

ANNE HIRST

Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst: My only reward for baring my miserable married life to the public through your column would be to know that just one girl was guided by it. My husband died a year and a half ago, and since that time I have known the only contentment I've had since we married; he was 39 then and I was 13. Before the first month was over, I regretted it."

"He was divorced, and his grown children lived with us. My life was a slave's life, actually. I had to wait on them hand and foot, even put their clothes away and do their laundry! Later when I had two babies of my own, I really learned what trouble was."

"Instead of being loved, I got insults and (I'm sure) actual hatred. Instead of being taken out now and then for a little change, I was made to stay at home (thank goodness, we had a small garden) and weeps when I wouldn't get to town. He did buy food for us (and of course wouldn't allow me to do the marketing). But all the clothes my babies and I ever had, my family sent."

"The reason? Jealousy, and such domination of my every move and thought that I was like one who had lost her mind; it's a wonder my children are normal. Older men are so jealous of young wives that they think every man who looks at her desires her; I am not unattractive, but I never returned the look of course. My friends think I'm too young to stay single (I am only 22) but I haven't talked to a man my own age since my husband died."

"I have sworn I will never marry again. My children are my whole life. I am saving all my life insurance (thank goodness there is plenty) for their future. His own children were given annuities, so they are all right, and they have moved away, for which I am grateful."

"I write to wish all young girls not to marry men so foolish as my husband. He warned me; but I married to get away from an unhappy home, and I guess opposition wouldn't have done any good. I thought I knew it all. Thank you if you can give this letter space."

GRATEFUL!
It is a great pity that some male member of your family did not intervene to protect you from your husband's mental cruelty. Were you ashamed to tell them? Until you became his wife, your husband was not your husband."

hand concealed his selfishness and jealousy; afterward, you were as helpless as though he had committed to jail. Without a champion to do battle in your behalf, only his death set you free.

Now you can help your children forget the frightened years they knew while their father lived, and the future lies unclouded before you all.

Your determination to stay single is natural — for a time. I do hope, though, that some appreciative young man will discover you one day and demonstrate how good and beautiful marriage can be.

TAKE FIANCÉ BACK?

"Dear Anne Hirst: I am almost 18, and was engaged to a boy for over a year. Once he went with another girl, so I gave him back his ring. He hasn't repeated that since. Now he begs me to date him again. I love him so that I can't cut or sleep."

"My parents have never approved of him wholly, and now they want me to forget him. If I can persuade them to change their minds, shall I take him back? It is two months since I saw him."

WORRIED?
Do your parents object to the boy because he once dated another girl? Or because they think you were both too young to be engaged? I suspect it is the latter reason. I'm afraid to agree with Mother and Dad. Getting engaged at 16 is really foolish; you were both too young to realize what it meant. I am surprised your family allowed it — or did you accept him without their approval?

I think you should talk this over frankly with your mother and father. Find out what they think of him, and why. Perhaps you can come to some compromise.

If not, then go on to college as you planned and prepare yourself for a business career. That would give your parents greater confidence in your maturity, and after a while you would find yourself happier in every way.

When trouble comes, remember you are not alone. Anne Hirst will stand by to help you through, and her sympathy and kindly counsel await you. Write to her at Box 123, Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. Should a person always rise when performing an introduction?

A. In most cases, yes. However, there are certain circumstances where this would prove awkward. If an introduction is performed at a banquet table, for instance, then rising would not be necessary.

Q. How many ushers should a bridegroom have at a church wedding?

A. There is no set and definite number. It is up to the bridegroom, the number of guests expected, and the size of the church.

Q. Is it proper for a girl's escort to tell her that her slip is showing?

A. Certainly, and only a prude would resent this. A girl should appreciate being told.

Q. When should announcements be sent of a marriage which has been kept secret for several weeks or months?

A. Since a secret marriage is not a prescribed habit, there is no definite time for mailing announcements. It is entirely optional.

Q. How can a new bride in a strange city best go about making new friends?

A. By joining a church group, the local garden club, or some similar organization which interests her; she will very likely meet women with tastes congenial to her own.

Q. Are the letters, popularly written at the bottoms of invitations, all supposed to be capitalized, as, R.S.V.P.?

A. No; only the first letter is capitalized, as, "R. s.v.p."

Q. If a young man sends a girl a corsage to wear to some particular affair, but the flowers do not harmonize with the one suitable gown she must wear, what should she do?

