

The Weekly Monitor

THE WELFARE OF THE PEOPLE IS THE SUPREME LAW.

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Westward Ho!

(Continued.)
Still Westward bound. The swift onward rushing train speeding away, away, through populous cities throbbing with the great activities of this strenuous age. On through the sounding aisles of the forest with here and there the lonely cabin of some venturesome woodman, the eager children, standing wide-eyed to watch the passing of the train as some wonder from a world of which they knew but little.

On and on, through the brightness of the day and the darkness of the night, along the beautiful chain of lakes—great Superior, its pictured rocks rising skyward, flashing like a sea of glass beneath the noonday sun, with never a hint of the wild fury lying beneath its placid bosom when roused by the sudden tempest or the rushing and roaring of the wind's fierce blast. On, still onward—but when the morning of the third day dawned an air of eager expectancy, a careful gathering together of scattered belongings, told that our journey was nearly ended.

Glimpses here and there of the wide rolling prairie stretching away beyond the vision, signs of the busy rush and roar of great commercial activities, and then Winnipeg—queen city of the west—its splendid buildings and tall spires reaching skyward and gleaming in the brightness of the morning sun.

Not many years ago this great city, now attracting distinguished travellers from all countries in the world, who wonder at its rapid growth and de-

velopment, its unbounded possibilities, only a few scattered settlers made their home—down its lakes the Indian paddled his birch bark canoe, over its plains herds of buffaloes roamed at will.

Now splendid public buildings, beautiful private residences, rival those of the older cities.

In the city the widest streets are to be found. Want of room in the vast country being an unknown quantity.

In this city the headquarters of the famous Hudson's Bay Company, whose charter was obtained in the reign of Charles the Second, is situated, a part of which was sold to the Dominion government in 1869. During my visit Holman Hunt's great enterprise "The Light of the World," was exhibited in the fine art gallery of the city—painted fifty years before by the artist. Though comparatively crude in design and lacking in detail, it even then attracted some attention, but as its wonderful meaning grows his spiritual conception he has given to the world this great masterpiece, painted by his yet skilled hand at the age of eighty years.

Sold for thirty-five thousand dollars with the stipulation that it should be exhibited wherever possible, it has gone about delighting and instructing thousands of people in all the great cities where it has been shown.

The sad, patient, yet majestic figure of the Christ kneeling, waiting at the door of the human heart, clad in Pilate's jeweled robe, with the mocking crown of thorns—the blighted fruit

and faded flowers of ignorance and sin beneath his sacred feet—the lighted lantern illuminating the old symbols and barbaric emblems of the superstitions faith that knew not the living God or the revelation of his son, presents a picture of truth that will live long after the hand that painted it is still in death.

A distance of sixty miles from Winnipeg lies the pretty town of Emerson where I spent the long pleasant summer days with those of my own kin, meeting many delightful people, the remembrance of whose kindness and hospitality will brighten many a quiet hour of the future. I had read much of the flat treeless prairie and formed opinions thereof. Great was my surprise to find the sidewalks of the streets in this pretty town lined on either side with great overhanging trees—a cooling shade from the burning sun. The lawns and grounds of the dwellings adorned in the same way.

Away back at the beginning of things in this country, this town had high hopes of becoming a great city even as Winnipeg, and latter flocked thousands full of eager anticipation and enthusiasm, but the changed route of the C. P. R. with other unexpected difficulties was disastrous to its further development, and many discouraged with the prospect left broken in fortune and lighter in pocket. Many, however, remained and struggling with difficulties in the beginning have at last overcome them, and are now enjoying prosperity and refinements of the modern up-to-date town. Beyond the town, far away stretch the vast wheat fields, east, west, north and south, far beyond the keenest vision, the growing wheat lifting its head to the kiss of the sun. Later

on the ripening golden grain bending beneath its burden, waving, rolling like the waves of a harvest. Then the great binders passing up and down the long stretches, bark and forth, the strong-limbed horses bending to their task, throwing out as they pass the bound golden sheaves to be gathered in heavy stacks for the threshing, leaving only behind them the coarse dry stubble.

Here it seemed as if I had seen half of the world's bread set down, when it was only a speck compared with the boundless stretches that lie beyond.

Ninety or one hundred million bushels of wheat in the record of the year 1905 in the Canadian Northwest and other grains accordingly.

From the maritime provinces, from Ontario, from everywhere, thousands of harvesters rushed in one section reaching Winnipeg in one day numbering three thousand, quickly forwarded to the wheat fields finding themselves in a few hours shoulder deep in the golden grain.

