

M. D. Jarell, eminent Trichologist, demonstrates causes of baldness and how it can be prevented

# How to Have Hair For A Lifetime to Be Demonstrated Here By Famous Trichologist

#### Offers Written Guarantee

An exclusive interview by Ward Allen

LONDON, ONTARIO (Special) - M. from a misinterpretation of the the-D. Jarell, Director of Jarell Hair Experts of Canada exploded the "myth of baldness" today in an exelusive interview.

"Baldness is unnecessary, costly, and a plague to mankind," says Jarell. "No man need be bald. No man need suffer the stigma of premature old age that is forced upon him because he is losing his hair. The Jaroll method of hair and scalp treatment can prevent baldness-can turn colorless fuzz into healthy, growing hair - can Jarell make you look youthful again."

Demonstration to be held in GEORGETOWN, Ont.

This revolutionary method of home treatment for the hair and scalp will he demonstrated in Georgetown, Monday Only, August 22nd at the McGibbon House, Trichologist Des Lauriers will conduct the private, individual interviews from 12 noon un-HI 9.00 p.m. on August 22nd, 1955. There is no cost or obligation, and you need no appointment.

REASON FOR BALDNESS "There is always a reason for baldness," continued this nationally known authority "Hair cannot grow through a scalp that is infected with dandruff, excessive oilness, or extreme dryness. A scalp that has never been exercised cannot be expected to produce healthy hair." Men, and yes, women too, walk the streets today, completely devoid of nature's greatest ornament-hair. Simply because they were not taught the basic rules of hair and scalp hygiene while they were growing up. "The simple answer," emphasized this expert is that children should be taught the same simple basic rules of hair and scalp hygiene that they are taught for the proper care of their teeth.

be a rarity today!" Heradity Not Involved Trichologist Jarell dodged no issues. He quickly took up the most widely spread theory of baldness heredity. "Mankind's unrealistic belief that baldness is hereditry stems

Plumbing

Water Systems

KEN

5 KING STREET EAST

If this were the case, baldness would

ary of genetics. Theory does not state that any person must be bald because baldness exists in the family. What it does say, is that in some families, a tendency exists towards an undernourished scalp." The purpose of Jarell Hair and Scalp Experts is to teach the methods of strengthening the weak scalp and nourishing it to a healthy, vigorous condition healthy scalp will grow hair, if it is not already completely bald," assures

Is There Hope For the

Completely Bald? In his travels throughout the Umt ed States and Canada, Jarell has collected hundreds of testimonies of his ability to develop weak fuzz into healthy, mature hair All of his clients have started with a private examination, hair and scalp analysis, and a diagnosis of the disorder Jaren is quick however, to tell a hopeless case that he cannot be helped. "We strongly advise," says Jarell, "that no person who is completely hald hold any hope whatsoever of regrowing hair. If there is any fuzz at all, we can restore a healthy scalp condition and the hair will grow normally again as nature intended.

Offers e Guarantee

"Jarell Hair Experts of Canada, of--fer a guarantee to any client who enrolls for treatment. If he or she is not completely delighted with results at the end of 30 days, the money invested will be graciously refunded, pledged Jarell. "We must have satisfied clients. We must regrow hair. After all, it is our best advertise-

Is Your Hair Healthy?

If you have a scalp disorder, or if you are worried about your hair, call Trichologist Des Laurier at the Mc-Gibbon House, in Georgetown, Monday Only from 12 noon to 9.00 p.m. The public is invited. The examinations are private and open to men and women. You do not need an appointment, and you will not be embarrasseed or obligated in any way.

NEW BATHROOMS INSTALLED

Repairs of All Kinds

TRiangle 7-2842

CHARLIE

OR REMODELLED

# An Ocean Voyage and A Visit in Cheltenham This is the second troval letter

Mrs. John Corders, who husband is combining an eversess trip to a world tenrence of Johavah's Wilmesses, with visits in her native Chaltenhave and Mr. Cordoro's Hallon

Sunday Evening, Aboard S. S. Homeric In the lounge on the main deck they have a cocktail bar; today I tast ed my first martini. It's very sweet and not at all heady, at least not when taken one at a time. I feel more relaxed though, and the surprising thing martinis are only 20c and a glass of beer 8c.

