



MR. AND MRS. ALLEN M. CRIPPS

## Wedding Reception Held At The Odd Fellows Hall

Miss Annie Joyce Frances Aeron, 109 Close Avenue, Toronto, and Mr. Allen Mathew Cripps, Toronto, Ontario, were married in the Presbyterian Church, Toronto, on June 28th, at six o'clock. The Rev. Charles Boyd was the officiating clergyman.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Otis Aeron, Peter's Road, Prince Edward Island. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Mathew Cripps, Chatham, N.B. The church choir supplied the appropriate music.

The bride wore a powder blue nylon taffeta gown. Her head-dress was a white seeded pearl

hat. Her bouquet was pink roses with satin streamers. Mrs. Lester Adams was the matron of honor. Her gown was blue nylon and she wore a white hat. Mr. Lester Adams was the best man.

The wedding reception for 15 guests was held at the Odd Fellows Hall, Toronto, Ontario. The decorations were cut flowers with pink and white streamers.

The destination of the honeymoon was Niagara Falls. The bride's travelling costume was a navy blue linen suit with white accessories. Mr. and Mrs. Cripps will reside at Toronto. Photo by Hayashi Photo Studio.

## PUGWASH SETTING

### Her Contribution

HAROLD GARNET BLACK

Invariably clad in an ancient dress of black tulle and clucking about her frail shoulders a tattered Paisley shawl, Martha Borden might often be seen sauntering up to the post office of a Nova Scotian village on the Atlantic seaboard in hope of getting a letter from her son William; often, too, was she seen standing at her own unpainted gate, whose broken hinges were precariously held together by bits of rusty wire.

In her earlier days Martha had been around the world on her first husband's sailing vessel but had later settled down with a good-natured second husband. Hollow-cheeked little old lady that she was, with deep blue eyes and whitening hair, Martha Borden was a truly gentle and patriotic soul — as patriotic as any.

Despite her poverty — perhaps because of it — Mrs. Borden was a deeply religious woman. While trying to forget the many things she wanted but no longer possessed, she devoutly thanked God for what little she had. On her way to some friend's house she frequently strolled past the white meeting-house with its tiny steeple pointing its earthly finger to the heavenly mansions above.

On such occasions she usually turned aside to enter the red-cushioned pew at the rear for a few minutes of silent meditation. Sometimes she stole up the only aisle to pray at the altar, which on summer afternoons was bathed in blue and crimson light streaming in through a smoky stained-glass memorial window placed there at the close of the South African war. As she left the building, the Mitchells, whose decrepit three-roomed house stood nearly opposite the church, always noticed on her face a radiant glow that was lacking when she entered.

"Poor old soul!" said Tillie Mitchell to her husband as together they watched Martha one spring afternoon picking her way down the church walk. "I feel so sorry for her. She's sure got plenty of troubles. Her old man Bob is the laziest man I ever seen — just tradin' the few eggs their hens lay in winter, and in summer sellin' some vegetables when he can. I don't see how they ever get enough to eat."

"Me neither," said her husband. "And what's more, the daughter Jessie loafs most of the time except for a few weeks' work in the lobster canneries. She's generally runnin' around loose with no-good boys."

done it before. "Well, if you insist, Rhoda," — and so Martha resumed her comfortable rocker.

It was so pleasant to be in a nice home and to feel the warmth of her friend's invitation. It reminded her of other and better days.

"You were asking about Will," said Martha presently. "I had a letter Tuesday — I forgot to bring it along — saying he was in France with the Canadian army — been there some months. I guess they are having a pretty rough time from what he said. He wrote the men at the front are expecting the war will soon be over, and they'll all be..."

"I certainly hope he's right," broke in her friend. "It'll be great to be through with all this awful killing and maiming so many thousands of the boys, — wonderful to have him back again alive. Too bad he doesn't write oftener."

"He never says much at writing," she explained. "I think he just figured I'd know he was getting along all right. He was always easy going — just like his father. It's the first time we really knew he's gone to war. Probably most of his friends joined up."

"Like enough," said the other. "It's too bad," went on Martha earnestly, "that we women folks can't do something ourselves to help and this terrible war — something real. I mean, I know I wish I could."

