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# Weekly



# Journal

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 27, 1889.

NO. 51.

New Goods,  
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Compiling  
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HATS & CAPS,  
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SHELF HARDWARE,  
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CASH ON ACCOUNT ON ALL  
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JOHNSON'S  
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MOST WONDERFUL  
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Always in position, but invisible to others and  
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and whispering distinctly. We refer to  
these using them. Send for illustrated book  
of proof. Price, \$1.00. Address, T. H. BROWN,  
Broadway, N. Y.

NOTICE  
All persons having legal demands against  
the estate of J. Stewart Leonard, late  
of Paradise, in the County of Annapolis,  
deceased, are requested to tender the  
same, duly attested, within twelve months  
from the date hereof, and all persons indebted  
to said estate are requested to make im-  
mediate payment to  
ANNIE B. LEONARD, Executrix,  
Paradise, January 12th, 1889. 3m

### Poetry.

My Boy and Life's Battle,  
Go forth to the battle of life, my boy,  
Go while it is called today,  
For the years are outland the years come in,  
Negatives of these who may live or win,  
Of those who stay workers play.

And the troops march steadily on, my boy,  
To the army god before,  
You may have the sound of their falling  
feet  
Going down to the river where the world  
meets  
They go to return no more.

There's a place for you in the ranks, my  
boy,  
And duty, too, assigned,  
Step into the front with a cheerful face;  
Be quick, or you may miss your place,  
And you may be left behind.

There is work to be done by the way, my  
boy,  
That you never can avoid,  
Work for the old, the weak, the  
work for the poor, the plain, the  
work for the hands and the brain.

The serpent will follow your steps, my  
boy,  
To lay for you feet a snare;  
And pleasure sits in his golden  
With garlands of poppies and lotus flowers  
In wreathing her golden hair.

Temptations will wait by the way, my  
boy,  
Temptations without and within;  
And spirits of evil, with robes of  
As those which the angels in heaven might  
wear,  
Will lure you to deadly sin.

Then put on the armor of God, my boy,  
In the beautiful days of youth;  
Put on the helmet of the  
And the sword of the  
In the cause of right and truth.

And go the battle of life, my boy,  
With the peace of the Gospel  
And before high heaven do the best you  
can  
For the great reward and the good of man,  
For the kingdom and crown of God.

Select Literature.  
(To the Monitor)  
Iquique, Chile, Jan. 18th, 1889.

Dear Mr. Editor:—In a former letter I  
believe I finished my rambling remarks  
with the statement that I had arrived in  
Iquique on the 15th inst. In the space  
of time intervening since then, and the  
present, which has been spent in Santiago  
—let me attempt a short description of the  
Chilian coast as seen by me in a trip from  
Valparaiso to the boundaries of Peru.  
Chili, if for nothing more, should attract  
attention because of its peculiar form of  
great length and remarkably narrow  
width. It extends from stormy and stormy  
Coast Virginia down to the Southern At-  
lantic along the Pacific Coast to Peru,  
within the tropics. It has within that  
region every type of climate from the  
snows of the Magellan Straits to the hot  
desert regions of the North; from the pine  
and spruce forests of the German settle-  
ments in Valdivia to the grape and orange  
fields near and around Santiago. Its scenery  
is such that no pen can convey a con-  
ception of its grandeur. In places you  
already do the great Andes just out into  
the ocean, that in some of its unbroken  
lullabies the roar of the Pacific's surf  
gushes, reverberating, rolling  
on through their vast canyons, only  
lost as a murmur amid the tempests that  
often rage in the wilds of greater heights.  
These Andes should keep cool as their feet  
are cooled by the grateful breeze of the  
ocean, but in some of its towering  
peaks, sometimes angrily away up among  
their hoary heights, always robing them in  
a fresh mantle of snow. Yet down on the  
sloping plains and in the sheltered valleys  
that wind in and out among the erratic  
cross ridges of mountain masses, is a  
surpassing landscape with a climate un-  
surpassed in the world, on the  
protecting walls of nature's own build-  
ing, on the west inviting the whole world  
to her shores. The peasant as he wanders  
through his fields and hears the low of his  
cattle or the bleat of his sheep as they  
quietly graze—the merchant as he goes his  
daily round of toll—the homeward man  
centers across country, looking in one  
direction at times, can see the dark blue  
line marking the ocean, separating, yet  
connecting his back and looking up as seen  
perhaps in the glare of the sun's full  
splendor, the fire-burnt rocks, the spark-  
ling ice-bonded glaciers, the gleaming snow  
fields of Chilian glory, the Andes; but at  
times he sees them stern, awful, as when  
heralded by a bolt of lightning, or the  
thunder's crash, by the belching forth of  
black smoke and hissing steam, as some-  
times volcanic mountain grumbles perhaps  
these gigantic peaks bow out to the other  
as rocked in the grip of a rending earth-  
quake.

