

# Women

Lena Caroline McLure, Women's Editor. Phone 8506

Page 8 The Guardian Friday, Jan. 24, 1958

## HAPPENINGS

**The Charity Ball in aid of the Prince Edward Island chapter of the Poliomyelitis and Rehabilitation was a marked social success.**

Mr. Lincoln Dewar the president was in Montreal at the time and unfortunately could not attend the ball. Mr. Herbert Baxter, the campaign manager, was delighted to receive the following telegram from Mr. J. Lincoln Dewar, the president — Best wishes for every success. Extend my thanks to our patrons and guests. — Lincoln Dewar.

**The Sodality and Alumnae of St. Joseph's Convent held their annual tea on Sunday afternoon in St. Joseph's Convent. The guests were received by Mother Superior and Mrs. Alex MacLean, president of the Sodality. Pouring tea at the attractive table were Miss Anne Cronin and Miss Carrie Sample. Mrs. Frank Walker was in charge of the table. Members of the Sodality served.**

**The regular meeting of Alpha Chapter of Beta Sigma Phi was held at the home of Mrs. Clifford Campbell on Tuesday evening.**

**The president, Mrs. J. O. Hornby presided over the meeting. The program consisted of films featuring the "Winnipeg Ballet" and "French Cousins." Lunch was served by the hostess assisted by Mrs. J. O. Hornby and Mrs. Raymond Stunden.**

**"MacDonald: the Self-admitted Genius of Canadian Poetry" is the caption for an article on Wilson MacDonald appearing in a Toronto newspaper magazine. Canada has not given the recognition to the Ontario-born poet he craved. Great Britain and the United States have quite acclaimed MacDonald.**

**The writer of the article Betty Lee tells of a society of more than 100 members which meets once a month to discuss "Wilson MacDonald and other poets." A Toronto socialite Mrs. Charles King, who was the president and founder of this Wilson MacDonald Poetry Society, resigned recently. A retired theologian, the president, Mr. Myers is married Rev. A. J. W. Myers is now the former Miss Helen Ramsay of P.E.I.**

**Very fine photographs of Mr. MacDonald accompany the article. There is a charming study of Mr. MacDonald taken with his daughter, Anne, aged 18. Some time ago, Mr. MacDonald gave a recital here in Charlottetown, which was very much enjoyed by all those privileged to attend.**

**Mrs. A. E. Lehnen has been the guest of honor at a great many parties prior to her departure for Halifax.**

**Thursday evening there was a farewell bridge party at Mrs. Cecil MacEachern's residence, Palmer's Lane. The ladies present were all personal friends of Mrs. Lehnen. A very lovely gift was presented to Mrs. Lehnen by Mr. and Mrs. Cecil MacEachern.**

**Mr. Lehnen, who is superintendent of Woodworth's for the Maritimes, arrived in Charlottetown by car. He and Mrs. Lehnen leave Friday, January 24th, for Halifax where they will make their home.**

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**"We did some plowing this date last year," James offered, pausing a moment in passing. "The fields would be pretty soft for it now and slippery," he commented. "What an odd January this is! When the mill was in its heyday he said, looking down over the front meadow to its gray gables — the miller often came this time of year to cold mornings. I've seen it so cold there, the gear would barely move at first. . . . But it was the wintry day indeed, that didn't bring some grists there — yes, to be ground or crushed. What changes there have been!" he said, moving away.**

**"There's not even a fringe of icicles hanging to the spillways this year" we chuckled.**

**The farmers, always looking to keep the farming orderly, which includes among other things waste disposals and retainings, must ship out an idle sow from that sisterhood, taking advantage of the passable road now obtaining. She belonged to the comely and**

**pleasant company that vacationed in the orchard last summer. Now lazing beneath the trees, then munching the sweet of the grass or thirsty hastening to the piggery close by to drink. They were always before us when we came to the transparent tree to gather first apples for pies or answered a call from the children to "come and see if these are too green to eat yet," when young guests took them down there to gain first juicy bites.**

**"We won't miss her much," James said when the truck was out to move off townward. "She never was one of the best."**

**"And she'll bring in enough to keep the (yard) gas-pump going! Not much left, when I filled the tractor this morning" the younger farmer offered with a rueful smile.**

