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## AND Western Annapolis Sentinel.

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### HIGHLANDERS COMING

**Fifty Scottish Highlanders Have Signified Their Intention of Taking up Farming in Nova Scotia Next Spring-- Good Stock for Future Canadians--Thrifty, Honest and Intelligent.**

The following is taken from the Highland Times of October 24th: Mr. A. S. Barnstead, secretary of Industries and Immigration for Nova Scotia, visited Inverness on Thursday and kindly accorded our representative an interview on the Canadian outlook, more particularly in the province of Nova Scotia, which is making amazing progress. About fifty persons have signified their intention of going to Nova Scotia between now and the ensuing spring. Most of these are from this neighborhood. Mr. Barnstead began by referring to the importance of farming in the province of Nova Scotia, remarking that a person with one hundred pounds capital can obtain a farm on very easy terms. Apple growing is another important industry. Last year 700,000 barrels of apples were exported. That in itself gives some idea of the importance of the apple growing industry. With regard to dairying, Mr. Barnstead pointed out that Nova Scotia had not only the facilities for successfully rearing cows and producing milk and butter, but they had the market where the goods could be disposed of at good prices. "In Nova Scotia we have the means of transit which enables the producer to get his goods promptly to the best markets. The raising of sheep is an industry that is engaged in with profit. Generally the crops this year are really good, with the exception of apples which is below the average."

they are doing splendidly. We have some excellent young women in domestic service, and they are giving excellent satisfaction to their employers. As an example I may say that the parents of one of these girls, along with the other members of the family, have decided to come to Nova Scotia in the spring, so pleased are they with the good reports sent home by their daughter. As Nova Scotia is no new place for the settlement of Inverness people, enquiry will reveal the fact that in the province today there are men who are moulding the destinies of Canada, and whose parents belonged to the north of Scotland. As an instance, take the Lieutenant Governor Duncan Cameron Fraser. He was born in Nova Scotia. His father came from Inverness. Educationally the Province of Nova Scotia stands very high indeed. In the sphere of technical instruction the province affords excellent opportunities for poor lads—that is to say, the sons of parents who are in a position to send their boys to college. We are not the only province in the Dominion that provides technical education for poor boys and thus equipping them with that education which their more fortunate brethren receive in the collegiate schools. The results obtained have been of the most satisfactory nature. Mr. Barnstead then spoke with reference to the fishing industry, remarking that the fishing industry of the Province is the greatest in the Dominion, being more than one fourth of the whole catch. Nova Scotia was also the largest mining province in Canada today. "Now, Mr. Barnstead, we on this side of the Atlantic hear a great deal about the semi-arctic weather you are supposed to have. Frankly, what are the facts?" "I will tell you," said Mr. Barnstead, with a smile. "It is really nothing short of extraordinary how so much rot is being indulged in about the climate conditions of Nova Scotia. As a matter of fact our province is in the latitude of the south of France, and while it does not enjoy the same climate conditions, yet our conditions are more like that which prevail in the Old Country than any other part of Canada. We are not a frozen country. On the contrary, the Halifax Harbor is open all the year round and is free from ice. If I were asked what type of emigrant stands the best chance of succeeding here I should unhesitatingly declare in favor of the Highlander, owing to his characteristics."

TO WARM OVER.  
"Then this," asked the rejected suitor, "is absolutely final?"  
"Quite," was the calm reply, "shall I return your letters?"  
"Yes, please," answered the young man. "There's some very good material in them I can use again."

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### A Plague of Mice Destroying Crops

A plague of mice that is causing great havoc has appeared in Pleasant Bay, on the northwestern coast of Cape Breton, some twenty miles beyond Cheticamp. The mice began their destructive work on the hay crop, cutting it as it stood in the field. When that was stored they attacked the grain. To show how completely they have done their work it need only be instanced that from the forty farmers (of course many of the farmers are fishermen too) there have been only seven bushels of grain saved in the entire settlement. Next they destroyed the garden vegetables and many a dinner during the coming winter will lack the delicacy imparted to it by the addition of carrots, cabbage, parsnips and beets. Already the mice have attacked the potatoes, and the diggers on opening up the drills find little more than the skins of the larger potatoes left in the ground. The mice have carried their work of destruction to the woods and are stripping off the bark from the tender saplings and shrubs as far as they can reach. Now they are entering the houses, cutting their way through the walls and threatening to destroy clothes, carpets, and the household furniture generally. The people have been digging pits, placing buckets filled with water in them having a halter and rod so arranged across the top that the unwary mouse tumbles unexpectedly into a watery grave. In spite of the myriads destroyed in this way there seems to be no abatement of the plague. The farmers are afraid to use poison for fear of polluting the streams and wells from which their cattle and themselves derive their water supply. The end is not yet, and what will eventually happen is hard to say. Winter may kill the mice or may only drive them into the houses and barns to do even greater damage. There is a report that the plague is spreading southward. Where will come the "piped pipe" in this time of need? It would seem as if this were a case for government investigation and action.—Halifax Herald.

