

Both are Delicious!  
**"SALADA"  
TEA & COFFEE**

**ANNE HIRST**  
*Your Family Counselor*

Do you think your husband is spoiling your marriage? I believe you will feel humbled today after reading the letter I quote from a wife who showed indomitable courage for more than 30 years — and now finds herself cast aside like an old shoe.

"I took my husband for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer. I had taught school, and after I married I worked on his farm and cooked for seven hired hands. I helped him buy three cars — and stayed home while he drove around town, came home drunk and mistreated the brutal way. And I had two children 15 months apart.

"I was brought up as a Christian, and felt it would be a disgrace to leave him. If I could only into your marriage, and get so little out of it. (You certainly got a poor deal on the divorce settlement, didn't you?)

"Yet your life has been a full one. You started out with love and the faith that comes with it. That both were betrayed was no fault of yours. You did your best, your life has been richer than if you had stayed single.

"And after all this, my husband gets a divorce. Takes his oath to lie; he talked to our son and had him appear against me. When my husband was small try, I was good enough for him; now he's a salesman making good money—and goes with a married woman. I wonder what she'd think if she could see him and I have so many mornings, coming home drunk, striking me, and destroying the furniture?

"Now I am getting along in years, and must start all over. I have to walk to school, while my husband has a new car, a new job, fine clothes, and an effort to sport . . .

"So many women today run to tap-rooms, go with other men.

**Iron-on Designs  
in Vibrant Colors**

823  
by Laura Wheeler

No embroidery! A stroke of your iron — presto! Four fine lines along with panes in a combination of Night Blue and Sunny Yellow with leaves of Garden Green in seconds, match a lunch-son cloth to a serving apron! Or treat guest towels, sheets, pillowcases, scarves with colour magic.

**IRON-ON** panes look hand-painted! Washable, too. Pattern 823: transfer of twelve colour motifs: four 3 1/2 x 7, two 3 x 6, four 1 1/2 x 2 1/2, two 3 x 2 1/2 inches.

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

Don't miss our Laura Wheeler 1954 Needlecraft Catalog! Free embroidery, crochet, colour-transfer and embroidery patterns to send for — plus a complete pattern printed in book. Send 25 cents for your copy today! Ideas for gifts, baby sellers, fashionists.

### IT'S A SLEEPER-EATER

If you like to eat in bed, a firm in London, England, has manufactured a device which can serve as both bed and table. In 15 seconds this piece of furniture can be converted from table to a full-length bed, according to the manufacturer. Row police station, Robinson was an insolvent house-agent, sick of waiting for clients who never came.



Designed for the small apartment dweller, the "Doo-Stoy" can be used as a table during the day.

and generally do wrong. If these things can happen, I am thankful that my daughter and I have been able to live up to our standards. . . . What can the young women look forward to? I always held a good position. I loved my work, my friends, my music and my art — but I could always humble myself to any work. I washed clothes on a board because my husband couldn't buy a machine, and I used an old oil stove a neighbor had given me.

"All to save money. For what? . . . Please print this, so other women can learn from it."

"To 'R.E.' It is unfortunate that you did not leave your husband while you were young enough to go to work and support your children. Now you are older, and duties which once were thrilling, weigh heavy. Added to this, you are better because you put so much into your marriage, and get so little out of it. (You certainly got a poor deal on the divorce settlement, didn't you?)

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## CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM by Gwendoline P. Clarke

Well, there has to be a first time for everything and this has been my first time for taking care of my grandson. The whole family came out last Wednesday night about nine o'clock—just after two visitors had left who had been spending the same night leaving Dee and David to see Arthur returned the same night. I haven't one. Far be it for me to offer advice. In most cases I'm just an outsider looking on. I only know that this is a major problem and one that is worthy of consideration.

This is Monday morning and I'm quiet and peaceful around here now. Partner is raking hay at the back of the farm; the dogs are sleeping stretched out in the sun. The cats have had their morning feed and are away to the pasture on the bank for unwarmed mice. Parent swallows and baby swallows are sitting, all in a row on the clubhouse twitter.

Sometimes, in the past, in similar circumstances, a clout had settled the matter for John Robinson. But on this particular occasion things went wrong. A violent woman, with the best reasons in the world for her self-defence, is as awkward to cope with as a distal of nettles.

"Oh, 'e did, 'e did," I remember 'im. Left a blooming 'egg' trunk, 'e did."

Knocking his victim down with a hard punch, Robinson held her arms with one strong hand while he reached for his chair cushion.

Very soon the violent movements of the woman weakened and presently she was still. John Robinson removed the cushion from her face. He had gone too far; been too thorough. He got slowly to his feet and while he reached for his chair cushion.

