Weekly Monitor

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 30. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. WEDNESDAY. FEBRUARY 18, 1903. NO. 47

Professional Cards.

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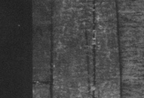

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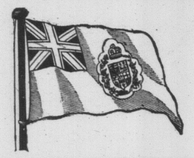

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BOVRIL

Poetry.

"The clouds, which rise with thunder, slake
Our thirsty souls with rain;
The blow most dreaded fails to break
From off our limbs a chain;
And wrongs of man to man but make
The love of God more plain.
As through the shadowy lens of even
The eye looks farthest into heaven
On gleams of star and depths of blue."
—Whittier.

THE WINTER'S FOIL.

Soon shall the winter's foil be here;
Soon shall these icy ligatures unbend
and melt. A little while
And air, soil, wave, suffused shall be
in softness, bloom and growth; a
thousand forms shall rise.
From these dead clods and chills as
from low burial graves.
Thine eyes, ears—all thy best attributes—all that take cognizance of
natural beauty,
Shall wake and fill. Thou shalt perceive how simple shows, delicate
miracles of earth,
Dandelions, clover, the emerald grass,
the early scents and flowers,
The arbutus under foot, the willow's
yellow green, the blossoming plum
and cherry;
With these, the robin, lark and thrush
singing their songs—the flitting
bluebird;
For on the scenes the annual endless play brings on.
—Walt. Whitman.

Select Literature.

The Uses of Self-Sacrifice.

(By Emma Brooke.)

The only "home" Ellen Barton boasted was a back bedroom in a boarding-house in Bloomsbury. For the privilege of inhabiting it and eating at the common table with the other boarders, she paid one guinea per week, and thought herself fortunate on the whole, for the couple who kept the house were kind and considerate, and she had been there a long time and had become used to the place.

The room had been described in the advertisement as "a bed-sitting-room" which meant that, besides the bed and the inconceivably shabby chest of drawers, dressing-table and washstand, there was a table on which it was possible to write a letter, and an old basket armchair by the side of the tiny grate. The table was covered with a magenta tablecloth which did not match the color of the curtains. All the furniture was too large for the room, and Ellen's trunk had to be squeezed within the four walls besides.

If Ellen had been able to afford a front room it would not have been at all bad for then she could have seen the trees in the square and the long green patch of grass, and seen the few flowers enjoying the rays of the sun, and even have had a sun-ray for herself. As it was, no sun came into her window, and when she looked out she saw only chimney-pots.

For compensation she was rarely there save on Sundays, when there was no other refuge. However it was something to know that the room was her own; she had come to associate it with her thoughts and with the little interests of that circle of experience she named her life.

Ellen Barton was a shorthand typewriter by profession, and earned seventy-five pounds a year. The margin, after paying for her board and lodging, was not large. She had her ambitions, and worked steadily at them. These ambitions were divided into two classes: the first dealt with her profession and material life, the other with the life of her mind and soul. Of the ambitions of the first kind, the greatest was to acquire the art of writing French shorthand, for, once she became an adept at that, her market value would be greater. The worst of it was that, when one works eight or nine hours a day in an office to the accompaniment of a typewriter, the brain and energies are not what they might be, and Ellen made no striking progress. She attended the Polytechnic classes, but could hardly manage to study in between; moreover, of late, an opportunity of earning a little extra money had come. The lady who occupied the second-floor-front was an author, and one day asked Ellen if she would, upon occasion, write for her in the evenings from dictation.

No sum was named, and Ellen knew it must be trifling when it came; but she could not afford to refuse, and accepted the offer. She rather liked Miss Benson, and it was pleasant to sit in her large, well-furnished room, and to feel that she was being initiated into another side of secretarial work. She imagined Miss Benson to be a person of magnificent success, because she lived on the second floor and could afford to employ another when tired herself. In reality, Miss Benson earned less than Ellen did, but had a small income of her own to rely upon. Miss Benson was a tall, grey-haired, ugly woman of brusque manners; but She had a velvety pair of brown eyes behind her spectacles, and sometimes an odd, attractive turn to her phrase.

