ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst: I love my my boy friend dearly, but he has two bad habits that to me are alarming, and I'm wondering if there is any way I can break him of them. They are drinking and fast driving. He is 22 (I'm 17) and he's recently discharged from the Army; I don't think he has settled down much yet.

"He seems quite serious over me, and wants to marry me in the near future. I'm all mixed up! Do you think he will straighten out and be a good husband instead of a drunkard or a hot-rod racer? Shall I wait to marry until I see what happens?

"I need advice to help me do the right thing. Please give me some.

WORRIED"

WHAT A RISK!

For more years than you know, various national organizations and institutions have stressed the nationwide need for safer driving. Their influence is far-reaching; it is not considered smart to hot-rod it over the roads, and youngsters who persist in this only show how adolescent they are. Stiff jail sentences are being imposed, as they should be; offenders are scorned and their licenses revoked, which to a young man is the ultimate disgrace.

Drinking while driving increases the chance of tragedy. It gives the youth a false sense of power and an insatiable determination to pass the car ahead; normal reactions are upset, judgment is impaired and he becomes a menace to every other driver. There is no escape from the consequences; he is tested for drunkeness and the punishment is severe and sure.

Knowing these facts, how can a young man deliberately invite such consequences, particularly when his passenger is the girl he hopes to marry? Such irresponsibility is unforgivable. I do not wonder she worries. Apart from the danger both are exposed to, what of other-car lives he smash? The young man may be all of 22, but he is acting like a 16-year-old — surely not the mature protector a male she would choose to spend her life with.

TO "IN NEED OF ADVICE": I am sure you've tried to curb your fiance. You will have to be severe. Refuse to go out with him if he has had one drink, refuse to drive with him unless he lets you set the speed. If he laughs at your fears, all he needs is to scan the daily headlines with their news of the maimed and the dead who are victims of such drivers as he. Be firm, for his sake as well as your own.

I am amazed your parents have not forbidden your seeing him at all; they may not know of his speeding but they can hardly be ignorant of his drinking.

If more girls would demand that their boy friends be sober and careful — or else — the country's roads could be as safe as the front porch. Use your influence wisely and prayerfully, even though it means giving up this lad until he proves he can control his dangerous habits. No smart girl will tie herself to a young man who is a slave to such desires.

If the young man you love has any alarming habit, use your influence to help him break it BEFORE you marry. Anne Hirst's sympathy and wisdom will help guide you. Write her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ontario.

SHORT CUT TO POPULARITY—Nancy Wichlei ignores her pet French poodle to gaze at her other pet—a llama. She gave the llama a poodle haircut, making the llama her favorite.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM
by Gwendoline D Clarke

Jack Frost is definitely a killjoy. Here was everybody enjoying the riot of colour in late-blooming gardens and along comes Jack Frost and spoils it all. One day lots of colour; the next a sorry looking mess of black leaves and stems. But I suppose everyone was on the alert for frost and rescued whatever it was desired should be saved. We did anyway — so now the garden has moved indoors.

My "redding up" operations have been temorarily suspended by other jobs, and also by visiting and being visited. Monday night and Tuesday I was in Toronto: Wednesday and Thursday in Guelph; Friday and Saturday back in harness, making up for lost time with our guests. Yes, I actually went away while they were here. Awful, wasn't it? But you see our visitors come and go as they please. If we have previous committments before they come they just move in and make themselves at home. That method simplifies everything for everybody — and so far as I can see it is the logical method for busy people. Partner has his own way of entertaining. He generally has a few jobs lined up at which the gentleman of the party can assist. You see, we have not yet acquired a television set so we can't while away the time that way. Who wants to "while away the time" anyhow?

With two men on the job I now have a nice new clothes-line ready for next washday. I wonder — why is it so hard for a woman to get a clothesline fixed? When Art and Des moved into their new house it was several weeks before Art had "time" to put up a new line. It was just the same here. I bought new galvanized wire months ago but as long as the old rusty wire didn't collapse Partner couldn't see that a new line was necessary. Men must be allergic to clotheslines. Thank goodness my worries in that respect are over for awhile — or they should be with a new wire and two new posts.

