

# The Weekly Monitor

AND

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NO. 10

### BLOSSOM SUNDAY IN GRAND PRE.

#### Charming Word-Picture of One of the Beauty Spots of the Valley by Young Halifax Journalist.

(By Miss Annie Campbell Huestis, in the Halifax Chronicle.)

Once upon a time, we thought that if we ever stood at the summit of this hill, at the very tip of the tower most fir, we could look over the edge of the earth, and see the other worlds, and, putting up a hand, could touch a star. Now, at last, after some years, we have climbed it, only to see from its crest other hills as high and mysterious, and a sky no nearer than it used to be. So we know, now, that the pleasure of climbing is not in standing on the heights at last, but in looking backward over the way we came, and seeing where a difficult path led often to or through an enchanted land.

The wind that blows by your window, at five o'clock in the morning, is like no other wind, at any time of day or night. If you go to sleep in spite of it, it will be less friendly when it comes to-morrow. And, morning by morning, its voice will grow so faint that at last you will forget you ever heard it. So, if you are a sluggard, it leaves you—in Biblical fashion, and at your convenience—to consider the ways of the exasperating ant, and to such wisdom as that methodical insect can teach you—and then goes blowing off a little and irrational breeze to the Pagan woods, the clustering, leafless hills, the paths that lead everywhere and nowhere, the rush and hush and fluttering magic of early morning. It calls you through the dappled halls, out of the open door into the bright air, and if you have "ears to hear," you will rise and follow. It is so still without, that you almost think that all the world is sleeping, but the birds and you, and yet so full of heavenly sound that the wonder is that all the things do not start broad awake, and run to the window to see who called.

It is a long and stinging climb, and your feet are very wet, but what does that matter? For here you are at last on the old French hill, far from sheltering roof and prisoning wall—the only thing beside you your silent shadow on the grass—the only thing above you the friendly sky. The only voice, from far or near, that calls you, is the culling wind. You look down at the houses, with their lazy, smokeless chimneys, and do not pity the sleeping people. The early morning world will be waiting here for them, when they are wise enough to wish for it. You look another way, toward where you know a quiet graveyard is, where some whom you know once, are lying very still this sunny morning; and for one Pagan moment you feel that they have lost all, and are forever blind to all that you are seeing. "Weep for the dead, for light hath faded him," and the young grass, from field to field, is wet as if with tears.

It is Blossom Sunday, and Grand Pre Valley, from end to end, is white with bloom. They fleet the brook with straying petals; they change the red-brown roads to a fairy path-way, from orchard to orchard, they fill the air with scent of flowers. Like falling snow, they drift through the vanishing shadows; and through the fields, where the wind has blown them together, they make a narrow silver way, as if an angel, walking in the darkness there, had left a trail of light.

From here, we can see the river, where the English ships waited to carry the Acadian exiles to strange shores, and the place where their little village stood. Nothing is left of the cozy French town but an old well, a few willows, a weaver of two.

The chimneys begin to smoke; the doors are opening; and Grand Pre is stirring. Everything, as far as eye can see, is very modern, and Protestant and British-Canadian, and the trouble of 1755, seems a bad dream. "It is not a dream," say the old willows, far off, near the dykes. "The shadow that we cast this morning fell as darkly here, more than a hundred years ago. We saw it all. We know." "It is not a dream," says the forsaken well, built by humble, hopeful hands, and the

sky and the mountain remember, for when it happened, they were looking down.

If Evangeline could see her little country, she would not know it now. Even in the past ten years, how it is changed! They have improved the houses of our grandmothers, so that we feel like strangers in them. They have pruned and grafted the old trees till the ones we used to climb are not as we remember them. But Biomedon is blue yet, beyond the golden water; Mimosa Biosa shines and trembles still, in morning light and wind. It is still the magic water, where the ship of Dreams came in, and the old mountain has all the sternness, all the beauty we remember. Here are the lone, sunny dykes, the green slopes, the willows; and beyond them, the North Mountain, mysterious in mist, Biomedon, quiet but unsleeping. From this hill, the little point does not seem to be land, real, solid earth, but lies across radiant water, like a heavy shadow, as if something ominous and unchanging stretched forth a giant arm toward the valley and doomed it. Sunny sky and smiling sea are over and across them, but the sun is at the point and Biomedon from breakfast to each other, all day long.

