ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst: I am 20, and deeply in love with a man 40 years old. He says he loves me, and he has proven it in many ways. He has all the qualities of being patient, generous and understanding. I've been seeing him for two years, and during this time I've never taken any real interest in anyone else.

"We get along perfectly together as far as feelings and ideas are concerned; I am always so contented in his company.

"I knew that such a thing would not be socially accepted, but I've been so much happier in every way since I met him. Do you think I am right in seeing him, and perhaps thinking of marriage?

SLIGHTLY CONFUSED"

What Of The Future?

If you have dated this man since you were 18 and are so contented with him, it is likely you and he would have an admirable marriage at least for a while. He seems to be genuine and devoted to you, and the fact you are so at home with him is a valuable asset in any permanent relationship.

The question is, would you be satisfied with him as a husband as the years accumulate?

When your letter came I recalled one from a girl, 27, who had married a man years older. I looked it up, and quote her dissatisfaction: "I do love my husband," she claims, "but he is too settled to like the things I do. We never go anywhere except to visit my mother, to a movie every few months and to church a few times a year. I used to love dancing, and I haven't been on a dance floor since I married. . . I am lonesome for the good times I've given up and would be glad to have with him, but he isn't interested. . . We have a nice home, a car, and money in the bank, but what good are material things when you are unhappy?"

A man of 40 is not an old man by any means and your friend's temperament may postpone the desire for a sedentary life for years. When you become 40 and are still full of life, would you have to give up the good times this older girl already misses so much? Can you look down the stretch of years that lie ahead and believe you will be entirely satisfied with him to the end? Can you take the chance?

Has the man proposed to you, or are you taking it for granted that he will? I do not wish to arouse doubt in your mind, but it seems rash to be considering marriage unless you are sure he is, too. Two years is a long time to date just one man and then discover you have wasted your time because he "isn't the marrying kind." If he has not spoken of the future, why not practice the usual methods of bringing that about?

And what does your family think?

It is not for me to say Yes or No to your question. Consider the situation as coldly as you can. You are in love, but you are too intelligent to follow your heart alone.

* * *

A Lad Worries

"Dear Anne Hirst: For a long while I've liked a girl 14, three years younger than myself. Her friends tease us about each other which embarrasses her, but I notice she doesn't deny what they say; they say she likes me, too, but she's never said so. I date other girls, too, so people won't know how much I think of her but I don't go with any one of them too often.

"The girl doesn't let me know how she feels about me; how can I find out? (You've helped me before this, but I'm more worried than I was and I depend on you.)

JIM"

Date the other girls, too, and observe them thoughtfully; each one can help you better understand the feminine sex, which is important. As the girl you like sees you with the others, she may grow more interested.

Her age implies her shyness, so see her when you can but don't rush her. As for your friends' teasing, show her you can laugh it off; then she won't be embarrassed.

If her mother allows boys to call, do that. It would be smart, though, to stay with the group for a while until the girl matures a bit and has more self-confidence. Good luck!

* * *

Wise is the girl who hesitates before she accepts a man twice her age. A safe guide is a letter to Anne Hirst, whose long experience is at your service. Write her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

Modern child has longer life expectancy, the health of most North Americans has so improved during the present century that a baby may be expected to live over twenty years longer than one born in 1900.

Dress-up Linens

650

What prettier way to dress up linens! Embroider this graceful old-fashioned girl and her gay flower-arbor; add frosty-white eyelet ruffling for her skirt.

Pattern 650: Embroidery plus ready-made eyelet! Transfer of 2 motifs 5½x13; one 8x16 inches.

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

DON'T ROLL OUT OF BED—Suspended by piano wire, "floating" bed, above, was shown at the National Home Furnishings Show. Model Ryna Kitman poses aboard the unusual slumber accessory.

THEY MAJOR IN PULCHRITUDE—National College Queen Marilyn K. Meyer, 18, center, poses with her ladies-in-waiting after her nomination. The ladies-in-waiting (they'll have to wait for another chance to be queen) are Carol Jean Lewis, 18, right, and Joan Schoenfield, 19.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM
by Gwendoline P. Clarke

We have come to the end of a perfect week — weatherwise — and a very busy one. I have been trying to keep ahead of the garden, and partner has been busy cutting hay; all among the stakes set out by the Department of Highways. More about that later.

