

ANNE HIRST

Your Family Counselor

At a recent tea-party one woman asked the question "Who is the meanest man in the world?" Another spoke up: "The one who won't give his wife an allowance." There was a shout of approval. All the women present received allowances, but each knew at least one other wife who didn't.

The answer was well made. One reader I quote today cites her predicament, and I am afraid she speaks for countless others: "Before I married two years ago," she writes, "I always had sufficient spending money. But since then, it is a rare day indeed when I have even a little change in my purse."

"Several times I have been to my husband about this, but he always evades the question. True, I am never in want, but when I am out with my friends it is very embarrassing."

"If you think I have no complaint to make, I will drop the subject. I shall be watching for your advice."

This wife has one of the gravest complaints against her husband. He is one of the many men who, well-to-do, and fair on other ways, withhold all money for his wife's personal use. He probably pays all bills without question, undoubtedly carries cash in his pocket for his own use, but he will not understand why his wife needs any money to entertain her friends, to go to the hairdresser or a movie, or to use will for the dozens of "little things, a freedom that spells the difference between independence and severity."

Business women are accustomed to handling their incomes wisely, and other girls usually have regular allowances.

to spend as they please. What a come-down it is for both "when they find the man they married dole out dimes or dollars grudgingly, demanding an explanation. Few self-respecting women will accept of "Doesn't he trust me?" as their first reaction, and each reputation deepens their resentment.

Maybe the man feel that money in a wife's purse promises too much "freedom," maybe they glory in the sight of her groaning for a bit of change; or perhaps they are just plain mean. Whatever the excuse, they are insulting a woman's intelligence and loyalty, and they should be ashamed of themselves.

More divorces than my readers guess have resulted from this injustice. Few self-respecting wives can be treated like irresponsible children without coming to despise their husbands.

TO "A.T.": When you married, I am sure you thought this other wife's kind and affectionate man would offer an allowance without being asked; it must have been a shock to learn that his attitude was deliberate. . . . You can suggest taking part-time jobs for spending money, or finding ways at home to make it — and how either act would shame him!

If he reads this opinion, he hasten to resign the respect he is fast losing.

It is not, of course, the amount a wife receives for her personal use, it is the acknowledgment that she is a self-respecting individual with an own right who is being subjected to ignominious treatment, and honor her.

Many a wife can handle the whole family income more wisely than her husband can. The lease he can offer is an allowance to spend as she pleases. . . . Anne Hirst is here every day with an argument. Write her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

Blind Man Is Champion At Darts

At 69, Charlie Monteth, popular member of the Brixton, England, Derby and Joan Club, is one of the best dart players in the country. He is also a ventriloquist and conjurer in general, and is a member of the Royal Society of Magicians, where his skill and cheerful personality keep people in rows of laughter.

But it is as darts thrower of uncanny aim and accuracy that Charlie has won most fame, as well as more matches than he can count.

All this is rather remarkable — for Charlie is totally blind.

Councillor Mrs. Mary Marock, club, hardworking organizer of the club, says, "Charlie is a truly marvelous man. He is captain of the club's darts team, which frequently goes on tour in the neighbourhood, and his cheerfulness and energy are an example to us all."

Challenge Match

Recently, the daughter of a well-known darts player who has the full use of his eyes laughingly challenged Charlie to play her father. "If you beat daddy I'll present your club with a new darts board."

The match was arranged and blind Charlie soundly beat his opponent. The club got the darts board. Now Charlie's fame has spread. A well-known darts team, the Eight Bells, of Sutton Walden, Essex, who boast they have never yet lost a match, have challenged Charlie's side. Charlie is delighted and hopes to lead his team to victory.

ONE YARD WONDER: Yes, you can make this new-fashion skirt of just one yard 54-inch fabric in ANY size given! Note the dramatic side slit and the jutting hip pocket. This is bound to become your favorite costume maker. And it's SEW-EASY!

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Send order to Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

False Alarm — Pretty Jan Prince doesn't want to set the world on fire. She's merely holding a cigarette to the fabric to demonstrate the fire-resistant qualities of the worst covers of a show.

Walking Snowman Ten Feet in Height Terrified People On Canadian Island

December 21st was the anniversary of the most terrifying experience that ever happened to the people of Grindstone Island. A snowman that walked and roamed would be sufficient to frighten anywhere. To the islanders, who met it in the dark and saw it only by the light of flares, it was horrifying enough to give women hysterics and bring men to their knees.

