

Ford-Haddock Wedding

Major Victor MacLean officiated at Edgar St. Salvation Army on June 18, when Coralee Haddock, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Haddock, Mimico, Toronto, was united in marriage to Otis Ford, also of Mimico, and son of Mrs. Mary Ford and the late James Ford of Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Given in marriage by her father, the bride wore her navy Salvation Army uniform and carried red roses. She was attended by her sister, Miss Elaine Haddock in a navy blue suit with white accessories; she carried a bouquet of red roses. The groomsmen were Lieut. John Nelson and the ushers were: Lieut. John Winchester and Lieut. Max Young.

For receiving the guests at Shoreview Marine dining room, the bride's mother wore a pink dress with white accessories and a corsage of pink and white carnations.

Present at the marriage was the groom's brother, Fred Ford of Hunter River, P. E. I.

Following the reception Mr. and Mrs. Ford left on a short honeymoon for Fenelon Falls. They will reside in Mimico, Toronto.

A Country Garden

What birds are about, I become aware of sound in the very air. It is not enough to be called a hum, and does but just tremble at the extreme edge of hearing. If the branches wave and rustle they overbear it; the buzz of a passing bee is so much louder it overcomes all of it that is in the whole field. I cannot define it, except by calling the hours of water to mind—they are silent; you hear a branch crack or creak as it rubs another in the wood, you hear the hoarse rustle of the grass beneath your feet, but air is without sound in itself. The sound of summer is everywhere—in the passing breeze, in the hedge, in the broad wings of the grass as it sways, all myriad particles that together make the summer air in motion. The sap moves in the trees, the pollen is pushed out from grass and flower, and yet again these acres and acres of leaves and square miles of grass blades—for they would cover acres and square miles if reckoned edge to edge—are drawing their strength from the atmosphere. Exceedingly minute as these vibrations must be, their numbers perhaps may give them a volume almost reaching in the aggregate to the power of the ear. Besides the quivering leaf, the swaying grass, the fluttering wing, and the thousand oval membranes which innumerable insects whirl about, a faint resonance seems to come from the very earth itself. The fervour of the sunbeams descending in a tidal flood from the strung harp of earth, it is this exquisite undertone, heard and yet unheard, which brings the mind into sweet accordance with the wonderful instrument of Nature. Richard Jeffries wrote these wonderful words many years ago and at this season of the year it is good to read about them.

I wish that there was a sundial in the garden here since reading about them. The truth is that the sundial today is just a cherished reminder of the fleetness of that long unending journey that has ever been on its way, headed on a non-stop flight toward an unachievable destination. It is a silent sentinel of time, ever marching on and on, never pausing, never looking back, always forward.

In the garden is the proper setting for a sundial, its position in the garden should be that of a shrine. If you like romance, go then to the history of the sundial. There is a world of legend back of it. Interesting stories of the sundial have come down through the centuries and many god men and women dwelling in all parts of the world, have loved the sundial and taken sound counsel from its golden mottoes. The sundial is the true shine of the garden—around its altar all the beauties and fragrance of the flowers appear to offer a sacrifice to the scope of beauty. It daily teaches us useful lessons as the sun and shadow move across its face and we grow older, wiser and more appreciative of life and the many enjoyable dimensions and blessings that it offers.

"Today is The Tomorrow You Worry About Yesterday" is a motto found in Chester, England, and is suitable for a sundial for the dial marks and is concerned with only this present ephemeral moment. Shadow And Sun, So Too Our Lives Are Made. Yet Think How Great The Sun. How Small The Shade.

There are so many wonderful mottoes but time and space will not permit us to tell you of them. The finest was selected by the author for his own sundial in the garden. YET A LITTLE WHILE IS THE LIGHT WITH YOU. WALK WHILE YE HAVE THE LIGHT.

John 12:35

KILLED ON SIDEWALK

ST. HYACINTHE, Que. (CP)—Denise Cote, 18, of St. Hyacinthe was killed early Sunday when a truck, out of control after colliding with a car, mounted the sidewalk and struck her. Neither the truck nor car driver were injured, police said. St. Hyacinthe is 35 miles east of Montreal.

Tired Feet
Soothe them with
MINARD'S LINIMENT

Strange Bât True

By F. H. MacArthur

The danger to the integrity of civilization comes not from the masses but from fanatics who play a leading role in shaping civilization. When they act contrary to reason—and they usually do—we see bad government and its attendant evils.

Here are three of the greatest lines ever penned:

"The conscious water saw its god and blushed," and "Lost between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours; no reward is offered, for they are gone forever."

Mother's nature has evolved plants specially designed for arid regions. Plants leaves are small in order to guard against evaporation by exposing the smallest possible area, or the plant may be provided with many small hairs which suck up whatever dew falls upon them. Other plants remain dormant for long periods of drought but spring to life as water contacts them.

The Masai tribe of Africa live entirely upon their livestock. Not only do they drink the milk and blood of their cattle, but they dress in leather and make houses of cow dung. The cattle are bled by placing a ligature around the neck till the veins stand out, then an arrow is shot into the vein and the hot blood collected in a vessel and mixed with milk and is only warriors of this strange tribe have hair on their bodies. Even babies are shaved twice a week, and women have neither eyelashes nor eyebrows!

Down in the crypt of St. Martin's church, London, England, the doors never close against the unfortunate underdogs and almost any night one can see people huddled in every position in which the body can get into—homeless wanderers from every part of the mighty city.

