

ANNE HIRST Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst: I am adding my own confusion to that of the woman who wrote of recently, who deliberately planned to break up a romance. It is a widow, too, and I set my heart on a man.

"He had left his wife to join an old love who had come back into his life. She was pretty and smart, and both of them as fine as God ever put breath into. I set my plans to separate them—and to my undying regret, I did. He held a public office; I spread ugly tales about her until the whole town rang with the scandal.

"I pursued him without shame. Had my hair dyed (I'm in the early 30's). Gave him money to keep him interested—and finally, I won him. Was I sitting on top of the world?

"It didn't last, of course. He got fed up, had himself transferred to another city. I even went to see him there. I was dirt under his feet! When he came here for the holidays



thought he was coming back to me. Instead, I saw the two of them Christmas shopping. Did he give me the horse-laugh?

"Today I am an outcast. None of my family or old friends speak to me. I have grieved, and I still do. But I have been praying to God to forgive me, and give me another chance to serve Him—instead of trying to serve another woman's lover.

IN THE DEPTHS

- You have taken the first step toward peace of mind—confession—and already you are beginning to know humility. As you progress, and learn how to pray and exercise your faith, you will be given a strength to bear the scorn of those who curse you. They will be watching you know, and as they see the new woman emerge they will cease to scoff and grow to love you again.
- Dr. Henry Milton Taylor wrote a book some time ago, "Faith Must Be Lived," which he calls a prescription in Christian psychology, "an old-fashioned medicine which cures the soul." It stresses the truth that emotional comfort and health are attained through religious good health. It has both freshness and the feeling of permanence, and I believe it can restore your spirit and bring rest consolation to a woman of your intelligence and determination.
- Stay with your church and practice your faith. You will come through.

HIS MOTHER OPPOSES

"Dear Anne Hirst: I am 21, and for three years I've been a widow. My husband was killed in action. I have two small children. A year ago I met a young man, and we have been lovers for at least six months. He loves my babies, and he wants to marry me.

"But his mother objects, because I've been married before. His father recently died, so he feels responsible for her.

"Should I keep on seeing him, or try to forget? Thank you for any advice.

ARGYLL

- Some mothers object to their sons marrying a girl who has been married before. In your instance, she may feel that the responsibility of two babies is too much for a young man of 24. Also, since her widow's grief is still new, she may feel she cannot spare her son just yet.
- Why not suggest that he promise her he will not marry for a year? That may appeal to her, and make her feel more kindly toward the idea.
- You have had a sad life of your own, and I hope that one day this happiness will come to you.

If your date are upon you, tell Anne Hirst about it. Her expertise in weighing human problems and her sympathy and understanding can help you through. Write her at Box 1, 1221 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont. Print plainly **PATTERN NUMBER AND SIZE, YOUR NAME and ADDRESS.**

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and in lakes and rivers all the way from the Gulf of Mexico to Alaska. Some are tame and easy to tame. Others are as wild and remote as anyone with a mind to escape from civilization could want.

Actually, one million plus is merely an estimate of the absolute minimum of habitable North American islands. There may be twice that many or more. No one has ever attempted to count them individually. Even the various state and provincial governments which retain ownership of most of them have only the vaguest ideas of the numbers within their domains.

Neither the imaginary paradise nor the less appetizing reality bears any resemblance to what you will find among North American islands but even so the variety is enormous. One type is the sea island of the coast of New England and the Maritime Provinces. There are between four and five thousand of these. Most are now privately owned, but a few are always for sale at prices as low as three or four hundred dollars. Usually covered by spruce, or fir, they often have rocky shores which make them difficult to approach.

Near the opposite extreme are the low sandy, semitropical islands of the Florida and Gulf coasts. Estimates of the number of these range as high as half a million, but the great majority of them are either too swampy or too dry to be habitable. Thousands, of course, hover on the border line and can be hauled back across it if you have the pioneering spirit. A few such can be leased from state governments. But most of the more desirable prices depend on the types of ones are privately owned, and houses which have been built on them.

In most of the eastern part of the continent, lake and river islands are far more numerous than coastal ones. The Canadian province of Ontario in fact, may have all by itself more than a million habitable islands, probably the world's greatest concentration of small bodies of land surrounded by water. Most are Crown property, and the provincial government is glad to sell them to either Canadians or United States citizens. The price is a flat forty-five dollars per acre with a limit of ten acres to a family and a requirement that a certain amount of building be done on the property during the first year or two after purchase. "From One Million Islands for Sale," by Robert Froman.

