

ANNE HIRST

Your Family Counselor SEPARATED — Movie comic Dean Martin was helping out in the high jinks at the Hollywood premiere of "The Desperate Hours" when he got a phone call from Palm Springs. It was his wife former cover girl Jeanne Biggers, with word that their legal separation had gone through. Martin says "neither of us has any plans for a divorce." They are shown here during less desperate

"Dear Anne Hirst: Over a | * room - but I expect he did year ago I married a widower whose first wife died a tragic death, and 1 am bewildered as well as shocked by his apparent determination to live his life with her over again. I honestly feel the whole house is haunted by her ghost, and I seem to be regarded as an interloper by his relatives. I am sure my husband loves me, but I am also sure he has no idea how I am hurt by his daily references to her. It is almost more than I can

"Everything in the house reminds him of her, of course, and I understand that. But why must he describe why and where they bought an antique chair, and how much she loved it? Is it fair that clothes she wore hang in my closets and pieces of jewelry are still her box on my dressing-table? Our evenings usually are spent in reminiscences of trips they took and wonderful people they visited including her close friends, to whom he still writes.

"I seem to resent this more as time passes, perhaps because I took it for granted we were to have a normal married life. How can we, when he persists in recounting the past? can't he keep it to himself? Or am I being narrow-minded and

"SECOND WIFE." INDULGES HIS GRIEF

* I wonder with you how an intelligent man can be so cal-* ous as to force his present * wife to share memories of his * first marriage. His lack of * imagination and sensitive feeling is appalling, his confi-* dences are mentally cruel -* and no one would be more * amazed to hear that than the * man himself. In his thought * and acts he is keeping the * dead woman alive, never * dreaming how he is torturing * you. If you had been married * before, how would he enjoy incessant talk about your first

* The kindest thought to hold * is that your husband does not * realize what he is doing to you. If he is aroused to it, he * will be careful to keep his memories to himself; in sheer * decency he can do no less. A * man of finer feeling would have distributed his wife's * possessions among her rela-* tives and friends and taken * the house, especially in your

* not think that far ahead. * Try to plan leisure hours so you will spend some of them in emotion-relaxing con-* certs, plays, visiting friends (including your own). Too * many evenings at home will * naturally remind him of the past; when you are alone there, guide the conversation * to other topics — holiday * plans and other events interesting to you both. Entertain * his friends as often as convenient, so he will see how much they admire you and * how well you fit into their It may be that your hus-

* band married too soon after * his wife's death; if he had * waited longer he would be * comparing his life today with * the dark loneliness he experi-* enced living by himself. Perhaps if he reads this opinion * he will better understand how you feel. Explain that * only because you loved him * you did not protest earlier; * you love him still, but now you want a life with him alone, unhaunted. (When he comprehends how you feel, think you can trust him to handle his relatives, too.) * * *

"NOW I KNOW!" "Dear Anne Hirst: I'd like to give my idea on married men who seek companionship away from home . . . About a year ago I met a lonely, discarded husband. I sympathized with him, we went out often together, and (of course) I fell in love. Our friendship wasn't cheap, it was wholesome and dignified. We planned our future. "All my time, all my love,

were wasted . . . he went back to that wife who tossed him out of his home whenever she "Hence my idea: Let us girls

who are attracted to married men send them back home where they belong. If they have any problems with their "ter-rible wives" let them seek advice from higher authorities. ONCE BURNT." * * * For a husband or wife to

dwell on memories of a first marriage is sheer cruelty. Lock the door on the past and shield your present mate from what has been. Anne Hirst's counsel will comfort you. Write her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

