

ANNE HIRST

Your Family Counselor

"It might have been" are sad words to live with, and a romance brings them home. A wayward girl plays with love, and only when the young man vanishes does she lose such a treasure she has lost. Such a dependent girl today finally admits that she laughed at a love that was worth cherishing.

"We argued so much in the past," she writes, "that sometimes he wouldn't call me for a week. But whether I was wrong or right, he always came back. Now a month has passed since I last saw him, and not a word! I let him think I didn't love him, but, Anne Hirst, now I know how much I do."

"He talked repeatedly of marriage, for even though I was hard to get along with, he wanted me. He was so in love that I thought I could say what I pleased, and today I realize how he must have missed the understanding I never gave him."

"I do want him back! I feel that life stretches empty, and bleak without him. He had few faults, but he was always affectionate and forgiving. Shall I swallow my pride and call him? I never did that before."

• How many heartaches would be avoided, how many sorrows manes still be flourishing, if the one at fault had only said, "I'm sorry." One soft word from this girl and the boy's anger would have vanished.

• But no. Hugging a false pride, she was too vain to be fair and only now does she admit that this time she is not getting away with it.

• What price humility? When two people love each other, pride has no place.

• In any fine friendship it is wise now and then to evaluate love, to ask one's self, "What would I do without him?" If this girl had voiced that question, she would not be alone today and one nice young man would not be disillusioned.

TO "SORRY NOW!": Don't cheapen your soul by a telephone call. Write the lad a warm and loving letter. Tell him how ashamed you are to have treated his indulgent love so casually; say that you appreciate now all he means to you and so it will be genuine.

Young Capitalist

A front page story in Bell News, house organ of the Bell Telephone Company of Canada, tells of Normand du Berger of Montreal, a handsome five-year-old boy, who is one of the owners of the company. Normand has been investing his baby bonus cheques in Bell stock since he was nine months old and now is the owner of five shares.

Normand is to be congratulated on his financial acumen, although advocates of the baby bonus would be unlikely to maintain that his investment programme is a wise one. The basic idea of the monthly handout. If he continues investing in Bell stock during the years he is eligible for the bonus, and if the company is still paying dividends at the current rate, he will find, when he becomes a direct taxpayer, that his Bell dividends will then pay a substantial fraction of his contribution towards baby bonuses and old-age pensions for other people. From "The Printed Word."

SWEET POTATO — Mary Ann Kuhns, 20, has been chosen Potato Queen of Potato City, Pa.

Victor Clark set out from England two years ago to sail his nine-ton ketch round the world. Longing for the adventure, he was in his mid-forties and he told his friends: "If I don't do it now, I never shall."

All went well for a year. Then his twenty-five-year-old ship, the *Solitaire*, was wrecked in a storm on the reefs of Palmerston. For four months Clark and his bosun lived happily on wild bananas, fish and other remaining provisions until their man Friday, a native from another island, was able to get a message to Rangoon.

But their ordeal was tough compared with the luxurious life that another Pacific Ocean "Cruise" found on the uninhabited island of Palmyra. During the war the Americans used this as a military base, and when hostilities ceased it was cheaper to leave their equipment behind than move it away.

So twenty-four-year-old Nikita Astafieff found tins of tinned food, including chicken and fruit salad, and there were

many as eight hours a day in the kitchen should be extremely color-conscious. If the kitchen isn't on the brightest side of the house, a generous application of yellow paint will give it a "sunny" outlook all year long.

However, if the kitchen has a western exposure, which is the brightest, go easy on the yellow or you may need dark glasses. Red should be used sparingly in the kitchen, too, since it's a "hot" color and tends to emphasize the best produced by cooking.

Refrigerators, stoves and other appliances have recently come under the scrutiny of color experts with very pleasing results. The traditional but uninspired white is gradually giving way to soft pastels that give plenty of scope to the home decorator.

Color styling is an inexpensive hobby. Since you can do the work yourself with the aid of easy-to-apply paints, you can afford to experiment to your heart's content.

Don't be afraid to try new ideas. When visitors exclaim, "My, what a color sense," or "Isn't it cool in your room," you'll know your color sense is keen.

erous, you will prove it beyond doubt.

• I expect he will come straight to you. If he is too hurt to act quickly, at least you will have shown a humility capable of feeling, and we both can hope that later on he will relent.

LOVE AT FIFTEEN?

"Dear Anne Hirst: You will say I'm too young to know what love is, but I'll be 16 next spring and I am sure what I feel is love. The boy is a junior in our high school, and we're supposed to be going steady; but this week two friends told me he has been seeing another girl. What shall I do?"

He vows he loves me and that there isn't anyone else I do love him, so clearly I can't find words to express it. I am terribly afraid I'll lose him.

