School Vandalism —Why It Happens

What makes children break into empty school buildings and destroy everything they can? Or throw rocks at the windows until all are smashed? The vandalism is not limited to over-crowded sections of big cities. Some of the most attractive suburbs — in which there are no "slums" — have similar problems.

A two-year study of vandalism in Syracuse (N.Y.) schools was recently completed under Dr. Nathan Goldman of Syracuse University for the U.S. Office of Education. The study, which differed from previous studies in that it was focused on the entire school situation instead of the problems of the individual vandal, came up with six "signposts" pointing to "fertile soil for the growth of vandalism." These are:

1. Disassociation of school staff, students, and parents from the school; 2. Poor relationships among students, school staff, and parents; 3. Inadequate school administration and leadership; 4. Rapid or extensive change in the school program, population, and staff; 5. Student and school staff dissatisfaction with school administration; 6. Community inability coupled with neighborhood deterioration.

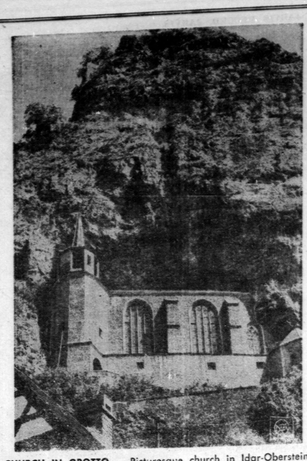
Of these six signposts, Dr. Goldman singled out "disassociation from the school" as the factor most closely related to property damage. "When members of the school group have a sense of belonging to the school, and when they feel that the school belongs to them, morale tends to be high and damage low," he said. "But where there is little sense of belonging, we can expect to find a greater amount of property damage."

"Boredom' was the reason most often given by teachers and pupils in high-damage schools. A reason turned up in low-damage schools was "revenge." High drop-out rates were strongly related to property damage. Where teachers seemed casual or indifferent, and pupils did nothing to improve the school, property damage was usually heavy, writes Millicent Taylor in the Christian Science Monitor.

The report itself analyzes findings based on 1,170 students questionaires, 367 teacher interviews, and histories of 16 Syracuse junior and senior high schools. Although the study was focused on Syracuse schools, Dr. Goldman is convinced that "there is no reason to believe that these characteristics would not be valid for other schools and communities."

The report made the following recommendations to educators concerned with cutting back school property damage:

1. Locate schools in communities where instability can be minimized; 2. Keep curriculum abreast of student needs; 3 Keep teachers attuned to the changing needs of students; 4 Select the principal carefully and allow him to exercise leadership; 5. Conduct a proper orientation program for teachers and students to the policies and routines of the school; 6. Establish easy two-way communication between all school personnel through student government and faculty meetings; 7. Involve students and teachers in the school through the leadership of the principal.



CHURCH IN GROTTO — Picturesque church in Idar-Oberstein, Germany is built flush against the walls of a hollow in a cliff overlooking the town It was built in the Middle Ages by a nobleman seeking to atone for murdering his brother.

Easy-Sew Duster

PRINTED PATTERN

4637

SIZES 12–20

by Anne Adams

Pretty way to start the day — whip up this easy-sew duster in a bright print, crisp checks, or sweet pastel. Make it now for your vacation away or at-home ease. Short, ¾ sleeves.

Printed Pattern 4637: Misses' Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 takes 3⅝ yards 39-inch fabric.

Printed directions on each pattern part. Easier, accurate

Send **FIFTY CENTS** (stamps cannot be accepted, use postal note for safety) for this pattern. Please print plainly **SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER.**

Send order to ANNE ADAMS, Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

Piano Prodigy Lives A Dog's Life

For pooch-loving pianist Van Cliburn, 26, his second concert tour of Russia was a yowling success. Not only did Cliburn come home cuddling a three-week-old black puppy — a gift from Russian admirers — but he had met the Soviet space pups, Belka and Strelka, and they had snuggled right up to him. It happened recently in Moscow, where Cliburn and the dogs appeared on separate programs in the same TV studio. Afterward, Van was asked if he would like to see Belko and Strelka. "My word, yes, of course," he replied, and soon they were in his arms. "They were absolutely adorable," he said. "So affectionate."

