

Religion and Life

By Very Rev. George C. Pidgeon, D.D., LL.D.
First Moderator of the United Church of Canada
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THE IMPORTANCE OF TRIFLES

It seems to us that we have quoted the following saying of a great British preacher, but we repeat it now because it seems to have a new meaning: "A falling apple, a floating log, a kettle singing on the fire." Trifles all. But bring to bear on them the mighty power of the mind, and what a thing the law of gravitation; to Newton the log tells Columbus the floating continent is near and that urges him to sail on to its discovery; the kettle singing on the fire reveals to still another genius the power of steam with all that it has done for the world. We have a stupid habit of talking about "the thing in itself" as if we could isolate anything from its connections. It is not "the thing in itself" that matters—not even the genius in himself—but even the genius in its relationships. Some years ago a kirkyard in Scotland had to be taken over for industrial purposes, and this necessitated the removal of the bodies it contained to another site. When one of these was unearthed, a number of Scotland's leaders gathered round it, reverently took up the plain coffin and placed it in the finest casket money could buy, and carried it to its resting place. That rough new box contained the remains of a peasant girl who had been a servant lass in the home of one of the country's nobles. But that peasant girl was known to fame as Robert Burns' Highland Mary and no Scot has ever entered a nobler immortality than the poet's love and laments have given her.

It seemed a mere accident that a man should step on a garden hose that lay across his path, but when one man did, he ran into the noise proclaiming that his fortune was made. His wife asked if he had gone crazy, and then he explained that the resiliency of that rubber hose to his tread had suggested the idea of a pneumatic tire for the bicycle. The principle was soon to be applied to the automobile, thus revolutionizing modern transportation. Ideas are the creative factors in human affairs and whatever suggests a new idea changes the face of the world.

"So we might go on. 'Trifles' in themselves insignificant from the ordinary point of view, may be immeasurable in their meaning."

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Needlecraft News

by Pauline Roy

ROSES AND BRIDES blossom forth in the beautiful month of June. Happy the bride and the bridegroom and happy the bride whose trousseau is complete enough to take her through her entire honeymoon. If you're the lucky bride, you will know in advance where you'll be spending those memorable two weeks. Therefore you will pack clothes in keeping with the climate and activities of the honeymoon spot. Remember, instead of packing several trunks of clothes, it's much smarter to choose outfits that can do double duty.

Separates Are Smart And Useful
The separates idea is an imaginative approach to your clothes plan. With clever mixing or matching of parts of outfits and ingenious use of accessories you can change the mood or appearance of your clothes in many ways. A waistit is a versatile separate and will consolidate a blouse and skirt into an attractive outfit, will lend a new air to a basic dress or will serve as a bare-arm blouse in summer. So little material is required for a waistit and suitable fabrics are so varied you can make one in no time at all. White pique or navy taffeta are particularly good choices for the spring and summer. To a blouse and skirt combination you can also add a new bolero or boxy jacket in checks for a suit effect. You can make your bolero with wide, elbow-length sleeves so that it will be good for those cool summer days.

Easy To Make Overskirt
Another separate that is easy to make and a useful adjunct to plain, stimulated dresses in the evening. In blue, red, lace or pique it will turn a simple sheath into a soft full-skirted afternoon frock. The style shown here is made of pique in one of the new blue shades that is charming in summer. Program ribbon in contrasting color runs through carriers at the waistline and ties into a bow at the front. If you would like directions for making this overskirt, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Needlecraft Department of this paper and ask for PIQUE OVERSKIRT. Call No. S-55-25.

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YOUR WEDDING in a beautiful album. Write or phone for particulars to Meyers Studios, 128 Richmond St. Charlottetown, phone 2490.
SEEDS! Store open daily, also Monday and Thursday evenings until 9 P. M. Arthur Vesey.

NOTICE. An informal meeting will be held in Bonshaw School on Monday evening, June 15th, at 8 P. M. to discuss important business. All ratepayers please attend.
OPERATION — Mrs. Bruce MacDonald of Summerside is a patient in Prince County Hospital where she underwent an operation on Thursday-S.
LITTLE THEATRE — Aladdin and His Lamp at Community Centre, Thursday and Friday nights at 8:15. Memberships honored at the door. Public—adults 75c, children 35c.