BETTY?

• So-called friends have been known to try to break up a couple through sheer envy.

• With few dates of their own, they cannot bear to see another girl with a nice boy.

• A man who has been seen with another girl occasionally, though such reports prove true, they are not the last himself! If he admits it, say you intend seeing other boys from now on and you won't be dating him so regularly. If he denies it, this is a good opportunity to show down a bit and encourage other available suitors.

• At your age, this is much wiser. As we grow up, love assumes new interpretations and richer qualities, so that even you (as much in love as you may be) cannot predict how long you will care so deeply for your present friend.

• Our tastes and demands change so rapidly in the teens that even a year from now this boy may bore you, and you will wonder why you worried so about him.

• Going with others will mature you in more ways than one. You will have lots more fun and it will do this young man no harm to see how popular you are.

MARGARET GROWS UP — Pictures above show the before and after of Margaret O'Brien's first kiss in an adult movie, RKO's "Gloria." Back in Hollywood after a five-year absence, she's been transformed from the child star who charmed millions to a mature movie queen. Kissing her is her leading man in the movie, John Lupton.

Govt. "Needs"

Printers and publishers who wonder why the Queen's Printer in Ottawa has to tie up so much of the printing craft help at high rates, making it hard to hire and hold compositors, typesetters and other craftsmen, might take a look at some of the government "needs." The annual report of the office service division of the Department of Transport for the year ended March 31, 1953, for example, on the subject of printed forms in use, ruins a perfectly good note of cheer (29 forms were cancelled).

Leaving in use" it adds casually, 3,652 forms. For one division, one department. — From the Printed Word.

Queen of Britain's Lonliest Isle

They call her the Queen of Gough . . . the fishermen and sealaters who sometimes meet smiling Gwendoline Bond, a woman who lives alone on Britain's lonliest island.

More than twenty years ago Gwen came to Gough as a young girl and fell in love with this tiny outpost of the Scillies. Now she tends her 100 chickens, grows flowers and vegetables, and the mainland and never wants to return to roaring civilization.

"The sea pounds the shores of Gough with a terrific noise, but Gwen finds it peaceful. Myxomatosis has not reached the rabbits of Gough. She breeds them for the post to keep down their numbers, but finds them good company.

"For amusement Gwen has her battery radio, her books and a woodworking bench.

These Robinson Crusoe types have been increasingly in the news of late. Only the other day a New Zealand rescue plane took off from Rarotonga, in the Cook Islands, to drop food and supplies to a yachtsman castaway stranded among the coconut palms of little Palmerston Island.

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Transplanted Peach

CLAIM TO FAME — Eighty-six-year-old Chlo Grant claims he has one of the most impressive mustaches on all the King's Royal Rifles. The old soldier from Winchester, England, became a member of the regiment in 1892 and left a year's retirement in 1914 to fight through World War I.

ANYBODY HOME? — Jack Seifer looks for Thomas O'Neil hidden under his fur-lined hood. The airman are stationed on Greenland where it's hard to keep warm outdoors unless a heavily lined parka is wrapped around you.

THANKS ENOUGH? — This boy's smile should warm the cockles of the hearts of the 1,400,000 Vietnamsese refugees who are scattered throughout the world.

Sew-Thrifty

4566
14½-24½
by Anne Adams

HALF-SIZERS! Stitch to sew, jiffy fit in this cool summer dress — make it right away! It has the scallop touches you love — the smooth, slimming lines that do such wonders for shorter, fuller figures! Proportioned to fit perfectly — no alteration worries!

Pattern 4566: Half Sizes 14½, 16½, 18½, 20½, 22½, 24½. Size 16½ takes 4 yards 35-inch fabric.

This pattern easy to use, simple to sew, is tested for fit. Has complete illustrated instructions. Send **THIRTY-FIVE CENTS** (35¢) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern. Print plainly **SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS and STYLE NUMBER.**

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

REAL COME - BACK

Every touch of the heart or the spirit as does the story of a man who comes back from a division to make good on a promise to a woman who has waited for him for three years.

Of course, every Canadian and American visitor to the British motorist is a real come-back story. It is the wrong side of the road — the left side is the right side. This custom dates back to medieval times when the means of getting around was on horseback, often through woods where unwary travellers were liable to be set upon by robbers and vandals. For a reason the rider always came from the left side of the road, leaving his sword-arm free on the right arm — in case of attack.

Some of the present day customs are quite a little different. For instance a mother with baby wants to go to the store. She takes the baby in her arms to the car station. Here mother, with baby in her arms, makes a short journey in the goods car. At the station, she gets out of the train. At one end, three mothers travelling with babies.

