

ANNE HRST

Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hrst: I am 32 and should know my own mind, but an awful lot depends on your answer. . . I married young, and now I have a son of eight, of whom I am proud and a husband with whom I thought it was my duty to stay. He is wonderful to me, and I know he loves me. . . Two years ago, what with his small wages and prices so high, I felt I should get a job so we might have a home of our own. This is how I met the man I am in love with.

"He is married and has three children. He says he worships me and will never let me go, no matter what. We've been out together often, and no one knows but his wife. Six months ago she refused to give him up, seeing how miserable he is when he doesn't see me, she has changed her mind. (I have never spoken to her.)

"He is planning to transfer to another province and wants me to go along. We will get separate apartments until our divorces are a nated and then get married. I quit my job some time ago thinking it would help. My flame calls me sometimes on writes, or stops and talks a minute if we meet. He declares at last he knows what love is! What should I do, Anne Hrst?"

REALLY DESPERATE?

- NO: EIGHT REASONS**
- There are eight reasons why you should not have.
 - One little son of whom you are so proud;
 - One husband who is wonderful to you;
 - One faithless man;
 - One wife who loves him enough to free him;
 - His three little children.
- "And you, a wife who would desert her husband and her son to run off with a man, wreck her good name before she marries her (if he does), and calls it love.
- "You really are mixed up, aren't you? How ashamed



SOUTHERN BELLE—Miss Hospitality of 1955 is Jo Anne Bell, recently titled by the Pan American Hotel and Restaurant Association.

"your little son would be, how heartbroken, his father! What must this other wife think of you who would steal a man from one who loves him enough to let him go, though it leaves her children fatherless? And what of these children? Have you thought of their fate?"

"The only fault you can find with your husband is that he doesn't bring you birthday gifts (though he remembers the date) and this man showers you with presents on every holiday. Your next sentence tells me that for 11 years every cent your husband could spare has gone into the bank toward the home he hopes for you!

"With the bare facts stated so clearly, turn your back on such sinning and pray for forgiveness that you never contemplated it. Apart from the difficulty of getting either divorce on trumped-up charges, if you think you will ever find happiness you never were wrong. A man who would double-cross a wife so fine could not stay true to another woman who deserted a good man and a small son to be his partner in sin. Such partners come to despise each other.

QUESTIONS FIDELITY

"Dear Anne Hrst: For over a year I've been going with a fine young man, and in many ways he has proven his love. He is leaving for college soon, and we are both miserable at the idea of being separated. But he feels he needs this special course to round out his preparation for a career.

"How can I know he will stay true? Or will he forget me once he is gone?"

WONDERING?

"Don't insult your young man by doubting his fidelity. If his love depends on seeing you regularly, it is a poor emotion indeed.

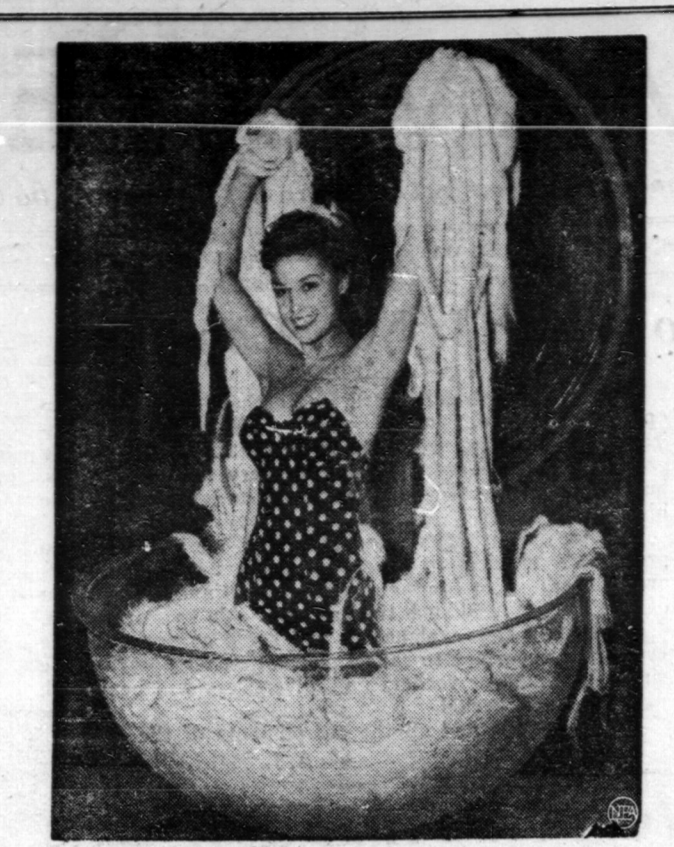
"You will learn to know each other better through the letters you will exchange. He will reveal aspirations he has not yet confided you will encourage him and assure him of your continued affection.

