

MR. AND MRS. BYRON BRUCE AND ATTENDANTS

Popular Couple Will Live At Greenwood, N. S.

A pretty winter wedding was that of Miss June Brothers and Mr. Byron Bruce which was solemnized at the Church of the Holy Redeemer, Feb. 6, 1958.

The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P.J. Brothers and the groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Bruce. For her wedding the bride chose a white velvet

princess style dress with a V neck and long sleeves tapering to points over the fingers. She was attended by Miss Pat Doyle who wore a tangerine color sheath dress. The groom was attended by Mr. Blair Bruce.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce will reside in Greenwood, Nova Scotia, where Mr. Bruce is stationed with the R.C.A.F.

THE RULES HE LIVED BY

Victoria Harvey's magnificent piece of poetry was published in a recent Christian Science Monitor. She could well have been describing many a father in many a Prince Edward Island home. No doubt our American cousins, as well as we, derive inspiration from the character of the person as depicted by Victoria Harvey.

Our father was a farmer, one who read

Omnivorously. First, each day he took

The Bible, called the family, and led

Us in a Psalm. He said, "We all must look

To God and praise Him"; and we always prayed.

Day-long he plowed, or planted grain, or reaped

His harvest with good will, and felt repaid.

Spare time he read until his thought was steeped

In Tolstoy, Dickens, or in Emerson.

With us in mind, our father memorized

Immortal lines to quote when day was done

Whose golden worth we later realized

It was beloved; the rules he lived by were:

Praise God, work hard, read well. And I concur.

HOUSEHOLD HINT

You can have an easy time on a week-end trip with a baby if you prepare bottles of formula and baby food in advance. A portable icebox or refrigerator will keep it in good condition until you need it.

Women

Lena Caroline McLure, Women's Editor. Phone 8508

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HAPPENINGS

On Saturday evening, February 8, a pleasant little card party in honour of Mr. D.H. MacKenzie, who recently retired from the Railway mail service division of the Post Office department, was held at the home of Mr. F.A. Coyle, 304 Richmond Street. The party was attended by a number of Mr. Mackenzie's former co-workers.

During the course of the evening, an address and presentation were made to the guest of honour. Mr. Mackenzie made a fitting reply in which he recalled many amusing incidents he had encountered during his 44 years service with the department.

Those in attendance besides the guest of honour were Messrs A.W. Downe, H.L. Smith, J. C. Cooke, P.J. Landrigan, D. K. McLeod, and F.A. Coyle.

Mr. Mackenzie had formerly

been presented with a testimonial of service card from the postmaster general and a letter from the deputy postmaster general in which the latter expressed the department's appreciation of Mr. Mackenzie's long and faithful service.

Mr. and Mrs. M.W. Wood entertained at their home on Tuesday evening when a miscellaneous shower was tendered to Miss Dorothy Wood, popular young bride-to-be of Cross Roads. After the large crowd had gathered to the seat of honor by Miss Jean MacKinnon to the strains of "Here comes the Bride."

Little Misses Mary Reeves and Beverly MacKinnon presented the heavily-laden baskets of gifts, which were opened by Miss Wood, assisted by Miss Beatrice Far-

quarson and Miss Marjorie Balderston. The accompanying verses were read by Marlene Smith.

Amid showers of confetti, Miss Wood expressed her sincere thanks to all present for the beautiful gifts presented to her. All joined in the singing of "For She's a Jolly Good Fellow." A bountiful lunch was served by the ladies and the guests departed, wishing Dorothy many years of health and happiness.

Despite the weather and travelling conditions Mr. and Mrs. R.C. Parent's party at Ravenwood was held according to schedule. The guests arrived wrapped up as if they could be joining the expedition to the South Pole. Some were contemplating the Laurentians and arrived with skis and snowshoes. Almost all were fitted out like DEW line Eskimos. However, after the various layers of clothing were removed all settled down for a gay evening at the Parent igloo and finally reached their own snow-houses in safety.

Mr. and Mrs. Earle C. Baker and Dr. and Mrs. Lloyd S. Cox are entertaining this evening at a buffet supper and bridge at

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the Baker residence.

Mrs. Jean Decker of Chaucery, New York, has been on a visit to her mother, Mrs. Ruben Betts. The latter is improving after her recent operation at the P.E.I. Hospital. Mrs. Decker returned by plane Friday.

WIFE PRESERVERS



An old oven door that tends to fall open can often be held shut with a small magnet inserted at the edge of the oven roof.

EARLY CHAMPION

Miss Maud Watson in 1884 and 1885 was the first woman to win England lawn tennis champion.