One Sunday morning Ellen stood in her room looking out on the chimney-pots, over the shabby broken mirror and dressing table. It was December, and was raining—a feeble, drizzly, chilling rain that had nothing exhilarating about it, but which washed the smuts down the panes in slow black rivers. The depressing effect of the rain was, however, nothing in comparison to that of the voice of a woman who occupied the basket chair. She was a faded, pretty woman, of thirty-five, with angry black eyes and marked eyebrows and a snarl of indignation in her voice. She was Ellen's sister-in-law, for Ellen had one near relative in the world, a brother, a man of something over forty years. On this occasion Ellen was dismayed to detect, at the back of her mind, the disloyal reflection that she would have been much better off, and life much easier, if she had not possessed this near relation at all.

"I only ask you to look at my underskirt, Ellen," said Mrs. Barton, lifting her shabby black gown; "I've worn it for exactly eight years. It just hangs together like a cobweb, and if you breathe on it you may expect a hole. Is this how I ought to be clothed in the weather we've had? I've only the bonnet I've got on and one presentable dress. However, I don't care about myself, of course. It's the children."

Here the poor lady broke down with a sob, and Ellen turned from the window with a white face.

"What about the children, Sophy?" said she in a soft, measured voice.

"Everything!" responded Mrs. Barton, her eyes flashing through her tears. "You know how delicate Tommy is, and his boots are not fit to wear. It's as much as his life is worth to go out in them as they are; but how am I to find the money for a new pair?"

"Oh, dear!" sighed Ellen, with a contracted brow.

"Then there's the stair carpet. We ought to make a decent appearance, at least, if Tom is to keep his position. There are a hundred and one things that I want that are pure necessities; and I haven't paid the butcher for a month."

Ellen sat down on her box, her head drooping as though every word her sister-in-law spoke was a leaden weight laid upon her shoulders.

"How about Tom?" she asked in a low voice.

"He does what he can," returned Mrs. Barton; "but what does it come to?"

She shook her shoulders in angry impatience.

"He earns about five hundred a year, doesn't he?"

"And what is that with a growing family? I want at least a thousand to make expenses meet. Oh it's all very well for you in this snug little place with no anxiety and no particular wants. You know exactly what your income is and what you can spend and what you can't. I never know. And Tom's expenses are excessively heavy. There's no end to taking one's purse out of one's pocket."

Ellen was even whiter than before, save for a deep spot of color in one cheek that came there suddenly and stayed, as though something in the words had lashed it. It was, however, Mrs. Barton who burst into tears.

Then Ellen got up and knelt beside her.

"Sophy, I'm so sorry for you! If I only knew how to help you!"

"Oh, yes, I daresay! But where's the good of talking? We're all on the way to the workhouse, and I've no doubt Tommy will be ill and run us up a doctor's bill."

"Surely it would be better to buy the boots than that? Surely out of five hundred——"

"There, if you're going to preach, I'd better leave. You simply don't understand, Ellen. Oh, what a life mine is!"

Mrs. Barton rose and went to the looking glass.

"Now, I've made myself an object by crying," said she. "I wish it was all over and I was laid in my grave!"

"Oh, Sophy! you have Tom and the children to love you and to love, and at least a roof over your head, and some happy hours!"

"There," said the exasperated woman, "you simply don't understand!"

She turned to the door, and Ellen, feeling that she had been inconsiderate or unsympathetic, sprang after her and gently touched her arm.

"I will see you downstairs," said she.

"Oh, don't bother to do that! What's the good? I can let myself out."

When Mrs. Barton had gone, Ellen sank back in the basket chair and closed her eyes. On the top of a week's work, a Sunday call from Sophy was apt to drain the last drop of her strength and nerve. Each visit was usually a copy of the last; the details might differ, but not the mode. And yet Sophy's life could hardly be called unhappy. There were difficulties, of course, and the pinch of narrow means; but Ellen could remember the happy engagement and the first bright years of marriage. No such brilliant patch of happiness had come into her own life. And did the love of husband and children, all that great possession, count for nothing? Perhaps they did not. Perhaps the trials which accompany possession are heavier than those which accompany non-possession. All Ellen's troubles had been in negation; throughout life she had missed everything she greatly desired to have; nothing she deeply wanted had been given her. That is a trial which possibly does not count, because it makes a small noise in the world.

Something in her appearance and manner, her quietude and patience, her delicate face, was in entire accordance with her experience, if the room she occupied could by any stretch of language be justly named "snug," that was because of a certain gift of arrangement and deftness of finger that could turn to its best uses the most hopeless material. No doubt Sophy, wearied out by the noise of children—they were not, however, always noisy or wearisome—had moments in which she envied the stillness and loneliness of Ellen's room; but would she have exchanged places? In reality the solitude was crushing pain to Ellen, with her exhausted stores of loving-kindness. But she never dreamed of either explaining or complaining.