"You are doing something," declared Rhoda Brown. "You're contributing a son to the army. What more could you do? You are doing better than I am. My boys are all too young to go."

"Yes," she replied, a little tremble in her voice. "I suppose you're right. I am making a contribution."

One June afternoon about a week later the Mitchells noticed a familiar figure passing their house and turning up the cinder-covered walk leading to the little white-steeped church. The air was full of warm sunshine and had in it a pleasant tang of growing things. From the top of a tall spruce in the neighboring church cemetery came the full-throated song of a bobolink.

Martha's hair seemed a little whiter than usual that day and her step a bit shorter and less steady. Her slightly bowed head showed that something important was weighing on her mind. Quietly she entered the church door. Up the aisle toward the pulpit she slowly made her way and there, at the communion rail, knelt down on the faded brown carpet worn thin by a generation of kneeling worshippers. There for a long time she remained motionless, praying for strength and courage and guidance.

# Women

Lea Caroline McClure, Women's Editor. Phone 6008

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## HAPPENINGS

Mrs. Daniel MacLean who now resides in Winnipeg is being most cordially welcomed to Charlottetown by her numerous friends. She is accompanied by her daughter, Miss Muriel MacLean. They are staying at the home of the Hon. B. Earle MacDonald and Mrs. MacDonald, 99 North River Road.

Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Paterson of Georgetown, are spending their vacation in their cottage at Cavendish.

Mrs. James S. Cookson and her daughter, Mrs. Helen DeVoe, entertained at a tea at the Charlottetown Hotel on Monday afternoon to visit with the Odd Fellows. Mrs. Cookson left on Wednesday morning to return to California and Mrs. DeVoe to New Jersey. Mrs. Alfred E. Jamieson has also returned to Halifax. They came to visit their sister, Miss Laura Hodgson.

Dr. and Mrs. Clinton Hayward of Chatham, N.B., and their two children are vacationing in Cavendish. Mrs. Hayward is a daughter of Mrs. H. H. Hatfield and of the late Mr. H. N. Hatfield, a former M.P., in Ottawa.

Mrs. H. T. S. Yeats of Lachine, Quebec, and her son John are visitors in this province. They have been staying with Mrs. Yeats' brother, Mr. Harry Jamieson and Mrs. Jamieson at the Jamieson cottage on the Montague River. Mrs. Yeats is now with her sister, Mrs. Arthur Duvar and Mr. Duvar at Holland Cove.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Roy Cromwell Wyckos, N.J., arrived Monday to spend six weeks holidays

at their summer home in York Point.

Welcome guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest MacCabe and Mr. and Mrs. George MacLennan of Alexandria, are Mrs. Laurita Polley of Los Angeles, California, Messrs. Harold and Roy MacCabe of Boston, Mass., and the Misses Edie and Kathy MacCabe of Baltimore, Maryland.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Hughes and two daughters Norma and Vera of New Waterford, N.B., left for home after visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Wise, Harrington.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cullen of Halifax, are spending a few days in the city, visiting relatives and friends. Mr. and Mrs. Cullen have resided in Halifax for the last thirteen years.

Mr. Cullen has been eminently successful in insurance business in Halifax and environs. Their sons Andrew and Joe spent weeks on the farm of their cousin Mr. Austin Pendergast, at Kensington, and are returning with their parents. While in the city, Mr. and Mrs. Cullen were guests at the Charlottetown Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. John J. Arsenault have returned to their home in Charlottetown, after visiting with friends and relatives in Chelsea, Mass., Rumford and Mexico, Me.

Miss Elaine Arsenault arrived by plane from Toronto, Ont. for a two weeks visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Arsenault and sister and brother in law Sgt. Neil and Mrs. McNevin, Charlottetown.

## ELLEN'S DIARY

### So Many Need A Bit Of Lovin' Along The Way

Will the sun shine? Or showers mist the hills? And where now is the pleasant wind of the west? And why do the pond-pipers continue their night-laments, in an echo of spring tunings so late this season? And when will the These are the queries which come to mind and lips these days as we continue to mark time at seasonal work which by rights should be drawing to a close by this.

