

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

BE YOUR OWN BOSS!
MEN OF BUSINESS! Increase your own sales volume, improve your production, and increase your profits with our exclusive products. No experience necessary in every business. Write at once for our new color catalogue showing retail prices, wholesale prices, and a list of our products. Write to: **3222 St. Lawrence Blvd., Montreal, P.Q.**

BABY CHICKS
We can supply what you need—small, healthy, purebred chicks. We have a large selection, including Ames, Ancon, Game, Bantam, and many others. Write to: **120 St. Lawrence Street, Toronto, Ont.**

CHICKS and Turkey Poults for immediate delivery. Also hatching eggs. Allow two weeks for delivery. Special egg breeds. Light colored eggs, Bantam, Old English Game, Old English Game, and many others. Write to: **120 St. Lawrence Street, Toronto, Ont.**

TWEEDLE CHICK HATCHERIES LTD.
2701 WESTERN AVENUE, TORONTO, ONT.

FARM MACHINERY FOR SALE
NEW MCLAUGHLIN Thrashers, used threshers, grain elevators, saws, pumps, etc. Write to: **120 St. Lawrence Street, Toronto, Ont.**

GRAIN AUGERS
Save labour with a **4 Inch SUPER SCOPPER**. Base made of heavy duty steel, 14 ft. extensions to make 18 ft. or 21 ft. or 24 ft. long. Write to: **120 St. Lawrence Street, Toronto, Ont.**

FOR SALE
ALL-YEAR ROUND BUSINESS! Write to: **120 St. Lawrence Street, Toronto, Ont.**

MEDICAL
DON'T WAIT—EVERY SUFFERER OF RHEUMATIC PAINS OR NEURITIS SHOULD TRY DIXON'S REMEDY. Write to: **MUNRO'S DRUG STORE**, 112 Dundas Street West, Toronto, Ont. 51.25 Express Prepaid.

MALE HELP WANTED
CALIFORNIA, Don construction, Year around work. Top pay. Send 10¢ and address envelope for: **700 Hwy. 2200, Box 60, Bellevue, Wash., U.S.A.**

OPPORTUNITIES FOR MEN AND WOMEN
EARN more! Bookkeeping, Salesman, etc. Write to: **120 St. Lawrence Street, Toronto, Ont.**

EARN big money. Sales background essential. Exceptional earnings possible. Write to: **120 St. Lawrence Street, Toronto, Ont.**

OPPORTUNITY to import business direct from your home. Write to: **120 St. Lawrence Street, Toronto, Ont.**

We buy for cash with clean title, 10¢ off waste lands, old outcrops or very low priced farms with cheap mortgages. Write to: **120 St. Lawrence Street, Toronto, Ont.**

BE A HAIRDRESSER
JOAN CANADA'S LEADING SCHOOL. **MISS CANADA'S HAIRDRESSING SCHOOL.** Write to: **120 St. Lawrence Street, Toronto, Ont.**

GRAIN AUGERS
Save labour with a **4 Inch SUPER SCOPPER**. Base made of heavy duty steel, 14 ft. extensions to make 18 ft. or 21 ft. or 24 ft. long. Write to: **120 St. Lawrence Street, Toronto, Ont.**

FOR SALE
ALL-YEAR ROUND BUSINESS! Write to: **120 St. Lawrence Street, Toronto, Ont.**

MEDICAL
DON'T WAIT—EVERY SUFFERER OF RHEUMATIC PAINS OR NEURITIS SHOULD TRY DIXON'S REMEDY. Write to: **MUNRO'S DRUG STORE**, 112 Dundas Street West, Toronto, Ont. 51.25 Express Prepaid.