Our twin heifer calves are coming along fine. Partner has decided not to sell them for veal but raise them for breeding purposes. That, of course, brings up a controversial question . . . are twin heifers sterile? For years old-timers advised us not to keep twin heifers — they would never get in calf . . . so they told us. We believed it until we found it to be false. Some time ago we kept twin heifers and they each had a family. In one case twins were also born to one of the twin heifers. So that's one theory exploded. Now we would like to know if there is any proven theory as to what causes feather-pulling in pullets.

Last year, as I may have mentioned before, we bought ready-to-lay pullets. Some of them had lost a lot of feathers before we got them but we thought new surroundings might prove a distraction and break them of their bad habit. Not a bit of it —they kept it up until they started killing each other, so then we sold the whole pen.

This year we bought pullets from the same farmer — same age and same breed. They have never lost a feather. The farmer who raised them thinks that last year the feather-pulling habit developed through the chicks being raised under infrared bulbs. This year's chickens were brought along with an ordinary coal-brooder stove and gave us trouble at all. What is your theory?

Honey, our cocker spaniel is now unexpectedly proving the truth of another theory. You may remember that Honey is now a city dog. Honey and Dave are almost inseparable. One will hardly move without the other, in spite of the fact that Honey gets some awful mauling from Dave. We have always understood that cocker spaniels were good guard dogs for children but we had an idea that Honey was too friendly with everyone to be much of a protector. Well, the other day Daughter had to go to a funeral and asked Mrs. ----- in the apartment upstairs to look after Dave. In due time Dave wakened from his afternoon nap and Mrs. ----- ran down to pick him up. But Honey snapped, growled and showed her teeth and refused to let Mrs. ----- come anywhere near Dave. Eventually, with Dave's help, Mrs. ----- got Honey into a more friendly mood and all was well. She wouldn't have acted that way if Dee had been there. But since Dee was out out Honey evidently thought it was her duty to take over. My niece in Deep River has a cocker spaniel who acts the same way as Honey. Be site outside by the baby carriage while the baby is asleep and woe betide anyone who comes near that buggy.

So, mothers with young children, if you want a guard dog for your infant better try a cocker spaniel. But don't overfeed him or he'll soon be as broad as he's long. When Dave's cookies go overboard it is Honey who gets them. She is always on hand watching hopefully. As a result she is like a little round, honey-colour, furry barrel.

891

by Laura Wheeler

Easy to crochet this lovely cover for any size TV set — in your favorite pineapple design!

Crochet pattern, 891: Directions for TV cover, 25 inches in No. 30 cotton; smaller in No. 50; larger in mercerized bedspread cotton. Four make a 50-inch cloth.

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.**

LOOK for smart gift ideas in our Laura Wheeler Needlecraft Catalog. Crochet, knitting, embroidery, lovely things to wear. Dolls, iron-ons, quilts, aprons, novelties — easy, fun to make! Send 25 cents for your copy of this book NOW! You will want to order every new design in it.

4898
10-20

by Anne Adams

Two-parts perfect! The more you wear this two-piece — the more you love it! Accent is on the nipped-in waist — see how that curving in-and-out midriff minimizes the inches around! Contrast collar, bow add crisp charm.

Pattern 4898: Misses' Sizes 10 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 takes 3¼ yards 45-inch fabric; ¼ yard 35-inch contrast.

This pattern easy to use, simple to sew, is tested for fit. Has complete illustrated instructions

Send **THIRTY-FIVE CENTS** (35c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern. Print plainly **SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER.**

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

IT MAY BE YOUR LIVER

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

It's a fact! It takes up to two pints of liver bile a day to keep your digestive tract in top shape. If your liver bile is not flowing freely your food may not digest . . . gas blocks up your system and you get constipated. You lose all the fun and sparkle go out of life. That's when you need mild Laxite Carter's Little Liver Pills. These famous vegetable pills help stimulate the flow of liver bile. Soon your digestion starts functioning properly and you feel that happy days are here again! Don't stay sluggish. Always keep Carter's Little Liver Pills on hand.

