# ANNE HIRST
## Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst: My situation frustrates me. I've been going with a young man regularly for two years, and he treats me like a slave. Yet there are wonderful hours when we seem to be close and which make up for all the heartache he causes me. I know I could not go on without his love, nor would he want to without mine.

"Alone together, he is loving and kindness itself; but when we are with others, he makes such a fool of himself over girls that I am furiously embarrassed and hurt. Regularly, he vows he won't misbehave again and always he does.

"It is really tearing my heart out, and affecting my health. Can you suggest anything I can do with him?

"NEARLY 20."

**"ALL IS VANITY"**

The only way to end your heartache is to stop dating the man entirely.

He is an incurable romanticist, vain as a peacock. Such men cannot resist feeding their vanity by flaunting their charms before all females in sight. They vow fidelity to the girl that loves them, but at the one smile from another, they are off to conquest and certain of victory.

This cruel trait seems inborn, and it stays until the day the romanticist dies. It is an egoism which transcends every other emotion.

Pity the girl this man marries. She lives a life of faith given and betrayed, hope renewed only to be ravished. In every other way he may be honorable, but when this temptation comes, off he will go to the chase, leaving his wife exasperated, disgusted and heartbroken. The man is a contemptible, yet pathetic, figure. What intelligent woman would choose to share his ignoble fate?

Unless down the coming years you want to be pitied by those who love you, and called a fool by those who don't, send this man on the way he has chosen. Do not fear he will not exist without your love; he will manage to corral another trusting worshipper to nourish his ego as you have, and finally insult her as he has been insulting you.

You can live without his love, too, once you see him as he is.

I hope this consuming emotion he arouses in you will one day be bestowed upon a man who will honor it.

* * *

**FIRST LOVE RETURNS**

"Dear Anne Hirst: For several years I went with a high-school student whom I really loved. But things happened, and I met an older man whom I married. We have been happy together, but I've often longed to know what became of my first beau.

"Now I hear he is back in town. How I'd like to see him and get acquainted again, find out if he has a girl and so on! Would it be all right to write him and ask him to drop in?

"One time you wrote that first love is something really special, and never really leaves a girl's heart again. So isn't my interest in him natural?

WONDERING."

* * *

I'm afraid you have been seeing too many romantic movies. If you and your husband are happily married, why shouldn't this lad spend an evening with you two? Don't write him, but when you see him on the street, ask him if he would like to meet your husband.

A first love is special in that it is a girl's earliest emotional experience and she never entirely forgets it. But after she is married, it becomes part of her background — not an important part, at that.

* * *

**Why waste your love on a man who will only repay you in more heartbreak? Life is too short to squander on an ingrate. Anne Hirst will help you regain your poise and confidence, if you write to her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont., about your problem.**

**SUMMERS' TIME**

Never for a moment does the diamond judiciary deviate from the path of unequivocal righteousness. Take Bill Summers, for example. The veteran ump was operating behind the plate in a movie being filmed in Hollywood. The pitcher delivered and Bill yelled, "Strike!"

This made the director unhappy. "Hey, Bill," he snapped, "you're not following the script. That was supposed to be a ball."

"Tell the pitcher to follow the script!" roared Summers. "I call 'em as I see 'em."

Conscience gets a lot of credit that should really belong to cold feet.

## Young Ensemble

SIZES 6–14
4649

by Anne Adams

She'll love the scooped-neck dress with its "grownup" Empire styling; add the little bolero to complete the smart ensemble! Perfect fashions for a gay plaid cotton, crisp pique; or a fine linen for her "Sunday" outfit!

Pattern 4649: Girls' Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, 14. Size 10 dress and bolero take 3¾ yards 35-inch fabric; ½ yard contrast.

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

Send **THIRTY-FIVE CENTS** (stamps cannot be accepted; use postal note for safety) for this pattern. Print plainly **SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS** and **STYLE NUMBER.**

Send order to ANNE ADAMS, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ontario.

**MUSICAL MISSES** — If the ladies adopt these new musical handbags designed by Romani of Rome, Italy, "they shall have music wherever they go." A silent "guitar," left, in brown leather is eyecatching as well as functional. Right, a model "plays" a song on her chamois-leather "mandolin," with the handle serving as the instrument's neck.