There is a piano there also and -I could not resist the temptation to

have a little tune. This ship is one of the Home Lines under station management. This aftermoon we have boat-drill; each one must don his or her life-belt (or waisteoat) and assemble in given points for drill. Our station was muster station No. D. . . .

As we went to our different stations my mind took me back to the days of the last world war, when this drill was a grim reality, some of the little children were frightened by the restriction of the life belts and began to ery. I did not blame them, for they are anything but comfortable. I could-hardly breathe but realized that the life belt must be securely (astened as it would be very easy to lose it. We are still in the St. Lawrence and the water is very calm though it is chilly on deck. Tomorrow we leave the river for the

This is day three; nothing new happened today. We went to the movies and just wandered around most of the time. The water is a little more rough and many of the passengers got a little sick. There were quite a few vacant scats at breakfast in the dining room.

After lunch we went to the main lounge and listened to the music. They have a very good 4 piece orchestra, piano, violin, accordion and bass violin. It was good music, among which was The Merry Widow waltz, and some of those lovely vio lin solos that Jack Thompson used to play in the Anglican church for special occasions. After the concert, they played Horses; the children (and adults too) got so excited as the horses neared the finish line

it's still too cold to stay on the outside promenade deck for me Din ner at 8 pm and the ship's photographer took pictures at each table Later we were surprised by a parade around the dining room of the ship's orchestra which was led by a steward carrying a birthday cake with lighted candles, which they deposited in front of a very surprised and delighted passenger whose birthday it was Orchestra played Happy Birthday to

Today the sea is quite calm. Once again the ship's clocks were set forward 60 minutes during the night. This is Wednesday and we are halfway across the ocean. Tonight at 0.30 there will be a fancy dress and costume ball; those in fancy dress, will assemble in the library, then a grand march through the lounge. A prize for the best costumes. I saw some of the couples practicing a European

dance. We won't miss that. This afternoon there was a chilren's party in the dining hall, complete with music and fancy hats, trumpets and rattles. The noise was deafening. Now we are in the promenade lounge waiting for the grand

Thursday, a little warmer on deck, sun at last. The sea is quite calm. Tonight we have a farewell party. Dinner at 8 and at each plate is a fancy hat. John's was one of those pirate affairs with a pig tail and cross bones across the front. Some of the ladies wore sparkling paper tiaras that glittered almost as much as the real thing. Then up to the promenade deck where the party went into full swing.

They called for volunteer talent and I promised to sing that little song I sang many years ago at the W.A. The senior ladies, Mrs. Ted Bludd and Mrs. Hurley will remember it "Dear Little Goose".

Today we received an invitation from the Commodore to take a drink with him on the verandah of the

smoking room. There were about half a dozen couples there,

This is Friday, the day is beautiful, sun shining, quite warm. They have filled the pool and it is trowded with swimmers. Everyone is on deck; everyone taking pictures of someone else.

We sighted our first sea gulls about 10 s'elock by 5 o'clock there were hundreds of them circling so gracefully around the ship. We sighted land about 3 o'clock. They told me was England, the coast of Cornwall. To-morrow morning at 5.30 a.m. we dock at La Havre, France. Then on to Southampton,

Morning, \and at 430, we could hear passenders getting ready to disembark at La Havre. Another beautiful day; did not sleep all night, too excited. The sea was so calm it was hard to believe we were moving at all. At 230 a.m. I called up to John in the top bunk: can you sleep? The answer was no: what's wrong with us? Wouldn't it be that the ship was not rocking anymore Just imagine if we had to hire someone to rock us to sleep when we get back

The ship seems quite empty now since we left France. We hope to arrive at Southampton about three. Coming into the dock we watched the English trains from the boat. They looked just like toy trains, they were so small. Later we had to wait for a change of trains at Reading. A train would swish into the station -all along the train the doors would awing open and passengers alight from the various compartments which carry 6 or 8 people; then the doors would close again, a shrill peep from the guard at the rear, accompanied by a wave from a little green flag, then answered by another peep from the engine and off again it would go. It looked so funny we just sat and

laughed.