"As he concentrates more and more on his studies he may not write as often as you'd like, but don't be alarmed. Keep up your end of the correspondence and remind him of your faith in his future and your joy in sharing it.

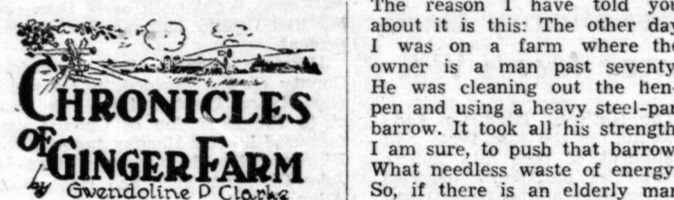
"Get out with other kids, too, for it will keep your mind alert and help make you understand him better. While he is away he will be growing mentally and spiritually, so you will not want to let yourself get far behind.

However deep the passion, there can be no peace when two people cannot respect each other. To live with one who has dispensed with morality is to court disaster. In time of stress, ask Anne Hrst's opinion. Write her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

FOR THE HOLLY DAYS—Lovely and luxurious, red velvet is the Christmas cloth for Yuletide occasions. These mislabeled fashions were shown recently. Model, standing, wears a sophisticated, slim-lined tunic with high neckline set off with a large satin bow. Dainty and demure, the words for the holiday dress worn by seated model. The short-sleeved, button-front frock is topped with a collar of Brussels lace.



ONE TOUCH OF VENUS—Beautiful Veronique Zuber seems to be enacting the mythological story of Venus, goddess of beauty and love, materializing from the foam of the sea. But actually, Veronique, dubbed "Miss Paris," is demonstrating a new synthetic-fiber wool in the French capital.



A week ago I went to Toronto to see how Dave was getting along after his throat operation. He was home but had lost quite a lot of weight and although he seemed in fairly good spirits he was still quite craggy. On Wednesday he was taken back to the Hospital for Sick Children for further treatment. The doctors said his chest condition had not completely cleared and could not be dealt with satisfactorily at home. So now I suppose Dave will remain under medical care until he has completely recovered. The poor little chap did not take very kindly to the idea of going into hospital again but before his mother left the building he was sitting up in his cot playing quite happily. I suppose once he is settled down he will be all right especially as there are plenty of other children for him to play with. Of course his parents are quite worried about him—and so are we. But we know he is having the best of care and at the moment there is no more that any of us can do for him.

"Neighbourhoods going home," cried Richard Penderell, one of Charles's escorts. "If ye be neighbours," shouted back the miller, "stand your ground or I'll knock you flat."

Charles and his companions, sensing that the miller held roundheads, bolted at once. "Roundheads!" was the fierce cry behind them. Men poured out of the mill in pursuit. However, after half an hour's running by hedges, through streams, and out of copses and spinneys, they got clear of their pursuers.

Next they called on a squire they knew to be trustworthy, a

Man Hunt For a King

Three centuries ago, a tremendous destiny ran with a fugitive prince. Escaping after the battle of Worcester, fought on September 3rd, 1651, two years after his father was executed, gay, lady-killer, Prince Charles Stuart survived to restore the crown after Cromwell's gloomy austere rule. As Charles II he became the Merry Monarch who was also a shrewd king, and a patron of science and the arts.

