of the Interprovincial Farm Union Council a farmer-labour committee has been established together with TLC and CCL to consult regularly on questions of comr

A Canadian farm program for 1955 will include the follow 1) Strengthening of the Can-adian Wheat Board by the addi-

tion of producer repereser 2) Establishment of a Board of Live Stock Commissioners; 3) Continuation of floor prices for farm products;

 Federal legislation enabling producers to establish National Marketing Agencies. "God helps them that helps themselves." With the old fighting spirit of the farmers awakening again, here is hope for a better 1955.

cism, constructive or destructive, and all suggestions, when otherwise. Address all mail to Bob Von Pilis, Whitby, Ont.

\$1.00 TRIAL offer. Twenty-five deluxe personal requirements. Latest catalogue included The Medico Agency, Box 124. Terminal A. Torqato, Ontario.

BE ANALYZED by noted Astrologisti Send Birthdate and dime for amazing reading. A. Hermansen, 25 Fifth Avenue, Suite 1102, New York 10, NY., U.S.A.

STAMPS.

Stamp Collection: 500 all different world wide stamps, US dollar. Makes good presents. No approvals. J. L. Cooprider, 181 East 3rd Street, Hialeah, Florida.

WANTED
DEALERS wanted to take orders for chicks and turkey poults for one of Canada's oldest established Canadian Approved Hatcheries, Good commission pald. Send for full details. Box 121, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

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READ THIS — EVERY SUFFERER OF RHEUMATIC PAINS OR NEURITIS SHOULD TRY DIXON'S REMEDY MUNRO'S DRUG STORE 335 ELGIN :: OTTAWA \$1.25 Express Prepaid PT'S NEW — relief of arthritic, neuritic, rheumatic pain, try HALFA, — Large economy bottle \$5 Write today. Halfa Products Ltd., Box \$7, Postal "J" Toronto. Ontario.

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PRICE \$2.50 PER JAR

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wages. Thousands of successful Marvel

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