Dee and Arthur have a stoker-furnace and they think they are This is Thanksgiving Day A big day for Canadian families. going to like it better than the oil furnace they had in the imagine we are just as thankful as most people for "the bounty of the earth" but yet it other house - more economica too. So many ways to heat a is one season that we have never house — and most people look-ing for a heating system that ensures the least possible amount made a point of celebrating—that is to the point of having Thanksgiving dinner and all the of work. A far cry from the days trimmings. Partner and I were when the majority of houses nvited out to a turkey dinner country homes, anyway, were heated with only the kitchen but we preferred staying at home to travelling the highrange and a pot-bellied stove in the "parlor" — and perhaps a ways, crowded with slap-happy motorists. Bob and Joy have box-stove or Quebec heater in gone to Cornwall for the weekthe dining-room. Those were the days when a pile of dry wood end but Dee, Art, Dave and another little boy were here yes-terday. Also friends from the Guelph district and they all went was our greatest treasure -preferably hickory, oak or maple - remember the lovely home loaded down with apples -Greenings and Spys. I think hickory bark? Occasionally the between them they stripped the housewife would be faced with rees. The apple crop this year nothing but green elm or apple wood. And then the fire would is wonderful. In fact, when you ook back, it has been a good smoke and smoulder and the fruit year all round. I suppose most housewives, like myself, oven wouldn't get hot, and there would be frequent trips are finding it quite a job to loto the chipyard so as to get the cate even one empty sealer. potatoes boiled for dinner. Too I am writing this column from many chips and sometimes the stovepipes would catch fire Ah, yes, those were "the good old days"! Don't you sometimes a sunny south room upstairs. We have not yet started using the furnace because we find the south side of the house, with the sun streaming in, is warm enough, while the kitchen stove keeps the north and west sides look back and wonder how we ever survived? I do.

HRONICLES

Gwendoline P. Clarke

OF GINGER FARM

of the house quite comfortable.

After all why bother fussing

around with a furnace until you

have to. So long as the furnace

is all ready to go at a minute's

notice, that is all that is neces-

sary. It will get plenty of use later on. Every time I go down

cellar I look at the bulging

bins . . . it doesn't seem possible

we shall use all that coal before

warm weather comes around

again. In their new three-storey

house (new to them, that is)

But every age has its problems. At present we are faced with diminishing farm incomes, increased cost of production. high cost of labour and essential services, speed on the highways, and increased fees hospitalization. Apparently i is only a matter of time before some kind of Health Insurance will be inaugurated, whether at the national or provincial level remains to be seen. It, too, will have its drawbacks. But yet a miform scheme of some sort will eventually have to be work ed out. At present wage-earners are pretty well looked after But what protection is there for the farmer and his family-True, they may subscribe to an independent form of hospitalization but farm people seldom go to hospital if it can be loesn't cover the cost of illness in the home. And, as everyone knows, a person can run up big medical expenses without ever going near a hospital. Except on a farm, this creates a situation whereby patients, instead of staying at home, go to hos pital as the only means of collecting insurance. It is one reason why our hospitals are over-crowded. A national health scheme to assist with the financial home-treatment of pa-tients would be a step in the right direction. Two years ago when Partner broke his collarbone there was naturally a big doctor's bill but not one cen could we get from insurance as Partner was not in the hospital.

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He felt he should stay home and keep an eye on things. There must be hundreds of similar cases. I remember one doctor said this: "The rich can afford to pay the poor are looked after, but the middle class person pays his account without assistance, often as a result of selling cattle he should keep or raising a mortgage on Well, Health Insurance

longs to the future. Now supposing we look back a year. Just about this time "Hurricane Hazel" hit Ontario. Remember Raemore Drive . . . and the International Ploughing Match . . and all the instances of major and minor damage in so many localities? By comparison we have every reason to make this Happy Thanksgiving week-

CAT STUFF

The old comedy team of Moran and Mack had a cat routine that always won a solid laugh. Moran claimed that he owned fifteen cats, and therefore drilled fifteen holes in his dining room door so he could get rid of them when he desired. "But one hole would be enough," Mack pointed out. "The cats could exit one by one." "Nothing doing," concluded Moran firmly. "When I say 'scat' I mean 'scat.'

A pedigreed and very expen-sive cat was shipped from Philadelphia by overnight truck to a purchaser in New York. The driver later confessed to Michael Gross, the poster artist, that while he was bumping along the cobblestones on Eleventh Avenue, the jarring loosened the cage in which the cat was con-fined. With one mighty leap he was off, high-tailing it up the avenue. Shouts of onlookers alerted the driver, who instituted an intensive cat-hunt, but to no

All he found was a scurvylooking scavenger in an alley Figuring that all was lost any-how, he collared the unsavory specimen, shoved him into the cage, and delivered him to the purchaser. Here's the pay-off. To this day the purchaser, evidently highly satisfied with his alley at, has never registered a single word of protest!