Beans . . . We shall hardly dare to look at a bean after awhile. We have eaten them, given them away and cooked them for the dogs. And still they keep growing — and the second sowing almost ready. Beets and carrots are growing fast too but the peas are not quite so rewarding. The apples also keep me busy although it is a sort of race between the twin heifers and myself to see who gets the apples first. Early in the morning the heifers are around the harvest apple tree gobbling up the windfalls. When they retire to a shady spot to chew their cud I sneak out and get in my innings, shaking the tree by the branches until I have enough apples to fill a pail, which gives me about five quarts of applesauce when they are canned. I cook the apples with the peels on and then put the pulp through a rotary colander. That way we have applesauce all winter, whether we have apples or not Some people wonder why I bother with canning at all when there are only the two of us now. I wouldn't if we had a deep freeze, but we haven't and I am not so sure that it is really necessary now. If I can fill a few dozen sealers we are sure of having enough stuff for our own use and something on hand for weekend homecomers.

Each day, when I am through with canning and other work I like to get upstairs to my room. And how I am enjoying it. I am away from everything and yet not away For three days last week I was looking down on the field where Partner was cutting hay—which was quite an advantage because I was afraid all the time he might run into a stake and get thrown off the mower If he had—well, with a power mower anything could happen

The field where he was cutting is one where the highway has expropriated land for Highway 401. It has iron stakes, wooden stakes and steel fence posts here and there across the field. Partner didn't want the hay but the field was weedy so he felt it had to be cut. He knew he would have quite a job although he thought he knew where every stake had been put. He was wrong—there were a few, not properly marked, that he didn't know anything about. He knew where they were when he ran into them,even buckling one of the guards. Steel stakes were not the only trouble in that field. Earlier in the season one of the heifers escaped from the pasture. Partner couldn't think how she got out until he went along by the fences At one spot last winter the surveyors had been cutting brush and made a hole in the fence. Partner fixed it up by using the brush to fill the gap. Some time later, unknown to us, the surveyors were back, evidently to do some work at the same spot. They pulled the brush away and left the gap exposed. No wonder the heifer got out! If Partner had not seen her the rest of the cattle would no doubt have followed

We have a notice from the Department to the effect that compensation will be paid for any damage done. Fine — but how can a farmer assess the trouble he goes to in getting a heifer back to pasture? Or how can we put in dollars and cents the worry it was to me having Partner on a power mower weaving his way in and out among the stakes and finally having to finish the job by cutaround the stakes with a scythe. The trouble is the fellows that come around are not deliberately careless; they just don't understand the little things that are important on a farm. When the men were around driving in the stakes Partner said to them: "What's going to happen if I want to plough this field?" One man answered: "I guess you won't want to do much on this land by the time we get through!" How true—the only trouble is surveying the land doesn't keep the weeds from growing, in spite of the fact that there is plenty of agitation from various quarters to keep the field clean.

Well, it's Monday now and our nice weather seems to have forsaken us. It is very dull and very humid. But if the weather is dull the news isn't. A conference regarding the crisis in the Middle East—what will happen afterwards is anyone's guess. Political convention in the United States; controversy still active over Marilyn Bell's swim; and an International convention of Entomologists in Montreal—in our language a discussion about insects. I wonder if it will be brought to light that the increase in insects is probably due to the decrease in birds. And the decrease in birds . . . could it be they are being destroyed by chemical weed-killers now so much in use? And now the power has gone off—that doesn't make typing any easier so I am glad I have come to the end of my copy.

'Bye until next week.

New Date Will Beat Heartache

What should a teenage girl do when she falls in love with a boy and he turns her down in favour of another girl? Get madly jealous?

Not at all, says a leading psychiatrist who is an expert on teenage love affairs. The girl should deliberately set about blotting the episode from her mind.

She should at once burn the boy's love letters, all of them, however ardent they are. Then she should calmly destroy all photographs of him and get rid of other souvenirs.

Having done these things she should set about getting as many dates with other boys as possible. She will quickly discover that a new boy friend by her side at least partially banishes ghosts of the past. By repeating the process over successive days, she is "helping Father Time to free her from the fetters of her past romance."

Frustrated love can be conquered like any other bad habit, the expert points out. It is utter folly for a jilted girl to plead with her former sweetheart or make a scene by bursting into tears when she sees him.

