



Lovely Wedding Held At St. Dunstan's Basilica

Bouquets of white gladioli and snap dragon, decorated the altar of St. Dunstan's Basilica Monday morning August 27th at 8:30 for the wedding of Agnes Shirley, daughter of Mrs. F.L. MacNally and Harry J. Pineau, son of Mrs. Angus Pineau and the late Mr. Pineau.

Monsignor Patrick McMahon officiated at the double ring ceremony and also said the Nuptial Mass.

Given in marriage by her uncle Mr. J.J. Connolly, the bride was lovely in her floor length strapless gown of embroidered nylon net over satin. She wore a jacket of Chantilly lace with long sleeves tapering to points over the wrists. Her finger tip veil of fine net was caught to a head dress of sequins and pearls. She carried a floral arrangement of red roses and white mums in a small lace basket.

Miss Joan Wier, was bridesmaid. She wore a strapless gown of pale blue nylon net over taffeta, with matching lace jacket. Her headress was a small hat of sequins and pearls, to match her gown. She carried a nosegay of pink carnations with feather streamers. Misses

Rachelle MacDonald and Janis Craswell, were the winsome flower girls. They wore gowns of pale pink and pale green organ-die. Their headresses were of matching flowers and nylon net. They carried nosegays of white baby mums with colored centers, to match their gowns.

Mr. Vincent Pineau, brother of the groom was best man. The ushers were Mr. John McCarville and Mr. Pat Connolly.

Mrs. Joseph Dougan played the nuptial music. The soloists were Mrs. Arthur Arsenault and Miss Kathleen Hughes.

The bride's mother chose for her daughter's wedding, a light blue two piece suit with matching blue accessories and fur neck piece. Her corsage was yellow roses. The groom's mother wore a printed crepe of navy sheer, with white accessories. Her corsage was sweet heart roses.

A reception and breakfast followed at the Queen Hotel for relatives and intimate friends. Then the trip to Boston and New York.

For traveling the bride wore a printed taffeta dress, with navy accessories. Her corsage was pink roses.

The couple will reside in Charlottetown, P.E.I. - Craswell photo

ELLEN'S DIARY

Plowing Will Go On

The sun shone on the smooth sals of fresh-turned sod when we reached the scene of the Plowing Match, on the first furrows we had seen this season. It is an engaging sight always and invariably one which turns thoughts backward to the beginning of time-to words written of old and scenes reported in history . . . to primitive plows drawn by lowly farm-animals: the ox and the ass. But not together, oh never! I wonder how much, how unbelievably far, farming had advanced since then! Here powerful machines moved accepting casually all former drudgery of the work and more than a single share flashed sew and clean and bright at the end of a furrow. Truly it seemed there is nothing left in this bigger and better age of machinery to amaze one.

"He that ploweth should plow in hope," we smiled. How fitting the words were but this time it was the hope which attends a contest that was evident in the faces of the plowmen and not that which springs fresh and warm in the heart of the farmer such time as he turns his own fall-furrows or spring-at the cropping.

Carefully the furrows were opened, the sods to fall prettily, tractors plow, it seemed, barely inching along. No chance of a hard move, in this contest of brawn, muscle more and less meticulously attuned . . . About the grounds, lay the September fields gilded with the harvest-shade in fulfillment of the seedtime-quiet and peaceful of the countryside with-out. Just beyond sat the village in content, its white Church especially appealing against the sunny afternoon sky.

A Veteran of World War I walked among the number who viewed from a headland the new-turned sods, his trained step picking him out from others. . . Was there amongst nations "a time for war?" The thought thrust itself into our knowing. So it is written. A time for war, and a time for the peace Island-Folks now enjoy short-or-long-lived as it may be when the earth gives its metals for plowshares and pruninghooks instead of the dread "swords and spears" of the over-shadowed war years.

