

MORNING DAILY FOUNDED 1891 WEEKLY (NOW RURAL DAILY) 1897

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1910.

20c A MONTH BY MAIL IN ADVANCE \$2.00 PER YEAR BY MAIL IN ADVANCE

ELOPING BECOMES KING OF SPORTS

How the Different Stations in Life Alter Cases.

Some twenty years hence a great number of people are going to be engaged in that fearsome game of eloping the family skeleton in the closet and keeping it there, for somebody facetiously says that eloping has become the king of outdoor sports in America. Where, once upon a time, it was played out at infrequent intervals, today, if we are to believe the accounts that fill the daily newspapers, it is being taken up all over the country.

Now, when a poor young man runs away with a poor young woman, that is an elopement. When a rich young man runs away with a poor young woman, that is development. When a poor young man runs away with a rich young woman, that is an embezzlement. But not some of the oddest elopements that have been lined up in the past year for the delight of the public.

About ten months ago, a barn-storming theatrical company, then playing the various water-tanks and clearings along the Kansas railroads contained in its roster a younger actor who was desperately in love with the ingenue. The actress returned the hero's affection, although her mother, who was also a member of the organization, had expressed her disapproval of the whole affair in numerous concrete outbursts. When the young man, accordingly, dared to ask the mother for the daughter's hand, he got, not the hand, but the cold shoulder. The lovers were in despair, but not for long.

The next night, while going through their love scene in the second act of the comedy that was being presented the young man whispered to his sweetheart the mystic words, "Let's dope!" The girl smiled acquiescence, and while the audience was still applauding on their exit, the lovers were hurrying unnoticed from the stage door in their costumes to the town livery stable. And while they sped in a buggy to the next hamlet six miles away, the third act was allowed to proceed as best it could with the villain doubting as to the going hero and the mother forced by grim fate to take the role just deserted by her daughter.

Not less careless than these elopers was a young man who, while playing in a game of baseball last year on a Richmond, Virginia, nine, disappeared during the first half of the fifth inning while his side was at bat, and it was learned subsequently eloped with his lady-love. The couple had agreed to deceive their parents in the same manner. The man by entering the game, threw the girl's suspicious father off the track for some time for any elopement his daughter and her lover might have schemed. During the afternoon the girl went over to see a friend

NEW SUBJECT ON LONDON WOMAN FROM HER OWN SKIN.

LONDON, July 28—A woman has just left the London Hospital with a new nose made from her own skin taken from her forehead.

The operation was rendered necessary on account of a rodent ulcer of many years' growth, which had gradually eaten away all the tissues of the nose.

The operation, known as the Indian method, was devised by Lieutenant-Colonel Keegan some years ago, but has only been performed successfully in this country two or three times.

A racket-shaped flap of skin about two inches in length and an inch and a quarter wide was cut extending from the bridge of the nose to the beginning of the "handle" of the racket being the only point of attachment. The whole thickness of the skin was then carefully detached from the underlying bone and, being swung around on its attachment at the bridge of the nose, was made to cover the previously denuded nose area. The new nose was stitched into place at the sides, openings being left for the nostrils. The denuded space on the

STRUCK BY WHALES

Collisions between ships and whales are not uncommon, says the London Shipping Gazette, but they seldom result in the loss of the ships concerned, although a recent cable from San Francisco is to the effect that an American schooner struck a whale and foundered on May 21 on the Pacific Coast.

In 1820 the whaler Essex was lost in this way, and as recently as 1902 another whaler, the Kathleen, shared a similar fate. During the wrecking of a whale came head-on for the steamer Pingal, and the astern in order to rid herself of this encumbrance. In 1904, while going full speed between Tahiti and San Francisco, the steamer Mariposa had a similar

experience. At first it almost seemed as if she had located an eddy rock, but the skipper told a different story. On the Equator, not far south of the West Coast of Africa, the Armada Castle struck a 50 feet long whale and carried the creature for some distance across her stern.

One of the most remarkable collisions with a whale was that of the old Cunarder Seydlitz close to the shore between Ballycotton and Roche's Point in July 1875. The cetacean was badly wounded. The propeller of the Seydlitz was found on her arrival at Queenstown to be injured, and she was ordered to Liverpool for repairs. While en route she fell in with a second, much larger whale, made fast to it, and brought the prize to port. It proved to be 56 feet in length; the skeleton weighed 65 tons, and Captain Hains killed 65 casks with his blubber.