And the threshing—the puffing panting engines stand in the show fields ready for their work. Hot and dusty, the men ceaselessly thrust the fuel into the red glowing furnace—the hurrying teamsters gather the scattered sticks and thrust them into the wide cavernous jaws of the iron monster that at the rate of five bushels per minute send it forth clean and pure to be—in some instances—stored in granaries on the field or moved at once to the great elevators, or carried by the busy trains to a distant market. Will the railways be able to take care of all the grain that offers? asked a reporter of E. P. Robinson, minister of agriculture. "Yes, I hope so, but to do it they will be obliged to break all records."

Said Sir Gilbert Parker in his speech at a banquet given him in Winnipeg, after his excursion in September through the North-West Territories: "The people of England are already aware of the importance of this country and are justly proud of their connection with it, but I shall make my special business to arouse their enthusiasm, and make them more fully understand its almost unlimited possibilities."

The people in Manitoba are justly proud of their schools and to their credit the remark sometimes made—that Canadian boys and girls know more of every other country than of their own, does not apply, since they are well up in the history, past and present, of their own country, and of the empire as well.

But the days are beginning to shorten—the trees are putting on their autumn robes of russet and scarlet and gold. The flowers bend their heads in the "slippies" evening air—the fields beyond the town are brown and bare. We no longer gather on the lawns beneath the spreading trees for the pleasant afternoon tea. The evening fires are lighted, and longing thoughts of home, its pleasures and cares come to me. With a lingering regret and silent farewell I turn away to carry with me sunny memories of a long, delightful holiday and set my face for the homeward journey via Minneapolis and Chicago.

The wind and the rain were beating heavily against the car window as we steamed into the station at Minneapolis, where in a few minutes the rushing automobile carried me swiftly to shelter and rest, and the welcome greeting of old time familiar faces. Then the sun, as if ashamed of its inhospitality, suddenly gleamed brightly through the branches of the trees—the rain ceased—and, rested and refreshed we rode luxuriantly through the streets of the beautiful city. For Minneapolis is justly celebrated as one of the most beautiful cities of central western America.

On and on, past splendid public buildings, beautiful residences, lawn and park adorned and beautified in a manner indicating wealth and taste—on over the wide smooth boulevards by the margin of the lake sparkling in the sunlight—far away until we reach the famous Falls of Minnehaha—Leaping Water, where they lie gazed by the cold gray crags of the rocky hills—the white veil gleaming silver—star spangled—wide flung to receive the stolen carcases of the sun passing swiftly westward, then, absorbed silently through the beautiful "God's Acre" where rest the city's sleeping dead—on through old St. Pauls across the great river "Father of Waters" that divide it from Minneapolis—everywhere the evidences of wealth and prosperity—everywhere the rush and hustle of commercial traffic—

(Continued on page 8.)

A MATTER OF HEALTH

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BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

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A Cream of Tartar Powder free from alum or phosphatic acid

Jews and Their Destiny.

Mr. Marriott-Watson discusses the present and future position of Jews in the National Review: The rejection of Christ by the Jews was followed by the ostracism of the Jews. This treatment, being continued through hundreds of years, inevitably directed the destinies of the Jewish race. The result was that they shrank into their shell, and from Israelites degenerated rather into Ishmaelites. And with everybody's hand against him, and his hand against everyone, the Jew developed that suspicion, that tenacity, and that ingenuity which characterize him today. For the tenacity of the Jew, so far as I see it, is an acquired property. Shylock was an obvious caricature; he embodied certain distinctive characteristics which exile from the pale of Western civilization naturally bred in the Hebrew. He was through the middle ages a stranger within the gates, subject to the derision and the persecution of his reluctant hosts. At times he was found useful; he hoarded money and was a primitive banker; in Spain he was a physician. But at times his defects outweighed his better qualities, and he was driven from the country as a plague. Through the dark ages of his oppression and segregation, denied access to the callings of ordinary citizens, he pursued a few avocations with ever-increasing zest. He became the money-lender of the towns in which he harbored. He must not fight; he must not follow the liberal professions; but trade was left to him, and usury, which is more powerful than trade. Since he had little or no outlet for his money, so far as personal indulgence and gratification were concerned, money-making became a habit for its own sake. Thus he grew rich. He became the banker of the Gentile world, which has so consistently mal-treated him. The Jew has, thus, it must be considered, an inherited financial genius. It is probable that he did not possess this in Biblical times. At least we find no trace of it in the records. The race emerged from those as rather an imaginative race, with strong mystical leanings and an almost savage sacerdotalism.

The Jew stands by his nationality today closer than he stood by it two thousand years ago, and that not through the force of fear, of jealousy of fanaticism. He has been thrown back upon himself and compelled to remember Zion.

