Just try it!

"SALADA" TEA

Three Times Ten Is 34 — This strange bit of arithmetic is correct, providing you're counting the toes of the McCoy children, Leona, 9, left, has six on each foot; Charlotte, 3, center, has an extra one on her left foot as does Jerry, 8, who had part of it removed. They are in Grady Hospital to have their allotment trimmed down.

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

"DEAR ANNE HIRST: I am eating of the bitter grapes, and I deserve all I suffer. I would like to tell other girls that forgetting the Golden Rule does not pay . . . I was a widow, knew all the answers. I was just looking for someone to support me. When I met this man, he was engaged to a girl whom everybody loved; I knew that, but I made I knew he was wealthy. I used all my wiles to land him.

"We are both miserable beings. His mind is always on her, even I can sense that. When we meet any of her friends he pretends not to see them; he is ashamed of me and of what we both have done. We have not even respect for each other anymore — and how can we have?

"Any woman who would come between another couple would be just as quick to break up a marriage. I say to your readers: Before you interfere between two people who love each other, call on your self-respect to resist. You are always the loser.

"This other girl got rid of a spineless skunk — and I am stuck with him.

SORRY NOW"

Why are you "stuck with him?" It does happen occasionally that those guilty persons are bound together by the knowledge of their guilt; perhaps that is the only thing you two have in common. But why live with it!

Wouldn't you be a different person away from this man? You may not be able to undo the wrong you committed, but at least you need not be daily reminded of it, as you are in his presence. Such a life is degrading to you both.

With a fresh start — alone, and building up respect for yourself again — the day should not be far off when you will feel cleansed of this despair, and able to face your world with dignity and fortitude.

* * *

"Dear Anne Hirst: I hope you can print my letter, so no other man will make the mistake I did. They may never get the second chance I got.

"I married a girl of different faith. We were married in her church, and the children were baptized there; I even went with them occasionally. But after a while people poisoned my mind against her faith. I began to argue with her; she tried to reason with me, but I would not listen. I got her and myself in a desperate state.

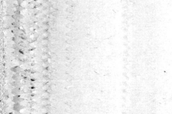
"I finally stopped going to church at all, and didn't believe in anything anymore. She left me. She couldn't take my insults any longer. That is when I realized what a fool I'd been to let those interfering people influence me . . .

"God must have given her special grace, for she has listened to my please at last, and we are together again; we all go to her church. Once again, I am living. But I feel I can never make up for all the heartache I caused her . . . Men, there is only one God, believe me

A FOOL THAT WAS"

* * *

If you once made a grave mistake, admit it, do what you can to wipe out the consequences, and make a fresh start. This is how strong characters become strong . . . In time of indecision or despair, write to Anne Hirst — at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.



WELL-STACKED — Paint is the last thing on the minds of the paint crew on the SS Corpsholm arrives from Germany.

Modern Etiquette

Q. Is it out-of-date now to teach boys and girls to say "Yes, ma'am" and "No, ma'am," and "No, Sir" and "Yes, Sir" to adults?

A. "Yes, sir" is still correct for a boy when speaking to his father or other men, but a girl should use the name of the person spoken to, as "Yes, Mrs. Jones." The word "Ma'am" is no longer in good form, and when a child doesn't know the name of the person, he should add something to "yes" or "no" as, "Yes, it is." or "No, I don't think so."

Q. Is it permissible to sip water while one has food in his mouth?

A. No, this is considered bad manners. Only when one has taken a bite of food into the mouth that is too hot to handle is a sip of water condoned.

Q. When introduced to a person for the second time, what should one say?

A. You may say, "I've already had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Smith," or, "I think I met Mr. Smith last month."

Q. Is it really necessary to explain the reason for refusing an invitation?

A. Yes, unless you really want nothing further to do with the person extending the invitation. "I'm sorry, but I have another engagement" is usually good form.

Q. If tea is served and a guest does not care for it would it be all right for this guest to ask for a cup of coffee?

A. Not unless the hostess asks if he or she would prefer coffee. Otherwise, drink the tea, or part of it, and express no preference.

Q. How long should one stay when making a call of condolence at a friend's home?

A. This call should be especially brief — not longer than about ten or fifteen minutes— unless, of course, the bereaved friend asks you to stay longer.

Q. What are several forms for introducing a married woman and a single woman?

A. "Mrs. Johnson, may I introduce Miss Lee?" "Mrs. Johnson, this is Miss Lee." Or, you may merely mention the names, as, "Mrs. Johnson, Miss Lee."