Cliburn's trip netted him about $35,000, but, naturally, the Russians wouldn't allow him to take it out of the country. He left most of the money in banks, considered buying a custom-made car (Chaika) that had taken his fancy, but decided instead to donate $8,000 to Moscow's Baptist Church (which has a congregation of 4,800, is one of 5,290 Baptist churches in the U.S.S.R.).

Modern Etiquette

By Anne Ashley

Q. We've been having a little argument as to whose place it is to speak first when meeting on the street, the man or the woman. Will you please settle this for us?

A. Once upon a time, it was always the "lady" who spoke first. But today, if they are good friends, there's nothing at all wrong with the man's speaking first.

The date, as I write, is August 28; the temperature 82 degrees, and the humidity 85. So I need hardly tell you it is uncomfortably warm. It is strange, too, how dried up everything looks after just one week of hot weather. I would have thought we had had enough rain this year to keep everything green until fall But apparently not.

However, weather notwithstanding, I am very happy. Partner is home from the hospital — came home yesterday and is now anxious to get back to his every day stride again. He should have been out on the Tuesday but the incision developed infection so he had to wait until that had been taken care of.

We went to the main office of the hospital before he came home to settle up for any extra expenses that might have been incurred. The "extras" were $2.25, for the use of a telephone in his room! Wonderful! We have already got back more than we have paid into the Ontario Hospital Commission since it started. Of course there is still the surgeon, his assistant and the anaesthetist to pay But having the hospitalization taken care of is a great help

Now it is Sunday, still very hot, but do you know we actually had visitors here today who do not carry any kind of hospital insurance. I could hardly believe it Actually it came about through a misunderstanding Not wanting to be bothered with payments every three months they sent a cheque to cover the total for a year. The cheque was returned with the explanation that premiums could only be paid every three months. They were busy at the time and did not send a cheque either then or since. I told them in no uncertain terms how foolish they were — and still are.

Do you know what I almost thought we were back on a farm last week. You know how farm folk help each other out in time of need. I remember out West neighbours coming in and harvesting our oats the time Partner took a finger off in the binder And at Ginger Farm when I had a lengthy illness (no hospitalization then!) neighbors looked after the threshing meals for me, contributed canning and pickling and one neighbour came in every Friday and did a week's baking for us. Since then I have heard of many instances of rural neighbourliness but I didn't expect to find anything like it in suburbia. But I was wrong. Last Friday three young fellows in the neighbourhood came along with their power mowers and cut our lawns — almost an acre. They were most anxious Partner shouldn't be faced with grass to cut directly he got out of hospital. There was one piece the three young fellows didn't finish. A Polish neighbour noticed this and as we came back from the hospital he was just starting in with his handpropelled mower to finish the job. Such hard work on a hot day. Of course we wouldn't let him go on with it but we made sure he understood how much we appreciated the gesture. Isn't it nice to know how much friendliness there still is among neighbours, rural and suburban?

Letters from farm friends tell us of many such instances. But there is also another kind of farm help that is gradually making headway and of which a young farmer of our acquaintance is making good use The idea originated in England, I believe. It is a Farm Help Service, operated by men experienced in every type of farm and field work and ready to take over the entire work of a farm for any given period should the owner find it necessary to be away, either through illness or for a vacation. I don't know what the financial arrangements are but I do know that all accounts are taken care of to the satisfaction of both parties.

My, how times change! In all the years we were farming we never knew what it meant to take a holiday together for more than a day at a time and during sickness we got along the best way we could — with the help of neighbours, as I said before. Without neighbours many a farmer would have been sunk time after time.