**TEA TIME IN A TUB** — Three-year-old Connie June Falen holds a make-believe tea party while sitting in a tub of cool water in her back yard. No better place for such a party, as the temperature soared to 102 degrees.

# CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM
by Gwendoline P. Clarke

Some habits are good, some are bad, but this habit the weatherman has of always staging a storm over the week-end isn't welcome at all. Especially as it comes just around chore and supper time. We had six extra for supper on Sunday and they arrived just half an hour ahead of the storm. As I watched the threatening sky and noticed the thunder and lightning getting sharper every minute I put the kettle on and made the tea ahead of time—better tea on the cool side, I thought, than no tea at all. But, of course, as I had prepared for an emergency the power didn't go off. That was just a stroke of luck—neighbours below us had no power at all and it was off down town, including some of the telephones. But at least we didn't have it as bad as folks down in the London-Stratford area — poor dears.

Well, among those who came yesterday were our two boys—our grandsons, I mean. Dave is getting to be more of a little boy all the time—and as mischievous. And the baby—well I suppose I am slightly partial—but I thought he was just about perfect. Well developed and taking notice of everything around him. Partner wanted to know if there was anything wrong with him because he was so good. But we assured him that when he was down at the barn Edward let us know he had a good healthy pair of lungs anyway. Dave is very proud of him and talks every now and then about "my brudder." He likes to help Mummy do things for him—runs after nappies and powder, helps put the carriage on the verandah and raises an alarm if the baby cries. Better still, Daughter is a different person, even from what she was eighteen months ago. Last week she not only looked after her own two boys but took charge of a neighbour's little two-year-old girl as well—and put down a whole crate of berries in between baby chores.

Well, it doesn't look as if there will be much haying done around here for a few days. With a heavy rain yesterday and humidity a hundred percent this morning it can hardly be called good haying weather. And there are such a lot of bales out through the country. It doesn't make much difference to us as Partner has sold his standing hay to a neighbour—but he hasn't come in to cut it yet, because of the weather, I suppose. It will be the first time since we started farming that we haven't had to worry about haying. And what a relief it is going to be. Of course there is something very appealing about new-mown hay—you really feel you are farming when the pungent smell of clover fills the air. Right now we are content to borrow the aromatic odours from our neighbour's fields! Haying is a dangerous and worrisome time. When the mower is out in the field you just feel you have to be constantly on the alert in case a dog, a cat or a child should come within reach of those murderous knives. When you are young you manage to take everything in your stride — the work, the risks and the weather. But as the years go by the danger seems more imminent; the work harder and the weather more than ever "agin" you. That is when the older folk are glad if a son, or sons, are able and willing to carry on. As I look back I think sometimes I used to be looking for trouble because I know I was often almost petrified with fear when I used to drive the horses on the hayfork. I was always expecting the rope would snap in two and maybe let the load down on Partner or Bob as they worked in the mow. Then when we started taking hay off in bales there was always the chance that Partner, not being too steady on his legs, might take a header from the top of the load. Farming is certainly a hazardous occupation at any time, with either the new or the old way of operating. Mechanization eases the work but I would say it definitely increases the danger.

And yet how nice it is to meet young folk with initiative and vision. One couple who were here yesterday — fortyish, I would say — got tired of city life; bought a piece of land north of Toronto about five years ago. Put up a small barn and a six-roomed bungalow, both of which they built themselves. Then they went into the chicken business. Now they have things fixed up in such a way that the poultry operate on the cafeteria system and both the man and his wife hold office jobs in the city and commute back and forth. They raise broilers, capons and laying hens. Whether they make money or not I don't know but at least they are paying their way and have an interesting sideline to fall back on if their city jobs should peter out. At least they have solved the problem of what to do with their spare time during this period of automation.

That's all for now—I've got strawberries to put down. As for cherries, judging by our own, there will hardly be enough to feed the robins. But I have quite a bit of fruit left over from last year so I didn't intend to do as much as usual anyway.

**Flowering Crabapples Popular**

Because of their great profusion of bloom in the spring, flowering crabapples may be used as dominant notes in the shrubbery border or as specimen small trees or shrubs in the lawn.

## Gave Up Smoking To Smell Roses

Biting, scratching, screaming and swooning, the women fought to get in. Not to see a famous film star, not to attend a department store sale. . . . They just wanted to see — a ROSE.