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM
by Gwendoline V. Clarke

It comes haying time — so then what happens? Changeable weather, of course — all the way from cool, clammy tog to heat and humidity. There is quite a lot of hay down in this district but we haven't started yet. I suppose we shall have to in a few days. Hope there won't be any broken collar-bones for Partner as a result. There shouldn't be if he follows the doctor's orders.

What a change in the gardens from a week ago — everything growing fast to make up for the late season. It is lovely at this time of the year to see so many well-kept gardens — flower and vegetable too. Not here though, my nice garden is a thing of the past. I have long since given up the struggle. However, with the help of a power lawn-mower Partner keeps the lawns well cut and that always gives any place a tidy appearance.

I had occasion to do a bit of travelling on our country roads last week and came to the conclusion there are very few places more beautiful than our own little county of Halton. There is nothing really spectacular in our scenery but once you get off the beaten track there is such a quiet restfulness — such greenness in the well-wooded roads. And then there are the lovely little churches, schools, and well-kept graveyards. Some of them, that is. On one road I passed an old pioneer cemetery. Mercifully a thick row of poplars had grown up along the road fense so that most people would pass by the graveyard without noticing it at all. But I stopped and did a little exploring. I don't suppose there were more than twenty graves all told, and most of the tombstones were broken or knocked over. It seems to me it should be the responsibility of township councils to see that old cemeteries are not allowed to become neglected, weed-infested areas. Weed-spraying machines are used to keep down noxious growth on country roads — why not a good spraying for the old pioneer cemeteries? Not that we particularly favour the weed-spraying unless it is followed by a clean-up job on the unsightly debris of dead weeds and shrubs that are left behind. In the case of cemeteries that could easily be done.

In some districts burial grounds have been cleared of weeds and undergrowth and the tombstones gathered together to form a cairn. A respectful tribute to the founders of the district and a credit to the people now living in the community. Which is all to the good since to the stranger a community is often judged by the appearance of its countryside. However, appearances can be deceptive.

Well kept homes and farm buildings used to be an indication of a prosperous farm community. But conditions have changed. Quite a number of farm houses are occupied by people who are not farming at all. In some cases farm property has been split up — house and buildings belonging to one man who may be working in an industrial plant a few miles away — and farm acreage sold to a neighboring farmer. All this may not be obvious to the motoring public but farm people can see pretty well what is going on.

I visited one little village last week, at one time the centre of a farming community, and I was told that not one of the adjacent farms was now being cultivated, the older folk being past heavy work and the younger folk attracted by the wages paid in nearby industrial plants. Of course, some of the farmers have most of their fields down in grass and keep a few cattle. I suppose we may be included in that category as we still have fifteen head of cattle. However, this year we gave "a junior farmer" a chance to put in twelve acres of oats for himself and pasture for seven head of cattle. This young fellow is not a junior farmer in the sense that that term is generally understood. He is just a young chap trying to make a go of things on his own. It would appear there are two types of junior farmers. In one type we find the sons of successful farmers, who not having the sole responsibility of the home farm on their shoulders are thus able to get out and take advantage of short courses, demonstrations and field days in connection with the various branches of agriculture and animal husbandry.

There is also another type of junior farmer struggling along unassisted, who deserves to be encouraged. It might be said of him that he is learning the hard way as he is too busy making a living to take in short courses or compete with organized junior farmers at fairs and exhibitions. He is not necessarily ignorant or lose interested. He can read ARTICLES in farm magazines or keep up with the modern farming methods by radio — and usually does. Few years from now it will be interesting to note which type of young fellow has made the better farmer.

Here is a note of comfort — just in case you are feeling the heat! This is the longest day — the year is half gone already. It won't be long before we are shovelling snow again and laying in our winter's supply of oil or coal.

How Far Can You See?

As we stand on the seashore the sky and the sea seem to meet, way off in the distance. The meeting-place is the horizon. If we stand on a level plain we can, if there are no trees or buildings in the way, see where the end of the land seems to touch the bottom rim of the dome we call the sky. That also is the horizon.

The distance to the horizon depends on how high our eyes are above the level of the sea or above the level of the land across which we are looking.

A boy standing on the shore looks out on the sea from a height about four feet greater than the level of the sea—the height of his eyes above sea level. He can just see a little more than 2½ miles in front of him, and the horizon is just this far away from him. A boy on the edge of a cliff 100 feet above sea level can see about 13¼ miles to the horizon. From a lighthouse 150 feet above sea level, he could see about 16¼ miles to the horizon.

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With a stroke of an iron ROSES GROW on your linens! They're sunny yellow and vivid orange with bright green leaves. VALUE —there are 16, yes 16 rose motifs in this pattern—plenty to decorate guest towels, sheets, pillow cases, tablecloths, aprons, blouses, skirts. Send now!