Well, we are now approaching the last long holiday weekend — and then the stores will start putting on the pressure for Christmas buying. It almost scares me to think of it — for two reasons. One to think that Christmas is less than four months away, and two, that time should pass so quickly. Where does it go to? Can you tell me? I wish I knew. But it has been a lovely summer, hasn't it?

Consistency

To keep things straight Jack Wendt and his wife Joyce, of Merrill, Wis., will call their new-born daughter Jenny. The couple's other seven children are Jerry, Joel, Jim, Jan, Jill, Jeanie and Julie.

HUMIDITEE — A paddle would be more appropriate than a club as Mrs. Dowdy splashes away at a floating golf ball. The course was inundated by rain.

"He's a football player with Pullman teeth: One upper and one lower."

Calamity On The Movie Set!

At 7:45 a.m., the sleek beige Cadillac came to a halt before Stage 8 of the Desilu Studios in Hollywood. The car was immediately surrounded by seven overweight employees, and the orange-haired boss stepped out and shouted a joyous greeting.

"Who is it," Bob Hope yelled from his dressing room, "Grandma Moses?"

It was, of course, Miss Lucille Ball, back on the set after recuperating from an accident that typified the harassments that have plagued the filming of "Facts of Life," her first movie in more than four years and her third with Hope.

Trying to leap aboard a yacht for a scene, Lucille had fallen into the 3-foot tank, and suffered a bump on the head, a black eye, and minor cuts and bruises. After that, the injuries came thick and fast: Hope smashed a finger; director Melvin Frank sprained an ankle on the golf course and was put on crutches; Don Defore, who plays Miss Ball's husband, was plagued by an old back injury and wound up in traction — and publicity chief David Golding came down with the mumps.

On the morning of her arrival back at work, Miss Ball spent two hours with her hairdresser and make-up men, finally emerged — assured that her injuries wouldn't show — and filming began. She put in one solid hour doing a single shot of herself looking first at a bed, then a door, and then a wrist watch. By 11:30 she was legging it to the nearby studio, where some 250 Desilu stockholders were assembled for the annual meeting, with her estranged husband Desi Arnaz presiding. After giving his report, Desi announced to Miss Ball: "You are excused by the chair."

"Where's the chair?" asked Miss Ball.

"Every minute you're here is costing us money," Arnaz complained.

Miss Ball departed, to applause. After a sandwich and a cup of coffee (Lucy to the waitress: "Written many letters with this stuff lately?"), she was back on the set, sitting in an auto, chewing ardently on a wad of gum.

Hope made his entrance. "All right, everybody out of the pool," he shouted, making his way past the tank into which Miss Ball had taken her tumble. He got into the car with her, and a cameraman interrupted to say that the light in Miss Ball's eyes wasn't right.

"I guess my eyes are too big for the movies," she said.

"I'll tell you one thing," Hope said. "Your eyelashes are keeping me well dusted off."

The set by now was jammed with visitors from the stockholders' meeting, and, as filming began, a small boy toppled noisily off a ladder, stopping the shot. "Kids are wonderful, but I like mine barbecued," Hope said through clenched teeth.

Director Frank took a position to one side, to show the couple where to look. "I'm a motel sign," he called.

"Then blink on and off," Hope barked.

When the scene was finished, an exhausted Miss Ball headed for her dressing room, muttering: "I wish I could get my adrenaline up."

Director Frank felt fine. "They're perfect together, real professionals," he said happily.

"She knows what's going on every minute. When they're in front of the camera you can feel the magic."

A few days later a cut on Miss Ball's leg became infected and she had to commute to work from the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital. One day as she left the set the confused actor shouted: "How do you get out of this firetrap?" Sure enough. A few nights later the caught fire and was partially destroyed.

Remember Rudolph? Some Still Do!

The usual legion of mourners — about 150, almost all women — filed softly past the duck pond and into the white-marble mausoleum in Hollywood's Memorial Cemetery. The usual array of flowers — some twenty wreaths, sent by dogged romanticists from as far away as England and Italy — adorned the crypt. And the usual eulogies — 85-year-old former film star James Kirkwood — eulogized. The somber occasion: 34th annual memorial service for silent-screen idol Rudolph Valentino, who died at 31 in 1926.

