

# TEA TIME TALK

(BY WILMA J. MARCH)

## PAN-AMERICAN TOUR

Let me tell you of our recent trip around the world, as such a trip is called, when various countries are visited for an afternoon's enjoyment.

March 6th was the date which had long been planned for by an able contingent of willing Church workers, such as the Ladies' Aid of any thriving town is known to be. While the tourists were still in our midst was the opportune time to have this annual affair which is always well patronized and much enjoyed. There is no finer type of out-door enjoyment for a large assembly of people than this method of entertainment. It is possible to arrange the crowd in groups, thus avoiding an overlapping and poor service. Any community which has not tried a "trip around the world" for the financial benefit of some worthwhile organization, has missed a unique form of raising money, by giving adequate returns in pleasure for the money spent by each individual.

With passenger cars all ready for the trip, the folks met at the depot according to the hour set for their passage. Two, three, four and five were the hours of departure. You made your choice when purchasing your ticket which cost twenty-five cents. All aboard for Hawaii, the first country to be visited. A pleasant ride brought you to a beautiful garden, gay with flowers and shrubbery, where dancing, fringe-adorned maidens capably imitated the genuine tan-skinned lassies of that colorful island. Waikiki beach was the main attraction. The bedecked and charming creatures who entertained the guests had winning ways. One would never in the world recognize them as the sedate ladies who grace the choir and Ladies' Aid of a local Church. Pineapple cocktail was served as an appetizer, to make you hungry when you reached the next country. The food served at each place was an additional charge, but only five cents, so that wouldn't break anyone.

Ship ahoy, boat sailing for America, landing at Vancouver island! Canada next.

After a pleasant trip across the island the passengers arrived at the land and drove up the causeway which had guide posts with signs of welcome. At the entrance to the beautiful estate of Mr. Charles Himmelwright (where I had the wonderful privilege of being director of the Canadian section of the trip around the world) in large letters the word "Canada" bore sincere expression of a land where tourists receive a hearty welcome. There at the gate, where throngs of friends find ample measure and to spare of the hospitality of the gracious host and hostess, the Canadian flag floated invitingly in the breeze. Cars were halted by a uniformed officer, who asked several pointed questions as to birth, destination and the duration of the visit on British soil. Being a genial person as all immigration officers should be, he spoke words of welcome.

Then a beaming faced officer, also uniformed, stepped up and asked regarding the length of the proposed visit and searched the car for dutiable baggage. Finding all tourists on this trip honest and straightforward this customs officer was delighted to give cards of courtesy and stickers for the windshield, which showed that the passengers were "Guests of Canada". Along the roadway leading to the Canadian headquarters were visible signs of welcome and places of interest to visit.

Then as the cars rolled up to the receiving office a joyous reception committee extended the hand of welcome and greetings of Canada. They were told to leisurely survey the sights and wander in the citrus orchard where the bursting buds wafted a sweet fragrance through the early evening breeze. There in the distance, at the foot of the hill from which the guests viewed the country surrounding the Himmelwright estate, lay beautiful Lake Pasadena.—I beg your pardon, it was the St. Lawrence River, at least that was what the guests were told, for were they not in Canada? Upon that very hill the Singing Tower was to stand in all its beauty, ac-

ording to the original plans. But its destiny did not seem to lie there. For reasons unknown to me, the location was changed to the lovely Lake Wales district where it now stands. Plans had gone so far that the Himmelwright estate had been purchased and Mr. Himmelwright had bought the property across the road. But the best laid plans are sometimes changed. And the reason is often money, as I think most likely was the case here. Some financial stress from the other territory had weight enough to make the change.

At the sound of a gong (not Major Bowes') the guests assembled at the north side of the spotlessly white bungalow, where the porch served splendidly as an outdoor stage. There in the hush of late afternoon and eventide, amidst flowers, golden balls of fruit hanging from heavily laden trees, with the pungent scent of orange blossoms sweetening the air, a group of pretty little girls greeted the guests. And who do you think they were? What little Canadian girls are best known the world over? The adorable little quintuplets of course. First to greet those tourist friends was a little nurse, in uniform of course. Then Yvonne, Annette, Cecile, Emilie and Marie in the order in which they were born. I had written a poem for each child. The nurse recited an introduction which extended a welcome to folks to come to Canada and visit the quintas at their hospital. Then each little girl told in verse what her dreams of the future would be, just what career she would choose. Then as an encore number they sang the sweet melody "Five Little Diamonds". This juvenile program proved so pleasing that it was repeated at tourist club on an international program.

Then after this program the guests were entertained by my friend of the log cabin in the pines, who conducted a booth of information regarding Canada. Maps, flags, pamphlets, pictures, minerals and many novelties of Canadian origin made an interesting array, which proved educational and was much appreciated. The landmark of the Callander home was marked on a large map of the Dominion.

