



### NICHOLSON-MATHESON WEDDING

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Russell Nicholson were married recently at the Church of Christ, Fredericton, Prince Edward Island. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Nicholson, Hunter River. The bride, Dorothy Irene, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle Matheson, Breadalbane. Photo by Heckbert.

### The Allan T. Matthews Visit Island Fair Week

Mr. and Mrs. Allan T. Matthews, 157 East 72nd Street, New York City, have been recent visitors to Prince Edward Island. They have been visiting Mr. Matthews' parents, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Matthews, O'Leary. A very delightful reception was held at the Matthews residence Tuesday evening when a large number of people had the opportunity to see Mr. Matthews again and to meet his wife. The Matthews were married six months ago in the United States. Mr. and Mrs. Matthews spent Wednesday in Charlottetown attending the Fair and were registered at the Charlottetown Hotel. Mr. Matthews until recently was a special representative of the Bank of Nova Scotia in New York City. He has now joined Laidlaw and Co., private bankers established in 1842. This is one of only two investment banks in New York City. Among the general partners of this firm in N.Y.C. is Daniel E. MacLean, a native of Tyne Val-

### Anglo-American Group Gathers At Pugwash, N. S.

Anglo-American amity was repledged at Cyrus Eaton's Thinkers' Lodge at Pugwash August 7, as the final international conference of the 1958 season got under way. On hand to extend Nova Scotia's official welcome to the conference was Premier Robert L. Stanfield, accompanied by Mrs. Stanfield. Other speakers of the evening, in addition to the Premier and Mr. Eaton, were Dr. Robert Birley, Head Master of England's famed Eton College, Dr. Walter Muir Whitehill, Director of the Library of the Boston Athenaeum, and Dr. Louis B. Wright, Director of the Folger Shakespeare Library of Washington, D. C. Singled out for special recognition among the conferees was the



By VERA WINSTON  
ITALIAN merino is used for IMPRESSIVE

Italian merino is used for a smart oval sweater that can be worn over pants, bathing suits or shirts, which makes a pretty versatile piece of sportswear. It is white with deep v-knot banding in red and black, the band-voke line in back. Shown with pants of black wool jersey.

# Women

Lena Caroline McLure, Women's Editor. Phone 3506  
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## HAPPENINGS

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth A. Parker will be in Sackville this weekend to attend the centenary celebration of the Mt. Allison University.

Mrs. R. G. Forsythe and children Pamela and Andy left Saturday morning to join Dr. Forsythe in Lancaster, New Brunswick. Dr. Forsythe is on the staff of the Lancaster Hospital, Veteran's Department. Col. F. I. Andrew and Mrs. Andrew drove their daughter and children to Lancaster.

Mr. Arnold L. Hubley left Thursday morning for Belleville, Ontario where he will assume the principalship of the Ontario College of Commerce. Mr. Hubley will spend several days in Brighton, Massachusetts, where he will visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Hubley.

Mrs. M. S. Hubley left Thursday morning for her home in Brighton, Massachusetts, after spending an enjoyable holiday visiting relatives and friends in Prince Edward Island.

Mrs. Harry M. Davison, 89 Hillsboro Street, left Thursday morning with her sister Mrs. M. S. Hubley to visit in Brighton, Mass.

Mrs. D. M. MacLeod, Alexandria, Ontario, and her son Dr. Gordon K. MacLeod are visiting in Charlottetown, guests of Dr. MacLeod's uncle, Mr. Chalmers MacLeod and Mrs. MacLeod. They also visited relatives in North Wiltshire, Pictou and Irishburg. They attended divine service at the Hartsview Church where several generations of the MacLeod family have worshipped. Dr. MacLeod is a graduate of the Universities of Toronto, Colorado and California. He is presently professor at Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, Ontario. His father the late Rev. D. M. MacLeod was a native of Springton, Prince Edward Island.

Lieut. Graham L. Jenkins commanding 3 ROHA Signal Troop, Camp Gagetown, is home on furlough visiting with his parents Lt. Col. and Mrs. F. S. Jenkins Churchill Ave.

F. L. and Mrs. MacInnis and daughter Karen who have been visiting Mrs. MacInnis' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Trainor, Charlottetown, left Wednesday for Trenton, Ont., where Mr. MacInnis has been transferred from Fairy Aviation Station, Dartmouth, N.S., to Repair Depot, R.C.A.F., Trenton.

Mr. Roddie Hickox leaves this Saturday afternoon by plane for Innisfail, Alberta, to attend the wedding of his brother, Mr. Freddie Hickox and Miss Thelma Abraham which takes place Wednesday afternoon at 2.30 in the Innisfail United Church. Mr. R. S. Hickox will be best man at his brother's wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter E. Rogers and children, Martha and David, of Arvida, Quebec, have been spending their vacation at Stanhope and Charlottetown. They leave on return Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Chester Haen, Rhinebeck, New York, have been visiting relatives in Charlottetown and Summerside.