By degrees her lonely strenuous life had deepened certain original traits. For example, her tastes were clearly defined; she had longings after the beautiful, which at least served the purpose of weaving dreams about her. It had become her habit to adjust these longings very practically to some small point not beyond her realization. The single excitement of her life was to set before her some aim of the kind, to save up money towards it, and, by its realization, to raise herself from the dead level of exhausting effort to another world of art and interest; now it would be a theatre; then a picture gallery; but above all, Ellen, in her tiny way, was a buyer of books. To make a collection of the cheap miniature editions of the English classics was the grand ulterior aim to which her minute savings were consecrated. Already she possessed two of the green Temple edition. Someone had given them to her, and hence the desire, the hunger, after further collection had begun. If only she might come to possess the set of red bound Temple plays of Shakespeare, and the specially made bookcase in which to hold them! On the paper of her room, just above the chest of drawers, was an ugly stain; her dream was that the case full of Shakespeare's plays should stand in front of that eyesore, and so obliterate it. Wonderful change that might be from the sordid reminder of poverty to the dark oaken case with the warm colored, dainty volumes ranged within! How the names of the marvelous plays would shine out in the twinkling gilt letters with their reminders of the stores within! She had committed portions of the plays to memory. When exterior affairs were too ugly and wearisome to be borne unflinchingly; when she was forced to buy a new dress, and was therefore too poor to afford a fire, and sat in her room wrapped in ancient winter cloak, she would sometimes close her eyes and repeat whole scenes, delivering them with admirable spirit, and thus pass into that world of rich and varied existence from her grey and narrow patch.

The effect of restrictions upon a nature already delicate and fine had been to prune her tastes to an excessive rarity and sensitiveness. Pleasures being scarce, she chose them daintily and with an absolute knowledge of what she wanted. Her pure judgment had, by a course of vigorous selection, become not only elevated, but fastidious; she shrank from the coarser amusements, and really suffered under bad or vulgar spectacles. She had the defects of her qualities, and no one would call her powers of enjoyment "broad;" but then, her reward in an assiduous cultivation of the higher life. was an increasing appreciation of it. Her life, in short, was divided into two parts—the one heroically lived amidst the sordid surroundings of typewriting and poverty; the other in the regions of beauty. She had successfully struggled to keep the regions apart, and to be able to shut the door upon the one when she entered the other.

When Sophy had been gone about half an hour, Ellen opened her eyes again, and colored sensitively to perceive how glowing and cheerful the fire looked upon the hearth. Sophy in calling the room "snug" and comparing it with her own existence, had conjured to Ellen's mind something unmeasured in the way of culpable self-indulgence. For a moment, indeed, a picture of Sophy's nursery fireside, with the sense of Tommy's sweet body against his mother's knee, or little Fan's seductive way of hugging one, assailed her mind; all that warmth and love and natural existence seemed wonderful riches to lonely Ellen. Not only was the picture of the nursery fascinating, but so also was that of the busy glowing kitchen, to which one might creep and help the maid with the toast or the ironing. But then unmistakably she did not "understand;" clearly there were depths of misery behind these human natural cares which she was unable to fathom. She rose from her chair, and, stooping over the hearth, took up the clumsy, broken, secondhand tongs, and with some difficulty picked the fire to pieces. Coals were sixpence a scuttle; if she saved in that point, she could gather together enough money for Tommy's boots—dear little delicate Tommy.

When the fire was out, she sat for about half an hour wrapped in her old cloak. The room was getting very chilly, and she found herself unable to conjure up the usual pictures. She tried Miranda and Ferdinand in vain; then Perdita with the flowers; then faltered into tears over "The quality of mercy is not strained;" and finally gave it up, and permitted her rainbow thoughts to vanish under the fog of trouble.

A knock came to the door, and Miss Benson peeped in.

"Good gracious, child! are you sitting without a fire?"

"My head aches," replied Ellen, truly enough, "or of course I could sit downstairs."

"In a room reeking of twenty years' meals! I daresay! Come down to me—I want you."

"Honestly, Miss Benson, I have no brains for work."

"Work? Who talks of work on this day of rest? My dear, I'm not an ogre, though I look one. I want someone to sit opposite me on my hearth in a comfortable armchair while I read quietly. I've just put my kettle on for afternoon tea. There's no companion like one who doesn't want to talk."