Then the guests were escorted to the beautifully decorated tea table where hot tea, delicious fruit juice, bread and butter and crisp lettuce and salmon salad tempted the palate. These were sold for the mere sum of five cents each, with the bread and butter included in the salad. This particular food was especially chosen as I knew it to be typical of Canada in general. The tea of course is the universal British drink. The fruit juice was made of orange and tangerine and colored with grape juice. The salmon was typical of the fisheries of the Dominion. Then too the bread and butter spoke of our great fields of golden grain and grazing cattle.

The long serving table was decorated with paper napkins bearing the colorful maple leaves. Two Canadian flags were crossed at the base of a huge bowl of snowy dogwood in the centre. Groups of tables and chairs made attractive groupings for friends who wished to remain or linger over their tea cups. I felt flattered and honored that our guests were reluctant to leave. They seemed drawn or hypnotized with the entrancing beauty around them. Have you not been the guest at some hospitable home, and felt the latch-string holding you within? Then that home has fulfilled its desire to extend its richest gift of hospitality. That being our aim, we were joyful that our guests were happy to come and sorry to leave.

On the roadway from the house to the gate at the other end of the orchard were signs beckoning the guests to return another day. At the gate a large sign told them that they were entering United States. There too, was an invitation to visit the city of Zephyrhills.

The next country visited was Cuba. It was located at the beautiful estate of Mrs. Reecher, the president of the Ladies' Aid. Cuban girls from Ybor City, the Cuban section of Tampa, entertained the guests with Cuban songs and dances. Cuban sandwiches were served and

a Cuban fruit drink also.

Then the guests were taken to Mexico, which was held at the lovely Lake Zephyr at the tourist camp. Chile con carne made by an epicure of international dishes, satisfied the most fastidious taste. Mexican girls with native costumes made a striking picture amongst the moss covered trees of the picturesque camp grounds.

Then all aboard for United States! The last but not least country on the itinerary allowed the guests to remain for a longer period than in the other countries. You see they needed a rest after their strenuous journey around the world. After delicious hot coffee—and it was hot, mighty hot we'd say—and cake there was an interval of a half hour for interesting chatter about the trip. Then the evening program commenced. This took the form of lantern slides of the countries visited. The genial pastor of the Baptist Church, Dr. W. A. Hamlett, spoke most interestingly of each slide as it appeared. Having travelled extensively throughout Mexico, United States and Europe, I know of no one more capable of conducting a picture tour of these places.

Then tired as I was, I gave a 15-minute address on Canada, closing with two dozen slides which I had chosen from a group loaned by the Florida University at Gainesville. Taking the guests from Prince Edward Island across the continent to Vancouver, the outstanding industries and cities, etc., were shown on the screen. I tried to tell in the course of my talk, just what tourists like to know about a country where they have a desire to visit. The history of Canada from the days of John and Sebastian Cabot, through Indian skirmishes, Confederation and the building of the transcontinental railway, was told. The form of government, its divisions and its functions, and how it differed from the American government was told in detail. Our educational system, our law enforcement and the Royal Canadian Mounted Police; our tourist attractions in the various provinces; the climate and physical divisions of the provinces; and our industries, all these were dwelt upon.

So here's hoping that through the trip around the world some of these guests will really come to Canada in the near future and here's hoping too that they will find the hospitality which they found at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Himmelwright, the gracious host and hostess of "Canada" way down at Lake Pasadena, Florida.

## Markdale Hospital Report for March

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Wm. C. Prust, Markdale, the gift of a daughter, (Betty Lou).

Mr. Norman Huetwith, Flesherton, had his appendix removed at the hospital.

Mrs. James Dunbar, Priceville, had the misfortune to fall and fracture her thigh at her home. She was taken to the hospital for a plaster cast, and returned to her home a week later.

Mr. John Haynes, Kimberley, returned to his home following an operation.

Mrs. Jane Woyce, Holland Centre, is progressing favourably at the hospital after having had a major operation.

Mr. George McMaster, Flesherton, returned to his home feeling better after a few days stay at the hospital.

Mr. R. C. Moffatt, Markdale, had his tonsils removed.

Mr. Neil McCannell, Proton Station, spent a few days at the hospital and is feeling better.

Miss Margaret Bennett, Markdale, underwent a tonsil operation.

Mr. John Young, Berkeley, returned to his home after having an abscess on his face attended to.

Mrs. Preston York is a patient at the hospital.

Mr. Robt. Scammell, Meaford, is in the hospital preparing for a goitre operation.

Mr. John Moran, Holland Centre, is able to be around again following a hernia operation.

A new fluoroscopic machine has been added to the X-Ray at the hospital. This machine will be quite an advantage to the village of Markdale and surrounding country. Dr. Carefoot is now prepared to do first class work in bone setting and other X-Ray work.

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