

60 Years Wed, Couple In 80's, Good Health

Married in the village of Wick, near Blackwater Jct., Jan. 15, 1889, Mr. and Mrs. Donald McMillan of Toronto, celebrated their diamond wedding anniversary Saturday. The following day, Jan. 16, was Mrs. McMillan's birthday. She is 81. Her husband was 83 last Nov. 28. Both are in good health and Mr. McMillan is still quite active as a carpenter.

Mrs. McMillan, one of four daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Dalton, was born on her father's farm at Victoria Corners, also in Brock township. She is the only surviving member of the family. Mr. McMillan was born near Seagrave, one of four sons and four daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas McMillan. He has two sisters and a brother living. He is an active Conservative.

Country Wedding

(It May Have Been in Uxbridge Twp.)

(Special to The Tribune)

Not long ago, at an attractive little farm on the Seventh Concession near Uxbridge, we went to a country wedding. This was a new sort of adventure, for all our wedding experiences had been confined to city betrothals in Churches followed by rather formal receptions at homes or halls especially fitted and furnished for these festivities. We found a country wedding quite different. The pretty little bride, all in white satin, and her groom, stood before the preacher underneath an arbour of cedar boughs and said their "do's" in small quiet voices in the big farm living room. The farmers were out of their overalls and into their best suits, their faces glowing with health and good living, and their comfortable wives had discarded their aprons for snappy dresses which they had "whipped up" themselves. The room was hot and well-filled with guests, and the sensation of the almost perceptible trembling of the bride and the knee-jittering of the groom for a few moments transmitted itself to the witnesses of those kids taking the big step. Everybody relaxed when the groom claimed his bride with a nice big kiss, and the knot was finally tied. Then there were toasts and eating and kissing and chatting and well-wishing and photographing, with the dog barking and the cat mewling. One of the younger guests began to cry when she found out that "toasts" were speeches, and that punch was what you drank after the toasts. She had apparently expected some nice hot buttered toast with jam. What she thought punch was is hard to say. Another small guest embarrassed the bride and groom by asking seriously about what plans they had made for a family and how soon they were going to have it. Then came the throwing of the bouquet into the arms of a young hopeful, and finally the departure of the newly married pair amid showers of confetti.

All this made us wonder about weddings. They have been taking place for ages, and yet most of the ancient customs stay with us. As we listened to the beautiful words of the ceremony at this simple country wedding, we wondered who thought up bridesmaids and best men? Where did the idea of a honeymoon come from? Who threw the first rice, and why? Why does the bride wear a veil? All these rituals have become traditional. How did they originate? We made it a point to find

Whether it be the hill-billy type of wedding such as Disy Mae and L'il Abner would be the principal actors (if L'il Abner ever allowed himself to fall into the clutches of his eager girl friend) or whether it be an exquisitely dressed couple kneeling on a white satin cushion in a cathedral with candlelight and quiet music, it all results in the same thing, and is the prelude to a new life and usually a new and very different way of living it.

The general idea has been, ever since the beginning of civilization, that woman is a captive of man. While it is not now the usual thing for a man to drag his beloved to the altar by the hair of her head, some of our present day wedding customs are still derived from the ancient idea. You have to fight for your prize, and the heftier and more cunning you are, the finer the reward. Take the bridal escort. Why do we have a best man? Well, in ancient times the bridegroom had to go out and catch his bride (he still has to, but doesn't have to run so hard) and she often led him a merry chase. The ambitious pursuer selected some of his huskiest friends to help him get his woman. What chance did a poor girl have with the bravest males of the tribe after her? She didn't do too badly, however, for she in turn sought the aid of her muscular girl friends to help defend herself. Of course the men were always the victors, merely because the wily gals wanted them to be, not because they were not capable of taking care of themselves. Things are very much the same to-day, aren't they, in a slightly more enlightened sort of way? The bridesmaids of to-day are the fierce Amazons of days gone by.

At the wedding I witnessed in these parts, the bride wore a beautiful veil, an adornment that enhanced her gown and added to her loveliness. In some countries, in ancient times, the veil was used, not to add to the lady's charms, but to hide them. The poor bridegroom never knew what he was getting until the wedding, because her beauty, or otherwise, was covered until the veil was lifted after the ceremony. He always knew, doubtless, how much she was worth, which was helpful, and would in some measure compensate for the veil, when uplifted, revealing an old bag with bleary eyes and a hook on her nose. So the custom of wearing a veil is still retained, although used in a pleasanter manner.