Just as the sun sinks down out of sight  
beneath a flood of quivering, sparkling  
gold, we weigh anchor and steam away out  
of Valparaiso Bay, for the north. Behind  
us this city, (the "vale of Paradise") built  
on the slope of abrupt and broken hills, is  
presenting a most picturesque and quaint  
appearance with its thousands of flashing  
lights which can be seen from the walls of  
a great amphitheater, each house  
perched above the roof of its neighbor be-  
low. Now the report of the seven o'clock  
gun booms across the water, and down  
from the heights above the city the big-  
gong donkey brays farewell, suspicious  
and on "buen viaje." Off for the north  
and a good vacation, taken with no  
pleasant anticipations, and as the moon,  
multiplied by one thousand, forming cir-  
cular figures on the glassy surface of the  
perfectly smooth ocean, casts a most in-  
teresting light over all, we sit on deck  
and listen to the splash of the propeller  
and speculate on the deep and mystic shadows  
of the great mountains and cliffs we are  
passing—dream in idleness—until sleep  
drives us away to our rest, and we know  
nothing more until boat hounds: "Son  
las ocho horas," (8 o'clock Sir.)

Now for a little exploring of the vessel  
which we are to spend some five days,  
and below what we find surprising us. What  
a scene of lively contentment. Still all  
well-filled with fat cattle, sheep, and  
pigs, aware that in the course of the  
voyage, become, for devility, almost as  
savage as the celebrated herd that met  
such a sad fate, heen coop piled on hen  
pigs, ducks and geese, cross-fallen turkeys,  
and every inmate of a well-stocked farm,  
and then every kind of vegetable,  
fruit, all bound for the towns of the  
north, beyond 20° or 30° S. L. the  
country is a great desert, rain is unknown,  
and many of the inhabitants would be  
as surprised to see a drop of rain coming  
from the clouds above as we at home to see  
it raining sheets of gold, and as grateful  
for the years roll onward with a monotonous  
sway, but that change comes in the  
weather, and that change comes in the  
work of the machinery; in the village  
balance—the speaking weather-forecast—  
the employment and drawing-room  
parties are forced to resign the old and  
fruitful subject of weather, and what they  
substitute in its place, I have not yet  
discovered—perhaps earthquakes. The  
eye buds and buds and sees sought but  
the hard rock and burning shifting sands  
No blade of grass affords a grateful relief,  
no tree or shrub, no bush, no fern,  
no mountain pine, no hill above hill—  
grand for their rich coloring, their mag-  
nificent sunsets, their stern and even awful  
loneliness. Man burrows into them in  
search of his hidden treasures, builds  
his house at junction of cliff and sea, and  
in exchange for the precious metals that  
he has extracted from his mines, the out-  
side world supplies his every want. He  
takes logs and coal and by them, one  
of the most important supplies these  
wants make me ask the question "Why is Eng-  
land great?"—her steamers do the carrying,  
her merchants supply the markets,  
her manufactures make the machinery by  
which one of the richest mining districts  
in the world is run. The British Jack  
flies from nearly every steamer and vessel  
that calls at the ports of the west coast.  
Her decks come out with the flowers of  
England's factories, and go back loaded  
with copper, bullion, and niggers. These  
people here have a greater faith in the  
veracity and honor of a British Com-  
mercial House than in those of any other  
country or nation of the world. And in  
regard to England that which is seen here  
of the coast is repeated on all the coasts  
of the globe. The British flag is well known  
in the seaport towns of South America, of  
Africa, of Asia, and in the great docks of the  
quaint city of commerce, Liverpool. Ex-  
actly this disposition, and all you can do  
to encourage trade with Great Britain. She  
is not dead yet.