How Can I?

Q. How can I wash a feather pillow?

A. Dissolve 1 lb sal-soda and ½ lb. soap in ½ gallon boiling water. Put about 5 buckets of tepid water in a tub and pour in the above solution. Then dissolve ½ lb of chloride of lime in 1 qt boiling water, let it settle, then stir in tub. Beat pillow well and put in tub, pressing down. Let soak for an hour, stirring and pressing constantly with a stick. Rinse in several changes of water, wring, press out all water possible and hang on line to dry, turning and shaking them often. Choose a windy day for quick drying.

Q. How can I avoid having lop-sided house plants?

A. All potted house plants should be turned once a week, so that all sides will face the sun. If this is not done, many of the plants will become lopsided.

Q. How can I whiten the teeth?

A. Apply peroxide of hydrogen, diluted with one half water. Or clean with prepared chalk and orris root every morning and night.

Q. How can I test potatoes?

A. Before buying the winter's supply of potatoes, test one to see its quality. Cut into halves and then press together, and if juicy enough to stick together the potato is good and can be bought in quantity.

Q. How can I clean aluminum?

A. By applying a mixture of ammonia, borax, and water with a soft cloth. Then wash it in warm, soapy water, allow it to dry, and polish with whiting.

Q. How can I soften a paint brush that has become hard and dry?

A. Heat some vinegar to the boiling point and soak the brush in it for about 25 minutes. Then boil it gently in a strong soapsuds for a few minutes. The bristles will be as soft as when new.

Q. How can I shapen knives?

A. Sharpen a dull knife by folding a piece of emery paper in the center and drawing the knife blade rapidly back and forth several times.

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HAPPY CHOICE

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" asked the temperance reformer. "Day in and day out you are in a state of alcoholic intoxication.

"Already you show the symptoms of a man on the verge of delirium tremens. And I understand that some poor girl has been foolish enough to accept your proposal of marriage. I shudder for her, and for you."

"Never mind, old chap," replied the hopeless case, with a grin. "The girl I'm going to marry is a snake charmer."

Fewer Carloads of Grain Moved

Only 364,160 railway cars were loaded with grain last year as compared with 522,763 cars in 1953.

A great soul prefers moderation

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The House of Seagram

Men who think of tomorrow practice moderation today

THE Calvert SPORTS COLUMN

by Elmer Ferguson

Not long ago, the generally-recognized wrestling champion, Lou Thesz of St. Louis, flung a challenge at world heavyweight boxing champion Rocky Marciano, to meet him in a mixed match, wrestler vs. boxer, each using his own form of mayhem. Of course, Marciano ignored the challenge, and a symposium of opinion indicated this was the smart thing for him to do.

But the challenge revived an old debate. "Can a boxer beat a wrestler under mixed rules?" Phony efforts to test this have been made. The wrestler nearly always won. And this writer has always believed a fighter would have no chance against a wrestler in such an encounter.

The wrestler would dive-bomb the boxer and bring him to the floor before the fighter could strike a blow. Once on the canvas, boxing would be nullified and the boxer would become a mere wrestling match. A hammerlock or a toe-hold would put the boxer quickly out of commission.

The boxer's only chance would be to disable the wrestler before the opponent could get him on the canvas. The chances are that this cannot be done.

If you ever saw a capable wrestler employ the "kip" to bring an opponent to the canvas and then swarm over him, you'd get the idea. Even Jack Dempsey, lightning puncher in his prime, wouldn't have had much chance with a wrestling flash like Joe Stecher, champion matman of the same era. Or even against a good middleweight.

Wrestling is a far better defensive weapon against attacks by unarmed thugs than boxing. A few years ago news columns carried a story of how a wrestler was waylaid by two would-be holdup men. He subdued both simultaneously, one with a scissors, the other with a hammerlock.