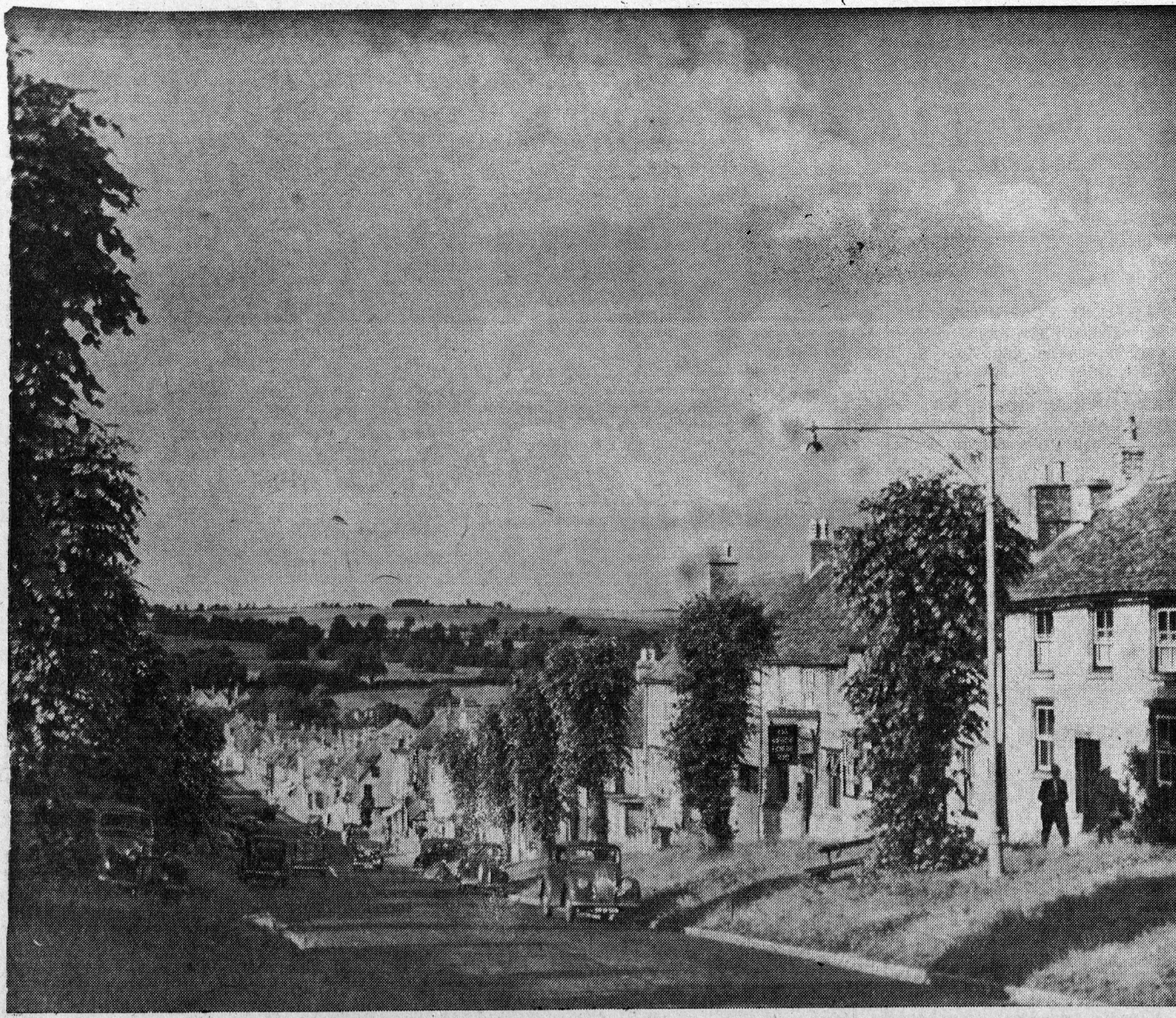
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**Friday too we have spent. But little remains now of the hours counted out in us in rare treasure at dawn.**

**Until tomorrow — — — Diary — Goodnight. . . .**

**MORE CHEQUES CASHED**

OTTAWA (CP) — Cheques cashed in Canadian clearing centres totalled \$18,219,000,000 during November, the bureau of statistics said Monday. The figure was fractionally higher than the year previous.