What a gala occasion it was and happy, the grounds as lively as would a day at the Fair, older, middle-aged, younger, children gathered happily to honor the event. For the youngster the memory of its charms will be indelibly imprinted in mind for them to recount one day to children and grandchildren.

Will there be plowing then? By present indications there is no sign of the ancient practice being cast in the discard of farming. Constantly improved machines become bigger and better and faster. How fast on the farms the shares can portion, the sods fall in long ribbons of Island-red!

Yes, plowing will go on, as some one years back put it nicely in verse particularly for sons of ancestral acres to regard:

"My father's father plowed this land,
His father's father fought and planned
To get increase on the yield
Of his forefathers, from this field.
The good earth needs my care and so
To distant lands I shall not go.
The seagulls wheel upon my track,
And settle swiftly at my back.
They know that plowing will go on
When all is said and all is done.
And this I want my son's son too
To plow this field and give rebirth
To fruitfulness upon this earth."
Dad
Dad
Dad

GOOD NUMBER

EVER so slim is this sheath of black rayon crepe, a dinner dress that is highly sophisticated and perfectly feminine. Perhaps this sheath is destined to be helped by the use of Val-lens. The best neckline is made interesting with vertical lines of black lace. A really

Fresh Milk Supply And Coffee Shop Civilization

AYLEN LAKE, Ont. (CP)—Leaping figures clad in black tights on an isolated beach at this eastern boundary of Algonquin provincial park were no fishermen's mirage this summer.

They were pupils of the Wilderness Ballet Camp, a summer-time version of the Toronto Ballet School. Both schools are directed by ballet expert Rita Warne.

The camp is for girls between 12 and 19 from Canada and the United States, who intend to make a career of ballet.

They spend several hours a day on a rigid training schedule, coached by teachers like Leslie Edwards, of Sadler's Wells Ballet Company, and the Volkoffs of Toronto. Off-duty, they sunbathe and swim in the crystal-clear lake.

Visitors are discouraged because Miss Warne believes that to concentrate on their work the must not be distracted.

HAPPENINGS

Mr. George Carty, executive director to the Hon. Paul Martin, Mrs. Carty and family, have returned to Ottawa. While in Charlottetown they were the guests of Hon. B. Earle MacDonald and Mrs. MacDonald.

Mrs. B. Earle MacDonald, is entertaining at her lovely home, 99 North River Road, this Tuesday afternoon, at a house reception and garden tea. The guests of honor will be the wives of the delegates to the convention of Industries and Natural Resources. Among the guests will be Mrs. Douglas wife of the Premier of Saskatchewan.

Mr. Leigh Douglas is leaving shortly for Dalhousie University where he will study medicine. He will be accompanied by his wife Mrs. Douglas who will also take up residence in Halifax. Mr. Douglas is a son of Mrs. Ella Douglas, Longworth Avenue, and the late Mr. Ira Douglas.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. MacLean, Vancouver, and Mr. and Mrs. A.G. MacLean, Raymore, Saskatchewan, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. J.M. MacFadyen.

Miss Margaret Fleming, daughter of the late Dr. James E. Fleming and Mrs. Fleming, Stanley Bridge, is in the province. Miss Fleming who is employed with the Civil Service in Ottawa motored to the Island stopping off en route, at Cape Breton. While in this province, Miss Fleming is the guest of Mrs. (Dr.) James E. Fleming, 96 Hillsboro Street.

Mrs. Patrick J. Mooney, entertained at a family dinner party Sunday evening at the Queen Hotel in honor of her niece, Miss Margaret Fleming. Covers were laid for twelve.

Excellent music was furnished by Mrs. Weir at piano, Mr. Stanley Thompson on violin and son Raymond with guitar. They also gave accompaniments for several beautiful old time songs with the entire party joining in the chorus. Step Dances were given by Mrs. Weir, Mrs. Fraser, Joseph Keohan, Horace Thompson, and Mrs. Weir to violin tunes by Stanley Thompson, Mrs. Joseph Keohan chorring at the organ.