Dine in Luxury

867

by Laura Wheeler

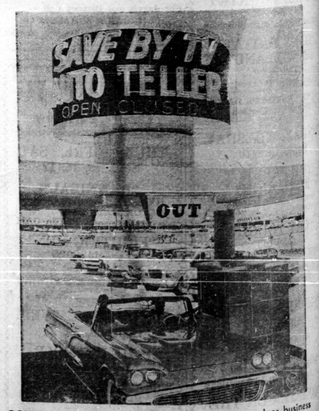
Set a table with lifelike roses in red or varied tones! Use as scarf; pillow-top, too.

Easy 8-to-inch cross-stitch roses cover a cloth with lavish color! Buds for napkins. Pattern 867: two and two reverse 15½ x 19¾-inch; eight 2½ x 3½ motifs.

Send **THIRTY-FIVE CENTS** (stamps cannot be accepted, use postal note for safety) for this pattern to LAURA WHEELER, Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St. New Toronto, Ont. Print plainly **PATTERN NUMBER,** your **NAME** and **ADDRESS.**

New! New! New! Our 1960 Laura Wheeler Needlecraft Book is ready NOW! Crammed with exciting, unusual, popular designs to crochet, knit, sew, embroider, quilt, weave — fashion, home furnishings, toys, gifts, hair nits. In the book FREE — 3 quilt patterns. Hurry, send 25 cents for your copy.

ISSUE 38 — 1960



DON'T GO SHORT — Palm Springs, Fla., customer does business with the "TV Auto Teller" at a branch of the Citizens Federal Savings and Loan Assn. of Hialeah. Two-way closed-up less and a pneumatic tube make transactions easy. Close-up lens enable teller in building 100 feet away to examine signature.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

by Gwendoline P. Clarke

Lived—A Phony But Died Gamely

The dream world of Stanley Clifford Weyman started taking its ghostly shape 67 years ago in Brooklyn. He was born there to Stephen Weinberg and grew into a short, thin, dark-haired man who convinced a great many people, including a U.S. President, that he was somebody else — a variety of somebodies else, in fact, and all of them important.

In the simpler years before World War I, he impressed persons great and small with gold-braided uniforms, which on one occasion won him a 21-gun salute from a warship. Later, in a world impressed with its sophistication, he discovered that a white coat miraculously made him a man of science.

Weyman was barely 17 when he posed as an attaché of the Russian Embassy in Washington and as a naval lieutenant. At 21, he donned a naval uniform again and, introducing himself as Lt. Comdr. Ethan Allen Weinberg on special orders from the Secretary of Navy, inspected the battleship Wyoming in the Hudson River. In still more Grausian guise, as bogus consul general of Rumania, he told of taking a chief of state's salute of 21 big guns.

Weyman saved what was probably his finest exploit until 1951, when he posed Princess Fatima, Sultana of Afghanistan, languishing in a New York City hotel, neglected by U.S. officials. He introduced himself as Under Secretary of State Sterling Wyman, took her on a bauble-buying tour of Tiffany's (with her own money), and escorted her to Washington two days later.

There, again wearing a naval lieutenant commander's shoulder boards along with an admiral's cap, he was photographed with President Harding and the Sultana at the White House. During the visit, Weyman pumped the President's hand and drew him aside to tell him a joke. Nobody ever brought charges against him for the impersonation. But he got a prison term — one of his very few — for beating the Brooklyn tailor out of the price of a uniform.