"It was almost all that he had to remember through many centuries. The Jew stands today apart from the race among which he lives. It is notorious that though a Jew may come to be a professing Jew, he will, as a rule, marry within his race. I remember overhearing a conversation between two well-known Jews regarding the contemplated marriage of a Jewess with a Gentile. "I'll never forgive her," said one; "I'll never speak to her. It's an insult to our race." Race, you will observe, not religion. The position of the Jew here, as in other countries of Western Europe, is one of increasing power and authority. As has been already pointed out, he has rendered himself indispensable as a banker, and he is always in the forefront of every big financial adventure. The Jews have no country save that

which harbors them—the foster-mother, so to speak, of that founding race. It is at the same time idle to suppose that the feeling of the Jew for his adopted country can be identical with that of the Englishman, Frenchman, or German. When I think of England I am conscious of a land for which my fathers for many centuries have labored and fought and died. There are more than a thousand years of heroic struggle behind most of us in the constitution of modern England. The Jew has no such tradition. The great influence amassed by the modern Jew, then, renders this situation portentous. It is not exaggerating to say that the financial houses today are often arbiters of peace and war. There are Rothschilds in London, in Paris, in Vienna, in the various European centres of finance, and it is well known that these branches of a big international firm work together. The people of Europe are content that a committee of Jews should determine international policy to any extent there is nothing more to be said on the subject."

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He Read Dime Novels.

A youth whose name was supposed to be Davis, but whose true name is Logan Blizzard, and who, as the result of reading dime novels, set out to defy the peace officers in the entire region surrounding the point where Montana, South Dakota and Wyoming join, is in the custody of the officers of Sioux Falls, S. D., after an exciting chase of several hundred miles.

Blissard, through stress of circumstance, was compelled to call on acquaintances near Beulah for aid in the way of food and treatment for one of his feet, which had been struck by a bullet during a running fight with his pursuers. He was cared for during the night and the next morning surrendered himself and was taken to the Crook county jail at Sundance, where he now is.

He is charged with several crimes, among them the robbery of the Post Office at Beulah.

Blissard, who is only about 19 years of age, originally came from Pocahontas, Ida.

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Councilman—I've come to see, sir, if you will subscribe anything to the town cemetery.

Old Resident—Good gracious! I've already subscribed three wives.

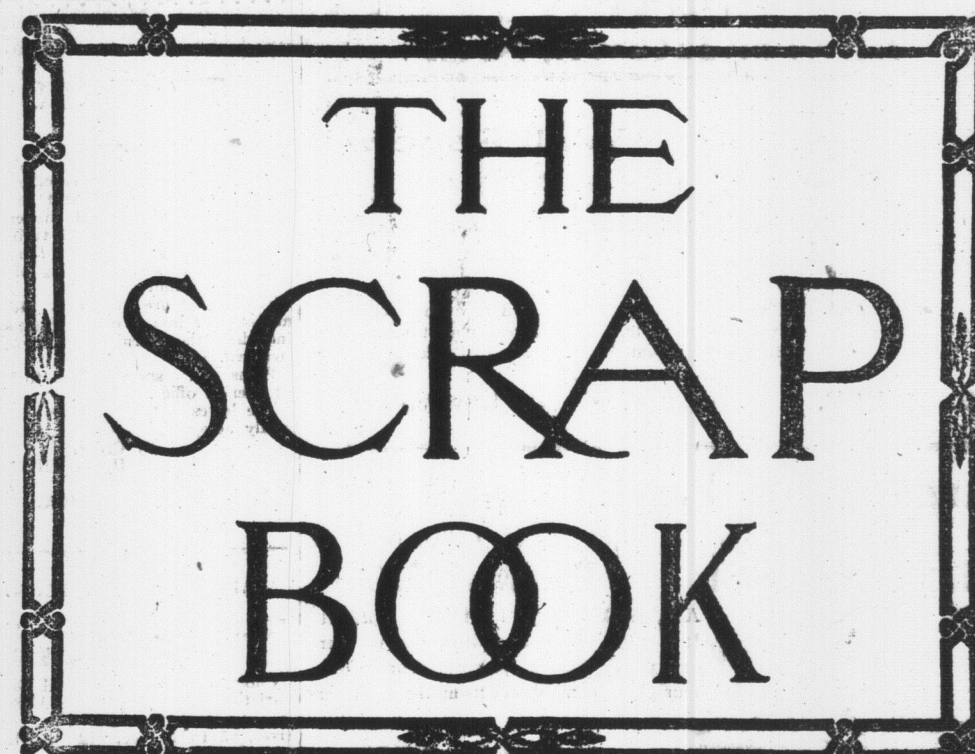
Lame Back.

This ailment is usually caused by rheumatism of the muscles and may be cured by applying Chamberlain's Pain Balm two or three times a day and rubbing the parts vigorously at each application. If this does not afford relief, bind on a piece of flannel slightly dampened with Pain Balm, and quick relief is almost sure to follow. For sale by S. N. Weare.

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