

Takes Oshawa Bride



Mr. and Mrs. Harold Coles

St. George's Anglican Church, Oshawa, was the scene of a wedding recently when Gertrude Fay Oatway, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Oatway of Oshawa was united in marriage with Mr. Harold Alton Coles of Oshawa, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lemuel Coles of Milton, Prince Edward Island.

White button chrysanthemums on the altar, yellow and rust chrysanthemums flanking the altar steps which were repeated in the same flowers with white satin ribbons designating their pews formed the setting for the ceremony conducted by Canon David M. Rose. Mr. Leon Nash A. T. C. M. presided at the organ and Mrs. John Peacock of Port William, soloist sang "The Lord's Prayer". The bridal party were proceeded up the aisle by the choir, of which the bride is a member, singing "Praise My Soul O King of Heaven" and during the signing of the register "O Perfect Love".

Given in marriage by her father the bride wore a gown of white nylon net and Chantilly lace over satin. The moulded bodice fashioned of the lace was designed with a high round neckline inset with scalloped yoke of natural tulle giving an off the shoulder effect. The sleeves were long and pointed to the hand. The bouffant floor-length net skirt worn over a crinoline was accented with an apron peplum of the lace banded in net, and swept into a two panel train at the back. A half hat of lace over satin held her finger tip veil of tulle illusion bordered with lace. She wore a single strand of pearls, the gift of the bridegroom, and carried a cascade of Briarcliffe pink roses. Mrs. John Maclean was matron of honor wearing Autumn gold and carrying tulle skirts with yellow chrysanthemums and brown net florets.

The bridesmaids were Miss Margaret Ricketts and Miss Shirley Hele in coffee brown, and their flowers were tawny gold roses, orange chrysanthemums and yellow net florets. The gowns worn by all the attendants were styled with strapless bodices of the lace complemented with matching jackets and mittens. Their billowing floor-length skirts fell in handkerchief points. They wore bandeaux of matching tulle leaves on their hair and they each wore the bride's gift a single strand of pearls, an matching earrings.

Alice Brooks Designs



JIFFY SQUARES! Each square is 5-inches - takes just minutes to crochet! Join squares together - that's all! You'll give thanks for this Afghan on chilly evenings ahead. Pattern 7010: Use scraps of yarn or combine 3 colors for this quick-crochet Afghan. Send Twenty-five Cents in coins for this pattern (stamps cannot be accepted) to ALICE BROOKS Designs c/o The Guardian, 60 Front Street West, Toronto, Ontario. Please print plainly Name, Address and Pattern Number.

How Can I... By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I obliterate scratches on my mahogany furniture? A. Paint the scratches with iodine until the proper shade is reached, let dry, then polish until glossy. Q. How can I remove some candle grease from my black suede shoes? A. Take a piece of brown wrapping paper, cover the candle grease with it, then hold a warm iron over it. The spot will soon be absorbed.

Islanders Marry In Hamilton, Ontario



Pictured above following their wedding at St. Patrick's Church, Hamilton, Ont., on Sept. 12 are Mr. and Mrs. Clement MacDonald and their attendants. Left to right are Miss Olive MacIntyre (bridesmaid); Mrs. Harold Lanigan (matron of honor), Mr. and Mrs. Clement MacDonald (nee Mary MacIntyre), Shirley MacDonald (flower girl), Mr. Dan MacDonald (best man), and Norbert MacDonald (usher).

A pretty autumn wedding was solemnized by Rev. J. H. Higgins, in St. Patrick's Church, Hamilton, Ont., on Sept. 12, when Mary Cecelia, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George MacIntyre of Cardigan, P.E.I., exchanged vows with Clement Francis MacDonald son of the late Mr. and Mrs. George MacDonald of Howe Bay, P.E.I. The bride was given in marriage by her brother-in-law Mr. Harold Lanigan. She wore a floor-length gown of white nylon net and lace over satin, the strapless bodice of chantilly lace featuring long sleeves tapering to points over the hands and wing collar. The three quarter veil was held in place with a crown trimmed with pearls. She carried a white satin prayer book decorated with lace and orchids.

