

Animal Curiosities

How a Parrot Got Into Disgrace—A Tarantula in a Coat Sleeve—Royalty in a Beehive—Signal Success of a Mother Pig's Strategy—Some Good Dog Stories.

IT WAS THE PARROT.

"Several years ago my wife had a parrot that was a wonder. It not only had a large vocabulary of words, but it possessed the rarer faculty of imitating the voices of different people about the house. Polly imitated cats, dogs, street noises and almost anything else. She stayed in our room a great deal, and spent part of her time admiring and talking to herself in the mirror. Well, one day a lady called on my wife, and while they were downstairs I was upstairs with the parrot. All at once the parrot began an angry trade in which I must confess was a very good imitation of my voice. After awhile he switched off to a female voice, but kept up the same kind of racket. It was very funny, and I suppose our enjoyment of it caused the bird to repeat the performance at frequent intervals.

"Some time afterward my wife came to me with tears in her eyes and declared that Polly must be killed forthwith. She had just heard all kinds of cruel rumors about the terrible quarrels we were having daily. It was warm weather and the window were kept closed. When Polly got to giving a show the whole neighborhood was scandalized under the impression that my wife and I were having all kinds of war. It got to be such common talk that the neighbors got to inviting friends to hear the matinees. After that Polly was kept in a room with the windows closed."

A TARANTULA IN HIS COAT SLEEVE.

Charles Reymor, one of the main force of postal telegraphers, came as near death early yesterday morning, for the second time in the same manner, as he ever will again before he dies. A messenger boy and a Smithfield street fruit dealer were unconsciously in the same danger as Reymor, but did not have such a narrow escape as he. Shortly after midnight Reymor sent one of the office messengers to a fruit store on Smithfield, near Diamond street, for a bunch of bananas. The boy returned in a few minutes, and placed a bag containing the fruit on the desk where he was working. It also contained something which, if Reymor had seen it, would have caused him to hesitate before reaching into the bag. When he did he felt something not altogether unfamiliar crawl quickly up the back of his hand and under his coat sleeve, and which sent a cold chill through his frame. Reymor withdrew his hand quickly and shook his arm. A long, dark brown tarantula slid out from beneath his coat sleeve and dropped to the floor. Reymor turned white and fell into a chair. He had just such a narrow call several years ago, and realized the danger he had escaped. The venomous spider did not show much sign of life, and was apparently benumbed by the cold after it dropped to the floor.

Reymor called the other operators around, but they kept at a safe distance and walked about uneasily. With the aid of two long sticks the tarantula was dropped into a cigar box and the lid nailed down. Reymor now has the tarantula, which anybody with a fancy for such things can have for the taking.

Some years ago he came in close quarters with one of the spiders in precisely the same manner, and is beginning to think he is fated and will not have so much luck with the third one. —Pittsburgh Dispatch.

ROYAL ETIQUETTE IN A BEEHIVE.

An article in one of the London weeklies on "American Etiquette" has moved a correspondent of the paper to call attention to the habit of wailing in the bee world that would seem to prove the observance among those little creatures of certain very strict rules of courtesy. "Bees in a hive," declares the writer, "never turn their backs on the queen. The members of her retinue (the ladies in waiting) are ranged dutifully around her, and the same order is maintained, as the queen passes on her way. One of the surest ways of finding the queen (no easy task) is to look for a cluster of bees, the various members of which are standing in a circle, their bodies radiating outward, like the spokes of a wheel. It is believed that the bees do not use their stings, except in a battle royal—a conflict with a rival. They may be handled at all times with impunity, even put in the mouth (experto crede) without showing any resentment, save by a bite! In a royal sister alone they seem to recognize a 'foeman worthy of their steel.' Is this etiquette too, or has it stretched to the verge of prejudice?"

"It is true, bees have been known to kill a new queen by suffocation, technically called 'incensing,' but the process has been explained as denoting an exuberance of loyalty and joy at the new sovereign, who is thus literally 'smothered by kindness' and in a sense of kisses."

A MOTHER PIG'S STRATEGY.

