

MacDonald-Dowling Wedding

St. Edward's Church in Winnipeg was the scene of a double wedding at 10 a.m., Sept. 29, when Elizabeth Anne, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Dowling, was united in marriage with Leonard A. MacDonald, youngest son of Mrs. W. A. MacDonald and the late Mr. W. A. MacDonald, Grand Tracade, P.E.I.

The bride wore a gown of white brocaded tulle with long sleeves and a full skirt. The fitted bodice had a little rolled collar. The long sleeves ended in petal points over her hands. The full skirt fell into a train. A white net bandeau, studded with seed pearls, held her veil of illusion. She carried a white mother of pearl prayer book overlaid with pink roses and white stephanotis.

Miss Margaret Dowling, of Washington, D.C., sister of the bride, was maid of honor. Bridesmaid was Miss Bernice Elhatton. Joseph J. MacDonald was best man. Ushering the guests were Ronald Bell and William Prandegast. Attending the bridegroom was Robert Dowling, brother of the bride. Miss Gloria Morasutti was soloist and Miss Norma Morasutti played the wedding music.

A reception was held at the Professional and Business Women's Club, Evergreen Place. Mr. and Mrs. MacDonald left on a wedding trip to Kenora. They will reside in Winnipeg.

SOUTHAMPTON, England, Oct. 19.—(Reuters)—Angry dock workers overturned a Conservative loudspeaker car when it brought interruptions while Prime Minister Attlee was speaking here. Two men in the Conservative car had to be escorted to safety through the crowd of 5,000.

O'Donnell - Murphy Wedding

James Cardinal McGuigan officiated at the marriage of Barbara Elizabeth Murphy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick B. Murphy of Regina, and Richard Maurice O'Donnell, Lanigan, son of Mrs. Eleanor O'Donnell, Souris, P. E. I. The wedding took place in St. John's Chapel, St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto.

Given in marriage by her father, the bride chose a period gown of white brocaded satin fitted bodice and long sleeves, edge with lace. The bouffant skirt swept into a chapel train. Her shoulder length veil was caught by lily-of-the-valley to a brocade crescent shaped cap matching her gown and she carried a bouquet of roses, carnations and gladioli.

Miss Rose Marie Platzer of Humboldt as bridesmaid wore an ice blue brocade gown with fitted bodice, and Gail Murphy, only sister of the bride, was junior bridesmaid in a gown of rose taffeta.

The bridegroom was attended by Mr. Andrew Tetzlaff, Baton Rouge, Louisiana and Mr. Don Hueston, Ottawa, ushered. During the ceremony Monsignor Ronan's choir boys sang.

Both Mr. and Mrs. O'Donnell are recent graduates of the University of Saskatchewan and the bride is a graduate of the University of Toronto 1951 class. They will live in Toronto where the groom is continuing his studies at the university.

Mrs. O'Donnell is a niece of Monsignor Murphy, St. Mary's, P. E. Island and Mr. O'Donnell a grandson of Mrs. Richard Kichham, Souris West.

FAMOUS DEER

There are more white-tailed deer to the square mile in Nova Scotia than anywhere else in North America.

The Birthday Murder

By Lange Lewis CHAPTER SIX

Disgust and an old friendship struggled with each other in Victoria. She noted once more that Bernice's chin was starting to sag. "Love is a luxury you've done without for a good many years," she said brutally. "I'm afraid you are going to keep on doing without it, unless you find it with Walter. Stan can't support you; you believe you can't support yourself."

"A war job, I suppose," Bernice shrilled wildly. "A riveting machine!"

"The best thing for you to do is to forget Stan and try to keep Walter. I sound like the Good Will Hour. But you buttered your bread, Bernice, and now you have to lie in it."

"Everything's so hard, so hard," moaned Bernice. "Nothing ever goes well for me."

"I think you've had a pretty pleasant life," said Victoria. Suddenly Bernice flared up. Her brown eyes had almost a red color as she spit: "You haven't got any sympathy in you. You're gloating, gloating over what's happened to me. You're glad it's happened!"

The other woman's venom shocked Victoria even while she understood its cause, a rebellion against the hard choice between the penny and the cake. "I'm not glad, I'm sorry, sorry mostly for Walter, but sorry, I'm sorry you ever met Stan. You asked my advice. You don't have to take it. You probably won't. Most people ask advice hoping to be told to do what they want to do. You hoped I'd say everything would be ducky for you and Stan. I won't say it."

Bernice did not reply. She was slumped low on the sofa, staring at the silver tea things before her, her drink tilted forgotten in her hand. Victoria straightened it gently. After several minutes of silence, she noticed how dim it was growing in the room, and looked at her watch. A quarter before six. She snapped on the lamp beside the sofa. Bernice started, and looked toward the light, her eyes still blank with thought.

"Listen. Why don't you have dinner here with Albert and me?" Bernice shook her head. Victoria saw she had only half heard. "I ought to change and get things started. Do you want another drink?"