In the third class quarters we had about  
300 Chilian miners, and a harder lot I  
never set eyes on, devil incarnate, natural  
born thieves and murderers, men who  
when above ground break into fearful im-  
temperance and seem to think they must  
do all they can to trouble and annoy. In  
the stillness of one night we heard a  
hideous howl from twenty or thirty lusty  
thieves, and running through the discor-  
dant yell the agonized cry of a poor Chilian  
man whom they first robbed of twelve  
hundred silver dollars, and a gold  
watch, then stabbed, and finally  
attempted to throw into the sea. The  
captain went among them, but seeing the  
gleam of some dangerous looking steel  
turned and backed away under cover of  
a full cocked revolver.

That night we slept with doors locked  
and with revolvers within reach, and next  
day the ship manned with a strong guard  
of soldiers, as three hundred armed riflemen  
under the influence of drink are not to be  
trusted. They had threatened to rob every  
first-class passenger, and generally made  
for one day.

We have, as there always is here,  
glorious sparkling blue sea, rolling, fresh  
breeze. A wonderful climate on  
this coast, and it may be doubted if  
any other coast can be found in the world. What  
a delight as our steamer rounds headland  
after headland and we allow ourselves  
lastly to drink in the beauty of the scenery.  
Here and there peaking through a gap in  
the great wall of cliffs, our eye is caught  
by the silvery gleam of a rushing torrent  
that flows its way down from the melting  
glaciers and snow peaks of the Andes.  
How strange to look on these heights  
where man "never treads," and think that  
as monuments of the dying centuries so  
they ever stand communing with clouds  
in the vapors of the heavens, new clear  
and well defined in the full blaze of a noonday  
sun, again black as ink as the electric ball  
flashes across dark chasms, leaping from  
peak to peak, and the reverberating thun-  
ders roll from rock to rock, then orma-  
go as he bathed in the mellow light of  
the setting sun, or as when the pale moon  
rises above their eastern sides and they re-  
pose as monstrous specters, their myster-  
ious shadows thrown across sleeping vil-  
lages, shimmering cliffs. The North  
mountain placed beside Aconcagua, would,  
it helping the ascent of this mighty mass  
of volcanic rock as a stepping stone  
placed beside the dome of St. Paul's; that  
so towers over the great buildings of the  
city of London. And this mountain is  
not lonely, it has companions almost as  
high. The atmosphere here is wonderfully  
clear, and one can see easily 150 miles  
as in Nara Bockia. The long distances  
and the great heights give the atmos-  
pheric effects. Here and there as we pass  
along we see great reefs of rocks, and a  
long patient swell that perhaps rolled on  
in search of something to dash against  
from the very shores of Chilian now in  
mighty bounds leaps into the air and  
the play of thousands of miniature rain-  
bows, falls in foaming spray, nothing in

white foam over the surrounding rocks.  
Now our attention is caught by the fin of  
a shark cutting swiftly through the water,  
the springing into momentary safety of a  
flying fish, the swirling sound of a diver  
as he dashes down with an arrow to  
secure the unsuspecting prey, the tremen-  
dous excitement among a school of small  
fish, as the clumsy porpoise founders about  
with mouth open for the frightened victim  
to fall into; so, the time passes pleasantly,  
the monotony broken by such incidents,  
reading, photographing interesting bits of  
coast, sailing at small ports, landing male  
and sending shore provisions, for now we  
are within the rainless belt, and taking on  
our passengers.

