

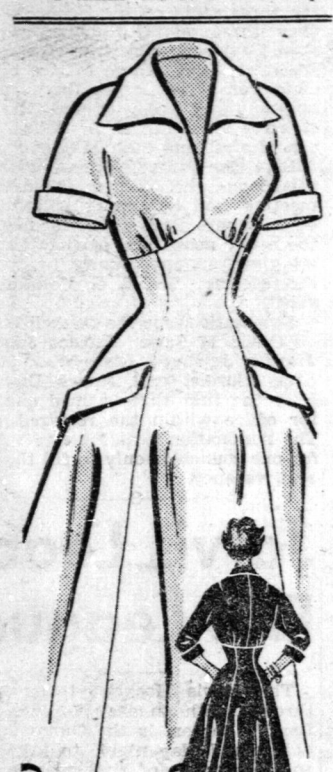
## ANNE HRST Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hrst: Three years ago I met a girl who fell in love with me. When I had to tell her I only liked her, she tried to kill herself — so I kept on seeing her. Finally I did fall in love. The day we celebrated our second wedding anniversary, she told me she did not love me — the baby, and wanted a divorce. So two months ago I left.

"I still cannot see how I failed her. I made a good living, I helped at home, I did all the cooking. She just read love stories or listened to the radio. I was trying to save, but all she wanted was to spend and be on the go, sometimes being out half the night and drinking. I nursed her like a father — and this is what I get!

"Recently I was asking her to come back for the baby's sake, and she replied, 'Do you think I'm going to let that baby ruin my life?' Is there any hope of living together again? My mother has the child.

**A BROKEN LIFE**  
I think there is little hope



4671  
SIZES 12-20, 40  
by Anne Adams

Your best friend is this princess dress — it whispers such lovely things about your figure! Its lines are simple, soft — adapt so beautifully to many different occasions. Have in rayon or cotton for daytime; lustrous taffeta, velvet for gala evenings!

Pattern 4671: Misses' Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40. Size 16 takes 4½ yards 30-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, STYLE NUMBER**. Send order to Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.



**MARGARET'S SUCCESSOR?** — Rumors are all over Europe that Group Captain Peter Townsend is involved in a new romance with another titled lady. She's beautiful Dutch-Belgian Countess Alin Von Limburg Sylrum, shown here at a horse show in Geneva, Switzerland.



**HER LUCK RAN OUT**—Mrs. Martin Snell was lucky not to be inside when her car was smashed by a falling stone wall. But after trying unsuccessfully to open the door, left, she turned and tripped on the debris, right. Result: A broken thumb and a bruised knee. Stage was being raised at the old 20th Century-Fox studios when the wall collapsed.

## CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM Gwendolyn D. Clark

I wonder how many farmers in how many farm homes last Saturday were either late for their chores or else hurrying to get them done ahead of time so as to be in the house to watch or listen to the Grey Cup finals.

"Dear Anne Hrst: My daddy has always drunk liquor ever since I remember. He comes home at night and starts quarreling and disturbs everybody. He and Mom have been married 17 years. She had said several times she is going to leave him, but then she reminds me he is good to us when he isn't drinking. He always says he's not going to stop but he never does. I think you're right.

**WOMAN'S**  
So many personal angles enter into this problem, I think it best that you make up your mind. She can explain what she thinks causes your father to drink alcohol, and other points that annoy or weigh in any counsel offered. If she will tell me more about the situation I shall be glad to try to help.

Drinking is one of the curses of the world. It can change a happy family life into one fraught with fear, anxiety and shame. Yet every day we learn more how a victim helps cure himself through intelligent aid and his own determination.

I realize how your father's behavior embarrasses you, and perhaps touches your social life, and I am sorry. What you can do is to let your mother sense your sympathy, and in every sweet way show how you want to relieve her anxieties. She is the one that suffers most, you know.

A broken marriage is a tragic affair, but sometimes it turns out to be a blessing. If this has happened to you, refuse to mourn; pick up the pieces and go on to happier days. Anne Hrst is sympathetic and wise, and will help you through. Write her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

Referring again to the recently suggested Health Insurance, Delegates of the Provincial Federation of Labour are putting on the heat for the early formation of some kind of health plan. And remember, labour usually gets what it wants. So, if a health plan comes into being for organized labour, where does that leave the farmer? Isn't this something that should be investigated by the Federation of Agriculture, by the Women's Institute and by Farm Forums across Ontario? Who needs to be included in a government-sponsored health insurance plan more than the farmer? Farming is a hazardous occupation. On very few farms are farm employees insured under the Work-

## Famous Old Ship Gets Reprieve

"Woodman, spare that tree," might figuratively be the admonition to many a demolisher of old buildings in these days of extra help while he is laid up. For this reason, we certainly hope that if, and when, a Health Plan is organized, the farmer will not be the Forgotten Man.