## BEAUTIFUL COTSWOLD VILLAGE OF BURFORD

This beautiful picture is of the main street in the Cotswold village of Burford, Susan, the Lady Tweedsmuir, wife of the beloved Lord Tweedsmuir, governor-general of Canada lives in a very charming little old house in the High Street of the town of Burford on the Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire borders.

Burford has a large and lovely church of which Lady Tweedsmuir has a view from her garden. Lady Tweedsmuir, who was a member of the great Grosvenor family, has a particular enjoyment and interest in the Women's Institute work.

In the Federated News for January there is a picture showing the Tweedsmuir cups being presented to the "first" winners in the Tweedsmuir completions. The trophies were for handicraft, history and painting.

Lady Tweedsmuir as well as her husband the noted John Buchan, is a very fine writer. Since giving up the beautiful Elsfeld Manor near Oxford, Lady Tweedsmuir still continues to write in the beautiful setting of Burford. — Photo by the British Travel Association.

## A Cotswold Journey Is A Delightful Experience

There are few parts of England as lovely as the Cotswold Hills. For the Canadian visitor who has been lucky enough to procure a car — a tour of the "Cotswolds" is a must.

Most people go to them by way of Oxford. A car is a great advantage here, for in a round trip of little over 100 miles you can see the best of the district. But if this is not possible there are plenty of coach trips from Oxford, Stratford-upon-Avon, indeed all the surrounding towns, as well as local buses and trains. And of course if you have the time and energy, the best way of all is to explore on foot!

Motoring, our first stop on the Cheltenham road is at the nice so-called little town of Witney, where the visitor finds the key to much of the Cotswold's history. Witney has for generations been famous for its blankets, an offshoot of the Cotswold wool trade. In the great days of English wool rearing these hills were ideal for raising sheep, and many of the beautiful churches and manor houses date from those days of Cotswold prosperity.

A few miles on we turn to the right to the village of Minster Lovell, a mile from the main road. Here are a group of attractive cottages, an Inn, church, and the stately ruins of a fifteenth century manor on the banks of the Windrush, a tributary of the Thames. This, so tradition has it, though several of the houses claim the story) was the tragic setting of the Mistletoe Bough — the story of the bride who hid in a great oak chest while playing hide-and-seek at the wedding party and was not found till a skeleton and a scrap of wedding veil were discovered years later.

Here, too, was the home of Francis Lovell who was a supporter of Richard III, and vanished after the Battle of Bosworth. Centuries later a skeleton really was found, walled up in a secret room of the old house, and it is believed that Lovell returned there to hide and starved to death when his servant died or fled.

A little farther on we come to the delightful old town of Burford and then turn northwards to Burton-on-the-Water, where the Windrush flows beside the village street and each house has its own little bridge. Beyond this we climb to Stow-on-the-Wold with its wide square and lovely old market cross. The village names convey the ups and downs of these Cotswold roads, for next we drop to Moreton-in-the-Marsh, where Charles I slept for a night in 1644 at the White Hart Inn. We might follow his example, and stay here in its historic atmosphere.

We are now at the north-east tip of the Cotswolds, and our route takes us next to two of its loveliest and most famous villages, Chipping Campden and Broadway. Here is Cotswold architecture at its most beautiful — stone houses and cottages, stone millioned windows and stone roofs. We notice especially the roofs, made of small, square stone tiles which mellow with the years and take on a soft woodland coloring from their little tufts of moss and lichen. Indeed, Cotswold stone is full of colour; even on a dull day the houses glow with a honey-colored warmth, as though the old stone had stored up centuries of sunshine.

Broadway with its wonderful seventeenth century inn, the Lyon Arms, is probably the best known of all Cotswold villages but you may even prefer Chipping Campden which is less crowded in the summer. Here are fine old almshouses, a beautiful church, and the fourteenth century house of William Grevel, one of the "wood princes."

Now, we turn away down the western edge of the hills to Winchcombe and then over the shoulder of Cleeve Cloud, the highest point on the hills (1,070 feet), with a wonderful view of the Severn Valley, and down to Cheltenham. If you want to spend a night in a more sophisticated centre, Cheltenham is the right place. Like Bath and Brighton it has some beautiful terraces of gracious, Regency period houses, and for your comfort good hotels, shops and entertainment.