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ELLEN'S DIARY

What A Gal—Eyes As Green As Pines Of Maine

And now the week is gone! Over the hills and away, leaving much we had proposed to do, remaining still undone. Yes? A letter unwritten, a book unread, sewing unfinished and many a dream not yet come true. Soon however another week returning us a promise of time unlimited will allow us to pick up again, the rested threads to complete at least some of the designs we commenced. Not all. But if not, as someone has said:

"I like to think that in that bright world above, There will be rich fulfilment of all love Surely the shining heights we strove to gain. Will swing once more into our sight again. And all the lovely dreams that earth denied, Will bloom again on some fair countryside."

And this week so good-what of it now? Possibly since our occupation must necessarily be co-ordinated closely with whatever winds may blow, we remember most of all the weather-days more of Spring than Winter.

We think of the farm-work continued without hindrance of any depth of snow; the rites of the woodlands, the everyday chores. We remember the peach of the farmlands. Mornings with the waiting hills rosetinted, evenings with bright paths leading off to the gates of the dusk. Family, friends old and newer, how nice these were all interwoven in the threads of our days.

How the children's faces, voice lingering with us now; Granddaughter with sun kisses sprinkling her nose "the image" of her mother, though she inclines to be taller; Mack "pretty much the build of my father" for whom he is named, James says; Gage dimpled, favoring his mother's side; Jam-

ie brown-eyed, growing out of our reach, but still well-loved and still the first-born of all.

How noticeably the appearance and characteristics of forbears are repeated in the after-generations. We speak of this with James.

"Whom does that littlest one of the...s remind you of?" we may ask.

"I'd say she's cut from the same web that her great-grandmother was. You remember her, Ellen-old Mrs...dead these long years?"

"And 'Exactly!' we agree.

"Dear Ellen" a busy farmwife wrote us this week "In enclosing some verses I found in an old journal the other day when I was tidying a cupboard. I liked them. They are by Eleanor Vinton. 'Ancestry' is the name of the poem...And incidentally wouldn't a Gypsy maid or suchlike away back have added a nice spice to even the most circumspiced line!"

"Father's father's great-great-grandfather

Married his green-eyed scatter-brained love.

How the townfolk flared like a fanned potter.

What could he be thinking of?

She was beautiful, mouth like a strawberry,

Hair the color of waving grain; Cheeks as soft as the bloom of hawberry,

Eyes as green as the pines of Maine.

Children's children from them descend

Scribble verses or gaze at a cloud.

Eyes reflecting the green resplendant,

Fine of a scatterbrain, wild and proud."

Until Monday— Diary—Good-night....

Affleck-Darrach Wedding Is Held At Zion Church

A quiet wedding took place at the Zion Church Manse at noon on Wednesday, Feb. 12th, when Rev. W.H. Brown united in marriage Miss Dorothy Blanche Darrach, only daughter of Mrs. Darrach and the late Daniel Darrach, Charlottetown and Mr. Harold Stewart Affleck, only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Hammond Affleck, Searletown, P.E.I.

They were attended by Mr. and Mrs. Clifton MacDougall, Cape Traverse, after a luncheon with immediate relatives at the home of the bride the happy couple left by car for a trip through the Maritime Provinces.

Upon their return Mr. and Mrs. Affleck will reside at Searletown where the groom is engaged in farming.

The Spoken Word Is Beautifully Presented

Here is an LP list of beautiful selections as compiled recently by the New York Times.

Browning: Sonnets from the Portuguese. Cornell (Caedmon)

Crane: Red Badge of Courage. O'Brien (Caedmon)

Eliot: Four Quartets. Eliot (Angel)

Frost: Robert Frost Reading—(Caedmon)

German Lyric Poetry. Lotte Leh-

mann (Caedmon)

Graves: Robert Graves Reads His Verse (Caedmon)

Parker: An Informal Hour with Dorothy Parker (Spoken Arts)

Shakespeare: Hamlet. Old Vic, (Victor)

Sophocles-Yeats: Oedipus Rex (Caedmon)

Wellsprings of Drama (Caedmon)

Yeats: Countess Cathleen (Tradition)

Choral Reading Is A Subject Of Wide Interest

Music Festival Time is with us again. At the Festival we have music, dancing and choral reading. For those especially interested in the latter subject the following comments given recently by Lena McLure may be of interest.

A very well-known teacher in Speech Arts once said to me: "The most obvious difference between an amateur and a professional is the voice". How true this is. When we attend the professional theatre what a pleasure it is to hear the resonance, modulations, clarity and brilliance of beautifully developed voices. This has not just happened. Granted, many of the performers have naturally beautiful voices, but also they have worked hard at cultivating them.

