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# Autumn BARGAINS

Seasonal items and at great savings . . . appliances, televisions, etc reduced to save you many dollars and to help make your life more comfortable! Sale starts Friday at 9 a.m. and some items are limited in quantity—so shop early!

12 GAUGE  
**SHOT SHELLS**

By WESTERN  
Box Of 25 **2.59**

**FINDLAY "KEMAC"**  
COAL and WOOD RANGES

- finished in white porcelain enamel with chrome hardware
- extra deep firebox
- extra heavy lining
- equipped with duplex grater which can be used for either wood or coal

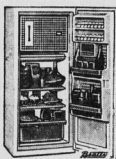
Reg. 299.00  
TRADE . . . . . 50.00  
only 10.50 monthly **NOW 249.00**

SAVE FLOOR SPACE AS WELL AS  
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## BEATTY REFRIGERATOR

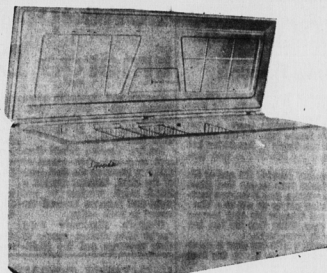
11 CU. FT.

WITH 5-YEAR WARRANTY



- full width freezer
- porcelain crisper
- 5-year warranty
- slide out shelves

Reg. 249.00  
Only 10.50 Monthly **NOW \$199.00**



## SCOOP ON THE FOOD FREEZER MARKET!

...right in time for the  
Fowl Freezing Season

- 17 1/2 cu. ft. size
- holds 650 lbs. of frozen food
- fast freeze section
- moisture sealed—rust proof
- copper tubing throughout

SAVE \$40.00  
**\$239**

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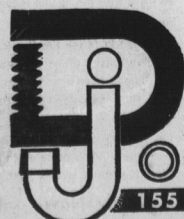
## 2 ONLY 23 CU. FT. WOODS FREEZERS

- holds 850 lbs.
- slightly marked
- reg. 309.00

**\$269**  
Only 12.95 month

Convenient Budget Terms Arranged Through Our  
Personal Financing Service -- No Outside Financing!

SAVE!  
SAVE!  
SAVE!  
SAVE!



**DOUGLAS BROS. & JONES INC.**

155 KENT ST. DIAL 2-1234

SALE  
STARTS  
FRIDAY  
9 A.M.  
SHARP

BE EARLY!



Save \$60  
**23" PHILCO  
CONSOLE TV**

- no glare bonded picture tube—lasts up to 3 times longer.
- REG. \$319.00
- NOW **259.00**
- Only \$13.75 Monthly

The Guardian, Charlottetown, Fri. Sept. 6, 1963. 7

MARY HAWORTH

### Surgeon's Odd Courtship Puzzles Lonely Divorcee

Dear Mary Haworth: I am a divorcee, 37. A brilliant surgeon, 41, who has been keeping up a telephone romance with me for almost two years, recently completed his hospital residency and went overseas with the armed forces.

He will be gone two years at least and I am bereft and miserable. I believe we are deeply in love. He came close to proposing for a while; then got cold feet and said (over the phone) that he doesn't want to marry now and possibly won't even later on.

During the telephone courtship I often told him to stop calling, then would re-call. I was rejecting him. Also, of course, I was enjoying the calls; he entertained me.

We were closely attuned psychologically; in fact mental telepathy played a part in our exchange. Also he had a recurring dream of me and once actually saw my apparition, usually garbed in raincoat, hood and mask, with high black boots. He claimed a psychiatrist suggested we get out the dream, which we did, hoping it might lead to a breakthrough.

When leaving, he wouldn't see me to say goodbye; said it would make the parting too difficult; also that he didn't want to be me down and wants to feel free himself while abroad. At last he broke down and cried.

He hopes the separation will help his perspective. He isn't engaged; has never been married; and a short-lived marriage I made overseas doesn't count on his life, although I am not jumping to marry again. However, I am completely lost without him.

What should I do? I am attractive, popular with both sexes and religious, though I seldom go to church, preferring a direct relationship with God. I seldom meet people who speak my language spiritually. Please say what you think of all this.—T.F. Dear T.F.: I have condensed and simplified your tangled narrative, which you poured out at great length in the third person as if presenting another's problem.

As to why you used the third

person recital, saying for example "The woman (meaning yourself) threw up her hands," it probably means that you have flashes of clarity, during which you see the telephone romance for the psychologically sick humbug it was, and therefore are sensibly somewhat embarrassed to own up to your part in it.