After partaking of a most delectable luncheon the evening closed with happy good nights and hopes for a future and larger reunion at the hold home.

LET'S EAT

New Stuffed Salad Rolls For Summer Luncheons

By IDA BAILEY ALLEN

"In one of New York's most popular tea rooms, egg salad stuffed rolls, with a green salad and dessert-beverage are popular summer luncheons," I remarked.

"Especially with the ladies," chuckled the Chef. "But every lady cannot entertain her friends at that restaurant. So I propose to repair to the test-kitchen and create a new form of stuffed salad roll and a new dessert-beverage, which I shall dedicate to the ladies."

Half an hour later, I was invited to taste-test and ended by eating lunch!

Stuffed Chicken-Pineapple Relish Rolls: Combine 1-1/3 c. diced cooked or canned chicken, 1 (9 oz.) can crushed pineapple, drain 1/4 c. drained sweet pickle relish, 2 tbsp. chopped canned pimento, 1/4 c. mayonnaise and 1/4 tsp. salt. Scoop out 8 frankfurter rolls. Fill with the mixture.

Chocolate Marshmallow Milk Dessert - Beverage: Add 1-3 c. marshmallow cream to 2 c. chocolate milk and 1/4 tsp. nutmeg. Refrigerate until very cold.

Pour into glasses. Top each with 1 tbsp. marshmallow cream. Dust with grated semi-sweet chocolate.

Monday Dinner: (Vegetarian) garlic bread; beef-sausage loaf; carrots; baked whole tomatoes; green-peppered cole slaw; criss-cross plum pie; hot or iced coffee or tea or milk.

All measurements are level unless proportioned to serve 4 to 6.

Beef-Sausage Loaf: In a mixing bowl, combine 1 1/2 lbs. chopped beef and 1/2 lb. sausage meat. Fine-chop 2 peeled onions, 1

Shenanigans Make a TV Hit

During the past few months many Sunday Evening TV viewers have been switching the dial from CBS to NBC and vice versa. Rival networks have two top-rating shows at the same time.

The M.C. who is giving Ed Sullivan a hot run for audience ratings is Steve Allen, whose show Doug Blanchard of the Star Weekly describes as spontaneous shenanigans.

Blanchard interviewed this master of mirth in New York recently, and in this week's issue describes "The Man With the Fast Ad Lib."

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MORNING SMILE

"Let's see your driver's license," a policeman asked a motorist, after stopping him for speeding.

"Haven't got one."

"Then your insurance certificate?"

"I'm not insured," the motorist said obstinately.

Here his wife intervened. "Pay no attention to him, constable," she said. "He always says silly things like that when he's drunk."

COOK'S CORNER

MAPLE CREAM
3 cups brown sugar
1 1/2 tablespoons butter
two-thirds cup of milk
Boil 5 minutes and then take from heat and add 1 teaspoon vanilla and 1/4 cup Chopped nuts. Beat until creamy and pour into buttered pan.

WOMEN

Lena Caroline McLure, Women's Editor. Phone 8308

Page 8, The Guardian Tuesday, Sept. 11, 1956

THE EXPERTS SAY Foundation Garments Are Of Importance To Wardrobe

By GILLIAN PRITCHARD
Canadian Press Staff Writer
TORONTO (CP)—Only one in 20 has a perfect figure, but every woman needs expertly fitted foundation garments to make the most of what she has.

Corsetier Martha Harrower explains there are three basic figure types in three heights and no woman has exactly the same proportions as another.

The foundation garment department of the Toronto store where she is employed stock 800 different foundation garments and each sales clerk is expected to know 150 of these intimately.

Miss Harrower says more women are learning that foundations are not a matter of course.

OLDER WOMEN SHY
Older women, however, are often shy and insist that they can manage by themselves.

Says Miss Harrower: "They haven't got used to the idea that foundation fitters are to be regarded in the same way as hospital staff."

