



MRS. GORDON MACMILLAN A COUNTRY GARDEN

If I had a singing bird
And a hound that knew I was God
And a rose bush and a berry bush
And a shamrock in the green sod,
And a little, little, small house,
And a red apple tree,
I would thank the Almighty God
Who was good to me.

From the Gaelic.
Saint Andrew is the patron saint of Scotland, and Advent Sunday, the Sunday nearest to St. Andrew's Day, has been considered, for fourteen centuries, to be the beginning of the ecclesiastical year.
"Andrew was the first who found the Messiah and the first who brought others to Him, so the Church for his greater honor commemorates him as the first in her anniversary course of holy days, and for this reason placed his feast at the beginning of Advent as the most proper to bring the news of the Saviour's birth."

When we think of Scotland at this time we always think of the lovely heather and the moorlands. To the skilled gardener today it is more likely to suggest a lovely winter flower. Six feet of heather can be as much a feature of the winter garden as a bed of bright colored flowers in summer.

In the garden here they have been lovely all fall and planted 'neath pine trees as the planting is done at the Memorial Nursery with Rhododendrons nearby make a good green corner all year.

If they are planted near the house they can be enjoyed without going outside and near Scots Pine seems more fitting.

Henry Van Dyke writes:
Carry this little flower with you.

It is not the bonniest blossom in Scotland, but it is the dearest, for the message that it brings. And you will remember that love is not getting, but giving; not a wild dream of pleasure, and a madness of desire—oh, no, love is not that—it is goodness, and honor, and peace, and pure living yes, love is that, and it is the best thing in the world and the thing that lives longest. And that is what I am wishing for you and yours with this bit of white heather. Scottish gardens are very beautiful and a lovely book has been received describing Scottish Country Houses and Gardens open to the public written on Jim Fleming. Today we shall describe one of these gardens, Inverewe—Ross-Shire.

SCOTTISH GARDEN
This amazing garden is rightly famous not only for its romantic beauty and horticultural interest but as a monument to the skill, diligence, tenacity and, above all, the patience to which Scottish gardeners owe their high reputation.

It must have been in a spirit of boyish bravado the Osgood Mackenzie selected, in 1862, this exceedingly unpromising site for the garden which was to become his life work. Inverewe was then no more than a high rocky bluff jutting out into the sea—a mass of Torridon red sandstone lightly covered with black peat and swept by the salt spray. Apart from two stunted willow bushes there was not a tree in sight.

After fencing off the peninsula against the sea and rabbits, Osgood Mackenzie set to work to carry earth on to his barren rocks, and to plant a windbreak of Scotch and Corsican pines. He then waited patiently for twenty years until they had grown sufficiently to shelter the exotic species he dreamt might place like a rose in a desert. His dream came true, and in his old age he wrote: "I must confess to a feeling of exultation when I visit the Temperate House at Kew and assure myself that I can grow many of its contents better in the open air, for North than they can grow at Kew under glass."

STRANGE TREES
Some strange trees and perhaps the first of Inverewe's unusual occupants to catch the eye—a Pinus radiata with its roots in the water as in its native California—then six different kinds of eucalyptus now seeding themselves in the heather, and tall pines seventeen feet high with exotic tree ferns growing underneath and up to their hairy stems. The large Dicksonia is now eleven feet high with fronds fifteen feet across.

Then by the main avenue we find a whole bank of Agapanthus and self-seeding Watsonias, and a path bordered entirely by blue hydrangeas. Elsewhere a climbing H. petiolaris from Japan accompanies an enormous Magnolia stellata (twenty-eight feet high and seventy-five feet in circumference) and on even larger M. Campbellii now forty years old.

The Rhododendrons are, as always in Scotland, a principal feature and there are some four hundred varieties of the natural species at Inverewe, mostly from Yunnan and many tender species flourish out of doors.

New Zealand and Chilean plants also seem to do well and the beautiful Billiardiera from Tasmania climbs up a large Podocarpus tree, from which the Maoris used to make their war canoes. Many South African and South American bulbs have also taken well to the garden.

Wholly typical to this remarkable garden is the Chatham Island giant forget-me-not, which luxuriates in a large bed, with a top dressing of sea-weed and basketfuls of herring-fry.

Wife Preservers
To prevent corrosion in copper cooking utensils, wash with a solution of soda ash and water.