It was the first public showing at Valenciennes, in North France, of "Prelude," the rose with a difference. And it drew a record attendance of nearly 4,000,000 rose-lovers within four days.

"Prelude" is a beautiful violet blue rose. It has a bluish-lilac bud, gracefully unrolling its twenty-five petals to a constant violet, touched with cobalt when fully open. Set in a bowl, it is breathtakingly beautiful artificial light.

It is the first milestone on the road to a true blue rose, the perfection of which has been haunting the dreams of hybridists for the past 150 years. It is the crowning achievement in the already long career of Francis Meilland, the hybridizing genius from Cap d'Antibes, France.

Meilland has devoted a lifetime to creating ever sturdier, finer, more pest-free roses. These immensely popular creations of his — Peace, Happiness, Sun King, Miami, Eden Rose, and now Prelude, and no fewer than eighty-four other novelties — are giving the thrills of beauty and discovery to millions the world over.

A man of a single idea, this one-time chainsmoker has given up tobacco altogether because, in the long run, it weakens the smelling sense which must remain keen in a rose grower.

His installations at Cap d'Antibes are the most up-to-date in the world. From the top of that sun-drenched 500-foot hill, you have a grand bird's-eye view of eleven acres under glass and 15,000 square feet of gleaming white buildings, sloping gently in successive tiers to the blue Mediterranean.

Meilland's earliest recollections go back to that cold December morning of 1916 when he was shoving in the rear a hand-cart heavily laden with vegetables which his mother was courageously pulling all of three miles from his native Tassin to the market of Montplaisir, in Middle France.

Small was the help of that four-year-old lad, but so great his conviction that he stepped right into the boots of Antoine Meilland, his father, then one of those anonymous French soldiers blocking the German onslaught.

Madame Meilland considered then the tasks of running single-handed the family and developing novel rose seedlings all in the day's work — an eighteen-hour working day, seven days a week, fifty-two weeks a year for the duration.

It took dogged perserverance, outstanding abilities, a daring spirit and hard toil to get that poor country boy to dazzling success and international recognition.

To-day, his friends are the Windsors, ex-King Umberto of Italy, the Queen Mother of Greece, the Aga Khan and Ali — and almost anybody who is a somebody.

When they ran France, ex-premiers Antoine Pinay and George Bidault took time off to journey 600 miles from Paris to admire his novelties.

The beauty of Meilland's rose named Record literally stunned George Bidault. Drawing back a step or two to admire from a distance the profusion of ruby clusters on that climber, he banged his head against a pergola pillar — and went down for the count of ten.

Pests, viruses, weather and weeds were against Meilland — and also war.

Following a trip to the United States, where he studied market openings and cultivation methods, Meilland returned to his farm and set out to perfect the task of breeding a hardier growth and sturdier type of rose.

"October 10th, 1935, will stand forever as the highlight in my whole life," he confides. "As I was inspecting our new series that morning, my heart skipped a beat or two when the loveliness of one of my experimental blooms sprang before my dazzled vision."

He called out to his family and they could never stop drinking in the beauty of that very first Peace roses resplendent in their glory of yellow, green, ivory and pale gold, tinged with a suffusion of carmine.

The vivid colours, happiness and truly regal bearing of these blooms convinced them at once that they had created the very queen of roses.

ISSUE 33 — 1956

## Pretty Centerpiece

581

by Laura Wheeler

Elegant centrepiece for your dinin table! A graceful one crocheted in pineapple design—fill it with fruit or flowers.

Pattern 581: Crochet directions for swan centrepiece; body also 12 x 6½ inches. Use heavy 3/0 cotton — starch stiffly.

Send **TWENTY-FIVE CENTS** (stamps cannot be accepted; use postal note for safety) for this pattern to LAURA WHEELER, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont. Print plainly **PATTERN NUMBER,** your **NAME** and **ADDRESS.**

Our gift to you — two wonderful patterns for yourself or your home — printed in our Laura Wheeler Needlecraft book for 1956! Dozens of other new designs to order — crochet, knitting, embroidery, iron-on, novelties. Send 25 cents for your copy of this book NOW — with gift patterns printed in it!

**STAR-STRUCK AT AN EARLY AGE**—Little J. A. Finney's own preference for "stars" is geared closer to his own age level. At the municipal airport, he prepares to greet Arnella Flynn with a kiss. Arnelia arrived with her mother, movie star Patricia Neal's mother, who is also Mrs. Errol Flynn.