We leave our steamer at Antofagasta, a  
mining town of 4000 or 5000, and stay  
there for three days until the arrival of the  
next steamer that arrives at further north.  
To reach this town we needed from Wed-  
nesday afternoon until Sunday evening.  
The town is situated on the shores of a  
semi-circular bay on a sandy plain that  
slopes upward from great rocky mountains  
that rise abruptly almost perpendicularly  
from the plain.

Antofagasta, just on the tropic of Capri-  
corn, (according to Chilian maps) is the  
terminus of a railroad of a narrower gauge  
than the roads in Prince Edward Island,  
a railroad that climbs by narrow, and often  
dangerous footing to mines 10,000 feet high,  
some 350 miles inland, and boasts of a  
bridge three hundred feet high. Some of  
the road will continue on into Bolivia, and  
this town will become the outlet for  
Bolivian trade, which for some distance is  
now entrained to mine back.

The greatest product here is nitrate,  
which is exported for agricultural purposes,  
and it seems the deposits are found in the  
beds of what have originally been hygro-  
scopic salt lakes, which in the course  
of time have evaporated, leaving beds of  
this useful mineral to be gradually covered  
in by the sand and earth blown from the  
surrounding hills. In one place I was  
told by a proprietor of one of these beds  
the sand had covered 5 feet, and be-  
low that the nitrate, then below that  
again, straggles to say, mountains—  
from the sea to the mountains, and in the  
desert led them to dig, and they came to  
the remains of a buried forest, petrified  
logs of wood, twigs and leaves, specimens  
of which I saw. Here vegetation sprang  
into life, the gentleman seems to think that  
if the ground could be tapped, untailing  
springs would be found fed by a river flow-  
ing from the melting snows of the Andes  
lost in the sands. Time changes, climate  
as well as well as individuals and nations.  
Wonderful to think we were standing on  
buried forests, perhaps rich coal seams,  
that once these Western slopes these great  
valleys were clothed in rich vegetation,  
fresh verdure, and that they boasted of a  
peculiar and mysterious Indian civilization  
long before the white sails of the  
Spaniards were seen on the coast and he  
began his great work of extermination.  
How gladly would we look into the history  
of these people and cannot. These hills  
tell no tales.

We can gaze in curiosity at their old  
monuments, listen with interest to old  
legendary tales, go down and explore their  
old gold and silver mines, handle a few  
arrow heads and cleverly wrought orna-  
ments, but nothing more. The imper-  
meable mist of oblivion has shrouded  
them in their grasp, and no eye is strong  
enough to pierce through the gloom. A  
new race who think themselves gods of  
invention and genius, walk over their  
ashes and know not the treasures of art  
or of science that the cruel hand of time  
has blotted out. With what breathless  
interest will the history of forgotten peo-  
ples be looked on when all things are  
made plain.

From Antofagasta we take the S. L.  
Jack, one of our agricultural boats of the  
South American Company, a steamer that  
was built in Glasgow, or on the Clyde, as  
indeed are all the rest on this coast, and  
magnificently fitted up especially for the  
South American trade. Electric light-  
ing and electric bells are among the con-  
veniences of all the steamers which ply  
their busy trade between Valparaiso and Pan-  
ama.