In your opening sentence (before editing), you asked what I think of the brilliant young surgeon and his performance as described. Answering in the vernacular, I would say that he seems nutty as a fruitcake. In his address to you at any rate. For example, in courting you exclusively by phone, except when having you join him in literally acting-out his Freudian-type dream in which you are got-up as a kind of cartoon vampire (or Junior Miss Dracula).

Actually, such behavior borders on insanity. Thus his departure may be a blessing in disguise insofar as your welfare is concerned. Because the fact is, he was leading you down the garden path of unreality, persuading you to accept a wild brew of romance, in place of the sane substantial affectional companionship you hunger for.

You say he admits being immature emotionally, though he is considered mature professionally and has "nerves of steel" (in surgery, I presume). One can't escape the rueful reflection that those nerves of steel, so-called, may refer to a kind of blind spot in his emotional outlook, a frozen inability to really feel with and for people, so that he is a mechanical man in that sense in doing his work.

What to do? Go to church, faithfully, often get into group activities; embrace reality (drab as it may seem) by a little possible means. That's the cure for your sense of being "completely lost." You don't miss the man himself so much as you miss the game of make-believe, which fed the illusion of having a friend, an illusion that a cow has collapsed.—M.H.

Mary Haworth counsels through her column, by mail or personal interview. Write her in care of The Guardian.

### ELLEN'S DIARY

#### Warm, Sunlit Days Shorten While Harvestlands Ripen

Continuing summary today was, with a warm smoky haze, breezing prettily in a soft veer over the fields. One knew that the seedbeds were in rich bloom, apples reddening for the winter's bins, orange berries being filled, by feathery ones, from the rowan-tree, and oaty heads binging pendant in the ripe and golden harvestlands.

"Shouldn't we be getting those hay-bales stored this fine day?" Jamie, eldest grandson in a little truck through the morning.

"I was just thinking that myself" the farmer from the house across the lane smiled.

"Fitter than the men and dubs of the name, including Peter, repaired this afternoon, to a bid on a neighboring farm to bring in said bales to the barns. Warmly munit the day was then, the breeze scented that blew along the farmlands. There was that intriguing seasonal richness of it—fragrance of sweet fern along woodland trails and of pine, wood and bracken ripening, and fir.

Happily the small ones rode down the farm-lane, on the tiered beds. To tell later of wanderers seen on the way: of a wild rabbit glimpsed in underbrush, of squirrels scolding in quiet trees as they passed, of a little hawk, a rill of things, that ran cool and clear over its pebbles, as they crossed it. And to show the feather, so much treated, which had surely been last by a partridge!

But where was her home? And how many birds would there be in her covey? And in a comforting thought, to remember the hunter will ever get them as long as they stay in that big, open field!"

commented. "No more long days", James echoed. "Before the harvest is in, we will be eating our supper at dusk!" "That's so", James agreed. "Autumn is creeping up on us! I see odd maples are already changing color. Ripened," he nodded.

"Oh, there's been no last to this summer!" her visitor sighed.

**Pretty Girls Help Harvest Tons Of Honey**

HAILEYBURY, Ont. (CP)—At a time when most girls are preoccupied with bobby pins, new dances and dancing, two Haileybury girls are busy raising 24,000 bees.

Sophie Bosch, 17, and her 15-year-old sister Ann take 26 to 30 stings a day as a normal part of the business of producing honey.

They wear a protective netting over their faces when the bees are fussy but, other than a smother, they carry little protection.

Expertly the Bosch girls lift frames laden with bees, search for queens, add superlatives to the hive to allow continued honey production and take care of all the chores around the swarming yards.

Sophie and Ann have practically grown up with bees and long ago lost their fear of them.

Their father Klaus used to keep bees as a hobby in his native Apeldoorn in Holland before he came to Canada in 1947. He has since become a successful producer of liquid, chunk and comb honey on his farm west of this Northern Ontario town.

Mr. Bosch won the honey-comb award offered by the Canadian Beekeepers' Council at this year's Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto.

Mr. Bosch and his two pretty daughters are kept happy among the 600 hives they are maintaining in eight separate yards.

"It's a relief to know I can depend on my girls to help me," he says proudly. "We anticipate the heaviest crop of honey our family operation has produced in 13 years. Some 30 tons of honey should be harvested shortly."

Of the 5,000 amateur commercial beekeepers in Canada, fewer than 100 are women. Not many fall into the commercial category and it is unlikely more than a few are in their teens.