

Perfect tea is so easy
to make with

"SALADA" TEA BAGS

ANNE HIRST Your Family Counselor

"DEAR ANNE HIRST: Why am I like this? I am happily married, and satisfied with my husband and little son. But I guess I'm still a flirt."



"I crave attention from other men. I even go out with them when given the chance. I don't do anything wrong, it's just to have a good time dancing with somebody who flatters me."

"The worst part about it is, I don't feel the least bit guilty! Can you explain it?"

"Confused."

UNMORAL?

* Are you one of those who are called unmoral—having no sense of right and wrong?
* —Or just a silly girl who married at 17, and feels she has missed the good times she was entitled to?

* Either reason could explain your childish behaviour.

* Suppose your husband did the same? —Was out night after night, leaving you alone with your baby, and defended himself as you do, "I'm not doing anything wrong?" You would put your foot down, even threaten to go home to mother, wouldn't you?

* What are your friends saying? You must be utterly lacking in self-respect to expose yourself to the gossip your carryings-on invite.

* Perhaps you are one of those people (and they are not all

* men) who should never have married.—Wanting only attention and flattery, you flit from man to man, playing up to each until his line bores you, and then seeking a new playmate.

* Have you any idea what these men think of you? One of them may really frighten you some night. A married woman who dates other men cannot expect any high regard from them. It is what you think of yourself that should concern you.

* Your husband may be indulgent, and smile at your adolescent antics. But he would not be human if he did not resent it. How long do you think his patience will endure?

* You are playing with fire, my friend. If you keep it up you will get scorched, if not consumed. I suggest that you sit down today and read the marriage service of your church. Weigh especially the vow "forsaking all others, cling only to him as long as you both shall live." A vow is a solemn promise. How are you living up to yours?

* That you do not feel guilty suggests lack of character. Try to see yourself as you would see any friend of yours who is behaving as you are today. Resolve to put behind you these childish ways, and don the dignity of a wife and mother—before tragedy overtakes you.

Seeing herself as others see her, has made many a frivolous girl stop in her tracks. Anne Hirst will warn you where folly leads. Write her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM by Gwendoline D. Clarke

The house is pleasantly warm—but not on account of the weather. We had to fall back on furnace heat to give us May temperature. But we have had a wonderful week—bright sunny days with just enough heat to make outside chores a pleasure. And I make good use of it . . . three days, raking and cutting grass, trimming border edges, cutting dead wood out of shrubs, building bonfires, transplanting a few things here and there, putting in a bit of early gardening—and enjoying it all.

For the last few years Partner has looked after the lawns but now we are alone he has plenty of other jobs to keep him busy so I have taken over grass cutting operations again. Right away I felt a new mower was a necessity—Partner would probably have managed with the old one. There is something about a new mower—it sort of gives you enthusiasm you might not otherwise feel—and one needs enthusiasm for the grass there is to cut around here. However, I don't do it all at once but, following Partner's advice, I spread it over a three or four day period, and then start all over again.

In between gardening and getting meals I manage a bit of reading, a bit of writing and keep one ear tuned to the radio for the highlights of the day. Sometimes I drop off to sleep in the middle of a broadcast—working outside sure makes you sleepy. Now don't let anyone suggest anything else, of course it's the outside air that does it . . . it couldn't be that I'm getting old.

Well, the cost of living is up another two cents—and this time

the powers that be blame it on butter, of all things! How could that be when about 75% of the people are supposedly eating margarine? Better think that over again, Mr. Howe—it didn't sound like a very good guess to us.

This morning the dogs and I walked around the farm—just to see what the probs were for meeting this increased cost of living. The dogs had a great time. Once, all I could see of Honey was her fat little rump sticking out of a ground-hog's hole.