There was a little time left so we took a little stroll through one of the nearby streets. They seemed to run in all directions, with of course the usual quaint English pubs with such names as Boars Head Inn with the loar's head hung over the entrance Then back again to our little toy trains, this time we were lucky enough to get a seat. The last train we had rode on was packed with people going on holidays. We stumbled through the little narrow doorway and down the narrow corridor, only to find all the compartments full Then a young man took pity on us and picked up our bags, telling us we would at least find room for them if we followed him. We thanked him and meekly followed the tead. Where did it lead to? The baggage car, so we rode with the pigeons and haby carriages, etc. hanging on to the fron hars which ran across the windows I could not help but wonde, what Canadians would say in like situations, but nothing seems to bother the English, they laughed with us and seemed to enjoy it all im-

mensely. Our taxi driver told us that we would be in Cheltenham in two and one half hours, but instead we arrived about 1.30 am. Every hotel was closed, so we reluctantly made our way to Aunt Lizzies by taxi.

As we whizzed down the little narrow streets, I could not see one thing I knew of Cheltenham, but concluded I did not know this part of the town in days gone by. The street was very dark where Aunt Lizzie lives, and John had to run his hand over the number on the door to be sure we had the right house. Well, here we were at last. At the ring of the bell two windows were thrown up and two heads appeared above. I said, "Is this the home of Mrs. Loud." The answer was no. I covered my mouth in horror. I had disturbed someone else. But Aunt Lizzie was fooling me; in seconds the door was flung open and I was being hugged and kissed by aunt and uncle in the warmest welcome home it would be possible to imagine. They took us to the kitchen and while we waited for the kettle to boil I plyed her with one question after another. We talked till four o'clock in the morning and I assured her that even after 50 years I was sure I could recognize the street we had lived on.

Next morning, right after breakfast, we set out to find it. Right away I got lost but nothing daunted we asked a policeman. Oh, yes, go right along this street and you'll find

Winchcomb St. This was it. As soon as I arw Albion St. Winchcomb St., I told John, now I know where I am. Just a little way and we shall reach Fairview Rd. We did, and a little way up Fairview Rd. would be All Saints school on the corner of Fairview. St. I reached it at last and there it was just the same as 50 years ago. Around the jog was the street we lived on. I almost ran the rest of the way. I was once again in the past. There was the browery, just s small one; down further I could see the red brick wall of our house, No. 1 Prospect Terrace. I told John just around the corner is a little row of houses, each with its own little front garden. We walked one behind the other, I could not wait for John, and sure enough there it was. I stood gazing at the windows and Snally saked John if I should knock on the door.

He said, go shead, so I did. A middle-aged man came to the door and breathlessly I explained to him I lived in this house 50 years ago. He said, "did you, I wondered why you were looking the place over, and am expecting my sister from Can-

Later I told him I know just where your cellar door is; it's just under these stairs. He smiled and wanted us to come in. But I had too many of my relatives to meet, so off again we went. It was like stepping back into the past How often I had dreamed of this moment come true .t last. After lunch, cousin Bert picked us

up in his car for a trip up Teckhampton Hill, Cleave Hill and all through the Cotswold Hills. At List stood beside Devil's Chimney, saw those quaint old-fashioned thatched houses at Prestbury. We stopped set a beauty spot I shall never forget. It was called Frog Mill Inn. It was 1,000 years old and was mentioned in the Doomsday Book. There were little flagstone paths around the house with rockeries and flowers everywhere, little tables and seats allowed one to take a drink in the open air. We stepped inside the crowded inn to admire the interior. Little colored lanterns and bright shining little plaques covered the ceiling and walls; oak beams ran across from one end of the rooms to another. It was fascinating and very quaint. Not far from there was a place called Broadway where all the Americans gobut it's not the least like the Broadway of New York.

We next went through Stow on the Wold and I saw such names, as Golden Bull Inn, Unicorn Hotel, Coach & Horses, Kings Arms, etc., and last of all a trip up the promenade. Yes, it was just the same. The beautiful flowers, the shady trees, double deck buses, and we took some pictures of Nero at the Fountain. At night they have the fountain all lit up with green and blue lights that change colour. Then we looked at the shops, at the ends of each store is the figure of Venus, my cousin Blanch promised to count them and let me know how many there are. I know there are people from Cheltenham living just outside of Georgetown, they may be able to tell you just how many there are. After that we paid a hasty visit to All Saints Church, where as a little girl I had lingered around the west door after the service to listen to the choir practice the Oratorios and wished with all my heart that I could sing like that. God was good to me and I did sing those glorious songs of praise though in a smaller way. At last our drive was ended and we thanked our cousins for a very

