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The Weekly Monitor

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H. S. PIPER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 12. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JULY 9, 1884. NO. 13.

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Bridgetown, Dec. 19, '83. 6t

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Will continue to fill all orders for MIXED FEED at short notice. Have purchased a SHINGLE MACHINE, and will be prepared to supply furnish long or short tapered shingles. Are now negotiating for a
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April 2nd, '84. 51tf

Poetry.

Comfort One Another.

Comfort one another:
For the way is growing dreary,
The feet are often weary,
And the heart is very sad.
There is heavy burden-bearing,
Where it seems that none are caring,
And we half forget that ever we were glad.

Comfort one another:
With the hand-clasp close and tender,
With sweetness love can render,
And looks of friendly eyes.
Do not wait with grace unspoken,
While life's daily bread is broken:
Gentle speech is oft like manna from the skies.

Comfort one another:
There are words of music ringing
Down the ages, sweet as singing
Of the happy choirs above.
Ransomed saint and mighty angel,
Lift the grand, deep-voiced evangel,
Where forever they are praising the eternal love.

Comfort one another:
By the hope of him who sought us
In our peril—Him who bought us,
Paying with his precious blood;
By the faith that will not alter,
Trusting strength that will not falter,
Leaning on the One divinely good.

Comfort one another:
Let the grave gloom lie beyond you,
While the Spirit's words remind you
Of the home beyond the tomb,
Where no more is pain or parting,
Ever's flush or tear drop starting,
But the presence of the Lord, and for all his people room.

—*Independent.*

Select Literature.

The Lighthouse Keeper.

Saul Rundlett and his little daughter Phœbe kept the Plum Pudding Lighthouse. Saul had been a sailor for half his life, but two or three narrow escapes from shipwreck, had convinced him that it was desirable to have something solid beneath one's feet, and he had, with considerable difficulty—for there had been suspicion that Saul was not quite 'steady' enough for a lighthouse keeper—obtained the position on Plum Pudding Rock. Phœbe was born there, and, her mother dying when she was very small, had grown up there almost as wild and untrained as the gulls that built their nests in the crevices of the rocks. Quite as untrained, she might have been, if it had not been for Aunt Huldah Maria, who lived on House Island.

There was a school on House Island for six months in the year, and Phœbe went to it sometimes; she could not go regularly because—well, although it is very sad it must be told—because it was not always safe to leave her father in charge of the lighthouse. He had been "steady" ever since he assumed the position of lighthouse keeper, fifteen years before until the last year. Even after that long period of successful resistance his old enemy, the love of drink, had fallen upon and conquered him. And nobody knew it but Phœbe.

Captain Saul, as everybody called him, had always been in the habit of going to Jim Rowling's shop, at Pondunquit Harbor, which was a sort of sailor's, 'snug harbor,' to smoke his pipe and spin yarns with his old cronies, but he never drank anything there. And it was only within the last year that he had brought anything home from the harbor to drink. Now he did it often; indeed, it is seldom he came home without it, and, all by himself, he would have a drinking bout, growing merry at first and singing old sea songs and cracking jokes, and poor little Phœbe, who did not know the cause, thought his mood delightful, and wished he would always seem as happy; but soon he began to drink more heavily, and would pass from the merry stage into the cross and irritable one, and then become stupid, sleepy and utterly helpless. And, besides her grief and humiliation she was constantly anxious lest her father should lose his situation. They had no money, and where in the wide world could they find another home if they had to leave the Plumb Pudding!

This was the sorrow and care that had changed Phœbe's face from a round and rosy and dimpled little one so that it was now pinched and wan, and had a careworn look that was sad to see. There were several men who wanted Captain Saul's position at the lighthouse, and would be glad to report anything they could discover to injure him. Every day Phœbe expected that the blow would fall, and they would be obliged to leave their home.

There was to be a great merry-making on Mouse Island. Phœbe's older cousin, Marie Cordilly, was to marry Jeb Collins, who was soon to sail as mate of the Flying Scud, the finest ship that ever hailed from Pondunquit. But when Phœbe said 'she didn't think she could come; she would rather stay at home and let her father come,' there was a terrible outcry.