Well, the wheat was looking good; one field of clover not too bad and another very poor. The fall ploughing is still far too wet to work—although some of our neighbours are out on the land. At the barn there was a calf three hours old and a stable full of healthy looking cows. As long as the cows keep milking and our health and strength—such as it is—holds out, we shall probably keep the wolf from the door. But you never can tell with animals—they are here today and gone tomorrow. One neighbour lost a fresh cow last week—\$350 gone right off the bat.

Sometimes I think it wouldn't be a bad idea if every family had a cow in its own backyard. We wouldn't hear so much about the price of milk then. But of course the milk from your cow wouldn't be worth 20c a quart—just 4c—the same as the farmer gets. And it wouldn't be pasteurized—unless you did it yourself. Out of every 4c it would take at least 3c to feed the cow. Then someone would have to milk her night and morning; feed and water her, clean her stall and bed her down with straw. Probably you would soon discover that cleaning out even one stall

is just as hard work as shovelling snow or tending a coal furnace. And of course, the whole family couldn't pile into the car and go off for the week-end, either summer or winter. Someone must stay home and look after the cow. Given proper care Bossie should milk for at least nine months—twice a day, night and morning, don't forget. During that time you would have to get her bred or else have a boarder on your hands at the end of her lactation period.

Well, Mr. Urbanite, how do you

very well have both. No milk to buy; an unlimited supply for the children; cream off the milk for your coffee; mother might even save enough to make butter. Think of the advantages! All that—just for an hour's work night and morning. Of course you would first have to pay out good, hard cash for your cow—and then she might get sick and die—and bang goes \$300-\$500, according to whether she was a grade or pure-bred. But then farmers take that risk, why not you?



A Study In Blonde—Actress Alice Faye, wife of singer-bandleader Phil Harris, gets a pre-Mother's Day peck on each cheek from her pretty blonde daughters, Alice, left and Phyllis. The nearness of Mother's Day helped put the girls in an affectionate mood, but the new bicycles they received may have had something to do with it, too.

Your cow would teach you a lot. You would understand what the farmer means when he says he is "tied to the cow's tail." After a few months you might even be glad to sell your cow and be only too thankful to get your milk by the bottle—at 25c a quart if necessary—and think it cheap at the price! Experience is a wonderful teacher.

NOT TOO HARD

"I can't give nuthin'," an old negro told the pastor who'd called to request a contribution to the church funds. "I owes nearly everybody in dis here town dis minute."

"But don't you owe the Lord something, too?" inquired the pastor.

"Course I does," admitted the negro. "But He ain't pressing me like my other creditors."

MODERN YOUNG MEN are not so concerned with a girl's family tree as with the shape of the limbs thereon.—Schleswig Leader.

IF YOU HAVE an open mind, chances are something worth while will drop into it.—Roland Record.



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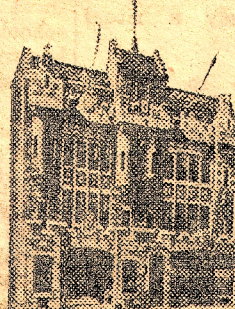


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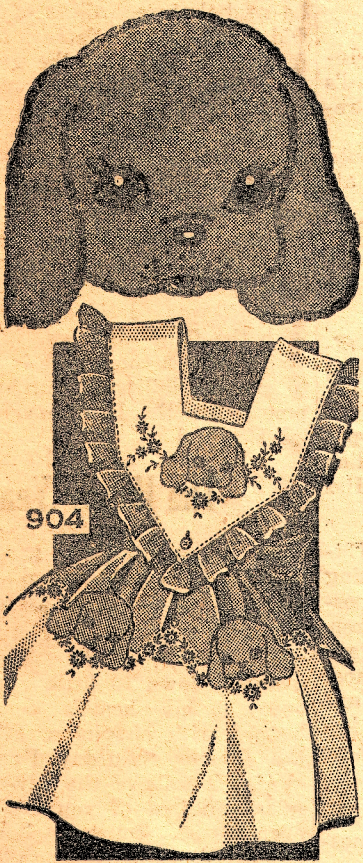
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LAURA WHEELER

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