wonderful trip. Next day we had our welcome home party. Twenty-six of my relatives came to Aunt Lizzie's to meet us Cousin Molly had made a beautiful welcome home cake that would have done credit to a fashionable wedding and indeed I did feel like a bride. I never imagined they would all turn out like this for such a wonderful home coming. The tears came to my eyes more than once. Uncle Sid had decorated an adjoining room for the occasion and placed one long table the length of the room. It was decorated with sweet peas and baby's breath, roses and flowers galore. I hated to cut that lovely cake but have some to bring home. Then we all joined hands and sang some of the old songs, one of them we sang 50 years ago and called it "Poor Harry's Song". It went like this:

For old time's sake, say you'll forget and forgive, For old time's sake, don't let your enmity live;

Life's too short to quarrel, hearts too precious to break, Shake hands and let us be friends, for old time's sake.

As I watched the smiling happy faces around me I could not help but think if this small reunion could bring such joy to all of us, what a wonderful reunion is in store for us on the Resurrection Day. I thought of that beautiful hymn in the Anglican hymn book, No. 603, I think, it goes like

On the resurrection morning. Soul, (or life) and body meet again, No more sorrow, no more weeping, no more pain.

On that happy. Easter morning. All the graves their dead restore, Pather, mother, sister, brother meet

This then was a sample of what it will mean for us. Mothers and fathere who have passed to rest will once again be reunited with us. Next day we rose early and took

the first train to London, and to my surprise four of my cousins and aunts were waiting at the station to see me off. Truly no lady in the land ever had a more wonderful home coming; never was there ever warmer bearts than those I left behind me at St James' railway station. September 30 - October 1. Halton's Cheltenham, God bless them, every

THE GEORGETOWN HERALD Wednesday, August 10th, 1955 PAGE 3

- EAVESTROUGHING
- PLUMBING
- HEATING

### DON HOUSTON

TR. 7-2506

## MONUMENTS

Brampton Monument Works Designs submitted, comstary lettering, corner pasts and Markers.

A GOOD DISPLAY IN STOCK WM. G. ALLAN, Prop. 48 Custon St. West -- Bramples Shape-1410-J - Phonos - Rec.: 313

REP. YOM NICOL

Phane Brampton 605W

**ASPHALT** PAVING DRIVING - GRADING

AND PARKING LOTS ALMAS

HARD DRIVES HOME SERVICES Pione Brampion 2162

**BUILDING SAND** 

4 Wilson Ave. - Brampton

- CONCRETE GRAVEL
- ROAD GRAVEL
- FILL & TOP SOIL

### TOM HAINES

Glen Williams TRiangle 7-3302

#### REMODEL

YOUR OLD

FUR COAT

into a lovely

Cape, Jacket or



for as little as \$25.00

 Workmanship Guaranteed Free Storage

Choice of many styles

Write for Home Service Complete selection of fine furs in stock at special summer prices.

Use our convenient lay-away

Pay as little as \$10.00 a mentile

Garry - Offman

684 Yongo St. - WA. 1-7813 TORONTO

BALLINAFAD

#### INSTITUTE MEMBERS AT AUGUST MEETING

Ballinafad Women's Institute held their August meeting at the home of Mrs. Archie McEnery last Wednesday evening with an attendance of 14 members and four visitors. Mrs. Archie Lawr prepared current

events and it was read by Mrs. Ernie McEnery. Mrs. R. McEnery as convener of home economics, gave a fine reading on homemaking and how to overcome some of the problems to help make a happy home.

The president Mrs. Frank Smith, prepared the motto "Homes are." greenhouses where the plants of good citizenship are planted." A short sing-song closed the meeting and lunch was served by the hostess and committee.

-Remember to get your exhibits ready for Georgetown Fall Fair on

CALL TR. 7-3271 TR. 7-2674

For Your Construction Needs

**CONCRETE WORK** 

NASH & McDOWELL

Footings Sidewalks

Cellar Floors Block Work **Brick Laying** 

CARPENTRY

Homes Kitchens Remodeling

Garages Bathrooms Modernizing

McNally Construction -near CNR STATION ELGIN STREET