Weekly Monitor

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 30. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, MAY 28, 1902. NO 9.

Professional Cards.

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Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891. 35 tf

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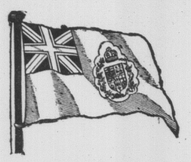

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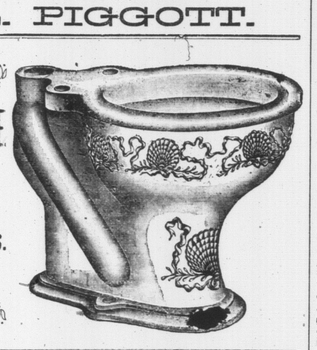

R. A. CROWE
Sanitary
Plumber,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.
'Phone 21

Poetry.

THEY CALL ME STRONG.

This little sharp vexations
And the briers that catch and fret,
Why not take all to the Helper
Who never has failed us yet?
Tell him about the heartache
And tell him that longing, too;
Tell him the baffled purpose
When we scarce know what to do.
Then, leaving all our weakness
With the One divinely strong,
Forget that we bore the burden
And carry away the song.

They call me strong because my tears
I shed where none may see;
Because I smile, tell merry tales and
win the crowd to me;
They call me strong because I laugh
to ease an aching heart,
Because I keep the sweet side out and
hide the bitter part.
But, Oh, could they who call me
strong live but an hour with me
When I am wrung with grief in my
Gethsemane!

They call me strong because I toil
from early morn till late,
Well knowing there will be no smile
to meet me at the gate.
They call me strong because I hide an
inward pain with jest
And drive away the care that comes
unbidden to my breast;
Perhaps 'tis strength—God knoweth
but He sent the cares to me;
And His—not mine—the strength that
keeps through my Gethsemane!

Select Literature.

A Knight of the Highway.

(By Clinton Scollard.)

(Continued.)

XII

AN ARRIVAL

In the light wagon, propped up between Jack Parmelee and Dick Whittlesey, Rossiter rode back to the Merton farm. At first everything was a daze to him, but soon the air revived him somewhat, and before the house was reached, save for a giddiness and a dull throbbing in his head, he fancied he was quite himself. He was glad of the aid of Parmelee's stout arm; however, when he came to descend to the ground.

"I'll be all right after a bit," he said, as he steadied himself, "if you'll help me to my cot."

Mr. Merton and Miss Densmore had hastened on in advance, and they, with Miss Merton and her mother, gathered about the injured man.

"You're to come right in here," Mrs Merton declared, and, though he protested, he was led into the family sitting room, where, stretched upon a couch, he was made as comfortable as might be with cool compresses that, after a time allayed the painful feeling in his head. The blow from the bludgeon had been a glancing one but above his ear had formed a lump that was exceedingly tender to the touch.

By and by Jack Parmelee appeared from an outer door, and, noting the improvement in Rossiter's appearance, exclaimed:

"That was an ugly little cut you got! It keeled you half way down the embankment, an' if it had been a couple o' inches the other way your head an' a squashed puff-ball'd have passed for twins."

"How can you, Jack?" cried Miss Merton, who, with her mother, was in the room.

"What's the use o' gloomin' about it? He'll be fit enough in the mornin.' A trifle sore in the upper story mebbe, but that won't last long."

"You were just in time," laughed Rossiter, "I was about done for."

"You put up a great fight, Sylvia says, and Merton allows you've got the darndest grit he ever saw. They'd all skedaddled by the time I got down into the dip. They must have felt I had an army behind me by the way they lit out. Well, Dick Whittlesey was close by, and he's a whole regiment in a scrap."

Rossiter had a brief nap late in the afternoon, and woke to find himself alone and much refreshed. The rattling of dishes indicated the nearness of the supper hpur, and outside there was a suggestion of approaching dusk. He rose to his feet without difficulty, and was walking towards the outer door, which opened on the porch, with no definite intention, when Miss Densmore appeared from the adjoining room bearing a daintily arranged tray, upon which was a steaming cup of tea, some toast, and a few other tempting edibles.

She exclaimed in protest on seeing Rossiter.

"You're to sit down at once, sir," she said. "We're not going to have you running off in that fashion."

He succumbed very willingly, and she bustled about making him comfortable.

