Dundee
Courier and Advertiser

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	Page.
Barrie in Thrums—Pictures,	5
Farm and Market Topics,	4
Madras College Bazaar,	8
Racing Selections,	12
News in Pictures,	8
Radio Programmes,	8
U.F. Church Assembly,	4
Dundee Business Man Dead,	3

BARRIE AND KIRRIEMUIR

Saturday was a happy and a memorable day in the history of Kirriemuir, and just as happy, we hardly need his speeches to assure us, in the history of Sir James Barrie. And what befel in it engages to-day the affectionate interest of millions of Scottish people, and with hardly diminished warmth, of millions more wherever English is read and spoken.

The occasion had its own peculiar flavour of uniqueness, more, perhaps, for the vast circle of lovers of Barrie whose lot lies external to Thrums than even for the favoured inhabitants of that famous community.

Two generations of us have grown up with correlated ideas of Barrie and Thrums firmly knitted into the fabric of our thinking. What Barrie felt and thought about Thrums we have known all the time, better a good deal than we have known and remembered anything drilled into us by schoolmasterly insistence.

What Thrums thought of Barrie is a matter of which none of us has ever been quite so sure, and it is just here that these functions come in with their special interest.

They show us Thrums honouring Barrie with a frank pride in its proprietary interest in him, and making a day of it to tell the world all about it.

Not only has it bestowed upon him its civic freedom, buying a new lockit buik for the due recording of the event. What is more significant still, it has before our on-looking eyes displayed itself entering in the pure spirit of Barrie into that characteristically Barrie phantasy, the cricket match, in which the hero of the day figured as twelfth man in the Allahakbarrie team.

In this symbolical event the onlookers see Thrums at once confessing and appropriating the spirit of Barrie.

There are rumours, still with their faint and far away echo, that Thrums was not always quite so sure of its feelings towards Barrie as it is now that it has thoroughly thought them over and redded them out. The element of truth in these rumours may account for the fact that it has put off its testifying and the purchase of its lockit buik till the author of "Auld Licht Idylls" had reached the seventieth anniversary of his birthday.

Broadly, the effect of them is that when Barrie's fame first became also the fame of Thrums, Thrums was far from sure that it liked it.

Gazing strangers descended upon it, looking upon its denizens with expectant eyes. What did they expect?

Thrums had its own deep suspicion of what they expected. Every Kirriemarian knew in his bones and her bones that the pilgrims to the Window in Thrums saw much more than a window in Thrums.

It suspected them of looking for and to their own satisfaction identifying every mother's son and daughter of them. They were all "spotted" as Tammas Haggarts, Lisbeth Whamonds, Jeemsy Todds, Snecky Hobarts, Jocky Tamsons (with faces washed, if it was a Sunday), Bell Dundases, Eppie Farguses, ineffectively disguised by leaving at home their blue Glengarry bonnets with the red ball on top and other telltale sartorial symbols of their true state.

Well they knew that in many an English and even New England city were persons almost without number who boasted having seen them in the flesh with all their quaintness hidden yet detectable.

Being recognised as a person in or out of a book is something of an ordeal, one to which Barrie subjected Thrums, and it may be true that it required time for Thrums to adjust its mind to it.

But all that is past. The adjusting has been done. There is a presumption amounting to a certainty that Snecky Hobart and all his galaxy are dead and happit up. Unburdened with the suspicion that they are all expected to act and speak like Auld Lichts, the people of Thrums are free to give full play to their feelings about the man of genius who has made their town famous and conferred immortality on their forebears.

For a people whose prophet and historian insists on nothing more than their deep and abiding fear of yielding to the sentimental, or, at anyrate, its outward expression, they have exposed their feelings with an almost reckless abandon.

For, as we say, Thrums has not only started a lockit buik to put on record its love and admiration for its famous son and given him the certification of it in a silver casket, it has dedicated a whole day of festival to the Barrie spirit—the spirit which evokes a passionate devotion to cricket from the same track of mentality that has made the Cat Law the greatest mountain in the world—which, of course, it is when seen in the right or Barrie spirit.

The cricket match which marked these notable festivities was an event well entitled to record in the sober archives of the game, but the linking of it into a succession with the games in which the twelfth man of the Allahakbarries bowled his memorable slows was one of the real feats of the day.

We have it from Sir James's oldest friend in Thrums that he was "a wild devil of a laddie," and it is interesting confirmation of modest hints from himself that he has in his time studied piracy with a view to the practice of the craft and has at other times doubled the part of the Redskin and the Redskin's implacable foe, the Scout, arrayed in leather stockings.

One thing sure is that Thrums's first freeman will have pleasure in finding this generalised version of his own recollections confirmed by Mr Lowson's testimony. For, in the Barrie spirit, it is more to know for certain that you really and truly was a devil of a laddie than to have attained to literary or even to oratorical fame.