The late Al Jolson had a cat which he told his friends was worth \$5000. Came the day when he decided to sell the anima and the skeptical friends waited eagerly for him to return from the pet shop and disclose the selling price. "Did you get the \$5000?" they jeered. "Certainly answered Al. "Did you think was kidding you?" "Show us the dough," demanded the friends. "Well," admitted Al, "this pet fellow happened to be shop fellow happened to be a

Roses are red; Violets are blue Orchids are \$15.95. Will dandelions do?



led the way to the elevator. One

led the way to the elevator of the other occupants of the elevator was a beautiful young blonde. Halfway to the second floor, the blonde suddenly iumpfloor, the air, and

ed two feet in the air, and squealed, "Yipes!" The leader of the delegation nodded his head

and said with great satisfaction

"I'm certainly glad to note that

at least one thing in this build-

Roses in Color!

ing is still done by hand."

by Saura Wheeler

603

Crochet roses in color - to lecorate this beautiful new doily. They stand up in lifelike form against their lovely background. Pattern 603: Lifelike roses crocheted in color! Larger doily 21 inches in No. 30 Mercerized cotton; smaller one to match.

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STITCH NEW SHEATH LOOK FOR FALL INTO WINTER The sheath is Fall's fashion darling for street as well as evening. When you can make your own of beige viscose blend for only \$6.00 from Anne Adams Pattern 4683 you can lead the parade. This version featuring the new side button detail was stitched in a Sewing Center to show you how good-looking and inexpensive a dress you can have with the help of your sewing-

Pattern 4683: Misses' sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 takes 35/8 yards, 39-inch fabric. Send thirty-five cents in coin or postal note with your printed name and address, stating number of pattern and size to Eox L, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Oat.

Old Style

THE Calvert SPORTS COLUMN Delferd Clark, one of the direc tors of the Ford Foundation, describes the visit of a delegation to the home of the country's business of annufacturers of business machinery. The head of the firm marched the visitby Elmer Ferguson ing group from one mechanical • In Prince Edward Island's Garden of marvel to another, and once the ground floor had been covered, the Gulf, quiet Scottish tempers and

normal blood-pressures rise whenever Joe O'Brien is described as a native of New Glasgow, N.S., which he often is by major news services.

For Joe O'Brien, top driver in harness racing's Roaring Grand. was born in Alberton, P.E.I. It was something of a coincidence that, in this Centennial Year of the island province, Joe O'Brien drove the long-striding Scott Frost to victory in the Hambletonian, richest of all trotting stakes.

of Nova Scotia, probably deserves an assist, or some other credit-mark. in the background of little Joe. It was to New Glasgow he went after he left home, weighing 100 pounds with \$2.00 in his pocket, and took over Dudey Patch. an 11-year-oid, that was owned by the Dudey Patch Club. and so was a sort of community horse.

O'Brien cured this horse of quitting by kindness and drove him to the Canadian championship. Thus he came into national attention for the first time. Little Joe now weighs 135 pounds and stands 5 feet 6 inches. In the United States alone he won \$1,347,485.67 in purses, not including the racing successes of the present year.

Sep Palin, a famous driver who won the Hambletonian with Hoot Mon when driving for Castelton Farms, wanted a man who could train and drive pacers. He hired O'Brien, and not long after, Little Joe won the \$50,000 California pace with Indian Land. He left the Palin interests, was quickly snatched up by the wealthy Californian Sol Cambwent on to fame. In 1954, he drove horses into \$0.077.77.70 worth of purses, headed by Scott Frost, picked up at the yearling sales for \$8,000. Scott Frost was among the few 2-year-old trotters to go a mile in 2.00 flat.

His dad in Alberton tells of the first race Joe ever drove.
"My own dad," said Joes's father. "didn't race horses. But
he had a fine trotter and some challenges were thrown at
him. Dad wasn't interested, but Little Joe sneaked the horse
out of the stable, drove him against one of the challengers

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

Calvert DISTILLERS LIMITED

How To Bag A Bird

Here, surely, is the strangest sport of all - shooting eagles from an aeroplane! It is something Australian woman pilot Mrs. Charles Walton has had to resort to in order to help a triend whose sheep farm has been the object of attacks by

wedge-tail eagles. Before her marriage Mrs. Walton was Nancy Bird, one of Australia's most distinguished woman pilots. Recently she was staying at a 55,000-acre sheep farm at Ennis Downs, 900 miles

north-west of Brisbane. Her hostess was bemoaning the loss of her sheep, so Nancy decided on an unusual course of the side of her plane, so that she could fire shots through it, took to the air, and in her first outing "bagged" four eagles. ...

