Women

Lena Caroline McLure, Women's Editor. Phone 8508

HAPPENINGS

The Hon. A. W. Matheson and Mrs. Matheson will entertain their friends at the Charlottetown this Saturday evening from 5.30 until 7.30.

The name Baden-Powell has been very much in the fore ground in this province this past week. Dame Leslie Whateley has been here and many times referred to Lady Powell. Then the Parents were in Ottawa for Mr. Parent's investiture of the Silver Wolf for his great service to the Scouts. In this week Mr. Parent had exceptional help from his wife.

Now from a Toronto paper comes more news in which the name Baden-Powell is prominent. The article has the caption — "Family Album — This was the day the twins were christened."

The article continues —

The twin children of Mr. and Mrs. John K. Drury, 157 Ellerslie Ave., were christened in "royal" style. Little Bruce Edgar wore a satin robe dating back to the 1600's and it is believed it may have been worn by Charles I. Constance Elizabeth's christening robe of fine lawn and Haniton lace is almost as historic. It dates to the 1700's and has been handed down through the well-known Baden-Powell family. Both outfits were loaned by a close friend of Mrs. Drury, Mrs. C. L. Baden-Powell, whose mother-in-law, was a descendant of Edward I.

The twins grandparents are Dr. and Mrs. F. Midwinter-Steane, Sault Ste Marie and the paternal grandparents are Mr. and Mrs. William Drury, Rev. John Thompson christened the twins in St. George's Anglican Church," Willowdale.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Parent, Ravenwood, during their recent visit to Ottawa were entertained at dinner in the Parliamentary Dinning-Room by Dr. Orville Phillips, Mr. Heath Macquarrie and Lieut.-Col. J. A. MacDonald.

Another pleasant feature of the trip was that Mr. and Mrs. Parent, although very busy, called at the home of Dr. and Mrs. John A. Stiles. Dr. Stiles was the former chief executive comissioner for Canada of the Boy Scouts Association.

Many friends across Canada who knew of Dr. Stiles serious accident last February will be pleased to know that he is making a satisfactory recovery.

The present chief commissioner Mr. Fred Finlay and Mrs. Finlay entertained at dinner in honour of Mr. and Mrs. Parent at the Finlay residence.

The Junior class '59 of St. Dunstan's University held their annual class dinner Monday evening at the Queen Hotel, Father Adrien Arsenault was the moderator for the evening. The usual toasts were given and the class prophecy. The latter foreiold the estate of these people in ten years time. Fervent hopes were expressed that the prophecies would not be fulfilled! There was a singsong and square dancing, the latter accompanied by old-time music on the violins. Father MacDonald and Francis King were the fiddlers. This enjoyable evening was brought to a close by singing Good-night Ladies, Auld Lang Syne and the Queen.

Yesterday's contributor to the Public Forum was Mr. Kenneth Bruce Stewart with a very interesting article on Spring Park. Some time before that Mr. Stewart had a lengthy and detailed story on the Esplande. Mr. Stewart writes now in regard to the late Mrs. Ligertwood.

The older generation of our people were saddened when news reached them of the death in California at the home of her only living daughter, Mrs. W. D. Brown of Mrs. Arthur G. Ligertwood, the former Miss Eleanor Marjorie Stewart, second daughter of the late Robert Bruce Stewart Esq., and his wife, the former Miss Annie Warburton of Freeland.

Miss Stewart was born at Strathgartney House Prince Edward Island. Her wedding in January, 1902, in the Parish Church of St. Paul, Charlottetown, to Arthur G. Ligertwood Esq. the then Manager of the Matador Ranch near Fort Worth, Texas, was the social event of the new year.

An enclosed carriage drawn by a pair of horses and driven by a coachman from the residence "Rowan House" of her late aunt, Mrs. Daniel Davies, on the Dundas Esplanade to the said Anglican Parish Church was in keeping with the true Victorian way of life.

The late Mrs. Ligertwood's remaining relatives in eastern Canada are Mrs. W. F. Alan Stewart and three nieces at Strathgartney House and one remaining brother Robert Bruce Stewart, Esq., in New Glasgow, N.S., two cousins Messrs. Hugh Ronand Stewart, Ottawa, and Kenneth Bruce Stewart, Bedeque.

Mr. Ralph B. MacCaull, Carleton Siding left by plane for Ottawa during the weekend. He will attend the Canadian Temperance Federation which meets in annual session in the Chateau Laurier on Dec. 3rd and 4th. He will also be the guest of Dr. E. P. Weeks, Edison Ave.

Well-Known Island Lady Dies In Vancouver, B. C.

The following article from a Vancouver paper tells about the recent death of Mrs. Annie MacLean in her 86th year.

Mrs. McLean, 85, mother of prominent city automobile dealer Dan McLean, has died in General Hospital after a short illness. She lived at 1977 West Forty-third.

Born in Prince Edward Island, Mrs. McLean came to Vancouver in 1906. She was a member of Chalmers United Church for 40 years.

She leaves a daughter, Mrs. George Herbert of Vancouver, and three sons, Dan McLean, managing director of Bowell McLean Motor Co. Ltd; Dr. John A. McLean, city eye specialist; Cyrus, a director of the General Telephone Co. in New York.

