# Women

MR. AND MRS. E. MERRILL CARR

## Double Ring Ceremony At Salvation Army Citadel

The Salvation Army Citadel, Charlottetown, was the scene of a pretty wedding recent'y when Katherine Gwendolyn, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Ellis, Donaldston, was united in marriage with Ernest Merrill, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Carr, Charlottetown.

The double ring ceremony was performed by Captain R. H. Walker and the wedding music was played by Mrs. John Livingstone. During the signing of the register, "Our Father," was rendered by Mrs. Captain Walker.

Given in marriage by her father the bride wore a street length white bolero type dress and carried a white bible adorned with red roses.

The bride was attended by her friend, Miss Lyda Evans, who wore a gold and brown three piece suit with matching accessories and a corsage of yellow roses.

The groom was attended by his brother, Stirling. Ushers were Wayne, brother of the bride and Donald, brother of the groom.

Mrs. Ellis chose for her daughter's wedding a beacon sheath dress with oyster accessories and a corsage of pink and white carnations. Mrs. Carr wore a black and turquoise dress with matching accessories and a corsage of pink and white carnations. Mrs. Mamie Munn, grandmother of the bride, wore a flowered dress with matching accessories.

Following the ceremony a reception for approximately fifty guests was held in the young people's hall. The table was centered with a three-tier cake, topped with a miniature bride and groom. The toast to the bride was proposed by Stirling Carr. Brent Ellis, brother of the bride was in charge of the guest book.

Prior to her marriage the bride was tendered miscellaneous showers by soldiers and friends of the Salvation Army and by the Hospital Sewers Commission. The groom was honored a party and presented with gifts by the staff of the J. W. Windsor Co.

The young couple will reside in Donaldston.

(Photo by Craswell Studio)

## HAPPENINGS

Plans were completed for a cake sale at Moore and MacLeod Ltd., April 5, when the Senior Ladies Aid of the Prince Edward Island Hospital met recently at the Cundall Home.

The Aid voted a donation of $100 to the student nurses scholarship fund. Mrs. M.W. Weeks reported that the Nearly New shop needed more donations of dishes, books, playing cards, etc., as well as clothing.

It was announced that the closing of the marathon bridge would be held at the Cundall Home on April 24. Following adjournment, tea was served by Mrs. Ernest Champion, Mrs. Harry Miller and Mrs. Parker Moore.

A memorable day in the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Jerry F. Gauthier, Rusticoville, was observed recently when their family and friends joined with them to celebrate their golden wedding anniversary.

They have six children, Nora, Mrs. Batchilder, Halifax; Bonnie, Mrs. LeRoy Sherren, Charlottetown; Inez, Mrs. Vernon Doucette, Conn., U.S.A.; John, RCAF, Summerside; Herbert and Francis, Rusticoville and nine grandchildren.

Special guests present were Rev. J.H. LeClair, Rev. Leonard Ayers, and Rev. William Doucette.

Mrs. Walter Crane, Millview, arrived by plane after a five-week visit in Ontario with her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Crane, Toronto. She also visited in Scarborough, and Niagara Falls.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth Bryanton opened their home at Spring Valley for a card party when eleven tables of auction were in play. Mrs. Everett Sudsbury captured the high prize for ladies, and Clair MacNutt won the prize for the highest score for men. Consolation prizes went to Mrs. William Cousins and Terry Campbell.

Mrs. Andrew Johnson has returned to her home at Margate from the Prince County Hospital, Summerside where she had undergone surgery.

Mrs. Kenneth Pugh, South Plainfield, N.J., is spending a few days with her mother, Mrs. George Cotton, Kensington, having arrived by air on Friday to attend the funeral of her father, the late George Cotton.

Kenneth Carr, Burlington, was admitted as a patient at the Prince County Hospital on Monday for treatment of minor injuries received while employed at the Seeman Bros., plant at New Annan.

## St. Joseph's Centennial Will Be Celebrated On June 22

**(Editor's Note: This historical sketch on St. Joseph's Convent was written for The Guardian by Sister St. Dorothy Marie, CND)**

Alumnae of St. Joseph's Convent, Pownal Street, Charlottetown, will gather here on June 22 to celebrate the centenary of their Alma Mater. This day the centennial committee has set aside to mark what will be, in September, 100 years devoted to teaching by the convent.