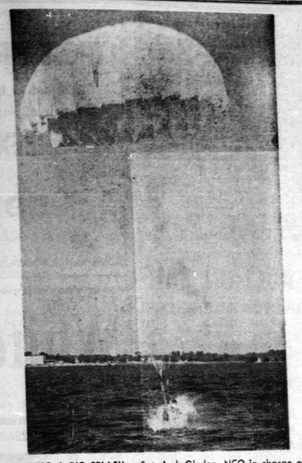
When Pola Negri came to New York in 1926 for the funeral of her friend, Rudolph Valentino, Weyman was well into his white-coat phase. He convinced the police that he was the actress' physician and, until Valentino's manager intervened, had actual charge of the actor's funeral arrangements.

If he rarely went to jail, Weyman rarely profited from his fantasies. Between charades he usually retreated to his Brooklyn apartment and took obscure clerical jobs. During World War II, though, Weyman turned his medical pose to some account: He ran an academy that tutored reluctant patriots in the art of avoiding the draft (by faking deafness, stupidity, etc.)

Weyman went to jail for that stunt. When he emerged in 1948, he sank again into Brooklyn quietude, emerging only for small postures as a U.N. press representative, and borrower on a non-existent home. A month ago, he landed an honest job as night manager of a motel in Yonkers, just up the line from New York. And there last week, without gold braid or white coat, Weyman played his finest scene.

As police reconstructed it, a young man walked into the motel lobby, pulled a pistol, and demanded the receipts. Weyman resisted. He was shot three times. When others reached the lobby, the bandit was gone and so were the receipts, all $200 of them. Stanley Clifford Weyman, fallen heroically to the floor — for once in the role of himself — was dreaming his last.

The timber wolf is also called the gray wolf, but its pelage is not always gray. It varies from brownish-gray to a creamy-white to almost pure black.



MAKING A BIG SPLASH — Sgt. Jack Glydon, NCO in charge of the para-rescue section hits the cold waters of Lake Ontario during practice for the Canadian International Air Show.

How Twisted Minds Get A Big Laugh

An undertaker rang the bell of a house in Broadstairs. "I've come to perform my sad duty in accordance with your instructions," he said to the man who opened the door.

Mr. Love, the householder, was obviously puzzled. "What instructions? I haven't given any."

It was the undertaker's turn to look surprised. "But, sir," he protested. "I received a letter from you saying that your little child had died, and that you wished me to come and measure him for the coffin."

Mr. Love gave a shout of anger. "This is insufferable," he snapped. "My child is seriously ill, but he is certainly not dead. Somebody — some cruel scoundrel—has played a terrible joke."

Shaking his head in bewilderment, the undertaker left. A few minutes later the bell rang again. This time a photographer stood on the doorstep. "Mr. Love?" he inquired in hushed tones. "Is it convenient for me to take a picture of your dead child now?"

At that Mr. Love nearly broke down. Who was responsible for these two macabre hoaxes? he wondered. Who had got such a grudge against him?

Poor Mr. Love soon became quite used to tradesmen bringing all sorts of goods to his house, which they swore he had ordered. Fowls, game, fish — especially fish — every variety from soles to smelts. His life became a misery.

That happened some years ago; but there have been hoaxes just as cruel since.

Death — and all the melancholy preludes to burial—seems to obsess people who plan annoyance to others. It exerts a morbid fascination.

In Kentish Town not long ago a man called at an undertaker's office. "My neighbour has died," he said. "Please go round to this address."

The other did so. But there was no dead neighbour. "You must mean my husband!" exclaimed the woman who answered the door. "He's alive as you are."

One day, recently, in the same district, it was raining heavily and a transport hire firm received a telephone message: "My lorry's broken down," said the caller. "I must have one first thing in the morning for deliveries." He gave the name and address of a well-known tradesman.

Although it meant a lot of inconvenience, the firm obliged. "You've been fooled," asserted the tradesman when the lorry arrived. "I don't want a lorry. Never use them. I don't even make deliveries."

A man wrote to a coach firm on a film company's notepaper. "We require enough coaches to take a hundred and twenty-five actors to Ambridge, Warwickshire, for sequences we are shooting there," he said.