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## MARY HAWORTH Loneliness Can Be Grace

Dear Mary Haworth: Much has been written of mothers left in their middle years, lonely, with children grown and gone to build new lives of their own. But what of the many old maids left in the same situation.

I am in the middle 40s and never in my youth would have believed that one could get as lonesome as I do. Unfortunately, I have no sisters—only brothers; and while they are good, as brothers go, it is only natural that most of their time and attention is given to the wife's family; and, in recent years, rightfully to their children.

I had — note "had" — many friends, I thought; but as time goes along we see less and less of one another. Each one has somebody still in their immediate family demanding their time; whereas I am completely alone. I have a great deal of pride, perhaps false; and never have let anyone know how badly I feel people might even envy my apparently carefree life, forgetting that I am the type who needs to be taking care of somebody, or helping solve problems.

**WAS MARRIAGE WANTED?**

Were I somewhat healthier, I would gladly try for volunteer hospital work; but must conserve my energy to keep my office job, which is quite wearing. Have often considered sharing my apartment but then hesitated because the place is small and a wrong choice might prove more disastrous than loneliness.

Is it this sort of thinking that kept me from marriage several years ago? Always finding an excuse for evading it? True, I was keeping a home for my brothers; but in fairness I always say that if I'd wanted to marry badly enough, I'm sure I would have found a way to reconcile conflicting demands.

Do you have any suggestions? Or any reading matter to recommend that might direct me into a different course of action? H.V.

**TWO KINDS OF ALONENESS**

DEAR H.V.: An oddity of American individuality is our individual anxiety about being socially alone; or lonely or unpopular.

We are shamefaced about the fact of loneliness, if it happens to enter into our private experience. We strain both to conceal it and to overcome it; when in truth loneliness may be a gift of grace. It has great creative potentials. Indeed it is almost axiomatic that lofty character is framed in loneliness much of the time.

There are two kinds of loneliness in life. One kind might be called loneliness; the other, loneliness.

Loneliness has to do with quietly accepting the fact of being largely stripped of human consolations over periods of time — without feeling, guiltily and defensively, that one is somehow at fault for this trying situation.

Also, loneliness continues to feel and to maintain a friendly open-hearted interest in the surrounding society, which goes its hurried self-absorbed heedless way, unmindful of the lonely person standing by.

**ADVOCATES CHANGE**

Lonesomeness, on the other hand, is a despondent, pessimistic, withdrawn state of feeling — an attitude which pines for attention and waits in a heartsick way for rescue from its isolation. It is allied to severe immaturity of character; and psychiatric help is probably necessary in most such cases, to instill the pitch of confident living.

Just now you are weathering a season of loneliness. But I don't think you are the lonesome type. However, take care you don't sink into a rut, on the theory that you are conserving energy thus. Actually, the more you stick to limited routine, the more tired you will become. Better wear out than rust out, doctors say.

My advice is, follow through on your idea of getting into volunteer work. And take a chance on a house mate—possibly a student nurse, a younger person who is flexible and won't try to dominate. If it isn't a success, call it off. Meanwhile, the change and upset will be good for you—so you can't really lose, either way.

**M. H.**

**NEW GLASGOW W.I.**

Mrs. Percy and Leith Dickieson entertained the New Glasgow W.I. on Monday evening January 6th. The president opened the meeting with the Ode, followed by the Collect. Thirteen members answered roll call by giving an article to be used for the Chinese Auction.

Minutes of last meeting were read, approved and signed. It was reported that the "travelling basket" is still travelling and it is hoped its travelling days will be over by the next meeting.

## ELLEN'S DIARY

"What Changes On Farm," Is The Comment Of James

Today a bell somewhere about — or was it only in mind? rang the approach of the weekend. Children closing week's classes, an anticipatory feeling, and Saturday got that holiday feeling, and with their elders saw Sunday blest in the offing.

Fridays are nice days. Not perhaps one for those "Tetched" by superstition to commence some new endeavour, but a most comfortable day in which to pursue the even course of the week to its close.