BACK FROM N.S. — Mr. Duncan MacDonald returned yesterday from his home in Summerside after spending the past week in North Sydney, N.S., with his son, Gordon, who is on the staff of the Royal Bank of Canada.

DEATH OF FORMER P. E. I. MAN — Mrs. Maurice White, Rocky Point, received the sad news of the death of her cousin, Charles E. Calnen of 87 Second Street, Medford, Mass. The deceased was a retired Boston and Maine railroad man. Born in Halifax, N.S., he was the son of Mr. A. Calnen and Catherine Feehan of Fairview, P.E.I. He spent his youth with his grandparents at Fairview.

IN MEMORIAM

CHARLES CLAYTON MILLER

The community of Victoria was shocked and saddened on Monday May 11th, to hear that one of their most respected citizens, Charles Clayton Miller, had suddenly passed away at an early hour in the morning at his home. He was 53 and the son of Mrs. May and the late Charles Miller. Surviving are his widow, the former Helen Fleigher, a daughter, Doris Eileen (Mrs. Austin Crossman), Montreal, P. Q., two sons, Kenneth Charles and Ramon Spencer, Charlottetown, P. E. I., and two grandchildren, Cheryl and Patricia, his mother, Mrs. May Miller, Victoria, P. E. I., six sisters, Pauline, (Mrs. J. McCann), Middletown, Conn., U.S.A.; Helen, (Mrs. James Benton), Hartford, Conn., U.S.A.; Irene, (Mrs. Russell Lauther, Truro, N. S.); Mamie, (Mrs. Kenneth Whitely), New Glasgow, N.S.; Doris, (Mrs. Whitfield Howatt), Victoria, P.E.I.; Juanita, (Mrs. George Murray, Bedeque, P. E. I.; four brothers, Reid, New London, Conn., U.S.A.; Joseph, Souris, P. E. I.; Hedley and Ralph, Victoria, P. E. I.

Private service was held at the home on Wednesday, May 13th, thence to the United Church, conducted by Rev. R. H. Baxter, who delivered an inspiring and comforting sermon. Hymns were, "Rock of Ages," "Abide With Me," Solo, "Safe in the Arms of Jesus" was by Mrs. Kenneth McLean.

The service at the grave was conducted by the Canadian Legion, many of whom were his comrades-in-arms. The Last Post was sounded by Mr. Leo Dolron. The large number of people who turned out to pay their last respects, and the many lovely floral tributes testified to the popularity of the deceased. He will be greatly missed by the people of this community and especially by the children for whom he had a fondness. The sympathy of the community is being extended to his immediate family and relatives.

Card Of Thanks
The family of the late Clayton Miller wish to express their sincere thanks to their friends and neighbors for their many acts of kindness and to all who sent letters and cards of sympathy during their recent sad bereavement.
The Family.

\$100 ? \$100

Pleasant Grove News

The many friends of Mrs. Arthur Wyatt are sorry to learn she is ill at her home in Pleasant Grove.
Miss Laura Watts has returned to Halifax after spending the past three weeks with her father, Mr. Frank Watts.
The many friends of Mrs. Parnell Curran are sorry to hear she is ill with 'flu and all wish her a speedy recovery.
The many friends of Mr. Bernard McCabe regret to hear he has entered Charlottetown hospital for treatment and all wish him a rapid return to good health.
Mr. and Mrs. John MacDonald and family have taken up residence in Pleasant Grove and all join in welcoming them to many successful years of residence here.
Under the capable management of Miss Janet Trainor, the pupils of the local school are at present taking their grading exams and a large class will try the government Grade VIII exams at York.

Congratulations are extended to Messrs Alfred and Charles Morrison who successfully passed their exams at St. Dunstons. They are the sons of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Morrison, Pleasant Grove.
Mr. Charles Morrison has gone to Esquimalt, B.C., where he is taking officers training with the University Naval training division during summer months.

What might have been a serious fire occurred recently at the home of Henry Crow. The roof burst in flames and only through the capable help of neighbours, a disaster was averted.
Mrs. Dennis Saunders and son Paul, are visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Caswell while Mr. Saunders is in England where he attended the Coronation with the R.C.N.R.

The statue of freedom surmounting the Capital Building in Washington weighs 14,985 lbs.

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of my dear father, John A. McSwain, deceased, who passed away June 15th, 1952.