stayed in the shelter of the shrubs all day. At night we caught her and put her with the other biddies. She settled down quite happily in her new quarters until the time came for her to start laying again. Did she know I was like the other hens? Oh, no, nothing so common for this hen. She gets over her little red hen goes back to the henpen from the granary and then gets back to the henpen the same way as she left it. That has been going on for several weeks. Sometimes she scratches around in the barn for a while and she comes out on her own accord. Quite a personality, our Biddy. Now I should tell you about another hen, Mitchie. Remember he had one leg almost severed by the mower last year. We wondered if the same thing would happen this year, as the long, standing hay was Mitchie's favourite hunting ground. The first time Partner went out on the watch and on his first round he saw a white streak bearing down the path like mad along by the fence. We didn't need to worry any more. Mitchie and the hen were never again in the field at the same time. But once the mower and tractor were back in the shed Mitchie came out of hiding and spent the whole evening hunting amid the new mown hay.

"Well, I hear the dogs barking. That means Bob and Joy have arrived for supper."

Millions of Islands For Sale or For Rent

At the moment there are more than one million quite habitable islands for sale or for rent around the United States and Canada. You can buy some or rent some for as little as ten dollars an acre. You can lease others up to a thousand acres in area for twenty-five dollars a year. They are scattered along the coasts

BUTTERSCOTCH PUDDING

4 cups milk
1 cup brown sugar
1/4 cup butter
5 tablespoons BENSONS OF CANADA Corn Starch
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 egg yolk, slightly beaten
1 1/2 teaspoons vanilla
SCALD 3/4 cups milk, sugar and butter in top of double boiler
COMBINE BENSONS OF CANADA Corn Starch with salt and 1/2 cup milk to make a smooth paste; add slowly to milk mixture.
COOK, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens.
COVER and continue cooking for 10 minutes.
ADD egg yolk very slowly, mix well.
COOK 2 minutes; remove from heat and add vanilla.
POUR into dessert dishes; chill, serve with cream.
YIELD: 4 to 6 servings.

For free folder of other delicious recipes, write to:
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THE CANADIAN STARCH COMPANY LIMITED,
P.O. Box 129, Montreal, P.Q.

Morning Glory - Viennese ballerina Helen Sedlak is a delightful sight along the beach in Ostia, Italy. She attributes her youthful beauty to early-morning exercises under Mediterranean sunshines.

Slot-Machines Are Really Big Business

Mrs. Ephraim Secker opened her big mouth for a crisp slice of pastry and suddenly gave Ephraim an outside idea. In Bath Mrs. George Weaver accidentally swallowed a penny she had been holding in her teeth—England and the U.S., the idea for slot-machines was born.

Ephraim invented a slot machine to date out plugs of chewing tobacco, George Weaver piling up a \$50,000 fortune with "automatic machines" that sold peppermints. Even then both were undoubtedly beaten by a man who lived in Alexandria 2,500 years ago and invented a slot-machine for the temple of Venus.

When the coin dropped it tipped a balance which opened a valve, giving the pilgrim a gush of holy water.

It's just over 70 years since Eph and George were rivals. Now there are slot-machines that clean your shoes, wash your clothes, play gramophone records or make your hair curl. There are slot machines that dispense orange juice.

One machine murmurs "Thank you" when it sells a chocolate bar. It fish the unhappy wet dog who merely to drop the required coin in a slot to get their diving flippers which then have only to be signed and legally endorsed.

New York department stores now leave order-taking machines at their doors after closing hours. A customer wanting an article displayed in the window pops in a coin and speaks into the machine, giving his order with name and address. The goods are delivered C.O.D. the next day.

Coin-operated typewriters—long in use in Germany—will soon be appearing in Britain in railway stations and hotels. For expense the machine unlocks, enabling the user to write a letter. Then there's the new intelligence-testing device coming up at the seaside. The customer has to answer five questions flashed on a screen. The machine then automatically grades his intelligence rating Army style.

How in Monmouth, the United States slot machines are estimated good for an annual billion dollar a year.

Underwater Hunt

Going underwater goggling in the Red Sea presents a remarkably abrupt change in scenery. I recall particularly a place some thirty miles south of Chadqua called Sharm's Bay where this change impressed me the most. At one moment I stood on the hot sands of the barren desert; the next moment I found myself in one of the most beautiful places I had ever seen—a refreshingly cool place, a sub-marine coral garden of brilliant colors and teeming with life.

In Sharm's Bay the desert terrain drops suddenly beneath the sea and is transformed into a short fringing reef. My first look at this unusually gorgeous reef is still a vivid picture in my mind. The edge of the first shelf of the reef dropped down at a sharp angle to a ledge about twenty feet wide some twenty-five feet below me. This ledge in turn sloped off into a deep, richly blue water, toward a bottom I could not see. Almost every spot on the reef was overgrown with coral of the most graceful, delicate and unusual forms. Some grew like clusters of pink and lavender flowers, others were round and solid with winding channels on their surfaces making them look like the denuded, convoluted brains of mammals—small ones like the brains of marmosets, monstrous ones that seemed to come from the heads of Goliaths. Some of the coral grew like branches of a tree or antlers of a deer, some had straight surfaces like table tops standing on a single central leg. One type of coral sat in little sandy patches on the ledge below looking exactly like the heads of yellow mushrooms.