A. Wear them anyway, or carry them. It would certainly be very rude to leave them at home.

Q. When a wife is writing a note of thanks, is she supposed to sign her husband's name as well as her own?

A. No; she should sign her own name only. But in the note she may say, "Bob and I both appreciate your hospitality," or whatever the thanks are for.



Midnight Intruder Was Ball of Fire

Frightened of lightning— if you are, think yourself lucky that you don't live in a tropical climate where, at certain times of the year, hardly a day passes without at least one severe thunderstorm.

Lightning is certainly the joker of the skies. One of its strangest pranks happened when the thigh of a man struck by lightning was branded with the letters D.D. The doctor treating the man for shock recognized the initials as being identical with those on a wallet which had been stolen from him some time previously. When the victim recovered, he confessed to having picked the doctor's pocket, the wallet containing the initials was found in his possession when the lightning struck.

Exploded On Bedpost

Occasionally, lightning appears as a ball of fire. One such ball entered a woman's bedroom through the open window, wheeling slowly around the bed. After searching the woman's nightdress, the ball struck the bedpost and exploded, leaving the woman unharmed, though shaken by her strange experience.

Striking a blacksmith's shop in Surrey, lightning fused a heavy chain into a solid rod. Though lightning can kill and maim, it sometimes acts as a cure. A blind man, felled by lightning, rose to find that his sight was restored. At least one case is known of an insane woman becoming normal after being struck by lightning.

When a French picture gallery was hit during a violent thunderstorm, lightning stripped the gilt from a picture-frame, without damaging either the frame itself or the valuable painting it contained.

The owner of a watch which had long refused to go found his timepiece ticking away after he picked himself up, uninjured, after being hurled to the ground by a bolt of lightning. Yes, lightning can perform pranks. But, on an average, only about a score of people die annually from being struck.

THE Calvert SPORTS COLUMN

by Elmer Ferguson

When Jolly Jack Adams, for 25 years leader of Detroit's powerful hockey forces, swept through his Stanley Cup championship of this year, and traded off half a dozen of them including his fabulous goaler, Terry Sawchuk, casual hockey fans wondered if he wasn't wrecking a great machine.

But owners and leaders of competitive teams usually lightened their belts and donned their armor to cope with the new Red Wing dynasty, knowing full well that the shrewd, and daring Adams makes few, if any errors in his re-building programs. Almost invariably he comes up with something better than before.

Jack Adams knows his hockey from the ground up. Late in the season of 1917-18 the Fort William native broke into the new National League with Toronto Arenas and his debut came amid stormy scenes. The Arenas were playing off for the League title with Montreal Canadiens in a 2-game series. The Toronto team won the first game on home ice 7-3.

Canadians believed they could make the Arenas quit and overcome the 4-goal deficit on Montreal ice. Into this situation, fraught with possibility of mayhem, came the tow-headed young Adams. Arenas survived a rough, slug-fest game, Adams scored two goals, and Arenas went on to win the Stanley Cup from Vancouver.

Adams is a man of many facts. Jack the Jolly can turn has achieved in Detroit. It is the United States capital of the hockey world, and Adams invariably has teams not only of efficiency, but colour. His teams have won the National League title eleven times, including seven straight up to 1954-55, and the Stanley Cup seven times.

Adams is a man of many facts. Jack the Jolly can turn into a grim fighter. Conversely, he is a man of deep religious convictions and practice. He abhors foul language and once fined a player for swearing, bonused another to keep his epithets silent. Above all, he's a master craftsman in the business of building champion hockey clubs.

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

This Was Before The Age of Speed

It is highly amusing now to read, in the diaries of some of those grave and quaint men of the olden time, of the misfortunes and adventures that befell them in their occasional peregrinations. Thoreau, the well-known antiquary, piously relates how he was in danger of losing his way in the best of the kingdom, and how he actually did lose himself before he was rescued by a friendly neighbor.

Why, twenty miles were deemed a good day's progress in those lethargic times, even when traversing the choicest roads. In the reign of Charles II, the stagecoach which ran between London and Oxford required two days for a journey which is now effected in about two hours on the Great Western line. The stage to Exeter occupied four days. Even so recently as 1793, when Prince George of Denmark visited the stately mansion of Petworth with the view of meeting Charles III of Spain, the last nine miles of the journey took six hours. Several of the carriages employed to convey his majesty were upset. An unfortunate courier attending fourteen plains, during the journey, fell from his horse, never once alighted, except when the coach overturned, or stuck in the mud. Think of this, and learn to be grateful, ye modern grumblers, for slow trains! From "Tait's Magazine," 1852.