Many women have the idea that a foundation garment's life is un-

Skipper's Wife Is The Boss For Two Months Of Year

By BORIS MISKEW
Canadian Press Staff Writer
MONTREAL (CP)—A Norwegian captain's love of the high seas does not entirely keep him away from his family.

When he cannot get home for a vacation, Capt. Ingolf Valvatne takes his family—wife and one son—along with him aboard his ship, the 2,700-ton Fjell line freighter Lukesfjell.

The 57-year-old skipper, a sturdy man, left the port of Montreal recently on the last leg of a "vacation voyage" with his wife and their six-year-old son, Ingvald Jr.

In all, Mrs. Valvatne and young Ingvald will have spent about two months aboard the Lukesfjell this summer before they disembark in Rotterdam.

SEASONED SAILORS
It was the seventh ocean voyage for Mrs. Valvatne and the third for young Ingvald.

The Fjell line—whose North American agent is Canadian Overseas Shipping (1956) Ltd., of Montreal—is one of a few shipping companies that allow their Captains to take families on one ocean voyage each year.

Capt. Valvatne, who prefers soft drinks to rum, admits that Mrs. Valvatne is the "real captain" when she's aboard ship.

"She's the boss for at least two months of the year," the skipper said with a glance in her direction. "I'm in charge of the ship and crew but she's in charge of me."

The skipper, nicknamed "the captain with the green thumb" because of his interest in garden-

ing "on the high seas," makes the voyage as pleasant as possible for his family.

AT HOME AFLOAT
His chalet-type quarters are bedecked with flourishing potted plants from many nations. In one corner is an aquarium, containing a variety of tropical fish. Hand-woven rugs and a painting of a Norwegian mountain scene add to the home-like atmosphere.

Mrs. Valvatne agrees with the captain that life at sea "is simply wonderful."

She says she has plenty of time to relax aboard the ship, waiting for it to call at cities like Toronto, Hamilton, Milwaukee, Cleveland, Chicago and other Great Lakes ports.

And when the ship docks, Mrs. Valvatne and young Ingvald have a chance to take brief sight-seeing excursions.

After calling on Le Havre and Rotterdam, the Valvatne family will return to their home in the Norwegian village of Sagdalen, near Oslo.

WARTIME ROMANCE
The captain met Mrs. Valvatne at the end of the Second World War. He had arrived in London after escaping from a Vichy French prison camp in Casablanca.

She was employed in the London office of the Norwegian Sailor's Institute.

The skipper, then a first mate aboard the freighter Risgolf, a 9,000-ton ship which sailed in allied convoys, was taken prisoner off the west coast of Africa in 1940 when his ship was captured.

He escaped two years later in a home-made boat fashioned from scrap wood and canvas. He became master of the steamship Princess Astrid in 1945 and took over the Lukesfjell a year ago.

Despite his father's exciting seafaring experiences, young Ingvald says he has no aspirations of becoming a sailor. The youngster, who has already been to 12 coun-

ST. CATHERINE'S W.I.

The St. Catherine's W.I. was held at the home of Mrs. W.R. Shaw on July 13, 1956. The meeting opened with the Mary Stewart Collect in union.

Roll call was answered by seven members. Minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. Correspondence was read and discussed.

It was moved and seconded to subscribe for the Polio Post for one year; send a donation, also that all bills be paid. Receipts from District Convention amounted to \$85.45.

Mrs. Ralph Darrach invited the members to her home for the next meeting.

Meeting adjourned. A delicious lunch was served by the hostess. Programme consisted of a contest "Know Your Garden" put on by the members.