## The Day Chevalier Fought Carpentier

When Georges Carpentier, famous French boxer, was left he fought a big school bully of thirteen and was getting the best of it when his opponent's three pals joined in. Georges was fighting fiercely against these overwhelming odds when a man came up and dragged him away, demanding: "What do you kids think you're up to? Do you want to kill the boy?"

He asked Georges his name, then said: "My name's Descamps. I run the gymnastic club at the Maison du People. The lads meet twice a week. Tuesdays and Fridays. Why don't you come along? I'll teach you something better than fighting in the street."

That proved to be the most fateful meeting of Carpentier's life. For he duly went to the club at Lens, near the small mining town in N. France where he was born, and Descamps became his manager and friend throughout his career. The finger of destiny was already pointing the way.

At Lievin, George's father drove a horse and cart for a factory and in Lens became a brewery maltster. One of a large family, Georges says of his childhood: "We drank beer at all meals, a sort of very light pale ale. I was actually weaned on this light beer . . . when the time came for me to go on from milk this beer was put into a feeding bottle—and I thrived on it.

At school he soon won a reputation as a scrapper against older bullies who thought he was easy game, but quickly found that height, weight and brute strength weren't everything; speed and accuracy were much more important. After a time, Georges no longer waited to be attacked; picking a lad of suitable size, he challenged him, and only rarely came off second best.

Twice a week for two years he attended "Professor" Descamps' gym classes and learned French and English boxing. When a German circus came to Lens one of the acrobats told Descamps that in the troupe was an Algerian boy, Ali, good at English-style boxing. "Is he?" said Descamps. "Well, I've got a boy here who's not bad at all." A fight was fixed which lasted only ten seconds. Ali went down for the count from a series of quick jabs to the face from Georges.

A few days later Descamps said: "You like boxing, don't you?" He was sure he could make a champion of the lad, and soon promoted him to his adult class, where he became best pupil.

On leaving school, Georges worked as riveter's mate at a boiler-maker's; lawyer's messenger boy; then as a collector for an insurance company.

He wasn't quite thirteen when Descamps put him down for a regional tournament in Bethune against a well-built young corporal about twice his weight. "I was more skilful than he was and very much quicker," he says in a vivid autobiography, "Carpentier by Himself," translated by Edward Fitzgerald. "Before long I found I could land whenever and wherever I liked. Two or three times he lost his balance trying to avoid my attacks and measured his length on the boards."

It was so much a case of little David floating Goliath that the audience began to laugh, and after his victory a crowd of well-wishers wanted to know his age. Hating to give it, he replied: "Three years old next Christmas."

Three months later, Georges entered him for the French amateur boxing championship to be held in Paris. He couldn't afford the fare, so booked only to Arras, then spent the rest of the journey dodging out at stops, jumping in again when he saw where the inspector was, and at the Gare du Nord slipping out with a crowd of passengers.

He reached the semi-final, but was defeated by an older lad who floored him with a painful swing to the face. "It made me realize," he says, "that if I were ever going to turn boxing into a profession I should have to find ways and means to avoid taking blows of that sort."

For a time Descamps and some of his best pupils — including Carpentier — toured villages and small towns giving boxing exhibition . If there was no hall they did gymnastic tricks in cafes, balancing on chairs and tables, then passed the hat.

Later, they supplemented this with spoof thought-reading.

As this racket brought in a lot of money, Descamps proposed that Georges give up his insurance work for full-time boxing. They made an agreement that was never signed or witnessed and never disputed by either throughout Carpentier's whole career. Only once were its terms changed when Descamps suggested, after Georges' victory over Jim Sullivan, that his share should henceforth be only twenty instead of thirty per cent.

Georges was assisting at Descamps' boxing lessons at the Lille Sporting Club when a client who happened to be passing through came in for a little practice. "He's not very old, is he?" he said when Descamps presented Georges. "You'll find he'll do," said Descamps. "He can use his hands." It was Maurice Chevalier, the famous comedian, who was fond of boxing. Later they became fast friends.

At fourteen Georges got his great chance when Salmon, a young English stable lad, challenged all comers at his own weight, 130 pounds, and Georges went into strict training, fought him, and won on a foul in the third round after flooring him with a left hook to the chin in the second round for a five seconds" count. In a return match a month later Georges was dragged out of bed ring in the eighteenth round, exhausted but unwilling to give up. Soon after this he went to Paris for good, and was well launched on his professional career.