Guaranteed To Get You Up

Can you get up easily in the morning? If not, you need a super alarm clock like Ted Mason has invented.

Steel-worker Ted was losing \$3 a week by being late for work or missing a shift because he couldn't get up in the morning. Now he has provisionally patented a new-type alarm that whisks the bedclothes off his bed.

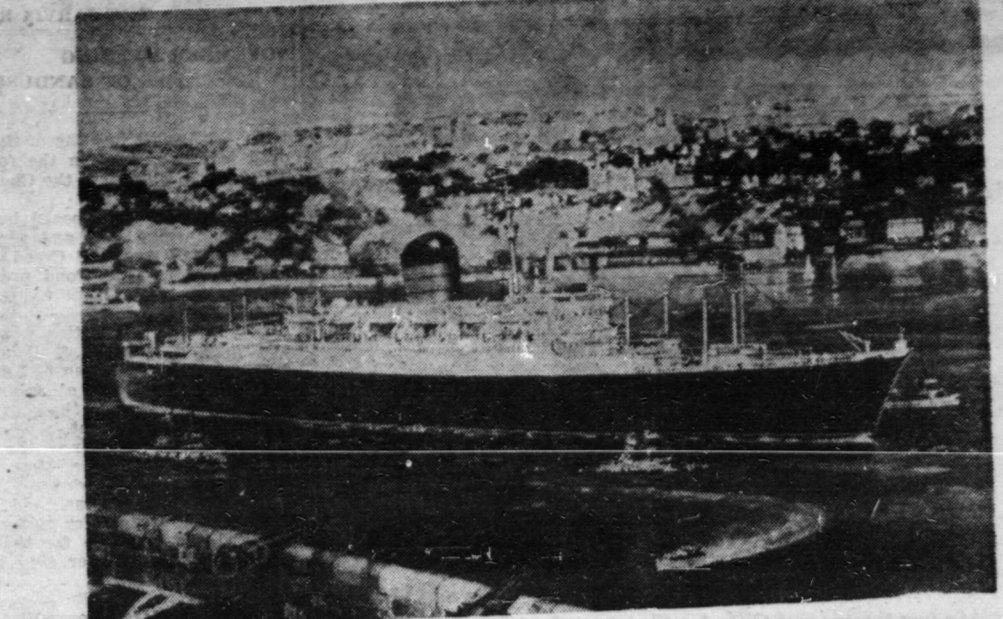
"It's the complete answer to absenteeism," says Ted. "And I reckon it's saving me \$150 a year."

The alarm sets off an electric motor that draws in the strings attached to his bedding. It's as simple as that. Yet all through the centuries men have been inventing—and sleeping through—gadgets to help them out of bed.

The Greeks had a sun-clock that doused the sleeper with water. King Alfred, it's said, failed to hear an alarm bell, so he used to keep a night candle burning that ultimately set fire to a bundle of straw. His sense of danger, he found, proved the surest alarm of all.

In New York recently claimed a cruelly divorce because her husband insisted on using a tipping device that threw them out of their double bed.

A man claimed a divorce because his wife deliberately alarmed him every morning by planting her habitually cold feet in the middle of his back. Switch-on alarm radios and tea-making sets have become a



OFF QUEBEC — An artist's impression of the new 22,000-ton Cunard liner Carinthia heading for Montreal as she will look from the historic Citadel at Quebec. The Carinthia, to be named for Queen Elizabeth II, will sail from Liverpool Princess Margaret at John Brown and Co. (Clydebank) Ltd., Dec. 14, will sail from Liverpool June 27, 1956, on her maiden voyage to Quebec and Montreal. The new vessel is the third of four fast 22,000-ton Cunarders, largest ever built by the company for its Canadian service.

Backward Writers

People who write backwards are becoming rarer, according to a handwriting expert. He was commenting on the case of a Pasadena woman who boasted that she can write backwards.

Another method was to conceal a morpheine pill under a ring on the finger and drop it in someone's drink, but the practice did not find favour as a morpheine pill does not readily dissolve.