MALE HELP WANTED
CALIFORNIA, Don construction, Year around work. Top pay. Send 10¢ and address envelope for: **700 Hwy. 2200, Box 60, Bellevue, Wash., U.S.A.**

OPPORTUNITIES FOR MEN AND WOMEN
EARN more! Bookkeeping, Salesman, etc. Write to: **120 St. Lawrence Street, Toronto, Ont.**

EARN big money. Sales background essential. Exceptional earnings possible. Write to: **120 St. Lawrence Street, Toronto, Ont.**

OPPORTUNITY to import business direct from your home. Write to: **120 St. Lawrence Street, Toronto, Ont.**

We buy for cash with clean title, 10¢ off waste lands, old outcrops or very low priced farms with cheap mortgages. Write to: **120 St. Lawrence Street, Toronto, Ont.**

BE A HAIRDRESSER
JOAN CANADA'S LEADING SCHOOL. **MISS CANADA'S HAIRDRESSING SCHOOL.** Write to: **120 St. Lawrence Street, Toronto, Ont.**

GRAIN AUGERS
Save labour with a **4 Inch SUPER SCOPPER**. Base made of heavy duty steel, 14 ft. extensions to make 18 ft. or 21 ft. or 24 ft. long. Write to: **120 St. Lawrence Street, Toronto, Ont.**

FOR SALE
ALL-YEAR ROUND BUSINESS! Write to: **120 St. Lawrence Street, Toronto, Ont.**

MEDICAL
DON'T WAIT—EVERY SUFFERER OF RHEUMATIC PAINS OR NEURITIS SHOULD TRY DIXON'S REMEDY. Write to: **MUNRO'S DRUG STORE**, 112 Dundas Street West, Toronto, Ont. 51.25 Express Prepaid.

MALE HELP WANTED
CALIFORNIA, Don construction, Year around work. Top pay. Send 10¢ and address envelope for: **700 Hwy. 2200, Box 60, Bellevue, Wash., U.S.A.**

OPPORTUNITIES FOR MEN AND WOMEN
EARN more! Bookkeeping, Salesman, etc. Write to: **120 St. Lawrence Street, Toronto, Ont.**

EARN big money. Sales background essential. Exceptional earnings possible. Write to: **120 St. Lawrence Street, Toronto, Ont.**

OPPORTUNITY to import business direct from your home. Write to: **120 St. Lawrence Street, Toronto, Ont.**

We buy for cash with clean title, 10¢ off waste lands, old outcrops or very low priced farms with cheap mortgages. Write to: **120 St. Lawrence Street, Toronto, Ont.**

BE A HAIRDRESSER
JOAN CANADA'S LEADING SCHOOL. **MISS CANADA'S HAIRDRESSING SCHOOL.** Write to: **120 St. Lawrence Street, Toronto, Ont.**

ANNE HIRST Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst: Over a year ago when I was a widow with two small children, I married a man who I thought was meant for me. Now we have a young baby and I'm still in love, but I am worried sick because I can't see how I can keep on this way. My husband has changed into a jealous, vindictive character, and he is so mean to us all that I fear the worst will happen. . . ."

"When we were dating he was always pleasant to my family and my friends, but since we married he says they are all 'no good.' I am not allowed to visit my mother nor his, nor see my friends at all. I cannot go to friend parties or other little affairs, for he declares, 'You can't meet other people, you have me!' And what use is he? He never takes me anywhere, he won't go to a baby-sitter, and I miss my family so much that some days I have to restrain myself physically from going to my mother's home."

"Our baby does not interest him except to show off; if he cries his father loses his temper. To my own children (whom he promised to cherish) he is impatient and mean; he hollers and often slaps them. I never had any trouble with them before, but now they cringe before him and fly to me, which makes him furious. . . ."

"I admit he is a good provider, but material things aren't all there is in life; we all must have love and understanding, and these he withholds. He nags me all the time; I can't do anything

to please him, and he even calls me lazy! With two lively young boys and a baby I can't snap into it every time he calls. I don't enjoy anything any more, I am sick and tired of house-work, and heaven help me, tired of my children— which isn't fair because they are so good and sweet. . . ."

"I still love my husband, but he is destroying that love. . . . How can I restore peace between us and between him and the children? I don't want my marriage to fail, but I can't go on like this."