"Miriam and my aunt are busy," she said, "so I said I'd look after you needn't have been to all this trouble," he answered. "I'm fully recovered now." But he was glad to eat with her sitting by chatting cheerily.

"I'm afraid," he remarked presently, "that you will find it difficult to keep to yourself your promise of the other night."

"What was that?"

"Don't you recall? You were going to hold in recollection from your hop-picking experience only its pleasant phases. Aren't the disagreeables, so to speak, likely far to outweigh the happy experiences?"

"Oh, no," she replied, with a shake of the head. "It's like a play. Unless the end is tragic, however much the actors pass through, the effect is not darksome, quite the contrary. The bright scenes stand out and the dark ones recede."

"The end!" thought Rossiter. Yes, the end of this small episode was certainly at hand. It was delicate paths these two were treading. The girl more and more conscious of something in her heart which she would not admit to herself was there, fearful of all it might involve, her sensitive natute shrinking from the speech of family, of friends, and of the world; the man now wholly master—by the love he had so sternly struggled against, realizing his apparent folly and lack of hope, and yet grasping at straws, and buoyed up by the frailer fabric of his dreams.

"Though you would not let me try to tell you, Mr. Rossiter," Miss Densmore broke out suddenly, "of my gratitude to you for all you did for me, I must I will, speak of your nobleness your generosity, and bravery in going to uncle's aid. Why if it hadn't been for you—"

Her words were as sparks to powder. All the pent up emotion within him rushed to his lips. She should know, whatever might be the consequences, that it was her presence with Mr. Merton that had moved him to strive so mightily; that there was nothing he would not do, aye, to risking life and limb a thousand times, to win her favor. Whatever his past might have been, and she should read the open page of it without reserve, the future, and she should put him to the proof, should be like the life-moulding of another man, if he might but wear her gage.

"Do you think Miss Densmore," he began, and there was that in his voice and in his eyes that caused her to turn away, "do you think I would have gone so eagerly to your uncle's aid—"

His impassioned words were cut short by Miss Merton's entrance.

"How cosey we are!" she cried seating herself. "And is the hero quite recovered?"

"He's likely to faint dead away, if you apply that title to him again," Rossiter had wit enough to say.

What had he been about to say? Miss Densmore wondered. Inference clearly pointed in but one direction, and yet— She was in a tremor of doubt, not sure of herself, marvelling at Rossiter's sudden exhibition of feeling when hitherto he had held himself in such close restraint. As for Rossiter, he resolved that he would not turn his back on the Merton farm and the hop-fields without putting his fortune once more to the test.

Mr. and Mrs. Merton came in shortly, a lamp was lighted, and then, though they urged upon him to rest a while longer, Rossiter declared that he would go down to the men's sleeping quarters, and bade them all 'good night,'

"You'll not hesitate to rouse someone if you feel ill?" said Mrs. Merton.

Rossiter assured her that she need have no further anxiety in regard to him, and went out to find Joe Becraft lounging about watching for him. He would have much preferred to be alone, but he would not hurt Becraft's feelings so the two walked towards the men's sleeping quarters.

The next morning Rossiter was at his work as usual. He did not feel strong, but in response to all enquiries replied that he needed only another night's rest to be ready for further adventures. The girls came into the yard long enough to pick one box each, chatted gleefully over the sum of money they had earned, talked of the departure of the pickers and how lonely the farm would seem after they had gone, inquired as to Rossiter's plans, and said, as they were leaving, that they would reserve their goodbyes until later, he having stated that he should probably ride into Illica with the Becrafts on the following morning, although some were planning to take the evening train from Hintonville.

By four o'clock the last pole was stripped and stacked. It was announced that Mr. Merton was to be found in his little room in the barn, and thither all the pickers flocked for their pay. When the grateful farmer came to settle with Rossiter he endeavored to make him accept a much larger sum than was due him, saying he wished in some way to show his appreciation of his many services, and knew no other means of making his appreciation clear. It was frankly yet by no means indelicately put, and though the pole-puller would not listen to the proposal, he was gratified rather than offended. Mr. Merton then asked him if he would not like to remain in his employment on the farm, saying that Jack Parmelee had suggested it. For this further mark of kindness Rossiter expressed his thanks, but replied in the negative whereat Mr. Merton's regret was apparently genuine.

