



BEVERLY MACALISTER DAVID BOSWELL

**ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCED**

The engagement has been announced of Miss Beverly Joan Macalister, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Macalister, Montreal West, and Mr. David MacGregor Boswell of Victoria, Prince Edward Island, son of Mr. and Mrs. Keith Boswell. The marriage has been arranged to take place on Saturday, November 17, in St. Philip's Church, Montreal West.

**Queen Victoria's Great-Granddaughter Dies**

CANNES, France (AP) — Ex-queen Elizabeth of Greece, a great-granddaughter of Queen Victoria related to most of Europe's royalty, died today after a long illness. She was 72. She had entered a clinic here last July with a heart ailment. She sank into a coma this week and her doctors gave up hope for her life. The daughter of King Ferdinand and Queen Maria of Romania, Elizabeth was the divorced wife of the late King George II of Greece. She had lived on the French Riviera since 1948. Her adopted son, Prince Marc, was at her bedside when she died. It was announced last month that the ex-queen had adopted the 33-year-old Frenchman Marc de Favrat, who had been chief of her civil household. The adoption was approved by the head of her family, the house of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen.

**THE EXPERTS SAY She Never Had It So Good**

By OLLI DAUM  
Canadian Press Staff Writer  
TORONTO (CP) — The housewife never had it so good. Producers of electrical appliances have outdone themselves to provide her with labor-saving devices — scientists are working on disposable dishes and linens, new detergents and fabrics have teamed up to make ironing almost nothing more than an unpleasant memory. And now manufacturers are striving to give her furniture that is more attractive, more functional and easier to clean. So says Harry Parker, manager of the Canadian Furniture Mart who had just completed a cross-Canada tour of 400 manufacturing firms which are to display their wares here in January. The manufacturers, he said, are particularly eager for the housewife's reaction to their new light-weight furnishings, steyd particularly for the woman who likes to re-arrange her furniture frequently. "She won't have to wait for her husband to come home from work to help her," Mr. Parker said. "Even chenterfields are a light enough in weight for one person to move." **RAISED FROM FLOOR** The newly-designed heavier pieces of furniture will not, however, have to be moved for cleaning purposes. They've been raised so that a vacuum cleaner or mop can be easily slipped underneath. Wood trim, easily scratched by playful children, is no longer fashionable. Washable fabrics such as nylon and orlon are being used in upholstery. Bolder colors are being suggested because they are more reluctant than pastels to reveal stains or smudges. The new trends, says Mr. Parker, were introduced to meet the needs of 20th-century living. In the process, however, manufacturers are developing a style that is distinctly Canadian. It emphasizes simplicity and durability. Mr. Parker said that although it has been the practice of Canadian furniture manufacturers to copy United States styles they now are designing their own. Their aim is to turn out products that will compare favorably with those of other countries now leading the furniture-manufacturing field. Their desire to compete has a double purpose — to gain recognition for creative ability and to help increase Canada's industrial output.

**COOK'S CORNER**



2 cups sugar  
1 cup water  
1 cup vinegar  
2 teaspoons whole cloves  
2 teaspoons allspice berries  
2 pieces of whole cinnamon bark  
Boil in cheese cloth bag for 5 minutes. Select even-sized crab-apples, remove blossom end, but leave on stems. Prick five or six holes with needle so that the skin will not break. Then add crab-apples so that they are covered with syrup, and not crowded. Boil slowly until the apples can be pierced with a straw. Lift out of syrup with skimmer. Put in jars with stem end up and cover with the hot syrup. Seal in airtight jars. These are nice with roast duck, goose or pork.

**WIFE PRESERVERS**



To apply stiffening to collars, cuffs or any small part of a garment that you want extra stiff, use a new small paint brush and apply liquid starch to the areas to be treated.

**MARY HAWORTH**

**Girl Is Shaken By News She Was Adopted**

Dear Mary Haworth: What would you do if, after 16 years, you learned that you weren't really a member of the wonderful family you'd always been so proud of?

The daughter of a friend of my mother's, probably meaning to be friendly, said to me very casually: "My mother thinks you are the prettiest of all the children in your family, and look more like your mother than the others—even though you are only adopted."

