

Women

Lena Caroline McLure, Women's Editor, Phone 8506

The Guardian, Charlottetown, Tues., Jan. 13, 1959.

HAPPENINGS

Canon J. T. Ibbott's numerous friends will be pleased to hear that he is progressing favorably. The Canon is still in the Prince Edward Island Hospital.

Mr. J. Edward Pendergast who was visiting his home and parents in Charlottetown during the Christmas holidays, left last week by plane for Winnipeg and Thompson, Manitoba. Thompson which is 750 miles north of Winnipeg is the scene of the multi-million dollar International Nickel Co. development next to the second largest in the world. Mr. Pendergast is working in the electrical dept. of the development.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred C. Younker, North River Road, have had as their guest Mrs. Younker's mother, Mrs. Herbert Matheson, Milton.

Miss Lena Caroline McLure, social editor of the Guardian, had the misfortune to fall at noon Monday, breaking her ankle.

Mr. Sheldon Beaton and Mr.

Glen Beaton, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Beaton, Alexandra, have returned to the University of New Brunswick, to resume their studies. Sheldon is a student in electric engineering and Glen is a student in geology.

Mrs. C. Swain of Port Mouton, Nova Scotia, is visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hyndman, Greenfield Avenue.

Mr. Joseph Rogerson of St. Patrick's Road, Peake's returned to Montreal after spending his Christmas holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Rogerson. Joseph and his brother Les, is on the teaching staff in Laval West, Quebec.

Mrs. Arthur Newson of Summerside East is a patient in the Prince County Hospital where she underwent a major operation Friday morning.

Mrs. Hollis Woodside, St. Eleanor's is a patient in the Prince County Hospital.

ELLEN'S DIARY

O, For A Feather-Bed Those Were The Days!

"What's that?" James in the old armchair queries, looking up from his reading.

"It's a sound we don't hear in the haying," we chuckled. "It was only tonight's frost sparing with some ancient board or rafter of this house, which having endured, nay, enjoyed, well over a hundred winters is settled down cozily into yet another . . . We like to fancy from antiques pictures kept in the parlor those old-time winters with many a bygone figure and custom and others also quaint which we can recall."

"It's fairly frosty, Ellen," James comments. "And except that in this neighborhood about, there isn't much depth of snow, this is quite an old-fashioned winter."

The small kitchen-panes are etched whitely despite the stout sticks we put on the fire. "An old-fashioned winter? This is a feather-bed winter" a visitor chuckled at the thought the cool and frosty," she said "makes me long to climb into a feather bed and settle down in its warmth."

She giggled "in the warmth generated by the pair of heated hardwood sticks, or bricks already folded in the blankets there."

"Those were the days," James grinned. "No heated rooms then" she continued—"none nearer than the kitchen; frost on the window, breath vaporish above the many covers, yet how cozy they could be! And if one had a kerosene lamp on a bedside table and a good book to read, what perfect comfort and contentment that was! There's nothing to equal it nowadays. But I was young then," she sighed. "Those years are gone—the kerosene lamps, the heated sticks and the feather beds too!"

"Not all," we chuckled. "Granddaughter lugged one from the spare-room-closet to make a mattress for the couch in her playhouse in the orchard last summer. She slept on it odd times there, enjoying its downy softness. Her only complaint was that the song-birds, and the sun, waked her too early!"

Today's trails were white, though dappled in places with the cool January-blue of the sunshadows. How beautiful they were! And how nice too, it came to mind, the shadows lie along a ferny wood's road of Summer, though too often we walk such ways with eyes that do not see. "Now our winter is here!" a Saskatchewan housewife wrote today. "Snow covers everything and will until March at the earliest though it is usually April before it is all gone. But it is an amazing country, this western Canada of ours."

There can be four feet of snow in April and fruit blossoms and 70 in the shade in May. Here, the trees leaf, it seems, almost overnight. At the west coast, in B.C. where I visited one Spring, the leaves came very slowly. Indeed I was happy to get back home to enjoy our quicker miracle of spring!"

"We must get to our skating," Mack commented this evening, turning the leaves of a new calendar. "Do you know the month after next is March?"

Until tomorrow — — — Diary. Good-night.

MEADOW BANK W.I.
Members of the Meadow Bank W.I. gathered at the home of Mrs. Stanley Hyde for their January meeting. Meeting opened with an all-repeating Island Hymn in unison. Roll call was answered by each member quoting a clause from "The Creed". Minutes of last meeting were read and adopted, and unfinished business was completed. Among the correspondence were several thank you notes received from people who were remembered at the Christmas season. An acknowledgement of flowers sent to the family of a late departed resident of the district. A donation of money was received from Mrs. Elmer Clow which was much appreciated.