As Rossiter emerged from his interview with Mr. Merton, and was standing in the door of the barn pondering upon how he should effect his interview with Miss Densmore, a young man, trimly clad and neatly gloved, drove briskly into the yard in a smart dog-cart. He pulled up in front of the porch, and Miss Densmore and Miss Merton came out to meet him.

"Hullo! There's that young Wolffe, a friend of Sylvia's from Illica," said Jack Parmelee, who was sitting on the barn threshold whittling energetically at a splinter of pine. "Hey, Dick Whittlesey! Run and take that horse."

"I came down from the woods day before yesterday," the newcomer was saying to Miss Densmore, "and yesterday I met your father, who told me you were up here, so I thought I'd drive out."

As Rossiter viewed the greeting between the two, the lovely girl and this fine-looking, handsomely dressed young man, the little fabric of dream which he had allowed to grow gradually since his struggle in the dip crumbled into dismal ruin. He strode away into the orchard cursing himself for his mad presumption. Yet hope died hard, and by the time the supper bell rang out he made up his mind that the presence of this unexpected arrival should not deter him from pleading his cause. Curiously, in all his thoughts of Miss Densmore, the probability that her affections were engaged was not a thing that had received from him much consideration. Now he wondered why.

The evening meal was earlier than usual, that those of the pickers who desired might catch the train at Hintonville. After he had eaten Rossiter again sought the orchard. He had decided that he would wait and watch to see when Mr. Wolffe took his departure, and then perhaps the opportunity he sought would offer itself. Eagerly he marked the shadows gather, and saw the evening star begin to glisten beyond the dim outline of the distant hills. He was just upon the point of returning to the proximity of the house when he caught the faint murmur of voices. He had found a seat upon a wide rail in a corner of the snake fence where tall elderberry bushes formed a partial screen and fancying it was some of the pickers wandering by the path, half a dozen yards away, to the edge of the orchard, he concluded he would let them pass before making a move. He sat there inattentive and passive until suddenly he was conscious that one of those speaking was Miss Densmore. Without looking he knew who her companion must be. What should he do? As yet he had heard no word of their conversation and he had no desire to play the unwilling evesdropper As noiselessly as possible he tried to shift his position so that he might steal into the bushes on the other side of the fence and thus steal away unnoticed. He had half accomplished his purpose when what Wolffe was saying became clear to him.

"I isn't a matter of one hour in the day, Sylvia, but of every hour," his words ran. "Indeed it seems to me that you are never absent from my thoughts; I can't put you away from me. Why, up there in the woods I heard your name in the song of every bird, in every breeze that cried in the pine-tops, in every brook murmuring over the rocks. Your face was always before me even when I awoke in the great darkness of the forest night."

Rossiter could not know that it was the third time this young man had declared his love to Miss Densmore; that he was now breaking his promise not to speak of it again; that a moment before, when he had ventured on forbidden ground, she had endeavored to silence him. To the tortured man it seemed like a first declaration, and to all appearances the girl was a willing listener. In his agony of mind his caution was forgotten, and he allowed one of the branches which he had bent back to slip from his hand and strike the fence. Miss Densmore glanced toward him, recognized his disappearing figure and gave a little, suppressed cry. He supposed it to be one of fright, and, hastily parting the bushes among which he now found himself, sped, crushed at heart, swiftly away into the thickening shades.

XIII.

GOOD-BY TO THE HOP-FIELDS.

When Miss Densmore stepped upon the porch of the house she was alone. Mr. Wolffe had gone to the barn to look after the harnessing of his horse. His interview had had in it an unmistakable element of finality and at last he realized the utter hopelessness of further pleading and protestation, He could not understand Miss Densmore's strange agitation and fright at the noise in the bushes, but why, he questioned, should he now trouble his head about that? His horse was shortly ready, he sprang into his cart gathered up the reins and started, in no very amiable mood, on his twelve-mile drive to Illica.

As Miss Densmore entered a narrow side hall-way she encountered Jack Parmelee.

"Your pole-puller left his good-bye" he said. "He changed his mind I guess about waitin' till mornin' he thought mebbe he could catch the train at Hintonville; wanted me to give you this," and he held out a small slip of folded note-paper.

