

The Peers' Gallery in the House of Commons teems with beauty during an exciting session

CLEAR-CUT against the time-greyed stone and age-dark hangings of Westminster—her beauty flashes as she leans forward, intent upon the parliamentary spectacle. How breathtakingly her flower-freshness contrasts to these venerable backgrounds against which the pattern of her days is woven so brilliantly. . . .

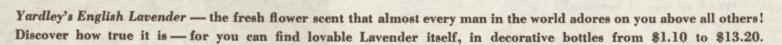
Always the Englishwoman has taken her beauty as seriously as the English gentleman his government! Her famous "pettycoat politics" begin with the care of her skin. London soot, an exigent climate, life at its keenest are her constant bitter enemies. Yet you'll find her involved

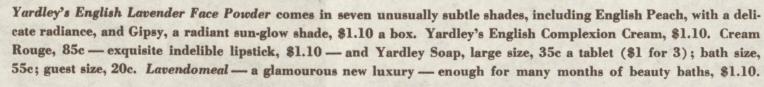
in no elaborate, costly beauty rites to overcome them!

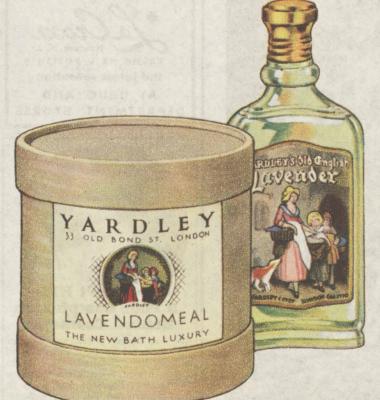
Exactly three perfect products govern her dressing-table. One soap, one cream, one powder accomplish her flawless skin. The soap, a gentle miracle by Yardley, nightly shampoos away every vestige of marring grime and impurity. The cream—her Yardley weapon against skindrying, aging modern living—she uses to recleanse, soften and beautify. It's also her foundation beneath her exquisite powder; And the powder—a Yardley triumph also—finer than you've ever used—a radiant mist that spreads a protective, imperceptible veil of sheer loveliness over her skin!

Do you envy the Englishwoman the perfection of this fresh, effective regime—and these finer cosmetics? You need not—for Yardley has made them available also to you. You'll find them nearby with the host of other luxuries (rouge, indelible lipstick, compact, bath salts, dusting powder . . . others) to complete a Mayfair toilet. Ask at any finer store—and discover for yourself the glorious simplicity of modern, sophisticated English beauty.

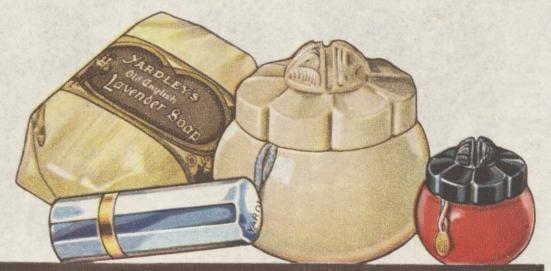
Yardley and Company, Ltd., 620 Fifth Avenue (Rockefeller Center), New York City; 33, Old Bond Street, London, and in Paris, Toronto, and Sydney, Australia.











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