That Sir James's literary fame is the real thing he can, of course, have no shadow of doubt. In those sombre moments when the most cheerful of us are stripped of our illusions and (in fortunately brief flashes) confront reality he may have had shattering doubts whether his slow bowling was all he had persuaded himself about it.

But as for his fame and his place as a writer the last and most exacting witness has brought in its testimony. That is what Thrums was up to on Saturday—delivering a very long considered judgment with emphasis and pride.

THE RIOTS IN MALTA

The reports of yesterday's riots in Malta are a little difficult to fit into prevailing conceptions.

We know that the population of the island is divided in its politics, and there is little doubt that a large majority are in sympathy with Lord Strickland in his dispute with the Church.

But we also know that they are all Catholics who carry deference to the Church to extremes.

Nevertheless, it seems yesterday's riotous demonstrations were directed against the Archbishop, who has been making attacks upon Lord Strickland and his government the principal feature of his homilies, and from the services conducted by him yesterday he was only able to return to his palace under strong police protection.

This must be a new experience for an Archbishop of Malta, and it may have the effect of putting some new thoughts into his head.

He has, in the present dispute, entered the secular sphere by attempting to exercise a veto in the question—Who shall be head of the civil Government of Malta? And he is finding that the encroachment brings him into unaccustomed contact with the ruder side of mankind.

When the Maltese general election was suspended on the profession that there was danger to peace and order it was generally assumed that the Governor was inventing a pretext in order to avoid saying anything controversial. The idea that the Maltese would resort to violence in a cause banned by the Church could not find accommodation.

But apparently they are not so abject before the priesthood as they have been represented.

THE ROUMANIAN COUP

Roumanian politics, never without their Ruritanian aspects, provide the world with a full dose of that romantic element to-day in the sudden return of the banished Prince Carol and his proclamation as King.

Five years ago Prince Carol renounced his rights to the accession and went into exile with a lady who was not his wife. In July 1927, on the death of his father, King Ferdinand, the exiled Prince's infant son was proclaimed King under a Council of Regency. On Saturday Carol returned in the most up-to-date manner by aeroplane, and he seems to have been joyfully received by very nearly everybody.

Whether this return to monarchical normality means quiet and order for Roumania remains to be seen. It can hardly result in a worse situation than the one it brings to an end.

Most kingdoms have passages in their history justifying the view that Government under a regent is a thoroughly unsatisfactory experience. Roumania would say that Government under a regent is not half so bad as Government under a Council of Regency.

Throughout it has been a period of ferocious politics and intrigue with a restoration of the exile as the pivot of it all.

It will be interesting now to observe what repercussions this event will produce in the neighbouring Kingdom of Hungary. Hungary also exists under the uneasy conditions of regency, with this difference that its regent could not say for what King he acts as deputy. And the legitimist claimant is just about to reach his majority.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER

All Scotland.—Wind south-west, veering west, fresh or strong at times; cloudy; some rain; improving later with bright intervals, but local showers; moderate temperature.

Further Outlook.—Mainly fair in south, but rather unsettled in north.

General Inference.—An anticyclone covers most of the British Isles, but a deep depression moving eastward across Iceland is extending its influence southward. Weather will be less settled in the north, but fine and warmer in the south.

The measurement of ultra-violet light at St Andrews for the 24 hours ending 5 p.m. on Saturday was 6.0, and for the 24 hours ending 5 p.m. yesterday was 5.5.

Sunshine Records.

	Hours of Sunshine.	Max. Temp.		Hours of Sunshine.	Max. Temp.
Dundee,	8.4	71	Guernsey,	12.6	58
Montrose,	6.7	66	London (Kew),	12.7	65
Arbroath,	9.0	67	Southend,	12.5	61
Lerwick,	5.2	55	Tunbridge Wells,	12.5	62
Stonehaven,	4.8	64	Brighton,	12.4	67
Berwick-on-Tweed,	13.3	59	Bournemouth,	13.0	68
Harrogate,	12.5	67	Jersey,	11.3	63
Scarboro',	11.8	61	Torquay,	12.4	65
Blackpool,	12.1	59	Weston-super-Mare,	11.5	67
Douglas,	12.3	59	Leamington	11.1	68
Llandudno,	11.7	59	Lowestoft	11.8	59
Aberystwyth,	12.5	59			
Yarmouth,	11.4	59			
Scilly Isles,	10.6	60			

Motorists' and cyclists' lighting-up time:—10.53 p.m.

The King and Queen were present at divine service in Sandringham Church yesterday morning.

* * *

The members of the Australian cricket team were received by the King and Queen at Sandringham yesterday.