In a lonely graveyard sleeping
Where the trees their branches wave
Lies our dear father
In a cold and silent grave.

Often we pause to think of you
And think of how you died
To think you could not say goodbye
Before you closed your eyes.

You were the dearest of fathers
The kind not every child had
And we all cherished and loved you
My husband, children and I.

Your thoughts were all so full of us
You never would forget
And so we think that where you are
You must be watching yet.

We often stop to listen for
Your footsteps in the hall
It's sad to know that you're not
To greet us when we call.

Sadly missed by his daughter,
Florence, son-in-law Ray Rattray,
and grand-children, Peggy, Lilian, Cyril and Sterling.

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of Dad, R. T. White, who departed this life June 15th, 1952.
Memories of Dad ever dear I hold,
He was always so true, unselfish and kind.
You are happy, this I know
But you were my Dad and I miss you so.
Always Remembered by Daughter
Eleanor, Mrs. Ralph Small.

JUNE BRIDES LOOK!

Yes, for the June Bride, the brides of yesterday and the brides of today we say "Look!"—VILAS furniture is beautifully designed, extremely solid in construction and finished to delight the heart of any who look upon it.
Though it looks terribly expensive it is not—you can buy a three piece suite, consisting of—
1 Double Dresser, 1 Chest and 1 Bed
FOR \$319.00
The Night Table as illustrated is \$33.50
This Suite is adorable using twin beds.
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Besides this Aristocrat groupings in light finish VILAS continues to manufacture a wide range of furniture of solid Rock Maple—
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Strange But True

By F. H. MacArthur
The Quetzal (pronounced Ketsal) of Central America and Mexico was an emblem of Royalty and religion among the early Mayan tribes of Guatemala.
An amazing thing about the male quetzal is that its green golden plumage never fades after death. Therefore it is much sought after and has almost been exterminated by hunters.
Napoleon was a perfume fiend, often pouring it profusely over his neck and shoulders.
Alexander the Great used to soak his tunic, sprinkle his floors, and bathe his feet in perfume.
One Summertime man paid for a provincial operator's license every year he was in the army so he would not have to undergo another driver's test.
Even today scientists will tell you they are not sure what electricity is.
Words are truly the measure of a person. They will show up your nationality, your social status and your scholastic standing, but above all they will reveal whether you say something or just talk because you like to hear the sound of your own voice.

If the world had such a gifted orator today as the Great Teacher, Jesus Christ, we might be able to spread the doctrine of lasting peace on earth instead of eternal warfare.
Even His last words on earth were filled with love, understanding and forgiveness when he said "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."
One day an English policeman noticed a shabby old woman with a shawl over her head and an apron about her waist. Every few steps she would stoop, pick up something and drop it into her apron rather secretly, as if she didn't want anybody to see.
Finally the policeman went up to the woman and spoke to her gruffly, "what are you doing? What are you hiding in your apron?"
The old woman trembled at the rough voice but made no reply.
"Open up that apron or I'll run you in," said the law.
She opened it. The astonished officer looked down. He had seen bits of glass, nails and other sharp objects which the old woman had picked up.
"I do this every day," she said. "A lot of bare-footed children play around here and I'm afraid they might cut their little feet."
The bobby blushed, put his arms around the frail shoulders of the little old woman and said, "God bless you, Mother." There was nothing more to say. That simple, sincere phrase uttered by the old woman than any long-winded eulogy he might have made. Which reminds me of the old Chinese proverb: "It is better to light one small candle than to curse the darkness."

Up to the year 1832, there were only fourteen monthly magazines in existence, and strange but true, most of them were religious.
Among the great were many eccentric persons and just to read about them is quite interesting. Here are a few taken from random from my files.
Ralph Waldo Emerson always nodded at the vegetables every time he walked among them.
Queen Ann Boleyn, wife of Henry VIII, always wore glasses when she played cards.
Sir Walter Scott read most of his manuscripts to his favorite dogs as they lay at his feet in his study.
Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany never ate his meals in the presence of guests.
Dr. Samuel Johnston had a habit of touching the posts as he passed up and down the road, leading to his home.
Franklin D. Roosevelt played with his collection of elephants in spare moments in his office at the White House.

Refinement, friendliness, and kindness opens doors, and prejudice and coarseness lock them.

