

## Animal Curiosities.

**A Dog Who Can Tell Time by Looking at the Clock.**

**The Champion Bear Story of the Season.**

**A Match-Striking Cat Astonishes Her Owner.**

**Serenaded by Mice.**

Says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat: The Four Courts was filled with strange noises yesterday. Especially was this the case on the third floor, where Matron Harris hears the tales of woe of young girls who have seen better days. Matron Harris was surrounded by a choir composed entirely of mice. They sang aloud in a merry fashion for nearly an hour, and people who have had experience in such matters will advise a search for dead mice. For it is generally known that mice sing only when they are in great bodily anguish, and it is usually followed that musical mice will expire in a few hours. They do not discover their ability in the musical line until it is too late, and their song is like the last sad note of the dying swan.

The mice that serenaded Mrs. Harris were three in number. They have made the Four Courts their home for some time, and have frequently been seen scampering across the floor. Yesterday they came out boldly and chirped a wondrous refrain. They were not at all frightened by the people who congregated to witness the odd sight, but stood upon their hind legs and sang as though oblivious of their surroundings. One of them did not last long. After singing for a few minutes he toppled over and died. The other two retreated into a hole in the wall, and their faint singing could be heard for several hours. The old colored woman who works in the matron's department was horrified at the actions of the mice. She said it forebode death and disaster, but the generally accepted theory is that the only dead will be the singers themselves.

**This Dog Tells Time by the Clock**

At Paris, Texas, dispatch says: H. C. Peterson, a workman at the cottonseed mill of this place, owns a dog, Nick, that can tell the time of day. It is Nick's duty to take his master's dinner to him in a little hall, and should Mrs. Peterson, by any mischance, overlook the matter, the dog is sure to remind him in proper time by bringing the bucket and urging her to fill it. At first it was supposed to be the dog's habit merely that enabled him to know the hour, but he has many times been seen watching the clock, and once, when Mrs. Peterson set the hands ahead to test the matter, Nick brought the dinner pail promptly on the stroke of 12, though in reality it was only 11. Nick is as familiar with the whistles as Peterson is himself, and always seems to it the time of day. At the proper time each morning to begin his work. If Peterson oversleeps himself, Nick is sure to be on the alert, and at the first sound of the early whistle runs to the bedside and barks till his master is awake.

**Good Bear Story.**

The editorial department of Harper's Magazine has an article on Yellowstone Park which gives more of both instruction and entertainment to the square inch than any writing we have seen in some time. We learn from it, and can easily remember that Yellowstone Park is somewhat larger than the State of Connecticut; that it is a perfect Dante's inferno in some parts and a magnificent hunting ground in other parts. Moreover, the people of the United States may congratulate themselves that there, under the vigilant superintendence of Captain George S. Anderson, U. S. A., the game, forest and other laws pertaining to the situation are probably more thoroughly enforced than in any other part of the land.

But the cream of the sketch is in the bear story. It tells us how a she-bear made friends with the keeper of a lunch station at the Upper Basin. The bear came daily to get food from the keeper. She took the food to her two cubs. She at length became very tame and sociable. One precaution, however, she always took. She would never bring the cubs to the restaurant kitchen, evidently not deeming it safe. But one day the cubs dared to follow her to the keeper. What happened then the editor tells us, as follows:

"Having received her portion, the bear went out of the kitchen to carry it to her cubs. To her surprise and anger, the cubs were there, waiting for her. She laid down the food and rushed at her infants and gave them a rousing spanking. She did not cut them; she spanked them, and then she drove them back into the woods, cutting them and knocking them at every step. When she reached the

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spot where she had told them to wait, she left them and returned to the house. And there she stood in the kitchen for two whole hours, making the disobedient children wait for their food, simply to discipline them and teach them obedience. The explanation is very natural. When the bear leaves her young in a particular place and goes in search of food for them, if they stray away in her absence she has great difficulty in finding them. The mother knew that the safety of her cubs and her own peace of mind depended upon strict discipline in the family. Oh, that we had more such mothers in the United States!"