Now owners of other homesteads have taken up the idea. Seven light aircraft are now operated by station-owners and area, which now has four airstrips, a service station, and a ime aeronautical engineer.

Street some years ago was a colorful broker named Pop Schwed Pop loved nothing better than to reel off aprocryphal tales of his youth in the wide-open town of Goldfield, Nevada, just after the turn of the century. There was one hellion there, he recalled, who went berserk every time he had six drinks inside of him, which was usually. An itinerant medico persuaded him that if he didn't forswear all hard liquor at once he'd be dead inside of two months. One evening the reformed character

wives in the Ennis Downs

Needed Stimulant

A familiar character on Wall

was in the toughest dive in Goldfield, disconsolately sipping beaker of ginger ale, when prospector sashayed to the bar-pumped his faithless wife and her paramour full of lead, shot out the lights as a parting ges-ture, and vanished into the night. The paralyzed silence that followed was finally broken by Pop Schwed's reformed friend.
"Waiter," he barked hoarsely, "for God's sake! A double order

of ham and eggs!"

REALIZED!

Very few of us realize our boyish ambition. In fact a chum of ours has. He wanted to become a pirate when he was a kid. He's now a topnotch lawyer.



UNITED GREETING — Artist Antonio Frasconi shows his son,
Pablo, 3, cover which he has designed for the United Nations'
Christmas card. Flags of the United Nations surround a polar
projection of the world, symbol of the United Nations. "Season's .

Greetings" in five Japaneses will be imprinted within the Greetings," in five languages, will be imprinted within the olded card. Proceeds of card sales will go to U.N.'s Children's



NEW Recap Snow fires. 600 x 16 \$10.95: 670x15 \$11.95; 710x15. \$13.95; 760x15 \$14.95 each. Used army truck tires 900x16. \$20.00 each. Ship C.O.ID. Collect. Brampton O.K. Rubber Weld-ers. 369 Main St. N... Brampton Ont. BY HER OWN BOOTSTRAPS - "Monitor" experimental craft built under Naval contract, skims across Lake Mendota, on hydrofoils. The ladder-like devices supply lift in the same fashion as do the wings of a plane. They raise the craft about 30 inches above the water when it is under sail. Monitor made a land speed of 30 miles per hour under a moderate (15 miles per hour) wind. Her trial speed bests that of the hitherto speed-queen of sail-the Catamaran.

employer, so he burned the fac-tory down. A wife found her husband with another woman; she attacked her so viciously that her victim went to hos-

Next to love and hate, and possibly fear, it is the most powerful emotion in the world. It destroys both reason and common sense, rouses primitive passions which civilized beings have learned to control. Carried to extremes it becomes a form of insanity. Terrible and almost ncredible are the depts to which men and women sink

In a London suburb there is a girl who was once pretty bu whose face is now disfigured with livid scars caused by rehe asked her to marry him. She refused; he argued. At last to placate him she agreed they would spend a final evening

vitriol in her face, miraculously without damaging her eyes. a husband!"

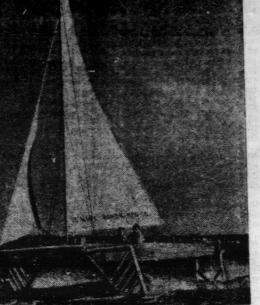
jealous of another who was exstor, that the object of his dislike had been in jail for a particularly wicked offence. vicious lie, but it worked. Instead of being welcomed as usual the victim found himself ostracized. Worried and puzzled, he sought the reason, and was able to refute the horrible accusation. But mud sticks. It

was too late to repair the damage entirely. One of the most frightful tragedies of revenge occurred in Arkansas. A farm hand was sacked for associating with his employer's youngest daughter, girl of sixteen. He shot the father, the mother, the girl ner self, and her two younger sisters and brother. Then he com-

In a peaceful country pub a number of farmworkers were playing darts. Suddenly there was an argument. "You never could throw straight," one of them sneered contemptuously. He was in a nasty mood, and the man addressed was quick to respond. "My aim is as good as yours!" he retorted aggres-

In a second he had his answer. The first man hurled a dart—but not at the board. It caught the other player full in the eye.

