

**Winter Life of Wild Creatures.**

(By D. Lange in Arkansas School Journal for May)

To keep alive during the Northern winters, all living creatures need shelter and fuel. How animals with only their senses and instincts to guide them and with nothing but the organs of their own bodies for tools wrest a living from stern Mother Nature during the winter forms a most fascinating chapter in natural history.

Bears, badgers, raccoons and skunks have a simple way; they close up shop, so to speak, and go to sleep until Mother Nature is over her annual spell of sternness. None of the four is a swift hunter or runner, but they rather incline toward a certain aidsman's ease, which seems to fit their physique and their station in the wild life of forest or field.

Generally nature provides liberally for this quartet. Almost every thing is food for one or all of them: Berries, nuts and corn, frogs, eggs, young birds, roots, insects and worms, gophers and mice, even carrion when nothing better can be found. As a result of liberal feeding and a quiet temperament they grow very fat in the fall, and when the ground begins to freeze hard and digging and nosing around after food no longer pays, they just retire for a nap of several months.

The bear curls up under a root or log or finds a small natural cave, and a blanket of snow soon completes his shelter. The raccoon finds a hollow tree, while badgers and skunks retire into burrows they have dug in the ground. Now the storms may blow and frost may split the forest trees, but the four sleepers do not care; they are wrapped in a heavy coat of fat and a liberal store of fat furnishes food and fuel for their bodies. The fires of life are banked and burn low, and who will say that the winter sleepers have not hit upon, at least, a successful solution of a difficult problem as any of their more active competitors of field, marsh and forest?

**Many Others Sleep Away Long Winter.**

Indeed, we might easily increase this list of four to the legendary seven or any greater number. Woodchucks, gophers and chipmunks also sleep away the long winter in burrows in the earth. If no accident befalls them such as untimely floods, the tracks of all these winter sleepers will again be seen when the birds return north and the buds begin to swell.

A large number of the wild do not hibernate. Wolf, fox and panther, lynx and wildcat, mink, weasel, marten and fisher now follow their hunting trails with even more keenness than during the time of abundance of summer. They have no fixed winter home or lair, but all know their territory as well as a boy knows his grandfather's orchard, and they can always find shelter in storms, and generally they find enough food to bring them safely through, though gaunt and hungry they may be, when at last spring again unlocks the great store-house of nature.

These active flesh-eating hunters could give most of us lessons in fasting; they eat when meat is plentiful and fast when there is none. Most of them can probably fast a week without special hardship. A wolf gets one full meal a week but will come through the winter strong and in good condition.

But where hunters can live there must be those that are hunted, and where there are flesh eaters there must be those that change grass into flesh for them, and it is true that a large number of the peaceful folk of nature do not go to sleep with the groundhog and the gopher.

**Rabbits Life Uncertain.**

Moose, elk and deer find browse and grass all winter, if the snowfall is not too heavy. Squirrels, rabbits and wood-mice also find their daily bread the year round, and it is principally the timid rabbit and the legions of wild mice whose meat feeds wolf and fox, lynx and wildcat, as well as a host of smaller hunters. The snowshoe rabbits of the Northern woods are generally amazingly numerous for several years, then a plague carries them off by thousands, so that for a year or two one may follow the forest trail without seeing a rabbit. During these years the lynx also grow suddenly scarce. The explanation is, that the lynx die of starvation when the rabbits die of wintering out all but the very strongest of limbs and the most keen of senses and intelligence.

Not a few wild creatures have learned the wisdom of laying in stores for a rainy day, or rather for snowy and stormy days. The mink collects in some burrow or hollow as much as a bushel of frozen game, consisting of ducks and birds, muskrat, mice and rabbits. Squirrels lay by stores of nuts and acorns and evergreen twigs with buds on them. Or one winter scouting trip I found a mass of hidden twigs stored away in a hollow tree. It was evident that no human hand had placed them there, and the teeth marks on them showed plainly I had found the emergency store of a red or grey squirrel.

**An Ancient Foe**

To health and happiness is scrofula—as ugly as ever since time immemorial. It causes blemishes in the neck, disfigures the skin, inflames the mucous membrane, wastes the muscles, weakens the bones, reduces the power of resistance to disease and the capacity for recovery, and develops into consumption.

