

ANNE HIRST Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst. For the past year I've been going with a girl I think so much of that we have talked of marrying. However, I am getting fed up. We have had so many quarrels about my ex-girl friend and her former boy friend! I've suggested we forget all about them. I've done everything to avoid such unpleasantness. I've taken the blame and apologized when I knew I wasn't wrong."

"Now she says it is possible there is another fellow! After a hot argument, I told her she could do as she pleased, I had had enough. She tried to lead around for my apology, but I did not offer it."

"How much is a guy supposed to take to prove he loves a girl? I know as a rule a girl won't admit she is wrong, and I do love her. But is it my place to apologize now?"

DON'T GROVEL

"Two people in love usually are on their best behavior. They present their most attractive selves, and consciously or not they suggest the comfortable person they would be to live with day after day. They flatter each other, they smooth over differences of opinion, they are agreeable to the nth degree, striving to make the best possible impression. If they did not, how many friendships would culminate in marriage?"

Both sexes, however, sometimes take a different tack. Many a girl, like this one you are fond of, delights in arguments which will (she thinks) rebound to her credit. She

cannot resist arousing your jealousy, and not content with quibbling over former friends, she suggests there is still another lad you must watch out for! She gets a kick out of such scenes, your apologies make her feel superior—and that to her is infinitely more pleasurable than the rapturous romantic attachments many young couples enjoy."

You did well to walk out. What a prospect for marriage! Can you picture such debates going on year after year? Unless there is faith on both sides, there is no foundation for a good married life.

Let her simmer down. During your absence, you may realize how cheap her tactics have been, and if she does, you will get a hurried call to please come back. Then you can put your foot down and tell her you are having no more silly arguments."

LANDLORD TROUBLE

"Dear Anne Hirst: The letter you printed about the landlord who made such trouble gives me courage to ask for your advice in a similar situation. My little boy, 8, constantly is being abused by the man who owns our house and lives next door."

"Everything that happens in the neighbourhood he blames on me. Once he even struck him! His own children (four) are using foul words; they have even led against our son. I've been patient but now I can take no more."

"His friends stare through our property dropping litter and getting intoxicated in our back yard. Do I have to take more of such goings-on? The trouble is, there is no place available in the neighbourhood which is convenient to the school and to my husband's business."

"FURIOUS"

"In these days of scarce accommodations, it is a toss-up whether children or parents suffer more from unpleasant neighbours. A day of reckoning must come, and then abusive owners will find the tables turned."

The next time this owner causes trouble, call in the law to settle with him. So long as you pay your rent and he cannot prove his charges against your boy, it is not likely he can turn you out."

You have my sympathy.

If your courtship days are clouded by disputes, take time out to reflect. Anne Hirst can help you see clearly, and determine whether petty differences are important or not."

Write her at Box 1, 123 Bloor Street N., New Toronto, Ont.

GRIMM REFOINER

Prompted by a desire to help his club, John Phillips, the Chicago Cub statistician, took a chair at scouting one summer. He heard about a wonderful young pitcher and hurried out to take a look. The prospect proved to be even greater than anticipated. Phillips phoned then Cub manager, Charlie Grimm, in frantic haste.

"I've landed the greatest young pitcher in the land! He struck out every man who came to bat—twenty-seven in a row! Nobody even got a foul until two were out in the ninth. The pitcher is right here with me. What shall I do?"

Back came Grimm's voice. "Sign up the guy who got the foul. We're looking for hitters."

Send your order to Anne Adams Patterns, 123 Bloor Street, New Toronto, Ont.

Separates with a smooth coordinated look—smart fashion any season! This two-piece is a cinch to sew. Classic blouse in three-piece versions—favourite full-circle skirt below. Ideal for cottons in gay plaid, check, print.

Pattern 4533. Misses' Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32. Size 16 blouse takes 1 1/2 yards. 35-inch skirt, skirt 4 yards.

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.

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By special request I went to Toronto to help Dave with a day's shopping. Dave had to be taken along too as he needed to be fitted for a suit. A few other things. Believe me, we had a most interesting and enjoyable day. Dave was really quite good but of course staying very long in one place was not to be expected. However, we coped with that by having a harness on our young man. So while Mummy shopped for drapes and shirts, grand-son Dave, who was constantly finding new worlds to explore—the world of moving staircases, elevators to ride in and toys that might be seen but not touched. When we came to anything that moved Dave had one request—"I go too!" which meant that Grandma followed. When our shopping was done it lasted four hours we went over to his Dad's office—and that was an unexpected thrill. Needless to say, Dave dropped off to sleep in the street-car coming home, and stayed asleep while being transported from street-car to stroller and from stroller to his crib. The little man had had quite a day. But oh dear, what a bitter cold wind we had to contend with. It was really glad to be back home and out of the weather.

On Good Friday, although it was a miserable day, the family drove out here—with Dave not the worse for wear. They had stopped at Oakville on the way up intending to visit Bob and Joy but changed their minds when they found the street where they live practically impassable—mud and ruts almost as deep due to storm sewer operations. It has been

like that for weeks. Though Bob managed to escape out and out with his car, he was very good for the first Saturday, before they could jack up the car and push it down in the ruts. Just as the joys of suburban life were as if horse-and-buggy days were sometimes with us, but without the horse and buggy to help us out.

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