* * *

Lord and Lady Forres arrived at Forfar on Saturday from the south. They are to make a short stay at Glenogil.

NO HUMILITY, BY REQUEST

We can have too much humility, according to the writer of this article, who explains why she prefers those with a guid conceit of themselves.

I'VE just had a visit from Mrs Smith, and I am a wet rag. Honestly, that woman ought not to be allowed! Before I've been with her for five minutes I realise that, far from being a virtue, as is popularly supposed, humility is one of the deepest and deadliest vices.

I'll tell you about her, and I'm pretty sure you'll agree.

She arrives on the doorstep apologising profusely for her time of arrival (though, surely if she wants to pay a call, she could hardly find a more innocuous time than 3.30 p.m.!).

Are you very busy? she asks anxiously.

Are you quite sure you're not? Well, perhaps you were resting, then, and how you must hate her for disturbing you.

Well, if you're perfectly certain you weren't busy, or resting, or writing letters (or apparently doing anything at all but hanging round longing for Mrs Smith to call!), she'll just come in for a second.

So you sit down and you do your best to lead her on to topics which she can't possibly be apologetic about or blame herself for in any way. The weather, now. Surely a blameless conscience here for Mrs Smith, you would say. But no. She had been caught in a heavy shower on her way here, and instead of worrying about whether her frock had suffered, as any sensible woman would do, here she was worrying herself sick for fear her dripping umbrella was damaging my beautiful umbrella-stand! (Beautiful! And Dick and I have been wondering ever since Aunt Matilda gave it to us how we could lose the wretched thing without her knowing!)

It's pathetic, the humility of the woman. On she goes, apologising left and right, not only for everything she herself says, does, and thinks, but even decrying all her possessions, from her frock (which, by the way, was charming) to her husband, which I consider most unfair, as Mr Smith is a delightful man with a large and much-needed sense of humour.

Nor do I think her humility is simply assumed, so that she will be flattered by your contradicting her. She so obviously didn't believe me for a minute as I tried faintly and more faintly to cope with her stream of apologies and self-depreciations.

No, it's just a case of what the psychologists call inferiority complex. And there are few things more infuriating to have to deal with for an hour and a half on a sunshiny June afternoon when it's simply staring you in the face that God's in His Heaven and nothing in His world needs any apologising for!

I'd a thousand times rather listen to someone with a thoroughgoing "guid conceit o' himsel'." And as soon as the wretched Mrs Smith had apologised herself down the front path and out at the gate, I rushed back into the schoolroom and seized Dicky Junior's battered copy of "Kidnapped" and turned with a sigh of relief to the doings and sayings of that wonderful, bumptious, wee man, Alan Breck, with his solemn talk of "He has nae friends near him but only me and God," and his ecstatic cry after the siege of the round-house, when he has disposed of each and all of his enemies neatly and completely with his nimble sword, "Oh, man!" he cries, "am I no' a bonny fighter?"

Alan for me every time, and down with your poor, dear, humble Mrs Smiths!

B. M. F.

KIDNAPPED

Mrs Frere, who, with her husband, Captain Frere, of the Western Command, was captured by Afghan tribesmen. Welcome news of their safety came to hand during the week-end.

LET ME EXPLAIN

OUR WEAKNESS FOR WEDDINGS

By Sheila Stuart.

IT is one of man's perpetual gibes that women have a weakness towards weddings.

That they will give up valuable time to stand on a hard pavement on a hot June day awaiting the arrival of some bride, and if they are lucky enough to get a seat inside the church they will weep tears as the bride—who may be the veriest stranger—walks up the aisle, presumably to live happily ever after.

Of course, man is right.

You have only to see a cinema reel of a popular society wedding to observe that the swarms of eager humanity crowding around the church gate waiting for the bride and bridegroom to emerge hardly include one male spectator. If they do, he looks sadly ashamed of himself.

Why do they do it?

Men ask this question and answer it in the same breath—curiosity, they say. But is it curiosity? This element may not be entirely lacking, but in the main is it not something of a different order—a sort of inherent romance which lurks at the heart of every woman, and which bids her instinctively stop, if the opportunity occurs, to see what she can of the culmination of another girl's love story. It may be something of the same quality which causes the feminine sex to peep at the last page of the book before she is half way through, "just to see if she got him. . . ."

Women will watch weddings, even if they have not the remotest hint of romance in their own lives, and gaze with whole-hearted admiration at a bride who is stepping into a kingdom that can never be theirs. It is for them a brief peep into the never-never land.

As the bride walks down the aisle, unmarried girls see in her the embodiment of all their youthful dreams. They look ahead and see themselves in her place with a still more wonderful Prince Charming waiting for them. And the married women in the congregation also gaze through a mist and catch their breath as they bend forward to get a better view, for they are thinking of their own wedding day, looking back down the years remembering their own wedding day . . . once again they are individually the bride, with all the glamour and magic of that day about them.