"DISCOURAGED"

I wish I could have printed all your letters. . . . It does seem that you married a man that you did not know. Before that you were loving and thoughtful, kind to you and your children. How could you foresee that his kindness would not last? Perhaps, it is his jealousy alone that causes his selfish prohibitions, and he feels he must put you in a position to justify himself. Your life now has become unbearable, and physically and spiritually you are at the end of your endurance. Since he is growing more intolerant, you had better announce your ultimatum.

If your husband wants to "keep your love, he must be kind and fair to you all. He has separated you from your family and your friends; these he must restore. He must also give you overworked and without the incentive of appreciation or affection, you cannot go on. If he will not (or cannot) accord you the respect, the freedom and the life you deserve, then he is not the man for you, and you cannot keep on living with a stranger.

You have tried valiantly to live up (or down) to his automatic demands, and you find it increasingly impossible. It is your husband who has put your marriage, if he will, in a position to justify itself. Otherwise, and for the children's sake too, you will have to take steps to end it. . . . I am sorry!

Week's Sew-thrifty

NEW PRINTED PATTERN
EASIER FASTER MORE ACCURATE

4570 10-18
4571 10-18



MOTHER FAILS HER
"Dear Anne Hirst: Instead of having trouble with a mother-in-law, it is my own mother who has let me down. She never liked my husband and once she separated us, but I have never heard from her since. Now I see her for what she is. . . ."

"When my brother and sister refused to have her live with them and she had nowhere to go, we took her in. She has been terribly hard to live with, and I have lost all respect for her. Now when I need her more than ever, she has taken a stand. I am expecting my third baby and have no one to take care of the others. My mother refuses to help. . . ."

"My mother-in-law is dead, but she was here it would be wonderful. She was so good to all her children and their families. Whatever shall I do?"

"A TIE END."

It is true, that the more advantage one is of some people the more they take advantage of. . . . I hope you now you have found some responsible woman to take care of your children. If not, won't your sisters step in and take charge?"

"When your life becomes impossible to bear, ask Anne Hirst's opinion. She is neither an optimist nor an egoist, and she will sympathize with your situation and have some consolation for the future. Write her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont."

A soap-box orator was warming up to his subject, "Comrades," he cried, passionately, "make me your leader and in all you do I will be behind you!"

INSOMNIA - WHAT'S THAT? — It's no problem to relax when you're in the late two's or early three's. Holly Steffens makes a sleeping bag of a suitcase while waiting for her plane to depart from Idlewild Airport.

ONE OF LUCKY TEN—Mrs. Hana Fainschein, 77, one of the 10 persons who has been given a permit to leave Russia in the past 10 years, is reunited with her son, Joseph, 55, after a 37-year separation. It took 11 years and 500 pieces of correspondence were exchanged between them.

French police claimed Desmourat as their prisoner, because the shot was fired from a French territory. Belgian police disagreed, saying the victim was in Belgium when the bullet struck her head.

Clamor stalked throughout the village in that area of horror, where in no man or woman was immune from the pointing finger of the accused. And it was so easy to accuse—so hard to prove innocence. For Jonathan Cowin, grim, ignorant and suspicious, it was almost enough that the poor trembling wretch before him had been accused at all. (You can still see the little court-house.)

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM by Gwendoline P. Clarke

Partner is one of those lucky men who has a very fair, very low board. On the farm a shaver and one week was his average—and he looked quite respectable at that. He had conceded that every other day might be necessary. But he reckoned without his young neighbors. Yesterday, his little David, who lives next door, told her father, "You need a shave, don't you?" David is a little fellow about five and a half who licks but loves to use big words. One day he was chattering away telling me a big story and finished by saying, "It is all very confounding, isn't it?" I quite agreed. . . .

Q. Is it proper for a man dining in a restaurant with his wife to rise when another couple steps into the dining room?

A. The man must always rise when a woman steps at his table.

Q. Should watermelon be eaten with the spoon or fork?

A. Either is acceptable, although I should think the fork is more practical.

Q. I issued invitations recently to an informal affair in my home, and because of illness in my family, I find it impossible to give this affair. How can I recall the invitations?