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This wonderful garden belongs to the National Trust of Scotland and our thanks must go to Osgood Mackenzie who had the vision and perseverance to experiment with all those lovely trees and plants so many years ago which are now ours to enjoy whenever we visit Scotland. If it is not possible to visit these gardens in far away lands how good it is to read about them in books, and now is the time to think of books as Christmas gifts. "A good book is like a garden carried in the pocket." This is an Arab proverb and we believe it to be true.

GIFT SUGGESTIONS
For gardeners there are many wonderful books and some I have found interesting and helpful are about certain varieties of flowers, trees, shrubs, flower arrangement, garden design and stories of garden making. It is possible to look over the list in our public libraries and choose the most suitable for our friends. I will be only too glad to answer any questions concerning garden books that I can.

Subscriptions to garden magazines and memberships in Flower Societies, (and there is a society for almost every flower) is a good gift for anyone who loves gardening. Many of the seedhouses send out a colorful package of seeds as gifts at this season of the year, and of course potted plants are always appreciated.

Perhaps seeds saved from your own garden of some flower that your friend has admired in the summer time can be packed nicely and will prove a personal gift which is always appreciated. Favorite slips of house plants... African Violets, sedums, Ives and other small plants can be given after potting in small plastic bowls and tied with gay ribbon. There are many ways to extend the Season's Greetings to garden friends and now is the time to plan for them.

I am always amazed at the number of folk who love the World of Flowers...

THE WORLD OF FLOWERS
The World of Flowers is a world of its own—so rich, so varied and so limitless that it is difficult to express in mere words the full meaning of all that it conjures up in the dim and distant past, long before the days of printing press. The magic of flowers was recorded on the walls of temples and private dwellings, and on decorative objects as well.

That passion for expression has persisted and, in the centuries that followed, the skill of men, reflected in a more realistic way, began to tell a story of the marvellous appeal of flowers—their beauty of form, their texture and their color and the ways in which they could be utilized for decoration and embellishment.

In every age, artists with the creative urge have endeavored to express this deeply-rooted emotion in a new way. While the storehouse of tradition is unlimited in its examples for inspiration, it is always the individual taste of the creator that we enjoy particularly. This mark of distinction is what gives personality to a work of art—be it a picture, a carving, or a garden.

As makers of gardens and growers of plants and flowers, all of us are privileged to create forms of art that vibrate with color and life.

Unlike the artist who must rely on a palette of mere pigments plus oil or water and canvas or paper, we have the living roots, the stems, the foliage, the flowers and the fruits as our pigments and the earth around us as our canvas.

What manner of picture we paint is ours to make as we choose in all the fullness of three dimensions.

Even more to be treasured is that personal touch which springs from our imagination and experience.

How rich and multitudinous are the blessings of gardeners. How infinite and unlimited are our opportunities to spill out the infinite beauty of flowers. Thus, we look back over the cycle of seasons behind us to ask how well we have stood up to the challenge that was ours. Likewise we look forward to another year full of eternal hope and promise in our world of flowers.

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WOMEN

Page 8, The Guardian Tuesday, Nov. 29, 1955

LET'S EAT

Tamale Pie Makes Use Of Turkey Leftovers

By Ida Bailey Allen

Although most of the meat from the roast turkey may be eaten today, one can always find enough odds and ends of turkey to make a substantial dish. Here is a brand-new idea from our taste-test kitchen.

Turkey Tamale Pie: This consists of 2 parts corn meal mush and turkey filling.

Corn Meal Mush: Mix 1 1/2 c. enriched yellow corn meal with 1 1/4 c. cold water and 1 1/4 tsp. salt. Bring 3/4 c. water to a rapid boil. Stir in the corn meal and slow-boil 15 min., stirring frequently. Set aside until almost cool.

Turkey Filling: In a skillet melt 2 tbsp. shortening. Add 1 c. chopped odds and ends of turkey or chicken, 3/4 c. chopped green pepper, 3/4 c. chopped onion, 1/2 tsp. powdered oregano, 1/4 tsp. ground black pepper, 2 tsp. salt, 1 tsp. mono-

sodium glutamate, 3 tsp. chili powder and 1/2 tsp. garlic powder. Add the contents 1 (No. 2) can tomato. Simmer 15 min., or until the excess moisture evaporates.

Oil a 10" x 5" x 3" baking dish. Line with a thin layer of the mush. Add the turkey-tomato mixture. Top with a layer of the corn meal mush, but save enough to spoon on a thick edging; then press it into a "frill" design with a fork.