At fifteen, in 1909, he was champion of the North and the Pas de Calais, lightweight champion of France. In 1911 he won by a knock-out seventeen of nineteen bouts, including the first European title, in London. The story of his great victories over Bombardier Billy Wells, Gunboat Smith, Joe Beckett and more than a dozen others, and his epic defeat by Jack Dempsey, makes thrilling reading. Now he runs a celebrated bar in Paris, and in retirement has some challenging things to say about present-day boxing and boxers. He was married three months ago, at the age of sixty-two, to a pretty blonde fashion model.

**IN THE DOGHOUSE**—Canadian soldiers at Camp Gagetown, New Brunswick, have developed a novel punishment for men involved in traffic mishaps and other minor misdeeds. Penalty is a spell in the doghouse, built especially for the purpose. Above is a spell in the doghouse, built especially for the purpose. Above is S/Sgt. Bob Weatherill, from Caldwater, Ontario, tests the structure with [illegible] being offered by Sgt. John Sawchuck, of Barrie, Ontario.

**MEET MISS UNIVERSE**—Carol Morris, 20, daughter of a minister, is this year's Miss Universe, chosen in competition with beauties from all over the world.

## Hermit Borrowed Goat's Whiskers

Ever feel you want to be alone — to get away from it all? That sudden yearning for solitude comes to most people sometimes — it's only natural. But most people do nothing about it.

An outstanding exception is a Midlands factory worker. He wants so much to be alone that he told the world about it in an advertisement.

**SHALL WE DANCE?** — The waltzing Sam without his Matilda, above, is D. V. J. Anthony of London, England. Anthony ended up in this dancing pose after throwing the hammer at a track meet in the British capital. His dancing may be awkward, but he hammered his way into second place with a 186-foot, 10-inch toss.

Describing himself as "Gent., 42, seeking solitude," he appealed for a lonely job in a remote or inaccessible part of the country. Said he: "I want time and solitude in which to think. I want to get away from it all and I'm free to do it. I'm single and have no ties."

If he'd been living in the days when wealthy people employed hermits as ornaments at their pleasure grounds, this Midlander would have quickly landed himself an ideal job with nothing to do but think.

A very rich duke, for instance, advertised 150 years ago for a professional hermit to live in the lonely grounds of his Kent mansion. He stipulated that the hermit must live for seven years in the isolated hermitage, without talking to anybody.

The man he engaged agreed never to cut his hair, beard or nails. He was to wear a single robe of coarse material, and the only furniture in his hermitage was a mat to sleep on, a hassock, and an hour-glass.

The whimsical duke hoped the hermit would impress the friends who occasionally wandered over his estate. He told him "Fulfil these conditions and I'll feed you well and give you a bonus of $1050 when the seven years are up."

The man tired of his strange "job" in less than a month, gave it up and went and had a shave that kept a barber busy for nearly two hours. He said the silence had bored him.

Another paid hermit employed by an English nobleman carried on for fourteen years. He had to be "on duty," showing himself off to visitors, complete with beard, during the daytime. At night he was given comfortable quarters. When he left, it was found that he had never actually grown beard; he wore one that originally belonged to an old billy-goat.

Less than fifty years ago, a hotelkeeper employed an old sailor as a professional hermit to attract visitors to a hotel in Vermont. In the grounds was a little valley known as "The Devil's Glen," with a cave where hundreds of people came to see him during the summer. He was well paid.

But one day two doubting boys decided to "test him" with a prod from a woman's hatpin.

The result was startling. The "hermit" leapt from the cave, girded up his robe and, shouting threats, chased the boys to the door of the hotel.

Because he wanted to be alone and hated paying taxes, a shepherd in an isolated part of southern Italy set up some time ago on an "autonomous republic" of his own on six acres of land he owned.

He annunceed that if the government wanted to communicate with him they must send an ambassador. Instead, the government sent three policemen with an ultimatum and the shepherds bid for privacy and freedom from taxes failed.

One of the loneliest jobs in the world to-day is that of Mrs. Juanita Westbrok, of Negley, Texas, a forest firespotter who guards 50,000 acres in north-eastern Texas by keeping vigil at the top of a look-out tower.