A. Either by telephone or brief note, explaining the circumstances and informing your intended guests that you will get in touch with them at a later date.

Justice Done After 265 Years

Justice has seldom crawled so slowly as it has done for Goody Ann Pudeator. It has taken fifty-two hundred and sixty-five years to catch up on her.

Micknamed "The Hag of Hell" Mother Pudeator was tried and convicted of witchcraft and hanged, to the delight of the men, women, and children of Salem, Massachusetts.

That was in 1692, when a strange and horrible phenomenon transformed the peaceful life of the colonial village and turned kindly folk into cruel, crazed fiends. Before the outbreak ended nineteen victims had been publicly hanged and one pressed to death for refusal to plead.

Clamor stalked throughout the village in that area of horror, where in no man or woman was immune from the pointing finger of the accused. And it was so easy to accuse—so hard to prove innocence. For Jonathan Cowin, grim, ignorant and suspicious, it was almost enough that the poor trembling wretch before him had been accused at all. (You can still see the little court-house.)

For Baby



There were ten nice young girls in Salem in 1692. They were meeting on Sundays. They knew their Bibles backwards. They feared God and they feared the Devil. They were typical of the Puritan children of that age. But, for a spell at least, they were very different from other children.

Their first victim was a guileless old Negro who was servant to the village pastor. Old Tibbals was a popular character, a devout, friendly man, faithful to his master and pious and sober in his ways.

Both those virtues did not save him when ten piping voices accused him of bewitching their owners.

Very soon after the accusation of Tibbals, the same nice little girls claimed to have been bewitched also by two old women. Both were fiercely denied the charges, but were nevertheless interrogated and brought to trial.

Now began a fantastic landslide of horror. The whole village was seized with witch-mania. The first accusations had been made in May. By August hundreds of men and women had been arrested and brought to trial. Most of them were convicted.

Among these, Mother Pudeator, a harmless old woman, went to her doom.

The charges levelled by the accusers followed a general pattern.

Mel Ott Talks About Old Times

A fellow was complimenting Mel Ott.

"You were one of the few ball players to come directly into the big leagues from the farm," he said to the little man who hit more than 500 home runs for the New York Giants.

"Not many made it up there without minor league experience."

"Well, I wanted to go to the minors when I first came to the ball club," Mel said, "but my by-play broadcaster for the Detroit Tigers. In the beginning, I had no idea I'd stay right there with the Giants until I retired. Of course, I didn't know what McGraw (manager of the Giants) had planned for me."

There must be many pleasant memories of a long career in the National League.

"Too many to remember," Mel said, smiling. "It was a wonderful life. I loved every minute of every inning of every ball game. The only trouble was, I didn't last long enough. It all ended too soon for me."

This from a fellow who lasted for 23 years.

"Sometimes you meet somebody who brings back a flood of memories," Ott continued, seriously. "You read a name in the paper like Paul Waner. I remember something about him the other day and I immediately thought about the way he could hit that ball. He was a wonder with the bat—could, as they say, thread a needle."

"He'd watch you in the outfield while at bat, and if you moved one step in one direction, he'd aim the other way. If I edged a little toward the foul line in right field, he'd shoot for right-center—and he'd hit it! Surprisingly high percentage of the time. You couldn't give him an inch. He stole a lot of bases hits that way."

"I remember his brother Lloyd Waner too," Mel said. "He got something like 100 single runs a season and more than 230 hits in all. Any ground ball to the infield that bounced twice was a base hit. Travis Jackson was the greatest throwing shortstop I ever saw. He played Lloyd shal- low, but still couldn't throw him out. The little guy could fly down that line."

"Lloyd and Hughie Critz, who played second base for the Cardinals came into the Polo Grounds on her birthday. Deen out and he hit two into the stands that day, Pittsburgh came into the Polo Grounds after the Cardinals left and Waner caught the Hughie off. 'I'll never catch you now,' he told Critz. He never did, either. I think Lloyd finished up with one and he got that inside the park."