Bernice shook her head again. Victoria stood up, looked at her friend irresolutely for a moment and then went into the dining room and down the hall that led to her den and her bedroom beyond. It would do Bernice no harm, she thought, to consider what she had told her. Although it must have made hard listening, it had been a bitterly correct analysis of the situation. Poor Bernice.

Victoria had planned to put on a red dress, but decided this would seem too heartless. She chose a short, dressy black one instead, and noticed with pleasure that it fit her look quite slender. She brushed her crisp hair, sitting before the mirror of the vanity table below the high north window, through which cold twilight fell and mingled with the light of the two white lamps. She bent forward and peered at her mirrored reflection. Her face looked chiselled and durable, as though it had been carved out of a harder substance than Bernice's. She wondered if she had been too unkind; she had wanted so desperately to jog Bernice from her crazy panic, to force her to look at the problem realistically. Bernice usually wept first and thought afterward.

She looked at her wrist watch again. Albert had told her that morning that he would be later than usual tonight; that meant she had a good two hours before



Same light music Maestro

The task of arm-waving orchestra conductors has been made lighter since someone dreamed up the idea of making batons of aluminum. This gave us the notion that aluminum bullfiddles would be a lot lighter to lug around. But, sure enough, someone had thought of that, too! Aluminum certainly lightens the load for lots of people these days—and in lots of ways.

To make more of this metal available Alcan is embarked on a further long-range expansion programme which will run to a quarter of a billion dollars. Aluminum Company of Canada, Ltd. (Alcan).

she might expect him. The castoroles took tully that long. She snapped off the lights and returned to Bernice.

Bernice's mood had changed. She was in the bright kitchen, washing teacups. Bernice had always been a scrupulous housekeeper. The sugar bowl was back in its proper place on the dining room sideboard, the silver teapot beside it. Bernice's eyes slightly reddened from tears, surveyed Victoria's face and then went to her stomach. "Still on your diet?" she asked lightly. "All that weight around your hips and tummy is coming back."

"The change was almost too much for Victoria. They might have been just discussing anything but catastrophe. "No sugar, nor starches," she said. "That's good," Bernice put the last teacup neatly away in the cupboard.

"Would you like to stay for supper?" Victoria asked. "Albert won't be home until late."

"Oh, no, I must see Stan. He's meeting me for dinner at six-thirty," Bernice put on her gloves, looked at her watch. "Goodness! I must fly!" The green purse was on the kitchen sideboard. She opened it, surveyed her ravaged face in the mirror of her large flat compact, dabbed powder on her nose. Some of the powder clung to her black glove.

"This is your night for fixing dinner for you and Albert, isn't it?" Bernice asked as she brought out some lipstick.

"Yes, my one gesture at domesticity."

Bernice smiled in almost a superior way. "Honestly. How many man stands it!" she said.

"Have you decided what you're going to do?" blurted Victoria.

Bernice surveyed her casually around the rim of the open compact. "Oh yes, I'm going to give up Stan."

Victoria watched her go down the steps to her large, substantial Packard parked in the driveway. Bernice got in, slammed the door after her, waved one black-gloved hand out of the window briefly. As the car drove away in the first twilight, Victoria thought how much it looked like a hearse.

Twilight was thickening into night, Victoria had put the castoroles into the oven and was making the coffee. The green coffee canister, one of a row of such canisters on the kitchen sideboard was nearly empty. A search of the cupboard above revealed no coffee either, and Victoria forgot the problem of her friend Bernice long enough to decide that she would have to scold Hazel in the morning. Hazel was a jewel, but ran to the rolls to heat, and occasional streaks of absent mindedness. Her nearsightedness could be forgiven her because she could not help it, but she knew how fond Albert was of his coffee and should not have allowed it to run so low. There was barely enough for three cups. The lower glass globe of the Silex on the stove was just half full. She turned out the gas.

"There," she thought. "Now there's just the salad to put dressing on, the rolls to heat and the table to set." She set the table. She used the pale blue dolties, the gayly painted china. The bowl of bougainvillea from her roof made a fine centerpiece, and she put two white candles at each side of it.

Tenth Maritime Hi-Y Conference

The tenth annual Y.M.C.A. conference of Maritime Hi-Y Clubs was held Saturday, October 6 through Monday, October 8th, in Halifax. The theme of the conference was Hi-Y Horizons. Delegate from all over the Maritimes attended. Of the sixty delegates forty-eight were boys.

Eight delegates, two from each of the Acmy, Alpha, Beta and Delta Clubs of Charlottetown attended along with Joan Martin, Girls' Work Secretary, Charlottetown Y.M.C.A. and many other non-delegates from the Island.

Upon arrival the delegates registered at the temporary headquarters of the Halifax Y.M.C.A. in the Wanderers' Club house and were billeted for the most part in private homes.

At 6:30 Saturday evening the opening banquet was held at the Y.M.C.A. Peter Darrach, President of the Halifax Hi-Y Grand Chapter was chairman of the convention sessions. After the delicious meal the delegates were warmly welcomed by A.C. Archibald, President of Y.M.C.A., Halifax.