Iron on! Washable! Colourful! Pattern 829 has 16 colour motifs; eight, 4⅛x2; four 3⅛x5⅞; four, 2⅛x3⅛ inches.

Send TWENTY - FIVE CENTS in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto. Print plainly PATTERN NUMBER, your NAME and ADDRESS.

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Jane Ashley Says

"Try my favorite recipe for the month"

SOUR CREAM SALAD DRESSING

- ⅛ cup MAZOLA Salad Oil
- 2 tablespoons vinegar
- 1 egg yolk, unbeaten
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon dry mustard
- ⅛ teaspoon paprika (optional)
- ½ cup water
- 2 tablespoons BENSON'S or CANADA Corn Starch
- ½ cup thick, sour cream

PUT MAZOLA, vinegar, egg yolk, sugar and seasonings in a bowl.

PREPARE base in saucepan by slowly adding water to BENSON'S or CANADA Corn Starch; mix well.

COOK over low heat until mixture thickens and boils, stir constantly.

BOIL 2 minutes; stir constantly.

REMOVE from heat; add to egg mixture quickly.

BEAT with rotary beater until well blended.

ADD sour cream; beat until creamy.

YIELD: 1¼ cups.

For free folder of other delicious recipes, write to:
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Home Service Department,
THE CANADA STARCH COMPANY
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P.O. Box 129, Montreal, P.Q.

Fond Of Dogs? Here's Your Dish . . .

Among the most remarkable dog stories is one Sir Walter Scott told a friend about a bull terrier — the wisest dog he ever had.

"Camp once bit the baker, who was bringing bread to the family," he said. "I beat him and explained the enormity of his offence; after which, to the last moment of his life, he never heard the least allusion to the story, in whatever voice or tone it was mentioned, without getting up, and retiring into the darkest corner of the room, with great appearance of distress.

"When you said, 'the baker was well paid,' or, 'the baker was not hurt after all,' Camp came forth from his hiding place, espered, and barked, and rejoiced. He certainly had a singular knowledge of spoken language."

An old book of dog anecdotes mentions an Edinburgh grocer's dog to whom a pieman once gave a pie. The next time the dog heard the pieman's bell he ran to him, seized him by the coat, and wouldn't let him pass.

The pieman showed him a penny, then pointed to his master who stood watching at a street door. The dog at once went to him, leaped furiously, and on receiving a penny, carried it in his mouth to the pieman and got his pie. This became a regular practice.

A remarkable example of canine know-how occurred during a severe snowstorm when the fowls on a Scottish farm did not return at the hour they usually retired to roost. Presently the house dog entered the kitchen carrying in his mouth a bedraggled hen, laid it on the warm hearth, ran off again, returned with another, and so continued until all were rescued. Numbed by the extreme cold, they had crowded together in the stackyard, and the dog, seeing them, had carried them in to be revived by the fire.

It's not only Scottish air that makes a dog canny. A dog with extraordinary sense belonged to horse brought to the house by a horse brought to the rouse by a servant. As the man was on his way to the door the horse suddenly bolted. The dog sprang after it, got hold of the bridle, and brought the galloping horse to a standstill.

In Melbourne, Derbyshire, where cocks and hens used to run about the streets, a gamecock fought furiously with a small bantam, which got the worst of it. Some people stood by, looking on. Then a dog suddenly darted out, snatched up the bantam in his mouth, and carried it into his master's house.

Several onlookers followed, expecting it to be killed and eaten. But after guarding the kennel entrance for some time, the dog trotted down the yard into the street, looked both right and left, saw the coast was clear, went back, returned with the bird in his mouth, safely deposited it in the street, then walked quietly away.

Then, writes Trevor Allen in "Tit Bits", there was the canine wonder belonging to a famous Italian family, which always attended its master's table, took his plates and brought others, carried wine to him in a glass on a salver held in its mouth, without spilling it, and held the stirrup in its teeth while he mounted his horse.

A certain lady's collie, ordered to ring the bell, did so; but if told to ring the bell when the servant was in the room, refused, looked at the servant, and barked. If his mistress again said, "Ring the bell, dog," he laid hold of the servant's coat as if saying: "Don't you hear that I am to ring the bell for you? Come to my lady!"

When a New York newspaper seller was ill, his son took his place and, not knowing the subscribers, took as guide a dog which had usually accompanied his father. Setting out ahead of the boy, the dog stopped at every door where the paper was regularly left, not missing one or making a mistake.

