



MR. AND MRS. C. F. McKEON

### Married In This Province Will Reside In Toronto

On Saturday, July 6th, Trinity United Church had an artistic arrangement of pink welyia in the entrance, white baskets of pink and white peonies in the chancel, and Japanese iris on the altar.

There at two o'clock the Reverend A. Frank MacLean united in marriage Mary Ramsay Bearisto and Charles Frederick McKeon, Mr. William Rogers was the soloist.

Given in marriage by her father, the radiant bride wore a floor-length white nylon over taffeta gown. The Italian neckline was designed with Swiss organza lace studded with tiny pearls. The lace applique was repeated on the shirred sleeves and the bouffant skirt. Her illusion tulle finger-tip veil was held in place by a crown of white face embroidered with pearls, and the bride carried a white Bibb adorned with a white orchid and streamers of stephanotis. Ear rings of pearls, the gift of the groom, were the bride's only jewellery.

Mrs. Stanley Miller was matron of honour, and Miss Roadena Downey was the bridesmaid. Both attendants wore white nylon chiffon sheas, and full double pleats falling to the back hem line. They wore white shoes with Dior blue bows. Their tiered hats were gathered at the crown with Dior blue trim. Both ladies carried nosegays of feathered white carnations.

The best man was Mr. William Anderson, and the ushers were Mr. Bruce Lang and Mr. Richard Paving.

Mrs. Ralph Bearisto was most attractive in a navy blue and white nylon print, with wide crisp organ-

# Women

Lena Caroline McLure, Women's Editor. Phone 8508

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## HAPPENINGS

Reverend John E. Cash, Vernon River, accompanied by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John V. Cash and sister, Catherine motored to different parts of the U.S.A. and Canada.

In Cambridge, Mass., they visited with Mr. and Mrs. Leo Cullen and Miss Lillian Murphy, also in Framingham, Mass., with Mr. and Mrs. Austin Callaghan, who then accompanied them to Niagara Falls and down to Detroit, Michigan where they visited with Mr. Andrew E. Cash and family. Upon their return home they visited with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Whitehead at their summer cottage in Point Du Chene.

Mrs. A. B. Cosh with her children David and Susan have arrived from Ottawa to spend some time with Mrs. A. B. Cosh, West Street, Lt.-Cmdr. Cosh will arrive next week. Commander Cosh has been appointed to Halifax, where he and his family will take up residence.

Mrs. Alfred MacLeod of Alberton, is visiting friends in the City and has been for the past week the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Chandler, North River Road. Also visiting them is Mrs.

Chandler's niece, Miss Sharon Nicolle of Halifax.

Mr. Leo Gallant and his brother Mr. Henry Gallant, both of Lynn, Mass., have been visiting for two and a half weeks in and around Charlottetown. Mr. Leo Gallant has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Gallant and family at Victoria Street. Mr. Henry Gallant has been at the home of his late brother, Mrs. Helaire Gallant's residence.

On Tuesday last relatives and friends entertained for the visitors at a delightful supper party, followed by old time dancing. Messrs. Leo and Henry Gallant leave Friday upon return to their home in Lynn.

Mr. and Mrs. Elgin Couits and children Donald and Peter are returning to Toronto July 31st. They have been visiting Mrs. Couit's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis H. Muttart, Bedouque, for the past three weeks.

Mr. J. Gerald Power, Southport, left by plane Saturday afternoon for Montreal. He was accompanied by his son, Kevin, who will undergo surgery in St. Mary's Hospital.

## ELLEN'S DIARY

### We, On Farms, Eagerly Read The Weather Signs

The weather... we on farms are always weather conscious since we must suit our work to its whims at all times. Especially in the season of haying we look for our signs, the fair, and not-so-fair, and sunset, we observe the moon and star-shine. We regard the direction of the winds that come in to us over the hills or along the fields, and question the sounds which intrude themselves into our quiet: noise of traffic, or of the passing of a far-away train, a dog's bark in the distance and, at night, the owl's hunting cry.

We may note, in an ominous tone, the dull underside of sky-pointed leaves, leaping it to ourself, but had not James already taken stock of them and also the morning glimmer of cobwebs on the eaves of the barn?

It seems we farm-folks at the moment are between two wishes — that for fine weather to speed well the haying, and for rain much needed now to refresh the thirsting earth. And here was mid-week and the hay of last Saturday's mowing still lying in swath before the barn.

The season waning, the barns of the farms empty, and more than one winter-month to be fed! The thought was disturbing.