Among the American participants is Thomas Boylston Adams, Boston business executive whose great-grandfather John Adams was third President of the United States, great-grandfather John Quincy Adams sixth President, and grandfather Charles Francis Adams U. S. Secretary of State and Ambassador to the Court of St. James. Other Americans are Dr. Francis L. Berkeley, Curator of Manuscripts of University of Virginia Library, Dr. Julian P. Boyd of Princeton University, Editor of The Papers of Thomas Jefferson, Dr. Lyman H. Butterfield of Harvard University, Editor of The Adams Papers, Dr. Myron P. Gilmore, Chairman of the Harvard History Department, Dr. John Haskell Kemble, Professor of Naval History at Pomona College, Claremont, California, as well as Dr. Whitehill and Dr. Wright.

Special Canadian guest is Dr. Colin B. Mackay, President of the University of New Brunswick.

EMERALD W.I. The members of Emerald W. I. met at the home of Mrs. Alfred Sinnott for their July meeting.

The meeting opened with the singing of "Our Island Hymn." Twelve members and several visitors were in attendance.

Roll call was answered with "Where I would like to spend my vacation." The correspondence was read and new business discussed.

The president then presented Mrs. James Creighton of Charlottetown formerly from Scotland who described vividly and picturesquely her native land. Mrs. Creighton's very interesting talk was accentuated with humorous incidents of her early life.

Following Mrs. Creighton's enjoyable discourse, the hostess served a delicious lunch.

The meeting then adjourned with the singing of the National Anthem.

Miss Scott was pleasantly surprised on July 26th, when the members of the office staffs in the Phillips Building assembled in Mr. Edwin Johnston's office and presented her with parting gifts.

Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo F. Piggett of Hartford, Conn. are spending their vacation on Prince Edward Island. They are staying at the Country View Cabins, Wmslow.

## ELLEN'S DIARY Fascination Of The Fair Holds Children And Adults

This it comes to mind will be "wan great day" at The Fair! How bright its scene will be and busy—and interested the throng foregathered to enjoy the varied features it presents. From Island-farm and village and town... from the neighboring and farther Provinces, and this and that State of the U.S. folks will come. There, old friends will meet again after years of separation, and there too, pleasant new friend ships be formed.

By this our family in attendance since the opening day, will have grown a little weary. James will declare on rising.

"Well, Ellen I don't believe I'll go back there today. Those thrills I was planning to cut will be seceded if I don't get to them shortly!" "But we have a notion that when the machine draws away from the yard "just for today, then!" James will be off again with the rest to The Fair.

And the children? Like most youngsters privileged to attend regularly the younger ones will know the shortest route to the booth which sells the best fruit, the biggest icecream cone, the coolest pop. They will come home obviously tired this evening. But to the query "You won't bother going in tomorrow?" the reply, if all goes well with them, will be a smiling, "oh yes, if we awaken in time!"

There was blue in the gold which over-spread the valley today, that smoky haze of a hot August day, or by the aroma a-bout, we thought it could have indicated a woods' fire, perhaps over on the Mainland. Hot the afternoon was, and it was a drying wind that blew.

"Things are commencing to show the spell of dry weather!" James said looking out across the fields. "We could do with some rain. Not that we are actually in need of it but it's surprising how soon the crops begin to show the lack of it. It's this wind and sun" he nodded.

"Folks in the east don't understand the problems of farming we have in the west" a farmwife across the provinces wrote us recently. "You've never watched your crops dying because of draught. It has not rained here for over a month and the crop is at a critical stage. All headed out, and no moisture to fill it. All of Western Canada has been dry-even B.C. this year. And in some of the Prairies, the crops are hopeless, burned out in June. We may" she adds "get a saving rain yet."

And today's sun and breeze gathered up moisture to the clouds which we believe will all in good time bring showers to refresh the Island-fields.

In the heat of the afternoon we saw the cows hasten down to the stream, their babes in a fetching row beside them, bending heads too to drink at the refreshing flow.

"It's good to have a stream on the farm on a day like this" we commented.

"It's good to have it any time" James smiled.

Lunch comes at the farmer's day's end. What will it be? At the moment minds of the twain "run alike."

"A few slices of bacon" James talks to himself at the sink, "some young onions, a handful of lettuce, and a ripe tomato or two, with bread and butter and a nice cup of tea—that's what I'd like for my lunch" he says with a hint of yearning. "Now who'll get the garden-stuff?" he chuckles.

Until tomorrow — — — Good-night.

## Joseph Holbrooke Dies In London, At Age Of 80

The London Telegraph, London England, August 6, contains the obituary notice of Joseph Holbrooke. Musicians throughout the world will mourn the death of Joseph Holbrooke, not only as a musician, but as one who exemplified in the highest degree the courtesy and charming qualities of the old school.

The notice of Mr. Holbrooke's death was received in this province by Miss Lena McLure who had held a flat for two and a half years during her last stay in London in the large Holbrooke residence Alexandra Road, St. John's Wood, London.

The following is the obituary: Telegraph—Joseph Holbrooke, who has died at the age of 80, was at one time hailed as among the most promising of this country's composers, writes Martin Cooper.

He was born at Croydon and studied at the Royal Academy of Music. A symphonic poem "The Raven," after E.A. Poe, brought his name before the public in 1900 two cantatas, "Queen Mab" (1904) and "THE Bells" (1906) increased his reputation.