A run of a day and a night brought us  
to Iquique, a city that has grown immen-  
sely in a few years and now numbers over  
20,000 people, who directly or indirectly,  
as the case may be, make a living or a  
fortune out of the nitrate deposits of the  
"pampas" of the interior. After arguing,  
after remonstrating and demonstrating,  
using all our stock of Spanish words, we  
finally convince the boatman that \$3 is all  
he can get for him for landing, and we  
rather than an empty belly we make us  
the remark: "If you claim to be a gentle-  
man and only give me \$3 for such terribly  
hard work." So we find ourselves  
standing rather discontentedly watching  
the stupid custom house officials inspect  
our trunks by means of a conveniently  
adjusted eye glass. There are duties here,  
and they are found just where they are not  
wanted—as at home. There is also a pro-  
hibition in this country: if you pass from  
one port to another your baggage must be  
examined.

The other day a poor shopkeeper started  
out from Valparaiso with a ton of tobacco  
and wished to land at a northern Chilian  
town, but was charged an enormous duty.  
He went back to the port from which he  
started, and then had to pay the same  
amount as the article had paid on coming  
into the country. He thought it was  
robbery and determined to vote for the  
opposition next election.

Iquique presents the spectacle of a town,  
shriving, rich to an enormous degree in  
the midst of a great desert. Entirely  
new the population is made up of people  
from every quarter of the globe. As you  
walk along the streets you hear English,  
German, French, Italian, Spanish, and  
other tongues between which an unac-  
customed ear would find it difficult to  
distinguish all. The Chinaman is the same  
here as in the land of the rising sun, and  
it is funny to hear him murmur the Span-  
ish. The "L" is the most difficult letter  
to correctly pronounce in Spanish, it  
is always sounded by poor John as "L"  
and the combination he makes are sometimes  
wonderful. We take rooms in the French

and English, and just in time for the  
Chilian dinner, 6 o'clock in the evening,  
take our seat in the large dining room  
around which the hotel is built, the room  
being a large court yard with a nice floor.  
Overhead canvas is stretched, and with  
the cool sea breezes blowing in on us, Italian  
harpers and violinists discoursing sweet  
music, we enjoy our dinner. To show the  
mixed state of the population, at the table  
where I was seated were two Germans, a  
Spaniard, a Yankee, and a Nova Scotian  
is known, a "blan one."  
From Iquique, too, a railroad climbs up  
the mountains over the "pampas" to the  
nitrate and silver mines of the interior.  
On the "pampas" are the "oficias" of  
the different companies who are working  
the nitrate mines of the interior. Each  
day numbers of nitrate laden waggons  
with their rain-barred cargo, slightly but-  
tressed, and it is an interesting sight to see  
the train slowly making its way down the  
mountain sides, bearing what is making  
the fortune of so many. Iquique (Eskeskee)  
counts among her population a number of  
men who are millionaires. Silver has  
made some such, gold others, and above  
all nitrate. One man here came as a poor  
young chap to work his way up, invited  
into a man of silver, and he would not  
be done, worked for some years, and  
made a little more money, worked some  
time at the mine, no result. To work  
again and with his earnings paying for  
men and beasts, in despair, pawing every-  
thing he had, he went up to the mine for  
one final effort—a last "blast"—went  
in with his workmen, laid his charge, fired it,  
and when the smoke cleared away he saw  
a vein of pure rich silver ore lying before  
him; from poverty to riches, he became a  
possessor of \$50,000. And this change  
in a moment. But it was the labor of the  
life rewarded. This is the life of the  
town—to-day poor, to-morrow rich—the  
fever of gambling rests on the place, and  
many a suicide tells a sad story of all  
staked and lost. The town has had some  
fine bands, and in the evening the place  
they play choice selections from the popu-  
lar operas of grand opera.

Religion is purely at a discount. Even  
the priest is thrust aside in the race for  
gold, and gets small encouragement  
among people who live on from year to  
year in the hope of going back to their  
native land rich. If any poor devil fancies  
for gaming and drinking he is despised.  
He must not give his whole time to this,  
only his evening hours. Temperance in the  
American adaptation of the term, is a  
word unknown.

