

The Weekly Monitor

THE WELFARE OF THE PEOPLE IS THE SUPREME LAW.

VOL. 33

BRIDGETOWN, ANnapolis COUNTY, NOVA SCOTIA, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1906.

NO. 47

THE IDEAL LIFE.

It is said that the late President Harper of Chicago University that he left no estate, only his life insurance policy.

This fact—if we may consider it to be a fact accurately reported—has the greater significance because President Harper had been for years the almoner of the enormous contributions of the richest man in the world in aid of his schemes of education. He directed the expenditure which has created a great university and laid out the lines of its development with such sagacity as to give promise that it will become in the near future one of the world's centres of learning.

The same wise energy employed in another direction, the same skill and foresight in administration, would have made President Harper a rich man. Was his life a failure because he died poor? Is the attainment of the pinnacle of wealth on which Mr. Rockefeller stands a more fortunate outcome, even for the individual, than that of the endeavors of President Harper?

The ideal of a successful life is in danger of deterioration here in America, and such an example of true success in living cannot be too widely proclaimed or too carefully cherished. The acquisition of wealth is a proper ambition. Without this incentive material progress would lag and individual energy would be enervated. But wealth is not the ultimate goal of endeavor, and those who make it such fall short of the highest possibilities of their nature.

The concentration of wealth in comparatively few hands has grown apace during the lifetime of the generation now holding the stage in this country. Half a century ago, there were only

twenty-eight millionaires in the city of New York; only ten in Philadelphia. Today, they number over 2000 in the former city, over 200 in Philadelphia. Five thousand families in the United States are possessed of wealth aggregating fifteen billion dollars.

On the other side of the shield, there are more than 4,000,000 families or nearly one-third of the nation, living on incomes of less than \$400 each; more than one-half the families get less than \$200 a year, and two-thirds get less than \$100.

The wise use of wealth gives enjoyment to its possessor. As President Eliot said in a recent address, "It enables a man to do good or harm, to give joy or pain, and places him in a position to be feared or looked up to. There is pleasure in the satisfaction of directing such a power, and the greater the character the greater may be the satisfaction."

Nevertheless an approach to the ideal of life is more readily attained by the man who is unincumbered by excessive wealth; and in this fact lies the compensation for the lack. It is as true today as when the great Founder of Christianity proclaimed it, that a camel may pass through the eye of the needle more easily than the very rich man may enter the Kingdom of God.

The encouragement which we have in these days is found in the fact that idealism is spreading and becoming practical. In spite of what pessimists may say, the possession of great wealth is not considered the ultimate end of life. The spirit of altruism is pervading all sections of society, and while the millionaires are not yet in sight, who shall say that the glow of its dawn is not already lighting the hilltops?

WISDOM.

Longfellow could take a worthless sheet of paper, write upon it and make it worth \$50,000.—"That is Genius."

Rockefeller can sign his name to a piece of paper and make it worth millions.—"That is Capital."

Uncle Sam can take an ounce of gold, stamp an eagle upon it and make it worth \$20.—"That is Money."

A mechanic can take material worth \$5 and make it into an article worth \$50.—"That is Skill."

A woman can purchase a 60-cent hat but prefer one that cost \$27; her husband says—"That is Foolishness."

Merchants buy articles at \$7 cents and sell them for \$1.—"That is Business."

Some members write about one letter every five weeks.—"That is Laziness."

Other members write every week.—"That is the kind we want."

JUDGMENT.

Common Colds are the Cause of Many Serious Diseases.

Physicians who have gained a national reputation, as analysts of the cause of various diseases, claim that if catching cold could be avoided a long list of dangerous ailments would never be heard of. Every one knows that pneumonia and consumption originate from a cold, and chronic catarrh, bronchitis, and all throat and lung troubles are aggravated and rendered more serious by each fresh attack. Do not risk your life or take chances when you have a cold. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will cure it before disease develops. This remedy contains no opium, morphine or other harmful drug and has thirty years of reputation back of it, gained by its cures under every condition. For sale by S. N. Weare.

An exchange says: "1905 was a peculiar year in some respects. It began on Sunday and ended on Sunday, and had fifty-three of these hallowdays. There were also five Sundays each in the months of January, April, July, October and December."

Yes, 1905 was peculiar in the respects mentioned. The like has not happened before since 1859 and will not happen again till 1911. It will occur fourteen times in the course of the century. It occurred fifteen times during the last century.