But no matter the momentary disappointment and hopes put off, the August month is here to set the August shades along the countryside. Now the green of the grainlands is more marked beside the shorn haylands, and presently even before we like to accept it, the gold of the harvest shades will seep in there to declare another summer spent.

Even now the pastures show subtle touches of Autumn. . . and we speak of getting in from the far field where it was prepared for the stoves our supply of winter wood to the shed. And we say, taking stock of time and season, this and that we must do before the days shorten. And are surprised to find that already the dusk feathers the hilltops much earlier than before, now that the lush of summer is passing.

And we who garner many a whimsy of summer to heart, find that we have lost too many sunsets of late in our busy-ness or it may be in our carelessness since it is so easy to sing the delectable hours lazily away. We have not saved enough we are sure to last us through the dark days and the white days of fall and winter to come.

So into our strange storehouse we must save more of those to bygone delights of the year. Remember The first treasure of May-flower and dandelion . . . the shy violets. A maiden of buttercup. . . a daisy or two fresh and modest. At least one to tell off the petals again as femininely will; the young with the sweet of every wind merry and hopefully

telegram, dated Ottawa, June 6. "The Canadian Government," so ran the official message, regrets to inform you that your son William was killed in action on May 29 in the Battle of the Alsace.

"Oh I'm so sorry," Tillie half-whispered, as she took both Martha's hands in her own and pressed them hard.

Martha returned the warm pressure, then, without speaking another word, put the telegram back into her purse, turned away quietly, and a moment later found herself walking the dusty road home again with firm step and an inner feeling of deep satisfaction never sensed before.

the untrod years ahead of them, fair, none untoward, no shadow to darken the way; the older looking back with chuckles, wise in their living. Wise, yes but not disillusioned when they remember that if here and there along the route march, they faced the odd bleak wind of fate to torment them and found that life is not an old sweet song, all in all it was a good road to come. Ever fascinating to travel — their road of the years.

"These are the important things someone to love you" one looking back along the trail said. And there are so many who "need a bit o' lovin'" all along the way. "Oh I like to garden" one made light of his industry and ability the other week when he admired plot where obviously "God walked" with him along the way.

"There's something about it that fascinates one if he has a liking for the land. So its no hardship for me. But I'll tell you something" he said, "don't think that a little appreciation doesn't help! Do you know what my missus said to me this morning? She said the garden never looked better nor the flowers prettier than they do this year! Now wasn't that something to help a fellow? Why" he smiled happily "I've been humming a little tune to myself all day."

The night sings a tune now, one meant especially for the listening ear — a nice song, tuneful and quite as old as the stars keep watch above the quiet vales and hills.

Until tomorrow — — — Diary — — — Goodnight. . . .

Royal Travels

WINNIPEG (CP) — Norman Hartnell, the Queen's dress designer, has arrived by plane from London explaining that it was not his own trip that left him exhausted, but the four made and to be made this year by his royal customer.

Four royal trips abroad—Portugal, France, Denmark, next Canada — it's been a very busy year," he said in an interview. Mr. Hartnell will be in Winnipeg four days and will make twice-daily appearances at showings of his designs of clothing and accessories. He will return to England from Winnipeg.

## Former Island Woman Is Board Of Trade President

Mr. and Mrs. Vlysses (Lys) Cameron of Haney, B.C. are visiting in Indian River, where they are guests of Mr. Cameron's sister, Mrs. Leslie Ramsay and Mr. Ramsay. They have both acquired eminence in civic affairs since locating at Haney.

Mr. Cameron is engaged in accounting and insurance his wife manages the Maple Ridge Realty office. Mrs. Cameron enjoys the unique distinction of being the sole woman president of a divi-

sional Board of Trade in the province of B.C. Needless to say they are enjoying contacts with their many relatives and friends, and look forward to the "Islands" big parade (Exhibition week) with pleasure. The Cameron family spent the year 1944-45 in Kensington, P. E.I., where they operated the Cameo Theatre, and consequently made many friends who are giving them a warm welcome.