Dot the topping with 1 tbsp. butter. Bake 30 min., or until browned, in a moderate oven, 375 deg. F. Place thin slices of fresh tomato

on the top at the end of 15 min. substantial dish for another meal. Top it off with slices of tomatoes.

and the liquid; 1 c. cooked or canned peas; 1 c. each drained small-diced celery and potatoes cooked together for 10 min. Place in an oiled, shallow 3 pt. casserole.

Prepare 1/2 the recipe for pie-crust mix. Roll to a scant 1/4" thickness. Fit over the top of the pie dish; press down the edges; slash the center in 3 places.

Bake 10 min. in a hot oven, 400 deg. F., then reduce the heat to 350 deg. F. and bake 25 min. longer.

TRICK OF THE CHEF
Add a few grains hutmeg to the filling for oyster pie.

CAUSE OF INDECISION
Second, I infer that your backwardness in this respect, your failure to develop mature capacity for mate-love, is a negative dynamic, so to speak—caused by an emotional undergrowth of childish hostility towards womankind. This emotional fixation is probably too deeply inhibited for you to recognize its existence (without psychiatric help) and it may have much to do with your being "an introvert with a reflective nature" as you say.

A person smothered in unconscious conflict between powerful driving forces—such as (1) the need for love, versus (2) the habit of hating, fearing or rejecting—isn't emotionally free to be outgoing and extrovert. And, if confronted by common sense necessity to make some major decision, that might alter his emotional security system (which is perilously insecure), he falls into a wavering confusion, just as you do.

By and large, yours is a problem of unclearified fear—fear of marriage, of women, of possible impotence, etc. It is fear that stymies your futile yearning to be Angela's husband. In my opinion, and set your feet on the path to self-understanding maturity.

M.H. Mary Haworth counsels only through her column, not by mail or personal interview. Write to her in care of this newspaper.

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Safety rules for using your new washing machine: When you connect or disconnect the washer cord, stand on a dry floor and be sure your hands are dry. If the floor should happen to be damp, stand on a dry rubber mat. Grasp the plug, not the cord, when you make or break the connection.

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"Really, I don't see much difference in her," the other replied. "No, it fell when she saw the

ellers Association where Miss MacVittie has been employed for the past two years, she was presented with a Kenwood blanket by the staff. She was also presented with an electric clock from the A.Y.P.A. of St. Hilda's Anglican Church, Toronto, of which she was a member.

P.E.I. Girl Feted At Toronto Party
Miss Valerie Myers and Mrs. Joan Trowsdale were joint hostesses for a miscellaneous shower at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Garfield Gamble, Toronto, Ont., in honour of Miss Arlene MacVittie who leaves in the near future for Chatham, N.B., to be married in the R.C.A.F. Chapel to Peter Surkon.

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Lunch was served by the hostesses. A large decorated cake with "Good Luck Arlene" centered the table.

Before leaving the Canadian Jew,

modeling a coat with two pockets on either side, little ones for change, big ones for your many necessities. Her friend is wearing a topper with patch pockets which is lined in plaid. Both are of water repellent cotton poplin.

At the first sign of a COLD

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MARY HAWORTH'S MAIL

Bachelor, 36, Dating Woman Can't Tell If He Loves Her

DEAR MARY HAWORTH: I am a bachelor, 36, Anglo is 29, personable, intelligent, all that man could desire in a woman. We have known each other over three years, but our dates have been intermittent, as my engineering work takes me away for months at a time.

When I am away from Angela I miss her terribly and think of her often during the day. She has become more important to me than anything in my life; and I am happy only in her presence. This is my first experience of feeling so strongly about a girl.

However, being an introvert with a reflective nature, I find myself unable to realize and know for sure that I am in love. Angela loves me and feels that I love her too. And when I have explained my inner doubt, she has been most patient and understanding, and wants to help straighten me out, even if it means the end of our romance.

HOW TO CLEAR IT UP?
I am very unhappy about the situation and hope you can help me. Is it possible, if I love her and not know it? If so, how can one clear up the uncertainty? My association with Angela is proof to the world that I do love her; and my loneliness apart from her should be proof to myself that I care. But still I can't seem to clear the hurdle of doubt—maybe because the feeling of love is so new to me.

I want very much to marry Angela, and there are no literal obstacles in her life or mine. Can you suggest some literature that might overcome my bewilderment? Any advice will be greatly appreciated.

C.R.