"Thank you," said Miss Densmore, taking it and passing into the room where Rossiter had been brought the previous afternoon, and where her aunt and cousin were now sitting. It was then, even as she had feared; Rossiter had heard a portion of Mr. Wolffe's untimely declaration.

"Mr. Wolffe wished me to say good night," she remarked to Miriam and her aunt. "It's so late that he felt he must hasten back."

"Mr. Rossiter's gone. Did Jack tell queer he should start off so, and never come in to say good-by? I can't understand it. Really, I feel quite hurt.

"Oh, I suppose he thought if he waited to say good-by to everyone, he wouldn't catch the train," returned Miss Densmore with assumed indifference.

This attitude on her cousin's part seemed so unnatural that Miss Merton fell to wondering what could be back of it, but she did not question her. There was Mr. Wolffe's sudden departure too. Could there be any connection between the abrupt leave-taking of the two men? The enigma was beyond her solving, and there appeared to be no inclination on Miss Densmore's part to solve it for her. The latter lingered for a moment, and then passed from the room. She ascended the stairs, entered her chamber, and closed the door. She did not strike a light at once, but sat upon the edge of the bed and gazed wide-eyed at the wall.

She recalled what she had said on the night of the hop-dance, and also her talk with Rossiter on the preceding evening. "Her promise to herself" he had called it, her assertion in regard to her after-thought of her hop-picking life. Tears started into her eyes. Had he come to say good-by to her, as she surely expected that he would, she had meant to extend a cordial invitation to call upon her in Illica, and something in her heart told her he would have come. Now she felt that in all likelihood she never would see him again. He had not revealed to her his home—or the place that he had once called home; she had gathered that it was one of the great eastern cities, and that he was returning thither to begin life anew that was all. The chapter seemed to her irrevocably closed.

At length she rose, lighted a candle and unfolded the crumpled scrap of paper. "Good-by. God bless you," she read, and then the signature—"Philip Rossiter." She extinguished the candle, and going to the window, looked long at the stars and the sky. Then she walked to the bureau, opened one of the drawers, and taking therefrom a little box of Venetian glass which held some treasured trinkets, snapped back the lid and laid the paper caressingly among them.

After his plunge out of the bushes Rossiter hurried up the field, crossed into the upper orchard, and made his way to the sleeping-quarters of the men. What he had just seen and heard had suddenly dissolved the resolution and purpose that had daily been taking firmer and more definite shape since he left the freight-train that night at Illica. Life never could, or ever would hold aught for him. He was a fool to think that now he ever could be anything but a vagabond. He would take to the road again. Hastily he put his few belongings together and strode to the door. There he paused. Should he leave without a word to anyone? The love in his heart flooded over him like a great wave as his mind reverted to Miss Densmore. No, he would somehow contrive to send a good-by to her. It was a crowning piece of folly, but he would indulge in it nevertheless. It would be his final tribute on the now shattered altar of hope,—the shrine which he had so unwittingly reared.

He remembered to have seen Joe Becraft that morning slip a small pencil into his vest hanging on the chair near. He soon found the pencil and taking his brother's letter, tore off a little strip where there was no writing, and in the dim light traced his words of adieu. He then replaced the pencil, thrust the folded message into his pocket, and rending in scraps the remainder of the letter, scattered the fragments upon the grass as he stepped from the door.

"There's an end of that," he said.

(To be continued.)

EMBLEM OF CANADA.