"But we can't hurry it!" James said, when the men and machines waited on the whims of sun and wind. "Much better for it to waste in the field than to heat in the barns and perhaps burn them down."

Presently however we saw windrows in the field, by the orchard, lift magically and the first load come to the yard scattering the nostalgic fragrance of the hay about. The pattern of rain was attached to the lift and again the familiar sounds of the saving were here.

We saw James take a handful of the load in passing, stop to twist it in an old way of determining its fitness for saving, and shake his head in a manner which indicated no satisfaction over the venture.

"That" he offered, "as far as I'm concerned, is our first and last load of the day!"

And "That's that" the sons agreed with chuckles.

And quickly replacing the excitement and clatter of minutes before the calm and quiet of an almost deserted place enveloped this one of ours left to the farmwives, and they were gone then to gather up and store to other barns of the farms, bales of feed bought to help through the time of stabilizing ahead.

"It's cloudy," James says coming in now, boots we fancy a bit heavy after their busy day. "Does not show much promise of improvement in the weather for tomorrow. If it would either clear or rain..."

No star caught for us tonight in the birch-tree's baring of the pattern of raindrops on the roof! But we still have the hills and far away into our summerland of dreams.

Until tomorrow — — — Diary — Goodnight...

## WE AND OUR NEIGHBORS

Ruhamah S. Frank

WARM FEELINGS

I was in town the other day and the streets were crowded with summer visitors and parked cars bore license plates from every part of Canada and the United States. Casual observation bore out travel bureau statistics: never had there been so many summer tourists on P.E.I.

The tourist trade is a heart-warming business. It came to me that those who are engaged in the tourist industry are among the men and women who are earning their livelihood in an enviable manner. Not all jobs and professions, honest though they may be, are equally satisfactory to the worker interested in contributing to the welfare of his neighbor as well as making his own way in a competitive world.

CLEAR BENEFIT

There can be no doubt in the mind of the farmer, fisherman, wool-grower, brick-layer etc., that he is performing a useful labor — all men need food, clothing and shelter. But there are some areas of business, for example, where the benefits to mankind aren't so clear. Probably many doubts assail the minds of those who spend their lives describing the merits of a "new improved" soap or wash-machine, etc., when the older — and less expensive model is quite adequate. Sometimes, alas, the time and efforts of hundreds of men and women are devoted to the manufacture of advertising and sale of merchandise of even more doubtful value.

But surely those who help make the stay of the tourist a happy occasion and a delightful memory, like the conscientious nurse and doctor (and others, of course) can sleep easy o' nights. (Don't they indeed generally work so hard that Easy Sleep is inevitable.)

I met Mr. and Mrs. Jones and their three children at the travel bureau where they were making last minute inquiries for their drive back to their home in Montreal. They said they had had a perfectly wonderful two weeks! Mr. Jones got a three weeks' vacation and they had allowed one week for the trip both ways — driving in leisurely fashion and showing the young ones new Canadian scenes and ways of living. A good part of their enjoyment, said the Jones, was due to the kindness and thoughtfulness of their hosts at the summer hotel. "They made us feel like visiting friends, not like paying guests," said Mrs. Jones.

SOUND YOUNGSTERS

Speaking of island visitors, an elderly lady, brought up on the island and here after an absence of many years, is shocked by the change in the manners and dress of the young folks. "The bathing suits! — if you can call them suits!" she said. And think of coming into a public dining room in shorts. And calling out, "Hi, to me — that isn't the way we acted when we were young! No wonder the world is in such a mess!"

Well, if the world is in a "mess" (and it is beginning to believe it is on the up and up) our young folks aren't responsible. World leaders have long outgrown their adolescence. I have noted from observation that our young folks are sound at heart and now statistics, are bearing me out. Definitely family life is firmer than a

## MARY HAWORTH

### Man Goes Back On Word

Dear Mary Haworth: I had known Frank for four years before we married six months ago. I am 26 and he is 32. Three years ago he told me of Angela, a woman some years his senior, with whom he'd gone steady for about five years.

During their association she had a child, after which marriage was discussed, but they didn't go through with it — as Frank felt it wouldn't work out. Later, after he started dating me, he discontinued their affair, but kept in touch with her through the years, even taking her out occasionally — "because of the child." All this with my knowledge and approval.

When we decided to marry, we felt it was only right to inform Angela; but in the rush of preparations, Frank hadn't a chance to see her, but promised me he would after our honeymoon. However, he still hasn't told her — though he has spoken to her three times by phone and taken her out twice.

