

Coast To Coast

FROM BRITISH COLUMBIA TO PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Ruby Johnson and Mary F. Tait
(Concluded from Tuesday's issue.)

The following day presented other cars and pedestrians. We had heavy city traffic down to a system—the driver (did the driving) and watched the lights and traffic, while the other did the map reading, peered at the sign posts and also did the back seat driving. We managed to find a quiet route about 30 miles out of the city of Chicago, but it was plenty close for us.

The next day we left at 7 o'clock in the morning, hoping to avoid traffic, but in spite of the hour it took us two hours to get 50 miles out of the suburbs of that busy bustling metropolis. We proceeded along a winding country road with huge maple trees forming an archway over the road, and for the remainder of the day the scenery did not change. Arriving in Detroit that evening we were quite surprised to notice the traffic did not delay us too much and we crossed the Ambassador Bridge to Windsor, Ontario without any difficulty.

How good it was to be in Canada once more! We spent Sept. 10, driving through the somewhat flat, rich countryside of Southern Ontario, going through the better known cities of Chatham, London, Woodstock, and so on to Fort Erie. From there, we again went through the routine checking of the customs and arrived in Buffalo, N. Y. to spend a very enjoyable visit with Ruby's cousin, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Sultan and son Jan. Our visit was more than overnight, as we had planned, as our host and hostess were so very anxious to show us the sights of Buffalo: Ruby was able to go swimming in the Niagara River, but it was cold, or at least the rest of us thought so. Another interesting attraction to us was the television, and at times we could scarcely tear ourselves away from its screen.

We left Buffalo and went to Niagara Falls via the Grand Island, N. Y. We viewed the American Falls, and the Horseshoe Falls from many angles and, to us they seemed beautiful beyond description. One truly has "to see to believe". The Niagara Peninsula reminded us of our own Okanagan Valley in British Columbia—acres of fruit trees all bright and shining with their fruit laden branches of peaches, pears, apples and plums. Many large vineyards were also in evidence. From the Niagara Peninsula, we drove north through St. Catharines, Hamilton and Guelph to the city of Owen Sound where once more we were given a welcome reception in the home of Mary's cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Stewart and family. They were most kind in showing us the surrounding countryside and the lovely shores of Georgian Bay and Lake Huron. We left them on Monday, Sept. 15 to spend a few hours with Mr. and Mrs. W. Winter, Walkerton, Ont. just 60 miles from Owen Sound. Mr. and Mrs. Winter have a married daughter in B. C. who was a good friend of ours so we enjoyed meeting her parents and there we were, figuratively speaking, "given the keys of their home and city".

The next morning was once more sunny and bright, all was in our favour as we travelled eastward through more farm country and fruit orchards of Ontario. The cities of Oshawa, Kingston and Brockville proved to be busy and prospering, and our progress was rather impeded, however, we made up for lost time driving along the mighty St. Lawrence River. The scenery along the Longue Sault Canal with its many locks was wonderful and different to anything else we had seen elsewhere on our route. To behold so many large freighters steaming up and down the narrow canal was also strange to us, and we felt robbed that we were unable to tarry and observe these interesting activities.

The quaintness of Quebec was noticed right away as we entered each village. Largest building seen was the church, unusually beautiful, gilded and decorated, and the tall shining spire which towered above everything else. The homes in these villages were built close together and in some instances as close to the road as possible leaving little or no room for the sidewalk. The farms reminded us of pictures we had seen showing the feudal system of serf and landowner farming. Small, narrow, long strips of fields all enclosed by fences and each containing various grains etc. . . . Many horse and buggies were seen being used by the people who were unable to have cars, or maybe they enjoy their less modern means of transportation. The only problem we encountered in Quebec was the language difficulty. . . . Our French was almost nil and Swedish didn't seem to go over very well at all. The best way to overcome our embarrassing moments was to talk with our hands in wild gestures and that falling to pop into our ears and get moving. However, we did find a rest-room before night was upon us.

We travelled along the South bank of the St. Lawrence from Montreal to Lewis viewing Quebec City only from the opposite side of the river and, then on to Mont Joli for the night. Our language differences showed no improvement with our Swedish that night either—nevertheless her hospitality was evident. She presented us with a bag of lovely apples as we paid our dinner bill. We decided that night it was about time we were getting home as we were the only occupants at the motel and fewer cars had been noticed the past two days and it looked as if the holidays were over for another year.