His major works for the stage were contained in a trilogy based on Welsh legends and written to librettos by T.E. Ellis (Lord Howard de Walden). They were "The Children of Don" (London 1912), "Dylan Son of the Wave," (London, 1914), and "Bronwen" (Huddersfield, 1926). Two of these were given at Salzburg and Vienna and another opera, "The Enchanter" was given at Chicago in 1915.

Holbrooke was a most prolific composer, with a huge list of chamber works to his name, and a versatile writer for the orchestra. Much of his music, including five chamber works, was

that you have no power to change? ...

Grow up. You know of course that a person who talks all the time never has a chance to learn by listening. Same for a writer; it is so easy to get all-engrossed in your own views. And who wants his (or her) brains to shrivel and become encased in protective fat, thereby becoming less receptive to reality. . . ? Disgustedly, W. P.

### ENVIES EFFORT

Dear W. P. — Judging by the full contents of your letter, here condensed, the bad taste that carries over in your psyche, after reading my column, was there to start.

Obviously you suffer from chronic dyspepsia of mind. Another word for it is hate. And you hate most those persons who seem, to you, to have found some purpose in life; and some measure of success in doing their job. This I gather from your spite references to certain great men in recent American history.

As it happens, my knowledge of psychiatry and/or psychoanalysis has been acquired in trying to find the answers to others' problems.

I had been writing his column for a couple of years, back in the 1930s, when an emissary from the local Life Adjustment Centre—one of the pioneer mental hygiene clinics in this nation—came on behalf of the agency to proffer all-out co-operation in helping people.

### AIMS TO GUIDE PEOPLE

In effect the emissary said: "Your column seems to be attracting the very people that our agency was set up to reach." The story back of the Life Adjustment Centre was this: an internationally famous psychiatrist and a leading clergyman had got together and organized a group of professional experts from many fields (medicine law, psychology, social welfare), to counsel with "troubled souls" before their problems became acute or overwhelming. The idea was to educate them to help themselves, foresightedly, and thus avert catastrophes.

Gradually thereafter, this column became acquainted, via agency counsel, with the psychiatric approach to constructive handling of human difficulties, and passed this learning along to the public. The joint aim of the agency and the column was to guide people with problems to community resources waiting to help them.

But in order to get help, a person first must admit his need of help—which you aren't yet prepared to do. I've checked my files to locate the article that sparks your blast. I see the headline reads: "How Can They 'Pay For Mistake'?" It was the story of two young men, sorry now that they dumped two respectable girls on a dark back country road, forcing them to walk home.

I told them the best they can do to overturn the mistake is simply to turn over a new leaf, and become nicer fellows all the way through. "Use your shame as fuel for growth. . . . When you are different and better, the fact will proclaim itself," I said.

Your trouble is that you sense a dissatisfaction in certain aspects of your own living — and you'd like to tar others with the same pitch. Instead of trying to justify yourself, why don't you get to work and wash out the sins, whatever they are. M. H.

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

### RIVERDALE—CHURCHILL W.I.

The regular monthly meeting of Riverdale and Churchill W.I. was at the home of Mrs. Kelsie Buchanan with a good attendance of members and one visitor.

Sick committee reported one sick call to be made.

One member paid into birthday box. It was decided to sell tea, coffee and home made cooking at the Park; every member to bring one or two sweets and some-



### SWEET AS HONEY

I just don't know what I think of this strange photographer taking my picture. I've come to the Fair all dressed up in my best I suppose!

### WE AND OUR NEIGHBORS

#### How Much Have Old Friends Changed Inside?

Ruhamah S. Frank

This week—"Old Home Week"—hundreds of cars from "away" stop at hundreds of homes on the Island and out of the cars and out of the homes folks rush and embrace and renew old ties after a separation of one year or many years. And undoubtedly among the words of greeting in every group are the following:

"You look wonderful—you have not changed a bit" And the answering, "Neither have you—you look just the same"

"Loving deceptions! Of course our friends change in appearance. Can the firm contours of youth remain forever? But a more interesting question is whether their personalities have changed. Do they seem to be the same sort of individuals—do they seem to think, talk, feel the same as they did when they were friends and school-mates on the Island?"

Here is Sally White. Used to be full of the Old Nick. Used to be ready to give her shirt. Couldn't keep still. Not afraid of anything or anybody. She left the Island at eighteen. Went to Boston. Worked there, got married, raised a family. Surely she had all sorts of experiences to

thing for sandwiches, beginning August 16th at 2 p.m.

Mrs. Oliver MacLeod gave a very interesting report on the convention which was held in Charlottetown.

Next meeting is at the home of Mrs. Oliver MacLeod; roll call a prominent man in Canada.

Luncheon was served by hostess assisted by Mrs. Orvin Corney.

This then is a little problem to keep in mind when long absent friends are gathered around a table, it is a problem you may share. Do they think you are much the same kind of person you were when you all were young blue-berries in the bush when blue-berries on the bush were as plentiful—almost as plentiful as the results of a "survey"?

# EATON'S

## 2 P.M. SPECIALS

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