Lefty O'Doul's name was mentioned and Ott continued: "Lefty and I made a change in the rules of batting practice. We'd walk up there and hit 20 balls. The right field line in practice, getting our aim sharp for the game. We'd take up so much time getting ready to go out to the field that they finally changed it to five swings for each hitter."

That O'Doul really could 'con' the pitchers. In those days

Q. How can a divorced woman who is using her maiden name include 'Miss' in front of her name when sending out her daughter's wedding announcement?

A. Really a divorced woman with a daughter should not be using "Miss" in front of her name. The first announcements clear the way for "Mrs. Tomorrow," even though it is Sunday. But something he never did. The only way we did on Sundays was behind closed barn doors—straightening the mow or taking a load of the wagon as it sat at the barn door. We never did take the horses to the field—they needed their rest. To any argument put up against Partners, I always got the answer—"In the War when I was with the Railway Troops in France we had to work on Saturdays. The mule-teams had every Sunday off but the men only one in four." So, if a field must be plowed on a Sunday it rests between the farmer, the baler, and the conscience of each. It applies to other work too and holds down the same thing—everyone does it so why shouldn't I? But yet most of us are conscious of a little nagging voice within ourselves which says "that isn't what you were taught as a child." Possibly many of the things in this generation will never hear that voice because they are being brought up in a world that believes in open Sundays in the suburbs. Lawns are cut, gardens weeded and watered and the car washed. Again it is a case of other people do why shouldn't we? I just hope that when we pass through the Pearly Gates we shall not be confounded by Peter asking us sternly—"And what did you do on Sundays?"

BANG-ON CURE!

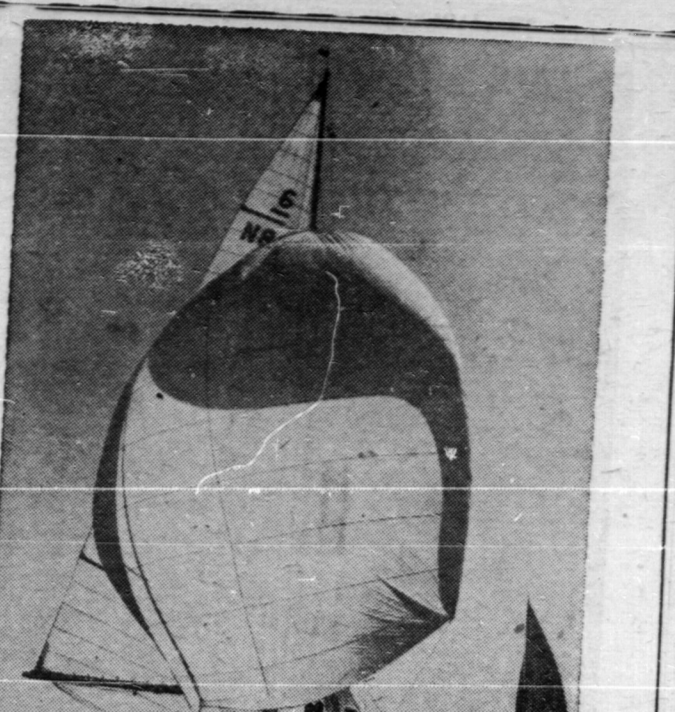
When police of Blantyre, Nyasaland, arrested a native for being in possession of a stick of dynamite, he solemnly explained that it was for his sore back.

There is nothing quite so good as a stick of dynamite for curing a sore back. If you rub it in well, the native said.

SALT'S SALUS

DO-IT-YOURSELF GLIDER—Here's one glider that won't have to take a ride from an airplane. The retractable engine makes it self-launching glider in the world. Ted Nelson, engineering specialist, invented the "Hummingbird" glider. Nelson shows, upper left, how the engine folds fully extended. At upper right, Nelson starts refueling. At lower left, Nelson has engine in 40-horsepower engine is used mainly for take-offs but can be restarted in mid-air. The engine for the \$10,000 Hummingbird five minutes' work on a four to six hour hop.