One lone policeman guards this cosmopolitan crew and keeps a record of every stranger who enters this place of sanctuary.

Looking into some of these extraordinary records I find that one was a beautiful young woman saved by the grace of God from white slavery. Another, a person of refinement, had lost every penny of his savings through unwise investments and like the beautiful young woman, had joined the "down and outs" through the white crypt.

Homeless persons are allowed to stay in the church only three nights in succession. After they must find some other abode, which brings a long line of ever changing faces to this haven of refuge; but none are turned away hungry.

Usually men are divided into three groups: Those who have been behind prison walls and have a grudge against the world; those whose minds have snapped under the strain of war; and those who will neither work nor go straight. But that lone policeman has heard every story ever invented, and she knows a phoney at sight!

To spend a few nights down in the crypt of St. Martin's church would give you a pretty good picture of human nature on skid row, each individual a real drama

Signing Peace Pact That Ended Civil War in Guatemala



Col. Elfezo Monzon, left, head of Guatemala's ruling junta, and Col. Carlos Castillo Armas, right, leader of the Central American nation's anti-Communist rebels, are shown as they signed a peace pact in San Salvador, El Salvador, ending the Guatemalan civil war. It proclaimed a total cease-fire and provided for a five-man military junta. Watching the signing ceremony is Dr. Carlos Azucar Charez, centre, foreign undersecretary of El Salvador. Standing in rear, left to right, are: Colonels Fidel R. Quintanilla, Rafael Carranza Amaya and Luis Felipe Escobar. Man at extreme right is unidentified.

of struggle against the world, the flesh and the devil, enemies against which every mortal must do battle as he steers his course through life. Some to rise gloriously; others to fall.

"We don't question who or what they are," the policeman would tell you. "If they are in trouble, we do what we can for them."

And her words, incidentally, have a familiar appeal like: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

In 1702 a rascal named Dick Hathway was convicted at Surrey Assize in England for falsely accusing an aged woman of witchcraft. He spit some pins out of his mouth and declared in court that the witch had put them in his stomach.

Ten years later came the famous case in which Jane Wendham also of England was found guilty of flying through the air on a broomstick and of changing herself into a cat. Sir John Powell who was the judge sitting on the case said he knew of no law against flying on broomsticks or on anything else and as for changing herself into a cat he thought the Devil might have been malicious enough to manage the affair without her connivance.

Anyway Jane got a pardon much to the anger of some clergymen who thought she should at least have gone to prison for the rest of her days.

So much contention arose over the case that people of understanding and common sense avowed their disbelief in witches, scripture texts notwithstanding. These were in the minority however and strange but true witch trials in England did not come to an end until 1736 when a law punishing witchcraft by death was repealed.

It was in such good condition that workmen were able to transform it into a beautiful rostrum and to shape it after its natural form and decorate it with fossils. A small branch at one side is carved with leaves which serve as a candlestick. The old oak was unearthed at Woodside when the workmen were excavating earth to join two lakes.

Crystals of barium titanate a few thousandths of an inch thick and 1-2 an inch square which can store up as many as 250 bits of information has been developed by the Bell Telephone Laboratory.

Data is fed to the crystals in code form using tiny positive and negative electric charges. The crystals will reduce the size of 'phone switching systems and electric calculators.

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Rogerson-MacDonald Wedding

St. Patrick's Cathedral, Hamilton, Ontario was the scene of a pretty wedding on June 26, when Mary Alleen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Aeneas MacDonald of Charlottetown was united in holy bonds of matrimony to Cecil Francis, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles T. Rogerson of Peakes, P.E.I.

The double ring ceremony was performed by Rev. J. H. Higgins, who also celebrated the Nuptial Mass.

Given in marriage by her cousin, Mr. Joseph A. MacDonald of Toronto, the bride was gowned in white nylon tulle over satin, styled with a fitted bodice and a bouffant ballerina-length skirt, with lace applique. Her finger-tip veil of illusion was held in place with a coronet of seed pearls. Her only ornament was a single strand of pearls, a gift of the groom. She carried a white prayer book adorned with a mauve orchid and white streamers.

The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Donald MacDonal, as bridesmaid, who wore a ballerina-length gown of aquamarine nylon net over satin with matching mitts and head-dress. She carried a nosegay of pink roses.

The groom was attended by his brother, Mr. Aubrey Rogerson. Ushers were Messrs. Harold and Elmer Rogerson, also brothers of the groom.

Following the ceremony a wedding breakfast was held for 50 guests. The bride's table was centered with a three-tier wedding cake flanked by lighted tapers. The toast to the bride was proposed by Mr. Aubrey Rogerson, and responded to by the groom.

Tyne Valley Notes

—Mrs. Kathleen Crook and daughter, Suellen, motored from Massachusetts to spend a holiday at the home of her brother, Mr. Roy Phillips.

Mrs. Edna Walker is spending some time in Halifax, with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Allen.

The regular Presbyterian Missionary Society met at the home of Mrs. D. N. Forbes on July 5.

The annual meeting of the Tyne Valley section of the Richmond Bay Presbyterian charge was held in the church on July 7.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Hansen were visitors to York, on July 5, guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hansen.

Miss Wendy MacNeil spent last week visiting her friend, Miss Ramsay at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thos Nisbet.

FAMOUS PURCHASE
Trinkets which the Dutch explorer Peter Minuit gave the Indians for Manhattan island in 1624 were worth about \$24.

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