**This Setter Hunts Frogs.**

"Talk about your dog stories," said a prominent sporting man, the other day. "I saw something out at Cutoff Lake which beat anything I ever heard of. I was out there hunting snipe, and saw a man riding around on horseback, and in front of him was circling an Irish setter. The fellow did not have any gun, my curiosity was aroused to know what he was doing, but I supposed he was simply breaking his dog. In a few minutes I saw him ride up to where the dog was on a dead stand, and the horseman proceeded to jab a pole he was carrying down into the ground, and, bringing it up, took something off the end of it. My curiosity was greater than ever, and circling around I came up with the horseman and asked him what he was doing.

"Hunting frogs," was the reply.

"What is the dog doing?" said I.

"Hunting frogs," was the laconic answer.

"You don't mean to tell me that the dog will set the frogs, do you?"

"I don't mean anything else."

"A few more questions and answers brought out the fact that the dog had seen his master hunting around in the grass for frogs and spearing them, and had of his own accord taken up the task of locating the green beauties. He was a thorough trained hunter on birds, and he soon became very expert in locating frogs, so his owner informed me, and my observations of his movements confirmed the statements."—Omaha Bee.

**Capt. Frazier's Maltese Cat.**

A Lexington, Ky., dispatch says:

Capt. Jerome B. Frazier, ex-chief of police of Lexington, tells this story about Jumbo, his large Maltese cat:

"I am a domestic man. I do many of the chores, and one of my self-imposed tasks is to lay the table at night so that I can light it in the morning in an instant and go back and attend to the children, while my better half is superintending the preparation for breakfast. The range has the usual hot water boiler attached, which keeps the kitchen fairly warm during the early hours of the night. But before day the heat dies out these cold mornings, and the kitchen gets uncomfortably cool.

"We have a splendid Maltese cat that we call Jumbo on account of her extraordinary size. She sleeps in the kitchen at night, for she catches most of her rats during the daytime in the cellar, which is very dark, and she fairly feasts on rat meat all day. This makes her sleepy, and she coils up under the range after supper is over and sleeps there until morning. For several mornings after the cold weather set in, I was surprised on entering the kitchen to find that the fire in the range had been lighted, and the morning had been going so long that the top of the range was red hot. I questioned the girl, but she knew nothing as to how the fire was started. I determined to watch.

"I got up about 3 o'clock and dressed hurriedly, and went to the kitchen door, which I had purposely left partly open so that I could see the range. I waited patiently for about an hour, when I saw a dark burst into flames in front of the range. By its light I saw that the cat Jumbo was holding the match, and in a few seconds the fire was roaring. Jumbo jumped down, and after stretching herself, crept under the range and laid down, as much as to say, 'I'll soon be as warm as a bug in a rug.' Since then I have not lighted a kitchen fire. Jumbo does it for me.

No, I don't know where she gets the matches."

## Novelties in Invention.

Paper is now being used for underground gas pipes in England. The material is cellulose paper, soaked in asphalt. The pipes are said to be impervious to water and air, capable of resisting heavy pressure, not subject to the ordinary causes of deterioration, and not affected by the action of electric currents. Paper collars are used for the joints.

In a paper presented lately by A. J. Michelin to the French society of Civil Engineers, the author gives a suggestive account of his experiments with the pneumatic tire and the ordinary wheels. The first experiment was made on three days, that is, when the ground was covered with two inches of snow, also when the snow was melting, and then when the ground was muddy. The results showed that when the empty carriage moved at a walk through the snow, the draft or pull required to move it was 35.9 pounds with iron wheels, and only 25.2 pounds with pneumatic wheels; while moving at a trot, with a load of 690 pounds, the pull was 68.5 and 39.5 pounds respectively. In the mud, under the same conditions of load and speed, the pulls were 35.2 and 50.7 pounds for the iron wheel, and 23.1 and 21.2 pounds for the pneumatic tire. Other tests consisted of pulls of varying speeds over macadam, paved and ordinary roads, in all of these the pneumatic tire showing a saving in pulling power of from 30 to nearly 50 per cent.