The coach proprietor studied a map to discover the best route to Ambridge, but couldn't find the place, so he rang the A.A. They couldn't help. "The only Ambridge we've heard of is in the radio programme, 'The Archers,'" They told him.

Baffled, the coach man dialled the number given on the letter-heading. "This is Bow Street police station," came the reply. He knew, then, that he'd been taken for a ride.

Funny? Only if you appreciate humour which causes endless trouble and worry to others. But almost everybody will smile at this one.

A man had just had a telephone installed. The bell rang. "This is the G.P.O., and I am the chief engineer," announced the caller. "We are checking your new 'phone. Please repeat after me — 'One — two — three four.'"

The man did. "Now," continued the voice, "say: Hickory, dickory dock. The mouse ran up the clock.'"

Again the man obliged. Then he was asked to recite four more nursery rhymes, and he did this patiently before he realized that he was being well and truly fooled!

In Paterson, North Jersey, a family had a coffin, which they hadn't ordered, delivered to their house. The hoaxer didn't stop at that. For weeks the unfortunate victims of his malice were disturbed at almost every hour of the day and night. Taxis arrived, and so did vans, even barrels of beer.

One of the cruellest hoaxes was at Dowlais, near Merthyr Tydfil. The "joker" rang a big store in Dowlais, and told the manager that three men whose addresses he gave had been killed in an explosion at a steel-works in Ebbw Vale, some eight miles away. "Can you let their wives know? I have been unable to contact the local police," explained the caller.

The sad message was conveyed to the three women. The results were heart-rending. One woman and both her young daughters fainted at the terrible news. Another wife, who had just returned from taking one of her children to hospital, also fainted. The third had recently been discharged from hospital. The shock was too much for her too. She collapsed, and it was some time before she came round. All because of a particularly vile and malicious hoax.

Unfortunately, the wicked person responsible for causing such grief and worry was never traced.

Lastly, an innocent hoax, one which may have caused exasperation, but no real harm. This was perpetrated at Brighton in 1894. It was announced that at a certain time in the evening a man would walk across the waves. Naturally, this gave rise to great excitement and speculation.

The cliffs and the sands were crowded with people eagerly waiting for the miracle to happen. But, of course, it never did. They stayed there for hour after hour, reluctant to miss such an amazing spectacle. Then at long last, realizing they had been duped, they repaired to the taverns to wash away their disappointment.

But not only the hoaxer got a kick out of that bit of work.

"For a moment it relieved the dullness of the place," said a London newspaper.

Too Much Fuss Over Little-Leaguers?

The Little League World Series, drawing youngsters from all over the world to Williamsport each summer, is a brilliant spectacle. Almost every boy who participates in the Series relishes the experience — living in a Lycoming College dorm, playing before noisy capacity crowds, signing autographs for starry-eyed fans. But all the fuss and furor over the sub-teen-agers — with the adult-imposed emphasis on victory and hero-worship — raise a pressing question: Does success spoil Little Leaguers?

"No," say the men who run the International Little League program. "We teach the boys the value of sportsmanship, the importance of competition."

"Yes," says Joey Jay, the Milwaukee Brave pitcher, who was the first Little Leaguer ever to become a big leaguer. "I've known a lot of kids who were treated like little heroes. Afterward, they expected everything to be handed them on a silver platter — and it wasn't. They couldn't adjust."

Beyond any doubt, the boys in Williamsport last month were treated as little heroes, especially the Levittown, Pa., players, who beat Fort Worth, 5-0, in the final (as Joe Mormello pitched a no-hitter and struck out sixteen Texas batters). "This is a dream," said infielder Julian Kalkstein.

"I wonder when I'm gonna wake up," said catcher Brian Penington.

"If it's like this all my life," insisted Rollie Clark, a 4-foot 6, 80-pound second baseman, "I never want to wake up."

What A Single Vote Can Mean!

It is almost unbelievable that in this democracy there are literally millions of citizens who are disfranchised — voteless. The amazing thing is that it is voluntary. These millions just don't bother to register and vote.