It was a shock; but I thanked her and didn't tell her that I hadn't known I was adopted. I've been miserable since then, doubting myself and my parents, and wondering what my real background is.

Where I used to accept discipline and decisions with only a normal amount of rebellion, I now get very upset in relation to my parents. I am either wondering if they don't trust me, or blaming myself for not showing proper gratitude and respect — when they've given me so much, and never have treated me differently from their four children, ranging in ages from eight to two years.

They must have a reason for not telling me, as they are very honest, usually. I realize now that several things they've said in the last few years have been paving the way to telling me when they feel the time is right.

Should I confront them with my knowledge—as I have tried, several times, to do? Or should I go on, as I am, until they choose to tell me? I love them so much I wouldn't want to hurt them; but I would love to hear from them that it doesn't matter, and that they do consider me one of them; and that they aren't just being their own kind chagitable selves. Please advise me, as I can't talk to anyone I know. D.Y. NOT "CASUAL"

Dear D.Y.: I doubt that the daughter of your mother's friend was a well meaning innocent, in breaking the news that you are with busybody interest. I think curious to see how you would react to her sugar-coated comment that said, in effect: "I know you are adopted; but did you know it?"

You handled the incident with a queen's composure, in hiding your feelings and responding politely. I only wish you had gone straight home and told mother about the jolt. Had you done that, the whole situation would seem more comfortable now—as settled and dependable as before you knew. The fact of your adoption would be already sinking into digested past history, in your thinking.

Probably your mother would have got a shock too, on learning that her friend was chatting behind her back about a matter that presumably was being kept confidential by the older generation, until the time seemed ripe to let you know that you'd been a hand-picked rather than a stork-brought daughter. (Figuratively speaking, of course.)

**BE CANDID**  
At 16, you are entering the emotional whirlpool of adolescence, a season of storm and stress in the soul of robust youth in any case; and a period when parents and youngsters encounter some difficulty in staying affectionally close and understanding, even in the most uneventful circumstances.

Thus it makes good sense to be frank and open with your parents about the confusion and anxiety that weigh on you now, and cause you to wonder if possibly you don't really belong, or aren't as grateful as you should be; and to feel that maybe they don't trust you, and have only been charitable, etc.

If you can't find the courage to speak out conversationally, you might express your feelings in writing and get the problem off your chest to your mother that way. This should be a help to both sides, making it possible for all of you to become even more accurately related than before, in terms of a fuller integrity. M.H. Mary Haworth counsels through her column, not by mail or personal interview. Write her in care of this newspaper.

**ELLEN'S DIARY**

**Children Enjoy Pets**

"There'll be plowing now!" Mack greeted us across the yards in the damp of this morning. His first chore is to give the fowls their breakfast, an item he does faithfully and well, while Granddaughter has taken over the care of the rabbits, the younger ones most attractive now and among their favorite pets.

Sometimes when she comes to pay us a visit, to chat it may be or perhaps to amuse herself at the old piano, she brings a rabbit with her, in her arms. It may be the tan-coated one or the pure white, fur so silky soft, to be also a quiet and well-behaved guest.

"No, no plowing yet!" we called back. "It will take more showers than those we've had of late to let Granddaddy and your father risk dulling those new shares of the plow."

"We'll likely get more rain today. There's no sign yet of the sun," he said coming by in the direction of the poultry-house where James is bound is "enough grain to feed a pig or a nice chunk of an ox for a whole day" at hand. "Or," he said "it may clear."

"Clear!" James echoed smiling. "Who says that, and we wanting rain?" But somewhere today it came to mind, someone doubtless longed for blue sky and sun—a bride perhaps looking for that favorable token on this bridal day, or some discouraged soul, spirits already oppressed by the quiet gray of the day.

"It's just a Fall day, this" a visitor to the yard this afternoon offered "Dampish, but neither rain nor shine. But not cold, not cold. Nothing to hinder farmers in turnips or shipping out potatoes, if it is fairly dry for the plowing. . . . Where are the men?"

Today too kept them at those barns over the fields from Alderlea, wood worn, smooth by the years, the end of a grain-box out of which once some esteemed horse fed.