On Monday, Sept. 6, 1863 in response to the request of Rt. Rev. Peter MacIntyre, bishop of Charlottetown, two sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame who had been teaching in the convent boarding school on Hillsboro Square opened in the cathedral sacristy a class of 92 little girls. This was the tiny seed that has matured and flourished for a 100 years.

Today this temporal expedient takes on the significance of an educational event and permits us to borrow and re-vitalize the words of a 14th century lyricist:

In this little thing, I saw three properties:

The first is, that God made it,
The second is, that God loveth it,
The third is, that God keepeth it.

Impelled by the needs of the time, St. Joseph's has changed with the changing years but its aims and ideals have ever remained the same. These ideals are based on the firm conviction that the imparting of knowledge to children and youth is a noble endeavour — a true culture — for it develops every power of the heart and mind.

This heritage was folded in the future of that crowded classroom with its 92 primary pupils and their pioneer teachers. After a few weeks the class outgrew the classroom and a dilapidated cottage on Pownal Street was sufficiently repaired to become a preliminary school, which also was outgrown after a short time. In 1864 the people of St. Andrew's parish offered their old church to Bishop MacIntyre and with the gift, coupled the offer of assistance should he wish to transport it to Charlottetown. The bishop and his clergy, ever mindful of the poverty and inadequacy of the cottage - school and the educational needs of the children living in the west end of the town, deemed the act of offering as providential and immediately made preparations to have the venerable building moved to its present location.

**100 HORSES**

March 1, 1864 was the date chosen for moving the church and on that day all the farmers of St. Andrew's and the neighbouring parishes assembled, bringing with them more than 100 horses which were to be harnessed to the two heavy iron runners that had been made fast to the church.

Storm and insecure ice deferred this project until March 7. Only for the first 12 miles did the heavy ice sustain the immense burden. Suddenly at Apple Tree wharf about seven miles from Charlottetown the building began to sink into the mud of the river bed and the prospect for the moment seemed hopeless, but once again the faith that can move mountains became evident and on Wednesday, March 9, the old Church of St. Andrew's was triumphantly drawn through the streets of Charlottetown and firmly positioned on its present foundation.

During the next few weeks renovations were made by volunteer carpenters. The entire upper storey retained its original size and for many years it served as St. Andrew's Hall. The lower portion was divided into classrooms. On Sept. 7, the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame moved with their west-end pupils, now 120 children, into what has since been called St. Joseph's Convent.

It was not, however, until 1871 that the convent became the resident home of two teaching sisters, Sister St. Fabiola and Sister St. Solenge and their first superior, Sister St. Angelina.

**HARDSHIPS**

The privations and hardships mission are well known to those endured in the first days of any who read the histories of religious orders. That the changes brought by the years have not interfered with the traditional fields of learning and culture but have reinforced and re-vitalized them unto this 100th year is more than anything else God's answer to the prayer of the beloved foundress of the Congregation of Notre Dame:

I do not seek riches, honour or pleasure for those who dwell in this house, I ask only that God may be greatly loved and faithfully served herein, insofar as our humble way of life permits.

As we commemorate those brave beginnings we would also recall the Superiors to whose guidance the convent has been entrusted: Sister Saint Angelina, Sister Saint Eliza, Sister Saint Jeremie, Sister Saint Wilbrod, Sister Saint Athanasius, Sister Saint Hilda, Sister Saint Augustine of Canterbury, Sister Saint Catherine of Sweden, Sister of the Resurrection, Sister Saint Helen of the Rosary, Sister Saint Mary of Sion, Sister Saint Helen Martyr.

St. Joseph's Sodality, which for almost the 100 years has been intimately associated with the history of St. Joseph's Convent was founded on March 19, 1864, bearing the approval of the Most Rev. P. MacIntyre bishop of Charlottetown. Although the main purpose of the sodality was a spiritual one of mutual help by prayer and the practice of virtue, yet the members became the staunch supporters of the struggling new school and to them throughout the years, Saint Joseph's owes a great debt of gratitude.

The sodality was later recognized by Pope Leo XIII in 1888 and its royal purple ribbon became a badge of honour highly esteemed by all its members.

In 1959 the sodality blended with its title and duties the work of an alumnae and became a member of the Canadian Catholic Federation of Alumni. But, by 1961, it was felt that it would be more profitable to the present educational role of the school if only the alumnae status of the group was stressed. After careful deliberation at this time, the title was changed to St. Joseph's Alumnae, without any adverse effect on the membership or efficiency.

