



P.E.I. WELCOMES ROYAL VISITORS

and enthusiasm in the hearts of the people of Prince Edward Island, the people of Prince Edward Island, the people of Prince Edward Island.

"Judy Saw The Queen!" And Everyone Is Happy

This is a bit of whimsy for all little girls whether the birthdays are from six to sixty, seven to seventy or eight to eighty. How one wishes that more of the children — Her Majesty's future subjects — could see the Queen in all her regal splendor. Our Queen really does look like what every little girl imagines a Queen to be. As for the Prince regent with sword and gold braid, how the little boys admire him.

The setting is the capital of our nation and the time two years ago when for the first time in history a reigning sovereign opened our Canadian Parliament.

The characters are a grandmother, a father, and a little girl — Judy. There is even a Queen and a Prince in the whimsy — our Queen — and in this case, especially, Judy's Queen. They are on with the story and first of all we go to a pretty home in the Toronto suburbs.

"How would you like to go to Ottawa, Judy, to see the Queen?" "To see the Queen!" Judy's tone was full of wonderment. Usually going to Ottawa meant just one thing to Judy — to see an adored grandmother.

"Yes, dear, to see the Queen. What do you think of the idea, Margaret?" said Daddy turning to Mother. "I could see my mother and Judy could see something of the Royal Visit."

"I think it's a wonderful idea," said Mother. "Judy has been pouring over all the Royal pictures and it would be nice for her to see the young Queen in all her beauty. Geoffrey is a bit young for that sort of thing yet and he gets tired travelling. I'm only getting over the flu and shall be glad to stay at home with him. You'll see the Queen better in Ottawa and also you need a bit of a change."

So that was how it came about that Judy and her father started off by themselves in the long low-slung red car for Grandmother-Nana's house in Ottawa.

Mother was standing on the patio with Geoffrey waving goodbye. Geoffrey was attired in a brand new Cowboy and Indian suit. "Geoffrey is so juvenile," thought Judy. "He is only five and I'm eight." He hadn't liked the idea very much at first of Judy and Daddy going off without Mother and him. However, Mother had promised to have all the other Indian chiefs over that afternoon and to serve double cream scones. Daddy didn't see on that probably accounted for

That evening Judy again overheard Grandmother and Daddy talking and they were quite concerned. "Why is it she keeps saying that she never saw the Queen?" said Daddy and Nana replied, "I am almost certain that I have the answer. You must take her tomorrow to Parliament Hill to see the Queen in all her regal splendor as she drives by to open Parliament."

Accordingly the next day Daddy and Judy took up their positions at the gates. Daddy was so tall and handsome but he was careful not to block anyone's view as he perched Judy on his shoulder. The afternoon was warm and sunny — almost a golden day. Somehow Judy had the feeling that today she was going to see the Queen as she had always visualized her. Then suddenly there was the clip-clop of the horses' feet in the distance, the Mounties in their scarlet coats, the flags waving, the people cheering and then — Judy saw her. The Prince was there, too, beside her. How Judy gazed and gazed as far as eyes could follow and Daddy held her out for her to get the last glimpse.

Then Judy alid to the ground. She was very quiet and Daddy spoke. "She was lovely, wasn't she Judy?" Judy could hardly answer. In a moment she felt rather lonely and wanted Mother and Geoffrey and Nana there to see the Queen, too.

Daddy and she waited with all the people while the Queen was in opening Parliament where the laws of the country are made. Daddy said that our Parliament was conducted the same as away from Westminster in London. Judy was very proud of that and also she was pleased for the Queen in that it would not be strange and hard for her.

Finally she was coming again amidst the joyousness of the jubilee. Judy was a bit like Pegazote when ready to about crocodiles. The poor soul, although deeply interested, wound up with the impression that they were a sort of vegetable.

"Happy now, sweetheart?" said Daddy and off they started for Nana's house. When they got there Judy simply burst into the living-room and ran with her arms outstretched to Nana. "I saw the Queen! I saw the Queen! Oh, Nana, she is the most beautiful person in the world!" "You did, darling. Then we are all happy. And now say what do you do to everyone and tell us all about it."

Judy had a lovely time talking to the company but the best part was really when they left and she cuddled up by Nana in a big chair. Nana was so pretty and young looking that her friends still called her by her little girl name of Tot. Judy loved to have Nana tell her stories. Nana belonged to a family with professors in many Canadian universities.