In the face of such industry of farm what do the house-wives do these days? Jeanie is at her Fall-cleaning, while the other finds herself, watching the sunlight linger on the November fields about or as today, the intermittent showers play along the millpond. However, we baked a cake, and with its fragrance about, knit a few rounds on the work sock of sheep's gray. . . . Then noted the pup at the gateway come suddenly alert, eyes fastened on the stretch of roadway which lies beyond the hilltop. And smiled, recalling former days, when his pleased bark went out to meet the children homing happily from school.

"What's tomorrow?" Mack queried with a smile later. "Saturday?" we replied. "Yes, but what else? It's the day we set our muskrat traps! Gage and I saved sheaves to make bait when we were at the threshing. That should catch them!" he nodded.

And now it is the day that its caught—held fast in the arms of the night. Until tomorrow. . . . Diary — Goodnight. . . .

**ELEANOR ROSS**

**Plastic Now Invades Field Of Furniture**

New furniture displays show plastic-coated upholstery that does breathe, that doesn't slip and slide, yet still retains its easy washing properties.

And how do they do it? Well, the plastic coating on the woven fabric base isn't actually plastic itself, but air circulation is created by the textured patterns of the plastic that's applied to the fabric base.

The surface of this type of plastic upholstery needs only a sudsy wiping off-right on the furniture — to keep it like new.

Improved techniques and new developments permit plastic-coated fabrics to be transparent, to be embossed in traditional patterns or novel designs—or even to be elastic.

So take a look at these new materials, designed and produced for beauty, service and easy care in the home.

**FURNITURE PLASTICS**  
As for plastic in furniture, did you know that at least one manufacturer is making bedroom suites entirely of plastic?

The pieces come in a platinum walnut finish with silver-colored draw pulls. Just equip that plastic bed with a plastic mattress protector, nylon sheets and a plastic spread.

**WEST ROYALTY W.I.**  
The annual meeting of the West Royalty Women's Institute met at the home of Mrs. Lawson Crosby on Thursday evening, November 1st. The President, Mrs. Fred Gates was in the chair. The meeting opened with the Creed in unison. Twelve members paid dues.

After the minutes were read and approved, the President gave her report and thanked the members for their splendid co-operation during the past year. The secretary gave a brief report. The Treasurer gave her report, stating the balance on hand is \$310.98. It was moved by Mrs. Trainor and seconded by Mrs. Lank that these reports be adopted.

After considerable discussion it was decided to resume the weekly card parties in the hall; the first to be held on November 6th. Mrs. Murray is in charge of advertising. It was suggested that the tablecloths be used on the card tables and those who had not donated their cloth yet should do so as soon as possible. It was decided that Roll call for the December meeting be an auction of surprise packages, valued at not more than 75 cents. The new officers elected are as follows: President, Mrs. Charles Murray; vice-president, Miss Elizabeth Powley; secretary and Assistant, Mrs. Harold MacRae and Mrs. George Crosby; Treasurer, Mrs. Russell Bell; Directors, Mrs. Wm. Chowan, Mrs. James McInnis, Mrs. Robert Hurry, Mrs. Lorne Macdonald, Mrs. Earl Campbell, auditors, Mrs. Clifford Roper and Mrs. Eric Hurry; conveners, Agriculture, Mrs. Charles Hurry, Citizenship, Mrs. Willard Lank, Home Economics, Mrs. Wilbur Trainor, Arts and Literature, Mrs. Fred Gates, Health and Social Welfare, Mrs. John England.

The birthday box was opened, and contained the sum of \$3.87. The Institute News was passed around, followed by the sale of copiers of Club Creed. The next meeting is to be held in the hall on December 7th, with the following lunch committee: Mrs. Robert Hurry, Mrs. Fred Gates, Mrs. Charles Hurry and Mrs. Eric Hurry. Mrs. Russell Bell moved the meeting adjourn. A delicious lunch was served by the hostess and committee in charge.

**RAID COMMUNIST HQ**  
**BUENOS AIRES (Reuters)** — Two people were wounded by shots fired when demonstrators tried to set fire to a Communist district branch in the downtown party here Tuesday night. Fifteen policemen were bruised in a scuffle which followed, and 14 Communists were arrested.

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