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# S. P. C. A. JOURNAL.



"Open thy Mouth

For the Dumb."

Vol. 1.

HALIFAX, N. S., NOVEMBER, 1879.

No. 2.

## S.P.C.A. JOURNAL

Published ONCE A MONTH by the

Nova Scotia Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

### TERMS:

50 cts. per annum, in advance. Single copies 5 cts. Postage FREE to all parts of the Dominion.

Articles for the paper, and subscriptions, may be sent to the Secretary.

### RATES OF MEMBERSHIP:

Active Life, - - \$20.00 | Children, - - - \$ 2.50  
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### WHICH?

Which shall it be! Which shall it be?  
I looked at Tom; Tom looked at me,  
(Dear patient Tom! who loves me yet  
As well as though my locks were jet);  
And when I found that I must speak,  
My voice seemed strangely low and weak.  
"Tell me again what Robert said?"  
And then I let my head bent my head.  
"This is his letter:

"I will give  
A house and land where you shall live,  
If in return, from out your seven,  
One child for aye to me is given."  
I looked at Tom's old garments worn,  
I thought of all that Tom had borne  
Of poverty, and work, and care,  
Which I, though willing, could not share.  
I thought of seven months to feed,  
Of seven little children's need,  
And then of this.

"Come, Tom," said I,  
"We'll choose among them as they lie  
Asleep," so, walking hand-in-hand,  
Dear Tom and I surveyed our band.  
First to the cradle lightly stepped,  
Where Lillian, the baby, slept,  
A glory 'gainst the pillow white.  
Softly the father stopped to lay,  
His rough hand down in loving way,  
When dream or whisper made her stir,  
And huskily he said, "Not her—not her!"

We stopped beside the trundle-bed,  
And one long ray of lamp-light shed  
Athwart the boyish faces there,  
In sleep so pitiful and fair:  
I saw on Janie's rough, red cheek  
A tear undried. Ere Tom could speak,  
"He's but a baby too," said I,  
And kissed him as we hurried by.

Pale, patient Robbie's angel face  
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace,  
"No, for a thousand crowns, not him,"  
He whispered, while our eyes were dim.

Poor Dick! bad Dick! our waywark son,  
Turbulent, reckless, idle one—  
Could he be spared? Nay, he who gave,  
Bld us befriend him to the grave.

Only a mother's heart could be  
Patient enough for such as he:  
"And so," said Tom, "I would not dare  
To send him from her bedside prayer."

Then softly we stole up above,  
And knelt by Mary, child of love.  
"Perhaps for her 't would better be,"  
I said to Tom. Quite silently  
He lifted up a curl that lay  
Across her cheek in wilful way,  
And shook his head. "Nay, love, not theo,"  
While my heart beat audibly.

Only one more, our eldest lad,  
Trusty and truthful, good and glad—  
So like his father. "No, Tom, no;  
I cannot, will not let him go."

And so we wrote, in courteous way,  
We could not drive one child away;  
And afterward toll lighter seemed,  
Thinking of that of which we dreamed;  
Happy, in truth, that not one face  
We missed from its accustomed place;  
Thankful to work for all the seven,  
Trusting the rest to One in Heaven.

WONDERFUL FEATS WITH BEES.—H. R. H.  
the Prince of Wales, who manifested so much  
interest in the honey recently exhibited at the  
Kilburn Show, has been presented with an  
American beehive. To Mr. Hoge, who ex-  
plained the method of operating the hive, the  
Prince expressed an opinion that the stories  
recorded of Mr. Wildman's command over  
bees must to a great extent have been mythi-  
cal; but Mr. Hoge assured His Royal High-  
ness that he could demonstrate to him that  
they were quiet correct and unexaggerated,  
and, acting upon his assertion, he fumbled  
about for a little while among the swarm of  
live bees which he had with him, when they  
began to cluster about his right hand, assuming  
the shape of a huge bunch of grapes. Then  
placing a little tube made of wire gauze be-  
tween his teeth, the bees began to accumulate  
about his face, and hang like a long beard  
from his chin. Mr. Thurber, the great honey  
merchant, says the control over the bees lies  
in securing the queen bee, which in Mr. Hoge's  
case was confined in a wire tube, which all  
the bees followed from one place to another.

## GIRLS.

"The proper study of mankind is man."  
The most perplexing one, no doubt, is woman.  
The subtlest study that the mind can scan,  
Of all deep problems, heavenly or human."  
—*Narr.*

Perhaps the poet is right from an aesthetic point of view, but the problem of the hour in relation to the sex, is of a more practical character than the one he hints at. It may be simply expressed in the formula, what shall we do with?

Girls are growing up to womanhood, and womanhood is filling its spheres, illy or fitly, in this old young country of ours, on too haphazard a plan to long please the thoughtful. As we grow richer, we grow more idle; and idleness is even more of a curse to the weaker than to the stronger sex. Purposeless, aimless educations are making *emmi*-stricken, vacuous women: surface glittering sometimes, "fast" too often useful seldom. Indeed, the woman who fills the best ends of her existence, who does the best work her life can be made to afford, most often accomplishes it against circumstances, surroundings and prejudices, under spurring of relentless necessity or the scourging of sorrow.

For the idle and aimless, for those who have no other conception of life than a day-to-day getting through it, the suggestion of a purpose to their existence would be met with a vacant stare, or laughed at as a joke, or answered with a hopeless, helpless sigh. Her sister of the fast school has an object in life. She steepers her days in follies, and drinks the decoction for pleasure. The draught is not of unmixed sweet, however, and as it palls on and wearies the palate, it turns to bitterness and gall. So we might name a hundred types of womanhood, more or less removed from the highest, and all the rank outgrowth of false convictions, false ideas and viciously erroneous theories of life.

Self-indulgence and laziness degenerates man or woman, and when to the girl, the maiden, the woman, the nearest object known to life is the getting of a husband, and remotely dim dreams of a family and domestic life, what wonder that everything else is lost sight of and forgotten! Health, mental, moral and physical, is broken in the victims of a superficial one-idea education, and when we see a robust, earnest, healthy-minded, stout-hearted, self-helpful woman, battling manfully against the world, we stare in delightful wonder. Fathers forget that riches have wings; that misfortune may beat down wealth's broadest barriers, and poverty come in at the gap. A "settlement," no matter how ample, is not proof against pauperism. Fire may consume it, the waves swallow it; spendthrift husbands, visionary trustees, dishonest executors may scatter it. Add to these, and a thousand like ills, "the proverbial helplessness of woman," and the sum total of fears, is enough to make a prudent parent tremble when Providence sends him a daughter.