His Error

George Heister tell of a tired businessman whose grueling day at the office was capped by his wife's announcement that the maid had walked out. "What was the trouble this time?" he inquired wearily. "You were," she charged. "She used insulting language to her over the phone this morning. 'Good grief,' cried the husband, 'I thought I was talking to you!'"

Some years ago a Devon servant, aged twenty-eight, suddenly began to write backwards, hold books the wrong way up to read and spell words in reverse after an illness. Doctors put her under "light hypnosis" and suggested that she would be able to read, see and write normally when sheawoke. The treatment was successful.

People who naturally do this mirror-writing are suffering from a peculiarity in the development of the visual centres of the brain.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

BABY CHICKS
HERE are 8 good reasons why it pays to raise any of three types. They are: 1. They live. 2. They produce early. 3. They lay longer. 4. The egg color is all white. 5. They are easy to handle. 6. They are easy to breed. 7. They are easy to sell. 8. They are easy to raise. Write for full details. 123 Elm St., New Toronto, Ont.

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1956 Ford and Monarch auto. Write for full details. 123 Elm St., New Toronto, Ont.

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Rose Jericho! Plants mentioned in Bible. Indestructible. Write for full details. 123 Elm St., New Toronto, Ont.

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Fluoride for drinking water. Write for full details. 123 Elm St., New Toronto, Ont.

READY TO CUT
Cutting hair. Write for full details. 123 Elm St., New Toronto, Ont.

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Have you heard about DIXON'S REMEDY? IT GIVES GOOD RESULTS. Write for full details. 123 Elm St., New Toronto, Ont.

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ITCH STOPPED
ITCH STOPPED IN A JIFFY. Write for full details. 123 Elm St., New Toronto, Ont.

EXPORT
CANADA'S FINEST CIGARETTE. Write for full details. 123 Elm St., New Toronto, Ont.

Two for School



4564 2-10
by Anne Adams

Keep her smartly dressed all winter—see this adorable jumper for busy days at school! It has fashion's new long-waisted look (cinched by jersey bows)—her favorite flare skirt below! Have the blouse in pretty color!

Pattern 4564: Children's Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. Size 6 jumper, 1 1/4 yards 35-inch fabric; blouse, 1 yard 35-inch fabric.

This pattern easy to use, simple to sew, is tested for fit. Has complete illustrated instructions. Send THIRTY-FIVE CENTS (\$5) 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 it's not worth living 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 isn't working freely, you're in trouble. You feel sluggish and tired. You feel bloated and full. You feel that happy days are gone and you're in a state of despair. It's time to get your liver back on track. Try Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast.

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 isn't working freely, you're in trouble. You feel sluggish and tired. You feel bloated and full. You feel that happy days are gone and you're in a state of despair. It's time to get your liver back on track. Try Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast.

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CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

Gwendolyn P. Clarke

So much to write about I don't know where to begin. But maybe I should get the bad news over first — except that it is no longer bad but better than we hoped for. Just over a week ago, at midnight, our grandson was rushed to the Sick Children's Hospital. He was fighting for breath and a specialist was called in to operate. An incision was made in his throat and the tube inserted. The operation was successful but afterwards he required special nurses to take care of him for four days — that is, until the tube was removed. Now he is coming along fine but he won't be home for a few days yet. Nor do his parents visit him for fear of making him feel uncomfortable and fretful and thus retard his recovery. Once or twice Dee was at the Hospital; she saw Dave but he didn't see her. He was sitting up in his cot playing quite happily, so of course Dave was happy to see him. The attack came on quite suddenly, without any previous cold or congestion and apparently was a very severe type of croup lower down than the ordinary variety. So our Dave celebrated his second birthday in a hospital bed. And glad we are there was a hospital for him to go to. Like so many other parents and grandparents we cannot be too thankful for the existence of the Sick Children's Hospital in Toronto and for the wonderful work that is done there.

So far as the weather was concerned, last week was wonderful and we certainly took advantage of it. I managed to get an overzealous washing out on my new clothesline. I thought I had better make use of it in a hurry otherwise a few well-chosen remarks might have been thrown my way. You know — "said you wanted a clothesline and now you don't use it!" sort of thing.