### Nova Scotia Loses Veteran Educationist

A. McV. Patterson, for half a Century Principal of Horton Academy, Passed Away Yesterday. Wolfville, October 28.—The death of A. McV. Patterson, for half a century principal of Horton academy and a veteran educationist of the maritime provinces, took place unexpectedly at his residence this afternoon. Mr. Patterson was struck with paralysis Tuesday and was only sick thirty-six hours, part of which time he was unconscious. The deceased was eighty-one years of age, and was not only one of the best known educationists in the maritime provinces, but one of the leading citizens and occupied a conspicuous place in the church and in all good work. He well deserved the title "one of Nova Scotia's great men," as he built up the Horton school and his excellent work will long live in the lives of the boys who have passed through his school. He is succeeded as principal of Horton academy by his son. He is survived by a widow, three sons and one daughter. The sons are W. D. Patterson, at Calgary; Arthur H., principal of Horton academy, and Charles E., who resides on the old homestead. The daughter resides at home. The funeral will take place on Sunday afternoon at three o'clock from his late residence. The interment will be at Hortonville. BUREAU OF HEALTH. We are getting actively into line for conservation, but it should not be forgotten that the greatest movement of them all is that for the conservation of public health. The Dominion Conference has done well in recommending the establishment of a Federal Bureau of Health, which Dr. J. B. Black, M.P. for Halifax, has been vigorously advocating in Parliament.—Exchange.

### CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor Monitor-Sentinel: I am sending you a copy of "The Horse's Prayer," hoping you will print it in the Monitor. May the horse's prayer touch some stony heart is my earnest prayer. Perhaps it may reach some of the pious men, who work their horses hard all the week, then drive to church on Sunday and dose through a sermon, while the poor horse stands freezing in winter or in the hot sun in summer. A SUBSCRIBER. A request for large copies of "The Horse's Prayer" was received recently by the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals from the metropolitan park commissioners, who desired to frame them and hang them in the park and partition stables. Many of the large Boston merchants have placed the prayer in conspicuous places in their work and private stables. Through the kindness of Police Commissioner Carroll, it has been installed in all of the police and fire stations. The prayer, which was originated by Francis H. Rowley, is as follows: THE HORSE'S PRAYER. To THEE, MY MASTER, I offer my prayer: Feed me, water and care for me, and when the day's work is done, provide me with a shelter, a clean, dry bed and a stall wide enough for me to lie down in comfort. Always be kind to me. Talk to me. Your voice often means as much to me as the reins. Pet me sometimes, that I may serve you the more gladly and learn to love you. Do not jerk the reins, and do not whip me when going up hill. Never strike, beat or kick me when I do not understand what you want, but give me a chance to understand you. Watch me, and if I fail to do your bidding, see if something is not wrong with my harness or feet. Do not check me so that I cannot have the free use of my head. If you insist that I wear blinkers, so that I cannot see behind me as it was intended I should, I pray you be careful that the blinkers stand well out from my eyes. Do not overload me, or hitch me where water will drip on me. Keep me neat and clean. Examine my teeth when I do not eat; I may have an ulcerated tooth, and that, you know is very painful. Do not tie my head in an unnatural position, or take away my best defence against flies and mosquitoes, by cutting off my tail. I cannot tell you when I am thirsty, so give me clean, cool water often. Save me, by all means in your power, from that fatal disease—the glanders. I cannot tell you in words when I am sick, so watch me, that by signs you may know my condition. Give me all possible shelter from the hot sun, and put a blanket on me, not when I am working but when I am standing in the cold. Never put a frosty bit in my mouth, first warm it by holding it a moment in your hands. I try to carry you and your burdens without a murmur, and wait patiently for you long hours of the day or night. Without the power to choose my shoes or path, I sometimes fall on the hard pavements which I have often prayed might not be of wood, but of such a nature as to give me a safe and sure footing. Remember that I must be ready at any moment to lose my life in your service. And finally, O my master, when my useful strength is gone, do not turn me out to starve or freeze, or sell me to some cruel owner, to be slowly tortured and starved to death; but do Thou, my master, take my life in the kindest way, and your God will reward you here and hereafter. You will not consider me irreverent if I ask this in the name of Him who was born in a stable. Amen. MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DISTEMPER.

