

WILD SHEEP OF NOVA SCOTIA

They Are Perfectly Wild And Are Quite at Home in the Sea

On the east coast of Nova Scotia is an archipelago of thousands of isles, wooded and rocky. Four hundred years ago the hardy French voyagers who first settled this part of Canada hailed these pretty islands with delight. They settled there before they would trust themselves upon the mainland and there they turned out the live stock—flabby Breton ponies, hardy little Jerseylike cows, and lanky sheep.

The sheep grazed where the cattle and the horses found the problem of existing difficult. Soon they paddled in the shallow waters of the outgoing tide in their desire to catch at the floating eel grass and tubulous kelp. Then the discovery came that swimming was not beyond their powers, and they need not remain prisoners on single islands when there were scores of others for them to visit.

So they peopled numbers of the islands, and straggling along the whole coast line became no man's flocks, having returned to a pristine wildness.

So it comes that in Nova Scotia, especially in Guysboro County, there is a breed of big sheep loaded down with heavy wool of as many years growth as they are old, perfectly wild, living on the sea coast. Swift on their feet they are as alert to danger as their cousins the mountain sheep of the Pacific coast. They jump from cliffs of considerable height, trusting to their heavy fleeces to save their bones from harm. They are ready on the instant to plunge into the waves and swim off to safety.

They are sure footed as antelopes, vigilant as chamois. This, too, despite the fact that they are always rolling in fat. Ragged looking the old timers grow to be especially about the neck, but this is when maturity has been passed and old age is coming on. Otherwise they are tidy looking creatures, though their fleeces are prodigiously exaggerated.

They are partly carnivorous, these sheep of the sea coast. At least an observant watcher will notice that they nose away at the soft spots of the beach after eel worms and mussels, and chewed clam shells are commonly to be met with on their pasturages. But their regular food is eel grass, eel grass, and kelp.

In the winter they are apt to suffer. The spray dashes into the fleeces and freezes there in cold weather. All along the high water mark the sea walls of ice form. Many sheep are drowned here while feeding on sea weed. Were it not for the dangers of the winter season the sheep would become exceedingly numerous, for they breed quickly and not very many of them fall before the hunters.

CAUTION AT LEVEL CROSSINGS

High Court Says Responsibility Not Entirely With Railway

"Stop, Look, Listen."—In these three words might be summarized a tip handed out to the general public by Their Lordships of the Court of Review, in disposing of a level-crossing case at Montreal. In fact, the whole judgment might be condensed into these three words for the judges confirmed the finding of the lower court and dismissed the plaintiff's action with costs.

The case arose over an accident which occurred at a Papineauville crossing when Joseph Boyer was run down and killed by the Montreal Ottawa train. The victim was driving a team of horses and an empty rig down a steep hill leading to the tracks. There was nothing to obstruct his view, and the train was the regular express, with whose scheduled movements the victim was familiar. He did not notice the train until he was on the track and until the locomotive was only a few feet away. The inevitable happened. He was mangled. The widow sued.

Their Lordships' ruling regarding the duties incumbent upon persons making use of level crossings might be summarized as follows: A person approaching a railway crossing, knowing it to be such, must know, at the same time, that he is confronted by an ever present possibility of a train passing; he must furthermore know that such train has a right to pass such crossing—possibly as good or even a better right than he has to cross; he must know that the crossing of the train may be fraught with danger to himself; in the presence of this possible danger, common prudence, not to say common sense, renders it incumbent upon that person to take every precaution; if he fails to do this and if he runs into the train—instead of having the train run into him—well, then, so much the worse for the person; he alone is responsible for what comes.

Germany Will Not Back Down

BERLIN, May 14.—"The Mauretania or any other British liner will be torpedoed, sunk, and meet the same fate as the Lusitania if our submarines can reach them, and that they can has been demonstrated."

"We will continue to wage war against England with the same relentlessness and remorselessness that she is waging against us."

"Nothing will deter us from that; nothing will cause us to deviate from that course, except England's own action."

Thus declare a high German government official to-day, when asked what the future submarine policy would be.

"Germany unaffectedly regrets and sorrows over the loss of so many neutral lives on the Lusitania, but the responsibility rests wholly with the British."

"Admiral Von Tirpitz told you in December that Germany did not want war to the knife but England would have it. A nation that is fighting for its very existence, against so relentless and remorseless a foe as Germany is fighting also has a duty to perform to its own women and children, and non-combatants, and that is to fight for them with every means at its command."

