



TROOPING THE COLOUR

The magnificent ceremony of Trooping the Colour takes place every year on the Queen's official birthday. Here is seen part of the procession returning to Buckingham Palace, the Queen's London home. The Queen usually appears on the Palace balcony after the Ceremony. — Photo by the British Travel Association.



MR. AND MRS. E. SOMERLED TRAINOR

Prominent Island Lawyer Marries A Toronto Girl

Holy Rosary Church, Toronto, Ont., was the scene of a very pretty wedding when Sheila Teresa, daughter of Mrs. E. A. Marsden and the late Mr. E. A. Marsden, became the bride of Eugene Somerled, son of Mrs. J. J. Trainor and the late Mr. J. J. Trainor. Rev. Father Diemers performed the ceremony.

Given in marriage by her brother, the bride wore a Juliet length gown of French lace. A white cap held her shoulder length veil. She carried a bouquet of white roses.

Miss Aileen Hughes was maid of honor and Miss Mary Ramsey was bridesmaid. They both wore mink-toned velvet gowns and carried bouquets of assorted Fall colors. Miss Lorraine Maurice, the flower girl, wore white, with a sash to match the bridesmaid's dress. She carried flowers similar to the other female attendants.

Mr. Frank Trainor was the groomsmen. The ushers were Mr. Jack Trainor and Dr. John Kite. A reception was held in the French Room of the Park Plaza Hotel, after which the bridal couple left for Ottawa, and a cottage in the Gatineau Hills on their honeymoon. They will make their home in Charlottetown. For travelling the bride wore a royal blue wool dress with patent leather accessories.

ELLEN'S DIARY

Already The Question—How Soon Christmas?

Late plox blossoms now. And also in token of autumn, the hydrangea on the lawn, is into its glory of pinky-white blooms. And Jamie eldest grandson of the farms, at dinner today offered in a heart-warming comment, "If I just had the time, I would help you clean and reset the perennials in the old flowerbed." But there is no time to spare from the cares of the harvest so busy.

There is a moon above the southern hills tonight, September's bequest to us, we remember, in a slim crescent, and not far from the twilight-beacon of evening star, in a serene sky of silvery-blue, it was a perfect evening to follow the lovely harvest day.

So beautiful and fair the day was, that distant sounds were borne clearly into our quiet: the rumble of traffic on other roads, the sound of the binder at work, the rhythm of a thrasher pulsing on a farm somewhere out of sight beyond the near hills.

At Alderlea the reaping came to a close at noon, and in an exodus of trucks after dinner, the workers set off to take up again the threshing at Rob's.

"Here, mother," James said with a chuckle bringing in a leftover ball of twine to give into our keeping "inflation or whatever we get, we'll have this much anyway to start the harvest on next year!"

"There'll be many a wind blow

Some Royal Occasions Shown In Queen's Life

How every child must envy the Queen! Not because she lives in a palace and wears a crown, but because she has achieved one of childhood's ambitions — she has two birthdays a year! First in April, comes her real birthday, and this is followed two months later by her official one. The reason for this excellent arrangement is that a Queen's birthday is naturally an occasion for great celebrations, and great celebrations can only be enjoyed properly in fine weather. April, really one of the most charming months of the year, has the reputation for being showery, but June, of course, is always sunny — or, at least, is supposed to be.

So quite early on a (we hope) sunny June morning there is great activity outside the gates of Buckingham Palace. Bands play, important-looking people ride about on horseback, and endless ranks of Foot Guards march out of Wellington Barracks to take up their positions along the processional way that leads from the Palace to Horse Guards Parade. On either side, the crowds of onlookers grow steadily more crowded, until at eleven o'clock all is ready. From the Palace courtyard the Queen herself rides out on a fine horse, attired, like her Guards, in military scarlet and escorted by a glittering cavalcade; slowly she rides down the Mall and takes up her position on the Horse Guards Parade—the central figure in the traditional ceremony of Trooping the Colour which takes place every year on the Queen's official birthday.

This ceremony, which dates from about the year 1759, provides Britain's finest military spectacle: and at the end the Queen rides back to the Palace at the head of her troops — the bearskins and scarlet of the Foot Guards contrasting with the waving plumes and gleaming breastplates of the Household Cavalry, and the mounted band, resplendent in gold lace, winning the admiration of the crowds by their feat of playing military music as they go by on horseback. How unconcerned the horses look as the cymbals clash and the trumpets blare!

At the birthday Parade we see the Queen as head of the armed forces: later on in the year, usually at the beginning of November, we see her, at another great occasion, as one of the three essential elements (or "estates") of the Crown — the Crown, the Lords and the Commons. Each session of Parliament opens with a speech by the Queen outlining the Government's programme for the ensuing year, and the opening of Parliament is the occasion of some of the most elaborate ceremonial of the year.