She told things so clearly. This time it was about the Queen's dress. It was called her Coronation dress because she had worn it when she was crowned as Queen in Westminster Abbey. The dress is made of heavy glittering white satin. It has short sleeves with a full flaring skirt and a slight train.

A very great artist-designer named Norman Hartnell, who makes all the Queen's clothes, took two years to make this Coronation dress. Diamonds, seed pearls, golden crystal, gold and silver thread bullion are among the precious jewels which glitter on the gown.

The emblems of Great Britain and the Commonwealth are embroidered on it. The Tudor Rose of England is embroidered in palest pink silk with pearls, gold and silver.

The Leek of Wales is embroidered in white silk and diamonds with the leaves in palest green silk. The shamrock of Ireland is embroidered in soft green silk with silver thread bullion and diamonds.

The Thistle of Scotland is embroidered in pale mauve silk and amethysts. The calyx is embroidered in pale mauve silk and green silk, silver thread and diamond dewdrops.

Then there are the Commonwealth emblems: the Maple Leaf of Canada; the Wattle Flower of Australia; the Fern of New Zealand; the Protea emblematic flower of South Africa; the Lotus of India; Wheat, Cotton and Jute for India; The Lotus



CANADIAN BADGE
This badge was designed by Elizabeth Kirkwood, 66 George Street, Edinburgh. It was made of solid silver with the corn and maple leaves in gold.

Women

Lena Caroline McClure, Women's Editor, Phone 8888
6 The Guardian, Charlottetown, Mon., July 27, 1959

HAPPENINGS

Sister Mary Polycarp, B.V.M., St. Paul, Minnesota, and Sister St. Catherine, B.V.M. Davéport, Iowa, who have been visiting with Sister Mary Polycarp's sister, Miss Anna J. MacInnis and at Notre Dame Academy, left Friday upon return.

The board of CFBPW and the members of the Canadian delegation met Wednesday morning in the dining-room of the UNESCO building in Paris for breakfast in honor of Miss Margaret Hyndman, Q.C., president of IFBPW. They presented Miss Hyndman with a beautiful clock to commemorate her term of office as international president.

Approximately 130 members of CFBPW are registered for the international congress of the Business and Professional Women's Club held in Paris. On Friday evening they were guests of the Canadian Embassy at a reception given in their honor. Miss Helen Yeo and Miss Bessie Prowse are attending the congress and Miss Yeo is one of the six delegates from Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Parent have had as recent guests at Ravenwood, Mt. Edward Road, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Leaman, Halifax, and Miss Billie Tingley, R. N. New York City.

Miss Edith Gordon MacLeod, registrar of the University of New Brunswick, and Miss Helen Scott, teacher at Moncton High School, are expected shortly on their annual visit to Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Parent, Ravenwood.

Miss Elizabeth M. McCabe (Betty) Pinkney Street, Boston, has just returned from a conference of home economists held in Minnesota. Miss McCabe, who holds the honorary position of secretary to the American Women's Radio and Television Association of New England accompanied the economists as a member of their radio and television department.

Mr. O.V. Stevenson, manager of the Royal Bank of Canada, Edmundston, New Brunswick, and Mrs. Stevenson, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bearisio, Fredericton, New Brunswick, are vacationing at Stanhope. They are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Stevenson.

Miss Myrtle B. Mennie, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Stevenson, Brighton Road, left Friday morning for her home in New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Saunders with their children, Edward and Katherine, Longueuil, Quebec, arrived Sunday by motor and are visiting their parents, Mrs. Albert Baker and Mrs. E.G. Saunders.

Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Power, Villa Avenue, left Sunday for Saint John, New Brunswick, where they will spend their holidays. They were accompanied by their daughter Edna, who has been vacationing at her home, and also by Miss Ruth Shankle, who has been a guest at their home for a few days.

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ELLEN'S DIARY

"If Only" -- Sad Words We Must Prevent Them

Our valley of the millstream lies under the spell of a July moon at its best. Through the still traceries of leaves we see her smile pensively down on the fields — on the haylands, on the pastures where rest comes now the flocks and the herds. Dew bathes the roses, and all the world about is fragrant and beautiful.

There should we, we reflect, now sorrow, no sudden sadness of farewell being suffered anywhere tonight on this island, which an American visitor to Alberta today declared to be "the prettiest island in the world." And yet how sad, Island-over, are the kin, loved ones and friends, and those of us who may know those bereaved in names only, because of the recent accidents of traffic. We sympathize deeply with all who of late are mourning such losses, considering it most tragic that bright young lives and very dear, should come to untimely ends or to know the suffering of bruised bodies and broken.