Surely we were like horses, who knew they were going home because the next day we sped out of Quebec, left the good roads behind and into New Brunswick. Leaving the St. Lawrence River to widen and empty into the Gulf, we found ourselves along another river—but equally beautiful river, the St. John. We drove through the towns of Edmundston, Grand Falls, Woodstock and Fredericton. In this fair city of Edmundston, we stopped to re-fuel and as in most gas stations, we briefly related our trip route to the attendant and told him of our destination and like many before him he wished us "luck" as we departed. . . . We wonder how many kind men wished us luck and then said to themselves: "they will need it" or even more cruel: "They will never make it."

We crossed on the Evandale Ferry, our first boat trip, and even though it was short, it did add a bit of colour to our adventures. We left the St. John River behind and drove across country to Norton and headed for Moncton. While we were driving through a wooded area and when we least expected excitement we saw a moose deer standing on the road bank reviewing the traffic, just like a commander inspecting his troops. So strong and stalwart did he look, and with such an appealing face, we wondered how hunters could be so ruthless to raise their guns and shoot such an animal.

In Moncton, we spent our last night in a tidy and cosy motel. Tourists yet . . . but not for long. The next morning, Sept. 18, we visited relatives of Mary, Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Chespeuck, and after lunch we drove to Cape Tormentine, N. B. where we boarded the Car Ferry "Abegweit" which was to transport us on our second and last boat trip to our destination. An enjoyable, though impatient, hour was spent on the ship before we set foot on Prince Edward Island, at Borden. The "Garden of the Gulf" truly lives up to its name as we surveyed the rolling meadows, rich fields of potatoes, turnips and cut grain, set against a backdrop of red clay and blue skies.

We arrived in Southport, just across the Hillsboro River from Charlottetown with mixed feelings: a little sorry perhaps because our wonderful journey was over, but more so, we believe, thankful we were able to do it and with so much success. A long desired ambition cherished and reached, and to make it all so much more unique from the mechanical standpoint, we had no trouble with our car. . . . Not even so much as a flat tire!

Miss Nissen cannot reply personally to readers but will answer problems of interest through this column.

India Exchanges Farm Knowledge



Indian farmers at Delhi exhibit samples of their record wheat crop to visiting U. S. farmers. The visitors are in India as part of an exchange-student plan whereby young farmers from both countries work and study agricultural methods for three months.

Crozier-Jamieson Wedding

The marriage of Hilda Vivian, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney H. Jamieson, to Glendon Lockhart Crozier of Hamilton, P.E.I., took place in Campbellton, N. B., United Church at 3 o'clock, Saturday, October 10, Rev. J. E. Munson officiating. Miss Gladys MacDonald played the wedding music. Standards of pink and white gladioli formed the floral decorations, with tiny nosegays marking the guest pews.

The bride, given in marriage by her brother, Laine G. Jamieson of Arvida, Que., was gowned in a ballerina-length dress of ice blue shot taffeta, featuring a scoop neckline and very full skirt of tiny gorges. She wore a matching feather hat, studded with rhinestones, and a shoulder length circular veil. Pink carnations centered her cascade bouquet.

Miss Kathleen Doyle, as bridesmaid, was gowned in a ballerina-length dress of shell pink pure silk organza with draped bodice, Empire waistline and full skirt, over which she wore a matching jacket. Her cascade bouquet of pastel blue carnations matched her hat of velvet leaves.

Mr. Wendell Crozier of Hamilton, P.E.I., was best man for his brothers, and the ushers were, Mr. Lloyd Hinton and Mr. Jack Davidge.

Mrs. Jamieson, mother of the bride, wore a street-length dress of grey crepe, with yoke and sleeves of matching lace, a mauve velour hat, a corsage of baby mums to tone with her hat, and a stone marten scarf.

Mrs. Crozier, mother of the groom, wore a street length dress of blue crepe, with a black velvet hat, black accessories and a corsage of red roses on her milk scarf.

Following the ceremony a reception was held in the ladies' parlor of the church, where baby mums and gladioli formed the floral decorations. The bride's table was centered with the wedding cake.