His jaws came together with a click, and the look on his face made me think of a man with his back against the wall.

BLYTH, Eng., May 14 (12.53 p. m.)

A German submarine is reported to have been sunk in the North Sea. The captain of the steamer Collarone, on reaching port to-day stated that his vessel apparently had destroyed the submarine by running it down off the Northumberland coast.

No submarine was seen, but the captain said his ship struck a submerged obstacle.

A large quantity of oil subsequently appeared on the surface, and the conclusion was drawn that a submarine had been run down.

London, May 4.—"Owing to the reported presence of German submarines in the Mediterranean," says Reuters Athens correspondent, "the British legation has issued a notice through the local press offering a reward of \$2,500 to anyone supplying information which will lead to their destruction."

In Ditches and Darkness

(From an officer to a friend in London.)

We were relieved last night. It was the darkest night, I think, that I have ever known. I avoided going back by a road that was expected to be shelled. We had to go across country for about a mile. Imagine the difficulty, with ditches of filthy water and other horrors, of getting 62 men [who had no idea of the way they were going or the direction of anything] back to the road again.

I managed it with great difficulty and after a long time. I only lost one man, who was unfortunately shot in the leg by a stray bullet, and prospectively fell into a deep ditch, nearly up to his neck, as far as I could make out. All the men round him stood then in the black darkness and started shouting for help. I don't know if they expected two policemen to rush up with a stretch er and dark lantern; anyway, I stopped the line, as I was in front, and made them all lie down flat, and wait till I investigated the matter.

At last a corporal got him out, and I had to leave a sergeant, a corporal and two men to get him to a farmhouse about 400 yards back, where there was a field telephone. It is a quarter of three when they didn't lose their way. Three-quarters of an hour later the man was at the field dressing station.

I counted every one and found all present; then we went on, each man holding on the rifle or coat of the man in front of him, and would you believe it, when we got on to the road again, which was like getting home after a tedious journey, two men were missing. They turned up, I am glad to say, and we all arrived at our billets two miles farther on, rather late, but without having left any one behind.

I ended the day by falling into a ditch myself just up to the knees as I was going into our billet to have dinner.

The Crowning Crime

The sinking of the "Lusitania" is certainly a great victory for Germany. The song of hate should be sung in every church in that pious land as a sort of paean to its war-god. The Kaiser is avenged on the "Lusitania" for having in her day put his boasted "Kaiser Wilhelm II." into the second class. The "Lusitania" still claimed to be queen of the seas in point of speed, and as such was an emblem of the British boast to rule the waves. But she is destroyed. Let him offer whole burnt-offerings in the house of his Dagon. Fifteen hundred innocents have perished with her. Let him praise his god

WOODSTOCK SCHOOL OF MUSIC

The most successful Music School in Canada

THE WOODSTOCK SCHOOL OF MUSIC was started by Mrs. Adney simply as a Name under which the scope of work of the most successful teacher of music in this Province might be extended. We shall not here refer to the course of study offered, except in a passing way, but to those more personal matters which so far out weigh all other considerations as to make the list of truly successful schools of any kind very few in number. It is together a matter of the TEACHER.

The secret of Mrs. Adney's widely known success is that resolved upon having the best instruction at any cost she had the wisdom to select or the good fortune to be directed to the BEST TEACHERS IN AMERICA, and has the faculty of imparting what they taught her. William Mason was our greatest teacher of Piano and admitted as the equal of the best of Europe. He was a pupil of the immortal Liszt. Her lessons, over an extended period, were cheap at six dollars apiece. Previously, she had instruction from Gonzalo Nunez, a distinguished graduate of the Paris Conservatory, where Prof. Le Couppay was Instructor on Piano. This world's greatest music school also perpetuates the musical theories of Liszt. These ideas lead to a technique in contrast with that of the dry, so-called German technique. We criticize German execution, not German music. The influence, however, of this nation of musicians is such that their "method" is the one nearly everywhere met with. Combining Mason's "Touch & Technic" with the thus rarely taught "Conservatoire method," it is worthy of note that Mrs. Adney's steady use of "Le Couppay" has exhausted the American edition, and a new one is being printed for her use.