And we wonder again, here on this little island, mostly agricultural where for farm-folks life can flow at a leisurely and peaceful, though of course, interestingly busy pace, why accidents of traffic of the farm must be.

"The haying's a lovely time, but it will bring its accidents. It always does," a visiting farmer of yesterday remarked.

And where will the fault lie? Someone will err because of a too-hasty step maybe, or due to some carelessness with machinery or some error in judgement with it, with more and less pitiable results.

And what of the accidents of the roads — our broad smooth high ways and the improved byways, so built to make driving safe? Whom shall we blame when one of these occurs?

We farmwives have our part to play in the farm — and road safety program. By a kindly "word in season" and good example we may help.

KINGSBORO W.I.

The regular monthly meeting of the Kingsboro Women's Institute met at the home of Mrs. Staffer Boertien on July 7, with an attendance of 14 members. The meeting opened by repeating the creed in union, this was followed by the roll call. Minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved. Reports of committees were then given and the following new ones appointed: Sick, Mrs. Wendell Robertson, Mrs. Preston Coffin, and Mrs. Gordon Robertson; lunch, Mrs. Staffer Boertien, Mrs. Mollins and Mrs. John W. Robertson; programme, Mrs. Staffer Boertien and Mrs. John Robertson.

Next meeting was invited by Mrs. Wendell Robertson. Roll call is to be answered by a donation of money to buy flannellette. Correspondence was then read and discussed. The secretary was asked to send into the Salvation Army for receipt books. Plans were made to have a strawberry and ice cream festival in the near future.

One new member joined making a total of 23 members on roll. Collection for the evening amounted to \$2.55. An interesting program was enjoyed.

The meeting closed by singing "God Save The Queen", followed by lunch served by the hostes and ladies in charge.

"MURDERER" GUILLOTINED SAIGON (Reuters) — A Communist murderer was publicly guillotined Wednesday before 1,000 persons in Ba Xuyen province, 140 miles south of here, the Vietnam news agency said.



HOME ECONOMIST AND WRITER

Miss Frances Pendergast, home economist of Prince Edward Island, is shown in a four-column front page picture on the London Free Press. Miss Pendergast is discussing with the Perth 4-H Homemaking Club floral table arrangements and other things at an Achievement Day held at Stratford.

In addition to many qualifications for her job Miss Pendergast inherits a gift for writing which is most useful for press, radio and television presentations of her profession. One of her recent articles was entitled "A Maritime Pioneer in the Radio Field" and her subject was the late Col. K. S. Rogers of Charlottetown.

Stephen Leacock Wished Royalty To See Canada

The Toronto Telegram recently published a substantial portion of an essay which was written by Stephen Leacock on the famous porch of the Brewery Bay House, Orillia, Ont., in early 1939 shortly before the visit of the late King George VI and the present Queen Mother. It will be found to apply with equal effect to the visit this month of their daughter — Queen Elizabeth II.

All over Canada we are awaiting with great expectancy the visit of the King and Queen. I don't know yet what I shall wear — probably just a plain fedora hat over that linen I bought last year, or I may wait till I see first what the King does.

But I don't say this in any personal sense but merely to indicate that in Canada we are not thinking so much of what we shall wear, but of all the things that we want to show to the King and Queen. All over Canada, in every city and town and crossroads hamlet, they are thinking of what the King and Queen really must see, and what the King and Queen really mustn't miss. There is something appealing, almost pathetic, about it. It is like children who want to show things to their mother.

It's the same, I say, all over Canada. It has nothing to do with forms and ceremonies: dignities and precedences — just the case of things that we feel we want them to see and not miss.

Up in my home town on Lake Couchiching (—My I do hope the Queen can see the lake on a June morning) — up in my home town we feel it's such a shame that their visit will be just too early for the herring fishing — unless we can get them to stay over.

In the Niagara peninsula they're afraid the King and Queen will be just too late to see the peach trees in blossom; and up at Moose Factory, on the James Bay, they're afraid the ice will be gone before they come: indeed there's a rumor at Moose Factory that the King and Queen may not get there at all: which would be just a heartbreak.

Such a lot that we want them

And if on the strength of it we wish that the Queen sees the apple orchards of Annapolis and the peach trees of Winona, it's because it's all as much hers now as our own.



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