Who knows what the menfolk are thinking of, having been dragged unwillingly to church by some woman body!—the unconscionable length of the service, maybe, pitying the poor, nervous groom, or perhaps wondering how soon they can in decency escape and return to comfortable clothes. But the women there, be they guests or onlookers, or even "gate-crashers," see in this marriage—any marriage—something of the spirit of romance.

And that is why women watch weddings!

AN ENGAGEMENT

Miss Nancy Temperley, younger daughter of the late Mr Charles Temperley, O.B.E., and Mrs Temperley, Carlton Hill, St John's Wood, whose engagement to Mr Alfred Cameron, third son of Mr Duncan Cameron, B.L., J.P., and Mrs Cameron, Oban, is announced.

WHAT TO DO

In a Thunder Storm

AS thunder storms occur so frequently at this season, perhaps a few words of advice as to what should be done in the interests of safety might be welcome.

To begin with, we should never take shelter under a tree, especially a tall one. Trees attract lightning, and as the human body is a better conductor than wood the danger is obvious.

Some trees are better conductors than others. The oak, ash, and elm are particularly liable to be struck by lightning, whereas the holly tree is almost immune; the many points of the latter make a natural conductor. It is very dangerous to lean against a tree, the danger lessening as the distance from the tree is increased.

Should a storm be very severe when we are on the moors or far away from any dwelling, we should, if we posess waterproofs, lay them on the ground dry side upwards and wrap them round our feet. Gutta-percha is a non-conductor of electricity, and, therefore, insulates us from lightning.

We should not mix with a crowd of people during a storm, as the warm breath exhaled by so many people is an excellent conductor.

It is commonly thought that we are comparatively safe inside our houses during a thunder storm, but that is not altogether so. Our homes are full of metal goods which readily conduct electricity. Fire-irons and grates are good conductors, so also are smoke and soot. We should, therefore, avoid the fireplace during a severe storm. For the same reason we should keep clear of the windows with their metal fastenings, also bedsteads.

Perhaps the safest place is the centre of the room, and if we stand on a dry hearth-rug we shall be well insulated from lightning. Windows should be closed, and if we possess a wireless set the earth and aerial wires should be carefully disconnected.

Should a person be struck by lightning, he should be wrapped in warm clothing and artificial respiration immediately applied.

P. M. W. N.

WHAT IS IT?

THE LURE OF AMBER

AMBER is not only the name of a beautiful substance, it is a word of fascinating origin.

Few people know that it is from its Greek name, electron, that the science of electricity takes its name to-day or that it was from the perception of the magnetic qualities of rubbed amber that the understanding of magnetism arose.

The Latin word was succinum, meaning gum, the French word succin, or ambre. For many years the "l" of the French definite article lingered in the English noun, and lamber was our name for those shiny drops of resinous gum exuded from pine trees in the distant ages and now fossilised into that hard, brilliant substance we call to-day amber.

"What is amber?" would have been a good test question to set in the journals of a few hundred years ago. It would have been described variously as the tears of seabirds, the solidified foam of the sea (a confusion with ambergris), a medicine, a perfume, a stone used in carving, an animal product.

More romantic and important than any of these answers is the legend which bestowed upon amber its Greek name, elektron, Elektron being one of the names of the Sun god.

Phæton, son of Elektron, persuaded his father one day to allow him to drive the sun's chariot of fire round the heavens.

Disaster followed. Poor Phæton could not manage the fiery steeds, and to save the earth from being scorched, Jove himself killed Phæton with a thunderbolt. His sorrowing mother and sisters wept so much over his tomb that they turned into poplar trees. Out of the bark their tears still dropped, now translucent beads of amber.

Around the shores of the Baltic there are regular mines for obtaining amber from the wood of trees buried many ages ago. It is also met with in parts of Italy and France, and sometimes on the coasts of Sweden and Denmark. The fact that it is so often near the coast may account for the notion it is the seabird's tears. Thomas Moore, in his "Fire-Worshippers," wrote—"Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber, that ever the sorrowing seabird hath wept."

The presence of small insects and other objects in the hardened gum first made people guess its real origin. Most of us have seen the "fly in the amber" of some ancient necklace, and it is one of the joys of childhood to rub a piece, and then pick up minute bits of paper as with a magnet.

Only the other day an old lady told me she had sent round to borrow an amber necklace as she "felt her bronchitis coming on," and the beads would be a certain cure. What is this but an echo of Pliny's remark that "a collar of amber beads about the necks of young infants is a singular preservative against a secret poison."?