But 1906 is also "a peculiar year in some respects." It began on Monday and will end on Monday and will have fifty-three of these "washing days." There will also be five Mondays each in the months of January, April, July, October and December.

DON'T BE DISAPPOINTED.—You won't be if you use Kendrick's Liniment. There is nothing like Kendrick's for Lameness, Swelling, Rheumatism, Throat and Lungs, and as a general household remedy.

Westward Ho!

(By a Bridgetown lady.)

Westward bound! The day was warm and bright save at intervals a shadow crossed the face of the sun, ominous of a coming storm. There was a scent of early flowers in the air. The balmy spring had at last awakened from her slumbers to clothe the earth in garments of beauty and adorn herself with garlands woven by invisible hands.

Swiftly the iron horse sped on down the beautiful valley between miles of blooming trees, along the green velvety marshes with here and there glimpses of the shining river flowing outward to the bay beyond. Through this same valley fifty years ago the old coach with its relays of horses, lumbered and jolted its slow way, resting its tired, shaggy occupants at intervals along the weary journey.

The ride down the valley, through the blossoming orchards, too quickly ended, brings me to my way across the turbulent tundra. "Just a little swell, nothing to speak of," some one says encouragingly—but not belonging to the class that go "down to the sea in ships." I have the "horribles." Glad when the three hours' journey is ended—glad to be routed and cared for.

The sun was shining in a blaze of molten gold behind the western hills when I settled myself in the outgoing train for the all night journey to Montreal, where I arrived when the day was young, and the sun had climbed but a little way on its daily journey.

Montreal—Island city of old historic story—some of it told in bronze in the city's square. The wily Indian, chief of his tribe, ceding his rights to the dominant "pale face," neither of them conscious of the issues pregnant in the simple deed. City of splendid churches, of great educational institutions, of vast commercial activities, of wealth and culture, and all the eloquence and refinement of twentieth century prosperity, crowned with its royal mountain from the summit of which one may behold the city and all the glory thereof. Mount Royal, the pleasure ground of the city, with beautiful drives and walks, sheltered by majestic trees, shady nooks, tables where one may be served with cooling drinks and the inevitable accompaniment of a glass of beer.

Standing at the base of the steep incline with the little car swinging like a speck at the top or rushing swiftly down, a sudden fear seizes one, but groups of people and laughing children emerge from the car, you certainly seated before your fears are matured, find yourself at the top.

Conspicuous from all points, as if watching over the city, stands the statue of Canada's great statesman, Sir John A. Macdonald, behind him the building and offices of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which has given cause for the little pleasure-trip—that it is the first time he ever turned his back on the C. P. R.

In the heart of the city stands McGill University, its fine buildings, beautiful grounds, majestic trees—the pride of the city—its splendid educational facilities attracting to itself annually scores of students. On the square at the corner of McGill stands the statue of the late majesty which the students annually decorate with wreaths and flowers on the anniversary of her death, as a loving tribute to her memory.

But around no building in the city, not in the Dominion, is associated so many of the thrilling events, episodes, and social life of its history, as that of the Chateau de Ramsay. Built in 1708 when the name of Louis XIV. floated over the city, by Charles de Ramsay, then governor of Montreal, it was a hall of entertainment for many illustrious people before the distant fur fields of the famous Hudson's Bay Company, councils of war with the Indians—to one and all the doors of this hospitable mansion were opened.

After the death of the baron coming at last into the hands of the British government, it became the residence of the governors of Montreal, but is now the property of the city for an historical portrait gallery and museum.

In it are found old historical paintings dating as far back as 1640, French barons, one of whom selected the site of Port Royal; also one of Sir Fenwick Williams, hero of Kars born in Annapolis in 1801, paintings, relics, antiquities of interest which

would cover pages even to enumerate.

I entered the beautiful cathedral of Notre Dame softly, silently, for all about groups of worshippers were kneeling in prayer before the many shrines, many others sitting with bowed heads in silent meditation. The "dim religious light" from the pictured windows fell softly on the sculptured forms of prophet and apostle, and touched gently the lovely face of the Madonna bearing in her arms the Holy Child. From the lofty ceiling the figures in the masterpieces of the old painters seemed bending to meet my gaze. A priest from some hidden shrine flitted ghost-like across the church and was gone. A woman, old and poorly clad, entered one of the doors and kneeling before the sacred shrine breathed a silent prayer, then with trembling, shaking hands, placed with tender care at the feet of the pictured mother of God, a bunch of lovely English violets, their sweet perfume like incense, wafted far and wide.