Aunt Huldah Maria said 'Phœbe should come or she would 'know the reason why' and that was just what Phœbe didn't want—that Aunt Huldah Maria should 'know the reason why.' So she said, if she possibly could, she would come. She tried to persuade her father not to go to Pondunquit Harbor two or three days before the wedding, but on that very day he had an errand that could not be delayed, he said. He came back only just in time for Phœbe to get off to be at Aunt Huldah Maria's as early as she had promised. But he seemed very kind and affectionate, and told her 'not to worry; he would take good care of the light,' and kissed her, which had become quite unusual, and said 'it was a great pity if the mate couldn't go off on a little lark when the captain was left behind to take care of the ship.' He always called the lighthouse a ship, and Phœbe had been the mate ever since she was 5 years old.

Aunt Huldah Maria rejoiced, even in the midst of her labors as hostess, at Phœbe's bright face. Perhaps the child had only been a little overworked or ailing, and there was not so much trouble at the Plum Pudding as she had fancied. But even while the fiddler was playing his most entrancing strains and the wedding cake was being passed in most generous slices Phœbe heard a whisper that made her heart stand still. David Judkin, the son of the man who wanted her father's place was talking to another young man.

'It isn't such a thick fog, and I never saw a fog so thick that you couldn't see some sign of the Plum Pudding light from Mouse Island; and if it can't be seen to night it isn't on account of the fog, but because the light isn't there.'

'And the Advance is up in the harbor,' said the other. 'Captain Saul is at the end of his lighthouse keeping, if you are right.'

'We might skirmish round a little and see,' said David Judkins. 'It would be a pity for the officers not to find it out, you know.'

The two young men went out. Phœbe knew well where they were going. The Advance was the government steamer, whose office was to supply the light-house and see that they were kept in proper condition. Phœbe slipped out of the house's unobserved. The fog had come so suddenly that it seemed like magic. A dense gray mist seemed to have swallowed up the world. Only very brilliant rays of light could penetrate that fog, but the Plum Pudding light was the finest on the coast, Phœbe's practical eye searched anxiously in the direction of the Plum Pudding. But she looked in vain; there was thick darkness everywhere. The lamp on the Plum Pudding was not lighted. Phœbe listened, and heard the steady splash of retreating oars. David Judkins and his friend were rowing vigorously to Pondunquit Harbor.

She ran down to the shore to the place where her rowboat was fastened. She got in and rowed swiftly out into the thick darkness. She had not her compass, which she usually carried in her pocket, and if she had, it was too dark to see it without a match. Could she find her way to the island? Phœbe rowed swiftly in the direction of where the Plum Pudding ought to be. Presently she felt that she had gone far enough. But where was the island? Why did she not get there. The bow of her boat seemed to be pointed toward the open sea. Had she been rowing toward the open sea instead of the Plum Pudding? And then suddenly it seemed to her that she was going backward Mouse Island.

Stout hearted as she was, Phœbe felt her courage failing. She let the oars slip from her hands into the bottom of the boat, and uttered a faint cry of distress. It was so faint a cry that only the sea gull could have heard it but an answer came; the sharp shrill sound of a horn. It could be nothing but the great horn of the lighthouse although it seemed to come from the direction of Pondunquit Harbor. The sound was repeated; it was the lighthouse horn.

Phœbe rowed with might and main, and very soon a dark shape loomed before her through the darkness, and her boat grazed the rocks of the Plum Pudding. It was at the very steepest part of the rocks but Phœbe would not delay to row to landing. Up she scrambled, never heeded that her clothes were torn and her hands scratched and bleeding.

It was difficult to find her way to the lighthouse in the thick darkness, and now there came no sound to guide her. Never before in Phœbe's lifetime had night found that lighthouse with darkened windows. And what had that horn meant? A terrible fear lest something worse than she had thought of had happened to her father made Phœbe's steps falter upon the very threshold. She pushed the door open but only to find that the living-room where her father always sat, was empty. Phœbe seized a light which was burning on the table and ran up the lighthouse stairs. At the top she almost stumbled over her father lying in a heap, the great horn fallen from his hand, his red face and heavy breathing showing his sad condition.

Phœbe sprang to the lamp. The great dazzling light flashed out. There was a few moments of perfect silence and then there came a shout from the water below. Phœbe seized the great horn and blew a blast in return.

'Light ahoy!' shouts a voice again.