The maple chosen as our emblem is the hard, or sugar maple, and although it is the grandest of forest trees in magnitude and beauty of aspect, it is not unnatural in the city, where all maples are on an equality, to regret that the silver maple, with its early buds and delicately outlined leaves, has not been our choice, says the Toronto Globe. The silver maple blossomed three weeks ago in Toronto and the male buds have already covered the pavements where the streets enjoy the blessing of sunshine. As with most of the maples, there are male and female trees, but some are found bearing both sterile and fertile flowers. The flower buds, which have been giving promise of life all through the winter and have now come forth to fulfil their mission, are rounder and more obtuse than the foliage buds which will soon elongate and fall away from the pale, downy leaves. The beauty of these leaves is in their deep, narrow sinuses and long, slender-pointed and sharply-indented lobes. The five main divisions and many sub divisions of the leaf could not be any more gracefully outlined than in nature's pattern. Their color, pale green above and silvery white beneath, matches their delicate outlines, and their slender, drooping stems enable them to turn with every passing wind, though not with the uniformity of the aspens. This is an early maple, and its familiar two-winged seeds will be on the ground and striving to sprout and take root before the seeds of our chosen emblem have matured on their stems. The red maple is also early, and its male buds are already tramped into the boulevards or swept into the carts of the scavengers. Their first appearance a few weeks ago, red, swelling and putting forth the delicate growth they had treasured through the winter was announcement of spring. The seeds of this maple ripen in May, turn a bright red and fall, taking root at once if conditions are favorable. The leaves are of a more substantial pattern than those of the silver maple the divisions between the lobes being angular and not so deep. In color they are a brighter green above and of a duller green beneath, but they can be distinguished from the leaves of the sugar maple by their sharply-serrated margin. They present the most beautiful of autumn colors.

The sugar maple, which we claim as our very own, does not find the city congenial, and does not attain the woods of eastern Ontario and Quebec. It is not a precocious tree, and the winter buds, both of flowers and of leaves are still dormant on its branches. Both open about the same time and while the soft, downy young leaves are shedding the elongated scales that have encased them during the winter the flowers are developing in yellowish clusters on slender stems. The male and female trees are generally distinct, but both fertile and sterile flowers are sometimes found in separate clusters on the same tree. The five-lobed leaf, sharply toothed and divided by rounded sinuses, is familiar as the emblem of the Dominion. This is the tree of the sugar bush, and that Canadian has missed something out of his life, who does not associate it with the "sweet" recollections of his childhood. The smoke of the open fire, the paths in the snow, the quivering of the heat, the piece of pork suspended over the great kettle to prevent the sap boiling over, the dripping spiles and the basswood troughs, the looped twig as a tester, and a heterogenous assortment of kitchen utensils pressed into service for sugaring off, make a harmonious background of memory that always comes with the first announcement of maple sugar, and those who see it with the eye of understanding will pardon the complaint that maple sugar is not like it used to be. The maple stands in many and varying backgrounds. Perhaps the handsome grain in the back of a violin recalls the occasional discovery of a "birds eye" stick in the woodpile, and efforts to split it so as to show both the bird's eyes and the wavy curls. It rivals the soft maple in the brilliancy of its autumn tints and paints a much bolder landscape. The rich carpet with which it strews the ground hastens to early decay and does its part towards producing the moist warmth we delight in under the name of "Indian Summer." The sycamore maple is familiar, though an European immigrant. Its leaves have the characteristic five lobes, but are quite distinctive in appearance, being darker and thicker than those of the sugar maple, and having roundly and obscurely toothed margins. Like the Norway maple, it retains its foliage later than our native trees. The Ash-leaved or California maple should be more popular, but its compound leaf of from three to five leaflets seem a bar to its claim to membership in the chosen family. It retains its seeds until late in the fall, and seems reluctant to part with them even after its leaves have fallen. The little spike maple is met occasionally in our suburban woods. The five lobes of its leaves seem crowded into three, and they have a finely-wrinkled appearance but they are smooth above and downy beneath. Its spike of greenish yellow flowers is found among the leaves in June. The moosewood that makes so much of the underbrush in Quebec and eastern Ontario is also a maple. But in its native forests our chosen emblem is supreme in her regal beauty commanding the homage of all other members of that handsome and interesting family.

C. C. Richards & Co.

Gentlemen.—I have used Minard's Liniment on my vessel and in my family for years, and for the every day ills and accidents of life I consider it has no equal.

I would not start on a journey without it, if it cost a dollar a bottle.

CAPT. F. R. DESJARDIN.
Schr. "Storke,"
St. Andre, Kamouraska.

How J. J. Hill Rests.

J. J. Hill, the railroad man of millions, who was born at Guelph, Ont., projector of immensities, takes hours every day to read a good book and rests as he reads. His time is worth about $10 a minute, but some of us who have a weekly salary summed up in one figure think we can do nothing to rest ourselves unless we have the price. We may not be able to girdle the globe, we may not have a million or a cent, but there are many sources of rest that we all may know, many beauty spots that we all may see, and many restful thought that we all may cherish.