### CAN'T UNDERSTAND

I've reproached him that this is unfair to both Angela and me, to which he replies "I don't want to hurt her feelings." It isn't easy to "just tell her." While a woman doesn't mind losing a man to a job or hobby, she doesn't take kindly to losing him to another woman... etc.

To which I say: he already hurt her long ago, when he failed to tell her, but better he does it, than that she hear from other sources. And she isn't losing him now; he left her four years ago.

It happens we live in a neighborhood adjacent to Angela's and in recent conversations she has asked why his course it isn't easy to tell her, but better he does it, than that she hear from other sources. And she isn't losing him now; he left her four years ago.

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### NOT BRIGHT

Dear D.B.: It isn't very bright of you to have supposed that Frank would live by an honorable code in marriage, when he wasn't paying much heed to principle in his preparatory experience.

Surely you've heard the proverbial warning "never marry a rake to reform him."

You misconstrue the motivation of Frank's behavior when you assume that he conceals his marriage from Angela for fear of hurting her feelings. Actually he keeps quiet due to pure selfishness.

Maybe Angela is the hit; who knows? After all, his word (to you) doesn't mean much; thus if he says they never were married, it could be a lie. Or maybe she has a common law wife's claim to him — and lets him have a long leash, as a matter of finesse.

### ADVISORY HELP

Evidently he is pretty well satisfied with their present arrangement, of keeping in contact amicably, in a mutually undemanding type of exchange. I gather he just doesn't want to give her the shocker news about you, for fear she might upset the status quo, and thereby upset him. And possibly give you a thin about his past that you hadn't heard before.

Frank doesn't want Angela as a full-fledged companion and obligation; but neither does he want to forfeit her "belonging" attitude towards him. He doesn't want her to lose interest in him and get fully absorbed in another man. He's a dog-in-the-manger operator in this corner of his life.

As for what to do — one might say: If Frank won't tell Angela, why don't you? However, it's risky, trying to interfere in a muddy, entangling situation that pre-dates your knowledge of him. And, even if you should go on record with her, as being Frank's wife, still that won't make much difference in his shabby character.

In my opinion, the wise procedure is to discuss your unenviable situation with a family service agency counsellor — for first-hand guidance in getting your bearings in this mix-up. M.H.

Mary Haworth counsels through her column, not by mail or personal interview. Write her in care of this newspaper.

decade ago. Both in the United States and Canada, young people are marrying earlier, wanting large families — and the divorce rate is falling. Did you know that in Canada in 1947 there were 655 divorces per 100,000 population and last year only 37 divorces in that number.

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MR. AND MRS. W. A. LEDWELL

### Fr. Ledwell Officiates At His Brother's Wedding

Adeline Marie Peters, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Peters, Rollo Bay, Prince Edward Island, became the bride of William Adolphus Ledwell, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Ledwell, St. Peter's Bay, P.E.I., in a pretty ceremony at St. Alexis Church, Rollo Bay, on Monday, July 1, at nine o'clock.

The Nuptial Mass was celebrated by Rev. Francis Ledwell of St. Dunstan's University. Mr. Wilbert MacInnis was organist and Mr. Frank MacIntyre was soloist.

The bride was given in marriage by her father and attended by her sister, Kay Peters, as maid of honor. The bridesmaids were Edwina Peters and Flora Peters, both sisters of the bride.

Mr. Richard Ledwell, Isle Maligue, Quebec, was best man for his brother and Mr. Reginald MacAdam, Morell, and Mr. J. Elmer Blanchard, Charlottetown, ushered the guests.

The bride wore a white full length gown of imported Chantilly lace and nylon tulle billowing in to a graceful back pleatum, underscored with net and satin and long sleeves tapering over the fingers. She wore a shoulder length veil caught with a pillbox of Rosepoint lace, and carried a prayer book decorated with a gardenia and satin streamers knotted with tiny white flowers.

The maid of honor wore a full length gown of blue taffeta with matching headress and carried a white muff adorned with pink carnations. The bridesmaids wore gowns of a similar type and color and also carried white muffs with pink carnations.

The bride's mother was attired in a street length dress of dusty rose lace, a large white hat, and white accessories and corsage of white carnations. The groom's mother selected a street length dress of powder blue faille with matching hat and white accessories. She wore a corsage of white carnations.

Following the ceremony, a reception was held at the Wheel of Fortune Lodge, Fortune Bridge, for

## LET'S EAT

### Fish Fillets Delicious When Served Au Gratin

By IDA BAILEY ALLEN

Cook books get hard use. Often the dust jacket of an almost new book becomes torn; the edges, ragged; pages and even covers of old books become loose. What to do?