But for his successful escape, England might have finished for ever with her kings and queens.

Narrow indeed was Charles's margin of safety. He ran more risks as a fugitive prince than most's occupying O.W.s in the second world war.

"Where's that rogue, Charles Stuart?" cried anyone who discovered him! Such cries circulated far and wide among Cromwell's sternly drilled troops.

Originally, he was a Scot who suffered an awful pounding at Worcester. Their cavalry took him, the battle was not so much a defeat for Charles as a desertion.

Charles saw it would be foolhardy to gallop off with his panicky followers back to Scotland. He was home but had lost quite a lot of weight and although he seemed in fairly good spirits he was still quite craggy. On Wednesday he was taken back to the Hospital for Sick Children for further treatment. The doctors said his chest condition had not completely cleared and could not be dealt with satisfactorily at home. So now I suppose Dave will remain under medical care until he has completely recovered. The poor little chap did not take very kindly to the idea of going into hospital again but before his mother left the building he was sitting up in his cot playing quite happily. I suppose once he is settled down he will be all right especially as there are plenty of other children for him to play with. Of course his parents are quite worried about him—and so are we. But we know he is having the best of care and at the moment there is no more that any of us can do for him.

staunch Roman Catholic whose mansion was honeycombed with hiding holes for priests. "I daren't put you there, Sire," he said trembling. "The local militia knows each one of them and may soon be here to search the house."

So, virtualized with some cold meat, Charles nuzzed the night in a barn, with corn, hay and rats for company.

Wisely, he did not become careless, or assume a hunted look, but kept his wits with royal subtleties. Giving up his Welsh escape route, chiefly because bridges and ferries across the Severn were well guarded, he trapped to Bosobel, near Wolverhampton. He meant to shelter in a friend's house, but was warned against it.

He hid himself, instead, in a giant oak's foliage. Its boughs, logged off three years earlier, had sprouted into a thick tree. In it Charles lay up for a day, feeding on bread, cheese and small beer. Sometimes he peeped out to see roundhead pikemen, searching bushes below for royalist fugitives.

Later on he took a woman escort, Mrs. Lane, and, mounted with her, passed himself off as her serving man. On the way to Charles, his mare stumbled and threw a shoe. While a local smith refitted the shoe, the smith suddenly said, "It's good news those rogues the Scots were well beaten, but it will be better when that rogue, Charles Stuart, is taken."

Charles, his yokel face grimacing, added, "True; and when taken, he deserves to be hanged, having brought so much misery on the Scots."

"You speak like an honest man!" exclaimed the smith.

Several times during his flight, Charles was recognized but betrayed. Supplication, rife in that age, pointed his threatening fingers against him unavailing. His hair-haired escort brought him to a cousin of hers, Mrs. Norton, who was expecting a baby. When Charles arrived, she planned to enwrap him completely, crying out, "The King, the King—I daren't look on him." She collapsed. Her baby was stillborn and she herself hovered close on death. People around her looked on the prince as a bringer of evil. He moved quickly.

Earlier on, acting his role as valet, Charles rode brazenly into the courtyard of a Burgundian house, and a lot of interest and amusement there.

A stall-holder in the market place of the town was accused of selling whale meat despite the regulations forbidding the sale of meat from an open stall. He said he had been selling it for twenty years without previous complaint. "Besides," he said, "it's fish."

That started it. Norwegian food experts were asked for a definition said the whale was a mammal and its flesh must therefore be meat. The trader's lawyer then pointed out that this food came from the sea. Could it therefore be anything other than fish?

The prosecution said: "But one always speaks of 'whale meat.' How can it possibly be fish?" At this, the accused man played his trump card. "Open the Bible!" he cried. And the Clerk of Court read out: "Now the Lord had prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah."

