

For Employers: SAVINGS
For Youths: JOB EXPERIENCE

Your Canada Employment Commission will reimburse employers in the private sector 50% up to \$1.50 per hour, of the wage for hiring youth (15-24 years of age) under the

JOB EXPERIENCE TRAINING PROGRAM

The program terminates May 31, 1978. For more information contact:

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344-6601

As soon as possible!!!

DRY SKIN ADDS YEARS

No woman wants to look old before her time, and dry skin is the villain that will do it. If your face feels dry and uncomfortable under make-up, it's time to take action. Raise the moisture level... lubricate the skin surface... and start to look even younger than your birthdays will admit. You can do it... easily... effectively... with COCREMA Dry Skin Creme.

This proven creme actually disposes of dryness symptoms with two or three overnight applications. Then, re-appraise your appearance. YOU'LL BE DELIGHTFULLY SURPRISED.

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August 7/40

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A certain little scally-wag,
 The youngest of our seven,
 I fear will drive me crazy,
 Or keep me out of Heaven.

He's on the go from early morn,
 Till he's all in at night,
 And all the mischief he gets in
 Simply is a fright.

The first thing in the morning,
 He's ready for the day.
 Comes bouncing into my bed,
 No matter what I say.

I've tried all sorts of arguments
 But everything's in vain
 He's either hungry, thirsty,
 Or else he has a pain.

He knows he has me buffaloed.
 I know he's surely spoiled.
 But I just can't find it in me,
 To really get hard boiled.

He thinks I know the reason for,
 Each where, or why or what,
 And plies me with such nonsense,
 Till he gets me on the spot.

I just get settled with a book,
 And really in my glory,
 When in he comes, with that shy look,
 Begging for a story.

At times, I feel like crowning him.
 Or maybe even worse.
 But must not lose his confidence,
 So, end up with a verse.

He demands my whole attention,
 With his cuts and burns and stings,
 He's forever getting mixed up in,
 The goofiest of things.

His mother had to leave her cake,
 To call up Marge or Sally.
 He took one look around the place,
 Boy! was that up his alley.

He started in to mix the things,
 The flour the eggs the butter,
 And when she looked upon the sight,
 His mom could hardly mutter.

He likes to watch me shaving,
 And to climb upon a stool,
 And play at making faces,
 I feel like such a fool.

And when I have to spank him,
 I know right from the start,
 It's nearly going to kill me,
 For it breaks his little heart.

I could, go on relating,
 A further episode,
 Such as looking for my hammer,
 In the middle of the road.

And numerous other instances.
 Where, he's had me on the run,
 Or many happy days gone by,
 When, we've had lots of fun.

But it's time to horse-back, up the stairs,
 For it's the usual thing,
 To tuck him in, and say his prayers,
 And then begin to sing.

And as I watch him sleeping,
 I have visions of the storm,
 When he comes in and wakens me,
 So early in the morn.

W.E.C.