She is survived also by three brothers, John McLeod of San Mateo, Calif., and Archie and Daniel McLeod of Vancouver; seven grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren.

Rev. A. A. Meadows of Chalmers United Church conducted the funeral service at Nunn and Thomson Chapel, Tenth and Cambie. Burial was in the family plot at Mountain View Cemetery.

Mrs. Wallace MacKay of Stanley Bridge is a sister-in-law of the late Mrs. MacLean. The late John A. MacLean, husband of Mrs. Annie MacLean, came from Heatherdale, P.E.I.

ELLEN'S DIARY

Granddaughter's Joke Is Really Very Funny

"Only . . . days now until Christmas. Just think of it!" Mack said this evening, eyes shining at the prospect. And toward it time speeds in a pleasant and winged succession of days. A new week comes by. Hardly a second to hear our long sigh at midweek, and again when too soon we must mark the week's close.

The nights are accented now — in the long dark, which commences with the fall of twilight before the afternoon is well here, and which when the day's work is ended, gathers this household, including the woolly black cat and the Blackie-dog to the coziness and quiet within.

Lonely? Never! And we are scarcely ever alone. One or another of the family comes by. The younger farmer maybe to talk shop with James — to discuss the farms' ways and means, and to plan the work for the morrow. Not with certainty, of course. There is always the "We will have to wait and see what the morning will bring." The weather, the health of the folks, the "all's well" at the stables and about, must be assured before the farmers' proposals can be followed.

"Did you see this one?" Granddaughter's young laugh rippled, as she stopped at a page in her reading recently. "The young lover was obviously trying to impress the beautiful girl at his side. 'Those soft lovely hands' he whispered. 'Your warm lips and those beautiful eyes'. Where did you get those eyes?' "

The girl answered unimpressed "They came with my head." "Isn't that funny!" Granddaughter commented through a mice young giggle.

And sometimes it is other kith and kin, or other visitors who come to chat with us, and maybe have a stirrup-cup before homing into the cool of these Fall ninghts. And then the fire sings a quiet tune, and we say with a twinge of conscience, "We really should go to bed now, to be up in good time."

But we continue to linger here in the coziness, we two. Reading it may be, or chatting together. . . of the present perhaps, though we often leave its perplexities to go back along the remembered peaceful aisles of the past. So we enjoy the long evenings. Before long January's sheen and sparkle will reclaim lost minutes and we shall find we have again entered noticeably lengthened days.

"I'd like to find a nice patch of ice somewhere about, so as to try out my skates" Mack said with some longing after school today.

"You'll find one shortly — never fear" we chuckled.

"If only the mill pond was there" he sighed.

The pond-ice is gone from our living at Alderlea, though the stream was edged with a rime of it today.

Shadows lie on the lawn tonight intriguingly patterned by Lady Moon, who looks down with a smile, above the mill in our valley. And overhead in the far-away blue, with a remembered December sparkle, the Christmas stars shine.

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

HP SAUCE ADDS FLAVOUR TO MEAT

OYSTER BED BRIDGE W.I.

The annual meeting of Oyster Bed Bridge Women's Institute met at the home of Mrs. Colin and Mrs. Wallace Higgins. The meeting opened by repeating the Mary Stewart Collect in unison. Roll call was answered by thirteen paying membership fees.

Minutes of annual and previous meeting were read, approved and signed.

The retiring president made a few remarks. The treasurer being absent the secretary read her report: total receipts $190.61, total expenses $111.77 balance on hand $78.84. Card committee gave her report.

The following officers were elected for the coming year, president, Mrs. Walter Ford, vice president, Mrs. E.M. Cudmore, (re-elected); secretary, Mrs. Rufus Axworthy, (re-elected); treasurer, Mrs. Philip Matheson (re-elected; directors. Mrs. Carr, Miss Cora Matheson and Mrs. Colin Higgins, auditors, Mrs. Howard Axworthy and Mrs. R. L. MacPherson. School committee, Mrs. Daniel MacPherson, and Miss Mary Proude. Flower committee, Mrs. Philip Matheson and Mrs. Rufus Axworthy, Red Cross Mrs. Wilbert Axworthy. Mrs. Walter Ford and Mrs. Rufus Axworthy are to attend the Leadership Course held at Hunter River on November 27.

It was moved and seconded that expenses of delegates to Leadership Course be paid by the Institute.

It was decided to give $5.00 to Bible Society and Multiple Sclerosis Society and one other worthy cause to be decided during the year.

The December meeting is to be held at the home of Mrs. Carr, the roll call to be answered by exchange of gifts, the value of each being 25 cents.

Miss Cora Matheson, Mrs. Carr Mrs. Higgins and Mrs. Howard Axworthy were asked to make cake to send overseas. The Birthday Box was opened and amounted to $6.26.

Meeting adjourned with the Lord's Prayer. Lunch was served by the hostesses.

HOUSEHOLD HINT

If you are planning to serve coffee to a large group—say 50 persons—allow 1¼ pounds of coffee and 2½ gallons of water. If you are using instant coffee, however, a two - ounce jar and four quarts of boiling water will make 25 to 30 cups and a six-ounce jar will make three times that many cups.