In 1891, sailing up the South Pacific, the ship Rocky Hall was making fast to a knot on a sunny day. Suddenly a whale some 60 feet in length struck the ship, end-on, directly amidships. Occasionally a whale will run the bottom of a ship as a tug-boat, in order to rid herself of parasites. She was anchored in Walfissee Bay, not long ago, a 35-foot whale observed deliberately to rub itself against her hull. Clearly there is nothing new, but much that is true, in the recent experiences of the American schooner above mentioned.

WHAT GOD DOES FOR MAN AND WHAT MAN MUST DO

The Theme Discussed Recently by Dr Hillis of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dr Newell Dwight Hillis, pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, New York, preached recently on "What God Does For Man, and What He Asks Man to Do for Himself." The text was the words: "For we are workers together with God." Dr Hillis said:

The golden age, therefore, will be achieved, not by God alone or by man alone, but by both working in a beautiful partnership. The Divine Architect and Artist sketches the plan, but man must fill in the details. Nothing is done for man by the Creator, that man can possibly do for himself. God gives the foreground; man must make his own furniture. He gives the crude ore—man must make his own iron, steel and jewelry. He gives the soil and seed—man must sow and reap his own corn and wheat. He leaves his footprint on the rocks—man must perfect his own geology and astronomy, and create his own arts and literatures, morals and liberty. Last upon his own resources, man has found himself, and made the most out of his seed-like gifts. Necessity is a scourge, hunger and cold are stimulants to thought. The brain is the mental loom through which the soul spins; it weaves its tapestries of genius. But for thousands of years man was left in ignorance as to his own brain and nerves. From the beginning the heart pumped blood to the extremities, but no voice from the sky informed man, and the physicians were left to discover the nature of circulation of the blood. For ages man burned with fever and shivered with cold, and all the time the remedy was in the roots beneath man's feet, and the anthracite, with its mate, was at the man's right hand. Then necessity lifted her rod and bade man hasten his steps along the highways of progress, with its medicines, its liberties. So wonderful the influence and impress man has made upon the physical world about him, that the Hebrew poet exclaimed his man on the earth's surface by saying that man was only a little lower than God. Man found a sweethair and left the double rose; he found a bitter orange and left the delicious fruit; he found a cave, and left a marble house; he found a forked stick and left a steel plow; he found a squirrel's nest, and left a granary, a museum, an academy, a cathedral. He found a solitude, and left a city. Wonderful the creative acts of the Infinite God! But when one beholds this cloth of gold and purple lying across our land, from sea to sea, woven of threads of intellect, affection and conscience whose shining beads are towns and cities, all must confess that man is working in a beautiful partnership with the Infinite God toward a new Eden and the City Beautiful, set up on earth.

WHAT GOD DOES.

Consider what wonders God hath wrought in this partnership with man. He has fitted up for his earthly child a world that is a library for the scholar, a cathedral for the worshiper, an armory and a treasure house for the soldiers beset with battles. All the stores of nature are placed at man's disposal. You have fallen heir also to a body fearfully and wonderfully made, a mental loom compacted by ten thousand God-fearing ancestors. This harp of the physical senses, with its nerves running out toward land and sea and sky, was the gift of God, to you. You have entered upon your career with the most fascinating and inspiring moment in all the history of the race. Within your lifetime men have mastered more of Nature's secrets, discovered more tools, found out more remedies, subdued more forces, than in the previous two thousand years. Indeed, man seems to be approaching with swift steps the era when he will add the domain of the air to the domain of land and sea. The time is not far off when science shall wave her wonder-working wand, and every vital, chemical and mechanical force shall bow down like a trained servant, to receive man's burden and obey man's behest. Your country is a source of patriotic pride; its resources are immeasurable. The opportunities it offers for young man of industry and talent are inspiring. Its institutions, its laws and liberties insure your happiness and success.