Before it is too late, the Voice of the Farmer should be heard across Ontario through an organized group or society of which he is a member.

And now supposing we continue in lighter vein. I wonder how many of you read an article a few days ago in a Toronto paper written by a woman who DID NOT own a television set. Just in case you missed it—the writer called on some friends, arriving in the middle of a TV programme. They greeted her in a hushed voice, motioned her to a chair, and there she sat trying to pick up the gist of the play. One drama followed another, and then the crows, with an interlude of conversation during the advertising.

The guest had to leave fairly early and said her farewells with her hostess looking sideways at the TV screen. There had been no chance for the guest to talk over the main purpose of her visit. It is that sort of thing that makes me dubious about us getting a set. It would be easy to become so enthused over a programme one would forget to be courteous. And yet TV must be very nice to watch—in your own home—when you are too tired to be bothered with anything else. And there is much that is becoming so educational. As for Partner, I know he would go for the sports telecasts. However, we are still sitting on the fence... shall we or shall we not?

## NOT ANSWER TO A PRAYER

A woman, just having left church, suddenly realized she had left her purse on the seat. When she returned, it was gone. She sought out the minister and found he had picked it up. "I felt I'd better hold it," he explained. "You know, there are some in the congregation of such simple faith as to believe it might be the answer to a prayer."

Which raises a question... what, exactly, is the answer? At one time it was mostly a column devoted to births, marriages and deaths; or a detailed write-up of church concerts. It was the annual election of officers of various organizations. During municipal, provincial or federal election campaigns there were long-winded letters, usually far from complimentary, from public-spirited citizens. Now local news is much wider in scope. It concerns super-highways, large land deals, labour unions and health insurance. General news is like an octopus with tentacles that reach out to every village and farm so that general news inevitably becomes to a great extent, local news. For this reason farm folk now need an awareness of public affairs that was not actually necessary a decade ago. Unless we cultivate this awareness we may find ourselves left out in schemes in which we should be included.

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## Those Rosy Lips Are Turning Rusty

If a lover told his sweetheart, "I love your rosy lips, darling," she probably wouldn't like it. But this may happen in future, for chemical research workers in Wales have discovered how to make most attractive lipstick from rust and beeswax.

It's about the first time rust has proved useful. More than \$120,000,000 is spent every year in Britain alone to protect iron and steel from rust. The world's losses due to rust are estimated at a billion and a half a year.

To protect a 10,000-ton cruiser from rust requires 100 tons of paint yearly. It was proved that the fuel consumption of a warship increased by fifty per cent in six months owing to rust which formed while it was in temperate waters.

Three years ago a team of chemists in Britain evolved a solution in which two tons of metal can be washed free of rust in under two hours.

To-day a vast fortune awaits the person who can find a fool-proof way to keep iron and steel permanently free from corrosion by rust.

Apprenticed to a druggist, he felt his greatest urge to be writing, and it was in the little druggist's shop at Grimsby over 100 years ago that he wrote the first of his plays, "Catiline."

Afterwards, his gift for biting satire earned universal fame. That is what has just happened at Grimsby, the port on the Skagerrak, south Norway, where Henrik Ibsen, one of the world's greatest modern dramatists, lived his early life in bitter poverty.

Recently the druggist's shop at Grimsby was scheduled to be pulled down. Then, at the last minute, someone remembered its associations with Norway's greatest literary figure.

So a fund was raised, and now the old building, instead of being reduced to dust by the demolishers, will be dismantled carefully and lovingly, and re-erected on a site where it will be preserved for posterity.

The Abbe Talleyrand, that supreme artist in diplomacy, was slightly crippled by a game leg. Madam de Stael — a "five-letter woman," if ever there was one — suffered from a squint. She hated Talleyrand like poison and knowing that he was rather sensitive about his leg, got a lot of horrid pleasure by "commiserating" with him maliciously about it. One day, in her crowded salon, Talleyrand was announced and he seated himself with some difficulty.

"And your poor leg, my dear Abbe," she purred, "how is it today?" Talleyrand put one leg over the other. "Crossed, as you see (Croissee, comme vous voyez) Madame," he answered.