Later Mr. and Mrs. Crozier left for their wedding trip to the New England States and Ontario. For travelling the bride wore a suit of grey novelty tweed with red carnations. On their return they will reside in Newcastle, N.B.

Sullivan-Lanteigne Wedding

A wedding of interest in the Maritimes was solemnized in All Saints Church, Cardigan on Sept. 21, when Mary Leona Lanteigne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lanteigne, Lower Montserrat, was united in marriage with Alban Joseph Sullivan, son of Mr. and Mrs. John L. Sullivan, Cardigan. Rev. Harold Croken celebrated the Nuptial Mass. Appropriate hymns were sung by the church choir, with Mrs. Earl Macdonald as organist.

The bride, given in marriage by her father, chose a floor-length gown of white lace and net, styled with full skirt, belted top and long sleeves. Her full-length veil was arranged coronet style. She carried an arm bouquet of American Beauty roses.

Miss Annette Lanteigne, sister of the bride, dressed in a floor-length gown of pink taffeta with matching headress and mitts, and carrying an arm bouquet of carnations, was the bridesmaid.

Little Gail Arsenault, niece of the bride, was flower girl in a blue taffeta dress, shoulder veil and carrying a nosegay of carnations.

Mr. Urban Sullivan, brother of the groom, was the best man and ushers were: Messrs. Raymond Fitzpatrick and Eugene Sullivan.

The wedding reception was held at the bride's home where a three-tier wedding cake graced the bride's table and multi-colored gladioli decorated the room.

The bride's mother wore a wine suit with gray accessories and a corsage of yellow roses. The groom's mother was dressed in a medium blue crepe dress with pink accessories and a corsage of pink roses.

For travelling the bride chose a mauve ottoman cord suit trimmed with rhinestones and pearls. Her coat and accessories were navy blue.

After a short honeymoon trip in the Province the happy couple left for Halifax, where they will reside.

Doiron-Schnurr Wedding

Standards of late summer flowers made an attractive setting on Sept. 12, at St. Mary's R.C. Church, Farmos, Ont., when Henrietta Marie daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schnurr, exchanged vows with Walter Benjamin son of Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Dolron, Mayfield, P.E.I. Rev. Mgr. Lenhardt performed the double ring ceremony. The wedding music was played by Isadore Gioerck.

The bride, given in marriage by her father, wore a gown of slipper satin fashioned with a fitted bodice of French chantilly lace, nylon yoke, Peter Pan collar and lily-point sleeves. Skirt was ruffled over a crinoline, was topped with nylon net ending in a cathedral train. Her halo of pleated net held her double tiered finger-tip veil of illusion tulle edged with corded ribbon. She carried a pink rosary and mother-of-pearl prayer book, topped with pink sweetheart roses from which fell streamers of rose buds and Stephanotis.

Miss Muriel Dolron, sister of the bridegroom, was maid of honor, wearing a strapless gown of shrimp satin topped with tiers of nylon and net jacket.

The bridesmaids, Mrs. Harvey Gutscher and the Misses Anna, Rita and Alvera Schnurr, all sisters of the bride wore powder blue gowns, identical to the maid of honour. Halos of pleated nylon net trimmed with seed pearls completed their costumes. All carried blue baskets of roses, mums and carnations harmonizing with their gowns.

Carol Welshar, cousin of the bride, was the charming flower girl, wearing a pink taffeta gown identical to the bridesmaids, trimmed with powder blue velvet ribbons and matching halo and blue shoes. She carried a white lace trimmed heart topped with pink sweetheart roses from which fell blue streamers and pink rose buds.

Mr. Norman Schnurr, brother of the bride, was groomsmen. Mr. Harvey Gutscher, brother-in-law of the bride and Mr. John Arnold were ushers.

Dinner was served at the home of the bride's parents. The toast to the bride was proposed by Rev. Mgr. Lenhardt and responded to by the groom. Receiving the guests was the bride's mother who wore a navy sheer dress with lace inserts, and navy accessories. The bridegroom's mother also wore a navy sheer dress with navy accessories. Both wore corsages of red roses.

The buffet luncheon and reception was also held at the bride's home.

For a wedding trip to the U.S.A., the bride wore a beige wool gabardine suit with a matching feathered hat and brown accessories, and a corsage of brown and yellow mums. On their return they will reside in Toronto.