RETURN FROM EUROPE—Elizabeth Taylor and her husband Mike Todd hold hands as they arrive in New York from Europe aboard the liner Liberte. They laugher and they suggested their five-month marriage. Miss Taylor is expected a baby in October.



ROYAL RACER IN OSLO—Running before a brisk breeze which fills the balloon spinner, the yacht Hanks, manned by Norway's Crown Prince Regent Olav and his crew, competes in the annual One Ton Cup regatta at Oslo, the prince is a sailing enthusiast. He skipped the Hanks to a second-place finish in the race this year.

Prising at a meeting of the British Automobile Association in London, Prince Philip admonished his wife's subjects for the 800 daily casualties on Britain's roads. "We've got to help drive better and safer drivers," he declared. Later that day, while driving Queen Elizabeth II in his dark green 1933 Lagonda sports car to a dinner honoring the Commonwealth Prime Ministers, Philip collided with a private sedan on the London-Windsor highway near Staines. No one was injured, but the royal roadster had a dented fender and a smashed headlight.

"It's all right," Prince Philip shouted to the other driver, Ronald Sturtess. "No damage. Don't worry. It's all my fault." Sturtess, a British customs officer, smiled graciously to the Queen and sped off in a letter to the Prince, he wrote: "Don't bother about the dent on my car. It was a pleasure to meet you."

MAMA WAS PLEASED

Trying to eclipse his brother's gift of a Cadillac, a Hollywood producer paid \$100,000 for a mother's bird, which she had named after her bird, and named her bird after him. The bird spoke 11 languages and sang grand opera.

On the night of her birthday, she told her mother, "I did you think of the bird, Mama?" he asked.

"Delicious!" she said.

How Can I?

Q. How can I make a wall papered ceiling?

A. Make a paste by mixing 3 cups of flour, 3 tablespoons of ammonia, and 1/4 cups of water. Roll this into balls of convenient size to fit the hand. Rub a ball over the paper and it will clean thoroughly.

Q. How can I distinguish fresh fish from stale fish?

A. By observing the following: The gills should be red, and the flesh thick and firm, and the fins should be stiff. Otherwise the fish is not fresh.

Q. How can I make moth paper?

A. Melt together 4 ounces of naphthalene and 8 ounces of paraffin wax. Get some unized paper and while the solution is still warm, paint the paper. The moth paper away with the goods to be stored.

Q. How can I renovate the leather seats of chairs or other articles, that have become shabby?

A. Beat the white of an egg to a froth and smear it over the surface with a soft cloth. Allow to dry, then rub it with another soft cloth.

Q. How can I temporarily repair a leak in a water pipe?

A. Use ordinary yellow soap and a little white mixed with just enough water to form a thick paste. Bind over the leak and it will prove satisfactory until the pipe is repaired.

MERRY MENAGERIE

Mel Ott Talks About Old Times

A fellow was complimenting Mel Ott.

"You were one of the few ball players to come directly into the big leagues from the farm," he said to the little man who hit more than 500 home runs for the New York Giants.

"Not many made it up there without minor league experience."

"Well, I wanted to go to the minors when I first came to the ball club," Mel said, "but my by-play broadcaster for the Detroit Tigers. In the beginning, I had no idea I'd stay right there with the Giants until I retired. Of course, I didn't know what McGraw (manager of the Giants) had planned for me."

There must be many pleasant memories of a long career in the National League.

"Too many to remember," Mel said, smiling. "It was a wonderful life. I loved every minute of every inning of every ball game. The only trouble was, I didn't last long enough. It all ended too soon for me."

This from a fellow who lasted for 23 years.

"Sometimes you meet somebody who brings back a flood of memories," Ott continued, seriously. "You read a name in the paper like Paul Waner. I remember something about him the other day and I immediately thought about the way he could hit that ball. He was a wonder with the bat—could, as they say, thread a needle."

"He'd watch you in the outfield while at bat, and if you moved one step in one direction, he'd aim the other way. If I edged a little toward the foul line in right field, he'd shoot for right-center—and he'd hit it! Surprisingly high percentage of the time. You couldn't give him an inch. He stole a lot of bases hits that way."