The main feature of interest in Michelin's experiments consisted, of course, in the fact that the actual amount of power required to pull a carriage equipped with pneumatic tires was so much less than when ordinary wheels were used.

In the new process invented by M. Chardonnet for producing "silk" from wood, the simple plan pursued, as given in the American Silk Journal, is to work the wood into paste, which is dipped in nitric and sulphuric acids, dried, and placed in a bath of ether and alcohol at 90 degrees. The result is a kind of glue or colloid, which is subjected to high pressure in strong metal cylinders, and expressed through pipes of the size of the ordinary gas pipes. These pipes are laid horizontally; to them small faucets are fastened at regular intervals over the whole length. An operator opens a faucet, and an extremely fine thread is

seen emerging from a glass tube. It is the "colloid" driven by the pressure, the small glass tube being to the apparatus which is to be the silk-worm. The threads thus formed are of such fineness that as many as six of them have to be twisted together before winding on the spool. The silk thus made is afterward incombustible, the skeins being thrown into ammonia, in order to neutralize the sulphuric acid.

One of the most remarkable of war inventions is attributed to the ingenuity of a Frenchman, Paul Giffard. His "miracle gun" appears to be aptly named, as it is a repeating rifle which employs no gunpowder. Liquefied air, obtained under high pressure at a temperature hundreds of degrees below zero, and thus representing an enormous expansive power, is the projecting force. The rifle is described as being much lighter in weight than an ordinary rifle. The steel cartridge, nine inches long, and as thick as one's thumb, contains 300 bullets, which may be discharged as quickly or as slowly as desired. There is no smoke, and no flash, only a sharp and low report. As soon as one's cartridge is empty, another can be screwed on instantly, 300 shots costing but 2 1-2 cents. Mention may be made here of a recent important modification of the present type of shell, now being experimented with by the United States Ordnance Department, viz., a hollow steel projectile, with thick walls. Heretofore it has been made purposely thick that it may not break in passing through the side of a ship; but this new shell is curiously thin, with a large cavity to contain gun-cotton, and keep from breaking up by a copper ring around the front end, the projectile being a foot in diameter and as tall as a man, with a smashing energy reckoned at 21,000 foot tons.

## Floral Hints and Helps.

**Gloom Dispellers—Beautiful Leaves—Failures—Better Still in Future.**

By Narcissus.

You can now enjoy to the full the bulbs which your forefathers and ours have made to bloom indoors. Chinese sacred lilies and hyacinths are now filling the house with their fragrance, while the crocuses and tulips will soon be showing their bright bloom, bringing a gleam of summer brightness into these otherwise dark days.

There is a little more to be said on this other day, and I pass it on: "If there is anything that will dispel the gloom of winter, and make the time pass cheerily, we ought to have it. Even if there is some feeling down into our pockets for the wherewithal to pay for it. One of the best dispellers is a large glass case in the dining-room window filled with ferns and begonias. To look through the beautiful shades of green out the window is to make one forget the disagreeableness of old winter. Another grand thing is a royal palm in your sitting-room, a Lantana. The beautiful leaves, when kept dusted, suggest pleasant things, especially as in its native country it is used for making fans.

Have you made a study of the beauty of the leaves of plants? Those who complain that their plants are "bit of green" in the house, when there is none without, should know that there are beautiful plants, prettier in their foliage than many plants are in their bloom. The fuchsia with its dark, glossy leaves shining in the sun, is a beauty one for the care given it, even though it does not give out a single flower all the winter. The begonia with its beautiful leaves, and so also has the ivy. Ferns are rather difficult to manage in ordinary living rooms, but if one can cultivate them, they are a rich reward in their graceful and beautiful foliage. It is easy to grow tiny orange trees from the seed, and the leaves have a beautiful gloss when kept free from dust. Let us have leaves if we cannot have flowers.