And you could see a thousand fishes at a glance. There were dozens of varieties of small fishes, glittering sea gems that lived in the coral grottoes and crevices. Another school of hundreds of little emeralds, another of rubies, and another like a band of escaped convicts with black and white stripes on their bodies and pelvic fins edged in sulphur. These three types of damselfishes all headed into branched corals when I approached them. Here they could be captured by merely breaking off a branch of the coral and shaking it over a small meshed net. But tiny topaz and opal blennies crept into deeper crevices where enemies could not reach them.

The heads of larger fishes peered out from alcoves in the reef: yellow-and-brown-speckled sea basses, copper squirrel fish, black and green wrasse, schools of whickered, yellow and pink goatfishes, went by on the ledge below, their delicate chin barbels feeling in the sand. Surge, butterfly, balloons, and sea fishes swam all about me. Big green parrot fish, keeping a good distance away, went by eyeing me suspiciously while stopping periodically to chew off chunks of coral with their strong "beaks" that made audible grunting sound. — From "Lady With a Spear," by Eugenie Clark.

Spends 24 Hours in Davy Jones' Locker

Wearing a skin-tight rubber suit, Ed Fisher kept the fish company on the floor of the Atlantic Ocean near Key Largo, Fla., for 24 hours, a record for underwater endurance. The rubber suit held the 26-year-old diver retain his body warm on the record-breaking feat. Only food Fisher had was soup, and raw fish he caught while performing his stunt.

Fisher reaches for anchor, left, lowered in case the current gets rough, and at right, uses a spear-gun to hunt game on ocean floor.

Wearing a skin-tight rubber suit, Fisher takes time out to eat, left, and then chisels his initials into a big coral formation.

Girl Locked In With Deadly Snakes

One sunny afternoon last March, the gay citizens of Bailleville were celebrating the riotous festival of Mardi Gras. Surging through the streets, a procession of dancing figures in masks and fancy dress twirled and cooed round the giant effigy of King Carnival.

Suddenly shrieks of terror rose from where the booths of traveling salesmen were grouped. But the revelers round King Carnival's effigy drowned the frightened cries with their laughter. One of the travelling booths was a simple canvas tent, framed by painted posters announcing "Miss Monica makes charming. Inside it, illuminated by a powerful spotlight, was a glass case enclosing a lovely girl in a bathing costume.

Spectators were crowding round the case when suddenly they recoiled in horror... a huge black python and an Indian viper—were seen sliding towards the girl.

Calmly, she began to caress the python, which suddenly awoke from its torpor and lunged at the viper nearby. As the viper struck back, the spectators stood petrified.

Without hesitating, the young girl tried to separate the hissing, swaying snakes. She seized the python in her bare hands; they recoiled in a lightning bolt from her face. Before she had time to ward off the attack the python had struck a lightning bolt from her face.

Miss Monica managed to protect her head. But the serpent continued to attack her relentlessly, and the Indian viper, ally itself with its former enemy. It wriggled convulsively... and among them was that of Miss Monica, the snake charming.

Concealing her wounds beneath a layer of pink gesso-

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Jane Ashley Says

"Try my favorite recipe for the month"

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Contests Wise—And Otherwise

Even if you never find a needle in a haystack, you can, at any rate, have a lot of fun looking for it. A hundred excited women searched frantically for a two-inch gold needle in a two-ton haystack in New Zealand recently.

At the end of three hectic minutes and twenty-six seconds, the winner screamed in triumph, holding the needle aloft—and won \$10,000.

It was just the latest twist in public's progress, an amusing sporting event that drew thousands of spectators.

In Amsterdam a cash prize is given every year to the man who can make a pile of tobacco last the longest. Recently, eighty veteran smokers took part. The winner kept his pipe alight for ninety and a half minutes. A Frenchman was a prize the other day for barrel-rolling. He beat other contestants by rolling a forty-gallon

Patty-Cake - Yankee catcher Yogi Berra, left, and First Baseman Bill Skowron try to violate the rule that two objects can't occupy the same space, as they both go after a high pop foul during a New York game in New York. Berra made the catch despite all the help.

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Will Help—External Affairs Minister Lester Pearson, of Canada, says his nation is ready to join India and Poland in supervising the cease-fire in Indo-China. He says the acceptance of this role will not change Canada's policy of favouring a southeast Asia security pact.

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