All that the ordinary members of the public can see of the ceremonial is the processional drive from Buckingham Palace to the Houses of Parliament, but the spectacle of the Queen riding in her State Coach, with other coaches bearing important officials and a Sovereign's Escort of Life Guards and Royal Horse Guards, is a picture to enchant the eye — and it is a picture which is repeated in a very short time when the Queen returns to the Palace. Before then, however, the thunder of the guns of the Royal Horse Artillery has announced the moment of Her Majesty's arrival at the Houses of Parliament, and the waiting crowds can visualise the scene as the Queen, wearing her crown and her robes of state, enters the House of Lords to make her speech from the throne to the packed assembly of gorgeously-robed Lords and soberly dressed Commons.

Not every visitor, of course, can be in London for the Queen's Birthday Parade of the Opening of Parliament. But every day throughout the year the colour and pageantry of full-dress military ceremonial can be seen in the streets of London. Every morning, winter and summer alike, a detachment of the Household Cavalry rides through Hyde Park and along the Mall for the daily ceremony of Mounting the Guard at Whitehall; and on every alternate morning the stirring strains of military music presage the arrival of the Foot Guards at Buckingham Palace or St. James's Palace for the ceremony of Changing the Guard.

There is one part of the proceedings — somewhat intricate they seem to the non-professional eye — when the band lays aside its martial airs and delights the onlookers by relaxing, rather surprisingly, into a gay waltz or a selection from the latest musical comedy.

On certain days in the year — such as birthdays of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, and the anniversary of the Queen's Coronation — the artillery asserts their right to play a part in the royal ceremonial as well as the infantry and cavalry, for on those occasions the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, mounted in full dress with plumes and busbies, enter Hyde Park to fire a salute of guns. (It is still the King's Troop, even though a Queen is on the throne). Similar salutes are fired at the Tower of London by the Honourable Artillery Company.

The best way to make sure of

seeing the Queen during your stay in Britain is to equip yourself with a list of the royal engagements for the month. On Maundy Thursday, for example, her Majesty usually goes to Westminster Abbey or some other great church for the Maundy service, when she distributes purses of money to as many poor people as there are years in her age. At Windsor she may be taking over a Chapter of the Knights of the Garter in St. George's Chapel, and you see her in the Knight's procession, wearing the stately robes of this ancient Order of Chivalry. The Chapters of the Order of the Thistle are held at St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh, and of the Order of the Bath at Westminster Abbey. Then again, the Queen may be making an official visit to the part of the country which you yourself happen to be visiting — or you may even be one of the lucky ones who receive an invitation to a Royal Garden Party at Buckingham Palace or the Palace of Holyroodhouse.

down the chimney before then" we sighed.

"Yes," he nodded. "But after all, it doesn't take a year long to slip by. He inhaled deeply and squared his shoulders. "There'll be a lot of work too, between now and then," he added.

Time is a deceiver. He gives a brand new year of days. And presently like yesterday, before the new has commenced to tarnish, do you know how long it is until Christmas?" Granddaughter asked us, eyes shining at the thought of it. "Exactly three months!" she nodded.

Pleasant today, warm, sunlit, the stock in a pictured scene grazed and grazed along the pastures about. No chill wind blew to send them to seek sheltered spots. Only an expectant moose-pulsing on a farm somewhere out of sight beyond the near hills.

"Now where can she be?" James queried, looking out into the dusk of the slope, when the others had been gathered to the stable.

"I guess," the younger farmer offered, "we'll find she has company."

"That's what I was thinking!" James nodded. Both stepped off to a search.

They found her and her newborn son snugly settled for the night in the lee of a spruce plantation not far from the barns.

"How long would you have searched for her?" we asked James later.

"How long, Ellen? What a curious question, when you know as well as I" he smiled. "Why, until we found her" he said.

And the day is gone. Though not quite. A farmer comes now from the house across the lane — one whose boots today registered many a mile of stibble and sod, to say as he unlaces them. "Would there be a glass of milk handy, and some cookies, Ellen? .. It's a long time since we had our supper!"

Until tomorrow — — — Diary

Goodnight. . . .

By VERA WINSTON
BLOUSE TOP

Practical, pretty and youthful dresses make it easy to go wardrobe shopping this season. Values are wonderful, too, at every price level. That favorite fabric, wool jersey, in a vibrant shade of emerald green, is used for this sleeveless, bloused top one-piece dress, embellished with satin piping at the banded neck and armholes. It has a belt of satin, with elasticized skirt band underneath. The elasticized skirt band is a great boon as it eliminates alteration cost. A useful frock with plenty of appeal. The bloused top offers a distinct change from last fall's fashions.