The lesson is patent, the warning clear to all, that the education of the female mind and body should contemplate the contingencies and exigencies of life, and secure provision for a healthful exercise of the faculties with which nature has endowed her and intended her to use. Teach them that labor is honorable for its own sake, and improving, useful—nay, necessary—aside from motives of gain, or the

honorable striving after independence. Yellow-covered romance, and newspaper stories of real life, to the contrary, notwithstanding. Fortune does not always step in at an interesting moment to rescue a victim from the task that Necessity would set her, and the sooner the spoiled pet of the millionaire and the novel-warped daughter of the mechanic shall learn that fact, the better for their happiness in this world and the world to come. They need much discipline, and unlearning and learning in this respect, but not more than the parents, to whom are primarily due the false, foolish and wicked notions concerning the "impropriety" of work and its debasement of caste."—*Human Appeal.*

A WIFE'S POWER.—The power of a wife for good or evil is irresistible. Without one, home must be forever unknown. A good wife is to a man wisdom, strength and courage; a bad one is confusion, weakness and despair. No condition is hopeless to a man when the wife possesses firmness, decision and economy. There is no outward propriety which can counteract indolence, extravagance and folly at home. No spirit can long endure bad influence. Man is strong, but his heart is not adamant. He delights in enterprise and action, but to sustain him he needs a tranquil mind, and especially if he is an intelligent man, he needs his whole moral force in the conflict of life. To recover his composure, home must be a place of peace and comfort. There his soul renews its strength, and goes forth with fresh vigor to encounter the labor and trouble of life. If at home he finds no rest, and is there met with bad temper, sullenness, jealousy and gloom, or assailed with complaints and censure, hope vanishes, and he sinks into despair. Such is the case with too many, who, it might seem, have no conflicts or trials of life, for such is the wife's power.

Wild oats are the only crop that grows by gas-light.

People learn wisdom by experience. A man never wakes up his second baby to see it laugh.

"HAVE you ever broken a horse?" inquired a horse-jockey. "No, not exactly," replied Simmons, "but I have broken three or four wagons."

A DELAWARE doctor gave it as his written opinion that a patient of his was afflicted with "beneyus fever." The bad spell killed him—the patient, not the doctor.

"Get up and give an account of yourself," said a policeman to a prostrate drunkard. "How can I give an account when I have lost my 'balance,'" was the reply.

"God and the doctor, we alike adore  
When we are sick, but not before.  
The sickness o'er, both are alike required,  
God is forgotten, and the doctor slighted."

Two men were quarrelling about a cemetery. One said, "I won't be buried there as long as I live." To which the other replied with warmth, "Well, I will, if God spares my life."

## THE SHEPHERD.

What do we read in the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke? There is a shepherd bringing home his sheep into the fold. As they pass in he stands and numbers them. I can see him counting one, two, three, up to ninety-nine. "But," says he, "I ought to have a hundred. I must have made a mistake;" and he counts them over again. "There are only ninety-nine here; I must have lost one." He does not say, "I will let him find his own way back." No! He takes the place of the seeker; he goes out into the mountain, and hunts until he finds the lost one, and then he lays it on his shoulder, and brings it home. Is it the sheep that finds the shepherd? No, it is the shepherd that finds and brings back the sheep. He rejoiced to find it. Undoubtedly, the sheep was very glad to get back to the fold, but it was the shepherd who rejoiced, and who called his friends and said, "Rejoice with me."—H. W. BEECHER.

## HALF-HEARTEDNESS.

I am tired and sick of half-heartedness. You don't like a half-hearted man; you don't care for any one to love you with a half-heart, and the Lord won't have it. If we are going to seek for Him and find Him, we must do it with all our heart. I believe the reason why so few people find Christ is because they do not search for Him with all their heart; they are not terribly in earnest about their soul's salvation. God is in earnest; everything God has done proves that He is in earnest about the salvation of men's souls. He has proved it by giving His only Son to die for us. The Son of God was in earnest when He died. What is Calvary but a proof of that? And the Lord wants us to be in earnest when it comes to this great question of the soul's salvation. I never saw men seeking Him with all their hearts but they soon found Him.

## LOUISE KING ASSOCIATION.

The Georgia Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is named after its founder the late Miss Louise W. King, whom the report says was a noble Christian lady ever ready to sacrifice herself in the cause of benevolence.

Although this Society was only organized in Sept., 1878, it has done a good work. It was their present energetic and zealous Secretary, Mr. Nathan K. Platshek, who first started the Society. This gentleman is only nineteen years old and is claimed to be the youngest active worker in the cause in the world. "The officers of the Association have diligently and daily trod the pathways and byways of our city, watching and examining the condition of the numberless animals that pass and are met with in their rounds, rebuking the inconsiderate and giving counsel to the ignorant."

They have purchased and put up a drinking fountain—a necessity which has been painfully brought before our minds here in Halifax during the past summer and which we hope soon to see supplied.

This young Society has also had under consideration 254 cases of cruelty during the year, none of which we are pleased to find were of a bad character.

## DE TREMENS &amp; CO.

A WARNING.—BY A. L. YOUNG.

One day about five years ago I was journeying in my buggy through a certain section of Southern Ohio. The day was dull and damp and a heavy mist pervaded creation; the hedgerows on either side of the road, the people I met or overtook, the cows and sheep in the fields, the crows and sparrows, the houses I passed, seemed utterly miserable, wet through, done up, and mystified. I have weathered many a storm, have been wet and dry again two or three times a day; I have been spilt into ditches, pitched into hedges and against stone walls; I have been robbed and robbed by footpads and life preservers; but never before had I lost the natural buoyancy and jollity of my disposition. On the morning of the day in question, however, I felt like all things animate and inanimate—to speak commercially, fozzled. Of course I had my remedy with me in my driving-box, which I soon pressed into service; it was a pint flask, full of the purest brandy. "This is balm of Gilead for any weather," thought I, as I took my first dose. My mouth exactly holds one-eighth of a pint.

Hundreds of gallons have travelled the same way, but I believe ambrosial nectar could never have been so grateful to a thirsty god as that streak of liquid sunshine was to me. I felt my chest expand and my mind's eye could see my eyes sparkle with a glint of their natural fire. What cared I for wet without? The whisky within was proof against watery particles, and defied them in any shape. So, taking another drink to make sure that I had not served out short measure on the previous occasion, I jogged on, sometimes speculating as to my future, refreshing my memory and spurring my hopes with spirits of the Elixir, until in due course I arrived at the Washington Hotel, at ———, full of my usual spirits, and with an empty flask.

After a hearty meal I called for my pipe and jorum of toddy, and resigning myself to the soothing influence of the weed and whisky, I waited patiently for an arrival to spend the evening with; for I was alone in the commercial room, and the only signs recognizable to my senses were those of the rain pelting away at the window, and the hollow rumbling of stray vehicles over the paving-stones.

I did not count—I never do—but I believe I had arrived at my fifth grog and pipe, when, feeling chilly, I drew the heavy arm-chair closer to the fire; this little act occupied several minutes, for the bandy legs of the stupid old chair would make for themselves a place under the hearth-rug. I tried to circumvent the awkward limbs, and temporized with my toe; but the more I kept on wanting to get them right, the more they kept on not wanting to be righted, and, being sidgety in all little matters of personal comfort, I was positively obliged at the risk of a rush of blood to the head, to lift the club-footed old chair with one hand, and to lay the refractory corner of the rug with the other.

When, by this effort of exhausted nature, I had accomplished my object, I took a stiff pull at my replenished toddy, filled my pipe and lighted it, and with the feeling of a man who has obtained a victory, I threw myself into my late enemy's lap, pinched his mahogany

old arms with my elbows, stretched out my feet upon the fender and laughed outright at my triumph, with my usual jolly Ha! ha! till the room rang again.