### A New Weapon for Medical Science

St. Paul, Oct. 24.—To a Minnesota seat of learning belongs the honor of giving to the world the most wonderful discovery for the physical benefit of mankind that has been known since medical science discovered the germ theory. Prof. H. C. Carel, of the University of Minnesota, for many years head of the department of medical chemistry and toxicology and chemistry to the Minnesota State Board of Health, has discovered a chemical which will revolutionize the warfare upon germ life, that has been the enemy of the human system, and bring success in cases where the physician and surgeon has been heretofore baffled, because of the lack of a proper agent with which to wage the warfare. Before giving out the result of his research, Prof. Carel has had exhaustive tests made by several of the leading state and university bacteriologists, and their reports having more than borne out his own, he comes before the world of medical science with styled Benetol, which he has fancifully styled Benetol, (Benetum Naphtholum) in spite of the desire of many of his friends that he give the chemical his own name. To the public mind it is enough to know that the new chemical is eight times as strong as carbolic acid, and yet is not a poison. That is to say, that by his discovery, physicians will be able to attack the deadly germs where they are lodged and living, within human beings, exactly as they have been attacking them externally. Never before have the guardians of the public health been able to give doses of any of the disinfectants in sufficient strength to kill germs. If now claimed for the first time, science has a weapon with which to attack the germs that have hitherto been entrenched within the human frame. The City Wilderness. When it came dark he went up to the highest floor of the livethan of steel and stood looking out over the city whose call had brought him from the far places. Under the veil of dusk, she gazed steadily, her lights gleaming vaguely through a mist. The sky in the west smouldered a sullen red under the slowly settling smoke. Here and there flames from furnaces shot upward sharply. To the south, above the mills, a line of fire swept across the sky. Trains on the Elevated crept along like sinuous serpents. In the streets men and women, ant-like, scurried along, their individual purpose hidden in the apparently purposeless rush of this ant-hill. Too far away to feel the human thrill of contact with the crowds, she gazed above the city peered down with the gaze of a judge on scenes he had before looked at with the glance of a passer-by. A settling clouding of the faces of the world over blazing fires of energy. Chicago revealed to the watcher on the heights her purpose, her power, her greatness, her glory as she had never shown them to him before. She was the splendid city of the toll of men. But what did she offer him? Success? He could win success on the outskirts of the world, where the boys of the fellows, would be working and winning by his side. Pleasure? He knew the taste of Dead Sea apples. What did she take from him? What had she already taken from him in payment for the pleasures? Youth and the gift of the gods—laughter! He chilled in the cold night air which swept up from the lake, and he moved over to where a forge-fire burned low. As he crouched beside it the desolation of the loneliness of the cities flooded over Steve MacDonald. He had known loneliness in the Bush when he had been miles away from a camp in the long nights of the Arctic, when the wolves howled round his camp-fire and no human being was within call, but where an answering fire cast its light on the white radiance of the sky and where there was always the knowledge that back in the Residency the boys would be keeping watch for his coming. From "The Boy Who Went Back to the Bush," by Mary Symon, in the November Scribner.

### OUR NEWEST WEST

**A Few More Observations on Western Scenes and Things Canadian, Closing the Entertaining and Instructive Series of Sketches, Written by Dr. M. E. Armstrong for Monitor-Sentinel Readers.**

(Continued from last issue.) Leaving Edmonton in the afternoon our train carried us back toward Calgary, to Wetaskiwin, forty miles. Here we were transferred to a branch line that makes off to the eastward, three hundred and twenty-five miles, to Saskatoon. Edmonton is situated near the centre of Alberta, Saskatoon near the centre of Saskatchewan and they are about three hundred miles apart in round numbers. They are connected by three different railroad lines. The C.P.R. runs forty miles south of Edmonton then makes off eastward to Saskatoon, the G.T. Pacific leaves Edmonton in a direct line for it, while the Canadian Northern runs out to the northward a few miles, then starts off to the east so that a cross-section of the country a few miles east from Edmonton would show the three lines paralleling each other and from twenty to thirty miles apart. The distances between them vary considerably, between these two important points, as we shall see farther on. Our train from Wetaskiwin was of the accommodation variety, made up of one passenger car and a lot of freight cars. Our train across the continent was the through express and made up of the very best coaches and cars that railroads use; these carry largely through passengers who, like ourselves are quite strangers to our surroundings. From Calgary to Edmonton we were on the local express, like our own mail trains, stopping at every station and carrying largely local passengers. This last transfer puts us on an other type still and seems quite crude in all its appurtenances compared with the Pacific Express. We have here found the C.P.R. in its every day, working clothes and far removed from the rush and clamour of the main east and west line. If one wishes to study the country and its people a little in detail he wants to travel by these accommodation coaches, where there is ample time to learn all the ins and outs or ups and downs of the prairie towns, the crops and country, from one's fellow travellers as one rolls leisurely along over the rough and new road-bed, or is shunted and hunted backward and forward at the stations, with an occasional back-breaking jerk that would almost ruffle a man's good nature if he were not intensely interested in the wheat fields or the story of his near neighbors. To cover this distance on a through train would take about ten hours. We did it on our "accommodation" in eighteen, not counting the ten hours we hauled up on a siding and waited for morning. (Continued on page 4.)

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