And Ellen, nothing loth, went down, and in the warmth and comfort and comparative elegance of Miss Benson's room, her frozen nerves began to thaw and she was able to forget that terrible weight of Sophy's troubles. When it was time to go upstairs again, Miss Benson opened her desk.

"Here," said she brusquely, and handing a small packet to Ellen without turning her head, "I've had this ready for you a day or two. It's your pay. I've totted up the amount all right, so don't be nervous on that score."

"Thank you," said Ellen joyously; "I assure you I was not nervous as to that."

She carried the small treasure upstairs, and there opened the packet, letting the money drop on the bed with a cry of surprise. It was double the sum she had expected; it would bring her so far towards the object of her grand ambition that she could purchase the whole of the Temple edition of Shakespeare in one wild ecstatic plunge. Never in her life had she held in her hand such a full draught of happiness; for this was extra money—money which she was not compelled to spend on necessaries. In the excess of her joy Sophy and her troubles were swept into annihilation; she would not have to wait to collect the books singly—the delicious line of red volumes might become her possession in one magnificent swoop. Supported at one end by her workbox, and at the other by her Bible and Prayer-book, they would avail to cover the lower part of the odious stain on the paper, and she might now devote her energies to saving for the bookcase. How the red leather and the gilt letters would twinkle in the winter evenings when the fire was lit and the curtain drawn! She would not feel a tithe as lonely as before. So her fancy leapt up and on riotously, until it happened that her eye fell on the old broken tongs and the black grate; whereupon she remembered Sophy and little Tommy with his worn-out boots. Then Ellen sat down on the basket chair and closed her eyes, and prayed to be delivered from temptation.

She was very silent at dinner, and quite unable to respond to any effort to draw her into conversation. After dinner she wrote a letter, but left the envelope open. Next morning she was up rather earlier than usual, so that she might have time to call at the post-office and purchase a money order for enclosure in the letter. Then she fastened and posted it.

It was Christmas-time, and something of the good-will and expansiveness of the season helped her at least to quiet resignation. She got through that day and the next in comparative peace, staying the sharpness of her disappointment by the reflection that Tommy had his boots and other necessaries. Then came a scrawl from Sophy:

"Come on straight here after work on Saturday. We have a surprise for you. Thanks for note and enclosure. —S."

Ellen smiled a little sadly. No one would ever dream or guess what the "kind enclosure" cost her starved and hungry heart. As to the surprise, what could that be? On Saturday she arrived as required at her brother's house.

Tom Barton was a stout, florid man, an absolute contrast to Ellen in appearance and nature. He was loud where she was soft, red where she was pale, fat and puffy where her contour was delicate. His tastes and his measure were in harmony with his appearance. When she reached the door a cab stood before it, and Tom came out beaming with good nature.

"That's right, Ellen! You're just in time! We ought to set off now. We can pack you in easily."

"Where to, Tom? What has happened?"

"To the pantomime, to be sure! We mean to do it well and no mistake! I've taken tickets for the front row of the dress circle. Bob and Maggie are coming and Sophy, too, of course. It will do Sophy good, especially as she has bought a new cape that suits her. Don't say a word about your ticket—that's my present, you know. One must keep Christmas somehow."

Ellen turned white. At the best of times the pantomime would have been hateful and boring to her; on Saturday, after the week's work and a journey to Tom's house, it was simply torture. And where did the money come from? That thought stunned her.

"Come, get in—get in!" said Tom.

"I am not dressed for such an occasion," murmured Ellen, who wore her working gown and a plain straw hat.

At that moment Sophy came hurrying out in a new opera cape; she was drawing on a new pair of white kid gloves; a flower was in her hair; she looked beaming and pretty, and snapped a kiss on Ellen's cheek.

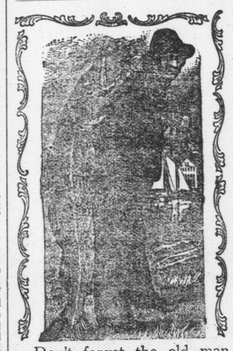
"Do you like my new cloak, dear?" she asked. "It only cost two guineas. I got it with part of your money. How sweet of you, Ellen! But then you can afford these things. I really couldn't have gone to the pantomime without something new and bright. What is the pleasure of sitting in the front row and looking dowdy? Never mind not being dressed, dear; we knew you wouldn't have time. But you can take off your hat, and we'll cram it under the seat. And, see! I'll spare you this flower from my dress, and you can pin it in your's."