"Ha! ha! ha! ha!" till the room rang again, followed like an echo the Ha! ha! that originally belonged to me.

To my surprise and delight, I found an arrival had ensconced himself in the fellow chair to mine, had his jorum of toddy on the other corner of the mantel, his pipe in full blast, his elbows on the mahogany arms of my late enemy's own brother, and his toes almost touching mine on the fender.

I looked at the arrival and the arrival looked at me. I bowed at him, and received a courteous bow in return.

"Wet night," said I.

"Wet night," said he.

"And cold," said I.

"And cold," said he.

"Nice fire," said I.

"Nice fire," said he.

He seemed to give his words my exact intonation.

He was winking me!

"Darn it!" said I, and laughed.

"Darn it!" said he, and laughed—laughed so much like me that I couldn't distinguish any difference, either in quantity or quality; he was right to a single Ha!

I took another pull at my toddy, and so did he! I smoked my pipe serenely, and made a very deliberate survey of my friend. He became immediately engaged in the same interesting occupation with me. He was a man about my own age, and evinced his taste by adopting a style of costume closely resembling my own. I noticed particularly, that his feet were encased in French cloth boots, with narrow tips of patent leather at the toes, like mine; in fact, I felt tempted to offer him considerable odds that I could name the maker and the number of the lasts upon which they were made. His face, too, seemed to be very like my style of face; there was the noble brow, the partially bald pate, the expressive mouth, the magnificent teeth, the chiseled nose, the—no, not the eloquent dark eyes—the same sort of eyes though, differing only from mine in one little particular feature. His eyes had a ring round each, caused perhaps by cold or grief; nor could he boast of a rosy fresh complexion such as mine; his was most decidedly choleric—blue as indigo.

I am fond of harmless fun, and I confess I fervently wished for a few more arrivals to enjoy it with me. In the space of a few minutes, I invented a dozen funny things to say; the last was so rich, that I laughed outright. And so did he.

We sat and looked at each other. I noticed that when I took a drink, he did the same. When I puffed, he puffed. If I moved a hand or foot, so did he.

I could stand it no longer; I was angry, and I said to him—"I am not to be insulted with impunity, sir! My name is Brown—there's my card; stand up like a man, sir!"

My blood was up.

The cadaverous wretch repeated my words and actions, and handed me a card on which was engraved, "De Tremens & Co., Wine and Spirit Merchants."

I finished my toddy, took off my coat, went to the door, and pocketed the key. But never for an instant did he take his eyes off me. He was quite ready for me. He waited for me.

His azure countenance had changed; he looked fiendish.

The noble art of self-defense formed a feature in my education; when at school I could parry and counter capitally; my blow was equal to a hundred and thirty-seven pounds, and I could give the upper cut beautifully; but somehow I felt afraid of this fellow, and I looked at him as fiercely as I could, in the hope that he would make me an apology. Nothing of the kind! On the contrary, his demoniacal scowl grew fiercer and wilder every moment, the redness round his eyes became more strongly defined, and his orbs shone with a dazzle that seemed to freeze my blood. I would have given a month's salary and expenses to boot, to have been safely anywhere else. I looked at the window as the thought rose, and determined to risk a limb by jumping through it into the street below. But to do so I must pass him. His eyes were upon me, and I gave up the idea as soon as formed.

I had contrived, however, to have the table between us, and thus we were face to face. I could not now look him straight in the eye, as I had always been accustomed to look at a man.

I shrank from his terrible stare and my blood seemed to gallop as though every drop in my body had entered for and was running on a steep-chase through my veins, with a wind-up leap from my heart to my brain.

To my horror I became sensible that the table was moving with a slow but certain motion toward the side of the room. I held it with all my strength, but without avail. My antagonist was evidently a much stronger man than myself, and had the design of making for himself a fair field on which to exhibit his prowess. I would have pulled the bell out by its roots for help, but my hands were riveted to the table. I moved with it against my will; his terrible eyes were upon me.

At last the table touched the wall; my enemy lifted his hands, and as he did so I found mine were released. Quick as lightning, I remembered that I had a large spring-backed knife in my pocket, I thrust my hand in search of it; but I was already in the grip of a vice, receiving blows that would not have disgraced a mammoth hammer. I was knocked down; I was knocked up; I was thrown over his head, kicked in many places at once, jumped upon, knelt upon, my teeth were punched out, my nose was flattened, my neck dislocated, my skull fractured, my ribs smashed in, before I could even plant with my left upon any part of my antagonist.

At length I obtained freedom for my right hand; the next minute he was dead at my feet. With great difficulty I arose, and, drawing the table to its original position, hid the body underneath. Then, with an inexpressible feeling of triumph, I wiped my trusty weapon.

Horror! In every chair, on every table, on the solemn old clock, on a row on the mantel-shelf, were new arrivals! All waiting to have a turn with me!

The morning after my arrival at the Washington I found myself in bed, strapped down. The people of the inn told me that I had been mad the night before, and had fought a battle royal with every article of furniture in the room. I knew better of course, but I kept my own counsel. I could have told them that I had conquered not only De Tremens himself, but also his awful Co.

# THE S. P. C. A. JOURNAL

HALIFAX, N. S., NOVEMBER, 1879.

## EDUCATE THE CHILDREN.

One great object in our Society is the education of the children of our City and Province into a habitual attitude of kindness to the lower orders of creation. If, as we frequently find, the perpetration of cruel acts to helpless animals by persons who have attained to years of maturity are the results of thoughtlessness, much more is it so in children who, unless educated, do not seem to understand that animals can possibly suffer pain.

Few school boys have any conception of the torture experienced by a fly whose wings or legs have been thoughtlessly torn off in mere wantonness, or by a beetle or butterfly pinned against a desk or wall. Did they know that if a member of their own bodies was torn off or a sword run through them the agony would only equal that of the poor insect, they would have a better appreciation of the terrible suffering endured by their hapless victim.

The writer now remembers with a shudder the many boyish acts of cruelty done in childhood. Not that we were more cruel or more thoughtless than hundreds of other school boys, but as everybody's sins sooner or later surely find them out, our sins of commission now stand out vividly before the memory.

It is not often that the punishment for hideous acts come as swiftly to the perpetrator as it did in the case of the boy who impaled a live frog and who died within a few hours with the sight of the frog's eyes fairly eating out his life, but who can think of the drumming on the sculpin or the notching of the tail of the perch, both of which can almost daily be seen on our wharves, without a sigh of regret at having done the same in early days? So the stoning of frogs in a pond, the pelting or maiming of cats and dogs, and many other thoughtless acts of boyhood, are apt to embitter the memories of the considerate man in after life.

A great responsibility rests on parents and those responsible for the up-bringing of children with regard to these matters. Boys and girls at school and in the household should be carefully taught that the Great Creator has endowed the lower animals with feeling, and sensibility to pains and suffering, and that any acts of cruelty against any of God's creatures must be hateful to Him and deserving of that punishment which sooner or later overtakes all who transgress His laws.

On the other hand our children could be imbued early with the idea of shewing kindness not only to their friends and playmates but also even to the worms that crawl beneath their feet. One of the loveliest sights on earth is to see children acting with thoughtful consideration and attention to birds and animals. How much better is it to see little ruddy-faced girls and boys feeding the swans and ducks in the ponds of our peerless Public Garden than to see the rude gamins pelting them with stones.