Minard's Liniment cures dandruff.

TACT AND SELFISHNESS.

"She's a woman of tact," remarked a woman the other day in describing a woman who stood at the head of a successful women's organization for some time, "and the work she's doing in work that requires a large amount of tact."

Now, will someone please tell us what line of work a woman may adopt that doesn't require tact? Is the woman without tact of any earthly use to herself or the world in general? Is it possible for a woman to succeed in any undertaking unless she is blessed with a large amount of tact?

When you see a woman who has made a failure of anything don't you usually find that she's a woman without tact? In the home, in the social world, in the business world, in any sphere, there's nothing which stands the strain of everyday friction like tact.

If a woman is blessed with tact, she can accomplish almost anything she desires. It's a grace that can be cultivated though sometimes one does meet a woman who seems so utterly devoid of tact that it seems impossible to teach her the meaning of the word.

You'll find her always doing and saying the wrong things at the wrong times; you'll find her always doing and saying the likes and dislikes of her friends; you'll find her unable to cope with any unexpected circumstances, and you'll try to account for the matter by saying, "she always was lacking in tact."

But back of all this there's something else. The woman of tact is always a woman who is capable of forgetting herself, and really when you look into the matter, you'll usually find selfishness is at the root of a woman's lack of tact. She thinks of nothing but herself, and forgets all about other people.

HOW TO THINK OF THE DEAD.

A young man who had lost his mother asked Dr. Lyman Abbott, of the New York Outlook, to tell him how he should think of the dead. The reply of Dr. Abbott, given in part below, is:

"I cannot do that; I can only tell you how I think of the dead. I think that there are no dead; I think there is no death; I think that there is no long and dreary sleep, no waiting for a future resurrection of a body which has served its purpose and has no future purpose which it can serve; that life goes unbroken by what we call death; that the ressurection of Jesus Christ was not an extraordinary event; that He was the first fruits of them that slept; that all rise from the dead as He rose from the dead, and live as He lives, that to die is to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better; that every death is a resurrection, and that to every spirit God giveth a body as it pleaseth Him. I think of death as a glad awakening from the troubled sleep which we call life; as an emancipation from a world which, beautiful though it be, is still a land of captivity; as a graduation from this primary department into some higher rank in the hierarchy of learning. I think of the dead as possessing a more splendid equipment for a larger life of diviner service than was possible to them on earth—a life in which I shall in due time join them if I am counted worthy of their fellowship in the life eternal.

WITH "ONE TALENT."

Unlike the example cited in Holy Writ, there are some people who contrive to make more out of the 'one talent' in the way of position, looks or fortune, than has been vouchsafed to them than those who have the ten talents. To make what is called the best of one's self or one's circumstances is a most enviable quality. In most cases such ability is inborn, and develops itself naturally, but it can also be cultivated, if an individual possesses certain characteristics. Self-confidence is the greatest essential, but this must be tempered by a keen perception, or it will become boastful, a quality that is fatal to success; or obviously pushing, which is a predisposition that generally defeats its own end: A certain amount of the latter however, is in a way necessary, as the world does not go out of its path to discover rara avae, and is besides somewhat shortsighted, so that people must be brought under its nose, as it were, either through their own energy or the praise of others, to discover their merits. An admixture of tact therefore, is a most necessary accompaniment; while last, but not the ment should also be added as prime factors.

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Hamilton's pills are good pills.

—The coronation of the young King of Spain will precede that of King Edward by a few weeks. In the contrast these two similar events present it will be impossible to avoid comparison between the causes which have led to the decline of Spanish power and the wonderful expansion of the British Empire. Sorrowful and disastrous as the minority of the King of Spain has been, future historians will do justice to Queen Christina. During a long period of unprecedented trial this wonderful woman has borne the burdens and responsibilities of her singular position with queenly wisdom and motherly devotion. To Spanish statesmen, however, they may have erred in other directions, the praise must be given that they loyally supported the Queen and faithfully sustained her during these many years of personal and national widowhood. Impartial judgment will concede that in these trying times Spain has borne her misfortunes in a nobler spirit than she displayed in her time of greatness. Herein lies the hope of her future.

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The price of coal has advanced $1 a ton in New York in consequence of the miners' strike in Pennsylvania.