Thursday was too nice a day to be ironing so I paid a long overdue visit to some friends in Burlington. Of course, I found Burlington, like every other locality, spreading out and running over. I was visiting in one of the older residential streets and I thought people who had already established a comfortable home before the bombing boom got underway were very lucky. Before returning home I went over to the Shopping Centre — probably wouldn't have done so only I knew parking would be easier than down town. Actually, convenient parking is the only

thing that attracts me to these places. Shopping at a big grocery store isn't all honey. For instance, my purchase was half-a-dozen grapefruit. There were six pay desks in the store but it was not being a rush-hour only one was open. I had to wait while two women checked in. I have enough groceries to feed an army. It took me fifteen minutes to pay 30¢. The same thing happened at the Five and Ten Cent Store where I shopped for something to amuse Dave.

Friday was another lovely day and Partner was away to the County plowing match. There he met farmers he had not seen for years. After he came home he made rather a significant remark. "It seems queer," said Partner, "but most of the older farmers look just about the same as they have done for ages. Now it's the younger and middle-aged men who look old beyond their years." Why should that be? Have you any ideas on the subject?

Saturday morning was dull and wet but it cleared after dinner so I was able to attend the County plowing match. From next month, Mr. Earl Byron Morgan will be paid a regular monthly allowance of eight dollars until Susan's 15th birthday, when with doctors' approval, she may abandon bananas for a normal, less expensive and not so monotonous diet.

Susan's father is a street cleaner and does not earn enough to be able to afford this expensive diet for his child. Fortunately the U.S. Government has stepped in to give financial help.

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They're amazing good

Made with Amazing New Active DRY Yeast!

JELLY BUNS
Measure into small bowl, 1 c. lukewarm water, 2 tsp. granulated sugar; stir until sugar is dissolved. Sprinkle with 2 envelopes Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast. Let stand 10 min., THEN stir well. Cream 3/4 c. shortening; gradually blend in 1 cup granulated sugar, 2 tsp. salt, 1 tsp. grated nutmeg. Gradually beat in 2 well-beaten eggs. Stir in 1/2 cup lemon extract, 1/2 c. milk. Mix which has been sealed and cooled to lukewarm, and yeast mixture. Knead on one-sided bread flour; beat until smooth. Wrap in 2 c. more one-sided bread flour. Knead until smooth and elastic; place in greased bowl and brush top with melted butter or shortening. Cover and set in warm place, free from draft, to rise until doubled in bulk. Punch down dough and cut into 16 equal portions. Knead into one-half balls. Brush with melted butter. Bake 15 min. in 350° oven. Cool 10 min. in pan. Then remove to wire rack. Sprinkle with granulated sugar and arrange in rows on greased baking pan. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Turn the handle of a loaf in the top of each roll to form a star. Bake 15 min. in 350° oven. Cool 10 min. in pan. Then remove to wire rack. Sprinkle with granulated sugar and arrange in rows on greased baking pan. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Turn the handle of a loaf in the top of each roll to form a star. Bake 15 min. in 350° oven. Cool 10 min. in pan. Then remove to wire rack. Sprinkle with granulated sugar and arrange in rows on greased baking pan. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Turn the handle of a loaf in the top of each roll to form a star. Bake 15 min. in 350° oven. Cool 10 min. in pan. Then remove to wire rack. Sprinkle with granulated sugar and arrange in rows on greased baking pan. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Turn the handle of a loaf in the top of each roll to form a star. Bake 15 min. in 350° oven. Cool 10 min. in pan. Then remove to wire rack. Sprinkle with granulated sugar and arrange in rows on greased baking pan. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Turn the handle of a loaf in the top of each roll to form a star. Bake 15 min. in 350° oven. Cool 10 min. in pan. Then remove to wire rack. Sprinkle with granulated sugar and arrange in rows on greased baking pan. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Turn the handle of a loaf in the top of each roll to form a star. Bake 15 min. in 350° oven. Cool 10 min. in pan. Then remove to wire rack. Sprinkle with granulated sugar and arrange in rows on greased baking pan. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Turn the handle of a loaf in the top of each roll to form a star. Bake 15 min. in 350° oven. Cool 10 min. in pan. Then remove to wire rack. Sprinkle with granulated sugar and arrange in rows on greased baking pan. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Turn the handle of a loaf in the top of each roll to form a star. Bake 15 min. in 350° oven. Cool 10 min. in pan. Then remove to wire rack. Sprinkle with granulated sugar and arrange in rows on greased baking pan. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Turn the handle of a loaf in the top of each roll to form a star. Bake 15 min. in 350° oven. Cool 10 min. in pan. Then remove to wire rack. Spr