LOST AND FOUND—"When in trouble—SQUAWK!" Apparently that was the principle that saved this rare palomino Shetland pony colt from who knows what fate. It's shown with its owner, Robert S. Gault, who raises tiny Shetlands as a hobby. The pony was stolen, but abandoned next day. Gault believes the screams of the unweaned pony, uttered when it is hungry, frightened the thieves so that they were afraid to keep the animal longer.

Wardrobe Wonder!

Make a wonderful new wardrobe — from this ONE dress pattern! Vary the neckline from mandarin collar to a low squared beauty; sleeves in three smart versions. Easy to sew a joy to wear — those sleek slim lines are pure flattery for your figure!

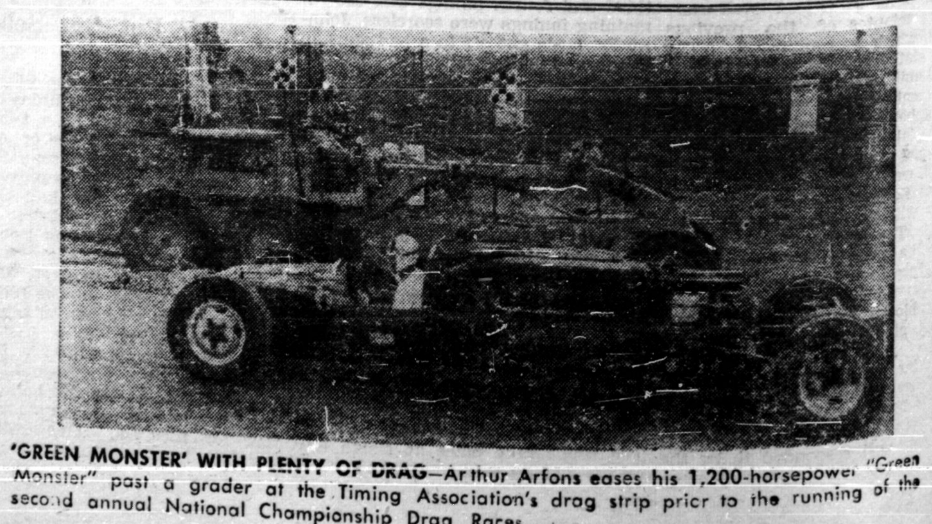
Pattern 4605: Misses' Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18. Size 16 takes 3⅛ yards 35-inch fabric.

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, STYLE NUMBER.**

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

FIRST LESSON'S COMING UP—Determined expresion of teacher Elizabeth Kohl should be a clue to Paul Hindes that gumchewing in school is frowned upon as the blase, bubble-blowing youngster registers for the fall term.



'GREEN MONSTER' WITH PLENTY OF DRAG—Arthur Arfons eases his 1,200-horsepower "Green Monster" past a grader at the Timing Association's drag strip prior to the running of the second annual National Championship Drag Races.

Mutiny! On A One Man Voyage

He was far out in the Pacific, alone on a balsa raft, fishing. Suddenly there was a gigantic heave that threatened to snap his line.

He hauled in as fast as he could and found he had hooked a shark. He dragged it half-way up across the end of the logs, with its tail in the water and the hook, in the corner of its mouth, thrashing fiercely with its tail.

He didn't want that shark, but he had to have the hook, so holding the line in his right hand he reached for the gaff behind him with his left and hooked the shark through the lower jaw with it.

Now began a terrific fight for the hook. The logs were seaweedy and slimy. The raft rolled. Bracing his knees hard against the log, bending over farther and farther, he stretched out his right hand to twist the hook from the jaw. The shark's mouth was open a foot wide and its evil piggy eyes watched him balefully.

With a last push, he got the hook out. At that moment the shark thrashed so fiercely that the gaff jerked out of his hand, he lost his balance and went head first into the sea. Shooting out his left hand to grasp something, he thrust it blindly into the shark's mouth, and was severely gashed. Struggling in the foam and swirl of the wake, with the raft sailing away from him, he thought, this is the end.

It was certainly 61-year-old William Willis's most desperate moment on his 7,700-mile lone voyage from Callao to Samoa, with only a cat and a parrot for company.

In "The Epic Voyage of the Seven Little Sisters" he reveals how he struck out desperately, then checked himself, feeling that the effort was useless. Then he realized that the wire leader of the fishing line was still around his right arm, with the other end tied to the raft's crosslog.