All these events make you the chosen sons of good fortune. You live under laws your fathers wrote, read poems and dramas your fathers created, enjoy liberties that the heroic dead won, use engines, ships and looms that you yourselves never invented. Instead of Africa, God gave you birth in America. Instead of the squalor and ignorance, the cruelty and darkness of the tenth century, God appointed your career in the twentieth. You are like the child who walks through some imperial palace, to behold the portraits of the heroic dead, the memorials of a great life of descent, a place stored with treasures swept together out of all far-off sunny lands, and wading through the rich gallery, library and halls, the child exclaims, "All these treasures, this place, these parks, these fat meadows and wide-stretching forests are mine—al! mine!" And what did the boy do to win this rich estate? Nothing, save to get himself born within the palace walls. Not otherwise, your country, your country, your fathers, your education, your home, your beautiful friendship, all are free gifts bestowed by God. You have fulfilled the Persian proverb and spread wide your lamp, while the gods rained gold. It seems, therefore, that 99 per cent. of life is God's handwork.

THIS DIVINE PARTNERSHIP INSURES THE COMING OF THE GOLDEN AGE.

The words "We are workers together—God and man," insures the increasing purpose that runs through the ages, and renders certain the coming of the golden age of which all the dreamers have written. Of the patriot, the teacher and the reformer grow discouraged, because the eddies in the stream, the reactions in the forward movement, and the long periods of time necessary for the working out of any great social movement. Men work but it is hard to work. Sons of the noblest souls of the earth have sown their seed in tears and have died without reaping a single sheaf. The inventors toil upon their tools and per feet them, and in the very moment of success fall on death and never know that they have redeemed the millions

of drudgery. The hero struggles against the oppression, and at the moment that he strikes the wrong down, falls himself, and never enters into the fruit of his victory. The history of the great is the history of unaccomplished aims, baffled ambitions and broken purposes. The great labor, and are unconsciously victorious; the small enter into the fruits of their labors. Sometimes the significance of the more order and progress in the world than there is in this heavy rain, and these skies, how black and vociferous with thunder, while the windows rattle, in the grip of the storm, and the trees moan and sigh as they are tormented by unseen hands while the summer seems to have been defeated and brought in bondage to the spirit of reaction and winter. And yet to-morrow's morn shall dawn without a cloud in the sky, the rain wash the air clean and cleanse the heavens so that the great city, to-morrow life shall be safe, and the world's sweep once more.

All destroying with God is for the sake of saving. All darkness is paratory to the coming of the day. All God's flowers fall that the fruit may swell. All arrangements are for a night, with the folding of the tent and the onward march for the next day. For there is a divine leader standing on the battlements invisible. His heralds sound the music for the great advance. Everything in the soil is climbing, everything in the forest is going forward, and stars keep step to the unseen music and man, stirred as by a gull call, is awake, and with eager steps is moving toward a better home, a wiser government, a purer religion, a holier vow. For God is working with man to bring in the golden age. Plato's dream of an ideal republic, Paul's vision of a day when every knee shall bow to the Lord of Love, Isaiah's outlook upon an age when the wolf shall feed with the lamb, the bear and the cockatrice, shall be subdued by the child and the lamb, that symbolized innocence, learning and justice; John's vision of the city beautiful set up on earth—all these ideal commonwealths are to be realized. For the great music shall be glad, religion shall put on her beautiful garments, earth's deserts shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. For the movement of the pilgrim host across the desert is under the leadership of God. An earthly leader will fail; the music shall work with his under generals. Man's staff might break—not God's omnipotence. A human leader's torch goes out—not the pillar of cloud in which God's presence dwells like a fire. Man's wisdom is ignorance in an hour of emergency—God's wisdom is perfect. How can any teacher or patriot or lover of his fellows fail, if God is his partner and co-worker? All the resources of the infinite Friend are pledged to the success of man's enterprise. Therefore let every leader lift up his voice and speak comfortingly to the people, and cry to the discouraged one: "Your warfare is nearly accomplished; your iniquity is already pardoned; on the morrow's morrow God shall reward you doubly for all your labors."

THE SENSE OF SECURITY BORN OF THE DIVINE WORKMAN

The thought that there is a Divine Architect, Builder, Artist and Planner working with man, should give the sense of security, promote hopefulness, and destroy forever the spirit of pessimism. In these days of analytic knowledge, men are magnifying the troubles of life. Human ignorance was never so depressing. We rest so much today about the perils of accident, and the dangers of new tools we handle, and the difficulty of living in the crowded streets, and the number of germs that have been discovered as the cause of disease, that life has become terrible for some.

Africa has two expert guides, twenty or thirty, persons carrying tents, medicines, food and weapons. To this company is added another group of a dozen hunters, who beat up the forest and bring in food. Surrounded by his army of assistance, the two or three hunters finally cross the continent in safety.