Racing pigeons do a travelling by train. They are banded, shipped in crates given destination, where they are let loose to wing their way home.

Speaking of railway schedules is excellent and as I could judge during a visit, invariably on time. I must admit that I could certainly do it in a house-clearing.

And then we come to the next question: How do you get to Montreal to Prestwick? — at least to the city. The train is a good one. It is a unique experience. We practically escaped the night! We took to the air at Val Dor just about sunset. It was followed by dim light until we touched down at Gander. From Gander the sky gradually took on a pinkish glow between several hours, was succeeded by a dim light and all day Sunday, it was a place to eat after six or seven hours of travel. The high kick was a regular hours so that need for visitors to be in London.

I did, to find a plane shortly after eight o'clock night.

One morning he set out in a sailboat for a day's fishing. He was at Campobello Island, off the coast of Maine. He had hardly cast his line in the water when he suddenly noticed smoke rising from the pine woods on the mainland. Hastily he hoisted sail and went to investigate. He found a small forest fire which was spreading rapidly. He raised the alarm at once, summoned some farmers and led them against the raging fire. For several gruelling hours he was in the forefront of the struggle. Finally it was brought under control.

Worn and weary, he turned to go home. First, however, he decided to go for a swim. Without a moment's hesitation, he dove into the icy water of the Bay of Fundy.

He awoke the next morning ill. He couldn't move his legs. Doctors and specialists were summoned to examine him. And they gave him the tragic news. He had become a victim of infantile paralysis. He never was able to move again, to stand, to walk. For the rest of his life, he was to remain a helpless, useless wreck of a man.

So beloved the doctors, and so beloved the world. The only man who refused to believe it was the patient. He did not give up so easily. This man who once had played football, baseball, and Germany. One day, while riding his bicycle in Germany, he was arrested four times! Once it was for speaking a good time for running over a goose on a village street, a third time for picking cherries from trees along the highway, and the fourth time for cycling into Strassburg. There he was brought to a sudden halt by an armed guard and placed under arrest for trying to enter a fortified city of the Reich. A squad of soldiers escorted him to the office of the guard. A strange scene took place, prophetic in its implications. For, after the commanding officer had threatened the boy with dire punishment, the American youngster, enraged and indignant, instead of frightened, turned upon the German officer and shouted, "What kind of a country is this? A man has absolutely no freedom to do anything. All these stupid restrictions and pompous laws! It's about time Germans learned something about freedom!"

So he left Germany and returned to America. He had achieved in the history of playing football, but although he did make the squad, he was injured by the varsity. One day the coach took the boy aside and advised him to quit football.

"Look here, son," he said kindly, "I've been watching you ever since the season began. I've admired your spunk and courage, coming out the way you do every day and playing against men twice your size. You're too good for varsity football. Why don't you try tennis?"

The boy thanked him courteously, took his advice, and went out for tennis. And, before he was through, he was the best tennis player in school!

Even after college he continued with sports. Still a robust example of super manhood, he became a deep-sea fisherman and an expert seaman, sailing his boat through dangerous waters.

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When you read of a uranium strike on a new oil field, do you get the urge to leave the little woman and kids and rush off in search of fame and fortune? A practical man, you can't turn prospector at the drop of a hat, but you can become a "rockhound" without the family advertising with you.

"What's a rockhound?" you ask. In more dignified language, just an amateur mineralogist for rocks are mixtures of minerals.

The hobby of rock hunting is growing in popularity in Canada, and well it might, for this country has rocks and rocks and rocks galore.

Bob Ford, a bacteriologist living in a Toronto suburb, is an enthusiastic rockhound who gets year-round fun from his hobby.

Bob's interest in jewellery-making led him into the field of mineralogy. Whether it be his silver and copper pins and earrings a little more elaborate, he went to the Royal Ontario Museum to consult with the curator, a mineralogist in Canada, and well it might, for this country has rocks and rocks and rocks galore.

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Put Color To Work

Color affects us more than we think. Perhaps this explains why we so often "feel blue" or "turn green" with envy.

Psychological effects of color are being studied more and more by "color experts." Their job is to find out why factory workers suffer fatigue and people in well-heated offices complain of being cold.

A color expert may recommend that the stark white walls of a factory be painted a restful green with a resulting decrease in the number of fatigue cases. Or he may change the color of an office from light blue to a warmer yellow to eliminate "cold" complaints. Making color work for efficiency and comfort in schools and offices is a very specialized field called color conditioning.

Why not apply the same rules to your home, adding your own personal touches of course? Start with a can of paint and a few basic facts about color and the illusions it creates.