In the dim light it almost seemed as if the loving look of the Virgin bent to smile upon the worshipper. Another whispered prayer, a fond imploring look, and with weak tottering footsteps, she passed and was gone. Did the Divine Son look down with tender pity and touching with his loving hand the poor blinded eyes send to her poor loving heart the message of peace?

Suddenly a shaft of light as of burnished gold from the setting sun without, gleamed through the beautiful windows and threw its radiance across the high altar piling the light of the candles burning at its base seeming to starburst into life the sculptured forms and brighten the faces of the kneeling worshippers—then quickly died out, leaving dim, veiled shadows in the gathering darkness, that deepened and gathered about me, and I went softly out into the light of the fading day and was glad.

(To be continued.)

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box 25c.

Had Four Wives in a Gilded Cage.

Paris, Jan. 27.—It is bad enough for a man to have four wives in a city like Paris, but when this man goes insane in the house where his wives are living it has a tendency to complicate matters.

The incident was brought to light by a scene proceeding from a house where a young Moroccan named Mohammed ben Ferns had been living. A number of people broke into the house and were amazed at the extraordinary spectacle within. In a corner of a room stood a large gilded cage in which four women were caged in terror; while the Moroccan leaped around the room uttering shouts of fury, and threatening the women with a large semitar. Ferns, it appears, during his mad spells was in the habit of locking the women in the cage during his absences from town. At the time that an entrance had been forced to the house he had suddenly grown worse and was accusing the women of infidelity and threatening to murder them one-by-one. He was taken to an asylum.

The Nova Scotia "Lumber King" says:

"I consider MINARD'S LINIMENT the BEST Liniment in use. I got my foot badly jammed lately. I bathed it well with MINARD'S LINIMENT and it was as well as ever next day."

Yours very truly,
T. G. McMULLEN.

The Western Chronicle of Kentville says: "The lack of snow is becoming a serious matter, especially for the lumbermen in Nova Scotia. In places where the lumber is near the river on which it is to be driven or where portable mills are taken into the woods the question is not so great, though even in the latter case how to get the lumber out over rough roads may be quite a problem. In some parts of the province large numbers of men have been sent out and that lumbering is practically suspended waiting for snow."

PUBLIC OPINION.

(Atlanta Journal.)

Work does not kill. Work is medicine to the body and mind and spirit. Work is the salvation of man. Work cures a thousand ills. "Worry kills." Dissipation kills. Worry is largely a matter of nerve or indigestion or liver. Or it may be a quality of temperament, or it may spring from envy or some other hateful habit of thought. In many cases worry is concerning things purely imaginary—things that cannot be helped. One of the best cures for the worry habit is work, hard work of body and mind. Work requires concentration of effort and mind. That makes one forget his troubles. Work may be made a joy. And in the joy of working there is no room for worry. Right living, right

thinking, work—these are specific for most of the ills caused by worry.

Dissipation kills. And dissipation is many-sided. Excessive use of liquor, gambling, carousing are not the only ways in which one may dissipate. One may dissipate in eating as well as in drinking. Or in loss of sleep. Or in any form of self-indulgence. Or in a foolish worry that weakens. And not only so. The man who does not read and inform himself about what the world is doing, the man who does not form the habit of solid thinking, dissipates. And the man who neglects to take physical exercise, or to practice deep breathing, dissipates. And dissipation of whatever sort kills. The sinner that requires man to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow is a blessing and not a curse.

Girl's Wife for Mammy.

Paris, Jan. 27.—A famous medical professor and antiquarian, whose name is withheld by the police, is in jail on a charge of having killed his own mummy of long ago. Pressure is brought to keep the matter quiet, but the state's attorney is bound to prosecute and thus the whole matter will eventually become public.

The professor boarded in his study an ebony casket containing an Egyptian mummy of great historical value. He claimed that it represented the remains of a famous Egyptian king's daughter, the only one of a dynasty that perished many thousand years ago. The professor's family and particularly his servants were forbidden to go within ten feet of the casket, and the professor himself mopped up the dust collecting on it with a specially constructed pair of bellows.