Every day she climbs the tower's 126 steps to look for signs of fires. But she says she is quite happy and never lonely.

Rest before starting out on a long trip, don't try to drive too far in a day, stop for regular coffee-breaks on the highway.

# CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING


**AGENTS WANTED**

GO INTO BUSINESS for yourself. Sell exclusive housewares products and appliances wanted by every householder. These items are not sold in stores. There is no competition. Profit up to 500%. Write immediately for free color catalog with retail prices shown. Separate confidential wholesale price will be included. Murray Sales, 3822 St. Lawrence, Montreal.

**ARTICLES FOR SALE**

NEED a new roof? Re-roof with Roof-Renew, the modern rubberized roofing compound that brushes on cold! No messy tar pots. Applies direct from drum. Roof-Renew is guaranteed satisfactory. Territories open for agents. Write to Hannan Varnish Company Limited, P.O. Box 219, Dept. W., Galt, Ontario.

**BABY CHICKS**

PLENTY chicks available. Cockerels, Pullets (Amer. In-Cross cross) order in advance for Sept.). Broilers for Sept.-Oct. should be on order. Prices, particulars, Bray Hatchery, 120 John N., Hamilton.

CHICKS hatched every week in the year, all popular breeds. Try our new series 400, 401, and 402 for eggs. Special dual purpose birds, two best for broilers 1st generation Indian River Cross, 1st generation Arbor Acres White Rocks. Turkey Poults. Catalogue.
TWEDDLE CHICK HATCHERIES LTD.
FERGUS ONTARIO

**FARM MACHINERY**

USED grain combine bargains. Five, six and seven foot cut, engine drive. McCormick and Massey-Harris. Close Dealer Bedell, 520 Simcoe, Oshawa, Ontario.

**FOR SALE**

FRUIT farm 55 acres, 24 planted to choicest apple varieties, tile drained by river and highway, bungalow, sprayer, irrigation units and supplies. Thirty thousand, terms. Box 144, 123 18th St., New Toronto.

**MEDICAL**

A TRIAL — EVERY SUFFERER OF RHEUMATIC PAINS OR NEURITIS SHOULD TRY DIXON'S REMEDY.
MUNRO'S DRUG STORE, Ottawa
225 Elgin.
$1.25 Express Prepaid

POST'S ECZEMA SALVE
BANISH the torment of dry eczema rashes and weeping skin troubles. Post's Eczema Salve will not disappoint you. Itching, scaling and burning eczema; acne, ringworm, pimples and foot eczema will respond readily to the stainless, odorless ointment regardless of how stubborn or hopeless they seem.
Sent Post Free on Receipt of Price.
PRICE $2.50 PER JAR.
POST'S REMEDIES
2842 St. Clair Avenue East,
TORONTO

**OPPORTUNITIES FOR MEN AND WOMEN**

BIG PROFITS
RAISE Hybrid Earthworms year round in backyard or basement, sell to fishermen, horticulturists, etc.; 35¢ brings illustrated booklet "There's Money in Earthworms." G. HOWL, 1106 Glenairn Avenue, Toronto.

EARN up to $25 a day in your spare time easily. Work home. Thousands do it. Receive amazing offers. Many different ways and exactly how to do it. No risk. No obligation. Details free. Rush postcard to B. MASSOW, 166 Kenilworth Ave. South, Hamilton, Ontario.

BE A HAIRDRESSER
JOIN CANADA'S LEADING SCHOOL
Great Opportunity
Learn Hairdressing
Pleasant dignified profession; good wages. Thousands of successful Marvel graduates.
America's Greatest System
Illustrated Catalog Free
Write or Call
MARVEL HAIRDRESSING SCHOOLS
358 Bloor St. W., Toronto
Branches:
44 King St., Hamilton
72 Rideau St., Ottawa

**PATENTS**

AN OFFER to every inventor. List of inventions and full information sent free. THE RAMSAY CO. Registered Patent Attorneys, 273 Bank St., Ottawa.

FETHERSTONHAUGH & Company. Patent Attorneys Established 1890. 600 University Ave., Toronto. Patents all countries.

**PERSONAL**

POWER OVER FATE. Amazing book. Explains REINCARNATION, KARMA, PATH TO SUCCESS, HOROSCOPE for 12 signs. Superstitions, Dreams, Daily fortune cards or dice. P.P. $1, Fantasy Line, P.O. Box 76092, L.A. 5, California.