Then let every parent and school teacher who reads this paper endeavor as opportunity offers to inculcate to the children of our country lessons of thoughtfulness and kindness to all of God's creatures, no matter how useless

they may seem to us, and in every way to impress upon rising generations the hatefulness of acting with cruelty to anything which by the fiat of the Great Creator has an equal right with ourselves to immunity from all unnecessary pain or suffering.

## "IT'S ONLY A HOBBY."

How often we hear this said of the work of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; and yet might it not be said of any good work? What has covered the face of the earth with schools, and missions, and churches, but an interest in the welfare of their fellow creatures, urging on benevolent men in the pursuit of a "hobby"?

The more liberties of this kind that men grow enthusiastic over, the better; would that many more were open to the charge! Would any man at the present day deliberately accuse any denomination of Christians who send missionaries to the heathen of fanaticism on that account? And yet the charge would be almost as unfair as to ridicule the effort to provide kindness to the brute creation as a hobby.

The truth is that a countless army of horses, cattle, sheep, birds and other animals which are subject to man endure dreadful pain and suffering through his cruelty or thoughtlessness. The Creator, when he bestowed the gift of life on these animals, intended that they should enjoy the gift; they have as much right to their lives and their happiness as man has to his. Why then, should ridicule attack the effort, however humble, to aid in promoting the intentions of our common Creator? Rather should it be esteemed an honor and privilege to be fellow-workers with Him in so upright a cause. This, at any rate, is our faith; and we intend to raise our voices, and promote in every way in our power the beneficial work of a Society which has had the courage to undertake it.

We are satisfied that in many cases suffering is caused to animals simply from want of thought. Practices have come down to us from our ancestors, such for example as the use of bearing-reins on horses, which we continue until our attention is called to the cruelty and utter uselessness of the custom; and just as this practice is fast disappearing under the influence of the growing conviction of its true character, so will multitudes of other equally reprehensible customs disappear.

Who can look on a horse gambolling in a pasture in the exuberance of his delight when freed from the restraints of his daily work, without some emotions of pleasure? Then why not reduce the restraints and consequent suffering to a minimum? No nobler animal than the horse in all the brute creation exists, and he has been made subject to man, to whom he is of incalculable value. Then let us alleviate his necessary bondage by every means in our power, and reward his invaluable services by gentle and humane treatment.

There is not a class of the lower animals under the dominion of man to which the same considerations do not apply.

The objects of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals are not confined to any one class or species, but embrace, so far as their means will permit, every variety.

Is it too much to hope that under the influence of the more widely diffused light on these subjects, as the Society extends its opera-

tions, a more humane spirit towards the helpless dumb brutes will be disseminated, and that some day no such thing as a prosecution for cruelty will be heard of because universal kindness will prevail?

## THERE IS YET ROOM.

On looking over the pages of the excellent paper "The Humane Appeal," (for the receipt of which we beg to return thanks), published by the Ohio State S. P. C. A., we came across the above heading, and being struck with the similarity of position of the two societies, thought that we could not do better than reproduce the article. If our readers will simply alter in their mind's eye the words "Union," "State," and "Ohio," to Dominion, Province, and Halifax, they will find the remarks perfectly applicable to this Society.

"If the good people of this city can be influenced to feel that the work of protecting animals from cruel treatment is for the good of the entire community; that it works out great results which are manifest in a reduced number of cruel assaults, and attempts at killing men, as well as prevents much useless and unnecessary suffering among the dependent and helpless: If these facts can be fixed in the minds of the readers, so that they will give thoughts to them, now and then, seed will have been planted that will bear good fruit in the noble and benevolent hearts of the people. It is very interesting to notice the work done in large cities by kindred societies.

"They have the same cases, same offences, with the same leaven of cowardice and cruelty that has been thrown up time and again in this city. In some places they, no doubt, suffer from indifference and neglect, and have the same seasons of famine and depression that are experienced here, but on the average, a great work has been and is being done, a work that was not thought of a few years ago, and men and women are pushing this branch of benevolence and philanthropy with great zeal in a number of the larger cities of the Union. It is important to the renown of the State of Ohio, that it should not fail in so essential a work; and this may be considered as an invitation to all "who love mercy" to take interest in, to join with, to contribute, to share the labors, to criticise the work, to welcome zealous enthusiasts in their cause. There is plenty of room for new societies, for new presidents, secretaries, directors, members. There is place for money, influence, example, preaching, teaching, writing; for advice, re-monstrance and persuasion. Come, then, and join the Ohio S. P. C. A. Come and help to establish Branch or Auxiliary Societies; come and place your name on the record as opposed to cruelty inflicted upon the dumb animals that have no voice and no privilege of appeal from such treatment. The S. P. C. A. has been at work through six years of hard and dull times, which have restrained its growth and usefulness, and delayed its progress; but now the better days are at hand, there should be some effort made to render permanent this organization.

"There are many worthy, noble charities well sustained, but the list would be maimed, yea, would lack a right hand without the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Come, there is yet room for new members, for new zeal, and for far more enthusiasm."

### "PREVENTION IS BETTER THAN CURE."

Acting upon the above well-known proverb, and in the belief that much suffering is endured by poor dumb animals from thoughtless and unintentional acts of cruelty, a member of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the S. P. C. A. has offered small prizes in a school in the suburbs of Halifax for the two best essays upon the subject of Cruelty to Animals, and for this purpose has circulated in the school some papers issued by the "Royal" Society in England, of which the Queen is the honored head.

The JOURNAL of the S. P. C. A. now issued monthly, in Halifax, will be a means, if so circulated, of promoting the same object by giving to the children matter for reflection, as well as matter for their essays.

It is hoped that at the next meeting of the Ladies' Auxiliary, the plan of offering prizes in other schools will be discussed, so as get the Society as soon as possible into working order.

It is also hoped that the members will attend the meeting, and so help out the good work. To lead, not drive, is the special work of the Ladies' Auxiliary, and the sooner the young are so led the better and more easily the work of the Society will be accomplished.

### A BRANCH ORGANIZED IN TRURO.

A number of gentlemen met at Truro, Oct. 28th, to consider the advisability of organizing a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Mr. Israel Longworth, Mayor of Truro, and a Vice President of the parent society of Nova Scotia, occupied the chair, and Hugh McKenzie was appointed Secretary *pro tem*.

Addresses were delivered by the Chairman Revd. Mr. Burroughs, and Mr. Naylor, in reference to the objects of the Society and its working. It was moved by Dr. D. H. Muir, seconded by S. D. McLellan, and passed, that "in the opinion of this meeting it is expedient to organize a Branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in Truro."

The following gentlemen were then elected officers of the society for the ensuing year:

*President*—Israel Longworth, Mayor.

*Vice Presidents*—Dr. D. H. Muir, J. F. Blanchard, Dr. Peppard, Great Village; Robert Forham, Acadian Mines; James D. Putman, Brookfield; John Yuill, Clifton; David McGill Johnston, Upper Stewiacke; Col. W. M. Blair, M. P. P., North River; David A. Campbell, Tatamagouche; Thomas Parker, Lower Stewiacke.