Sick committee, Mrs. H. Murray and Mrs. Stewart Miller reported they remembered the elderly and bereaved during the month. One child was given a treat. The School committee and Red Cross committee being absent, there was no report.

Mixed cards were purchased for use by the Sick Committee. Bills including School treat and other small items were ordered to be paid by the secretary. One member passed in her fee at this meeting.

Mrs. MacLean being absent there was no demonstration. Mrs. Victor MacPhail read a paper on Health which was interesting. Next meeting will be with Mrs. V. MacPhail and the members will answer roll call by displaying an "Article made from almost nothing". These will be gathered and disposed of later as the members see fit. Mrs. Charles Hyde will prepare and article on Institute Work, and Mrs. Sterling Clow and Mrs. Colin MacPhail will prepare lunch. Meeting closed with singing The Queen after which a contest was enjoyed. Mrs. Hyde assisted by committee in charge served refreshments after which the usual social hour was enjoyed by all.

FEATHERED MIMIC
Australia's lyre birds can mimic almost any sound, from a dog's bark to a woodsman's saw.

Island-Born Missionary Is Soon Returning Home

The Central India Torch published by the Publicity and Torch committee of the Mashi Sewa Mandal U. C. N. I. in a recent number has an article entitled "Will Ye' No Come Back Again?"

These words are addressed to five of the busiest missionaries, who are pausing in the midst of their many duties and activities to make arrangements for their travel home on settlement after long years of service in India.

Among the five names mentioned is that of Mrs. Russell A. Graham, the former Frances Compton, Parkdale. Mrs. Graham leaves in January and the article on her is as follows: "Frances Graham is a friendly soul who has the spirit of eternal youth. Indeed her thick brown braids bound neatly beneath her trim nurse's cap belie her long years of service in the medical work of our Mission Born in Prince Edward Island, Canada, she became a graduate nurse in the U. S. A., then took post-graduate work. Leaving for India in the autumn of 1918 via the Pacific, she finally arrived in February 1919, due to delay in Hong Kong, as ships were required for war purposes. There was no Language School then, so she picked

up Hindi from those with whom she worked.

That summer she joined the staff of the Mission Hospital at Dhar. Dr. C. M. Scott was then in charge. She met Rev. A. Russell Graham, and they were married in the Scots Kirk, Mhow, in 1920. Together they did evangelistic work and Public Health teaching in the villages for twenty-five years with the exception of three years in Jobat where she had Hospital responsibilities. Their four children, were at Woodstock School in Landour, Mussoorie, India. All later attended Canadian Universities. They are living in Canada. Ruth (Mrs. Graham Hilliard) and her husband returned to India recently. Both are on the staff of Woodstock School.

After the death of her husband in 1946 Mrs. Graham worked for some time in Toronto General Hospital, but returned to India in 1950 where she joined the Mission Hospital staff at Mandieswar, and more recently at Dhar. She is still full of visions for the welfare of the village folk and for the improvement of hospital buildings and facilities, and has always been able to do amazing things with "odds and ends."



HALL-OLIVER WEDDING

Mr. and Mrs. Harold R. Hall were married November 29th, by the Rev. Joseph Williamson at the Church of the Nazarene, Summerside. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hansen Oliver, Summerside. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gladis, Vancouver, B.C. — Photo by Heckbert Studio.

MARY HAWORTH

Try To Break Spell Of Concentration Upon Self

Dear Mary Haworth: Can you extend some hope to me? Mine is nearly exhausted and I feel at the end of my ability to try. My life is a long history of failure. I was an unloved and burdensome child who felt this

keenly and believed when I got out into the world eventually I would find the love so desperately needed. But now I am 37 and every time I find someone who seems to love me I drive

them away by hunger and clinging.

I have been going to a psychiatrist for over two years and have improved considerably, in understanding; but here I am, still hungry, and not knowing how much more treatment stretches ahead. I wonder if I can be helped at all; and am about ready to give up.

I don't see how — after the super-efforts I've made to help myself—I can still suffer so terribly from this constant anxiety. There seems to be no relief at all. What can I do?

SEEMS TO DRIVE AWAY
I have none to help me or if I do, I drive them away, but can't figure how. I seem always to rouse disgust when I show my true self and my longings. When I try to be friendly I see people draw away gently, as if I were just a bug that one wishes to avoid.

I have been helped by religion, and still am; but the point is, all the help I get just sinks into a bottomless pit and very soon I am utterly miserable again. What can the answer be?