A Nashville dispatch says: B. J. Loyd, of Franklin county, possesses a sow. Toward the end of last fall this sow, with her litter of young pigs, was turned out in the orchard to pick up a precarious livelihood as best she could from the stray fruit that might drop from the trees. She managed to make a pretty creditable scum of it between her glowering of the fallen fruit and her rather persistent rooting, but there came a time when the fruit ceased to fall with any degree of prodigality, for the simple reason that there was none left to drop.

Now, one day when the season was pretty well spent and the old sow with her steady rooting and her unsatisfied longing for the fruit that had passed was in much the same condition, she chanced to observe on the topmost bough of a tree a big, ripe red apple. First she made a dash at the trunk of the tree, hoping to shake the apple from the limb, as she had done many a time during the season. But the tree was an old one, and her strength was inadequate to move it. This, no doubt, non-plussed her to a certain extent, but she showed no outward signs of failure. With a persistence worthy a nobler cause, she rushed frantically against the nearest adjoining tree, thinking, no doubt, that she might give it a shake which could be transmitted from limb to limb to its neighbor till the apple was finally dislodged. But it was no go; the apple held on, though its twig did waver a little under the poor sow's repeated actions.

About this time a sprightly game rooster, sporting his first plumes, chanced to find his way into the orchard, and, of course, took possession of it with as lordly an air as if it had been arranged under his immediate jurisdiction and for his especial benefit. Meanwhile the sow began to eye him a little suspiciously. She was familiar enough with the feathered tribe to know that she had the advantage of her above her, a native heath, and she had no

notion of giving away to the rooster her information concerning the whereabouts of the apple. Instead, however, she set to work rooting here and there in an apparently aimless manner, but really and truly she might divert the rooster into searching for worms in the fresh-turned soil, so that the coast would be clear for her to pursue her investigations in regard to the apple.

Suddenly a happy thought seemed to take possession of her. Rushing back to the tree she called her pigs around her, and by sundry grunts and squeals, which we are yet unprepared to translate literally, confided her design to them. At least, I judge this to be the case, for immediately they, with one accord, united with her in giving such a succession of startling squeals that at first the young cock was scared within an inch of his haughty life. It took all the courage which he possessed to prevent his fleeing ignominiously, but he stood his ground tremblingly, as if he expected "every minute would be the next," as the old woman said. Meanwhile the racket among the hogs was unending, and the rooster's curiosity was getting the better of his trepidation, he ventured a little nearer to ascertain the cause of his commotion. This was the cue for renewed energy on the part of the sow and her dutiful family. Throwing a deal more vigor into her voice, she turned her eyes skyward, whereupon the pigs threw a deal more vigor into their twelve voices, and turned their eyes also skyward. This proved too much for the rooster, so he chipped in a lively staccato and turned his eyes skyward. As he did so the gleam of the red apple loomed up beneath the blue and the mystery was solved.

With a preparatory flapping of his glossy wings and a crow that almost failed to quaver, the proud cock mounted the bough and made his way confidently through the leaves to the coveted apple. He clucked and gurgled contentedly to himself as he went, showing in every movement that he meant to hold the poor hogs that were still gazing upward, and would have full benefit of his exhibition of superiority. When the apple was at length reached he gave one crow, loud and long, to herald his victory and divined his beak a half inch down into its mellow cheek, when lo! the rosy red apple, with all its lusciousness, was down in the midst of the squealing pigs.

The old sow looked up softly as her teeth sunk deep down into the apple, "and winked her other eye."

DOGS IN WAR.

Speaking of animals, you will be interested to learn of another intelligent service to which those splendid animals—dogs—have been trained. A man in Germany has found that they can be taught to help in the work of aiding the wounded in time of battle. You know there is a society having members all over the world called the Red Cross Society, which does this; and a red cross worked in their sleeves lets them go about their work under the protection of both armies engaged in fighting. These dogs have been put under the same protection and are called Red Cross dogs. Collies are the best for the purpose, that race being especially hardy, faithful and intelligent. One set of them is trained to follow the wounded, carrying across their backs in leather saddle bags made for the purpose and marked with the powerful red cross, the things, bandages, lint, plasters and brandy flask that are first needed when a wounded soldier is found. And if a surgeon uses up the supply of a dog before his work is done he sends the dog and animal in to hospital headquarters for more, the dog perfectly understanding what is expected of him. Another set of these smart dogs is trained for ambulance service, a long light dog wagon being built for them to draw the wounded man off from the field to the hospital, where he may be cared for.