LASSIE COMES HOME

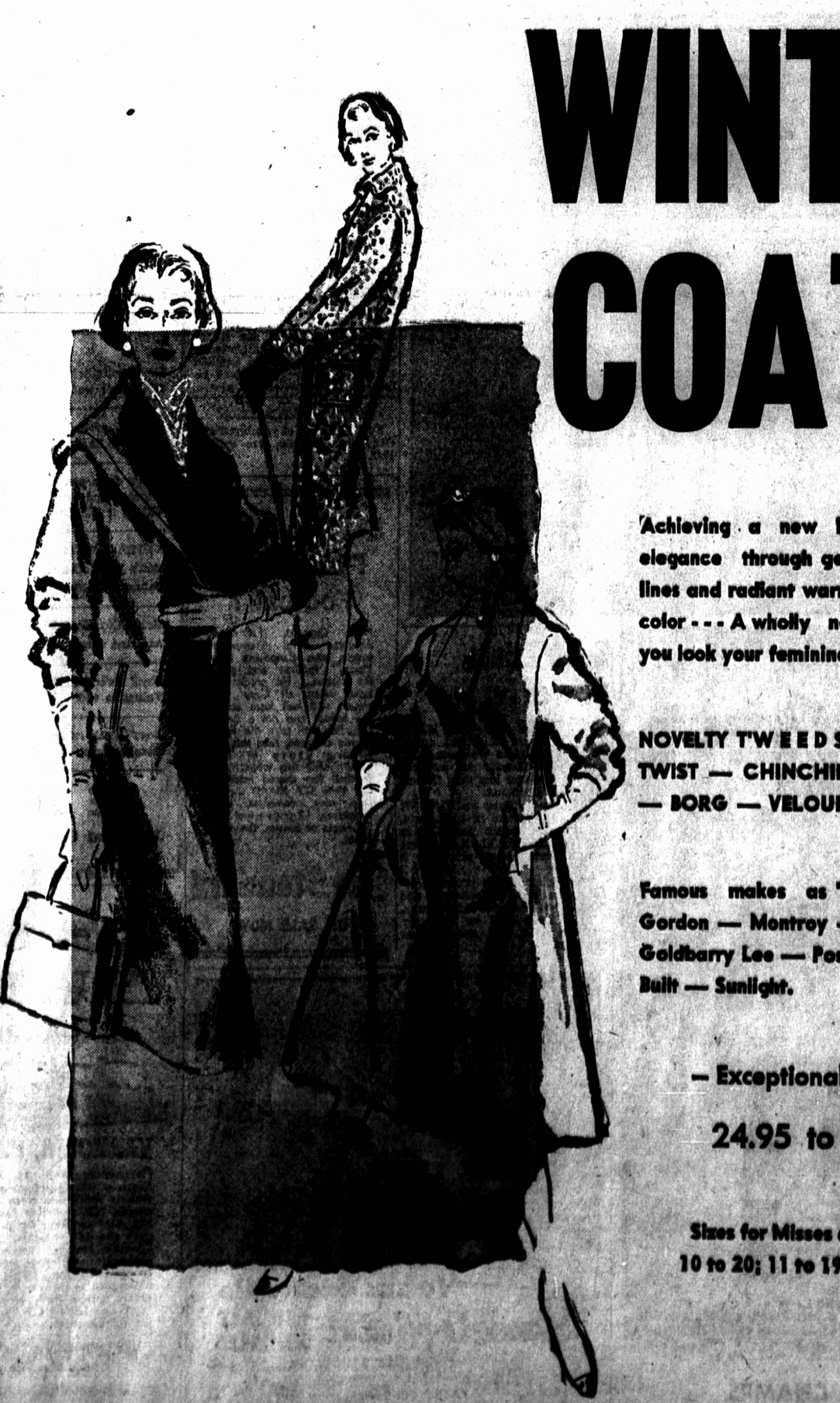
TORONTO (CP)—Lassie, 17-month-old collie, returned home after seven months, a little thin but none the worse for wear. Arthur MacKay, the dog's owner, said Lassie's disappearance must have been due to a thief because the dog's original lead rope had been cut, and its present one was obviously broken.

tries and speaks four languages claims he wants to be a traffic cop.



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