Even though science can tell us that amber is but so much carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, mystery and mythology will continue to designate it as somehow "lucky." It is often a bridesmaid's present, and there are few women who do not love a string of those carved stones so light in wear, so caressingly warm to the throat, so universally becoming. Even man approves of it in the shape of amber mouth-pieces, and in finely-carved figurines to adorn his writing-table.

B. I. M.

DUNDEE WEDDINGS

Cameron—Chalmers

A pretty wedding which took place at Queen's Hotel, Dundee, on Saturday afternoon, was that of Miss Mary Chalmers, eldest daughter of the late Mr David Chalmers, and of Mrs Chalmers, 15 Forest Park Road, Dundee, to Captain Hugh Cameron, eldest son of the late Mr and Mrs John Cameron, Morven, Argyllshire.

Wearing a charming frock of ivory satin, which fell in graceful folds to ankle length, the bride was given away by her brother, Mr Robert Chalmers. Over her hair she wore a bridal veil of silk net, clasped to her head by a circlet of white heather and orange blossom. Orange blossom also appeared on the corsage of her gown, where a small posy nestled on one shoulder. White and pink carnations appeared in her bouquet.

The bride was attended by her youngest sister, Miss Helen Chalmers, whose pretty frock of white silk lace was mounted over a slip of pale pink. Intertwined leaves of silver and pink roses formed her headdress, and she carried a bouquet of pink roses.

Following the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. James Lamont, the guests were received by the bride's mother, whose stylish black satin gown was ornamented with jet. Her hat of black straw was swathed in tulle, and her bouquet was composed of irises.

Mr Edwin Chalmers acted as best man.

When Captain and Mrs Cameron left for the honeymoon, the latter was wearing a smart coat of blue cloth, handsomely trimmed with grey fur. Her modish hat accorded with her pretty frock of flowered ninon.

A natural musquash coat was the gift of the bridegroom to the bride, while her gift to him was a fitted dressing case.

KEILL—M'PHERSON

Miss Francis M'Pherson, eldest daughter of Mr and Mrs Robert M'Pherson, 7 St Peter Street, Dundee, was married in Lamb's Rooms, Reform Street, Dundee, on Saturday afternoon to Mr Archibald Keill, youngest son of the late Mr John Keill, and of Mrs Keill, 29 Scott Street, Dundee.

The wedding ceremony was performed by Rev. A. J. Forrest and Rev. Alexander White.

The bride, whose father gave her away, was wearing a delightful picture frock of blush pink georgette fashioned with a deep cape collar, and over-dress of pink net. With this she had a picture hat of pink lace straw, and she carried a bouquet of pink and helio sweet peas.

Miss Nina M'Pherson and Miss Isobel Yeaman were the bridesmaids. Miss M'Pherson had chosen a stylish frock of pale mauve georgette with a frilly skirt, and a bangkok straw hat in pale pink. She carried a sheaf bouquet of pink roses. Her partner was wearing a becoming eau de nil sleeveless lace dress, with matching coatee. Her picture hat to tone was of felt, and she carried a bouquet of yellow roses.

Mr William Kidd, jun., nephew of the bridegroom, was best man.

When the bride left on honeymoon she was wearing a smart tailored coat of lavender suiting over a patterned silk frock to tone, and a cloche hat of fur felt.

RUSSELL—WELCH

Miss Violet Welch, youngest daughter of Mr Welch and the late Mrs Welch, 27 West Street, Dundee, was married on Saturday afternoon at the Regent Restaurant, Dundee, to Mr Robert Aimer Russell, younger son of the late Mr and Mrs David Smith Russell, of Dundee.

Mr Welch gave away his daughter, whose graceful gown of pervenche blue georgette was fashioned on slender lines. A deep double flounce formed the skirt, which was surmounted by a straight, long-sleeved bodice, slightly gathered in front at the natural ceinture and finished with a diamente ornament. Her small cloche hat was of blue fancy straw, a posy of flowers resting on the brim at one side. The bride carried a bouquet of creme roses.

A charming sleeveless frock of cool lime green was worn by the bridesmaid, Miss Lily Thomson, cousin of the bride. The corsage, held in place at the natural waist-line by a narrow diamente clasped belt, was attached, scallop fashion, to the slightly-flared skirt. Over her frock, Miss Thomson wore a dainty coatee of the same material, and her picture hat of cedar brown was of felt, allied to a drooping brim of fine lace straw. She carried a bouquet of pink carnations.

Mr David Russell acted as best man, and Rev. R. C. Richardson officiated.

RAIDERS' CAPTIVES RELEASED

Wife Refuses to Leave Husband in Peril

Official intimation is made that Major Farley and Captain and Mrs Frere, who were kidnapped by Achakzai raiders on the North-West frontier of India, are safe.

Behind the announcement is a dramatic story of the refusal of Captain and Mrs Frere to be separated in the face of danger.