He still had a chance — if the line held. The raft was now 200 feet away. Hand over hand, he began pulling himself along the line towards it. His clothes were leaden, his canvas slippers dragging him down. His gashed hand streamed with blood, crimsoning the water around him. . . .

The shark had made off after the struggle, but what if the blood drew the other big fellows he'd seen yesterday? If a shark got him anywhere it would pull back at once with its tremendous breastfin leverage and so break the line.

Willis decided that he'd have to lash out with all his strength the moment a shark came close, and kick it on the nose. He'd fought sharks before and knew them to be cowardly — but tremendously strong, cunning and persistent.

Foot by foot, making double turns with the line round his righthand and resting at intervals, he struggled on and on. Until at last he could grip the top of the iron rudder, then the chain controlling it, and so pull himself up on to the end of the logs where he'd landed the shark — to lie face down in the sea-wash, all in, his head spinning. He'd made it, made it. He was saved!

But he had to stop his gashed hand spurting blood. With a piece of fishing line and a marlin-spike he made a tourniquet for his forearm, then sewed up the gash with needle and white thread, greased the wound, and bandaged it. He mixed some coffee, ate some sugar, freed himself of his soggy clothing, and felt in such good spirits after his escape that he began roaring a song.

Constantly on the long voyage he sang lustily, shouting against the elements. "It took me about fifty minutes or so to go through my songs," he says. "They were songs from everywhere, bits from all corners of the earth . . . songs of men thinking of home and loved ones, songs of sailors when their ships went down, songs of the exiled."

"Every day brought some crisis. With new decisions to make about the sails and the steering, new winds and a new sea, and a new arrangement of centreboards. I could take nothing for granted. What worked one day would wreck me the next. It was a struggle for survival every day and moment."

Each day he wound his clocks and watches, but his mind was almost a blank, he lived in a vacuum and didn't trouble to look at his chart because it would have been too much effort to take it out. He had to save every ounce of energy for the tricky business of handling the raft.

Making sixty to ninety miles a day, sometimes even more, after 74 days at sea he sighted Raroia, where the Kon-Tiki expedition had ended. It had also started from Callao, and had taken 102 days to cover the 4,500 miles. But the Seven Little Sisters was winter-sailing with stronger winds and its design gave greater speed.

Before he could land on British Samoa he had to coast along the islands and find a way through the perilous reefs that would have wrecked him right at the end of his great adventure. He made harbour at Pago Pago an hour after midnight, his epic journey over at last.

Willis has made a fine story of his daring adventure, with notes of others in his crowded, eventful life. Everyone who was thrilled by Kon-Tiki will want to read it, well illustrated with vivid photographs, some in colour.

SPLIT-SECOND TIMING — Byron Masterson tiptoes the water during evolution of a double somersault dive during Havalanta (Havana-Atlantic) diving finals. Also exhibiting excellent form is the photographer who caught this split-second picture of perfection.

DOG HERO OF THE YEAR—Lassie, a Shetland sheepdog owned by Gary Gustatson, seven, has been named the most heroic dog of 1956. Lassie summoned help for her master when the latter suffered a hemorrhage in the middle of the night—a week following a tinsillectomy. Physicians said the boy would have bled to death in another 15 minutes. Lassie received a $1,000 U.S. bond, a medal, a gold leash and collar, and a year's supply of dog food at a dinner in herh onor.

The Hill That's Quicker Than The Eye

Most people thought we were crazy; but not all of them. Some thought we were coming home from a well-celebrated all-night spree.

It was about 7 a.m. and at the foot of each downgrade in the highway our little roadster chortled to a stop and waited silently, as if it needed to get it breath before attempting the next rise.

It was understandable if farmers carrying pails of milk from their barns suspected that the three occupants of the car were having a convival swig every 200 yards.

One who sauntered over must have been convinced of it.

"Having trouble?" he asked.

"Oh, no, thanks," was the cheerfully earnest reply. "We just wanted to see if we could coast back up this hill."

We were on the Mountain Road—once an Indian trail, later a pioneer wagon route — which leads from Moncton, N.B., toward the gentle slope of Lutes Mountain. It was a crisp June morning in 1933 and three Saint John newspapermen — John G. Bruce, Jack Brayley and I—were on an exploratory jaunt that was to have a big impact on New Brunswick's tourist trade.

