

I was led into a sanctum, stripped, and bravely attired in the dress mentioned by Rabelais as "nothing before, nothing behind, with sleeves of the same." Well, not *quite* that, but within two ounces of it. Of a surety, the Turkish bath fashion returns to the fig-leaf, to the little cloud no larger than a man's hand.

Gracious me! What a rubbing, scrubbing, and sousing Madam gave me. What muscles she had in her arms! They were tough as green sweet briar. *The Village Blacksmith* was not in the running. And how soft her hands were! I thought of a lot of similies, but discarded them all as falling short of the mark.

Presently, all the drop-down-deadtiveness that weighted me had fled, leaving behind a merry madness in the veins. I was rejoicing as a strong man to run a race, and mentally resolving to take a Turkish bath at least once a week (oftener, my bank-book willing) for the rest of my mortal life.

A walk through the shop, and a peep into the cupboard convinced me of the fact that grey beards and bald heads need not exist a day longer. Pembers keep everything in these cupboards but Bluebeards. There are pompadours made on springs, pins, and combs, and all of them light as air. There are bangs, switches, coils, waves, and toupees. One need not waste time, gas, and patience, curling her wayward locks, when

she can buy a pompadour. All she has to do to keep the pompadour in curl is to dip it in water, and shake it out.

And the styles at Pembers are right, which means a great deal, for "that which you place upon your head," says Mme. Marcelle, in *An English Girl in Paris*, "sounds the keynote of the whole personality."

And the prices are right, too. In a novel published recently by I. Zangwill, he tells of two old Frenchwomen who almost starved and froze themselves in order to save money to buy a grey wig of exorbitant price, which wig they were to wear in turn. Critics say it is Zangwill's best story, but he could never have written it had he lived in Toronto, for no such greed exists here in the case of the *coiffeur*.

The Pembers also carry a large stock of miscellanies, such as hair ornaments in jade, jet, and metal; manicure, massage, and chiropodist supplies; skin foods, hair-tonics and dyes. They keep all the Parker-Pray preparations here, and Mrs. Pray's, too, for Dr. Pray and his wife have been divorced, and are running competitive businesses.

It is an interesting fact that the mail-order department of the Pembers has grown so large that they supply goods to Japan, England, and the United States, showing that perseverance and reliability have gone hand in hand to build up this highly successful business.