Grindstone Island is one of the Magdalen Group, situated in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. On December 18th, 1972, one of the worst blizzards in living memory struck the island and brought all work to a standstill.

When the blizzard abated slightly some of the young boys slipped out to throw snowballs and snowed upon the island. They were absent until dark, and the first thing their parents knew of anything was when they returned with small lists on the doors and screams to be let in as quickly as possible.

"Nor were his sufferings over. Frosted he so seriously injured his legs that the priest decided to amputate them to save his life. There was no medical kit on the island so the amputation was done by holding the man down while the priest sawed through flesh and bone above the ankles with a pocket knife.

"The boys all told the same story. Playing games in the snow, they eventually reached the wreck of a ship. The shore was littered with cases of food and other supplies. The boys collected as much as they could carry, starting home more relieved than when they left. They were leaving the beach when they saw, in the shadow of a tree, what looked like a giant snowman at least ten feet high. They were moving closer to examine it when they heard weird noises coming from the island. Terrified, the kids bolted back to their homes.

"Eventually, he recovered completely and learned to walk on wooden legs. He never forgot the kindness of the islanders, and as soon as possible, he sailed back to Grindstone Island and settled there for life."

Self Service — There's no need for sales personnel in this department store in Moscow's Red Square, according to official Soviet sources. The customers select merchandise on display in the showcases, but they are unable to handle or closely examine the items. Identification tags corresponding to numbers on the shelves of the store are used to identify the goods. The tags is given to a cashier who makes the sale and hands the customer the purchase, already wrapped.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

What a week . . . snow wind and zero temperatures. Early on I had been looking forward to winter but my views on the subject have modified considerably. As I have said before I think of winter as a good time to get extra work done — sewing, knitting, reading, writing and so on. This winter — so far — it has kept me busy getting ordinary job done, plus the extra work that cold weather always brings.

The wrecked ship, the Calcutta carrying mainly a cargo of wheat. All the day islanders salvaging the wheat and loading it on sleds. It was dark before they had finished. On trying to comfort the frightened animal she roared: "There, there, no, Mama's tisy-bity baby—nobody's going to hurt you."

The puddle settled after a while, and the icy turned big blue eyes to meet the four glare of the General Secretary, as if he were the most important man in the world. "No, I wouldn't say he's mean, but he keeps his money in his right-hand trousers pockets and he's left-handed."

Paper Doll — Joan Rowlands displays the form that won her the title, "Miss Headliner of 1954" during the recent International Pringles Week. She wears a fitting "crown" from a newspaper.

open in winter. On the other hand after last storm such as we have just experienced, it is rather galling to watch from the window and see cars speeding by as if it were the merriest summer, knowing that between us and that bare highway there is a formidable barrier — our own snow-blocked lane — say nothing of the snowbank which ploughs leave right in our driveway.

Of course our lane is no exception, all farm lanes are pretty much the same, some a little worse, some better. Partner has snow fence along the worst places, and the centre of the lane is pretty well built up so we get along quite nicely if the snowfall is not too heavy. We never have the lane ploughed out if we can help it because a ploughed lane fills in faster than a lane that hasn't been touched. Come a second storm and you've really had it. Just before I started this column I thought to myself, "I'm not hitting myself. It's fun and no effort at all. The snow is so light."

Well, there wasn't any more argument because Partner took the shovel away from me and finished the job himself.

All went well for the rest of the day. I went to bed that night, slept well, and everything was fine. But, oh brother, the next morning when I got up! I'm telling you I could hardly get out of bed. I did, of course. That was three days ago and I'm still not able to straighten up properly. And what does Partner say? "I'll leave you to guess. The weather is certain he hasn't said anything yet that it pleases me to hear. Anyway you can now understand why I didn't want to walk through heavy snow any taxi waiting at the door."

Ah, that road! In a way it is grand to live alongside a provincial highway because you know it will always be kept

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THE Calvert SPORTS COLUMN

by Elmer Ferguson

Not long ago there was a junior hockey game in which the play grew rough and vicious that the referee himself was knocked down. It seemed inevitable that someone would get hurt or even killed if the game continued. The referee stopped it. This happened in an organized league.

This shocking incident has an alarming significance. In the past year, junior hockey was beset by many acts of violence and assaults on visiting players. According to the reports, there have been charges, counter-charges and even court cases.

By no stretch of the imagination can all this be considered part and parcel of good sportsmanship. But such a state of affairs could hardly have developed without some poor examples. Youngsters in hockey, as in all the other sports, copy their elders. They trust the judgment of their coaches and leaders. They look to them for guidance.