For his experiments he devised packs of 25 cards. Each card had one of five symbols on it: a circle, a plus sign, a rectangle, a star, wavy lines. A pack would be shuffled, and in the presence of witnesses and separated by a screen, or sometimes even in different rooms, one person would, at a given signal, turn up a card and any other would write down or draw the symbol that he believed was seen in the vision with a lace handkerchief beside her, suffering from a severe heart attack.

## THE Calvert SPORTS COLUMN by Elmer Ferguson

No glittering performance dotted the milestones of Canada's sport trail in the year now coming to an end. There was provided no great heart-throb to rate with Marilyn Bell's heroic conquest of Lake Ontario, no Double Miracle Mile, nothing, in brief, that will blaze a mark of 1975.

But there was plenty of good, sound, and even dramatic performance, and for a second year in succession, honours fell to the distasteful side.

In the Pan-American Games at Mexico City, Montreal's Beth Whittall, 18, won the 100-metre butterfly, the 400-metre free-style and the 800-metre relay race, all within half an hour, to win three gold medals for Canada against the pick of the swimmers of two continents. Another Canadian gold medalist in the Pan-American Games was Helen Stewart of Vancouver. She set three new records in the Canadian swimming championships.

In the senior women's 100-yard backstroke Canada was victorious over the famous Washington, D.C. Walter Reed swimming Club. Lenore Fisher, Canadian champion of this event at the last Pan-American Games, downed the U.S. swimmer, Shelley Mann, and racked up a new mark of 1:25.

Canada's beloved Marilyn Bell swam the English Channel. This could hardly be said to duplicate her conquest of Lake Ontario. But for sheer heroism and durability, it was a feat of high merit.

From the bowling alleys of Kitchener came an almost unknown kid named Mike Norman, to compete for the Kitchener Rockaway Club in the Canadian amateur golf title meet at Calgary. He wasn't highly rated, but on a scintillating August day over his partner's links, he bested Lyle Crawford of Vancouver, a gruelling, testing, 39-hole playoff to win the championship.

Norman sets pins in a Kitchener bowling alley all winter, plays golf all summer with a rare and complete devotion — 36 holes every day — and hits at least 500 golf balls daily. The stuff of which champions are made.

We said the performances were not glittering. Perhaps we were wrong. They sound wonderful in the re-telling.

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

## Calvert DISTILLERS LIMITED ANNHURST, ONTARIO

## STRANGE TALES OF THE "SECOND SIGHT"

One day in June, 1933, a certain lady was lunching in a party at Lord's cricket ground. She was not at all surprised when she saw her friend Mr. L. V. Laue going out of the dining-room door, for that distinguished writer was a very keen follower of cricket.

"Look, there's E. V. going out," she said, pointing to the door. The other members of the party looked — but none of them saw anyone going out. B. the lady diner insisted that she saw him, and as he moved away he seemed to get smaller and smaller.

Later the news came that Mr. Laue had died that day. The odds against this happening by chance are more than a billion to one. Mrs. Garrett could not call up her power at will; in later experiments she scored no more than the chance expectation of right answers. It is as well that E.S.P. is not controllable; one can easily imagine the evil uses to which it could be put by unscrupulous persons. But here is an instance of a strange vision which proved true and beneficial.

It is recorded in "Phantoms of the Living," compiled in 1886 by Edmund Gurney, F. W. H. Myers and Frank Podmore, three distinguished scholars who were among the earliest physical researchers in England.

A girl of about ten years of age was walking along a country lane when her surroundings seemed to fade away. She saw her mother lying apparently dead on the floor of a little-used room at home, and near her on the floor was a lace handkerchief.

So real was this vision that the child rushed to a doctor's house and persuaded him to come with her. There they found the mother in the room seen in the vision with a lace handkerchief beside her, suffering from a severe heart attack.

Had anything really happened in the house? The Wilcoxes had been stationed at Moulmein for several years but had not heard any report of such a murder.

But they called on a Mrs. Wilkie, widow of a doctor and oldest European inhabitant of Moulmein. After hearing the story she recalled the case. This double murder had happened, indeed, about forty years earlier. Her husband had been called in to certify the cause of death.

The grey-haired man was a French contractor named Ramos, a harsh employer of native labour. One evening he had had a stormy dispute with his Chinese carpenters, and in a rage they had returned at night and murdered him and a priest, who was his guest. The murderers had been caught, tried and hanged.