For instance, small rooms seem crowded and oppressive if the walls are dark or too bright in color. Pale blues or greens give a feeling of spaciousness, and a ceiling of the same color increases the roomy effect. Of course, this principle can be applied in reverse. If you live lonely in your big, high-ceilinged living-room, try painting the walls in a bright, basic color and the ceiling in a deeper color. This creates an illusion of less height and a cozier atmosphere.

Apartment dwellers can make rooms appear bigger by painting walls and woodwork the same color. Relating colors of different rooms so they seem to flow from one to the other. Painting one wall pale blue and a different color from the rest will add length to a room that is too square or "boxy."

Where to begin the search? Any place where you've been broken up — mine dumps, quarries, excavations, etc.

And, say, here's a shopper's note for the outdoorer: pocket-sized Geiger counters are now available at many department and sporting goods stores. Take one along. You're liable to stumble upon some uranium!

Try your luck. This hobby has all the elements of a treasure hunt. Don't let the pyrite deceive you, though; it's commonly called Fool's Gold!

Now TO "IMPEACH" A GOVERNOR — National Peach Queen Nancy Marsteller, "impeaches" Pennsylvania's Gov. George Leader. The ceremonies were a toothsome send-off for the states annual Peach Week.

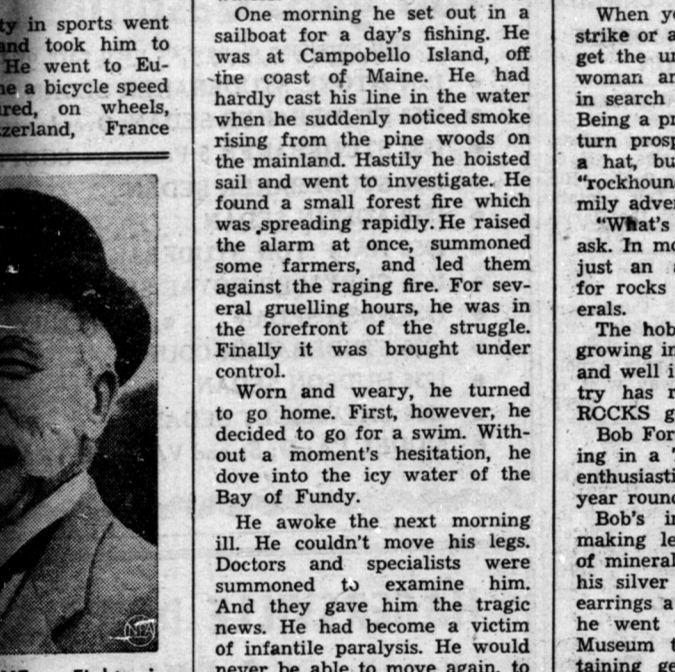
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MISS UNIVERSE — Hellevi Rombin, 21, of Upsala, Sweden, has been chosen "Miss Universe" from a world-wide selection of beauties who met to enter the annual contest. Vital statistics: Blonde, blue-eyed, 5 feet 7 inches tall, 130 pounds; measurements: 36-23-36.

Locusts Lured To Death By Whistles

The Pied Piper of 1955 used an electronic whistle instead of a lute. He lures millions of locusts to their doom (instead of rats). Dr. Rene Guy Busnel is the Pied Piper who will set out to conquer to destroy the locusts which invade France's North African territories.

Dr. Busnel will sound his whistle in desolate areas and the locusts will be attacked with flame-throwers. The whistle is said to be done as a matter of locusts, and Dr. Busnel has been experimenting with various whistles for the past seven years.

The scientist began to work on the insects' sense of hearing when he discovered that their sense of smell and sight are bad and that they are blind to objects more than a few inches away.

HELP WANTED

SEW Home-workers urgently needed. Full or part time projects. Write: ADCO SERVICE, 361, Bloor St. E., Toronto.

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IT MAY BE YOUR LIVER

If it's not worth living it may be your liver! It's a fact that it takes only a few days to keep your digestive tract in top condition. It's a fact that a healthy liver is the key to a healthy body. It's a fact that a healthy liver is the key to a healthy body. It's a fact that a healthy liver is the key to a healthy body.

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USED Grain Binders and Thrashers for sale. A quantity of binders and thrashers in several makes. Best quality. Prices reasonable. Write: J. E. Green, 22 Spadina Street, Ottawa, Ontario.

CHOICE brick restaurant, snacks, drinks, full service. Complete \$2000. Half cash. Balance \$1000. Write: J. E. Green, 22 Spadina Street, Ottawa, Ontario.

LANDRACE Pigs. Registered. York-shire-Landrace crosses, weighing 150-175 lbs. Write: J. E. Green, 22 Spadina Street, Ottawa, Ontario.



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EXPORT

CANADA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

ISSUE 33 — 1953