*Executive Committee*—Rev. Mr. Burrows, (Chairman), J. K. Blair, Wm. Cummings, Richard Craig, Robert McConnell, Dr. A. C. Page, Rev. John McMillan.

*Honorary Counsel*—Messrs. Mackenzie and McLellan.

*Secretary and Treasurer*—Dr. W. S. Muir.

The thanks of the meeting were tendered to Messrs. Naylor and W. H. Harrington, to which a reply was made by Mr. Harrington.

A list was opened, and the roll of membership signed, after which the meeting adjourned.

### VIVISECTION.

SIR WM. FERGUSSON, the eminent English surgeon, said, "Nothing has ever yet been attained by vivisection towards mitigating pain and suffering in the human race. The whole system while undergoing the torture of vivisection is in a condition so entirely different from the normal, that no reliable results can be gained in that way. Dr. Hoggan bears similar testimony. Dr. Pritchard, lecturer on Pathology, says it is impossible in the case of a horse or a dog to safely use chloroform to alleviate or stop the pain of vivisection—that, when applied to the dog, the primary effect is uncertain, and death the consequence. Dr. Walker and Dr. Paget say nearly the same, though Dr. Paget adds that he has an intense objection to the use of anaesthetics, for he is satisfied from thirty to forty persons die every year from their effects. Dr. Robert and Dr. Martin were of the same opinion as Dr. Pritchard, and I could give you a list of twenty others, men who stand high in their profession that no one could doubt what they assert to be the case.

A case of vivisection occurs to me which I feel impelled to relate, as showing that vivisection is sometimes practised from no other motive than that of downright cruelty. A vivisector crucified a dog and kept it without food or water, till, at the end of eleven days, death put a close to its sufferings. For what purpose was this done? The operator himself said he had no purpose in view but to see how long a dog could support life under that torture. What possible knowledge of real value could this lead to? I stigmatise the act as positively infernal.

I will give but another instance. Dr. Butler had the audacity to assert, and I believe more than once, that having vaccinated a child he placed it in a bed with a case of confluent small-pox. Another child, of similar age and constitution, but not vaccinated, was also placed in the same bed. With what object? To prove that if both took the disease—which I believe they did—the vaccinated one could be completely cured, while the other would certainly be deeply marked, possibly blinded, or, indeed, very probably killed by the cruel malady.

This may be a very fair experiment according to medical ideas, but as a *magistrate*, I should term it manslaughter; as a *Christian*, murder.

But there is a very simple way in which, as I believe, vivisection may be stopped. It is a way which will involve little trouble or expense. It is not the much-resorted-to method of petition. That plan is certainly useless. Petitioning for emancipation was carried on for 14 years without effect. It was not until the Irish people determined to have the Emancipation Bill passed, that the Duke of Wellington said in the House of Lords: "You must either pass the Emancipation Bill or put Ireland under martial law." Now what is needed is just such a determination upon our part. Petitions have been sent in for Women's Rights, but I doubt whether women are more near to the possession of their rights now than before the first petition went in. Now, I would suggest that the Hon. Sec'y. of our Society should issue the form of a Bill which every elector should request his candidate to declare he will do his best to pass, and,

failing a promise to that effect, the elector shall refuse to vote for him. Of the result there could be little doubt. The great majority of the members of the present Parliament have been elected by very small majorities, and such a point they would gladly concede. The Bill I recommend is a very simple one, and one which would not interfere with politics or religion. It would be of this nature, though of course clothed in the usual technical language so difficult for the uninitiated to understand: "Every person who shall practice the healing art under any name or designation whatsoever from this time forth, every physiological lecturer, demonstrator, and veterinary surgeon, is hereby required to take out a license before participating, under certain penalties." Then it should be provided in the Bill that all persons intending to take out licenses should be required to fill up a declaration to this effect: "I (so and so), intending to practice as (so and so), require a license, and I hereby declare that since the passing of the Act (Then would follow the name of the Act which I am proposing.) I have not practised vivisection, nor have I been present at any time when vivisection has been practised; and I further declare that I will not practice vivisection, or be present at any place where it is practised during the time I hold such license."

No trouble should be experienced in obtaining such a license; it should be procured simply by sending that declaration to the office, with a small fee. Now, I think, no one could object to this plan, and I am strongly of the opinion that if all persons wishing to stop vivisection, should decline to vote for any candidate unless he pledged himself to do his best to pass this measure, you would have a very large majority to press it.

I believe, too, the adoption of this Bill would inflict a great blow upon the practice of vivisection, both in France and Germany. In these countries there are a great many students from this kingdom, because the fees are so much smaller there, and these students would, if this Bill were passed, be unable to attend classes where such practices were carried on; and this would, I believe, have a very marked effect upon the course of studies pursued there.

I would further suggest that every person wishing to stop vivisection should refuse to subscribe to the Hospital Sunday Fund, unless those who have the distribution of that fund declare that they will not give any portion of it to any Hospital, unless the authorities state that vivisections are forbidden. There are two hospitals which it might perhaps, not affect—the Westminster Hospital and St. Bartholemew's. The former is, I believe, supported almost entirely by the Duke of Westminster, who is, I understand, decidedly opposed to vivisection, and I believe vivisection is not practised at that hospital. As to St. Bartholemew's, they have an income of £65,000 a year, and of course they care very little about Hospital Sunday. Yet even the authorities of that hospital would be greatly influenced by the passing of the Act to which I have referred, for then, if the practice of vivisection was carried on there, none of their students could practise; and I earnestly appeal to you all to do your utmost to obtain the passing of such a measure."



## A SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF CHILDREN.

We are often asked if we do not undertake the protection of children from abuse. In reply, we may say that we have often done so, although it is no part of the work for which we were organized. In cases where there is no one to look after them, we have done so; but from the limited means placed at the disposal of the Society we are only able to attend to extreme instances. Are there not some gentlemen who would associate themselves for this work? It is very much required in Halifax, and cases are seen daily where such a society could exert influences for good.

Nothing appeals so forcibly to the sensibilities of the humane as injustice or cruelty inflicted upon those who are incapable of defence. It is the unanimous verdict of jurists, that no crime is more deserving of swift and righteous judgment than cruelty toward very young children, whose innocence and utter defencelessness constitute their surest protection, except in the minds of the most depraved. The entire helplessness of a child exposed to such abuse is most piteous. It has been ushered into a world of whose ways it knows nothing; it has no voice that can penetrate other ears than those within its home; no consciousness of the existence of kind hearted and sympathetic persons, and no power to do anything but suffer. Help may be within its reach; but it does not know the fact, and so it submits, in blind, enduring agony, to the misery which crushes and consumes its life.

The man who thus persecutes a child is a monster. The innocence and purity which charm other persons, and which were declared to be the model upon which the most perfect character should be formed, have no influence upon such a man; he perceives only the weakness which makes tyranny easy and safe, and so he fills with terror and despair the years that should be full of joy and gayety.