"Two of my children had scrofula some which kept growing deeper and kept them from going to school for three months. Ointments and medicines did no good until I began giving them Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine caused the sores to heal, and the children have shown no signs of scrofula since." J. W. McKinnon, Woodstock, Ont.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

will rid you of it, radically and permanently, as it has rid thousands.

**True Conservatism.**

The wild mice store up many kinds of seeds. Once while accidentally digging into a deserted mouse burrow I found a handful of small stony nutlets, which had all been cracked by some little mouse years ago. It took me several days to identify the seeds, when suddenly I passed through my mind seed after seed that I knew, it flashed upon me that they were the stony seeds of the bladderwort, a shrub which grows profusely in the piece of woodland where I had been scouting around during the day.

The distribution of the seeds of the bladderwort bush has been a riddle to me for many years, and it is a bit of wood lore that might well puzzle any naturalist or woodland scout. The little wild mice are better conservationists, better foresters, than we humans. When they gather their crops they always leave plenty of seeds from which young bushes will grow as the old ones die.

Two animals, the muskrat and the beaver, have chosen a kind of winter quarters which certainly no human adviser would have recommended to them. Every wide-awake Northern western boy knows something about muskrat houses. They are built of rushes, roots and mud. The family living room is always damp and wet and is located only a few inches above the water level, while the two or three entrances to the houses lie below water level. The harder it freezes, the more it snows, the warmer and safer is the muskrat's house. Lakes and rivers become icebound, but the muskrats live happy and content unless some cruel trapper puts into their dome or drives his long-lined spear through its roof.

**Hunt for Food Under Ice.**

They are not asleep, but under the ice they swim and dive for their food of roots and bulbs. They have small eating and breathing houses scattered all over the marsh. They also have holes in the banks and they know all places of open water in the neighborhood.

Occasionally, however, I think a muskrat gets lost and suffocated under the ice. In the winter of 1908 I found a dead muskrat under the ice in Lake Minnetonka. As clear as I could determine he was suffocated in trying to swim from one island to another. A boy friend of mine, who is a first-class nature scout, claims that a muskrat swimming under the ice often exhales a large bubble of air, and after waiting a few seconds for the refreshing of the air, again inhales the same air and pursues its way. I have not personally observed this point, and it would be a good question for boys to investigate. Muskrats do not generally lay up large stores, but I have found a quart or two of seed bulbs in their houses.

Compared with the humble cabin of the muskrat, the beaver's winter home is a grand ducal manor. His house would occupy the floor space of an ordinary human living room fifteen feet in area. The one large room for the beaver family measures about five feet long, three feet wide and two feet high. The cavity is large enough for a man to hide in, as I know by actually trying it. This animal manor is built of sticks and mud and after the frost has occurred the soft mud into solid mortar the beaver can truly say, "My house is my castle." The entrances to this castle are placed under water, just as in the muskrat's cabin.

**Beavers Store Up Winter Supplies.**

Beavers live principally on the bark and twigs of poplar and other trees, but as lumbering in winter, when wolves and lynxes, bobcats and foxes are mad with hunger would mean certain death to every beaver trying it, the beaver people have had to get their food in some other way. Before their pond freezes over they cut down poplars, willows and other food trees. This material they cut up into sticks from two to six feet long and pickle them in the water near their house, making a brush pile, as trappers call it.

**CONSUMPTION**  
In the cure of consumption, concentrated, easily digested nourishment is necessary. For 35 years **Scott's Emulsion** has been the standard, world-wide treatment for consumption.

Later in winter when a beaver feels hungry he pulls out one of these green pickled sticks, eats the bark and pushes the peeled stick back into the water under the ice.

The most unique way of passing the winter has been hit upon by the bat. These innocent and useful creatures are true mammals, like cattle, dogs and horses, a newborn bat feeds on its mother's milk just as lambs and kittens are fed. The adults feed on insects, which they hunt on the wing, after the manner of swallows. There are no insects to hunt in winter, so there is nothing for them to do but sleep, and that is what our northern bats do all winter. However, they use no bed or nest, not even a perch. They hang themselves up by their toe-nails, and in this position await the call of spring. In caves, in hollow trees, in hollow walls of buildings hundreds of them are sometimes found huddled together. They do not sleep very soundly, for if they are disturbed they yaw and squeak, and even try to bite with their tiny white teeth. A few years ago I photographed a sleeping bat in a cave at Fort Snelling.—Our Dumb Animals.