HUNTING THE SEAL.

The Eskimo in his "kajak" is indeed great, for he faces the roughest seas, and dodges the heavy waves, and some of the most expert "kajak" men receive a heavy roller by capsizing and receiving the blow on the bottom, righting themselves afterward. The skillful fisher rights himself with the paddle, which is two-bladed, or with his open hand, while some can do it with the clenched hand. "I have seen," says Nansen, "a man take a stone in his clenched hand before capsizing, and come up with it still in his hand." Nor must you forget that he has to tow his prey beside performing some of these feats, and a hunter will bring three or more seals to land safely.

His chief weapon is the harpoon, which he throws either with his hand or the ingen. A throwing-stick. It has an easily detachable head with a line and bladder attached. Besides these, he has lances and bird darts, all being kept in readiness under loops of leather on top of his "kajak." Surely he must be cool and daring, for he must not miss a wounded and enraged seal, nor must the slightest hitch occur in the line when the prey rushes away with the harpoon. The greatest achievement in the hunter's art was to be able to dispense with bladders, and to let the seal tow the "kajak" man by his waist. —London Spectator.

"THE DOG FANCIER."

Battle Creek, Mich., asks: "What is the dog's tail for?" and answers, "To talk with." This reminds us of the answer of a poor German to a rich man who proposed to buy (for his little son) a small dog belonging to the German. "I don't want to sell dot dog," doesn't want to sell dot vag of his tail ven I comes home at night."

How to Cure All Skin Diseases.

Simply apply "Swayne's Ointment." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, etc., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for "Swayne's Ointment." Lyman, Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

THE West of Scotland Dog and Cat Home in Glasgow, Scotland, is an accomplished fact. It will house about 200 dogs and 100 cats.

HEART DISEASE RELIEVED IN 30 MINUTES—Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart Disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Smothering Spells, Pain in Left Side and all symptoms of a Diseased Heart. One dose convinces. Sold by W. T. Strong and B. A. Mitchell.

THE tobacco raised in Belochistan is exceedingly strong, and cannot be smoked by any but the most vigorous of white men. The natives do not appear to be affected by it.

Minnard's Liniment is used by Physicians.

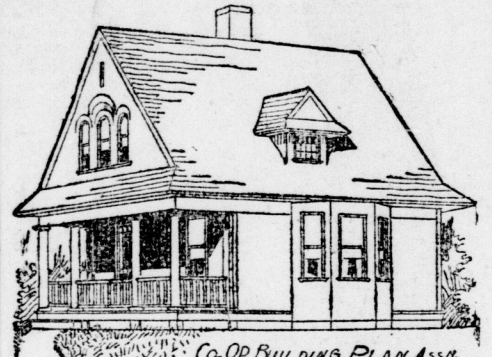
Helps for House Hunters.

A Model Cottage that Can Be Built for \$550.

(See this column next Saturday for a model \$1,000 suburban home. It is the intention of the "Advertiser" to publish a series of ten articles, illustrating and describing cottages and residences of approved modern styles and arrangement, which may be built for a low or moderate cost.)

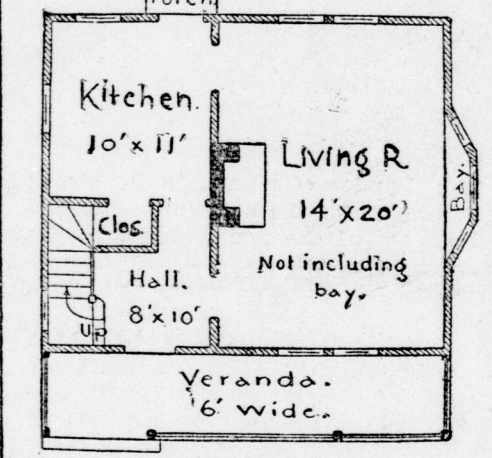
(Copyright, 1895.)