Below, a constable stood at the police station doorway. Sunlight flooded the street. Boys went whistling on their way. John Robinson went out, locking the office door behind him. He had to think.

That, put very briefly, was Robinson's defence. He had invited the woman to his office. She had made blackmail demands for money. He had resisted them. She then flew at him, and in self-defence he had struck her. She had fallen, face down on to the hearth rug and, greatly upset, he had left the office and had not returned till the following morning.

Said defence counsel: Bessie Bonati might have died of shock. Then, as a second line: Bessie Bonati might have died of coal-gas poisoning, for the gas leaked and she lay there all night.

It may have been improbable, but it was plausible. And no jury wants, without proof positive, to send a man to the gallows.

But the science of anatomy, and of the workings of the human body, is an exact science.

comes home. He and the baby haven't seen each other since joyous occasion. It calls for celebration—for play, fun and laughter. Daddy lifts the baby from his chair, crib or playpen. Naturally. It isn't long before baby associates Daddy with the action of being picked-up and very soon the young rascal trades on it. Dinner is ready; Daddy puts baby back in his chair. And then the fun begins! "Soh-so!" I haven't one. Far be it for me to offer advice. In most cases I'm just an outsider looking on. I only know that this is a major problem and one that is worthy of consideration.

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### SCRAP OF PAPER MEETS THE GALLOW

From his office window, John Robinson watched the constable propel his unwilling charge through the entrance of Rochester Row police station, Robinson was an insolvent house-agent, sick of waiting for clients who never came.

Now, turning from the window, he emptied his pockets on to the cheap pine desk: four pawn tickets, a bunch of keys, five pennies. That was all. . . . and the rest over. . . . and at home a worried wife and four kiddies.

The office could take care of itself, he mused. And a moment later, went out into the sunlit street. The year was 1927. John Robinson was not merely decent-looking — he was good-looking, and in a way that appealed to women.

In Victoria Street, where she was doing her shopping, Robinson met a pretty, dark, plumpish young woman. He had charm, a certain grace, superior to that of the average man. True, but of the showy kind which women fall for.

By midday the task was accomplished, the battered old trunk securely corded. He went out into the street. "Hey, you!" he accepted a seedy-looking man, "want to earn a bob?"

Together the two men carried the heavy trunk to the street, and hoisted it on to a taxi. At Victoria Station, the porter in charge of the left-luggage office, glancing from trunk to depositor, scribbled the ticket. John Robinson, feeling relieved almost, reached another taxi and drove out of the station yard.

"And that's that!" he no doubt said, in self-congratulation, as he took the taxi to his home. A paper which was to put the record around his neck out of the taxi would be a distal of nettles.

"Blucke chucked this outer his taxi driver," explained a porter, handing the check in to the man in charge of the left-luggage office.

"Oh, 'e did, 'e did," I remember 'im. Left a blooming 'egg' trunk, 'e did."

Roses are Red — Queen Elizabeth smells the fragrance of a carnation at the Royal Agricultural Society flower show in Windsor Great Park.

**Run Refrigerators on Just Sunshine**

The household of a London University teacher at Sidcup, Kent, is hoping for a sunny summer. The more sunshine he gets, the more he will appreciate the fact that his refrigerator is run on just sunshine.

At the side of his house a solar water heater traps the warmth of the sun in a mesh of glass tubes and heats fifteen gallons of water to 160 degrees Fahrenheit — or 71 degrees Centigrade.

Some neighbours think it just an amusing novelty. But the truth is that Dr. Heywood's sunny home helps points to a new era in the household use of solar energy.

Not long ago a United States scientist stepped outside his door and performed one of the routine hot-weather tricks of New York by frying an egg on the pavement.

He explained to students that if the pavement had been insulated on the underside to prevent escape of heat into the ground, the eggs would have fried a minute faster. With two glass plates one of water to trap the sun's rays, instead of a paving slab, the eggs could be heated for schools in Nigeria, and sun-warmed oil stored by day now provides night heating to French Army hospitals in Algeria.

Maybe you, too, will soon use sunshine indoors as well as out. The Massachusetts Institute of Technology has built two houses with heating for schools in Nigeria, and sun-warmed oil stored by day now provides night heating to French Army hospitals in Algeria.

It's a fact that it takes up to two plates of five-year-old food to get a single meal in the shape of your liver. It's not that you're not eating it, it's that you're not eating it right. That's why you're not eating it right. That's why you're not eating it right. That's why you're not eating it right. That's why you're not eating it right.

### CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

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