It would be the specialty of such an organization to step in and place a "shield between the hard hand and its helpless victim," and put the offender, when the circumstances warrant such a procedure, within the custody of the proper officers of the law. It would be the province of such a Society—to receive and carefully investigate cases of cruelty or neglect of children, that may come to the notice of any of our citizens. Laws already exist for the protection of children, but the police force is necessarily occupied with the gravest and most obvious cases of crime. No friendly or powerful hand is especially delegated to rescue these little ones from lives of misery and danger, place them under the shield of the law, and when natural protection has failed or has been transformed with brutality, to bring them, by order of the Court, under the merciful care of some infants or orphan home, or other sanctuary provided for the desolate and oppressed. It would be no part of its duty to interfere between parent and child, guardian and ward, master and apprentice; but only when relations of authority and of trust have been grossly violated, to make that appeal to Courts of law, which the subjects of its compassion are too young and helpless to make for themselves. This field of labor is, in many respects, a peculiar and delicate one. While its officers should faithfully undertake the investigation of any

change of cruelty against children, it would be equally their duty to sift the evidence, to see before giving the charge the slightest publicity, that no malice lurked therein that might work harm to any person whatsoever. Surely a creature created in God's own image is as worthy of the care and attention of mankind as is the brute creation.

## S. P. C. A. INFORMATION.

We want this JOURNAL circulated throughout the length and breadth of the Province. Who will assist us by getting subscribers and members to the Society? Remember that this is not published as a commercial undertaking, but that we may be "all of one mind, having compassion one of another: love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous."

**RAILWAY CONDUCTORS AGENTS.**—By the kind permission of D. Pottinger, T. J. Lynsky and P. Innes, Esquires, all conductors on the Intercolonial, Western Counties, and Windsor and Annapolis Railways have been appointed agents of this Society. This will embrace the whole Province of Nova Scotia. Our agents have power to interfere in any case of cruelty that may come under their notice, and if necessary, to give into custody any person offending against the laws. In cases where it may seem desirable they will communicate by telegraph with the Secretary at Halifax, who will immediately respond. Agents will shortly (if not already in receipt of them) receive full instructions as to their duties, and may depend upon being warmly and firmly supported by the Society in any action that they may take for the proper carrying out of its objects. Members of the Parent Society and branches are requested to give all authorized agents assistance in carrying on the work, and farmers and the general public are kindly asked to remember the following, which we published last month:

**Tying the Legs of Animals.**—It cannot be too widely known that tying the legs of any animal or fowl is contrary law. The "Cruelty to Animals Act" says: "Whosoever beats, binds, ill-treats, abuses or tortures" any animal, shall be liable to certain punishments.

**Injuring Animals that Stray on to one's Property.**—Until recently it was thought that the owner of land had a right to shoot, maim, or abuse an animal that was trespassing thereupon. Cutting, wounding, shooting, or injuring cattle is a felony, punishable by imprisonment in the Penitentiary, for not less than two years, nor more than fourteen. It does not matter whether the fence is good, bad, or indifferent. Trespassing animals should be impounded or an action brought for damages against the owner.

**Cattle and Sheep together in Curs.**—It is illegal to put cattle and sheep in curs together without a partition separating them.

**Cattle and Sheep in Box Curs.**—It is illegal and cruel to put sheep and cattle in box curs. The practice will be stopped. The fact that the doors are left a short distance open is not sufficient. This simply creates a current across the car. Let anyone get into either end of such a car when loaded with cattle and they will very soon get out again if not overcome by the impure air.

**HOUSING CATTLE.**—Farmers and others would do well to look to their winter quarters for cattle. Wintering well goes far towards summering. Warmth saves food. Failing to provide proper food and shelter is an offence against the law. Several persons were fined last winter for keeping animals in unfit places and for starving by withholding food.

**NEW BRANCHES.**—Truro and Kentville have formed branches of the S. P. C. A., reports of which are given in another column.

**ACKNOWLEDGMENT.**—We return thanks for "The Humane Appeal" published by the Ohio State S. P. C. A., "Our Dumb Animals" from the Boston Society, and "The Animal World" from the Royal Society of England. We have also received the annual report of the Newburgh, and Georgia, U. S., Societies.

**FOUND GUILTY.**—At the sitting of the Supreme Court, at Kentville on Monday, the 20th Oct., Walter Scott, of Avonport, King's County, was found guilty of cruelly and maliciously cutting and maiming a young heifer. The jury recommended him to mercy on account of his old age. He was prosecuted by the S. P. C. A. His conviction should prove a warning to others.

**SUPREME COURT, HALIFAX, 24TH OCT.**—In the case of the Queen vs. Isaac Sallis, Crawford Wallace and Lawrence Phillips, for malicious cruelty to animals, the jury retired at ten minutes to five, and returned into Court at a quarter past eight last evening. On the foreman stating to the Chief Justice that the jury could not agree, and that there was no probability of their doing so, His Lordship expressed himself to the following effect: "You are the third jury at this term in Halifax that has not had the courage to return a verdict in the face of ample evidence. You are discharged."

**THE FUTURE OF THE CANADIAN CATTLE TRADE.**—There is likely to be an immense business done in the cattle export trade next year. There is no appearance of the restriction which England has placed on the importation of American cattle being removed, and we now learn that that restriction may possibly be extended to sheep as well. The veterinary surgeon in charge of the Levis cattle quarantine, says the Montreal Star, is of opinion that the cattle trade next year will exceed that of all previous ones, and cattle exporters in Montreal and Toronto are said to entertain a similar opinion. The exportation of horses, too, is on the increase, while we see by the telegrams that "an enterprising dry goods firm in Quebec has commenced exporting potatoes to Europe." Then we notice that the Great Eastern is to be employed in the cattle trade between America and England; and all the indications point to these new branches of our export trade as rapidly increasing.

**ST. JOHN, N. B., AND CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.,** are constantly asking for the formation of a S. P. C. A. Why does not some one take the lead? We shall be pleased to give any assistance or information for the formation of such a Society.

## CATTLE EXPORT TRAFFIC AT MONTREAL.

This constantly increasing trade is conducted most admirably in the chief city of Canada. It is under the supervision of Dr. McEachran, Veterinary Surgeon, who is a salaried Dominion Government official. He (or his deputy) inspects all cattle before they are put on board the ocean steamers, and sees that suitable accommodation is provided on these vessels for the animals.

The latter are brought alongside of the vessels by the Grand Trunk Railway Co. That company provides food, water and rest for the cattle at a sufficient number of points between the place whence they were originally put on the cars and Montreal. It is conceded on this continent that no railway company carries on the transport of cattle more satisfactorily in every respect than the line referred to just now.

As regards the accommodation for cattle on ocean steamers which sail from Montreal, it is also satisfactory. The Secretary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., who visited Montreal recently, told the society's officers there that that port was much ahead of Boston in this respect. A very great deal of credit, for this state of things, is due to Dr. McEachran, who has been the *honorary* Veterinary Surgeon of the Humane Society in Montreal since its inception. He is endeavoring now to induce the Dominion Government or Harbor Commissioners to acquire cattle yards and sheds fronting on wharves at the lower end of the harbor. Then, vessels having taken on board all their cargo except cattle at the upper end, would stop below, pick up the animals, and proceed seawards. The cattle would go on board in first-rate condition. If Dr. McEachran can effect what he wishes in this connection the arrangements for the shipment of cattle at Montreal will be unsurpassed anywhere. F M.