Mrs. Harold Lanigan was her sister's matron-of-honor. She wore yellow net over taffeta, and bridesmaid Olive MacIntyre, also a sister of the bride, was attired in mauve net over taffeta. Each wore matching headresses and mitts and carried white satin prayer books decorated with tulle and roses. Miss Shirley MacDonald niece of the groom was flowergirl.

Mr. Dan MacDonald brother of the groom was best man. Mr. Norbert MacDonald was usher. A reception for 70 guests was held at the Avon Hotel where the bride's table was centered with a three-tier wedding cake topped with a miniature bride and groom, encircled with lighted tapers and bouquets of sweet peas. For a honeymoon trip in New York City the bride chose a navy blue dress with mauve accessories and a corsage of orchids. The newlyweds will reside in Hamilton.

from the bridegroom. Before leaving the bride presented her bridal bouquet to her grandmother, Mrs. George Northcott. Out-of-town guests were: Mr. and Mrs. James Coles, Charlotte, P. E. I.; Miss Mary Oatway, Ottawa; Miss Gladys Oatway, Peterborough; Mr. Gordon Oatway, Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hardwick, Peterborough; Mrs. W. Langford, Peterborough.

DOROTHY DIX'S COLUMN - Her Vacillating Beau

After Spat Girl Still Loves Boy Now Dating Frauleins Abroad

DEAR MISS DIX: I'm 19 and in love with Roger, who is five years older. He began in the Army for most of the two years I've known him, and is now in Germany. He was a devoted beau at the beginning of our friendship, dependable and considerate. However, for the past year I never know where I'm at with him. He made dates, broke them, forgot to apologize, then did the same thing again. When I called him at home, he was never there. I got angry, then because I love him so much, I forgave him with the hope he would change. Twice we've broken off, but after the usual penitent overtures on his part, we resumed our friendship. When he left for Germany he asked me to wait for him, and I promised I would. He wrote regularly at first, then his letters became less frequent, and finally one came suggesting that I go out with other boys since he was dating German girls. I never answered that letter. His mother, with whom I am very friendly, says his letters to her indicate that he's blue and lonely.

On several occasions he has told me he was sending gifts or pictures, which never arrived. What can I gather from his behavior? Perhaps I've given in to him too much. As the youngest of six children he is somewhat spoiled.

ANSWER: I have condensed your very long letter into the general facts of a vacillating sweetheart who finds it difficult to make up his mind about anything, or having made it up, is unable to stick by the decision, thus resetting the cycle of uncertainty. It is not necessarily entirely his fault. A young man transplanted into regimental life in a foreign country is bound to find adjustment difficult.

Remind Him of Home

Companionship at hand is what he wants, and people state-side seem remote. If you continue to write him, you will at least be supplying something tangible to keep him reminded of home, of the permanency of family and friendship ties, along with the fact that folks on the home-front are interested in his welfare. This may be difficult for you, but it will do much to keep up his morale, whether he admits it to you or not. In the meantime, it would be most unwise for you to forego all dating and the fun natural to young people. I would suggest that you continue writing to Roger, looking to your own social life, telling him about your dates, and reminding him of his suggestion. If your heart isn't won by anyone else before Roger's return, and you still love him then, give him another chance to prove, or disprove, his dependability. You are still very young, so the time element isn't too vital. I hope your problem, which is shared by so many young people today, is solved happily.