The three Britons were motoring along the Quetta-Chaman road, when their cars were held up by an Achakzai barricade, and they were taken prisoners.

Luckily the capture was seen by the engine-driver of a train passing near the spot. He informed the authorities at Chaman, and pursuit began with unlooked for rapidity.

The tribesmen began to find that the presence of a woman impeded their retreat, and they decided to send Mrs Frere back with an escort. Captain Frere, however, refused to allow his wife to be taken on such a perilous journey unaccompanied by a white man. Mrs Frere also refused to leave her husband in such peril.

To effect their retreat the tribesmen eventually released both husband and wife.

Major Farley was held in captivity. Major Farley and Captain Frere are reported to be well, but Mrs Frere is suffering from the strain of her ordeal.

The annual excursion of members and friends of the Stanley Unionist Association took place on Saturday by motor buses to Elie. The homeward journey was by St Andrews.

NOTABLE MEARNS WEDDING

THORNTON CASTLE BRIDE

Large Company Attend Fettercairn Ceremony

Preceded by two tiny Brownies, who bestrewed her path with rose leaves, a charming bride on Saturday passed down the long curving path leading from Fettercairn Church and stepped into a blue car, which, in place of the conventional white decoration, was gaily beribboned in blue.

This preference for blue was exhibited in many of the arrangements made for the wedding of Miss Alice Helen Thornton, only child of the late Mr William Thornton and of Mrs Thornton, Thornton Castle, and granddaughter of Sir Thomas Thornton, a former town clerk of Dundee, to Mr Colin Kemsley, a prominent Essex cricketer, elder son of Mr and Mrs Norman B. Kemsley, Sannox, Woodford Green, Essex.

The lovely blue of delphiniums was predominant in the flowers arranged inside the church, where mural panelling of oak and stone arches and pillars made a dignified setting, and was repeated in the gossamer attire of the group of bridal attendants.

Later, at the reception, the bride cut a blue wedding cake, modelled with tiers castellated to resemble the architecture of Thornton Castle, and bearing, in compliment to the bridegroom, the blue and gold crest of his college at Oxford. Again, blue was introduced in the ribbons suspending the floral horse-shoe under which the newly-wed pair stood while receiving the congratulations of the guests.

Guard of Honour.

The wedding caused a ripple of excitement in the picturesque Mearns village. Streets echoed with the throb of motor car engines, and the inhabitants forsook their ordinary occupations in order to group themselves in the vicinity of the church, fringing on both sides of the steep lane leading to the church entrance. Here a guard of honour was formed by Fettercairn Guides and Brownies, with whom Miss Thornton filled the office of Tawny Owl.

The bride arrived with her uncle, Mr G. M. Scott, who gave her away. She was a very graceful figure, her gown of ivory satin iridescent gleaming with pearly lustre under the billowing fullness of her net veil and train. Cut on flowing Grecian lines, the dress had a long-sleeved casque which, following a Greek-key line, was merged into a skirt composed of two deep flounces, at the back elongated to sweep the ground.

A short capette fell from under the shoulders and followed this becoming dip; while in front bandings of satin accentuated the classical note. A flat girdle of satin, richly worked in silver, encircled the waist, falling in two ends to the hem of the gown in front. The long train of silk net was weighted in each corner by lovers' knots embroidered in silver and adorned with orange blossom.

A cap of silver lace, closely fitted over the bride's auburn tresses, was surmounted by the veil, also of silk net, which was arranged to give a modified halo effect. Over each ear was placed a knot of orange blossom, and a spray of the same blossom, brought specially from the South of France, caught the veil to the shoulder.

Miss Thornton, who carried a shower bouquet of lily-of-the-valley, wore as ornament a beautiful diamond necklace.

Two Trainbearers.

Miss Elizabeth Thornton, cousin of the bride, and Master Philip Pearson, who carried the train, were quaint little personages. The former's ankle-length Kate Greenaway dress was of blue net, and from each side of her little silver cap floated long silver and blue streamers. Her companion, with shorts of velvet in the same blue shade, wore a silk blouse with a pleated jabot.

They were followed by four attractive bridesmaids—Misses Olive Eldon Pratt, Jean and Christine Kemsley, sisters of the bridegroom, and Edith Badenach Nicolson. Their sleeveless frocks were of crisp net in light and dark delphinium tints, the slender bodices rising from long skirts formed of circularly-placed panels.

With them were worn short coatees edged with ruchings of net, and picture hats of biscuit lace straw underlined with net and encircled with ruchings of net. Delphinium spikes, pink carnations and forget-me-nots were allied in their sheaf bouquets.