It is one of the primary principles of political economy that the happiness and prosperity of a country is gauged by the general thrift of the inhabitants and not by the abundance of the few. That would be the model community which each head of the family owned, in the decisive words of the British statesman, "an acre and a cow," even if not a single individual had much greater possessions than that. "Landlordism" is responsible for much of the misery which exists in cities, and recent developments in New York show that even a great church corporation can forget the leading precepts of Christianity when dealing with its tenants. Happily there is a growing disposition in this country for wage-earners to become householders. Every day it is proven possible for a man with shrewd management, prudence and a little self-denial to build and own a house for himself, with scarcely more of a weekly outlay than he was called upon to expend in rent. A dollar or two a month for a few years is not difficult to manage, when it means in the end such a neat and attractive home as is pictured below.



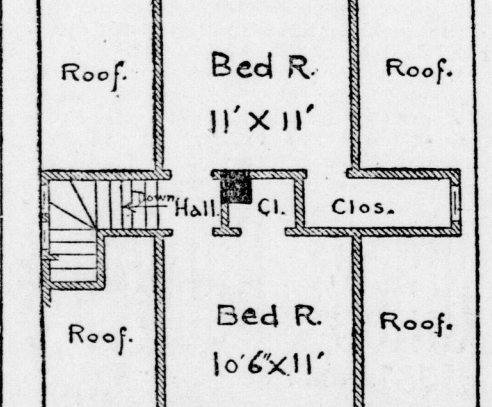
This little cottage, which is capable of various modifications to suit individual tastes, can be built, according to the most careful and reliable estimates, for \$550. Its width, including bay, 27 feet; depth, including veranda, 27 feet. Height of first story, 8 feet 6 inches; second story, 8 feet.

Exterior materials: Foundation, posts or piers; first story, clapboards; bay window, gables dormers and roofs, shingles. Interior finish: Two coats plaster; soft wood flooring, trim and staircase. Interior woodwork finished in hard oil. Colors: Body, all clapboards and shingles of bay window, terra cotta; trim, Fompeian red; shingles in gables and sides of dormers treated with burnt sienna and oil; roof shingles, dark red; sashes, bronze green; blinds, terra cotta; veranda floor and ceilings, oiled.



First Floor.

The principal rooms and their sizes, closets, etc., are shown by the floor plans. Open fireplace in the living room and cheerful bay window. Front door glazed handsomely. A circular cellar may be added, in which vegetables will not freeze. Living room may be divided in half with small bay window in the front room and the back used as the dining room, with open fireplace, which



Second Floor.

heats upstairs, economizing the expenditure of coal. A few extra dollars would build a one-story extension at the rear, used as a store-room or woodshed, and in the summer as a laundry. When the heat of the kitchen range would be oppressive.

The finished neatness of this design, its economical arrangement of rooms, and the low cost for which it can be built, appeals directly to the mechanic and laboring man, and now that the objections to the suburbs are fast being removed by the activity of the inventor and the improvements inaugurated by capital, hundreds are filling the long-felt want for a home they can call their own; an ambition always deserving of encouragement.

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BUT THOSE DAYS ARE PAST

French Calfskin is no longer as good as American Wax Calfskin. The machine shoemaker has been replaced by the machine itself. The shoemaker with the most brain is elected to the management of those machines, and he puts more than leather and wax into shoes; he puts ideas, style, finish, wear and a few other things.

TEN SHOEMAKERS

Sitting on their benches, working by hand all day long, won't turn out as many good shoes as ONE will by means of the tireless GOODYEAR WELT MACHINERY. The man who makes shoes by hand may miss a stitch or fail to draw the thread as tightly in the evening as in the morning. It's different with the machinery that manufactures.

THE SLATER SHOES

They are made from the best American Wax Calfskin, on the most perfect lasts and from latest improved machinery. They have all the good points of the best American made SHOES, and Canadians can buy them FREE OF Duty.

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Of the marvelous success of Burdock Blood Bitters lies in its specific curative power over every organ of the body. The Liver, the Blood, the Bowels, the Stomach, the Kidneys, the Skin, the Bladder, in fact, all parts of the human system are regulated, purified, and restored to perfect natural action by this medicine. Thus it CURES all diseases affecting these or other parts of the system, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Bad Blood, Biliousness, Headache, Kidney and Liver Complaint, Obsolete Humors, Old Sores, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Nervous or General Debility, and all irregularities of the system, caused by Bad Blood or disordered action of the Stomach, Bowels, Liver or Kidneys. Thousands of testimonials warrant the assertion that B.B.B. is the BEST SPRING MEDICINE FOR YOUNG OR OLD.

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