Previous to her marriage the bride was the guest of honour at two showers staged by her fellow employees of Swift's in Toronto.

Until tomorrow . . . Good-night . . .

people—it is composed of people—it functions only by the active support of the people.

The films which were shown during the latter part of the evening stressed the value of first aid training in the prevention of accidents.

ELLEN'S DIARY

Continued from page 2

may not be spread carelessly but with due regard to the preferences of the individuals about. There is, with running commentary when a little lad helps, "Jamie's plate" of silvery-gray. It's own is of yellow, cup and all and if "Gran" daddy and Daddy don't seem to mind which ones we give them" Rob's setting must include the silver spoon always his at Alderia and which was among the goods and stock settled on him when he came to this farm. And if its mate, one of a pair, a present to us from an old lady a half century ago, note for any grace or kindness of our own but "because, Ellen, your mother is always so good to me", disappeared back through the years we charged its loss to the mud-pie phase which seems to be an integral and fascinating part of the growing-up.

"And what are we going to work at today?" This was James' query to Rob. And we smiled knowing the reply before it was uttered.

"Whatever suits you. If you'd rather we should tidy up those hales, we'll go at that, or if you think we should dig potatoes—why that it will be!" James ate in silence, not we suspected that he was in profound thought, the selection likely having been at least half-settled in mind before the Sabbath watch came on. "Well," he offered, "we'll see what the young fellow says."

And so as always it perfect accord, as we think becomes father and sons, given the best of weather for it, the hales were stowed here and there in piggeries and barns at Alderia, in a nice ending to the season of our threshing.

And James? Was his spirit bowed by the weight this work, which weather-delayed, had extended into weeks. On the contrary. He looked out along the stubbles this evening. "I enjoyed it," he offered. "And do you know, Ellen," he added "I wouldn't have minded spending another day or two at it. There's nothing like having plenty of grain and straw about!"

And this day? Parcelled now and bound with a ribbon of moonbeam we give it "against that day" to the Keeper of all those days that are past.

Until tomorrow . . . Good-night . . .

SECOND BLOOM
TILBURY, England. (CP) — A lilac tree and an apple tree blossomed in September for the second time this year. Local experts believe last winter's floods, which swept this Essex area, had something to do with the double crop.

Red Cross Meeting Held At Eldon

Eldon Hall was filled with men, women and children on Wednesday evening for the "Know Your Red Cross" programme.

Misses Norma Duvar and Ruth Ross delighted the audience as they performed several Scotch dances accompanied by Piper Bruce MacLaren.

Mr. J. Gordon McDonald, chairman of the Red Cross Disaster Services explained briefly the purposes of this service and introduced the members of a team of volunteer first aid workers from the Experimental Farm. The members of this team—Messrs. Bruce MacLaren, Arthur Ballein, Frank Gaudet, Arthur Grant, James Nicholson and George Whiteside demonstrated the first aid treatment of burns, wounds and fractures. They also showed the Holger Neilson method of artificial respiration.

Dr. A. J. Murchison reviewed the activities of the First Aid Services during this year and urged that classes be organized in the Eldon area.

Li.-Col. Leo Macdonald, president of the Prince Edward Island Division of the Red Cross spoke on the many services of the organization and emphasized the expansion of this work year by year.

The keynote of his address was that the Red Cross belongs to the

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ELECTRIC RAILS
Virtually all the railway traffic in Sweden is carried over electric lines.

NORTHERN ROUTE

Hudson Strait was not fully penetrated until 1610 when Henry Hudson sailed through it to Hudson Bay.

Dorothy Dix's Column

Continued from page 2

The principal and the other assistant do all the planning, while I have the work of carrying out their ideas. Whenever there is some off-campus activity, they attend while I am left with the children. How can I demand my rights?

ANSWER: Yours is a position in which most newcomers to a profession find themselves in the beginning. Your principal and the other teacher accept, as seniority right, certain privileges which will come to you in time. Working in such close association with others entails greater co-operation from you than from the older teachers, since you are on quasi probation. Unless your "rights" are being flagrantly abused, it would be more diplomatic for you to be gracious about accepting your duties, than to make a big to-do of demanding consideration.

MISS NISSEN cannot reply personally to readers but will answer problems of interest through this column.

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