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

Anne Adams Patterns

SHAPELY SHEATH With this shapely sheath in your wardrobe, you'll never have another "what-to-wear" worry! It's so versatile, smart, new-looking! Note the squared, armhole, squared hip pockets. Sew this NOW in faille, wool, jersey, or winter cotton—you'll love it! Pattern 4560: Misses' Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20; 40. Size 16 takes 4 yards 39-inch fabric. This pattern easy to use, simple to sew, is tested for fit. Has complete illustrated instructions. Send Thirty-five cents (35c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern. Print plainly Size, Name, Address, Style Number. Send order to ANNE ADAMS, c/o The Guardian, 60 Front Street West, Toronto, Canada.

come as a prelude to most worthwhile achievement. Good fortune for which you have waited so long, will come closer to realization and even temporary disappointments, such as a family objection to romance, will be ultimately cleared up. There is a possibility that some particular talent, artistic idea or the use of personal initiative may bring special recognition or honors. Despite the stimulation of such creative ideas, however, it would be well to remember that achievement will be easier if you follow the conventional paths in fulfilling them rather than to attempt the bizarre or spectacular. A child born on this day will be courageous, independent and self-confident.



A Country Garden

By Mrs. Gordon MacMillan THE ESSENCE OF AUTUMN

The pungent, fruity odor of ripening grapes on the side of an old barn or fence is a sure reminder of Autumn with its bounteous harvest and its changing tints and shades which enliven the landscape. The clear sunny days and that curious, encircling purplish haze which often settles down on hilly regions in the afternoon when the sun is on the wane add to our enjoyment of the ever changing horizon.

To some, Autumn is a sad time of the year, but why should it be? Is it not but the approaching rest period for the flowers, shrubs and trees that we have cultivated and enjoyed since the last Spring frost disappeared. Yes, and it is time to plant anew for another Spring. No true gardener ever grows old—he looks ahead to the changing seasons, and becomes richer in experience of what the fragrant earth yields to him for his efforts. Autumn is the time we gather in the fruits and flowers of the garden and farm. Visitors to the garden will be pleased to know that five peaches have been harvested and will be used in some way that is not decided at present. A lovely basket of green grapes from an Island garden and fruit farm has been made into delicious jelly and the citrons are now lovely clear preserve.

When a call was made at another country home we learned that the annual supply of Quince preserve had been made and we find that Island gardens can produce many good fruits that was not thought possible several years ago.

There are many mild days of gardening now and much work can be done. Planting can be done until freeze-up if carefully done by keeping some earth around the roots. It is a happy time on sunny mornings transplanting the seedlings from the field where they were sown in the spring, and it is pleasant thinking of the beauty to come and as the spring season is overcrowded with gardening work, fall planting relieves some of the pressure of the spring rush. Soil-moisture is ideal at this time. Autumn mornings, clear and bright and still are the finest times for gardening.

The sun is warm on the gardener's back and if suitable clothing is worn any work can be good fun.

This is the time to look at the form of your garden, the hedges, and the evergreens; if more of these are needed they can be planted this month. There are so many varieties that one must choose wisely to secure the type best suited to the location and not one that will outgrow its allotted space in a few years.

Form, color, and scent—these are the chief qualities upon which we depend to make a garden of delight. Form, in all artistic achievements, should rank first, but, curiously enough, though we pay due attention to the plan of our gardens, the actual form of (Continued on page 11)

Better English

By D. C. Williams 1. What is wrong with this sentence? "I bought two pairs of stockings, but I don't choose to wear them." 2. What is the correct pronunciation of "orient"? 3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Fleur-de-lis, franchise, fra'gnize, fuillade. 4. What does the word "recall" mean? 5. What is a word beginning with ja that means "confused, unintelligible language"?

ANSWERS

1. Say, "I bought two pair of stockings, but I would rather not wear them." 2. Pronounce p-ri-ent, o as in no, i as in it, accent first syllable. 3. Franchise. 4. To return to the starting point. "An evil deed recoils upon the door." 5. Jargon.

Morning Smile

The man who travelled over 200 miles by rail on a platform ticket evidently had ideas far beyond his station.