Dr. A.E. Kerr, President of Dalhousie University, addressing the delegates said, "It is a privilege to live in Canada and people of many nations are keenly conscious of it."

Remarking on the fact that the conference was being held over the Thanksgiving week-end, Dr. Kerr continued, "We have an inheritance in Canada that should provide ground for the most sincere thanksgiving on the part of all thoughtful people, and the opportunities that challenge our enterprise and imagination in this vast young country should inspire gratitude in the hearts of all."

A sing-song followed led by Don Rogers of Halifax. He was accompanied by a talented pianist, Morris Connors, who is blind.

Later the group danced to records and was entertained. On Sunday morning opening worship was held at the Y.M.C.A. After this the first session of the discussion groups got underway.

There were five groups from which to choose. Youth and Education for Life, Hi-Y Programme and Projects, Hi-Y and World Service Workshop for Hi-Y Officers, and Hi-Y Membership and Organization.

Each of these discussion groups was very capably led by leaders in their field. Each city tried to send at least one representative to each discussion group. Each group set down a body of topics which they would like to discuss during the next two sessions.

Following the recess for dinner the highlight of the afternoon was a bus tour through historic Halifax. There were so many points of interest it was hard to keep up with the guide as he told us the history of each site.

The evening banquet was held at

the Y.M.C.A. Mr. Arnold Ward, Young Adult Secretary, National Council of Y.M.C.A.'s gave a short interesting talk. The delegates left as a group for church service at St. Matthews United Church where Rev. Norman Sloughert extended a welcome to the visiting delegates. Peter Darrach assisted at the service with the reading of the scripture.

The second session of discussion groups was followed by the serving of refreshments and everyone left for home.

The third session of discussion groups followed and at 10:30 the conference summary was given by Ross Bannerman, Boys' Work Secretary, Y.M.C.A., St. John. Several recommendations from each of the discussion groups were given, among these the need of each club to have their own advisor.

It was decided that Maritime Hi-Y's would support Earl Buckley who is going to Japan to carry on Y.M.C.A. work there.

A closing address was given by Arnold Ward. Lunch was served and the final farewells said. The delegates started on their return journey home with much wider horizons due to a most successful Hi-Y Conference.

FAMOUS CHURCH The so-called "New Building" of the Cathedral at Peterborough, England, was started in 1438.

Advertisement for OGDEN'S VIRGINIA FINE CUT CIGARETTES. Includes text 'Easy to Roll', 'Delightful to Smoke', and 'ALSO IN ECONOMICAL 1/2 POUND TINS'. Features an illustration of a man in a hat and a pack of cigarettes.

Advertisement for PALMOLIVE soap. Text: 'For Smooth, Youthful Skin NEW PALMOLIVE IS MILD! Smart Young Women say PALMOLIVE-IS MILD!'. Includes an illustration of a woman's face and a bar of soap.

Comic strip 'The Neighbors' by George Clark. Panel 1: 'I hope you're working up appetites. I'm going to have to bake about 150 pies!'. Panel 2: 'I hope you're working up appetites. I'm going to have to bake about 150 pies!'. Includes an illustration of a woman in a kitchen.

Advertisement for Chamberlain's Tablets. Text: 'don't be DULL CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS A PLEASANT PHYSIC. PRICE 35¢. Sold at all drug counters'. Includes an illustration of the product box.

Comic strip 'There Ought To Be A Law' by Fagaly and Shorten. Panel 1: 'HE SPENT A WEEK WITH HIS FINGER ON THE TRIGGER, BUT NEVER SAW A SINGLE THING'. Panel 2: 'TILL HE PACKED UP AND HEADED FOR HOME. Thanks, GLENN HICKS, VANCOUVER, WASH.'. Includes illustrations of a man with a rifle and a deer.

Advertisement for Eclectic Oil. Text: 'HOW TO RELIEVE LUMBAGO... LAME BACK. Apply warm oil to region of soreness, rubbing until oil is absorbed. At Drugists for 85 cents. 57-1. OR THOMAS ECLECTIC OIL. HOW TO RELIEVE PAIN IN THE JOINTS. Warm affected part. Rub in warm oil. Keep covered with warm flannel. At drugists for 85 cents. 57-3. OR THOMAS ECLECTIC OIL'. Includes illustrations of a man in pain and a bottle of oil.

Large advertisement for the CANADIAN NATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR THE BLIND. Text: 'CANADIAN NATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR THE BLIND ANNUAL PROVINCIAL CAMPAIGN OPENS OCTOBER 22nd, 1951 PROVINCIAL OBJECTIVE \$6200.00 From IDLENESS and DESPAIR to... Hope and Opportunity! Without the Canadian National Institute for the Blind... theirs is a PERMANENT BLACKOUT! Help the Blind to help Themselves! Provincial Chairman: Judge C. St. Clair Trainor Charlottetown Special Names Chairman: Sidney T. Green Say "THANK YOU" for YOUR SIGHT by being generous when called on for your contribution, or when forwarding your help to the Canadian National Institute for the Blind Headquarters at 142 1/2 Great George Street in Charlottetown.' Includes illustrations of people and a globe.