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**PENNY SAVER HOSIERY SPECIAL**

**ORIENT STRETCH**

Light Shades Sizes A-B-C

51 Gauge 15 Denier 45 Gauge 15 Denier Light Shades Sizes 8½ - 11

## Try my delicious DESSERT BRAN MUFFINS

Sift together 3 times 2 c. once-sifted pastry flour or 1½ c. once-sifted all-purpose flour 2 tsp. Magic Baking Powder ¾ tsp. baking soda 1 tsp. salt

Mix in 1½ c. crisp breakfast bran cereal

½ c. lightly-packed brown sugar Beat until thick and light

1 egg Stir in 1 c. sour milk or buttermilk 1 tsp. vanilla 6 tbsps. butter or margarine, melted

Make a well in flour mixture and add liquids all at once; mix lightly until just combined—do not over-mix. Two-thirds fill greased muffin pans with batter. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375°, 20 to 25 minutes. Makes 12 to 15 average-sized muffins.

You get lighter, more delicious baked goods with dependable MAGIC Baking Powder. Guard against failures... get MAGIC today!

Costs less than 1¢ per average baking

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**BABY POWDER**

Tin containing 4 ounces of baby powder. 2 P.M. Special, Tin 29c

**HAIR BRUSHES**

Brushes have seven rows of sturdy bristles — a quality hair brush in clear, pink or blue. 2 P.M. Special, Each 49c

**NYLON OBLONGS**

Pretty floral designs. Approx. size 28" square. 2 P.M. Special, Each 79c

**BOYS' OVERSHOES**

Durable rubber overshoes with warm lining and shearing cuff. Buckle and strap closing. Sizes 1 to 5. 2 P.M. Special, Pair 4.98

**TODDLERS' SLEEPERS**

Flannelette sleepers with button on pants with feet. Sizes 1 and 2 years. Colours: green, yellow, pink, blue. 2 P.M. Special, Each 1.19

**MEN'S DRESS SHIRTS**

Choice of either long or short pointed collars, long sleeves with button cuffs, breast pocket. Sizes 15 to 17. White only. Reg. 4.95. 2 P.M. Special, Each 3.95

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"Downhill" ski slacks with double knees for extra wear. Made from warm wool yarns in blue, brown, navy. Elastic insert at back and self belt. Sizes 6 to 16. 2 P.M. Special, Pair 3.49

**EATON'S BUDGET PLAN AND BUDGET COUPON TERMS WITH NO DOWN PAYMENT DURING EATON'S SEMI-ANNUAL SALE**

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**CHICKEN RAFFLE**

Knights of Columbus Home

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**CUDMORE'S DRY CLEANERS**

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**IT'S ALL COUGH-FIGHTING MEDICATION**

**BUCKLEY'S MIXTURE**

**OPEN SATURDAY UNTIL 5:45 p. m.**

**OPEN TONIGHT (FRIDAY) UNTIL 9 p. m.**

**EATON'S**

**2 P.M. SPECIALS**

**ON SALE SATURDAY AT 2 P.M. WHILE THE QUANTITY LASTS.**

**MOTH BALLS & FLAKES**

One pound packages of full strength moth balls or flakes — used for protecting clothes, furs, etc. 2 P.M. Special, Lb. 23c

**NEEDLEPOINT**

A wide assortment of patterns from which to choose — floral, animal and bird designs. Size about 12" x 12", 2 P.M. Special, Each 49c

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And so our tour ends with a ten-mile drive back to Burford, and we have completed the Cotswold circuit, we have seen but not exhausted its charm.

**YORK W.I.**

The regular monthly meeting of the York Women's Institute met at the home of Mrs. Raymond Vessey with a good attendance. The president Mrs. Dewar Swan presided. Meeting opened by the Institute Ode followed by Collect in unison. Roll call was answered by "A New Idea to Improve Our Institute," or "Pay a fine of one dime." The secretary, Mrs. Willard Murray read the minutes of the last meeting and they were approved as read. The business arising from the minutes was then discussed. Thank you cards and letters were read. The offering was received.

The next place of meeting is to be at the home of Mrs. Peter Proud, with the roll call to be "A home made Valentine, a prize for the best." Program consisted of a reading, "Ma and the Auto" by Mrs. Willard Murray and a "name" contest presented by Mrs. Raymond Vessey. Meeting closed with "The Queen" after which delicious refreshments were served by hostesses and a social period was enjoyed by all.

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