Ellen smiled faintly and got into the cab. They could have gone in some other way less expensive, but Tom paid the cabman like a lord. During the next few hours of sheer endurance she endeavored to support herself by the sight of the children's pleasure; but the reflection intruded that they would have enjoyed it just as much from the gallery and without her presence. Now and then she pondered over Tommy's boots, but asked no question. At last the glare and the noise came to an end, and she realized that the most active part of her torment was over. And then she was even able to part from the family party, who were getting cross; for Bob slipped when they were walking to the station, and came down in the mud in his best suit; also, he pulled himself out of it by laying hold of his mother's new opera-cape with terrible fingers, and Sophy angrily protested that it was ruined, which was no doubt the case.

Next morning Ellen could not bear the lonely bedroom and the patch on the paper and her own thoughts; she went downstairs and took the rare course of knocking at Miss Benson's door uninvited. And then from the armchair by the fire she gasped out the whole story. Miss Benson listened silently, and, when she had heard to the end, rubbed her rather large nose with her rheumatic forefinger.

"Ah," said she presently, "when I was young I, too, was carried away by the enthusiasm of self-sacrifice—until I discovered that, in nine cases out of ten, my self-sacrifice proved to be merely an expensive forcing-bed for the growth of other people's undesirable qualities."

—A twelve-year-old boy working in a coal breaker testified before the strike commission that he was working to pay off the debt of his father, killed in the mine eighteen months ago. He received no pay, and the due bills given him showed that the debt owed by his mother for rent increased in spite of his earnings.



Don't forget the old man with the fish on his back.

For nearly thirty years he has been traveling around the world, and is still traveling, bringing health and comfort wherever he goes.

To the consumptive he brings the strength and flesh he so much needs.

To all weak and sickly children he gives rich and strengthening food.

To thin and pale persons he gives new firm flesh and rich red blood.

Children who first saw the old man with the fish are now grown up and have children of their own.

He stands for Scott's Emulsion of pure cod liver oil—a delightful food and a natural tonic for children, for old folks and for all who need flesh and strength.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto, Ontario.
50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

THE RESULT OF INDIFFERENCE.

The following words were recently spoken from a Chicago pulpit by a clergyman, who was an eye-witness of the sad scene which inspired the sermon:

"I am no insurance agent, but I do not hesitate to say that modern insurance comes nearer to giving something for nothing, and certain than any other known insitiution of our times.

"Indeed, so sure, cheap and certain has it become that any man, however poor, is without excuse who does not take advantage of the inducements offered to lay up a little money to bury him when dead, and provide support for his afflicted and loved ones when he is called away.

"It is nothing short of an unpardonable crime when a father and husband, with wife and children depending on him for support, neglects this sacred obligation; uses up each week his wages, and in a moment of time is stricken by death; compels his friends to bury him; leaves his family destitute and objects of charity.

"Though I should live a thousand years I could never forget the picture of just such a scene as this that I saw in Mount Hope Cemetery a few days ago—the one that inspired this sermon. I was called upon to preach the funeral sermon of a man who was a clerk in one of the great railroad offices down town. He had a beautiful little home here in the city, a lovely wife and child. He lived a life of simple, happy ease.

"One day last week he was sitting at his desk writing and whistling, when suddenly his whistling ceased, his writing stopped, his head dropped forward on his book, and his heart, ever light and gay, ceased to throb.

"When his accounts were footed up he had nothing. The boys in the office had to defray all funeral expenses, and they were just as poor as he. Less than $1 a week invested in life insurance would have avoided all this.

"The saddest sight I think I ever witnessed in my life was his frail, delicate little wife, standing beside that open grave, with the cold winds whistling through the barren trees, sobbing as if her heart would break, with not enough money in her pocket book to pay her way back to her cheerless home."

THE MIGHTY SULLIVAN SUCCUMBS TO KING ALCOHOL.

The former mighty John L. Sullivan repented in sackcloth and ashes one night recently in his cell in the Central police station, Detroit. He was arrested about 5 o'clock, after being drunk over 36 hours, but Manager Harris finally got to him and promised him if he got sober that night he would open with him at the Arcade in Toledo. Sullivan promised and took a pledge not to drink again on his present tour.