Now a couple of not so historical ones. The late Barnett Cohen, who died in 1927, played a great part in the development of our Company. He was as generous as he was shrewd, and a connoisseur — if that is the right expression — of genius with hosts of friends in many different districts. Indeed, stories about him still filter round to us sometimes, from South Wales in particular.

Although he did not take racing very seriously, he owned a few horses. Various times he notably 'Jarvie', 'Jaunting Car', 'Urgent', 'Golden Bird' and 'Jovial'. To his utter surprise, 'Jarvie' one day won quite a valuable race, the Victorian Cup, for which B.C. didn't think the horse was an earthly. That day he was greeted by one of his acquaintances with the words: "Nice pal you are! When I have a horse that's going to win, I tell my friends!"

"Um!" answered Barney, "that wouldn't take you long!"

On the next occasion when 'Jarvie' was running the same

## Shear Pleasure

Nick Luhmann, 19, left, is the new National 4-H Club sheep-shearing champion. His sheep was shorn in 46 seconds during competition of the recent International Livestock Exposition. At right, Darrell Swoops, clipped off top honors in the professional division in 1 minute, 48 seconds.

ing from a severe heart attack. The doctor was in time to save her life.

Had the little girl made up the story of the vision? It could only have caused delay in getting help.

It was verified later that the girl had in fact visited the doctor before going home. This is a case where a "supernatural" explanation is more convincing than a rational one.

An example of a vision of the past, hitherto unpublished, comes from Burma. In 1898, a Mr. Frank Sausman took up an appointment at Moulmein.

Another official, Mr. Wilcox (from whose son I learned the story) engaged a house for Mr. Sausman and his family. The family included his mother.

The day after the Sausmans arrived, the Wilcoxes called on them to see if they needed help with settling in. At once old Mrs. Sausman came out of her bedroom and told of the happenings of the previous night.

She had been awakened by a horrible vision in a foreign tongue. She got out of bed and went into the dining-room and saw an elderly grey-haired man sitting at the table with a Roman Catholic priest.

Suddenly, several men carrying long knives rushed into the room and hacked the old man to death. The priest ran to a back entrance. There he was met by another gang of armed men and he, too, was killed.

Mrs. Sausman insisted that this was not a dream, but that the house was haunted. "I am the seventh child of a seventh child," she said "and I possess second sight."

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## Some Classic "Wise Cracks"

The very essence of repartee is, of course, that it should be a complete silence against me. What shall I do?

"Join 'it," said Disraeli. W. S. Gilbert, a man of wit, temper and acid wit, was sensitive about the title of "Ruddigore" — one of the many comic operas in which he was associated with Sir Arthur Sullivan.

Meeting a friend in the street one day the conversation took a personal turn: "How's 'bloodgore' going ahead?" asked the other. "You mean 'Ruddigore,'" corrected Gilbert.

"Same thing," said the other. "Indeed?" returned Gilbert acidly. "Then if I say I admire your ruddy countenance (which I do), means I like your bloody cheek (which I don't)." "I don't know," he replied, "but for that matter how can anyone be full of bash?"

Here, possibly, the most cutting one of all. Wilhelm II went to Rome for an audience with the Pope, he took with him a copy of his (i.e. "Ruddigore" of course) containing Herbert Bismarck, son of that famous Chancellor who is generally associated with iron, but who often behaved — and, indeed, looked — like a frustrated bloodhound in the ante-chamber. His Holiness' apartments in the Vatican were assembled Cardinals, Bishops, members of the Papal Court, Noble Guards on duty, and so on. The Kaiser entered followed by his suite. The great double doors to the Hall of Audience were opened from within. The Kaiser stalked through. But when Bismarck attempted to follow, the doors were silently closed by invisible hands. Perhaps the timing was a bit unfortunate. Its effect was to halt Bismarck suddenly and confront him with firmly shut mahogany, at a distance of about three inches.

Characteristically, he completely lost his temper. He rattled on the doors with his sword hilt and kicked them with his spurred jack-boots. At this a little old cardinal advanced and placed a restraining hand on Bismarck's arm. "But you don't understand!" exploded the rage Junker. "My name is Von Bismarck!" That, retorted the Prince of the Church, "explains, but does not excuse, your conduct!"

"I'm at my wit's end," he cried. "Nobody will listen to me. What shall I do, Mr. Disraeli? There is a conspiracy of silence against me. What shall I do?"

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