It is commonplace fact, that, though an early wind may coax you up a hill, the thought of breakfast in bed, among the friendly petals, is a good reason for staying at home. Many physicians seem to favor the idea of legal protection. If there were law among the friendly petals, the physician first claim upon a man's estate, the position of the medical practitioner would be greatly strengthened, they say.

Difficult is the financial end of a doctor's life, according to members of the profession. On the books of nearly every doctor are unpaid accounts, in fact, some physicians declare that as many as one-third to one-half the persons they treat are either tardy in payment or fail to pay at all. After struggling with this problem, the next question with regard to the medical profession is, "What is to be done?"

Regarding the work and pay of doctors, a famous physician recently declared:

"No one should adopt the profession of medicine as a business. The first and most important consideration in undertaking the life-work of a physician should be the material of which he is made, in physical affliction.

"It is not too much to expect that in the near future the standing disgrace of our civilization, the existence of preventable diseases, and the waste of human life and health, should be brought to an end. It is surely a gorgeous dream, but no very cheap one for John Bull.

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### The Physician Should Be Awarded Full Return for His Labor.

(Halifax Herald.)

Henry Samuel, who has lived in South Africa ever since he was a "boy in his teens," and that a long time ago, in the course of an article in last Empire Review, on "How to Keep South Africa," says:

"After the war the Boers, like the brave sensible men they are, acknowledged themselves beaten. Both sides had fought hard and suffered terribly. But one side must win in the long run, and it was not the Boers. In such circumstances the people were not unwilling to be in the position of Crown Colonies. Indeed, for three years after the war matters throughout South Africa promised to settle into satisfactory working order. The Boers went back to their farms and the British settlers were anticipating good returns for their work. Then came the change of government at Westminster. And the fatal movement set in at once. The Boers knew that from the days of Gladstone had been the pet of the Radicals, and the tactics that he had already hampered the progressive movements of the authorities were promptly redoubled. Lord Milner's position was made almost untenable, and opposition dogged the efforts of the Prime Minister of the Cape Colony. The inevitable happened with the introduction of the new government. An extraordinary arrangement was made by which the British were outvoted and in a few months the Boers held every position of power throughout the land.

"The tremendous blunder of the new British government which threw away all the advantages of a great and successful war, speedily brought the country to such a state that the country may be saved by overwhelming the Boers with prosperity. To attain this end 'the British must pour out money as they have poured out blood.' They must send men, they must send money; they must teach the Boers and others scientific farming, they must fill the country with such productivity and prosperity that they will forget and Briton will be forgotten; the rich harvest that they will bring the past 'and be 'brothers in work and prosperity.' It is surely a gorgeous dream, but no very cheap one for John Bull.

ONE THOUSAND PERSONS HOMELESS.

Three Rivers, Quebec, June 22.—Fire which broke out at noon today destroyed one hundred buildings, including the Post Office, Telegraph Office, Bell Telephone Office, all the banks, all the drug stores, all the principal groceries, all the dry goods stores, the old parish church, many private residences, and all the principal hotels. The loss will probably be about one and a half millions of dollars. One thousand persons are homeless.

FORESTERS' NEW RATES.

Toronto, June 21.—The new rates adopted by the Independent Order of Foresters mean an increase of nearly \$300,000 a year to the Mortuary Fund. Should there be any lapses on account of the higher rates this will of course, be an advantage in decreasing the liability of the Order. Increase averages \$8 per member per annum. The deficit of \$61,023 in 1907, under the old rates, would, under the new table, have netted a surplus of \$275,000.

The Order numbers 112,000 members carrying \$10,315,528 insurance. The average rate formerly paid was \$1.01 per \$1,000. This is increased 5 cents per \$1,000. It has been decided to abandon the Orphans' Home on Foresters' Island, built by Dr. Orshytkha, at a cost of \$230,000. The sixty children cared for will be provided for in the new farm home near Toronto. The Union Trust Company will be continued in connection with the I. O. F. The capital stock was reduced from two to one million, and the Foresters' stock was reduced from \$1,000,000 to \$400,000. On this amount ten per cent profit was paid.

### To Keep South Africa.

(Halifax Herald.)

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### Methodist Conference of Nova Scotia

Following are the ministerial changes which have been arranged at the 21st annual session of the Methodist Conference of Nova Scotia now in session at Riverport, Lunenburg County.