Half an hour and 10 stops later, six miles from Moncton, at the last dip before the dirt road climbed up to meet an intersecting highway, we were ready to give up hope.

"If this isn't it," philosophized Bruce as he switched off the ignition and put the gears in neutral, "we'll have a nice 250-mile round trip anyway."

Brayley and I were almost too sleepy to answer. (We had left Saint John after putting *The Telegraph-Journal* to bed at 3.30 a.m.—shortly after which, we would have rolled into bed too.)

Then slowly, eerily, startlingly, we began to move—backwards—up the hill we had just decended!

Gathering speed as we went—we coasted up what seemed to be a gradual but distinct incline about 200 yards long.

This, at last, was the "magnetic hill" we had heard about from Alex Ellison, superintendent of the newspaper pressroom, who we felt sure was pulling our collective leg.

Wide-awake now, we tumbled out of the car. Bruce, who had brought engineering instruments, checked the lay of the land. I got busy taking pictures with an old-type Graflex camera as big as a woman's hat box. Brayley scribbled notes.

Any idea that something magnetic in the soil had actually drawn the car up the slope was washed out when we noticed the water in the ditch was flowing "uphill" too. The whole thing was an optical illusion, created by the extraordinary and deceptive downsweep of the entire landscape: this "upgrade" was really a downgrade, a less steep continuation of the downgrade that faced it.

Oddly, no mention of the phenomenon had ever appeared in print, as far as we knew. Few farmers, even in the immediate vicinity, had observed the peculiar characteristics of the hill. A girl who was selling homemade ice cream at a little stand beside her parents' driveway, and tending a gasoline pump at the same time, watched us in puzzlement from the intersecting highway above.

In giving us our tip Alex Ellihad claimed he sought out the hill and tried it himself after hearing the tale from his brother, who in turn had heard it from a clergyman years before.

"It was the most astonishing thing I ever experienced," the minister was reported to have said. "I was bringing some children home from a picnic when a thunderstorm broke. I stopped my car at the bottom of a hill to put up the side curtains — and the automobile started to run up the next hill!"

Even after the pictures and story appeared in the "The Telegraph-Journal" the next morning, people were skeptical. Some of them, too, possibly doubted our sanity. A Moncton paper published a small item headed: "Silly Story in Saint John Papar." The following Sunday, however, the "skeptical" flocked by the hundreds to the hill.

Almost overnight, Cinderella-like, Magnetic Hill was transformed from another dip in the road to one of Canada's most widely-publicized tourist attractions — its magnetic quality being evident in the fact it has drawn a continuous stream of visitors ever since. Strangely, more Americans than Canadians seem to know about it. In 23 years more than half a million cars have followed Bruce's 1931 Ford roadster to sample the experience of apparently gliding "uphill" with the clutch disengaged.

The site has blossomed. Beside the hill today is a modern gift shop. It contains a post office which caters exclusively to the itinerant public: outgoing mail is stamped "Magnetic Hill, N.B., Canada" from May 1 to October 31.

Across the road is a provincial park where orphan wild animals picked up by game wardens — deer, bears, fishers, beaver, foxes — peer out curiously through the wire fence at the strange, chortling, shouting antics of human on wheels.

The provincial government considerately sidetracked Magnetic Hill and detoured the main highway to let the coasters coast undisturbed — also to avoid a chronic traffic jam.

I visited the hill last summer for the first time since 1933, and was surprised to find that Mrs. Ludwig Sikorski, who runs the tourist shop, is the former Muriel Lutes who 22 years before had sold us an ice-cream breakfast. She remembered our eventful excursion.

"I moved down from the other road in 1935," she explained, "but I still specialize in homemade ice cream, as well as New Brunswick buckwheat-and-buttermilk pancakes with our own maple syrup, and I still sell Imperial Oil's gasoline." Ironically, here the visitor sees an Esso gas pump at a location where cars flock to travel uphill without using gasoline. "One Sunday in August more than 3,500 people came out to try the hill," she said. "We figure about 150,000 people visit us each year. Almost everyone who visits Moncton drops in — Princess Alexandra, the daughter of the Duchess of Kent, drove out here even though the oyal train was making only a short stopover in town."

By Stuart Truemen in Imperial Oil Review.