Wrestling in its more lethal forms, including Judo, with its deadly punches, was taught soldiers likely to engage in close combat during the war, being considered more useful for such purposes than boxing.

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

Calvert DISTILLERS LIMITED
AMHERSTBURG, ONTARIO

TAKING FIVE—These young ballerinas aren't just trying to get a different slant on things. They're taking a load off their tired toes. Ballet students at the Children's Aid Society's Jones Center, they are, from left, Debra Tomagni, 4; Candace Culkin, 6, and Debra's sister, Diane, 6.

Found Fabulous Treasure

Little half-starved donkeys struggling and stumbling under them along the steep and tortuous passes, a peasant and his wife battled their way home in a torrential downpour that was typical of the province of Toledo.

They had already spent three hours on the very bad Spanish road. They were soaked and miserable — the night was coming on, and the dim gleam of lamplight through the uncurtained windows of a wayside inn made it all seem inviting, even though the travellers were within two miles of Guadamar, their home village.

"Let's stop for a few minutes," said the husband, "and warm our innards with some brandy."

They dismounted and led the shivering animals to the old, crumbling fountain which stood a few yards from the tavern.

Of stone and rusted wrought-iron, the fountain would serve for tethering the donkeys. The woman knelt on the little beasts' reins round the ironwork, then turned towards the fountain to scoop up a draught of the clear mountain-water.

As she was bending down, her eye caught the gleam of something shiny which showed through a crack in the stone base. The torrent of rain, cascading across the muddy road, had washed the earth away from the stones of the fountain and exposed a hole in the masonry. It was from inside this hole that the gleam was coming.

Bending still farther, she thrust her fingers inside the hole and drew out . . . the first piece of the treasure of Guarrazar, the village in which she and her husband had halted.

That luck had turned all right! Realizing she had discovered a hoard of gold she called excitedly to her husband, at the same time glancing fearfully towards the inn door in case anyone should emerge.

"Get a sack from under the sadle!" the man exclaimed. "No one's about in the rain to see us."

While the woman was hurriedly getting the sack which she used for a saddle-cloth her husband exultantly pulled out piece after piece of ancient golden jewellery, letting it cascade on to the ground beside him, a glittering jumble of the most wonderful Visigothic treasure that the world had known.

Out came great gleaming crowns, set with pearls and precious stones, their edges pierced with the names of kings and queens who had ruled in Toledo. Intended for hanging by golden chains in Toledo's churches, they were as well preserved as if they had been in a museum showcase, and not stuffed away in a dank hole for eleven hundred years.

As his wife stood beside him, holding the neck of the sack open, the man crushed the pieces of soft gold up in his strong hands, so that he could cram as much as possible into the sack. Only one sack-load they took away with them that night. But they returned secretly, several times, always covering their treasure hoard with loose stones.

Piece by piece the treasure of Guarrazar—the hurriedly buried gold and jewels that someone had saved from the Moorish plunderers — was sold by the peasants to goldsmiths and antique-dealers of Toledo. They couldn't afford to haggle; but they were satisfied with what they got. Their wants were simple, and living was cheap in the Spain of a century ago.

But it happened that a famous archaeologist was living at that time in Toledo. Don Jose Navarro was also a precious metals expert — goldsmith, in fact, to Isabella II, Queen of Spain.

On a walk through the city, he was intrigued to see in the windows of various curiosity-shops pieces of ancient jewellery that his expert knowledge told him could only be of Visigothic manufacture. He bought all he saw; and inquired for more.

Unfortunately, word of his inquiries got around before he could collect all the pieces. Many goldsmiths offering parts of the treasure panicked, and threw what they had bought off the peasants into the Tagus. One of the most splendid pieces — a golden, jewelled shrine in the shape of a dove — is known to have been lost to the world in this way.

Navarro collected most of the pieces which had not been melted down and expertly repaired those which had been crushed together for easier handling.