I am tired, tired; and my money is almost gone. Can you recommend some reading about anxiety? Please try to help if you can. The psychiatrist hasn't prescribed pills and seems to think I am sane, I guess. I am beginning to wonder.—K.Y.

BREAK SPELL OF SELF
Dear K.Y.: It seems to me the first order of business here, in the interests of your emotional healing, is to break the spell of self-centeredness — the concentration of attention upon self and its undeniable, unfulfilled needs. How to do this? Well, to give you the idea, think of yourself as a channel, temporarily blocked at both the receiving and the giving ends. You need to become a channel for conferring more goodness of life upon others. And to achieve this, you need to become yourself the recipient of "the more abundant life."

As everyone knows, whose awareness is alert, God (by whatever name you call Him) is the source of all that is. He is the author and supplier of mankind—and you are to take that truth literally. Tune in to Him, and get on the beam of your purpose for being, and become His agent in your set of circumstances—in the matter of helping to improve the lot of less fortunate creatures, and forget yourself insofar as possible. Then increasing measure of "peace of mind" (or heart or soul) will be a by-product.

PEACE OF SOUL A GIFT
Peace of heart eludes those who selfishly stalk it as a panacea; or an end-goal in life. You can't overtake it by seeking it directly. It is a bonus for responsiveness to God's guidance and grace; a payoff of sorts for doing for others, magnanimously, without reckoning the costs or potential rewards. Peace of heart dawn when one has become too occupied with humane service to notice its arrival, except in an absent-minded, thankful way.

Given a problem of the kind you have—an almost unbearable hunger for affection and acceptance, rooted in lifelong denial of same—the mundane fact is, you can't solve it on the strictly human plane. On the contrary since like attracts like, on the human level, you-only encounter persons as heavily handicapped as yourself — who automatically withdraw when they find in you, crying needs and demands that mirror their own.

So what's the answer? I suggest you try to wear yourself constructively from self-centered expectancies. Consider the possibility that your "unloved" history is a special preparation for a special providential assignment, of understanding and ministering to countless other unloved creatures. Try, as best you can, prudently, to be a generous helper of humbler, less fortunate persons in your environment. Thus you may find both peace and real love in your life at long last.—M.H.



FOR SPRINGTIME WARDROBE

"Miss London" Says—"A Springtime Wool Is New"

From London's spring fashions collections here is a chemise dress in British wool frieze. It is set off by a striking bolero worn by a model called representing Miss London.

Have you heard of Miss London?

She is a new personality in British clothes who was born in Mayfair but will be as much at home as Miss Vancouver, Miss Winnipeg, Miss Toronto or Miss Halifax, or the popular toast of any other Canadian community. She salutes Spring by saying: "no spring collection is complete without at least one outfit in British Wool, and here is the mainstay of every wardrobe: A lightweight jersey dress, ideal for a warm spring day, but just as useful under a coat. It has no rival for it keeps its shape and style in either dress or suit."

"Any Canadian woman can add a spring dress in one of Garzue's beautiful lace tweeds, or in

a Scottish worsted tartan in one of the new muted colorings. "She can also give herself a basic dress or suit in one of the new multi-colored British tweeds the kind of thing she can wear either without a coat, or under one."

PRISON GUARDS KILLED

GEORGETOWN, British Guiana (Reuters)—A guard was strangled with a wet towel and died later in hospital and another was severely injured when four convicts broke out of Georgetown Prison Saturday night. Three of the prisoners were caught one hour after the escape. The fourth was found this morning on the city outskirts, dead from poisoning.

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★ JANUARY CLEARANCE SALE ★

SALE STARTS WED. JAN. 14 AT 9 A.M.

<p>DRESSES</p> <p>SKIRTS</p> <p>HANDBAGS</p> <p>Assorted colors S-M-L NYLON HALF SLIPS \$1.00</p> <p>Assorted Colors Small NYLON PANTIES 59c</p> <p>Assorted Colors SCARVES 25c - 59c</p> <p>Botany Wool CARDIGANS Orlon PULLOVERS Reg. 2.98 and 6.98 \$2.98</p>	<p>1/3 OFF</p> <p>3 SUITS RED — SIZE 9 BLACK — SIZE 13 NAVY — SIZE 14 HALF PRICE Reg. \$36.98 \$18.48</p> <p>2 HARRIS TWEED SPRING COATS Sizes 10 & 13 Reg. \$52.25 HALF PRICE \$26.48</p> <p>NO CHARGES NO REFUNDS THE GLORIA 155 GREAT GEORGE ST.</p>	<p>STRIDES</p> <p>DUSTERS</p> <p>UMBRELLAS</p> <p>Black, Navy, Rose, Turquoise LONG NYLON GLOVES Reg. 1.98 \$1.00</p> <p>1 Rack Cotton and Dacron BLOUSES Sizes 12 - 20 \$2.98</p> <p>Sizes 18 1/2 to 24 1/2 COTTON HOUSEDRESSES Sizes 12 to 18 \$1.98</p> <p>Sizes 8 1/2 to 11 NYLON HOSIERY 89c</p>
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MR. AND MRS. RALPH G. PINEAU