In this centennial year the Sisters of St. Joseph's Convent pay grateful tribute to all benefactors and invite them and all former pupils from near and afar to re-illumine the lamp of memory, to rekindle the light of loyalty and to gratefully proclaim that God, planned it, that God loveth it, that God keepeth it.

**DEATHS DROP**

CALGARY (CP) — Stomach cancer deaths are declining in Canada and no one knows why, Dr. R. M. Taylor, vice-president of the Canadian Cancer Society, said Friday. He said in an interview that stomach cancer, often undetected until it is likely to prove fatal, shows puzzling variations in incidence throughout the world. Since 1930 the death rate for the disease for 100,000 population has dropped to 11 from 25.

## CELEBRATE 60TH ANNIVERSARY

Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Munn, 38 Orlebar St., above, quietly celebrated their diamond anniversary recently with members of their family at the home of their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Morley Smith, with whom they reside.

Congratulatory messages, flowers and gifts were received, including a telephone call from their nephew in Quincy, Mass.

They have one son, Vernon, and three daughters; Mrs. Morley Smith and Mrs. Clarence Walker, Charlottetown, and Mrs. Russell Matheson living in Mermaid, nine grandchildren and seventeen great-grand - children.

A chicken salad supper was served by their daughter, Mrs. Morley Smith and the table was decorated with a three-tier wedding cake.

## MARY HAWORTH

## Devoted Husband's Wife Leads Walter-Mitty Life

**Dear Mary Haworth:** I am a housewife, thirtyish, married 12 years and have three children, two in school and one a preschooler.

My husband and I have had no special problems of finance, health, temperament or social life. I am very fond of him and he is a good provider, companion and lover. We have frequent nights out together.

I am a fairly competent homemaker and, I think, a good mother. I would like to work career-wise. But having tried it several times since I married, I find I am not satisfied to be away from the house and the children. I prefer my home life and domestic routine.

My problem is that I am continually becoming infatuated with different men— usually a TV or screen personality, occasionally a neighbor or some professional man.

These are never anything more than just imaginary romances. They don't last longer than two or three weeks. Then I switch to a new hero. Sex is not the predominant theme.

I stay fairly active and these fantasies seldom come to mind except during a day-time rest or while I am wakeful at night, though at times they do carry over into sleep.

A recurring dream is an image of myself being widowed, never divorced, thus free to pursue these fancied romances. I don't understand why this should be. Can you judge from my letter whether I need psychiatric help? Is this merely average day- dreaming? Thanks for your consideration.—P.G.

Dear P.G.: People feed on fantasies when their real life is almost unbearably unsatisfactory, in terms of their unconscious wants.

Thus I think it is a good idea for you to bring your dreams out into the open with a professional counsellor— a firstrate psychologist, psychiatrist or analyst— who will help you decipher what they are trying to tell you.

The gist of your dreaming suggests that you are lonely at heart, emotionally withdrawn from your closest associates and, also, that you probably are more childish than mature as of now, in your orientation to life.

It is possible that despite your devoted husband and seemingly model family, you feel shut out of the mainstream of human acceptance.

I would guess that you yearn to be at the center of things, to have a world of love revolve around you, while at the same time you shrink, with a sense of hopeless inadequacy, from making the necessary effort to become a valued, popular, sought- after member (or leader) of the crowd.

Your recurrent dream-theme of being widowed, hence released to romance as you choose, probably stems from ambivalent feelings about marriage.

The childish elements in your personality probably rebel against the confinement and finalities of wifehood, yet for dependency reasons you inhibit these protest - feelings. In dreams you cast aside the helpmate yoke, via widowhood; but immediately take up with dream suitors, to retain the security aspects of being some man's beloved.

A more mature - type wife would be building upon the presumed finality of the marriage bond, instead of fighting it, as you do in disguise of fantasies.

The realistic wife dosen't look for full satisfaction of the heart in the man-woman relationship itself, so much as she uses marriage as a base of operations. From this base she reaches out robustly into the surrounding society, as the family's good will ambassador and a person in her own right, to tackle more of living.