But, Mr. Editor, all the other towns in  
the north of Chilian which I saw are poorer  
than Iquique, and would not be worth  
separate mention. Seeing these things  
I have been thinking of the Chilian coast,  
and I find the north of Coquimbo to  
be a great barren desert, rich, yet desper-  
ately poor to be without the wonderful  
mineral wealth that supports its popula-  
tion. To a lover of magnificent scenery  
there is ample to repay him for a visit to  
these wilds, for I believe for grandeur of  
mountain and coast, few countries can com-  
pare with Chilian.

I often compare places I have seen with  
some scenery, with what is known where-  
over English is spoken as the "land of  
Evangeline," and I believe even though  
Longfellow has spent some of his wonder-  
ful talent in describing the old Acadian  
land, there can still be added to it praises  
which will not be flattery, and I often find  
myself thinking—Yes, these orange  
groves may be pretty, but they are not half  
so lovely as an apple orchard at home in  
the first weeks of June; these mountains  
are grand, but they are not so rich as our  
hills when king frost has painted them  
from his matchless palette in the first  
weeks of October; these cities may be  
interesting, yet they are not half so  
picturesque as our pretty, picturesque  
villages with their graceful elm trees, but  
let me say with the first words I learnt of  
Spanish, "Hasta luego," "Hasta luego!"

Yours most sincerely,  
A. F. TROOP.

A diphtheria scarer  
There is no doubt but that diphtheria in  
its worst form is very prevalent in many  
cities and small towns. At the same time,  
that fact is no reason for frightening people  
out of their wits, with every new case of  
sore throat. Even ulcerated sore throat is  
not dangerous, and no person would have  
that for fun. Yet hundreds of persons are  
said to have had diphtheria who only had a  
severe sore throat. The form of sore throat  
which often passes for diphtheria is what  
people call croup, "fatted sore throat,"  
known long before diphtheria was  
probably a form of diphtheria, and very  
dangerous. And old hospital nurses  
know it well. It is the clear cold of  
winter that lays people up with colds,  
catarrh, and sore throats, and lays the  
children down with diphtheria; it is the  
pleasant, alternating with the wet, slushy  
days. This is very true, and explains  
why those troubles are so prevalent in  
usually soft rainy winter; the air, in  
fact, is laden with poisonous vapors. The  
first symptoms of true diphtheria are much  
like those of a heavy cold on the lungs.  
There is fever, some stupor, and difficulty  
in breathing. Very sharp pains are often  
felt in the neck glands, just below the ear.  
The tongue is coated, the throat and tonsils  
inflamed, little white spots, which  
increase and turn to a dirty yellow or  
brown color next appear, and a peculiar  
odor totally unlike ulcerated sore throat is  
noticeable. If the disease is of the black  
catarrh type nothing but a miracle  
or malignant type nothing to their former  
good health. Very many reliable people  
claim to have cured severe cases of diphter-  
ia by the use of Johnson's Anodyne Linctus.  
Be that as it may, it is worth trying,  
because so easily used internally, dropped  
into the ear, or used as a gargle, and being  
external use. We know from experience  
that it will cure common sore throat in one  
night, and thousands of people claim that  
no remedy known will relieve colds,  
catarrh, bronchitis, croup, etc., as promptly  
as the good old Johnson's Linctus. If  
it cures them, why not diphtheria? It is  
an old family physician's prescription. I,  
S. Johnson & Co., Boston, will send free  
to any person an illustrated pamphlet  
about it. Send them your name.

—Ellen Barker of Dover, N. H., writes  
she was a child, she died of diphtheria,  
and she shall never forget her death. It  
was the end of such a long life, and she  
shall never forget her death. It was the  
end of such a long life, and she shall never  
forget her death. It was the end of such a  
long life, and she shall never forget her  
death. It was the end of such a long life,  
and she shall never forget her death. It  
was the end of such a long life, and she  
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