Some amateurs meet with failures in bulbs, notwithstanding the ease with which they are usually grown. Truly the ways of some bulbs are as mysterious as the ways of some men. They are apt to be a bit capricious at times. Whose fault is it if they fail to come into leaf and bloom? The florist has frequently to bear the burden of the blame, although his responsibility ends when he has sent the bulb out in good shape, if it is a good bulb. And reliable florists do not knowingly send out poor bulbs; they would not so risk their reputations. But even a sound healthy-looking bulb may prove to be a disappointment. When this happens, the failure can generally be attributed to improper planting, or to a lack of proper care after the bulb has been planted. A good bulb will usually "bring forth good fruit" if it is given a fair chance. If you will inquire faithfully into the cause of your failures, you will discover where the fault lies.

I would like to be the means of stirring up in the minds of some of my readers a desire to cultivate their own flowers. You cannot engage in a more elevating and healthful work. No matter how limited your opportunities may be, you may have some flowers. If you have neither back yard nor front yard, you have windows, and you can grow flowers there if you will. Have flowers somewhere and somewhere this year if you have never had them before. A few boxes of paid bulbs may be bought and planted with seeds in the spring may, with a very moderate amount of care, be made into a source of much beauty and pleasure during the summer months. The culture of flowers is a most fascinating occupation, and one grows fonder of it every year.

If we have grown flowers before, let us try and have more and finer flowers this year than in any previous year. Let us try and improve on last year's experience.

Look well to the house plants; we have plenty of time to do so these dull, gloomy days. See that they have water when they require it, and not too much. Watch for insect pests, and take them at once, give them no quarter. Let the plants have all the light and sunshine possible, and a little fertilizer now and then, and they will amply repay all your care.

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elicits some strange and curious facts, but none more true than the good words spoken by both Free Traders and Protectionists for the tariff.

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## Legitimate Mining vs. Speculative Mining.

### Mining Investors :

We invite your careful consideration for the prospectus of the Colorado Gold Mining and Development Company and its auxiliary, the Kootenay Exploration Company, Limited.

As you will notice by the plan presented, our proposition is purely a business one, we confining our attention to working only such properties as have been sufficiently developed to show a profit over our original investment, and as we work collectively an unlimited number of these claims, it gives us an opportunity of presenting an investment of unquestioned superiority.

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There are many mining companies that have valuable properties, but have not the means to develop them, and it is this class only that we take up and work for the profit in sight. If there is more beyond, we are so much better off but we do not hazard our original investment, therefore, the element of loss, so prominent in the average mining venture, is practically done away with.

Another favorable feature is that every shareholder participates in the profits in direct proportion to the amount invested, no stock being set aside for an officer or director, except as it is subscribed and paid for the same as by every other shareholder, and all are equal partners as their interests may appear.

This is worthy of the favorable consideration of the small investor, for until the Colorado Gold Mining and Development Company was brought out never before did the small shareholder have an equal chance with the promoters of the Company.

The magnificent success achieved by the parent company during the past nine months is sufficient indication of what can be done on these lines under competent management.

We anticipate equally gratifying results for the Kootenay Exploration Company, Limited, and will be pleased to have you join us and receive your subscription for the number of shares desired.

Subscription books are now open at the office of LOWNS BROUGH & Co., Bankers and Brokers, 22 King street east, Toronto, Ont., where J. GRANT LYMAN, Managing Director, will be pleased to receive your subscription. Price 10 cents per share, par value \$1, full paid and non-assessable, being subject to no further call.

The price of these shares will be advanced to 20c on Jan. 31. All applications must show a postmark not later than Jan. 30, 1897.

**N. B.—The price of the Colorado Gold Mining and Development Company's shares are now selling at 50c. Correspondence invited.**

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