Mr W. Ronald Kemsley, brother of the bridegroom, undertook the duties of best man. The ushers were Messrs George F. Burn, Brydon Scott, and Ronald Scott, cousins of the bride, and Roger Kemsley, cousin of the bridegroom. Rev. Charles L. Hunter and Rev. Thomas Scott officiated.

Reception at Castle.

After the ceremony 200 guests followed the bridal car along the shady, winding road to Thornton Castle, where they were received by Mrs Thornton.

She was wearing a becoming gown of parma georgette, the flared skirt being enhanced in front by rows of buttons which reached the dipping hem. The neckline was adorned by inset ecru lace, which also formed a vestee and appeared at the wrists. Of black baku straw, her picture hat was trimmed with flat parma velvet flowers. She carried a bouquet of pale pink roses.

The bridegroom's mother favoured a smart gown of lido blue georgette and lace, and wore a spray of delphiniums pinned to the shoulder. Her hat was of black lace straw, a knot of black velvet enhancing the wide brim.

With Mrs Kemsley was Miss Lindsay, the fiancee of Mr W. R. Kemsley. She wore a floral gown patterned in cream and brown, and hat of apple green straw edged with crin.

Miss Scott, aunt of the bride, came in a coat and gown ensemble of dove grey georgette and lace, with wide-brimmed bangkok hat, swathed with velvet of a deeper tone. Mrs Munro Scott, another aunt, chose a chiffon gown, patterned in black and grey, and toque of black fancy straw, trimmed with a cabochon in silver and black faille.

Miss Thornton donned a gown of periwinkle georgette and lace with chapeau in accord. Of crepe de chine and lace, in black, Mrs Roland Scott's gown was accompanied by a black hat. With Dr Thornton, Dundee, was Miss Thornton, wearing a graceful frock af navy crepe de chine, figured in red and parchment, and finished with a deep cape collar. A transparent brim completed her hat of poppy-red crinoline.

Mrs T. W. Orr, grandmother of the bridegroom, over a black gown wore a long coat of black marocain, with a sable tie. White camelias relieved her black hat, and another spray was pinned in her lapel.

Other Guests.

The guests also included Mr and Mrs John Thornton, Mr and Mrs George Thornton, Mr and Mrs R. Kemsley, Mr and Mrs H. Kemsley, Mr and Mrs Robert Still, Provost and Miss Howie, Laurencekirk.

Mr and Mrs Hubert Low, Broughty Ferry; Mrs J. Guthrie, Mrs Andrew Pearson, Mr and Mrs T. Lyell, Mr and Mrs David Scott, Mr and Mrs G. H. Russell, General and Mrs Burn, Miss Scott Moncrieff, Mrs Lingard Guthrie, Miss Lingard Guthrie, Carnoustie House.

Mrs Waddell, Mrs Alexander Pearson, Mr and Mrs Low, Balmakewan; Mrs R. L. Watson, Miss Watson, Broughty Ferry; Mrs Cox, Inchmarlow; Mrs A. B. Nicolson, Miss Nicolson, Bervie; Mrs Morgan, Miss Enid Morgan, Arbroath; Mr and Mrs C. H. Walker, Miss Walker, Mrs Sinclair Henderson, Miss Sinclair Henderson, Dundee; Chief Constable and Mrs Mitchell, Dr Orr, Miss Mary Stewart, Rev. T. C. Sturrock and Mrs Sturrock, Mr and Mrs David Orr, Rev. Thomas Scott and Mrs Scott, and Mrs D. Hutchison.

When the bridal pair, who are in future to take the name of Mr and Mrs Thornton-Kemsley, left on honeymoon, the bride was wearing a graceful ensemble in blue fancy wool georgette, her hat to match being of baku. They are to take up residence at The Shrubbery, Woodford Green.

The bride's present to the bridegroom was a miniature of herself and a pigskin compactum dressing-case. From the bridegroom she received a diamond and platinum brooch in the form of her own crest and a shagreen cigarette case.

Prior to leaving for a situation in India, Mr John M'Ewan, tenter, was met by his fellow-workers in Pleasance Linen Works, Falkland, and presented with a cabin trunk and set of brushes. Bailie Robertson, mana-

CHILD IN BURNING BED

GLASGOW FATHER ARRESTED

Charged with Wilful Fire-Raising

The father of an 18-month-old Glasgow child who lost her life following a fire on Saturday has been arrested. The man is John Lindsay, residing in a single-apartment house at 150b Saltmarket. He will appear at the Central Police Court on a charge alleging that he wilfully and maliciously set fire to the bed in the house, in consequence of which his daughter Annie was severely burned, and died of her injuries.

When it was discovered that fire had broken out in the house a detachment of the Central Fire Brigade was turned out and found that the bed and bedding were alight.

The child Annie was taken to the Royal Infirmary suffering from severe burns to the body and face, and succumbed yesterday morning.