Phœbe seizes her father's arm and shook him with all her strength. He opened his eyes and tried with her help to stand upon his feet.

'Put your head out of the window and shout 'Ahoy!' Oh, try your best to do it, father!' begged Phœbe.

He did try, but it was only a stammering whisper that came. Phœbe lowered her voice to the gruffest bass notes of which it was capable, and shouted 'Ahoy!' herself.

'All right!' shouted the voices below. 'We thought there was no light. The fog is so thick that we could not see ten rods away. Never saw such a fog even in this place. Advance will be here to-morrow with supplies.'

'Ay, ay, sir!' shouted Phœbe, still in gruffest tones.

And then to her great relief, she heard the sound of retreating oars.

Then she helped her father down stairs to his bed. She did not go to bed herself, because she knew that her aunt would discover her absence and send somebody in search of her, and it was not long before her cousin Augustus Algernon appeared.

'Tell Aunt Huldah Maria that I wanted to come home,' was all that Phœbe would say.

'I don't see how you found your way,' said Augustus Algernon. 'The fog is so thick that I couldn't see a glimpse of the light till I got half way over. Folks over on the island thought it wasn't lighted. But they may be sure you never could have got here without any compass if it hadn't been.'

The next morning Captain Saul came to Phœbe and laid his hand on her head.

'I tried to light the lamp, Phœbe didn't think I'd got so far that I couldn't, and I blew the horn twice; that was all I could do,' he said.

'I might never have got here but for that, father,' said Phœbe, taking his other hand in hers. She did not reproach him; she never thought of doing that.

'It was the mate that saved the ship last night,' continued Captain Saul, in a voice that trembled, 'but with God's help the captain will never be off duty again! He'll never douse his peak and let that black pirate aboard again!' pointing to a bottle which Phœbe had seen many times before—'if not for his own sake, for the sake of his little gal—he swears that before the Lord.'

If you could see how plump and rosy Phœbe has grown you would know that Captain Saul had kept his word. Aunt Huldah Maria had her suspicion about the doings of that night, but she never expressed them. And there are no signs that Leander Judkins will ever keep the lighthouse. The fog that was 'so thick you couldn't see the Plum Pudding light ten rods away,' is still famous.

Making Postage Stamps.

Some things are so common that few apprehend the ingenuity and labor required to make them.

Postage stamps for instances, are in every-body's mouth, except the wise ones, who use a wet sponge, but scarcely any one knows how they are manufactured.

In printing them steel plates are used on which two hundred stamps are engraved.

Two men are kept hard at work covering them with the colored inks, and passing them to a man and girl, who are equally busy at printing them with large rolling hand-presses.

After the small sheets of paper upon which the two hundred stamps are engraved have dried enough they are sent into another room and gummed.

The gum used is a peculiar composition, made of the powder of dried vegetables mixed with water, which is better than any other material, for instance gum arabic, which cracks the paper badly.

The paper is also of a perfect texture somewhat similar to that used for bank-notes.

After having been again dried, this time on little racks, which are fanned by steam power, for about an hour, they are put between sheets of pasteboard and pressed by hydraulic presses, capable of applying a weight of two thousand pounds.

The next thing is to cut the sheets in half: each sheet of course, when cut, contains a hundred stamps.

This is done by a girl, with a large pair of shears, cutting by hand being preferred to that of machinery, which method would destroy to many stamps.

Next they are pressed once more, and then packed and labeled and stowed away in another room, preparatory to being put in mail-bags for dispatching to fill orders. If a single stamp is torn or in any way mutilated, the whole sheet of one hundred is burned.

About five hundred thousand are burned every week from this cause.

An Engineer's Pathetic Story.

'Yes, indeed, we have some queer little incidents happen to us,' said the engineer, as he plied his oil-can about and under his machine. 'Queer thing happened me one day about a year ago. You'd think it queer for a rough man like me to cry for ten minutes, and nobody hurt, either, wouldn't you? Well, I did, and I can almost cry every time I think of it. I was running along one afternoon pretty lively when I approached a little village where the track cuts through the streets. I slacked up a little, but was still making good speed, when suddenly, about twenty rods ahead of me a little girl, not more than three years old, toddled into the old track. You can't even imagine my feelings. There was no way to save her. It was impossible to stop or even slack much in that distance, as my train was heavy and the grade descending. In ten seconds it would have been all over, and after reversing and applying the brake, I shut my eyes. I didn't want to see any more. As we slowed down my fireman stuck his head out the cab window to see what I'd stopped for when he laughed and shouted to me; 'Jim look here!' I looked, and there was a great big black Newfoundland dog holding that girl in his mouth, leisurely walking towards the house where she evidently belonged. She was kicked and crying, so that I knew she wasn't hurt and the dog had saved her. My fireman thought it funny and kept on laughing, but I cried like a woman. I just couldn't help it. I have a little girl of my own at home.