Among the pieces saved and repaired was that unique survival from Visigothic Spain, the votive-crown of King Receswinth, who ruled Spain from A.D. 650 to 672. Hung with golden chains, it was studded with rock-crystals, onyx, sapphires and pearls.

All treasure found in Spain is the property of the Crown. Navarro knew this. He, corrupted by the prospect of vast wealth, he was willing to turn the treasure into a profit for himself.

He fled to Paris and there sold his unique collection to the French Minister of Public Instruction, at a price which, up to that time, had never been exceeded for a collection of ancient goldsmith's work.

The collection was put on show at the Cluny Museum in Paris, where it attracted immense crowds.

But its origin could no longer be kept a secret. The Spanish Government, having denounced the Queen's goldsmith as a smuggler, a bandit, and a perjured royal servant, made immediate demands on the French Government to return the treasure, declaring it to be part of the "inalienable regalia of Spain."

This was nonsense. The crowns had never formed part of the Spanish regalia, and all that the Spanish government's demand did was to make the French Government withhold payment from Navarro. Then France was involved in a war with Austria — and the matter was shelved for more important national matters.

A quiet, thoughtful man named Domingo de la Cruz lived in the same village — Guadamur — for which the two peasants were making when they found the treasure of Guarrazar. He had read all that he could discover concerning the treasure, and he had come to some exciting conclusions concerning it.

He reasoned that whoever had saved the gold from the Moors — probably on the very night on which they plundered the city of Toledo — must have had a great deal more to hide than had been found by the peasants.

Saying nothing to anyone, De la Cruz searched secretly in the neighbourhood of the fountain.

Then one day he presented himself at the Castle of Aranjuez — twenty-five miles from Toledo — where Queen Isabella was staying. His manner was so insistent that the Queen's spokesman, Don Antonio Flores, consented to see him.

De La Cruz came straight to the point. Suppose that he were lucky enough to find any more Visigothic treasure, would Don Antonio guarantee him a pension for life?

"Of course," the other answered.

"A moment, then, Your Excellency," said De la Cruz. He went out of the room, and returned with a treasure almost as splendid as that lost to Spain by Navarro's greed.

After a painstaking search De la Cruz found it in an old cemetery. And he was rewarded for his trouble and astuteness by a handsome pension, paid regularly until the day of his death.

"Sleep-walks" Kill Mountain Climbers

Mountain sickness exacts a pitiless toll of human life in the Alps. Even experienced guides, like Silvia Pedrotti, of Italy, have been sacrificed to it. Seized by sudden faintness while escorting a party up Bernina peak last summer, he crumpled up without even a cry and pitched forward to death in the ravine below.

But novice climbers are, an Alpine guide points out, most prone to this illness. It comes on very suddenly. The muscles turn to pulp, the body feels utterly deadweight, breathing is hard, the victim's mouth and nose may trickle with blood. More dangerous, however, is the overwhelming sleepiness that can cause a man to "sleep walk" over a peak or precipice.

Nearly fifty immature climbers have been killed in the Italian Alps this year chiefly from this cause.

Oldest Love-Letter Written On Brick

Standing in the witness-box in a French police court the other day, a still beautiful, middle-aged wife whose husband had deserted her, said sadly: "I should have known that he would not make a good husband, for he never wrote me a love-letter. Even before we married, his letters to me were dull and dis-passionate."

Letters have always had a fascination for woman — especially love - letters. But most youthful sweethearts of to-day just can't be bothered to sit down and pen passionate phrases.

They prefer to record messages at a cost of about $1.50 a time. When the loved one receives the letter, she or he plays it over a gramaphone.

What a change from the old days when grandma used to keep her love-letters locked in a lavender-strewn drawer!

Women write many more love-letters than men. One soldier stationed in the Far East received nearly 400 letters from his fiancee in a single week. She was so utterly in love with him that she gave up her job and did nothing else all day but write and write.