And this is where Choral Reading comes in. As a person is a

better member of a choral singing society, by having a trained voice, so a member of a dramatic group is better if having had voice training.

When children participate in choral reading pronunciation is improved and a style and vocabulary acquired. Choral reading can be a foundation for future work in the drama.

John Beaufort, New York drama and film critic, said recently in a tape-recorded discussion: "The substitute for the disappearing commercial theatre has been and is continuing to be the community, college, and educational theatre. Like community art and music centres, the community theatre has been exhibiting a great growth."

As great an actress as Greer

Garson, now playing the famous role Auntie Mame in New York, is on the board of the Dallas Symphony and Little Theatre. Greer Garson is in private life Mrs. E. E. Fogelson of Texas.

So we seem to be going into an era where community people will participate most actively in the community theatre. And for this, as said at the start, we need to work on the speaking voice.

In this province teachers and children are doing exceptionally fine work. The children are intelligent, talented and responsive. The teachers are academic and artistic. The teacher-pupil combination in choral reading has made a big contribution to the Festival.

It is a universal law in the arts that the better things tend to rise to the surface. Thus it can be said that children who have Choral Reading will find it, too, among the better things, not only in childhood but in later years. No matter how turbulent life may become, they already have mastered a technique and carry with them the inspiration of a teacher and the selections which she taught.

When the Choral Reading classes are being held at the Festival do give yourselves an interesting and happy time - and hear the children, as prepared by their teachers, in Choral Reading at the Prince Edward Island Music Festival.

MARY HAWORTH

A. A. Helps His Wife

Dear Mary Haworth: Burr-ruth! The stupidity of some people's kids! At the moment I refer to Mr. U. P., your recent correspondent who snidely objects to his wife's attending AA meetings, even though they've kept her dry for 14 months. (He fears for his social standing if the neighbors find out!)

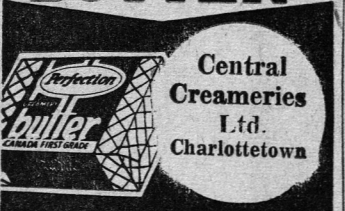
How in the name of all that's holy can a man resent or object to any godly fellowship that has what-it-takes to keep a person sober? This fellow says his wife stayed drunk most of the time until she discovered AA—and hasn't fallen off the wagon since.

An alcoholic myself of six years experience, I've known all the despair and remorse that she's been through. But I am sober now and with God's Help, I shall stay that way. I will follow the AA's 12 steps to recovery, and make the meetings—that do so much in promoting sobriety.

WHAT'S THE ANSWER?
Which is best, Mr. U.P.: A sober member of AA? Or a drunken member of society, in a heedless world that is powerless to help the alcoholic control himself? One drink and the compulsion is triggered off, that calls for more and more drink; and then it seems useless to try to stop. I am thoroughly convinced that AA is the only solution.

"All she needs is more will power," says Mr. U. P. Will power my eye! An alcoholic has more will power than almost any person living. Just let him run out of something to drink and you'll see how much will power

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he has! He will find something to drink; you can bet your all on that.

Disease it definitely is; and has been so proclaimed by medical personnel and welfare workers the world over. . .

Believe me, Mr. U.P., it would be wonderful if you would visit and study the AA program, and understand it, and give it support in helping your wife. It would make you acquainted with God's spirit working in mankind (as love and forgiveness); and would lift you out of fear of "what people may think"—when what they think can't help you one bit. A.A.

HIS WIFE'S CROSS?

Dear Mary Haworth: Mr. U.P.'s bristling letter, about his wife's claim that she needs to attend AA meetings, may well contain the tip-off as to why she became an alcoholic in the first place.

So far as his reputation is concerned, one thing seems certain: He must have a reputation for being a cold indifferent hypocrite. How can he imagine that he has escaped the reputation of being married to an alcoholic? This is exactly the sort of thing people gossip about.

Except in the minds of persons as inhumane as he so vividly shows himself to be, he could only gain respect by helping his wife reclaim sobriety. May God protect her; but living with U.P. certainly adds greatly to her trials.

I wish you had let him have it, as you so frequently have done in other cases, when the culprit was far less deserving of a kick in the pants. Cordially, E.D.

MAN HAMSTRUNG

Dear E.D.: I confess my first impulse was to read the riot act to Mr. U.P., as concerns his stupidly upstage attitude towards his wife's discovery of AA and all that it can do for her.

But on second thought I asked myself: What's the use of belaboring a man for his ignorance? If he knew better, doubtless he would do better. Therefore I gave him a briefing about the tremendous current of spiritual power with which his wife has allied herself, and how it works. I hope I put the picture across. M. H.

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