Life is a dark continent, and every babe is shipwrecked on the coast of time and left to find its own food, its own meaning, to discover its own chart, construct its own compass, to mark out its own path, to fight its own battles. What a wilderness is passion. What a jungle of wild beasts is in the word appetites and desires!

VICTORY IS CERTAIN.

No task can be obscure that is shared by two—the finite and infinite, tolling together. The rudest hamlet is deluged with beauty and divinity, for God is there. With Christ we are joint heirs of a rich estate. There are no runaways orb in God's world. Halley's comet reappears to the second, because it is held in a divine grip. In the fields there are certain vegetables growths called tumble weeds, that blow hither and yon, withersover the winds of every one. To visit a grave-

THE GUARDIAN'S WEEKLY SHAKESPEARIAN SERMON

Based on the Topic "Weeds" Taken From Richard II Act III

I will go root away The noisome weeds, which without profit suck The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

Richard II., Act III., Sc 4

Weeds! What a pest they are! The traveler through the wheat regions of America, as he passes fields thick with wild oats, wild mustard, this and such noxious plants, can best appreciate the significance of the words of the gardener. Weeds suck the soil's fertility to such an extent that the yield of grain on a farm suffers; shocking decrease by their presence. They annually cost the farmers of the world hundreds of millions of dollars. It is not sufficient to cut them down. So long as an inch of many of them exists in the soil, so long will the farmers have trouble.

The text of this study "I will go root away The noisome weeds, which without profit suck The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers."

is from a gardening scene in Richard II. It is merely a development of a thought uttered by Bolingbroke, afterwards Henry IV., in an earlier part of the play. Bolingbroke and their "complices" were the "caterpillars of the commonwealth" of the Bolingbroke had sworn "to weed and pluck away." The gardener compares his garden to the English kingdom, and the noisome weeds to the king's favorites. It is this coalition of the kingdom that excuses the treasonable action of Bolingbroke in usurping the throne. "The whole land" in the language of the gardener's assistant, was "full of weeds, her fair flowers choked up." England needed careful tending. Henry IV. ordered his son on Henry V. were raised up to pluck away the caterpillars and root out the weeds that were sapping the heart's blood of the nation.

Shakespeare frequently refers to weeds as symbols of sin. Weeds to him were the criminals of the vegetable world. Pluck them out, and cast them into the fire, destroy them utterly is his advice. Harsh measures were needed with them; and so with the weeds of life, the ungodly passions and appetites. For them he would institute "most biting laws, the needful bits and curbs to headstrong weeds." Weeds are of two kinds, subjective and objective. Those that flourish in our own hearts, such as avarice, enmity, selfishness, idleness and pride, are to be plucked up by the roots of paper, drink and slaves. Men shall overthrow forever the jail and the gallows. Lies, thefts and hypocrisy shall be slain like serpents; slain on the threshold of the municipal house. Luxury shall no longer barbarize literature; shall reduce music shall be glad, religion shall put on her beautiful garments, earth's deserts shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. For the movement of the pilgrim host across the desert is under the leadership of God. An earthly leader will fail; the music shall work with his under generals. Man's staff might break—not God's omnipotence. A human leader's torch goes out—not the pillar of cloud in which God's presence dwells like a fire. Man's wisdom is ignorance in an hour of emergency—God's wisdom is perfect. How can any teacher or patriot or lover of his fellows fail, if God is his partner and co-worker? All the resources of the infinite Friend are pledged to the success of man's enterprise. Therefore let every leader lift up his voice and speak comfortingly to the people, and cry to the discouraged one: "Your warfare is nearly accomplished; your iniquity is already pardoned; on the morrow's morrow God shall reward you doubly for all your labors."

RATS INVADE MANITOBA AND DESTROY MANY MILLIONS OF PRODUCE.

WINNIPEG, Man., July 28—Fears of a serious rat invasion are founded on a report received from La Salle, Man. The rodents at their present rate of progress, if not effectively checked, will render Winnipeg a city of the present year and they are doing terrific damage all along their line of march. It is estimated that up to the present time the pests have caused a loss to the province of \$4,500,000.

CENTURY OF DESTRUCTION

The nineteenth century has much to answer for. To men of science it is supposed the great, the marvelous age in the world's history. But we are far from living from science alone, and in other aspects it appears as a century of destruction. Let no one suppose that the havoc wrought by machinery and commercialism is a thing that concerns only those who care for the aesthetic side of existence; it goes to the heart of our national life.