Some time ago a green servant girl was engaged in the professor's home and the professor himself instructed her to rest, but Eugenie was of so curious a nature that, a few days ago, when alone in the study, she not only went to the casket and viewed it from the outside, but pried it open. Seeing a black man all done up in silks and satins, Eugenie attempted to handle the strange doll and—under her un-schooled fingers it collapsed like a card house and fell into dust.

Eugenie was terribly frightened, but told her mistress, who promised to pacify the doctor. The latter heard but sent for Eugenie to hear the story from her own lips. When she had finished he pulled a revolver out of his pocket and shot the girl dead.

He pleads excitement, temporary insanity, etc., but the circumstances point to deliberate murder, and there are many who think it would be a good thing to guillotine the professor as a warning to other holders of life of the poor at a low estimate.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Hooper*

BEST SOIL FOR APPLE TREES.

Soil best suited to apple-growing is a clay loam with a subsoil capable of holding a good supply of moisture during the entire growing season. However, the fruit is found to do well on almost any good, strong soil that is properly drained either by Nature or artificially. If the black soil of our country is low and inclined to be of that character which is called mucky, it is quite certain that it would not be well suited for fruit trees, says the Farmer's Guide. A general rule in regard to the proper soil for fruit is found in the common saying that land that will produce a good crop of wheat if it is high enough will grow a good apple orchard. High ground is generally the most satisfactory for an orchard site, even though the soil should not be quite as good as valley land, for the reason that better atmospheric drainage, as it is called, is afforded. A better circulation of air is offered on the hill top, and fungus diseases are not apt to be so troublesome as upon a lower level. Another advantage of relatively high ground is that there is less danger to be feared from late and early frosts. In the selection of varieties we would always suggest those that have been found to do the best in the immediate locality in which the new orchard is to be set. These may be determined by a little investigation.

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.

A despatch from New York says: J. B. King & Co. have let contracts to the Buale Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Co., at Port Richmond, S. I., for two tugs, to be duplicates of the wrecked tug, Orysum King, vessels to be launched in nine months and to cost about \$130,000 each.

MARINE NEWS.

The Allans during this season will have their boats enter the harbor of North Sydney, transfer mails there which will be sent to Montreal by rail, and thence proceed to Quebec. They are going to build two boats of the Virginian type.

St. John's, Nfld., Feb. 1.—The schooner Telephone, 47 days out from Figuerira, bound for St. John's, ran ashore at daylight Monday at Cape St. Mary's, near Cape Race, during a dense fog. The vessel is a total wreck. The crew after sixteen hours in the rigging, constructed a raft, and contrived to reach shore. While suffering intensely from cold and hunger they were compelled to walk many miles to reach a human habitation. News of the disaster was only received today.

The steamer Nanna was loaded at Parraboro, on Saturday last in six hours, with 1450 tons of coal. The steamer arrived on Saturday afternoon and sailed early Sunday morning. This is a record for that port.

The schooner Matilda, which was made famous by surviving the heavy gale which swept the Cape Breton Coast last November, met her fate a few nights ago, when she sank at Louisburg wharf, where her owners had docked her for the winter. No one appeared to know how the accident occurred.

Halifax, Jan. 31.—A cable received here today from Buenos Ayres states that the Nova Scotia sealing schooner Enterprise, Capt. Gilbert, with outfit and cargo, had been totally destroyed by fire. The vessel left Halifax last October and had just returned to port from the South American sealing grounds with a part catch. The vessel registered 88 tons and was owned by Captain Clark, of Maitland, Hants Co., N. S.

Key West, Fla., Jan. 27.—Captain Staples, of steamer Concho, from Galveston for New York, reports passing yesterday, lat. 25.17, lon. 85.09, the wreck of what appeared to be a new vessel, about 100 feet long, bottom painted brown, with wood showing through; no barnacles; gulf floating alongside; very dangerous.

A despatch from Halifax says: Captain Connors and crew of the schooner Searchlight abandoned last month, arrived here last Thursday on the R. M. Manchester Trader. The Searchlight was a three masted schooner belonging to St. John's and was from Oporto, November 11th for Newfoundland. She sprung a leak and the captain and crew were taken off by a steamer and landed at San Jose, Costa Rica, on Dec. 21st. From there they were sent by steamer to England and thence to Halifax en route for St. John's.