He received $500 one day and next day was broke and ran a tab in the saloons he visited. His apostrophe to himself was characteristic, as he evidently realized what he had come to. He looked down at himself and said:

"You are a fine specimen, you are; you lop-sided, gray-headed rattlesnake. Why don't you brace up and be a gentleman, even if it does hurt you? You was an actor who had Corbitt, Fitz and Jeffries looking like selling plasters. Today you are a bum. You great big stuff, you should by right be locked up in a nuthouse.

"You are making your last night with King Booze, old man, and he's got you pretty groggy at the present time. It's been a long fight and a hard one, but it can't go on forever. Old man, it can't go on forever. Very soon the referee will count you out, and this looks to a sucker up a tree as if it is the last round."

THEIR DREAM OF WEALTH.

Toronto Star:

There is a vacant lot in Toronto that was for years owned by a childless couple. They bought it for ten dollars per foot frontage, and rented it for enough to pay the interest and taxes. As the years went by it increased rapidly in value, but the old couple would not sell, and worked laboriously, as they had ever done. They scraped along, getting a meagre living but counting on the increasing value of their vacant corner lot as so much wealth for their comfort in old age. They were already old, if they could but realize the fact. Yet, late in life, they refused $25 per foot for the land they had paid $10 for. Then they both fell ill and died within a year. They had paid $1,000 for the lot, and could have sold it for $25,000, but never got a cent of the increase. Instead of making a profit of $24,000, they actually lost the $1,000 they had invested, for, while they lived, it never came back, nor did any of its fruits. So far as they were concerned, it was like a purely fictitious corner lot.

Lazy Livers and Sluggish Kidneys.

When these organs fail to perform their proper functions, the blood becomes poisoned and suffering from disease commences. This can be avoided by keeping your vitality at high-water mark, the blood rich and pure by taking one Ferrozone tablet after each meal.

Ferrozone has a mild but rapid action on the liver and kidneys, and is certainly the greatest producer of red vitalizing blood known to science. Morning tiredness, Languor, Dizziness, Pain in the back and Sick Headache disappear at once when Ferrozone is used. Get it to-day. Price 50c., at Druggists, or N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills cure biliousness.

CHARACTER AND REPUTATION.

Reputation helps to make character. To be continually telling a boy that he is a bad boy is more likely to make him worse than better. To give a class the reputation of being the "worst class in the school," and to keep noising it abroad, is not likely to raise the moral tone or discipline of the class. A man who has served out a term in prison for crime finds it hard to show himself trustworthy, because nobody trusts him. His reputation as an exprisoner clings to him, and, unless he is exceptionally strong of will, reform seems hopeless to him, and he sinks back to the level to which his bad reputation has been depreciating him. As the character of others depends largely upon their reputation, we should be careful how we handle that reputation.

How the Cocaine Habit Starts.

Generally from using catarrh snuffs and ointments containing this deadly drug. It is well to remember that the only direct scientific cure for catarrh is Catarrhozone, which cures by the inhallation of medicated air. Simply breathe Catarrhozone, and it will cure Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Lung Troubles and Deafness. Every breath from Catarrhozone Inhaler soothes, heals and relieves. Permanent cure guaranteed, even though other remedies failed. Try Catarrhozone, price $1.00; small size 25c. Druggists, or N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston Ont. Dr. Hamilton's Pills cure biliousness.

Gautemala and Salvador have proclaimed a state of hostility.

—Minard's Liniment cures colds, etc.

STRANGE STORY TOLD BY ENGLISH GIRLS AT SYDNEY.

SYDNEY, February 4.—A sensation was caused here to-day by the news that a number of refined English girls, who had been living in what was supposed to be a school for education in colonial life, had appealed to Mayor Crowe and a clergyman of the town for assistance, and had made their escape from what was more a prison than a school. In an interview with The Herald correspondent to-night, Miss Hagen, one of the young ladies, who is a daughter of Dr. Hagen, professor of Owen College, Manchester, gave the following account of her experience at Westmount:

"Early last autumn an advertisement appeared in leading English papers to the effect that a school for English girls desirous of being instructed in life suitable for the colonies, had been established on the farm of Captain Horsfall, R. N. R., situated in Westmount, a suburban district opposite Sydney. The advertisement promised instruction in market gardening, dairying, and also in English, French and Latin, dancing, and in fact, everything that young ladies desirous of living in Canada would require to know. The modest terms for acquiring such kind of knowledge were placed at 10 pounds per quarter and pupils were to share in the profits of market gardening, dairying and other departments of the farm. For reference the names were given of Mrs. Arnold Foster, Bishop Dover and the agent-general of Canada in England. Mrs. Foster, who is the wife of an admiral, is enthusiastic in schemes of this kind, and on recommendation like that of Bishop Dover, who knew Mrs. Horsfall before her marriage, a large number of English ladies decided to come to Westmount.