ARE YOU DEAF?
MANY types of deafness and head noises have been helped by Leonard's Invisible Ear Drums. Send $10 for complete kit, or ask for free information. A. O. Leonard Company, Dept. 4, Box 306, Station F, Toronto 5.

**PERSONAL**

$1.00 TRIAL offer. Twenty-five delux personal requirements. Latest catalogue included. The Medico Agency, Box 22, Terminal "Q", Toronto, Ont.

**STAMPS**

1,000 WORLDWIDE stamps, some still on paper, lots pictorials, $2.00; 6,000, $15.00. Also Commemoratives accepted in trade. Boettger, Box 483, Station "A", Kitimat, B.C.

**SWINE**

CHARTWELL Viking 3rd, our high priced Landrace boar which was bred and raised by Sir Winston Churchill is leaving us some grand litters and good pigs. We will have weanling boars and sows available, sired by this great boar, also guaranteed in-pig sows. Write for folder and full details.
FERGUS LANDRACE SWINE FARM
FERGUS ONTARIO


## How Can I?

By Anne Ashley

**Q. How can I prevent the shoe tongue from slipping to one side?**

A. Cut two short slits near the top of the tongue, about a quarter of an inch apart, and slip the lace through these slits before inserting through the top holes.

**Q. How can I soften and whiten the skin?**

A. A good method for softening and whitening the face, neck, arms, and hands is to mix a little warm cornmeal and sour milk, and apply.

**Q. How can I make matches waterproof?**

A. Dip them into very hot melted paraffin.

**Q. What is the correct way to roll pastry?**

A. Never operate the rolling pin backwards and forwards when making pastry. Roll it forwards only and then lift it.

**Q. How can I remove stains from white enamel furniture?**

A. By adding a small piece of potash to a kettle of clear water, letting it stand for a few minutes, and then washing the furniture with this solution and soap.

**Q. How can I re-use used parafin?**

A. By heating it to the boiling point and straining through three thicknesses of cheese cloth over a funnel. Repeat this operation if necessary. It can be cleaned with a brush and warm water if not too dirty.

ISSUE 33 — 1956


STOP the ITCH of Insect Bites—Heat Rash

Quick! Stop itching of insect bites, heat rash eczema, hives, pimples, scales, nettle rash, athlete foot and other externally caused skin troubles. Use cooling, soothing, antiseptic **D. D. PRESCRIPTION.** Greaseless, stainless. Ice stops quick. Use only as directed. Your druggist stocks **D. D. PRESCRIPTION.**

**Fiery, Itching Skin Gets Quick Relief**

Here is a clean stainless penetrating antiseptic oil that will bring you speedy relief from the itching and distress of Eczema, Itching Toes and Feet, Rashes and other itching skin troubles.

MOONEY'S EMERALD OIL not only helps promote rapid and healthy healing in open sores and wounds, but boils and simple ulcers are also quickly relieved. In skin affections—the itching of Eczema is quickly eased, Pimples, skin eruptions dry up and scale off in a very few days.

MOONEY'S EMERALD OIL can be obtained at any drug store.