"I remember his brother Lloyd Waner too," Mel said. "He got something like 100 single runs a season and more than 230 hits in all. Any ground ball to the infield that bounced twice was a base hit. Travis Jackson was the greatest throwing shortstop I ever saw. He played Lloyd shallow, but still couldn't throw him out. The little guy could fly down that line."

"Lloyd and Hughie Critz, who played second base for the Cardinals came into the Polo Grounds on her birthday. Deen out and he hit two into the stands that day, Pittsburgh came into the Polo Grounds after the Cardinals left and Waner caught the Hughie off. 'I'll never catch you now,' he told Critz. He never did, either. I think Lloyd finished up with one and he got that inside the park."

Lefty O'Doul's name was mentioned and Ott continued: "Lefty and I made a change in the rules of batting practice. We'd walk up there and hit 20 balls. The right field line in practice, getting our aim sharp for the game. We'd take up so much time getting ready to go out to the field that they finally changed it to five swings for each hitter."

That O'Doul really could 'con' the pitchers. In those days

Q. How can a divorced woman who is using her maiden name include 'Miss' in front of her name when sending out her daughter's wedding announcement?

A. Really a divorced woman with a daughter should not be using "Miss" in front of her name. The first announcements clear the way for "Mrs. Tomorrow," even though it is Sunday. But something he never did. The only way we did on Sundays was behind closed barn doors—straightening the mow or taking a load of the wagon as it sat at the barn door. We never did take the horses to the field—they needed their rest. To any argument put up against Partners, I always got the answer—"In the War when I was with the Railway Troops in France we had to work on Saturdays. The mule-teams had every Sunday off but the men only one in four." So, if a field must be plowed on a Sunday it rests between the farmer, the baler, and the conscience of each. It applies to other work too and holds down the same thing—everyone does it so why shouldn't I? But yet most of us are conscious of a little nagging voice within ourselves which says "that isn't what you were taught as a child." Possibly many of the things in this generation will never hear that voice because they are being brought up in a world that believes in open Sundays in the suburbs. Lawns are cut, gardens weeded and watered and the car washed. Again it is a case of other people do why shouldn't we? I just hope that when we pass through the Pearly Gates we shall not be confounded by Peter asking us sternly—"And what did you do on Sundays?"

BANG-ON CURE!

When police of Blantyre, Nyasaland, arrested a native for being in possession of a stick of dynamite, he solemnly explained that it was for his sore back.

There is nothing quite so good as a stick of dynamite for curing a sore back. If you rub it in well, the native said.

SALT'S SALUS

DO-IT-YOURSELF GLIDER—Here's one glider that won't have to take a ride from an airplane. The retractable engine makes it self-launching glider in the world. Ted Nelson, engineering specialist, invented the "Hummingbird" glider. Nelson shows, upper left, how the engine folds fully extended. At upper right, Nelson starts refueling. At lower left, Nelson has engine in 40-horsepower engine is used mainly for take-offs but can be restarted in mid-air. The engine for the \$10,000 Hummingbird five minutes' work on a four to six hour hop.

RETURN FROM EUROPE—Elizabeth Taylor and her husband Mike Todd hold hands as they arrive in New York from Europe aboard the liner Liberte. They laugher and they suggested their five-month marriage. Miss Taylor is expected a baby in October.

Stubborn Skin Itch
Stop Scratching! Try this Comfort For Quick Ease and Comfort!
To find relief from the tormenting, unbearable itching of Stubborn Skin Itch, use MOON'S EMBELER OIL. You get instant relief from the itch of most external causes. EMBELER OIL is sold at all drug stores.

YOU CAN SLEEP TO-NIGHT
AND RELIEVE NERVOUSNESS ALL DAY TO-MORROW!
Sedicon tablets help you to sleep. It is a safe way to induce sleep or quiet the nervous system.

Sedicon \$1.00-\$4.95
Drug Store Only!