Two cowmen figured in an even worse case of revenge. Employed on the same farm, for several years they had been close friends. Then the farmer's wife engaged a new maid. It was the old story. She was young, pretty and very flirta-tious. The two men fell for her



Jealous Lover Set Mad Bull On Rival

charms, and were soon suspi-cious of each other. The girl was highly delighted. The situation appealed to her vanity. The climax came when her two admirers were moving a bull from one stall to another. Normally it was reasonably docile, as bulls go. But sud-denly it went mad, pawed the gound viciously, then charged one of the men with savage

when their pride is hurt. venge—the viciousness of the young man she turned down. For several months the two had been on friendly terms. Then

He hit on a plan. "No clothes, no church," he thought. And so on the following Sunday the wife was unable to find any On the way home he flung "So much for your beauty!" he jeered. "Now you'll never find

She was puzzled and then furious, guessed what had hap-pened. But the husband had underestimated a woman's de-But vengeance needn't necestermination. She beat him-by sarily take the form of violence.

A man I know was intensely going to church in an old jumper and a pair of slacks. Asked the she told the truth. They were sympathetic, and so was everybody else. Her husband became a laughing-stock.

In a very different case the husband received the sympathy and the wife the contempt. After a quarrel a Frenchwoman decided to teach her husband While he slept, she sawed

The victim was hurled

the air, landed heavily on his head—and died. It turned out that the other man had deliberately infuriated the bull by prodding it with a pitchfork.

A husband in a small Mid

A husband in a small Midlands town resented — of all things — his wife going to church. He himself preferred to potter around the garden or to read the Sunday newspapers. Occupations for which you would think his wife's presence was scarcely necessary. Yet her churchgoing annoyed him.

partly through his wooden leg. Going down the stairs the fol lowing morning the unfortunate man felt his false limb give way, and he had a nasty tu ble. At the top of the stairs the wife laughed maliciously Others were not amused. The wife was scorned by her neighbours.

Then there was the odd affair of the office-boy who was tick-ed off by the senior clerk. "I'll have my revenge, you beast," he muttered darkly. Easy to talk -but how? The boy solved the problem—or so he thought. It was his job to fetch the tea. He put a large dose of salts in the senior elerk's cup.

The man took a sip, made a grimace, then caught the office-boy watching him, and became

suspicious. Come here!" he growled. Then he forced the tion himself-with dire results. That revenge went wrong. but another inspired by a similar reason didn't. Instead it resulted in a serious accident. An apprentice who had come up against the foreman re-moved the brake-blocks from his bicycle. The foreman ran into a car and fractured a leg.

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Work Dodger

Occasionally a writer comes along who can sit down at a typewriter and bang out a column or story at will. Most writers, however, can think of more ways to delay getting down to their work than even a tem-porary kitchen maid. Lee Rogow cites the case of one Hollywood scenario scripter who simply had to have a job completed by the following morning. His understanding wife disconnected the phone, inserted a fresh page in his typewriter, grabbed both kids by the hand and left him in sole possession of the premises. They rode to the end of the bus line and back, saw a double feature at the nieghborhood movie, and came home at the tag end of the day to see how far Daddy had gotten. He hadn't done too badly. As they walked through the door, he was just polishing the last piece of their eighty-piece BANISH the torment of dry eczema rashes and weeping skin troubles. Post's Eczema Salve will not disappoint witching scaling and burning eczema acne ringworm bumples and foot eczema will respond readity to the stainless odorless ointment regardess of how stubborn or hopesterling-silver dinner set.

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FESTIVE-quick to fix! with Modern Fast-Acting DRY Yeast!

FAN TANS leasure into large bowl, . lukewarm water, 1 tsp. gran ilated sugar; stir until suga s dissolved. Sprinkle slowl with 1 envelope Fleischmann Active Dry Yeast. Let stand 10 min., THEN stir well. Sca. 1 c. milk and stir in 5 ths. lated sugar, 2 tsps. slukewarm. Add to yeast stir in ½ cup lukewarm in 3 c. once-sifted brea well. Beat in 4 tbs. melte

oven, 400°, 15-20 min.

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