Women

Lena Caroline McLure, Women's Editor. Phone 8508

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HAPPENINGS

National Cheese Festival is running the month of October. Do you ever stop to consider what a boon you get in a pound of cheese? It's a boon to the budget, a bonanza for high quality protein and other food essentials and a bright addition to simple staples for hearty flavorful eating.

Cheese recipes are being featured by various publications, to aid and abet in the use of this dairy food. Good cooks will find it fun to go adventuring during the month of October in the world of cheese.

The executives of the Women's Institute had a very pleasant luncheon at the Queen Hotel on Tuesday. Twelve ladies were present.

Mr. R. C. Parent, superintendent of the Experimental Farm, left Tuesday morning for Fredericton, N.B. where he will visit the Experimental Farm there and also attend the annual convention of the Maritime Provinces section of the Canadian Forestry Institute. He is accompanied by Mrs. Parent.

Mrs. Robert Williams of Marshfield, Mass., and her brother Ross Martin of Boston, are visitors to Prince Edward Island. They are guests of their aunts, Miss Lillian MacDonald, Parkdale, Charlottetown and Mrs. Earl Jenkins, Southport.

Mrs. Harry Miller leaves Friday morning for Halifax, en route to St. John's, Newfoundland. Mrs. Miller will be motored to Halifax by Mr. and Mrs. Edward Miller. She will take the plane from there. In St. John's she will visit with Mr. and Mrs. Stanley J. Miller and their baby son, Philip. Mrs. Miller expects to be away about a month.

Mrs. N. H. DeBlois, Mrs. E. S. Storey and Mrs. T. D. De-

Blais are in Halifax for a short time.

Mr. and Mrs. Allison Croken are leaving Monday on a short trip to Moncton. They will attend the wedding of Mrs. Croken's sister Miss Mary Sylvia (Sally) Duffy to Mr. William Leonard on Tuesday, October 8th in Moncton.

Mrs. Douglas Reid, Campbellton, Lot 4, near Bloomfield Station, is ninety-four years young on Friday, October fourth. This remarkable lady was the former Miss Annie MacDougall. She was born in Campbellton and has lived there all her life. Her husband predeceased her. Mrs. Reid makes her home with her son, Mr. Chester Reid and Mrs. Reid.

On election day Mrs. Reid was out bright and early to vote and got her vote!

Recently at her granddaughter's wedding, Mrs. Reid arranged the flowers beautifully. She was also the first person to greet the guests, and the last to say good-bye. There was a great demand for Mrs. Reid as a partner by the young men in the last reel. But owing to the lateness of the hour and such overwhelming popularity, Mrs. Reid was of necessity forced to decline all offers. But she already has her engagements for next year!

Mr. R. N. Taylor, Junior, arrived from Montreal Tuesday evening to attend the funeral of his aunt, Mrs. Murdoch MacKinnon. Mr. Taylor will remain in the province for a few days longer as the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Frank MacKinnon.

Miss Lorraine Larter, daughter of Mrs. Irene Larter, of Charlottetown, has left for Toronto. Miss Larter will be living with her sister Wilma (Mrs. George Gany). She was accompanied by Dorothy McTague and Agnes Sherren.

Miss Norma Miller left Monday for Montreal where she will visit her sister, Mrs. Leo McCarville.

Mrs. Elmer Sutherland, Charlottetown, has returned home after visiting in New York.

Miss Anne Creighan returned home Saturday night from New York. Miss Creighan was spending her vacation with her sister, Mrs. Gordon McQuillan.

HOUSEHOLD HINT

Your can opener should be kept as clean as any other kitchen utensil. Wash it in hot water and soap after each use. Openers mounted on the wall can usually be lifted off the hinge for easy cleaning. A small brush is handy for cleaning the opener's cutting edge.

155 Yr. Old Institution Appoints Eminent Teacher

Bradford Junior College has announced the appointment of Miss Dorothea T. Norwood of Lawrence as an instructor in French. She joined the faculty Sept. 23 when Bradford opened for its 155th year.

Miss Norwood, daughter of Mrs. Clarence C. Norwood of 91 Farnham Street, has taught at Illinois Wesleyan University in Bloomington, Ill., for the past six years. She had previously taught at Wheaton College, Briarcliff and Green Mountain Junior Colleges, and in high schools in New Jersey, New York, and New Hampshire.

She is a graduate of Tufts University and holds a master's degree in French from Middlebury (Vt.) College. She has also done graduate work in Spanish at Middlebury, in Havana and Mexico, and in French at the Sorbonne in Paris.

Miss Norwood has also studied at the New York University towards her Doctor's degree. She is a niece of Mrs. H. E. Bowman, 168 Dorchester, Street, Charlottetown.

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