The chief alibi, which no person who can add one and one should be guilty of, is that "my single vote won't make any difference."

Oh, yeah?

Harry Truman carried California and Ohio in 1948 by less than one vote per precinct, and without those states he would not have won the election. An infinitesimal majority of 87 votes sent Lyndon Johnson to the Senate the same year.

There are plenty of other examples. But if one is not interested in voting, a bunch of figures doesn't mean much. Neither, presumably, does the future of the country. The fact is, not voting is in itself a form of voting. — Star Journal (Pueblo, Colo.)

MERMAIDS IN ROME — Ingred Kramer, top diver from Germany, relaxes with Nina Krustova from the U.S.S.R.

WATER SPRAYING FROM HIS FEET, Sgt. Jack Glydon of Kipling, Sask., is lifted from the water by a hoist-equipped H34 Helicopter. One man dinghy from parachutist's seat pack will be retrieved by RCAF rescue launch.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

BABY CHICKS

STARTED chicks, prompt shipment, also 14-16 week pullets. Day-olds, dual purpose, specialty egg producers, to order. Book December-January broilers now. Contact local agent, or write Bray Hatchery, 179 John North, Hamilton, Ont.

FARMS FOR SALE

2 FARMS, adjoining, both with house and barns, 1 with silo. Well watered; 83 and 60 acres. 1 mile south Roslin, Highway 37. Will sell with or without crops, machinery, large flock sheep. Excellent clay loam.

E. M. LESLIE, PLAINFIELD

FOR SALE — MISCELLANEOUS

INSTRUCTIONS for making Yule logs, white bonnet, ice-less ice, $1 postpaid. Gerald Buell, 624 Lorne Street, New Glasgow, N.S.

"DESTROYER" for use in outdoor toilets. Rats down to the earth, saves cleaning. Directions. Thousands of users, coast to coast. Price $1.00 per can, postpaid. Log Cabin Products, 322 York Road, Guelph, Ontario.

CARROT JUICE EXTRACTORS

ELECTRIC, stainless steel construction, (capacity 2 full carrots before emptying basket). For full information write Health For All, Box 133 Station K., Toronto 12, or phone HU. 5-7150.

EVERY boy should have Sonny Boy Harmonica, lovely tone, easy to learn $1.00. Buffalo Bill bull whip, hand braided by Cherokee Indians, genuine cowhide $6.95. Allied Import Agency, Box 388, Station H, Montreal.

WANT TO BE DIFFERENT?

Send us names and addresses of your friends (clearly printed) and surprise them at Christmas. Buy them the most practical and appreciated gift ever! These modern 3-line printers with name, address and city, imprint personal possessions, books, stationery, cheques, Christmas cards — a thinker uses. Complete with automatic inker and attractive pocket size case. $1.95 value, now only $1.00 each, postpaid. Order today!

Stampcraft, 81 Peter St., Toronto 2B

MEDICAL

TRY IT! EVERY SUFFERER OF RHEUMATIC PAINS OR NEURITIS SHOULD TRY DIXON'S REMEDY.

MUNRO'S DRUG STORE

225 ELGIN OTTAWA

$1.25 Express Collect.

POST'S ECZEMA SALVE

BANISH the torment of dry eczema rashes and weeping skin troubles. Post's Eczema Salve will not disappoint you. Itching, scalding and burning eczema, acne, ringworm, pimples and foot eczema will respond readily to the stainless odorless ointment, regardless of how stubborn or hopeless they seem.

Sent Post Free on Receipt of Price

PRICE $3.50 PER JAR

POST'S REMEDIES

1868 St. Clair Avenue East, TORONTO

MISCELLANEOUS

NOVELTIES, HIT-SALES

YOU can find all new products in the informative paper "Export-Import The Bridge to the World" in German and English languages. Trial subscription $1. Max Schimmel Verlag, Wuerzburg 8, Germany. Representative wanted.