Today the bride and groom are showered with rice, among other things, such as old shoes and confetti. The significance of rice is that in early days, that vegetable product was considered an emblem of fruitfulness. So now, when the happy couple are rained on with rice, although they or their pursuers are not aware of the fact, they are having many and healthy children wished upon them.

The honeymoon originated centuries ago, when man finally caught up with his woman he by force dragged her off somewhere and kept her in hiding until such time as any other would-be suitors would discontinue the chase. Another explanation of early honeymoons was the custom of Northern Europe to feast for thirty days on wine made from honey. Now, we might remark, in some cases the thirty days imbibing is done from one to three, possibly with more direct results.

Some of the ancient wedding customs have been discontinued—and perhaps it is as well. There is the old Roman one, for instance, of breaking the wedding cake over the bride's head to symbolize fruitfulness and plenty. Such a practice is not followed now—else what would become of the bride's hair-do, and it wouldn't be much fun having crumbs in your eyes, even if it were prognosticated that her house would be full of little ones and her purse full of shekels. Instead, we send portions of the wedding cake to our friends, who put a few crumbs under their pillow to cause them to dream of their fate. And aren't they mad when they dream of a snake or a hippopotamus instead of that tall dark and handsome they have in mind. Then there is another custom—a Russian one—that the bride can be thankful has been discontinued. Her papa whipped her soundly on the day of the wedding, then handed the whip to the groom.

And now, back to our little country wedding. We had to write an account of it for the local paper, and as we wrote it we deplored the lack of publicity given the groom. We talked about the decorations, the bride's mother, the groom's mother, the preacher, the bridesmaid and best man, the flowers—everything but the groom, although we did mention that he was there. It made us think of the account of a wedding we read in an American publication, whose author felt the same way we did,

WAS IT MARRIAGE OR MOCKERY?



When four-year-old Minister Marjoe Gortner "married" Navy Storekeeper Raymond Miller, 23, and Alma Brown, 21, in a chapel at Long Beach, Calif., he set off a controversy of atom bomb proportions, and the growls of complaint are growing louder by the day. Marjoe doesn't look particularly concerned about the commotion as he plays with his pet chihuahua under the approving eyes of his mother, Mrs. Marjorie Gortner, but dissent-

ers from the disputed ceremony hold that the lad has no legal or ethical right to act in the capacity of a marrying minister, first because he is neither of legal age nor licensed by the state, and second, that he is much too young to understand the meaning and significance of the marriage sacrament. In the meantime, Mr. and Mrs. Miller, with a marriage license safely tucked in their luggage, are honeymooning.

that at least something should be said about the new head of the house. Here is what the story said:

"Mr. Hiram Norcross, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Norcross of St. Louis, became the bridegroom of Miss Emily Lewis to-day. The ceremony took place at the home of the groom's parents and was largely attended.

"Mr. Norcross was attended by Mr. Schultz as groomsman. As the groom approached the altar he was the cynosure of all eyes. Blushing prettily, he replied to the questions of the clergyman in low but firm tones. He was charmingly clad in a three-piece suit consisting of coat, vest and pants. The coat of some dark material was draped prettily about the shoulders and tastefully gathered under the arms. A pretty story was current among the guests that the coat was the one worn by his father and grandfather on their wedding days. Mr. Norcross would neither affirm nor deny the truth of this sentimental touch. The vest was sleeveless and met in the front. It was gracefully fashioned with pockets and at the back was held together by a strap

and buckle of self-material. "The groom's pants were of some dark material and were suspended from the waist, falling in a straight line almost to the floor. The severe simplicity of the garment was relieved by the right pantlet which was caught up about four inches from the floor, revealing just an artistic glimpse of leather, laced with string of the same color. The effect was rather chic.

"Beneath the vest the groom wore blue gaiters attached to the pants fore and aft and passing in a graceful curve over each shoulder. His neck was encircled with a collar characterized by a delicate sawedge and around the collar a cravat was loosely knotted so that it rode up under his left ear with a studied effect of carelessness which marks supreme artistry in dress. Mr. Schultz's costume was essentially like the groom's and as the two stood at the altar a hush of awed admiration enveloped the audience.

"As Miss Lewis led the groom from the nuptials, it was noted she wore the conventional veil and orange blossoms."

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- 2 lbs. chopped green pepper
- 1 tsp. dry mustard
- Salt, pepper, paprika

Sift together first 3 ingredients. Cut in shortening. Beat egg in measuring cup; add milk to make 1/2 cup; add to first mixture. Roll out 1/4 inch thick, on floured board. Chop hard boiled eggs, mix with remaining ingredients, spread on dough. Roll up like jelly roll and bake in hot oven (425° F.) 30 minutes. Serve with cheese sauce.



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