CAPACITY TO LOVE
DEAR C.R.: What you are saying, in effect, it seems to me, is that although you have become profoundly dependent upon Angela's love of you, as your main source of happiness, you personally don't feel that you have much, if any, love to give her. This is an unconscious intuitive awareness you have, about a personal inadequacy. That's why you are so anxiously uncertain about committing yourself to a life partnership with her.

It strikes me that you have a twofold subjective difficulty as regards Angela—a characteristic handicap in your relations with the fair sex always, I imagine. And it is a cumulative handicap, that his beginning of your emotional history, no doubt.

First, I gather that you are too infantile, psychologically, to love a sweetheart or spouse with a robust, sweetly self-giving way. You are the passive assimilator of devotion, affection, etc., in a romantic alliance—not the magnanimous, ardent, positively interested lover, I think.

Second, I infer that your backwardness in this respect, your failure to develop mature capacity for mate-love, is a negative dynamic, so to speak—caused by an emotional undergrowth of childish hostility towards womankind. This emotional fixation is probably too deeply inhibited for you to recognize its existence (without psychiatric help) and it may have much to do with your being "an introvert with a reflective nature" as you say.

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SOCIETY EDITOR—Mrs. Minnie Sanction now 71, sits at the society desk of the Saint John Telegraph-Journal and Times-Globe where she has worked for 30 years ago. (CP PHOTO)

St. John Society Editor, 71, Still Handles Social News

SAINT JOHN, N. B. (CP)—Still going strong at 71, Mrs. Minnie Sanction has entered her 31st year of handling daily social news.

The jovial social editor of The Evening Times—Globe and The Telegraph-Journal—the latter a morning publication—began her newspaper career Nov. 6, 1925. Several years later she resigned, when home affairs required more time, but the interruption was brief and even during that period she helped on social page work.

Mrs. Sanction is known as "Aunt Min" to her friends, including more than one generation of newspaper associates. She says she feels no older than when she became social editor at the age of 41. Before that she wrote a weekly social column for the old Saint John Standard.

ter laugh than Aunt Min. And she doesn't deny a charge of eating candy in goodly quantities, and then easing her conscience by using saccharine in coffee.

The former Minnie R. Girvan, a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Girvan, she was born in Saint John and has lived here since. Her father, grandfather and others members of the family were bankers. Her husband, Dr. F. Gordon Sanction, a dentist, died in 1953. Mrs. James G. Lee of Saint John is a daughter and Mrs. Sanction has a 13-year-old grandson.

COOK'S CORNER
Use 4 to 6 gallon stone crock. Remove outer leaves of cabbage. Wash well. Cut in quarters, shred, leaving core.

1 small cup salt
1/4 cup sugar to each four gallons, sprinkling each layer of sauerkraut.

Cover with plate and weigh down. Place clean towel over all. Leave in temperature about 80F for 10 to 14 days.

ANNE ADAMS PATTERNS
GIFT FAVORITE!
Use gay scraps for these pretty garments—saw them for your little girl's favorite dolly! Picture her happy face when she sees this wonderful wardrobe—sack-dress, cinch-belt, suspender-skirt, blouse, playsuit, snow-suit, hat, petticoat and panties! All sew-easy!

Pattern 4836. For dolls 14, 16, 18, 20, 22 inches tall. Set pattern for yardage requirements.

Simple to sew, is tested for fit. Has complete illustrated instructions.

Send THIRTY-FIVE CENTS (35 cents in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern. Print plainly SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER.

Send order to ANNE ADAMS, care of Charlottetown Guardian, Pattern Dept., 60 Front St. West, Toronto, Ont.

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"FOOTBALL FOOD"

Building Grey Cup brown on Montreal Alouettes was a job for Mrs. Gertrude Smith, Chief cook at Dell Hotel at Whalley, 12 miles east of Vancouver, where Alouettes stayed prior to the Game. Stacks were order of the day. Even though they lost to the Edmonton Eskimos 34-19. (CP WIREPHOTO)

KEEP IN TRIM

Exercises For The Back Are A Necessity Today

By Ida Jean Kahn

Our very way of life today makes it inconvenient for us to get enough physical exercise to keep fit—certainly not enough to help us carry that extra fillip of fine feeling in middle age.

In this push-button era, much of the physical work has been taken out of daily routines. Of course there is no yearning to return to the good old drudgery days of the washboard, the back porch pump and all the old-time inconveniences. And distances being what they are, it would be impossible to walk everywhere.

Unfortunately, as life becomes physically easier, the big muscles of the body, not being used in active exercise, lose tone and become weaker. This is particularly true of the muscles of