How Can I?

by Roberta Lee

Q. How can I most easily remove cat and dog hairs from upholstered furniture or car seats?

A. Simply by wiping lightly over them with a board which has been wrapped with adhesive tape, sticky side out.

Q. How can I eliminate the nuisance of sparrows' nesting under the eaves of my house?

A. Fill small cheesecloth bags with camphor balls and hang them from the eaves. Those disgusted sparrows will set up housekeeping elsewhere.

A sense of humor is what makes you laugh at something that would make you mad if it happened to you.

MONEY TO LOAN

WE have money available for first and second mortgage loans on farm and town property, current rates of interest. Payments arranged to suit your income. Jo Marile Ltd., Broker, 2 Wellesley St. W., Toronto Box 24, Sudbury

NUTRIA

WILL NUTRIA BE YOUR FUTURE?

All the signs point to a bright and brilliant market for this luxury fur. But success will come only through proper breeding methods, quality foundation stock, plus a program based on sound business methods. We offer all of this to you as a rancher, using our exclusive breeders plan. Special offer to those who qualify, "earn your nutria under our co-operative ranchers' plan". Write: Canadian Nutria Ltd. R.R 1, Richmond Hill, Ontario.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

BE A HAIRDRESSER

JOIN CANADA'S LEADING SCHOOL

Great Opportunity

Learn Hairdressing

Pleasant dignified professions; good wages. Thousands of successful Marvel Graduates

America's Greatest System

Illustrated Catalogue Free

Write or Call

MARVEL HAIRDRESSING SCHOOL

358 Bloor St. W., Toronto

Branches:

44 King St. W., Hamilton

72 Rideau Street, Ottawa

PERSONAL

DRUG STORE NEEDS BY MAIL

PERSONAL Needs. Inquiries Invited. Lyon's Drugs, Dept. 11, 471 Danforth, Toronto.

LADIES — DUMAS Female Pills, $5.00. Lyon's Drugs, Dept. 12, 471 Danforth, Toronto.

GET 8 HOURS SLEEP

NERVOUS tension may cause 73% of sickness. Particularly nervousness, irritability. Sleep, calm your nerves with "Nappit" 10 for $1.00, 30 for $4.00. Lyon's Drugs, Dept. 10, 471 Danforth, Toronto.

PHOTOGRAPHY

FARMER'S CAMERA CLUB

BOX 31, GALT, ONT.

Films developed and 8 magna prints 40¢ 12 magna prints 60¢ Reprints 4¢ each

KODACOLOR

Developing roll 90¢ (not including prints). Color prints 35¢ each enlargements and Ektachrome 35 m.m. 20 exposures mounted in slides $1.25. Colour slides 32¢ each. Money refunded in full for unpleasing negatives.

POULTRY

LEGHORN pullets, Mt. Hope and Ghoslleys ready to lay and laying. John Stutzman, Mt. Elgin, Ont.

WANTED: Hatchery to supply us with hatching eggs. All breeds required. Eggs taken on some breeds every week in the year. We pay up to 35¢ per dozen more than market price for good hatching eggs. For full details write Box No. 219, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto.

RASPBERRY PLANTS

Raspberries, Latham $4.50, Madawaska $8.50 100, $35.00 1,000, $45.00 1,500 guaranteed. Percy Simonds, Elora, Ont.

ATTENTION!

SUFFERERS from Arthritic, Rheumatic, Neuritic, Sciatica, Lumbago, and aches and pains from overexertion and fatigue, British medical research chemists have developed PAINADE which brings prompt temporary relief for the above named conditions. PAINADE contains no narcotics, is non-habit forming and harmless. PAINADE must bring prompt relief first bottle or money returned in full. Formulas on every bottle containing 100 Tablets. Special introductory price is $2.50 cash or money order postpaid anywhere in Canada. Special price applys only to orders from this ad.

PAINADE

Sole distributors United States and Canada

P.O. BOX 8245

ORLANDO, FLORIDA, U.S.A.

ISSUE 38 — 1960