The Home Doctor.

Dr. Haley, in an Australian medical journal, claims that minimum doses of iodide of potassium are of great service in frontal headache. A two-grain dose dissolved in half a wineglass of water, will often cure a dull headache which is situated over the eyebrow. The action of the drug is quite rapid.

It is a bad practice to probe a penetrating wound produced by a missile entering either the abdominal or thoracic cavity. After ascertaining to a certainty that a cavity of the trunk has been entered, stop all probing at once and hermetically seal the wound and leave the rest to nature. Exclude the atmosphere, and then the chances of restoration will be largely increased.

— Every flower of any note in the woods or meadows in England is associated with the memory of some saintly man or speech of earlier times. The snow-drop was understood to mark the feast of Candlemas; the Canterbury bells not only cured throat disease—hence called throat wort—but kept alive the holy memory of St. Augustine; the lily of the valley was understood to have first sprung from the sprinkled blood of St. Leonard, slain in a wood near Hastings, where St. Leonard has since been built. The harebell claims to be worn by none but those who are true. The black spots on the leaves of the common arum, "cuckoo-pint," or "wake robin," are due to the same cause that colored the red heart's crimson chest or twisted the cropbill's beak, for legends differ as which of these two birds plucked out nails from the cross.

— That it is possible to carry on conversation through telephone at a distance of 1,200 miles has been fully demonstrated in Cincinnatti. A instrument was placed in the operating-room of the Baltimore Ohio Telegraph Company and another in the cellar. They were first connected with wires to and from Chillicothe, a distance of nearly 200 miles. Conversation was heard distinctly. The distance was gradually increased until Baltimore, 1,000 miles away, was reached. The same results followed. The tones of voice were quite distinct, and there appeared to be absolutely no loss by induction though fourteen telegraph wires alongside were in full operation.

— Professor Knapp, of New York recommends the wearing of cotten pellets, moistened with glycerine and water, deep in the ear canal when there is a defect in the natural ear-drum. They protect the deeper and inner parts of the ear against unfavorable atmospheric influences. Prevent drying of the mucous membranes, arrest profuse discharge and improve hearing. They must be renewed once a day or week as the case requires and may be worn a lifetime with benefit and comfort.

—The offical returns of the salmon catch in England and Wales last year show that a quarter of a million salmon were taken, of a total weight of 1,418,000 pounds. For the year previous the total was one million. The arrivals last year at Billingsgate were more numerous than in any year since 1871.

— In England the mails are used for the transmission of nearly every species of merchandise. Fish, game, meat, butter, eggs, fruit, cream, and all other farm products are transmitted through the English parcels post at very cheap rates. In a word, the British Post Office really does the express business of the country.

— A plaster of black soap applied each night for a fortnight according to M. Vidal will soften a wart so that it may be scraped off. The treatment by M. Collier is to transfix the principal wart with the point of a pin, the head of which is to be held in the flame of a candle until the wart is destroyed; it will drop off in a few days. The remaining warts will disappear.

Farm Notes.

Plums do best in clay loam.

As a special fertilizer lime suits the tomato.

Old orchards are often made more profitable by manuring.

Sow flower seeds in drills; never broadcast.

Over $600 per acre has been realized by the growing of cranberries.

Thoughts.

By Rev. J. Clarke.

It is always safe to be just.

Those who find it hard to live within their incomes, would find it harder to live beyond it.

He who hurts another hurts himself the most, although perhaps not in the same way.

A wrong, is none the less a wrong, by being covered with secrecy.

The tree that stood through many a storm
May fall in the stillest minute;
Our every deed has the fruit and seed
Of life or death within it;
While every pain would yield us gain,
Had we but grace to win it.