**SUPREME COURT**—Judge Ritchie in charging the Grand Jury in Halifax referred to the diabolical case of malicious cruelty to animals that would be brought before them, and expressed the hope that the guilty parties might be brought to justice. To cut the ears off four horses and to fire several shots into each of them was, he thought, too brutal a treatment to even contemplate in this enlightened age.

## THE DYING SOLDIER'S ROLL-CALL.

A soldier lay on his dying couch during our last war, and they heard him say, "Here!" They asked him what he wanted, and he put up his hand and said, "Hush! they are calling the Roll of Heaven, and I am answering to my name;" and presently he whispered "Here!"—and he was gone.—H. W. BEECHER.

**WANTED.**—A smart active young man or woman as canvasser for this JOURNAL. Also a collector for the Society. Good terms to a suitable person with first-class recommendations. Apply in writing to the Secretary, John Naylor, 134 Hollis Street, Halifax, N. S.

## CORRESPONDENCE

## OUR HOUSEHOLD PETS.

To the Secretary of the S. P. C. A. Journal:

SIR,—I must strongly demure to the statement that the cat is a "stupid creature, evil-tempered and entirely devoid of affection." No doubt, others will be more able and willing to contradict such a mistaken idea, but I cannot forbear giving at least one instance in refutation of it. I have a cat—I hope I may still have, although it has been lost or stolen for four or five days—which will fetch and carry small articles thrown a little distance from it; and, contrary to a prevalent impression about cats it is exceedingly fond of water. After being indulged for a little while in fetching and carrying, say a bit of wood or a button, if there happens to be a dish of water standing by, Darkey will stop in its course, go up to the dish, drop in the button, shake it out again with its paw, convey it to his mouth up the side of the dish, and then bring it back to the sender. This is not the only cat which I have known to fetch and carry, although it is more unusual to find one so little averse to water. It can easily be understood that this trick is learnt simply as an amusement, and not as a matter of discipline, as in the case of a spaniel or retriever. I quite agree that the temperaments of animals are as variable as those of human beings. In the case of my cat there is hardly any doubt but that it inherited its love of water from its mother, which had a similar liking for it. So much for the stupidity of the cat. As to the evil temper, I will just say that the only irritable tempered cat I think I ever had was one which I obtained when it was advanced in years; but even its disposition was greatly modified by kindness.

Yours, etc., FELIX.

To the Secretary of the S. P. C. A. Journal:

SIR,—Can you inform me what the Ladies' Auxiliary is doing; and when and where do they hold their meetings? The Ladies did well when they fell into line, and better when they began their work by obtaining over \$300 to aid the Parent Society by their splendidly managed and successful garden party. But I trust that their interest will not stop here. They must be up and doing, for surely there is enough work for all. Now that the Society publishes the JOURNAL, they will be able through its columns to ventilate their side of the question, and begin the work of education. Have the schools been visited; have the clergy been spoken to on the subject of preaching sermons on kindness to animals; and have any tracts been circulated with the same object? I trust that in the next number of our JOURNAL, I may see some report of their doings.

A PARENT.

[We believe that the ladies are doing a good work every day, although unknown to most people. We often hear of cases where members of the Ladies' Auxiliary have interfered successfully for the protection of animals subjected to abuse. One lady especially is a wholesome terror to persons guilty of cruelty in her neighborhood, or whatever part of the city she may be in. We refer our correspondent to the article, "Prevention is Better than Cure," by a member of the Ladies' Auxiliary. We trust that before our next issue the ladies may have a good meeting, and that they will make use of these columns as suggested.—SEC'Y.]

To the Secretary of the S. P. C. A. Journal:

WALLERTON, Ontario, Sept. 23rd, 1879.

SIR,—When crossing from St. John, N. B., to the city of Portland, in the the State of Maine, U. S., in the Steamer "New York," on the 18th ult., the subject of the *Dutch Yoke*, as used by the farmers in the region of Chester, Nova Scotia, in working their oxen, was brought before a number of the passengers by two American gentlemen who were just then returning from a visit to that section of the country. They described the system as one of absolute cruelty to the animals, and a palpable violation of all physiological law; and a very intelligent New York farmer, of English birth, who had seen the system in use in Mexico, concurred in this opinion. These gentlemen expressed their surprise and indignation to no measured terms,—surprise that such cruelty towards dumb brutes of such proverbial docility and usefulness to man could exist in any civilized country,—and indignation at the toleration and perpetration, in Canada, of such a system of cruelty and torture. From the description of the system as given by these gentlemen, for I have never seen animals so yoked or worked myself, there can be no doubt that, in addition to its cruelty and barbarity, it involves a complete violation of natural law as regards the regulation of force and the hauling power of the ox; and the extreme cruelty of the system is further illustrated by the fact that when yoked after this system the head of the animal is so braced and fastened up that it cannot move its head either up or down or sideways, and that its body is so bound up that it cannot brush off a tormenting fly with its tail, and that the animals require and receive the constant application of the *good* to make them draw.

Having, while sojourning at Cow Bay this summer, observed notices in the Halifax papers of meetings of your Society, and being naturally jealous of the good name of our Dominion I suggested to the gentlemen in question that if they so desired, I would, as soon after my arrival home as possible, bring the matter through you under the notice of your Society. This they made me promise to do, and also to report to them results, should your Society take action in the premises or otherwise. They suggested that your Society should institute a thorough investigation of the system of the *Dutch Yoke*, in which case they said they doubted not your Society would arrive at the same conclusions they did, and further would very probably find from the very great tenacity with which the people who use that system seem to cling to it and defend it, that legislation may be necessary for its abolition.

Believing that all this is within the aim, scope and jurisdiction of your Society, and trusting that this and every other usage and custom that unnecessarily inflicts pain and suffering upon the inferior creation may feel the power and effectually experience the influence of that humane desire, intelligence and determination, to do good, embraced in the ranks, and involved in the objects of your Society.

I am, sir, with much respect,  
Your obedient servant,

W. G.

[We invite correspondence on this subject.—SEC'Y.]



## A DREAM OF PLEASANT THINGS.

"May I sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow."—

Richard III.

VITELLIVS reposed on his bed of down :  
He came from a feast in London town—  
The guests had been pleasant, and good was the wine  
The vands were fitted all 'stes to combine.  
He lay down to rest in a 'us mood,  
Intending to sleep with a sleep of the good;  
But after a very few moments of slumber,  
Strange visions and thoughts seemed his brain  
to encumber.