She becomes an outgiving, other-centered, self - forgetful participant in an ever- widening world of interests and enthusiasms, which is the natural corrective to your brand of day dreaming. But you need specialist help in setting your sails in this direction.—M.H.

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


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## ELLEN'S DIARY

## Could Build Good Stack, Plow Straight Furrow

"Why were the saints, saints? It is quite simple.

Because they were cheerful When it was difficult to be cheerful.

Patient, when it was difficult to be patient.

Because they pushed on When they wanted to stand still.

And kept silent When they wanted to talk.

And were agreeable when they wanted to be disagreeable.

That was all!"

Over and through our chatting with James when we were at supper this afternoon, these lines ran. They seemed to us, to fit in so well with the life of the one of kin to him, miserable of late, whose spirit went out on a tide of today. . .Not that, humanity being weak and vulnerable in many a way, each one of us bearing many a failing and imperfection according to man's lights, the man gone could, or indeed would claim to be a saint! At the same time, if one could presume to attain to the like, it would surely be one who had harbored no shadow of enmity, no hatred, no jealousy in his heart toward any fellowman. Only a kindliness and a loving sympathy toward all. Such a man this was, who with little warning to family and friends went the way of all flesh, this noon. Cheerful, patient, agreeable - the words fit him well.

"Through boyhood and manhood, we spent many a happpy day together," James said, obviously much saddened by the loss. "We gathered up harvest after harvest, threshed many a stook. And wasn't he one of the best to feed a mill, Ellen! He seemed to keep time to the beat of the gear. And," he nodded "he could build a good stack. And plow a straight furrow. Yes, a neat and knowing farmer, he was."

Only last fall, he lent a hand to our farmers in gathering up their strange harvest. And seemed happy to do so, pleased to be back to familiar fields again.

Scenes from the younger years at Alderlea came back to mind today. The sun on the gold of our grainlands, the harvest - wind touching them to ripples; the horses in the binder at the reaping, the stooks being set up. And James, the practical one, saying as the day westered, "We should try to get this field done by evening."

"We should," the other would agree. "But", with a chuckle, "if we don't, there'll come another harvest - day!"

"Yes," James would grin, "but it may not come tomorrow!"

Presently another will be added to the number in the "Old Kirk's" City of the Dead.

"What's that noise?" the Peter - lad visiting us today, questioned, interrupting his play.

"It must be the pump in the cellar, you hear," we said.

"No," he shook his head, "it's not that."

Alex shrugged. "It's the freshet. He has never heard it before - not to remember it. Let's look at it," he suggested coming to a window.

Below the front meadow, the stream ran in a broad turbulent rush of waters. Spring was hurrying the snows of winter away.

Until tomorrow — — Diary— Good-night. . .

## Tribute Paid UBWMU Sec'y

Mission work in Costa Rica was the topic of an address delivered by Ira Lewis, member of the Canadian Baptist Foreign Mission Board, to the recent regular meeting of the Zella Clark Mission Circle of the First Baptist Church. The meeting was held in the church parlour, Mr. Lewis accompanied his talk with colored slides of the country.

Mrs. Russell Jones, president of the Elizabeth Group, informed the meeting that a food parcel would be sent to India by that group. Mrs. A.H. MacCannell spoke on the Moncton Bible College.

Mrs. Nelson Robinson led the devotional period, and Mrs. S.H. Burhoe, spiritual life convener, dealt with the topic "spirit of patience". She was assisted by Mrs. Ralph Gillespie and Mrs. Robert Brown.

Mrs. George MacNeill, Mrs. Robert Brown and Mrs. Wilbur Willis led a circle of prayer. A moment of silence was observed in memory of the late Mrs. J.F. MacNeil, secretary of the P.E.I. UBWMU for 27 years.

Mrs. Trevor Hansen and Mrs. S.H. Burhoe served refreshments at the close of the meeting.

**WAS PIONEER**

The Health League of Canada, organized in 1919, was the first national body to pioneer popular health education.


# BEFORE 1957....

**My folks tell me that:**

- Ottawa neglected us for years
- Prince Edward Island was the "forgotten province"
- Even a special trip to Ottawa produced no help at all for us.

# AFTER 1957....

**My folks tell me that:**

- We received more financial assistance from a Conservative government than from any government since Confederation.
- Our Island was recognized, by Ottawa, as an important part of Canada.
- P. E. I. enjoyed her greatest years of progress and achievement.

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