A London gentleman owned a clever spaniel which, in 1792, he entered the pit of Drury Lane Theatre at about 7.30 p.m. having left his King Charles's spaniel locked in the dining-room. At eight o'clock the dog immediately ran to the playhouse and located his master though he was near the middle of a crowded pit.

A fashionable young eighteenth century lady was taking a walk in Tunbridge Wells when a Newfoundland snatched her parasol from her hand and ran off with it. Keeping ahead, the dog constantly looked back to see that she was following, and at length stopped at a confectioner's and went inside.

Failing to get the dog to give the sunshade back, she asked the shopman to help. "It's an old trick of the dog's to get a bun," he said. "Give him one, and he'll return your property." She bought him one and he at once surrendered the parasol.

A French newspaper is the source of a story about a retired businessman and music-lover who got his whole household choral singing and playing instruments, and resolved to bring his dog into it, too. At every false note from voice or instrument down came his cané on the back of his small soumiel, who promptly howled. In time she became so sensitive to false notes that she instantly howled without waiting for the cane.

A shoeblack on the Pont Neuf in Paris had a poodle who was trained to roll himself in the Seine mud and dirty the well-polished shoes of anyone crossing the bridge, so that his master would get the job of cleaning them!

Another clever poodle, owned by a Yorkshire gentleman, always attended church, staying quietly in the pew whether his master was there or not. One Sunday the dam of a neighbouring lake gave way flooding the road, so only a few worshippers from nearby cottages attended. But the dog was in his pew, dripping wet, having swum over a quarter of a mile to get there.

Bill, a fireman's terrier, always attended his master on duty, climbing the escape ladder, leaping into the burning house and dashing about to find its occupans, barking loudly for help if he located any. A collar was presented to him as a reward for his bravery.

The German mathematician Zacharias Dase, once multiplied two 100-digit numbers together — in his head.

WHAT'S IN THE BOXES?—Packaged destruction, ready for quick on-the-spot assembly and "delivery" to a potential enemy. The deadly, high-speed "Matador" pilotless bomber is manufactured in seven units, and packaged in weatherproof cases at the Glenn L. Martin plant for delivery to the Armed Forces. The unique packaging arrangement of the units eliminates final assembly at the plant, makes for easier shipment and storage in the field.

From Hospital Bed Direct To Prize-Ring

It was about three o'clock one morning when Joe Gould's phone rang. Tex Rickard was on the phone and he wanted Joe at his office at once. Gould got into his clothes and ran for a cab.

As soon as Rickard saw Gould he shouted to him across the room, "Hey, Joe, I'm in a spot. I need someone to fight Angel Firpo in Havana. You've got a boy named Italian Jack Herman. Do you want to go down to Havana with him to meet Firpo?"

"Sure, Tex," replied Joe without a moment's hesitation. "We'll leave in the morning."

The contract was hastily drawn up. Herman and Gould's end of the purse was to be $5,000. And Joe rushed out of Rickard's office to find his fighter. He had forgotten that he had not seen his boy for several months and didn't even know whether the boxer was alive.

Gould began to search frantically since he was working against time. Finally, after several hours, he traced Herman to a rooming house in Hoboken. At five in the morning, Joe was banging on the door. At last, a sleepy landlady poked out her head and demanded to know what Joe wanted at this ungodly hour.

"Where's Jack Herman?" screamed Joe. "I've got to see him right away!"

"Go away," replied the angry landlady. "He's in the hospital. He's been there for weeks!"

Shocked by the information, but not at all dismayed, Joe Gould dashed for the local hospital and bribed his way to Jack Herman's room. The fighter was sound asleep. Joe shook him vigorously. "Jack!" he shouted. "Jack, wake up!"

Herman woke with a start, to see wild-eyed Joe Gould leaning over him. "What are you doing here?" gasped Herman. "Am I dying or something?"

"Don't be silly!" snapped Joe. "This is no time to die. Come on, get up, we got to go to Havana to fight Angel Firpo on Sunday. Hurry up, you sap, we got to catch a train!"

Jack Herman shook his head mournfully. "I can't go," he whispered. "I can't fight, Joe. I got a pain in the belly. The doc says I got appendicitis, maybe."

"Appendicitis, he says!" yelled Gould. "Are you out of your mind? For $5,000, how can you afford to have appendicitis?"

The reluctant Jack Herman dutifully climbed out of bed and got dressed. Joe Gould got him to the train in time and tenderly tucked him into bed. Hearing that ice was good for appendicitis, he instructed Jack to keep a good-sized pack on his tummy, and keep buying as much as he needed for the trip.