Lindsay's wife and a four-year-old daughter were also taken to the Infirmary suffering from shock. After treatment they were allowed home.

The husband was later taken into custody.

The fire in the house was speedily extinguished.

SIR HARRY HOPE, M.P., ON POTATO IMPORTS

Unionist Picnic at Pitkerro House

The first of a series of Angus Unionist "picnics" was held in the grounds of Pitkerro House, near Dundee, on Saturday afternoon, when Sir Harry Hope, M.P. for the county, prophesied that there was to be a great effort to develop British trade [illegible] British people.

In his address he said that the increase in the numbers of unemployed showed the melancholy and tragic state of affairs. The Socialist party's great promises had been falsified.

Dealing with agriculture, Sir Harry said that in the recent House of Commons debates Mr Buxton showed that he was absolutely bankrupt of any constructive policy for the betterment of the industry.

Germany was not going to subsidise any more cereals at present, and Sir Harry lamented that that was largely because she had not got them to dump, the season being over now.

But no guarantee was given that they would not renew the unfair system next season.

He understood that the industry of producing early potatoes was only in its infancy. He had heard of men going from this country—merchants and growers—and taking up land in Algiers for the purpose of growing potatoes there and sending them into the British market.

Restricting Imports.

If that was going to go on an an [illegible] scale, what was to be the future of our arable land districts of our country? [illegible]

Algiers was a country about 100 miles broad along the north shore of Africa, running inland about 250 miles. A fine climate, with much good soil and convict labour—some of it even convict labour—enabled it to increase its production of potatoes enormously.

The produce was a luxury article, and, being at high prices, it took away large sums of British money which could be more usefully and wisely spent on other produce. (Applause.)

Similarly, while we had nearly two millions of our people unable to find work, we were buying in £334,000,000 of manufactured articles annually.

A restriction ought to be placed on the importation of articles which the country did not require and which it would be better without. (Applause.)

The unemployment figures were over the two million mark. That was the writing on the wall, warning the people that they had to take steps to provide [illegible] for our own people instead of [illegible] for foreigners.

The Unionists were the people's party. There was nothing in front of the Socialists but dissolution and ruination of [illegible] industries.

Sir Harry was thanked on the call of Major the Hon. C. H. F. Noel of Pitkerro House, who presided.

Sports and dancing were engaged in by the large gathering, while the [illegible] were Miss Cant, East Pitkerro; [illegible] Stewart, Westhall Terrace, [illegible] assistants. Pipe-Major [illegible] supplied the music. [illegible] R. Crichton, Arbroath.

RAISING THE SCHOOL AGE

E.I.S. President's Praise of Bill

A large gathering of teachers from all parts of Scotland, [illegible] on Saturday at the annual [illegible] Educational Institute of Scotland [illegible] vigorous advocacy [illegible] dent, Mr Hugh B. Guthrie [illegible] of the case for raising the school age to fifteen.

"I cannot conceive," said [illegible] "of any legislation [illegible] lasting credit to any Government [illegible] creative measures [illegible] the extension of [illegible] the greatest creative [illegible] twenty years."

Mr Guthrie said he [illegible] work the institute had [illegible] Bill possible. It was [illegible] that the parents had [illegible] measure.

The fact of the matter was [illegible] parents whose economic [illegible] assured, it was economic [illegible] tinue [illegible] the undoubted right of [illegible] grow to its full [illegible] did not attain that [illegible] age.

Proceeding to plead for [illegible] classes up to 15 years [illegible] said:—"The project is [illegible] educationally, [illegible] business proposition."

Potential Parents.

"Those who object [illegible] schools on the ground [illegible] the routine of industrial [illegible] concerns must be [illegible] that the adolescent [illegible] worker as a potential [illegible] mother, the citizen [illegible]

"On the ground [illegible] may be the case [illegible] must be recognised [illegible] adolescent worker [illegible] can never be economic [illegible]

"It was fortunate [illegible] in consequence [illegible] the formation of [illegible] Research in the [illegible] chronicled with [illegible] the curriculum [illegible] Although a [illegible] body was already [illegible] the question [illegible] qualifying pupils [illegible]

"I am conscious [illegible] praiseworthy and [illegible] downward [illegible] Guthrie, [illegible] Research in Education [illegible]

Dr George Morrison, [illegible] Aberdeen, was elected president [illegible] year.

SUNNY SUNDAY AT DUNDEE

HEAT TEMPERED BY REFRESHING BREEZE

The spell of delightful summer weather which Dundee has been enjoying continued unbroken yesterday.

A maximum temperature of [illegible] was registered, and the heat was pleasantly modified by cool breezes.

"Hikers" were out in full force, and hundreds of picnic parties visited favoured beauty spots.

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