This was the problem confronting us here in the test-kitchen where we have a library of hundreds of books on cooking, nutrition and household science.

NEAT AND HANDSOME

"I believe I can fix those books so they will look not only neat but handsome," remarked Matt Feeney, my secretary, who is especially adept with her hands.

Using plenty of cellophane tape, Mae mended the edges of every dust jacket and reinforced the edges of jackets on new books to prevent tearing. Loose pages were cellophane-taped in place. Loosened backs were reinforced with neat straight strips cut from plastic tape of a matching or contrasting color. Rare books were covered with gleaming cellophane for protection.

## Smith-Adams Wedding Solemnized In Bloomfield

St. Anthony's Church, Bloomfield, was the scene of a pretty wedding on Saturday, July 13, 1957, when Anna Myrtle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Adams of Elmsdale became the bride of Francis Sydney, son of Mr. and Mrs. Brydon Smith of Alberton South. Rev. Clarence Pire officiated and celebrated the Nuptial Mass. The wedding music was played by Mr. Cyrus Gallant and beautiful hymns were sung by Mrs. Felix Arsenault and Mrs. Doiron.

The bride, given in marriage by her father, wore a street length dress of blue nylon with white flocking. Her hat and accessories were white and she carried a white rosary and prayer book.

Mrs. Wyman Milligan, sister of the groom, was matron of honor. Her dress was of aqua nylon with white flocking and her accessories were white.

Mr. Wyman Milligan was best man. For her daughter's wedding Mrs. Adams chose a dress of pink linen with white accessories. Her corsage was pink carnations. Mrs. Smith, mother of the groom, wore a wedding dress of white tulle with white accessories and corsage of pink carnations.

A wedding breakfast for the immediate relatives was served at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wyman Milligan in West Devon. The table was topped with miniature bride and groom and flanked with cut flowers.

Later in the day a reception was held at Summerlea Restaurant in Summerside where dinner was served to about twenty guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith will reside in Alberton South where the groom is engaged in fishing.

## Queen Of The Secretaries

ST. LOUIS, Mo. (CP)—Blond Sheila Ward, native of Grand Mere, Que., Friday was chosen queen of an executive secretaries contest open to Canadian and United States entrants.

Miss Ward is secretary to vice president R.A. Neale of Canadian at Montreal and a wartime member of the RCAF's women's division.

Two essays, one concerning her boss, helped Miss Ward win trips to New York and Honolulu, two ensembles for her wardrobe and the latest in executive furnishings — selected by her — for her boss's office and her own.

## How To Help Slow Students

Yes, manual training courses do prepare youngsters for jobs. But can a student's enthusiasm for manual work also be used to awaken his interest in other school courses?

In August Reader's Digest also the results one high school principal has had with this idea. Here's an answer for many a parent's headache — what's to be done about slow learners and students who want to leave school. God bless your August Reader's Digest today: 38 articles of lasting interest in condensed form to save your time.

A TIP FROM THE CHEF

When you see the word "jardiniere" on the menu, it means garnish. The term is used when several cooked vegetables are combined, as in mixed fresh, frozen or canned vegetables; also when several kinds of vegetables, cooked separately, complete a meat platter such as lamb chops garnished with green peas, potato balls, carrot rounds and parsley.

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# NORMA'S

160A KENT ST. PHONE 3058



MR. AND MRS. L. N. MUGRIDGE & PARTY

### Bride's Cousin Marries Young Couple At Citadel

The Salvation Army Citadel, Charlottetown, was the setting of a very pretty wedding at 8 p.m. Saturday, July 13th, when Frances Gloria, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Henderson, Charlottetown, became the bride of Leslie Nelson, son of Mrs. Loretta Mugridge, Crapaud, P.E.I. The young couple were united in marriage by Captain Roger Henderson, cousin of the bride.

The church was decorated with baskets of mums, roses and ferns. The guest books were marked with

white satin bows and orange blossoms.

The bride, given in marriage by her father, was lovely in a ballerina length gown of nylon net over satin with brocade jacket with long pointed sleeves. A coronet of pearls and rhinestones held in place her finger tip veil. Her bouquet was sweetheart roses and shatterd carnations.

For travelling the bride chose a light grey suit and yellow carnations.

Prior to her marriage the bride was entertained by Mrs. Teitman Erickson, and Miss Constance Henderson and employees of the "Canada Packers."

Mr. and Mrs. Mugridge will reside in Picton, Ontario. Photo by Craswell Studio.