Halifax—Rev. John Astbury.  
Moncton—Rev. John Astbury.  
Newport—Rev. John Astbury.  
Pictou—Rev. John Astbury.  
Shelburne—Rev. John Astbury.  
St. John's—Rev. John Astbury.  
St. Peter's—Rev. John Astbury.  
Truro—Rev. John Astbury.  
Windsor—Rev. John Astbury.

The following are the names of the ministers who were ordained at the conference:

Halifax—Rev. John Astbury.  
Moncton—Rev. John Astbury.  
Newport—Rev. John Astbury.  
Pictou—Rev. John Astbury.  
Shelburne—Rev. John Astbury.  
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Windsor—Rev. John Astbury.

### ORDAINED TO THE MINISTRY.

Harry B. Strothard, a former Bridgetown School-boy Made Member of the New Brunswick Methodist Conference.

MONCTON, June 21.—Pulpits of three Methodist churches in the city and Sunny Brae, four Baptist churches in Moncton and Lewisville, Presbyterian, St. Paul's and Evangelical churches in this vicinity were occupied today by ministers attending the N. B. and P. E. I. conference. The greatest interest centered in central Methodist church in which the conference is being held. The service this morning was of unusual interest from the fact that Rev. H. B. Strothard, son of Rev. James Strothard, pastor of the Central church, was ordained in the work of the ministry in accordance with the beautiful and impressive ritual in use in the Methodist church. The spacious sanctuary was well filled. The musical part of the service was all that the heart could wish. The service was conducted by the president of the conference, assisted by Secretaries Rev. M. R. Knight and H. E. Thomas, and the venerable Dr. Stewart, of Sackville. Dr. Stewart led the congregation in prayer. The secretary presented the candidate for ordination to the president. The president in accordance with the time-honored custom called upon the candidate to give an account of his conversion and call to the work of the ministry.

Mr. Strothard, in a brief address, told the story of his conversion and how he came to offer himself to the service of God and the church. In the formation of his religious character, he confessed his indebtedness to the influences arising from his home-life.

Rev. H. E. Thomas read a passage of Scripture, after which the president read the admittance passages of ritual with much impressiveness, and asked the usual questions concerning faith, fidelity, obedience and loyalty to discipline. All of which were clearly answered in the affirmative. After the usual form of laying on of hands, the ordination service was preached by Rev. James Crisp, ex-president of the conference. He first congratulated the newly ordained minister upon his ordination, dwelling upon the sacredness of the obligations involved, and urging him to perform faithfully and well the duties resting upon him.

The newly ordained minister takes charge of Sunny Brae circuit.

### Jere McAuliffe's Son Fatally Injured.

New York, June 20.—The World says today: With stumps for legs, stump for his right arm, and his left hand minus several fingers, Joseph Gilligan, 13 years old, swam to the rescue of two boys in a gravel pit near Morris Plains, N. J., and saved their lives. Alexander Patterson and Augustus Monahan, twelve years old each, were in an old boat in the pond, which is near the Lakawanna Railroad tracks at Morris Plains. The pond is about ten feet at its greatest depth, and it was at this point the boys upset the boat while playing. Patterson could not swim, and he clasped Monahan around the neck. Before he was dragged down, Monahan cried for help. Gilligan, in a boat, saw the boys in the pond, but out of sight of the pond. He had been showing his friends the artificial limbs his parents had procured for him. He had unstrapped the limbs when he heard the cries for help. Not stopping to put them on, Gilligan hurried to the pond.

Plunging in, he swam to the spot where the boys were struggling, and grasped the two lads and pushed them apart. He then swam with one hand and pushed Patterson ashore.

Returning, Gilligan sought Monahan, who was sinking. The cripple also pushed him ashore. The two boys, grateful for his rescue, carried him to their home, where he received dry clothing.

Gilligan ten years ago was run over by a trolley car in Brooklyn. He lost one leg above the knee and the other below the knee, his right arm was taken off at the elbow, and three fingers from his left hand. He learned to swim a few years ago.

ANOTHER EARTHQUAKE FELT AT MONTREAL.

Montreal, June 17.—A considerable earthquake shock was felt here at 4.13 p. m. yesterday. The measurements of the record or the seismograph at McGill have not yet been made. The shock was felt all over the Ottawa Valley district and in the Laurentian Mountains.

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