Italian Jack Herman made it to Havana and finally got into the ring for his match against Angel Firpo. For all his heroic measures, Joe took a bad beating. Firpo knocked his boy out in the second round but the $5,000 purse did a little to soothe the wily manager.

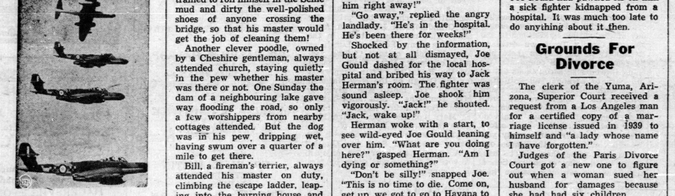
Then came the totting up of expenses. One item hit Joe Gould right between the eyes. It read: "Ice — $260." Joe yelled for Jack Herman and asked how come.

"You told me," said the innocent Herman. "I bought all that ice to put on my belly for the appendicitis."

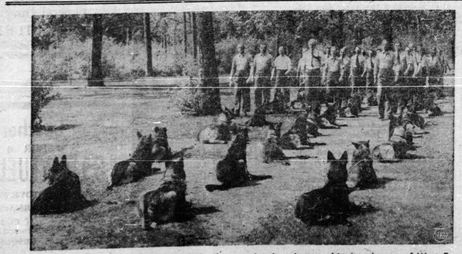
"Why, you bum!" screamed Joe Gould. "For 260 clams you can buy a whole iceburg! What are wou trying to hand me?"

"I don't care what you think," answered Jack. "I needed ice for my appendicitis and $260 it is. That stuff melts, you know!"

Joe Gould had to give in and pay for the ice out of his own share of the purse. And it was only months later that Tex Rickard found out that smart little Joe Gould had pawned off on him a sick fighter kidnapped from a hospital. It was much too late to do anything about it then.



NEW JET — A Meteor N.F. 14, Britain's new jet night-fighter, peels off from formation in this just-released photo. The new plane is described by the British Air Ministry as the most effective night-fighter that exists. The Meteor features a clear-vision cockpit canopy and an altered tail fin.



Don't Move—Obedience is the first mark of a good police dog, so this detachment of West Berlin, Germany, canine cops gets a day of training in obeying put. Their masters move back and forth issuing orders to test them. By constant repetition of the exercise, the dogs learn to obey every command they are given.

Grounds For Divorce

The clerk of the Yuma, Arizona, Superior Court received a request from a Los Angeles man for a certified copy of a marriage license issued in 1939 to himself and "a lady whose name I have forgotten."

Judges of the Paris Divorce Court got a new one to figure out when a woman sued her husband for damages because she had had six children.

In Knoxville, Tennessee, Mrs. Elmore Fryar, suing for divorce, asked for her husband's motorcycle as alimony.

"While he never actually struck me," explained Sarah Sanders, suing Edward Sanders for divorce, "he would go around slamming his fist against doors and saying, 'I wish it was you.'"

William Wilson divorced his wife because she took his false teeth and held them for $2 ransom.

Testifying that her husband had knocked her out by hitting her on the head with a live chicken and then, finding that the impact had killed the chicken, revived her and ordered her to cook it, Mrs. Viola Beck sued for divorce.

Ada Leonard, strip-tease dancer, filed suit for divorce because her husband, her attorney explained, "doesn't resent the fact that she is doing this kind of work. Is that clear?"

Samuel Hoffenstein, scenarist and poet of Hollywood, was divorced by his wife, who objected to the jingles he dedicated to her. We append an example:

When you're away, I'm restless, lonely;
Wretched, bored, dejected;
But here's the rub, my darling dear,
I feel the same when you are here.

He Couldn't Lose

Strange story of a man's ingenious scheme for obtaining $2500 to pay for his fare home from the East was told in a British House of Commons debate recently.

The man acquired for nothing a thousand glass bottles and filled them with water coloured by harmless matter. Then he toured local villages in China, asking in each if there were any expectant mother there.

He sold bottles of the liquid to each expectant mother for $5 and told them it would ensure their delivery of a son. He promised to return the money if it was a daughter.

The babies were born, 500 boys and 500 girls. The man promptly returned $2500 to the mothers who had delivered girls and kept the remaining $2500 to pay his passage home.

GREATEST OF ALL

Sightseeing behind the Iron Curtain a visitor noticed two oil paintings. He inquired about the first, and was told it was a picture of the great Russian inventor Ivanov, who invented radar, wireless, artillery, railways, X-rays, and so on."

After he had recovered from this, the visitor asked about the second portrait, which was considerably bigger. "That," he was told, "is a picture of Petrovitch, our greatest inventor."

"And what did he invent?"

"He invented Ivanov."

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