"Ah, yes!" replied the prosecution, "but the 'great fish' might not necessarily have been a whale."

But the defence lawyer had ready a reply. "Look up Matthew, chapter twelve, verse 40."

The Calvert Sports Column

by Elmer Ferguson

A small, stocky, heavily-muscled youngster weighing 157 pounds broke into the National Hockey League opening night of play. His name, Henri Richard. His age, 19 years. His weight, 157 pounds. His background, junior hockey only.

Henri Richard is a younger brother of the famed Rocket Richard. He's known as the Pocket Rocket. And because of his poundage, there were those who feared the hard-hitting major league would be too much for him. But how much must an athlete weigh to make a place for himself in top company, in a heavy contact sport? Is size everything?

To confound those who stress the necessity of weight in hockey, there was Aurel Joliat, one of the great left wings of all time. Joliat weighed 155 pounds when he joined the Canadiens back in the 20's. He was pale, sickly-looking, suffered from stomach-trouble throughout his career of 16 full seasons.

But Joliat had a high competitive spirit; he had glittering skill in handling the puck, and he threw a shot that, while not hard, was always delivered with deadly accuracy to a corner of the opposing cage.

Then there was Ken Doraty, a close approach to the midget division. His weight was around 125 pounds. On the night of January 16, 1924, in Ottawa, when the teams in the NHL played overtime, Leafs and Senators were tied 4-4 all the overtime picture, stealing the thunder of the giants, the midget raced through for one goal in 10 minutes overtime, a modern record. And it was Doraty who, on April 3, 1933, broke up a scoreless Stanley Cup battle between Leafs and Bruins after 104-6 minutes of overtime, by scoring the only goal.

Rabbit McVeigh of the old New York Americans was a midget, too. Building Normie Himes of the same team was a lightweight.

The Good Little Men—they've starred in all sports. Spirit, and the will to win are evidently more important than weight.

When is a Whale Not a Whale?

The court decided at last that whale is "not meat" in the ordinary sense, though "not therefore necessarily fish."

So the street trader was discharged, and left the court congratulated on all sides.

Dummy Posed For Queen's Portrait

It was a perfect summer day, and after lunch the Queen was free of official events. The Duke of Edinburgh joined the children in the grounds of Buckingham Palace but despite her afternoon of the Queen had to go to her dressing-room and don full evening dress, including jewellery.

"Her Majesty has a sitting. What a pity on a day like this," said a lady-in-waiting. But the artist who eagerly awaited her in the Yellow Drawing Room the Queen gave no hint of her regret at deserting the garden.

For nearly an hour she sat motionless, maintaining a difficult pose with but two brief respites. Instinctively she knew when to chat to afford the artist relaxation. . . . and when to sit completely silent and still while the painter worked in deep absorption.

A week seldom passes, indeed, but that the Queen quietly takes two or three hours of her spare time in order to grant a series of sittings to a painter or sculptor.

HEADED FOR THE PICKLE WORKS

From quenching the thirst of locomotives to salting down pickles is the story of a number of obsolete railroad water towers along the Union Pacific line. They were bought by the Dreher Pickle Company as pickle vats. This tank is being torn down at Sylvan Grove.

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POST'S ECZEMA SALVE

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It was an inspiration. Anni-goni instantly suggested a change in her pose and so secured the warm expression and clear lighting.

When Dorothy Wilding photographed the Queen for the new stamps, expert care was needed to see that Her Majesty's forehead or chin did not seem to protrude unnaturally. It was the Duke of Edinburgh who first suggested the half-profile—a break with formal tradition—found on the postal stamps of today.

When photographers first went to Buckingham Palace years ago, it was suggested that the cameras would save all the time lavished on artists' sittings. But, of course, camera posing had proved to be just an extra chore, requiring no less care. Cecil Beaton took no fewer than seventy pictures of Prince Charles to secure seven which he considered suitable for submission to the Queen.