Exit Tony Blount

CHAPTER XIX Continued
"Here we are!" Strang muttered at last, and as he spoke Thurlow saw the glimmering ahead in the dim starlight, with the gleam of a lantern showing in the starboard rigging. The starboard sidelight should have been showing, but as often as not the captain economically dispensed with these aids to navigation when in remote waters.
As they came up from astern, his voice hailed them.
"It was hopin' you'd come off before this blamed current carried us too far south!" he called. "Hey, Joe! Stand by to take off their line there!"
The boat bumped gently abreast the main rigging and was made fast, and a few moments later they had scrambled over the side and were shaking hands with him on deck.
"Well, we didn't expect to see you round again so soon, Skipper," Strang said cheerfully, glancing about him in the darkness. The captain seemed to be alone, apart from his Kupanger crew—a fact which Thurlow had noted the moment he stepped aboard.
"Nor I didn't expect it, neither," the captain returned. "An' I would not have been here in the ordinary way, only there's a reason for it. Or maybe I should say there was a reason for it. But step down below, gents, an' I'll tell you all about it."
It struck Thurlow that there was a certain restraint in his manner which was certainly something new with him, and as he followed him down the companionway with Strang at his heels, he still had a distinct pre-occupation of some kind, though apparently his first fears had no justification in fact.
The swinging lamp had already been lighted in the saloon, and when the captain had waved them to seats on one of the shabby, leather-covered settees which flanked the table, he went to the forward end of the cuddy and produced a demi-john from a locker.
"It don't take a drink till the book's down as a general rule," he remarked, placing the demi-john on the table before him. "But this here's an exception. It ain't the kind of whiskey you're used to, I'll admit, but it's the best they sell in Suva, so you won't come to no harm with it."
He had produced two chipped cups and a tooth-glass while he was speaking, and into each of those he proceeded to pour a generous tot of whiskey.
"An' here's water for them that likes it," he concluded, placing an enamelled jug on the table. He lifted the tooth-glass and with a murmur of, "Here's trade and pickin's!" downed his drink in one swallow.
The other two having riluted their drinks made suitable acknowledgment on the opposite settee and eyed Thurlow solemnly.
"This ain't the joyful occasion that it ought to be," he remarked portentously. "But before I cut loose on this yarn I've got to spin, I want to ask you something. How's the memory lookin' up?"
"The memory?" Thurlow repeated momentarily at a loss. "Oh, I see what you mean. Well, it has not progressed very much I'm afraid. I've got a better impression of places I must have been to at some time, but that's about all."
"Still, it has improved," Strang put in quietly. "You may not have noticed it yourself, but I have. Only a couple of days ago, for example, you mentioned that you were in Sydney when the new bridge was opened."
"Did I?" Thurlow returned, cursing himself inwardly for having made the slip. "Well, I'm afraid I have forgotten the fact again now. But what made you ask, Skipper?"
"Well, it warn't just politeness," the captain answered slowly. "I was hoping you'd got to know a bit more about yourself an' about the other people you'd known in the past. Still, I'd better let you have the whole thing from the beginning. But before I start, let me give you another snifter, for it's a long yarn."
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water-wagon these days."
Strang declined too, and the captain settled back in his seat and cleared his throat.
"Well, it was this way," he began. "Me an' the doc got to Suva all right, an' there was a regular fussionation when we rolled up at the Administration Buildings an' unloaded the yarn about the way we picked you up in the Mauwa's boat. The big-wigs was all mighty interested, an' the news was radio'd to Auckland inside half an hour. The doc came in for a lot of questions about what you was like in the top storey, an' it seems he's got quite a big name among the scientific bugs, for they took what he said for gospel, an' they agreed if he allowed you was all right to stop on here—then you was all right. So that was all about that. O' course he'd left the ship as soon as we tied up an' was stoppin' with a pal ashore, an' I didn't see much of him after the first couple of days."
He had been loading his pipe while he was speaking, and now he paused to light it. When he had got it drawing to his satisfaction he resumed: "Well, I discharged cargo an' picked up a bit of odd stuff here an' there, an' on the fourth day I was gettin' all set for pullin' out, when a cove hailed me from the wharf an' asked to have a confab. He came aboard, an' the first thing he lets out is that his name's Sanderson an' he claims to be a pal of yours, an' he wants a passage down here to Arafu."
(to be continued)

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