

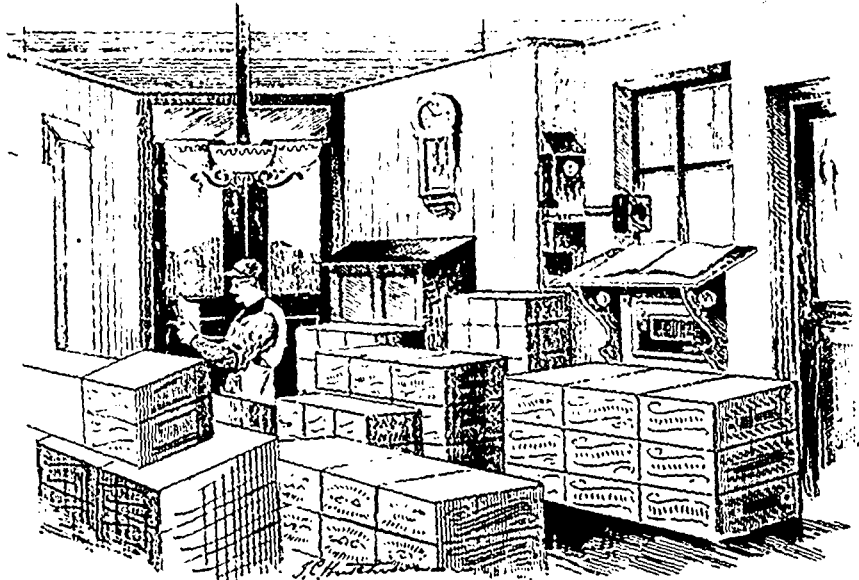
ANIMALS AND MUSIC.

In menageries, some curious things have been noticed about the effect of music on the animals. When the band is off in its rounds through the town, the beasts, even the wild ones, are moping and stupid. So soon as the music comes again within their ears, they get up and exercise themselves under its inspiring influence. The birds begin to reply to the sweet accents, and even the snakes uncoil themselves, and look up to see what the fuss is about.

Cats are not fond of music, but they can be made to like it. Somebody's pet cat disliked music when she was young and frisky, but grew to like it so much in her old age that, so soon as tea was over, she led the way to the piano, sat down, and composed herself to listen. When the performer left the instrument, puss thought it was her turn, and jumped up on to the keys and pawed out a new tune of her own. If by chance she went down to the bass notes, she was very much frightened. But the high notes she delighted in, and wandered over the keys improvising a march, no doubt.

Here is a story of a musical cow: On the boating trip of seven or eight amateur musicians, one of them noticed a specially musical cow. This creature, a small cream-coloured Alderney, along with a dozen others, fed

in a meadow which sloped down to the river's brink. Whenever we turned the bend of the river, with our voices in tune as our oars kept time, and the meadow came in sight, there we were sure to see the white cow, standing up to the shoulders in the water, whither she had advanced to meet us, her neck stretched out, and her dripping nose turned towards the boat. As we skirted the meadow she kept pace with us on the bank, testifying her delight by antics of which no cow in her senses would have been thought capable. She would leap, skip, roll on her back, rear on her hind legs, then hurl them



THE HORSES ARE WAITING OUTSIDE.



FROM HALIFAX TO VANCOUVER.