In Voice, Mrs. Adney was in a sense almost equally fortunate. After some instruction from a famous (that is to say, well advertised) teacher, whose method was not as great as his celebrity, nor his charges, she took lessons under Mr. A. A. Pattou, a distinguished French singer and teacher, who with the finest credentials that France had to offer, came to New York to make his debut where German influence controlled everything from orchestra members to press critic, and it being shortly after the Franco-Prussian war his reception was so hostile that he abandoned his intended career in Grand Opera, and retired to the routine work of a teacher. Later she studied at the N. Y. Vocal Institute, under the talented Mr. Tubbs, editor of The Vocalist, and derived many ideas that have proven of great value here. So it happened that, by accident or otherwise, Mrs. Adney acquired the method in singing of the great Garcia, and the almost equally famous Shakespeare—the only true method of voice production and that which has produced the great singers of Italian and French Opera.

When deciding to carry on her well known private work in Piano, Singing, Musical Theory, etc., under the name of the Woodstock School of Music, it was with the idea of extending its scope as opportunity might offer. It perhaps did not occur that Woodstock could not maintain a "Victoria Conservatory of Music," which during her three years after it establishment became an institution of such recognized importance in the music world of Canada, that a special publication entitled "Musical Toronto" gave her and her work extended space. Perhaps it was because one of her pupils, solely instructed by her, went to the Toronto College of Music and in the same year took the Gold Medal in Piano. Two other pupils sisters, one fifteen and one thirteen years of age, after studying with Mrs. Adney entered one of the foremost Conservatories in Europe and began immediately to play in public recitals. The head master writing to their parents said "they have had the perfection of piano forte training and are artists already." Today her work has become so well recognized in the United States, that she has been invited to become a member of the International Musical Society, formed thirteen years ago by the very leading musical professors and patrons of the world, and only seeking membership of those identified with "advanced musical research and its results."

There is a point relating to "Diplomas," "Graduation," etc., upon which Mrs. Adney needs again to remind the public. Except for theoretical studies such as harmony, this school gives no "Diplomas," has no "Graduates." In all practical, artistic work, the only test of proficiency recognized among artists is that of the actual work itself, except for the degree of Doctor of music, for which only the masters ever qualify, and which is recognition of exceptional proficiency and musical learning. For all others the only recognized test is ability to perform, from memory, to say, two recitals, a program of pieces of certain grades of difficulty, one of ordinary music, and one from the representative works of the great Masters. The program itself is the "certificate" and no teacher of high standing ever offers anything else; and whatever institutions hold forth as an inducement the prospect of a "Diploma" for a certain length of time in study, it may be taken as certain that the actual teacher is indifferent—any person whom the institution finds it convenient from time to time to employ. Even a school or institution becomes famous only through some exceptional TEACHER in it. An artist of real distinction offers only his program; no one asks or cares WHAT school he studied at, but who was his TEACHER. The aim of this school is not to grind out graduates with diplomas; we offer the best musical instruction, in our lines, that can be obtained in the Maritime Provinces, if not in Canada, and better than will be obtained by going to any but the few greater masters in the large cities of the United States.

Thus Woodstock offers advantages for musical study that one may go to any city in Canada, or to New York or London, and perchance not get. Mrs. Adney did not in the first instance select Woodstock as furnishing the full scope for her exceptional talents as a teacher, but she has made it and the work done here by pupils who are now successful teachers in various parts of United States and Canada, a credit to Town and Province.

Harmony, History and Theory of Music taught in classes which are free to pupils of the school. Ensemble classes taught by Mrs. Adney are also free.

Prospectus on application.

for that and receive the plaudits of his Berliners with a happy face. It is certainly a victory; but the most fatal one that a government could win. It condemns that government to the loathing of mankind. It is some poor testimony to the humanity of the Germans that, to save its face with them, the Kaiser's government gave out that the "Lusitania" was fully armed as a war vessel. This lie is an act of desperation. The German press, believing it or not, has greedily clutched at it: The German people has been fooled in a way that any people not drilled to servile submission would resent with rage. The reptile press of Germany gloats and sneers and insults in the fulness of its satisfaction. In callous insolence towards injured neutrals it surpasses itself. By far the most appalling fact in connection with this infamy is that it seems to be adopted by a whole people as its own. This blow is upon us and on our children, Germany cries out, Not all Germany. There are good souls there. The veil is a German society for showing kindness to British prisoners. But as though to make the world sure of the nation's badness of heart there are Germans in the United States, where all the atrocity of the war is known, and it is said in Canada, demanding this crime of crimes. The world will have neither peace nor joy until this democratized people shall be brought to its right mind. —Montreal Weekly Witness

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