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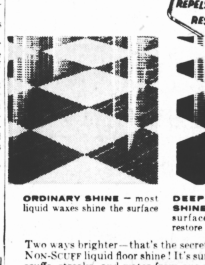

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TEWART AND ATTENDANTS

mother of the groom, was dressed in a navy dress with navy accessories and a corsage of white carnations.

Following the wedding a reception for fifty-six guests was held at the A.D. MacKenzie Hall. The bride's table was decked with a three tier wedding cake. A toast to the bride was proposed by Rev. J.M. Fraser to which the groom responded.

Miss Thelma Stewart was in charge of the guest book. Miss Greta Wigginton read telegrams which arrived from the bride's relatives in Newfoundland, extending best wishes to the newly weds.

For travelling the bride choose a tailored suit of tan tweed with turquoise accessories. Her corsage was three white roses. Their honeymoon was a short trip to New Brunswick and Nova Scotia —Photo by V.R. Pepler.

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RS

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" The most con-

structive approach, it seems to me is to make use of any modern tests and our own day by day observation to give the child a realistic attitude toward his weaknesses as well as strengths. We can help him accept and cope with the former in order to make the best of the latter. There need be no question of guilt about failures. Hard work, unpleasing tasks can be taken in stride without the tension of working against the grain — "trying harder".

MARY HAWORTH

Do Utmost To Save Marriage

DEAR MARY HAWORTH: I am 22 and have been married three years. My husband, — 29 —call him Bob—has been all I ever would want in a man.

However, five months ago a mutual friend told me that he had seen Bob with a girl of considerable wealth in our community, at luncheon dates, movies and the theatre. At first I could hardly believe it; until one day I saw them together when I was shopping in town.

Bob seems very proud of this association and certainly doesn't try to hide it. Two weeks ago he came to me and asked for a divorce. Since we have no children he feels there should be no problem about a settlement.

JUST CAN'T THINK

I love my husband and don't want a divorce; but as the girl is beautiful, wealthy and younger than Bob, I feel that I can't put up a good fight. I am so overwhelmed that I can't make up my mind whether to let him go, or try to induce him to break off this relationship.

I am completely bewildered, unable to think intelligently. Do you think it would be wise as I am still young, to try to forget him and start over again? My family favors this course. They have always got along well with Bob, but haven't held him in very high esteem.

Bob is lots of fun and always cheerful, and I had supposed always contented. I would like to try to win him back, if I thought there was a chance, otherwise I suppose I should just let him go. What do you think my chances are? D.G.

STRONG OPPOSITION

Dear D.G.: Inasmuch as you are Bob's wife, and you love him, and he is all that you ever would want in a husband, I certainly think you are in a position to operate from strength, in resisting the other woman's efforts to steal him.

You have a very limited, superficial concept of the qualities that constitute a real relationship between man and wife, when you imagine that the girl's youth, wealth and beauty eclipse anything that you may have to offer, in the way of personal merit and feminine appeal.

Indeed, your sense of values is very tinsel, if you assume, sickheartedly, that the girl surpasses you, automatically, on the score of lovability, because she has wealth and youth and beauty. These attributes though pleasing in themselves, are qualities for which she can't claim any credit really. They are incidentals or accidents of life, when possessed by untried youth.

Only when wealth is self-created, begot as a return on one's personal usefulness or contributiveness to society; and only when beauty is a mature flowering of character, and only when youth is as some poet has said "a quality of mind," a buoyant imperishable freshness of spirit only then do these qualities have soul-deep significance; testifying to the innate dearness, the rarity, of the person endowed with them.

What you and Bob should realize is that you are you—and there never will be another you. Just as there never will be another person identical with him. And the fact that he chose you to be his wife, when he was quite old enough to know his mind—and that you two married for love, take it—is profoundly indicative that you are affinities, in the depths of your respective needs and longings.

As for what the other girl means to Bob—if he were a student of Scriptures, specifically of Proverbs, he would better understand, and would recognize the slippery path he is taking. The author (or authors) of Proverbs neatly epitomizes the temptress in terms of her chief attraction, namely, her "strangeness." The fact that she is new, a novelty, a change from the familiar.

In counselling men to latch on to wisdom as the principal thing in making life worthwhile, Proverbs reminds that wisdom and understanding keep a man "from the strange woman, from the stranger which flattereth with her words"—who "with her much fair speech" and "the flattery of her lips" enslaves the foolish man. He goeth after her straightway, as an ox to slaughter, or a fool to the correction of the stocks—says the ancient.

Proverbs tells unwary males: "Let not thine heart decline to her ways; go not astray in her paths . . . her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of (spiritual) death."

SO, I think you're entitled to stand on the sacred ground of marriage, in doing your utmost, lovingly, to save your man from that. — M.H.

DARING GOWN

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arkling tiara, dia-
necklace and star
e Garter. Her Ma-
gold torch from ir-
was found at Snet-

tisham, England. Reception marked 200th anniversary of presentation of royal library to museum by King George II. —(AP Wirephoto via radio from London).

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