**Cooking Really a Fine Art.**

No more sensible words have been uttered by Dr. Wiley, of the Agricultural Department, who has done so much for pure food in this country, than his statement that cooking is really a fine art, whereas it is commonly made a drudgery.

The average woman makes a great deal more drudgery out of housework than is necessary. There is much that is necessary, but the truth seems to be that while an immense amount of energy is expended much of it is wasted. The faculty of doing things right—even the simplest things—is very difficult. We notice how clumsily children go about the simplest tasks. The difference between the clothe-hopper and the expert is not so much one of knowledge as ability to use knowledge. In the home some women have never gotten beyond the youthful stage of doing things with more than the necessary labor.

It is an art to cook well. It is a fine art, it comes only by study and practice, but like any other art, it is of high value. The French have carried this so far that they can serve up a fine meal out of what the average American wastes. There is no sense in the slovenliness which exists in so many families. Intelligently directed effort would save half the drudgery, make home happy, and result in economies which are so much needed at this time. Cooking is not such a difficult art that it need balk any person of ordinary intelligence. If women only would, they could learn easily to save themselves time, labor and money.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Our store has gained a reputation for reliable Groceries. Our trade during 1910 has been very satisfactory. We shall put forth every effort during the present year to give our customers the best possible service.—R. F. Madigan.

Miss Alice A. Ferguson, of King, sends us some "out of school" institute stories.

One of our ladies owns a pony called Togo. Some of us were speaking about the horse one day, when one lady observed, "What a funny name for a horse; why did she name him Togo?"

"Because he was meant to go," I suppose, was the reply.

Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria.

Artist—"My dear fellow, I've just refused 20,000 francs for it for America."

Customer—"That's a pity, for I can't offer you more than five francs."

Artist—"Take it; it isn't fair that French art should leave the country."

**Sprained Arm.**

Mary Ovington, Jasper, Ont., writes—"My mother had a badly sprained arm. Nothing we used did her any good. Then father got Haggard's Yellow Oil and it cured mother's arm in a few days. Price 25c."

Local Clerical—May I ask to which religious denomination you subscribe?  
Newcomer—I'm an Atheologist.  
Local Clerical—And what, pray, do they believe?  
Newcomer—That if one sins often enough the soul becomes fireproof.

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Charlottetown, P. E. I.  
Nov. 30, 1910.

**CANADA,**

PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

IN THE PROBATE COURT 1st GEORGE V. A. D. 1911.

In Re Estate of Lucius Owen Began late of Johnston's River in Queens County in the said Province Farmer, deceased, testate.

By the Honourable Richard Reddin, Surrogate, Judge of Probate, &c., &c., &c.

To the Sheriff of the County of Queens County or any Constable or Hieratic person within said County GREETING:

Whereas upon reading the petition on file of James A. Callaghan and James Duffy Executors of the last will and testament of Lucius Owen Began, the above named deceased, praying that a division in the said Province on Saturday the Twenty-fifth day of February next coming at the hour of twelve o'clock noon of the same day to show cause if any they can why the Account of the said Estate should not be passed and the Estate closed as prayed for in said petition and on motion of A. A. McLean, Esquire K. C. Proctor for said Petitioner and I do hereby order that a true copy hereof be forthwith published in the following public places respectively, namely, in the hall of the Court House in Charlottetown aforesaid and in front of the Donagh school house in Queens County aforesaid and at or near Love's Tavernery in Charlottetown Royalty East in Queens County aforesaid so that all persons interested in the said Estate as aforesaid may have due notice thereof.

Given under my Hand and the Seal of the said Court this sixteenth day of (Seal) January A. D. 1911, and in the first year of His Majesty's reign.

(Seal) RICHARD REDDIN, Surrogate, Judge of Probate, A. A. McLEAN, Proctor, Jan. 15, 1911—41

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You can select a suit at any price from \$18.00 to \$30.00. We will make it to your individual measure, we will put the best of trimmings into it, and we give you good style and the best of workmanship. In short, your money is not ours until you are satisfied with the suit in every particular.

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