## Acadian Festival Is Held Along N. S. French Shore

"Pate a la rapure" . . . tradition at dish which has delighted the Acadians of Clare for many years will be the "piece de resistance" for thousands returned to their native homes for the annual Acadian Festival along Nova Scotia's French Shore, August 8 to 15.

There will be many happy family reunions in Clare and when returning sons and daughters gather round the festive table for a steaming dish of "pate a la rapure" there will definitely be "no place like home."

Basically from grated potatoes squeezed dry and scalded with boiling fat. Between two layers of the resulting paste chicken and sometimes onions are placed. The contents are then baked to a golden brown. Acadians never seem to tire of this delicious food which in many homes is served at least twice a week.

To say family reunions will be happy is an understatement for from the days of the early settlers, the Acadian family has always been a closely knit unit and one where the influence of

the mother, the heart of the family, generally prevailed. The story of Madeleine LeBlanc has often been recalled to kindle the spirit of those who perhaps despaired of the future. When the LeBlanc family landed in the locality which is now Church Point to settle permanently, men in the party faltered in their hope when they gazed at the rugged shore and the dense forest extending to the water's edge of St. Mary's Bay. But Madeleine proved more daring than her menfolk. Grasping an axe from her husband's hands she headed for the nearest tree and said "this is no time for tears and delay. We must open a clearing and build a shelter."

Since that day the Acadian mother has been a tower of strength in her home, respected, loved and revered. A gala Acadian Ball was held on Thursday night, August 8, at which a Gabriel and an Evange line were chosen to reign over the festivities of the week-long festival held at Meteghan, signalling the opening of the Acadian Festival. Friday, dances and social gatherings will be held along the shore in many communities. Historic Pointe a Major near Belliveau's Cove will be the scene of a mammoth barbecue and bonfire Saturday climaxed by a brilliant display of fireworks. The Yarmouth Citizen's Band will be on hand for the occasion.

Highlight Sunday will be a huge parade from Cape St. Mary and Mavillette to Church Point. HMCS Cornwallis navy band will perform on the campus of St. Anne's College. St. Anne's will be the cen-

## ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCED



BETHANY MACDONALD and RONALD E. LANE. Mr. and Mrs. Lenard MacDonald wish to announce the engagement of their daughter, Mary Ellen Bethany, to Ronald Edward, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Lane, of Albuquerque, New Mexico, U.S.A. The marriage will take place on the twenty-first of August at the church of the Most Holy Redeemer in Charlottetown at nine o'clock.

tre for a grand musical, singing and dancing concert Monday night and Tuesday at the same site the spotlight will turn on a children's field day and parade.

There'll will be a monster gig Wednesday along with other festivities and the week will be brought to a fitting close Thursday, August 15, with special religious ceremonies in the numerous churches along St. Mary's Bay shore in honour of Our Lady of the Assumption, the patron saint of the Acadians.

meeting to visit the Convention expenses. Discussion on benefit show took place and a committee was appointed to interview a needy family and give assistance to the needs most urgent. It was moved and seconded that a letter of thanks be written to Lloyd Ellis for his generosity in giving us a benefit show.

The August meeting is to be at the home of Mrs. William Matheson with Mrs. Leeco and Mrs. G. Read on the lunch committee. A delicious lunch was served by the hostess and committee in charge. The National Anthem closed the meeting.

BROWN BABY Baby zebras have brown stripes. They turn black as the zebras ages.



## Bake this delicious COFFEE LAYER CAKE!

Sift together 3 times 1 1/2 c. one-offed pastry flour or 1 1/2 c. one-offed all-purpose flour 2 tsp. Magic Baking Powder 1/2 tsp. baking soda 2 tsp. Instant Choco & Senbers Coffee 1/2 tsp. salt

Combine 3/4 c. milk 1/2 tsp. vanilla Add dry ingredients to creamed mixture alternately with milk, combining after each addition. Turn into 2 greased 8-inch round cake pans, lined in bottom with greased waxed paper. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375°, 25 to 30 minutes. Put layers of cold cake together with thick raspberry jam between and cover with a coffee-flavored frosting.

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STORE HOURS MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY 9 A.M. TO 5 P.M. FRIDAY 9 A.M. TO 9 P.M. SATURDAY 9 A.M. TO 12:30 P.M.

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