Club leaders should recognize that they have a sacred responsibility. Young Canada, tomorrow turn out to be a ruffian with no respect for constituted authority and no regard for good sportsmanship.

In the light of those incidents of rough play one may wonder just what Canada's junior hockey players are being taught, by instruction and by example. If, as one must suspect, they are learning the dubious arts of thuggery, slugging and foul language, then the outlook for major hockey of the future is a sorry one indeed.

But there is another, vastly more disturbing aspect to the matter: this kind of conduct is being copied by generation after generation of players; each may always be expected to follow worshipfully in the footsteps of his predecessors. The result could be disastrous to Canadian sportsmanship as a whole.

What major hockey players perpetrate in the way of mayhem and discord is unbecomingly obvious; but it is not as significant as the sheer cowardism that is becoming more and more prevalent among the junior players already set on their careers. But the juniors are just being launched on what amounts to a pattern of the reported incidents in Canada's junior hockey are exaggerated, it's going to be a pretty sorry pattern of life.

The juniors are the starting point of their lives as future athletes and as future citizens. With the wrong kind of leadership, they could easily go the wrong way. If there is to be within the minor ranks, those who would teach tough methods rather than good sportsmanship, they should be weeded out — but not too late.

Your comments and suggestions for this column will be welcomed by Elmer Ferguson, Calvert House, 431 Yonge St., Toronto.

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PLAIN HORSE SENSE

By BOB ELLIS

Geneva, Switzerland

It is little known that Geneva is not only the home of the League of Nations, now housing offices of United Nations, but also of the World Council of Churches.

The WCC grew out of the conviction that the churches must learn to cooperate in their attack on the world's social and international problems. A conference at Stockholm in 1925 led to the launching of the Universal Christian Church for Life and Work. At that time many felt that the churches should set themselves up as a separate organization — a stage on the road — a body living between the time of complete isolation of the churches from each other and the time — on earth or in heaven — when it will be visible to all that there is one Shepherd and one flock.

This column welcomes suggestions, criticisms and constructive or destructive and will try to answer any question.

Write letters to Bob Ellis, Box 1, 182 St. John St., New Toronto, Ont.

IT MAY BE YOUR LIVER

If it's not worth living, it may be your liver!

It's a fact that in every 100 people, 10 have liver trouble. In fact, 100 million people in the world have liver trouble. It's a fact that in every 100 people, 10 have liver trouble. In fact, 100 million people in the world have liver trouble. It's a fact that in every 100 people, 10 have liver trouble. In fact, 100 million people in the world have liver trouble.

IF YOU'RE TIRED ALL THE TIME

Even the most hard-working man and woman, tired-out, heavy-laden, and maybe bothered by backaches. Perhaps nothing soothes you, but a temporary relief is given by the time you take Dada's Kidney Pills. Dada's Kidney Pills are a complete relief for all kidney troubles. They are a complete relief for all kidney troubles. They are a complete relief for all kidney troubles.

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Do not how many remedies you have tried, or how discouraged you may be. Do not how many remedies you have tried, or how discouraged you may be. Do not how many remedies you have tried, or how discouraged you may be.

Ready and waiting for the 1954 Canadian National Sportsman's Show

will be held in the Coliseum, Toronto, from March 12 to 20 are these two beauties from the Walter Thornton Model Agency, dressed like Indian maidens, Joan Stevens, left, and Joyce Landry. Sportsman's Show is twice as big as in 1953 and features a boat show, motor show, bowling championships, and a big cribshow championships, a travel show, cottage show, a big stage and water revue and two dog shows.

"Along the right of way on the Illinois Central Railroad nestle the towns of Savoy, Toluca, and Tunoka. Somewhat to the east lies St. Joe. Each year these four cities enter football teams in a tournament to decide the Railroad Track Championship. Each of the teams was always equally anxious to win the title, but one year St. Joe took the bull by the horns and imported an Italian boy from Notre Dame to coach the outfit. The other eleven in the league were soured to crown, and St. Joe took the crown."

"That," said Zup, "is a story I've been telling for twenty years. For twenty years it has been told and retold, not only by me, but by men like Fielding Yost, Knute Rockne, and others. It has been a favorite year of locker rooms and banquet halls and has become passed on as a story in which each of these famous men has sworn that he had a personal part. I wonder what those borrowers would think about this story if they realized that it doesn't have even a grain of truth. It was just something I manufactured completely."

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