## HIS DREAM.

He dreamt he was lying with hand and foot  
bound,  
And stretched at full length on the damp chilly  
ground,  
For the feathers refused to support his stout  
form—  
They complained they were plucked from the  
bird still quite warm.  
"And they pluck us while living," hissed out a  
poor Goose:  
"Oh, the quills we supply should write down such  
abuse!"  
And the Turkey spoke out with a petulant gob-  
ble—  
"I perceive, my good man, you are in a sad hob-  
ble.  
But why did you keep me hung up by the feet,  
In order to whiten my delicate meat?  
Would you like to have all the blood flow to your  
head;  
And to suffer such anguish before you were dead?"  
And the Lobsters and Crabs cried aloud in their  
spite,  
"Who to boil us alive gave you mortals a right?  
If you kill us, and wish to make agony shorter,  
At least you should plunge us in boiling hot  
water!"  
Said the Cod and the Salmon and wriggling Eel,  
"Do you fancy that only you people can feel?  
To crimp and to skin, why not wait till we're  
dead?"  
At least you might stun with a blow on the  
head?"  
And next there came forward a poor little Calf,  
Saying, "You would not eat if you knew but one  
half  
Of the tortures we suffer to make the veal white!  
Oh, the butchers could show you a terrible sight!  
All began from the time we were packed in a cart,  
And from our cow-mothers for ever did part."  
"And I," bleated the Lamb, "I can tell you of  
blows,  
And of cuts, with a knife on my head and my  
nose."  
"I too can relate," said a soft woolly Sheep,  
"Of such terrors and blows as would make your  
flesh creep.  
And if they must kill us, why leave us to boys,  
With blunt knives at our throats, and with anger  
and noise?"

"The roast beef that you love," with a roar said  
the Ox,  
"Is oft bruised and mangled with blows and with  
knocks.  
And they leave us some twenty-four hours in the  
train.  
Without food or water in heat and in rain.  
And then we are goaded through streets and  
through lanes,  
And no one takes heed of our thirst and our  
pains."  
Next grunted the Pig—"I've good cause to cry  
out,  
Which I date from the day when they rang my  
poor snout.  
Why, why should you let our life ebb as we bleed?  
Why not kill us at once? That is all that we  
need.  
Why not kill us at once if you wish us to die?  
And then we should spare you our pitiful cry."  
And the Rabbit complained of the barbarous  
squares,  
And described how poor rabbits oft leave a limb  
there.  
And the Hare she stood up, saying, "Now I will  
speak.  
If you'd shoot us, you'd not hear that heart rend-  
ing shriek  
Which we give when exhausted we're caught by  
the hound,  
While soft ladies and horsemen are galloping  
round"

Vitellivus awakes with a fearful scream,  
Thankful to find it is but a dream.  
He raises himself and sits up in his bed,  
Rubbing his eyes and with throbbing head.

## HIS REFLECTIONS.

Oh, I have passed a dreadful night!  
Even now I tremble all over with fright,  
And still, in spite of myself, I'm brought  
To think upon things I have never sought.  
I have eaten the dishes before me set,  
Without any heed,—could I only get  
The morsel I craved for, though it might cost  
Pain to the victim. All mercy was lost  
In the thought that others had done the same,  
No worse was it in me—they were all to blame.  
But now I begin to reflect again—  
Have we a right to add to the pain  
Of the creatures we slaughter for daily food?  
Sad enough 'tis to kill them and shed their blood.  
Henceforward so far as within me lies  
I will try and spare pain to the creature that dies.  
And whenever there happens another election,  
I will vote for the man who's against Vivisection,  
Not only by doctors, but also in shambles,  
No more shall they say that two wrongs make a  
right—  
It's just like one saying, two blacks make one  
white:  
And I'll speak to the ladies so tender and true,  
And explain what it lies in their power to do.

—By the author of "Lament of a Doleful Dog," &c.

## HUMANE

As an instance of the many encouragements that  
the Society has received from the local press, we  
copy the following from the *New Times & Reporter*  
of Wednesday, 29th Oct. last. We have much to  
thank the press for generally; and it has been such  
good words as these that has strengthened us in  
our battle against the evil disposed portion of the  
community:

The cabalistic letters, S. P. C. A., are like the  
good magistrate so often prayed for in our churches,  
as "a terror to evil doers and a praise and protec-  
tion to those that do well." The S. P. C. A. has  
performed a noble work in ameliorating the condi-  
tion of the lower orders of creation, not only in the  
city of Halifax, but all over the province of Nova  
Scotia. Previous to the formation of the Society,  
the city swarmed with poor crippled old nags only  
fit for the knacker's yard. These poor creatures  
were mostly owned by the coal hawkers, and "down-  
at-the-heels cabbies," and were badly shod and  
badly fed, and the less said about the means used to  
coax them up the hill, the better.

The better class of horses and cattle were fre-  
quently ill-used, while cases of cruelty to dogs, cats,  
goats, sheep and fowls were of daily occurrence.  
This is all changed by the operations of the Society  
whose indefatigable Secretary is ubiquitous, persis-  
tent and unrelenting. If a poor, over-loaded horse  
is being whipped, a cry that "Naylor is coming,"  
instantly stops the infliction; if sheep are tied by  
the feet, or too many hens packed in a box, the  
whisper, "here is Naylor," cuts the cord and frees  
the fowls; and thus in many ways the operations of  
the Society are felt. The recent trial of several  
persons charged with wounding horses, even tho'  
it did not result in a conviction, is a punishment,  
as they have been confined in jail, and put to great  
expence in obtaining counsellors.

Much more good work could be done if more mo-  
ney to support the Society was forthcoming, and  
we have no doubt that the Christian people of Hal-  
ifax will come forward to support this noble  
Society."

THE Great Eastern is to be used for the di-  
rect transportation of cattle between London  
and Texas. It is calculated that the vessel  
will take at one voyage 2,200 head of cattle  
and 36,000 sheep.

THE RESULT OF THE EXHIBITION RECENTLY HELD IN HALIFAX PROVES UNQUESTIONABLY THE GREAT VALUE OF

## The North British Cattle Food Coy's Nutritious Condiment in the Feeding of Live Stock.

All the cattle which took the leading prizes, as well as the special prizes presented by the agent of the above Company, were really  
SUPERB AND HANDSOME LOOKING ANIMALS, and received the encomiums of all who saw them. As a consequence, the demand  
for the Condiment HAS INCREASED A HUNDRED FOLD.

Wherever used according to directions, this valuable article, never fails to produce the most satisfactory results. See Pamphlets.  
THE NUTRITIOUS CONDIMENT.—The *Reporter* says. "This article has become an institution. Its great success and unlimited demand  
are victorious and have proved its efficiency; cattle to whom it is given are always in first-class condition, and a large per centage is saved in  
the cost of feeding by the use of this condiment, and they are less liable to be attacked by disease or plague; but, if attacked, it has been  
proved that they are most likely to escape fatal results, in fact, they enjoy an almost complete immunity from the ravages of any disease.  
Geo. Fraser, Esq., the managing agent for Nova Scotia, generously offered special prizes for cattle using this condiment, and the condition of  
the various animals entered for the following prizes was the best proof of the excellence and value of this celebrated and useful condiment,  
and furnished handsome testimony of its advantages. These facts are of interest to stock-raisers, and others owning cattle. The following  
is the list of Ald. Fraser's special prizes for the Nutritious Condiment.—Best and fattest ox, \$15, C. Baker, Amherst; best milch cow, \$15.50,  
Colonel Starratt, Paradise, Annapolis Co.; fattest cow, \$12.50, Edwin Chase, Port Williams, Kings; fattest hog, \$10, Dr. Lawson, Lucyfield,  
Belford; fattest sheep, \$10, P. Allison, Newport.

TO BE HAD OF **GEORGE FRASER,** GENERAL AGENT, **76 Granville St.** HALIFAX, N. S.

AND OF SUB-AGENTS THROUGHOUT THE PROVINCES.