The honour of writing the longest-ever love-letter goes to an ardent Elizabethan courtier. To the adorable, sultry-eyed girl he had fallen in love with at first sight he wrote a letter consisting of 398 closely-written pages — 410,000 words. This masterpiece of love and patience — five times as long as the average novel — was full of praise for her beauty and virtue.

Women can also write long love-letters — yes, even in these hectic days.

To her lover who had been called up for the Army, a sentimental nineteen-year-old scribbled a one-page letter — but that was no less than forty-three feet long and five inches wide!

The man who received it one day in 1954, spent several hours reading it when he had recovered from his surprise.

You can see the oldest love-letter in the world at the British Museum. It is a courteously worded proposal of marriage to a lovely Egyptian princess, and it is in the form of an inscribed brick.

PRINCE CHARLES IS SEVEN — Prince Charles wears a kilt of Balmoral Tartan for this seventh birthday anniversary portrait made on the grounds of Balmoral Castle, Scotland. The Balmoral tartan is restricted to members of the royal family.

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SAXONIA	Fri. NOV. 25	—	—	—	Greenock, Liverpool
QUEEN ELIZABETH	—	—	Fri. NOV. 25	—	Cherbourg, Southampton
PARTHIA	—	—	Fri. NOV. 25	—	Liverpool
BRITANNIC	—	—	Thurs. DEC. 1	—	Cobh, Liverpool
QUEEN MARY	—	—	Thurs. DEC. 1	—	Cherbourg, Southampton
*CYTHIA	—	Fri. DEC. 2	—	—	Havre, Southampton
MEDIA	—	—	Fri. DEC. 9	—	Liverpool
ASCANIA	—	—	Fri. DEC. 9	—	Cherbourg, Southampton
QUEEN ELIZABETH	—	—	Fri. DEC. 9	—	Havre, Southampton
*FRANCONIA	—	—	Fri. DEC. 9	—	Cobh, Liverpool
*IVERNIA	—	—	—	Wed. DEC. 14	Cobh, Liverpool
QUEEN MARY	—	—	—	Fri. DEC. 16	Cherbourg, Southampton
PARTHIA	—	—	Thurs. DEC. 15	—	Liverpool
SAXONIA	—	—	Fri. DEC. 16	—	Cobh, Liverpool
QUEEN MARY	—	—	Fri. DEC. 23	Sat. DEC. 31	Cherbourg, Southampton
IVERNIA	—	—	Fri. DEC. 30	—	Cobh, Liverpool
QUEEN ELIZABETH	—	—	Wed. JAN. 4, 1956	Sat. JAN. 14, 1956	Cherbourg, Southampton
PARTHIA	—	—	Fri. JAN. 13	—	Cobh, Liverpool
SAXONIA	—	—	Thurs. JAN. 19	Sat. JAN. 21	Cherbourg, Southampton
QUEEN MARY	—	—	Thurs. JAN. 19	—	Cherbourg, Southampton
IVERNIA	—	—	Wed. FEB. 1	Sat. FEB. 4	Havre, Southampton
QUEEN MARY	—	—	Thurs. FEB. 2	Sat. FEB. 5	Cobh, Liverpool
FRANCONIA	—	—	Fri. FEB. 3	Sat. FEB. 11	Cobh, Liverpool
QUEEN ELIZABETH	—	—	Fri. FEB. 10	Sat. FEB. 18	Havre, Southampton
ASCANIA	—	—	Thurs. FEB. 16	—	Cherbourg, Southampton
SCYTHIA	—	—	Fri. FEB. 17	—	Liverpool
IVERNIA	—	—	Fri. FEB. 17	—	Cobh, Liverpool
FRANCONIA	—	—	Fri. FEB. 24	Sat. FEB. 25	Havre, Southampton
PARTHIA	—	—	Thurs. MAR. 1	Sat. MAR. 3	Havre, Southampton
SAXONIA	—	—	—	—	Cobh, Liverpool
ASCANIA	—	—	—	—	Havre, Southampton

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