# CUNARD TO EUROPE
## LATE SUMMER AND FALL SAILINGS

TO BRITISH PORTS: First Class from $200 Tourist Class from $145

**At Thrift-Season Rates**
ROUND TRIP FOR AS LITTLE AS
**$290**

TO FRENCH PORTS: First Class from $207.50 Tourist Class from $150

| VESSEL | From MONTREAL | To | VESSEL | From NEW YORK | To |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| IVERNIA | Fri. AUG. 10 | Liverpool | QUEEN MARY | Wed. AUG. 8 | Cherbourg, Southampton |
| ASCANIA | Wed. AUG. 15 | Havre, Southampton | BRITANNIC | Thurs. AUG. 9 | Cobh, Liverpool |
| CARINTHIA | Fri. AUG. 17 | Greenock, Liverpool | QUEEN ELIZABETH | Wed. AUG. 15 | Cherbourg, Southampton |
| SAXONIA | Fri. AUG. 24 | Liverpool | MEDIA | Fri. AUG. 17 | Liverpool |
| SCYTHIA | *Wed. AUG. 29 | Havre, Southampton | CARONIA | Fri. AUG. 17 | Southampton |
| IVERNIA | Fri. AUG. 31 | Greenock, Liverpool | MAURETANIA | Sat. AUG. 18 | Cobh, Havre, Southampton |
| CARINTHIA | Fri. SEPT. 7 | Liverpool | QUEEN MARY | Wed. AUG. 22 | Cherbourg, Southampton |
| ASCANIA | Wed. SEPT. 12 | Havre, Southampton | FRANCONIA | Thurs. AUG. 23 | Cobh, Liverpool |
| SAXONIA | Fri. SEPT. 14 | Greenock, Liverpool | QUEEN ELIZABETH | Wed. AUG. 29 | Cherbourg, Southampton |
| IVERNIA | Fri. SEPT. 21 | Liverpool | PARTHIA | Fri. AUG. 31 | Liverpool |
| SCYTHIA | *Wed. SEPT. 26 | Havre, Southampton | QUEEN MARY | Wed. SEPT. 5 | Cherbourg, Southampton |
| CARINTHIA | Fri. SEPT. 28 | Liverpool | BRITANNIC | Thurs. SEPT. 6 | Cobh, Liverpool |
| SAXONIA | Fri. OCT. 5 | Greenock, Liverpool | MAURETANIA | Fri. SEPT. 7 | Cobh, Havre, Southampton |
| ASCANIA | Wed. OCT. 10 | Havre, Southampton | QUEEN ELIZABETH | Wed. SEPT. 12 | Cherbourg, Southampton |
| IVERNIA | Fri. OCT. 12 | Liverpool | MEDIA | Fri. SEPT. 14 | Liverpool |
| CARINTHIA | Fri. OCT. 19 | Greenock, Liverpool | QUEEN MARY | Wed. SEPT. 19 | Cherbourg, Southampton |
| SCYTHIA | *Wed. OCT. 24 | Havre, Southampton | FRANCONIA | Thurs. SEPT. 20 | Cobh, Liverpool |
| SAXONIA | Fri. OCT. 26 | Liverpool | QUEEN ELIZABETH | Wed. SEPT. 26 | Cherbourg, Southampton |
| IVERNIA | Fri. NOV. 2 | Greenock, Liverpool | MAURETANIA | Thurs. SEPT. 27 | Cobh, Havre, Southampton |
| ASCANIA | Wed. NOV. 7 | Havre, Southampton | PARTHIA | Fri. SEPT. 28 | Liverpool |
| CARINTHIA | Fri. NOV. 9 | Liverpool | QUEEN MARY | Wed. OCT. 3 | Cherbourg, Southampton |
| SAXONIA | Fri. NOV. 16 | Greenock, Liverpool | BRITANNIC | Thurs. OCT. 4 | Cobh, Liverpool |
| SCYTHIA | *Sat. NOV. 17 | Havre, Southampton | QUEEN ELIZABETH | Wed. OCT. 10 | Cherbourg, Southampton |
| IVERNIA | Sat. NOV. 24 | Greenock, Liverpool | MEDIA | Fri. OCT. 12 | Liverpool |
| CARINTHIA | Thurs. NOV. 29 | | MAURETANIA | Tues. OCT. 16 | Cobh, Havre, Southampton |
| | From HALIFAX | | QUEEN MARY | Wed. OCT. 17 | Cherbourg, Southampton |
| ASCANIA | Sun. DEC. 9 | Havre, Southampton | FRANCONIA | Thurs. OCT. 18 | Cobh, Liverpool |
| SAXONIA | Sat. DEC. 15 | Cobh, Liverpool | QUEEN ELIZABETH | Wed. OCT. 24 | Cherbourg, Southampton |
| IVERNIA | Fri. DEC. 21 | Havre, Southampton | PARTHIA | Fri. OCT. 26 | Liverpool |

*From Quebec

"CARONIA" AUTUMN CRUISE to the MEDITERRANEAN
Sailing Sept. 7, 1956 from New York
43 days—16 ports—from $975

See your local agent—
No one can serve you better
CUNARD LINE
Tel. EMpire 2-1481
Corner Bay & Wellington Sts., Toronto, Ont.

Bring your relatives or friends from Europe.
Prepay their passages in Canada
Inquire about Canadian Government Assisted Passage Loan Scheme