On one occasion, when he had spent over three hours photographing the Queen Mother, he was rebuked by a Palace superintendent. "Do you realize a man from the Office of Works has been in the next room for four days? He's been waiting to see Her Majesty for two minutes about the colour of the walls to be repainted in the Throne Room."

In the days of King George V, no photographer was allowed to take pictures for more than twenty minutes. Press photographers at outdoor events were even more unfortunate, for they

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VESSEL	From NEW YORK	From HALIFAX	TO	TO	TO
FRANCONIA	Dec. 13	Dec. 14	Norve, Southampton	Nov. 23	Norve, Southampton
QUEEN MARY	Dec. 16	Dec. 16	Calcutta, Southampton	Nov. 26	Calcutta, Southampton
PATRIA	Dec. 19	Dec. 19	Cash, Liverpool	Nov. 29	Cash, Liverpool
SACONIA	Dec. 20	Dec. 20	Calcutta, Southampton	Dec. 2	Calcutta, Southampton
QUEEN MARY	Dec. 23	Dec. 23	Cash, Liverpool	Dec. 5	Cash, Liverpool
YVONNE	Dec. 26	Dec. 26	Norve, Southampton	Dec. 8	Norve, Southampton
FRANCONIA	Dec. 29	Dec. 29	Calcutta, Southampton	Dec. 11	Calcutta, Southampton
ASCANIA	Jan. 1	Jan. 1	Norve, Southampton	Dec. 14	Norve, Southampton
YVONNE	Jan. 4	Jan. 4	Cash, Liverpool	Dec. 17	Cash, Liverpool
FRANCONIA	Jan. 7	Jan. 7	Calcutta, Southampton	Dec. 20	Calcutta, Southampton
QUEEN ELIZABETH	Jan. 10	Jan. 10	Norve, Southampton	Dec. 23	Norve, Southampton
ASCANIA	Jan. 13	Jan. 13	Cash, Liverpool	Dec. 26	Cash, Liverpool
YVONNE	Jan. 16	Jan. 16	Norve, Southampton	Dec. 29	Norve, Southampton
FRANCONIA	Jan. 19	Jan. 19	Cash, Liverpool	Jan. 1	Cash, Liverpool
QUEEN ELIZABETH	Jan. 22	Jan. 22	Norve, Southampton	Jan. 4	Norve, Southampton
ASCANIA	Jan. 25	Jan. 25	Cash, Liverpool	Jan. 7	Cash, Liverpool
YVONNE	Jan. 28	Jan. 28	Norve, Southampton	Jan. 10	Norve, Southampton
FRANCONIA	Jan. 31	Jan. 31	Cash, Liverpool	Jan. 13	Cash, Liverpool
QUEEN ELIZABETH	Feb. 3	Feb. 3	Norve, Southampton	Jan. 16	Norve, Southampton
ASCANIA	Feb. 6	Feb. 6	Cash, Liverpool	Jan. 19	Cash, Liverpool
YVONNE	Feb. 9	Feb. 9	Norve, Southampton	Jan. 22	Norve, Southampton
FRANCONIA	Feb. 12	Feb. 12	Cash, Liverpool	Jan. 25	Cash, Liverpool
QUEEN ELIZABETH	Feb. 15	Feb. 15	Norve, Southampton	Jan. 28	Norve, Southampton
ASCANIA	Feb. 18	Feb. 18	Cash, Liverpool	Jan. 31	Cash, Liverpool
YVONNE	Feb. 21	Feb. 21	Norve, Southampton	Feb. 3	Norve, Southampton
FRANCONIA	Feb. 24	Feb. 24	Cash, Liverpool	Feb. 6	Cash, Liverpool
QUEEN ELIZABETH	Feb. 27	Feb. 27	Norve, Southampton	Feb. 9	Norve, Southampton
ASCANIA	Feb. 30	Feb. 30	Cash, Liverpool	Feb. 12	Cash, Liverpool
YVONNE	Mar. 5	Mar. 5	Norve, Southampton	Feb. 15	Norve, Southampton
FRANCONIA	Mar. 8	Mar. 8	Cash, Liverpool	Feb. 18	Cash, Liverpool