Double Ring Ceremony Unites A Happy Couple

Saint Dunstan's Basilica, Charlottetown, was the scene of a lovely wedding when Ann Marie Elaine, daughter of Mrs. C. L. MacDonald and the late Charles L. MacDonald became the bride of Mr. Ralph George Pineau, son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter M. Pineau in a double ring ceremony. Rev. Clarence Roach officiated and celebrated the nuptial mass. Assisting at mass as altar boy was Bill Mulligan, friend of the groom.

The altar and sanctuary were colorful with blue and yellow vial lights and baskets of white and yellow mums, carnations and green foliage.

Mrs. Joseph Dougan as organist accompanied Mr. Frank MacIntyre who sang several hymns including "Mother at Your Feet is Kneeling," "Panis Angelicus" and "Ave Maria".

The bride, given in marriage by her brother, Mr. Ian MacDonald, looked lovely in a floor length gown of white opaque marbled satin styled on princess lines with empire waistline, fitted lace bodice with round neck line and long sleeves tapering to points over her hands. Her veil was held in place with a crown of satin and sequins and she carried an arm bouquet of yellow roses and a mother of pearl prayer book, the gift of the groom.

Her maid of honor, Miss Betty MacDonald, sister of the bride, wore a waltz length gown of blue opaque marbled satin featuring an empire waist line, round neckline dipping to a V in the back from which fell blue chiffon panels, with matching hat and shoes. She carried a matching muff to which was pinned a corsage of yellow and white carnations.

The bridesmaids, Miss Sheila MacDonald, sister of the bride, and Miss Ann Pineau, sister of the groom, wore identical gowns and hats of yellow opaque marbled satin, similar to those of the maid of honor and carried muffs to which were pinned corsages of blue and white carnations.

Mr. Merrill Pineau, was best man and the ushers were Mr. Harold Pineau and Mr. Joseph Pineau, all brothers of the groom. Mrs. MacDonald, chose for her

daughter's wedding a lace dress of pale blue, a large navy velvet hat with navy accessories and wore a corsage of red roses. The mother of the groom wore a black suit with pink accessories. Her corsage was of pink carnations.

Following the ceremony a reception was held at the Queen Hotel. The bridal table which was tastefully decorated with white and yellow mums was centered with a three tier wedding cake. Mr. Frank MacIntyre capably fulfilled his role as master of ceremonies. A toast to the bride was proposed by her uncle, Mr. Arthur Murray and fittingly responded to by the groom. A toast to the bridesmaids was proposed by Mr. Frank MacIntyre and responded to by the best man.

Telegrams were received from Rev. Charles Cheverie, Washington, D.C. and Mr. D.S.K. Skinner, Saint John, N.B. Miss Stella Driscoll, R.N. was in charge of the guest book.

Following the reception the bride and groom went to Notre Dame Academy, of which the bride is a graduate. There they recited the special prayers for the bride and groom on their wedding day. The bride left her bouquet at the convent for the altar.

For a short wedding trip through the Maritimes, the bride wore a suit of sapphire blue with matching satin hat and white and black accessories. Her corsage was of white carnations.

Out of town guests included Mr. Ian MacDonald, Mrs. Robert McDonald, Mrs. Jack Crowe, Mr. Hibbert MacDonald, Capt. J. Doucette, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Doucette, Mr. and Mrs. James Peters, Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Pineau, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Gallant, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Dorrison, Mr. Don Chamberlain.

Prior to her wedding the bride was entertained at miscellaneous showers at the home of the groom's parents and at the home of Miss Jean Zakem. On both occasions she received many lovely and useful gifts. Mr. and Mrs. Pineau are residing on Palmer Lane, Parkdale. — Photo by Margaret Mallett.



OPENING NIGHT

BY TRACY ADRIAN
OPENING night will have a pale mauve silk velvet, flung back from a draped bateau neckline caught by a bow. Underneath is a glitter dress whirling with iridescent lavender sequins set on gossamer mauve silk tulle.

added glamor with a dramatic entrance in a theater costume like this. The short coat is an alluring