Cook's Corner

RHUBARB PIE WITH MERINGUE 2 eggs 2 cup white sugar 2 tablespoons flour 1 tablespoon melted butter 3/4 cups rhubarb Method: Separate eggs. Beat egg yolks, gradually add sugar, flour and butter. Add rhubarb (cut in 1/4 inch pieces). Pour mixture into raw shell. Bake at 425 degrees for 15 minutes, reduce heat to 350 degrees to finish baking. When baked top with the following meringue. Brown in slow oven. Meringue 2 egg whites 3 tablespoons icing sugar —Catherine Dollar, Springvale W. I.



A ROYAL GREETING — King Paul and Queen Frederika of Greece acknowledge the greetings of people on the pier as their ship docks at New York City. They will be the guests of President and Mrs. Eisenhower at Washington after which they will make a one-month tour of the U. S.

ELLEN'S DIARY

By An Island Farmer's Wife

But today encouraged by the promising morning it was early up and away for the farmers to the harvesting of roots at Alderlea with only "a little old woman" and a lad of six, nursing a cold, left behind. "Oh dear, but this place is lonesome—I wish I had someone to play with!" was a frequent plaint before the afternoon at length brought Jamie back from his classes.

"But there's the sunshine!" he looked up from some passing interest at mid-morning with a pleased smile. How welcome it was after the damp, gray "Fall" weather of recent days! It gave us back the clear hills, the chatter of the sparrows the flash of pigeons' wings. It warmed the pastures whereon before this, the stock had grazed a little coldly. How lovely had been their summer fields green and decked with flowers, adorned with daisies, sweet with the white of low clover!

This evening gathered the Family cozily about the hearth—lads to their home-work, James putting by his reading to hear a little fellow at his spellings, in the event that tomorrow should return him to school. Pleased... commending his efforts. Saying: "at this rate he won't be long until you and I are at the farming together. We'll do a piece of stumping to begin with—how will you like that? And supposing we should want to know how many acres it contains, could you make it up for me?" A solemn shake of a young head, a shy smile. "Then" with a chuckle, "you'll need to go to school a little while yet!"

And then it is story-time: the reading of a selection from this or that preferred book or if James is in the mood and not anxious to resume his newspaper or magazine, tales of those fascinating, almost incredible days of the long ago... days brimful with remembrance of foals that arrived by night or day, and described by James words we have only to open "that box-stall" door a crack to look in upon "four white stockings and a star on a forehead," so real it all seems.

Dogs, beaved creatures as wisest humans enter into James' tales; cows too, named ones, old and younger come along beaten and often woody paths to the milking-shed. Sheep, meek ewes, burly-headed contrary males are likeable or feared characters therein. Mamma-pigs are there by the score... the one who chose to (Continued on page 11)

That Body Of Yours

By James W. Barton, M.D.

PSYCHOSOMATIC MEDICINE - EFFECT OF MIND AND EMOTIONS OF THE BODY

Ten years ago a term crept into medicine that described a number of diseases of the body that were caused by the mind and emotions; it is, therefore, called "Psychosomatic Medicine."

In the Canadian Medical Association Journal, Dr. John H. Toogood, McGill University, Montreal and Cornell University, New York, states that "In a broad sense, the term psychosomatic medicine may be said to describe the pattern of modern medical thought regarding organic 'disease' caused by the psyche (emotions) and psychic disturbance—caused by organic disturbances. In a more restricted, or limited, sense, it is used to describe a group of medical practitioners employing a somewhat specialized technique to deal with a more or less uniform class of diseases (a specialty within a branch of medicine), the union of the mind and body in disease as well as in health." This specialty was really forced on the medical profession as every day the profession came across cases where the symptoms observed in the body were caused by the mind and the emotions. These observations were reported by various specialists—physiologists, gastro-intestinal (stomach and intestines) and skin specialists.

While the experienced medical practitioner has long known the effect of the mind and emotions on the body, the coming of the name psychosomatic medicine has directed more attention to this fact. However, Dr. Toogood states that from personal experience, cases of real or true organic disease have been mistakenly attributed to the mind and emotions but this has not occurred more frequently than by night or day, and described by James words we have only to open "that box-stall" door a crack to look in upon "four white stockings and a star on a forehead," so real it all seems.

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