QUEEN ELIZABETH	Mar. 11	Mar. 11	Norve, Southampton	Feb. 21	Norve, Southampton
ASCANIA	Mar. 14	Mar. 14	Cash, Liverpool	Feb. 24	Cash, Liverpool
YVONNE	Mar. 17	Mar. 17	Norve, Southampton	Feb. 27	Norve, Southampton
FRANCONIA	Mar. 20	Mar. 20	Cash, Liverpool	Mar. 2	Cash, Liverpool
QUEEN ELIZABETH	Mar. 23	Mar. 23	Norve, Southampton	Mar. 5	Norve, Southampton
ASCANIA	Mar. 26	Mar. 26	Cash, Liverpool	Mar. 8	Cash, Liverpool
YVONNE	Mar. 29	Mar. 29	Norve, Southampton	Mar. 11	Norve, Southampton
FRANCONIA	Apr. 1	Apr. 1	Cash, Liverpool	Mar. 14	Cash, Liverpool
QUEEN ELIZABETH	Apr. 4	Apr. 4	Norve, Southampton	Mar. 17	Norve, Southampton
ASCANIA	Apr. 7	Apr. 7	Cash, Liverpool	Mar. 20	Cash, Liverpool
YVONNE	Apr. 10	Apr. 10	Norve, Southampton	Mar. 23	Norve, Southampton
FRANCONIA	Apr. 13	Apr. 13	Cash, Liverpool	Mar. 26	Cash, Liverpool
QUEEN ELIZABETH	Apr. 16	Apr. 16	Norve, Southampton	Mar. 29	Norve, Southampton
ASCANIA	Apr. 19	Apr. 19	Cash, Liverpool	Apr. 1	Cash, Liverpool
YVONNE	Apr. 22	Apr. 22	Norve, Southampton	Apr. 4	Norve, Southampton
FRANCONIA	Apr. 25	Apr. 25	Cash, Liverpool	Apr. 7	Cash, Liverpool
QUEEN ELIZABETH	Apr. 28	Apr. 28	Norve, Southampton	Apr. 10	Norve, Southampton
ASCANIA	May 1	May 1	Cash, Liverpool	Apr. 13	Cash, Liverpool
YVONNE	May 4	May 4	Norve, Southampton	Apr. 16	Norve, Southampton
FRANCONIA	May 7	May 7	Cash, Liverpool	Apr. 19	Cash, Liverpool
QUEEN ELIZABETH	May 10	May 10	Norve, Southampton	Apr. 22	Norve, Southampton
ASCANIA	May 13	May 13	Cash, Liverpool	Apr. 25	Cash, Liverpool
YVONNE	May 16	May 16	Norve, Southampton	Apr. 28	Norve, Southampton
FRANCONIA	May 19	May 19	Cash, Liverpool	May 1	Cash, Liverpool
QUEEN ELIZABETH	May 22	May 22	Norve, Southampton	May 4	Norve, Southampton
ASCANIA	May 25	May 25	Cash, Liverpool	May 7	Cash, Liverpool
YVONNE	May 28	May 28	Norve, Southampton	May 10	Norve, Southampton
FRANCONIA	May 31	May 31	Cash, Liverpool	May 13	Cash, Liverpool

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True happiness springs from Moderation

—GOETHE (1719-1832)—

The House of Seagram

Men who think of tomorrow practice moderation today

DOOR'S THERE BUT IT ISN'T—When a chain grocery recently opened a new branch it didn't just open the doors—it took them away entirely. The weather outside was blustery, wet and getting colder, yet a revolutionary "air curtain"—an invisible barrier projected by blowers across the entrance. As seen from the store, it looks like a solid wall of steel or glass, but turns back weather as sternly as any door of steel or glass. But it's not effective against burglars, so after hours, the air curtain is switched off and a steel and glass night door is bolted in place.