You can't go 'ALL-OUT' If you Feel 'ALL-IN'

These days most people work under pressure, worry more, sleep less. This strain on body and brain makes physical fitness easier to lose—harder to regain. Today's tense living, lowered resistance, overwork, worry—any of these may affect normal kidney action. When kidneys get out of order, excess acids and wastes remain in the system. Then backache, disturbed rest, that "tired-out" heavy-headed feeling often follow. That's the time to take Dodd's Kidney Pills. Dodd's stimulate the kidneys to normal action. Then you feel better—sleep better—work better. Ask for Dodd's Kidney Pills at any drug counter. 53

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SCYTHIA	*Wed. SEPT. 26	Havre, Southampton	QUEEN ELIZABETH	Wed. SEPT. 26	Cherbourg, Southampton
CARINTHIA	Fri. SEPT. 28	Liverpool	MAURETANIA	Thurs. SEPT. 27	Cobh, Havre, Southampton
SAXONIA	Fri. OCT. 5	Greenock, Liverpool	PARTHIA	Fri. SEPT. 28	Liverpool
ASCANIA	Wed. OCT. 10	Havre, Southampton	QUEEN MARY	Wed. OCT. 3	Cherbourg, Southampton
IVERNIA	Fri. OCT. 12	Liverpool	BRITANNIC	Thurs. OCT. 4	Cobh, Liverpool
CARINTHIA	Fri. OCT. 19	Greenock, Liverpool	QUEEN ELIZABETH	Wed. OCT. 10	Cherbourg, Southampton
SCYTHIA	*Wed. OCT. 24	Havre, Southampton	MEDIA	Fri. OCT. 12	Liverpool
SAXONIA	Fri. OCT. 26	Liverpool	MAURETANIA	Tues. OCT. 16	Cobh, Havre, Southampton
IVERNIA	Fri. NOV. 2	Greenock, Liverpool	QUEEN MARY	Wed. OCT. 17	Cherbourg, Southampton
ASCANIA	Wed. NOV. 7	Havre, Southampton	FRANCONIA	Thurs. OCT. 18	Cobh, Liverpool
CARINTHIA	Fri. NOV. 9	Liverpool	QUEEN ELIZABETH	Wed. OCT. 24	Cherbourg, Southampton
SAXONIA	Fri. NOV. 16	Greenock, Liverpool	PARTHIA	Fri. OCT. 26	Liverpool
SCYTHIA	*Sat. NOV. 17	Havre, Southampton	QUEEN MARY	Wed. OCT. 31	Cherbourg, Southampton
IVERNIA	Sat NOV. 24	Havre, Southampton	BRITANNIC	Thurs. NOV. 1	Cobh, Liverpool
CARINTHIA	Thurs. NOV. 29	Greenock, Liverpool	MAURETANIA	Sat. NOV. 3	Cobh, Havre, Southampton
	From HALIFAX		QUEEN ELIZABETH	Thurs. NOV. 8	Cherbourg, Southampton
ASCANIA	Sun. DEC. 9	Havre, Southampton	MEDIA	Fri. NOV. 9	Liverpool
SAXONIA	Sat. DEC. 15	Cobh, Liverpool	QUEEN MARY	Thurs. NOV. 15	Cherbourg, Southampton
IVERNIA	Fri. DEC. 21	Havre, Southampton	FRANCONIA	Thurs. NOV. 15	Cobh, Liverpool
CARINTHIA	Sat. JAN. 12	Cobh, Liverpool	QUEEN ELIZABETH	Fri. NOV. 23	Cherbourg, Southampton
IVERNIA	Fri. JAN. 18	Havre, Southampton	PARTHIA	Fri. NOV. 23	Liverpool
SCYTHIA	Sun. FEB. 3	Havre, Southampton	BRITANNIC	Thurs. NOV. 29	Cobh, Liverpool
SAXONIA	Sat. FEB. 9	Cobh, Liverpool	QUEEN MARY	Fri. NOV. 30	Cherbourg, Southampton
IVERNIA	Fri. FEB. 15	Havre, Southampton	ASCANIA	Fri. DEC. 7	Havre, Southampton
CARINTHIA	Sat. FEB. 23	Cobh, Liverpool	MEDIA	Fri. DEC. 7	Liverpool
SCYTHIA	Sat. MAR. 2	Havre, Southampton	QUEEN ELIZABETH	Sat. DEC. 8	Cherbourg, Southampton

*From Quebec

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