It destroys the joy of the workman in his work; and how much of what is deplorable today—senseless amusements, blankness of mind and all that the worthy citizen is accustomed to denounce in letters to the newspapers as the degeneration of the lower orders—springs from this, and from this alone. Debase work, and you debase leisure. These debasing conditions, as any we have to face. The problem is being very seriously considered by social reformers and by educationists now that they have begun to realize its immense importance.

Another consequence of our system is the corruption of the workman's taste; the mechanical, the tame, the lifelessly regular, has become his ideal. This state of things to last forever? I, for one, do not believe it. Meanwhile all honor to those who are striving in a good cause to rebuild what has been destroyed. All honor to William Morris, who did a giant's work to make it fruitful.

I sometimes think that more might be done by reformation of handwriting and lettering of all kinds than by any other change. For this enters the lives of every one. To visit a grave-

headway they are apt to seem to be fair flowers to the man in whose being they have found shelter.

What kind of soil is most favorable for a growth of weeds? According to Shakespeare "the fattest." A brilliant, light-hearted, courageous youth like Prince Hal attracts parasitical flatterers as surely as the finest flowers attract bees. In such a soil, too, passion and appetite are strong and unless a skilful and wise gardener is in charge of the soil's garden, "great weeds will grow apace," as they did in the case of Richard II. Prince Hal was of the right material; when the proper time arrived he plucked away the weeds that hindered his growth.

The loftier a man's position, the greater the potentialities of his soul, the more watchful he must be against weeds. They know good soil when they see it, and are continually clamoring to get into the richest fields. The proper time to begin the war against them is when they are young and tender. Shakespeare makes Queen Margaret say in "Henry V.": "Now 'tis sprung and weeds are shall-

low rooted." The law of the young shoots; the future of the tree depends upon the attention given to them. If parasites are allowed to assail them, if weeds suck their best life from them, they will grow up misshapen, stunted objects. A youth who is preyed upon and misled by evil companions, who permits his passions to govern him, when he attains manhood has deep-rooted weeds of sin in his being that it is difficult to eradicate.

The greatest breeder of soul's weeds is idleness. Marc Antony was essentially a man of action. He allowed weeds of passion to root themselves in him. He had so long impulsively yielded that gradually he had become unable to pluck out and cast away his spiritual weeds. He uttered a great truth when he said: "We bring forth weeds. When our quick minds be still." His passion for Cleopatra was his ruin.

"These strong Egyptian fetters I must not break," he cried, "Or lose myself in dotage."

His spring had passed, the weeds were deeply rooted in his soul and heart, and despite this resolve they destroyed him utterly.

Weeds, weeds, weeds, they are everywhere. Life is a continual battle against them. Even if your own life's garden is clear of weeds, in some neighboring garden there is a flourishing crop. It is necessary to stretch out a helping hand to weaker or less advantageously situated neighbors.

COLORADO WOMAN CANDIDATE FOR CONGRESS.

DENVER, Col., July 28—"Kate" Williamson for Congress! That is the battle cry of the women of Colorado.

Since it became known that Colorado because of its increase in population, is entitled to another representative in the national house, the women of that state have declared that one of their number shall be the new member.

The movement was launched in Denver and the women did not have far to look for a candidate. Colorado is one of the few states that places men and women upon an equality in the matter of voting. Colorado rolls up a large women's vote and the women are fastly alive to their duties. So when it became a matter of certainty that the state would be entitled to one more representative in congress, the women of the capital city met and determined to make a united effort to capture the office for one of their sex.

In this, however, as in architecture generally, we are moving forward; a powerful leaven is working. And among public bodies the London County Council deserves especial praise; its technical school in Southampton, Eng., under Mr. Leatham's guidance, is doing excellent work and grappling with the problem of giving young craftsmen the means to know their particular craft from beginning to end, and thus humanizing their interest in their work.

It would like to express most cordial agreement with Mr. Protherton's suggestion, backed by Prof. Sadler, that the art students of Leeds should be given the opportunity of decorating the new buildings in that town. I greatly hope this suggestion may be carried out, and set other towns following the example. That, above all, is what is wanted now; to have faith in youth and give it strenuous tasks, instead of calling in commercial abilities of tired successful men. We have so much talent among us, and we put it to so little use. — Lawrence Binyon in the London Saturday Review.