"When I arrived in November I found Miss Fanny Butterfield, of Yorkshire, here, and a few weeks later we were joined by Mrs. Egan, of London, with three daughters.

"For about a month everything went fairly well, although there was not the faintest pretense of keeping school; but on Mrs. Foster's return to England we girls were left to what proved to be far from the tender mercies of Captain and Mrs. Horsfall. Our education in colonial life consisted in doing all the work of the house and farm, caring for the cattle, poultry, sawing wood, carrying water and doing all the house work. We were also shut off from communication with country neighbors and the town, being told that if we went to Sydney without permission, we should be driven out of the house. Captain Horsfall also insulted us and used us shamefully and repeatedly came into the house the worse of liquor. At last we kept to our rooms and did not venture down stairs except in couples.

"Finally, terrified at what might happen, we managed to smuggle a message to Rev. Mr. Woodroofe, an English church minister and to Mayor Crowe, stating our position, and asking for help. On Tuesday we made our escape in sleighs secured from neighbors after one of our number standing guard over our trunks for three hours."

In conclusion, Miss Hagen said:—"We intend to stay in Canada, as we believe in the country and the people, but we wish to expose Captain Horsfall and prevent others from meeting our fate by going to his colonial institution school."

Rev. Clarence McKinnon, of St. Andrew's Presbyterian church, said: "I heartily endorse the papers' action in bringing to the attention of the public the school for English ladies desirous of learning colonial life conducted at the home of Captain Horsfall. I think a matter of this kind should be most thoroughly examined into for the benefit of the country. Personally I can say that Miss Hager, whose statement has been given, is a most estimable young lady, and I believe that what she says as to the conduct of the school is true."

HONORS FOR C. A. E. HARRISS.

Mr. Chas. A. E. Harriss, the distinguished Canadian musical composer who has organized the great cycle of musical festivities throughout the Dominion of Canada, the choruses in Halifax, the choral concert in Halifax to be fax to be given by the Orpheus Club of that city, has received a signal honor from His Majesty King Edward and Her Majesty Queen Alexandra. For presentation at the cycle of festivities Mr. Harriss composed a coronation mass, in rich setting, and he has received gracious permission from His Majesty to entitle it "The Coronation Mass, Edward the Seventh." This would, in itself, be a tribute, calculated to reward any composer, but Mr. Harriss has been doubly honored, and coupled with His Majesty's sanction, has received permission from the beautiful queen consort to dedicate the mass in her name. Mr. Harriss received notification of the marked honor through his excellency the governor-general of Canada, and naturally was delighted.

So far as is known, this is the first occasion upon which a musical composer has received the double recognition, and it is a deserved tribute of the splendid work Mr. Harriss is doing in raising the standard of musical education throughout his adopted country.

HIS OWN FREE WILL.

Dear Sirs:—I cannot speak too strongly of the excellence of MINARD'S LINIMENT. It is THE remedy in my household for burns, sprains, etc., and we would not be without it.

It is truly a wonderful medicine.

JOHN A. MACDONALD.
Publisher Arnprior Chronicle.

—Dr. Thoreau, speaking from an experience of many years with tuberculosis says: It has been proved that incipient consumption can be cured—most cases are cured—and in all cases life is prolonged and suffering alleviated. With care, infection from this disease, the danger of which has of late been so much exaggerated, can be prevented. It has been exaggerated so much that the world turns from it, and those afflicted with it. And yet, after nineteen years of experience in a sanatorium for consumption, I have never known a servant, a nurse, a physician nor an employe to become infected.

Startling Difference in Composition.

Many corn and wart cures contain caustics and acids, but Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor is entirely vegetable in composition, never hurts, acts quickly, and is sure to cure. Try it.

—"It is the easiest thing in the world to be a nobody." All that is necessary is to do nothing, or be like the boy who, when questioned by his father as to why he had resigned his "The work was too hard; I am looking for something easy."

Minard's Liniment cures garget in cows.