

POINTS OF DOG NATURE.

LARGE SIZE NOT AN INDICATION OF A BIG HEART.

The Canine Nature, Like Human Nature is Worthy of Study—It Takes All Kinds of Dogs to Make a World—Some Incidents Illustrative of the Fact.

There has been so much nonsense, said and written about that most common of domestic animals, the dog, that I am moved to say a few plain words this week on the subject of the genus canis founded on a long and intimate acquaintance with him.

The dog, so the story books say, is the most noble and intelligent of the lower animals, saving and excepting the horse. I am not prepared to enlarge upon the manners and customs of the horse, because he is too expensive a luxury to be kept about the house for the sole purpose of serving as a literary inspiration; but the dog and I have been chums ever since my earliest youth, and with all his faults I love him still.

Tradition credits the dog with a nobility of character and a lofty sense of honor which would tickle that laughter-loving creature immensely if he could only hear one-half that has been said about him.

People who pose as authorities upon the subject, but whose writings prove that while they may possibly know one solitary dog well, they have scarcely a bowing acquaintance with the race in general, and even that acquaintance does not extend below the upper circles, while the real bone and sinew of that, as well as other races, is frequently found in the lower strata of society.

The dog is supposed to be a striking illustration of the proverb, *noblesse oblige*, and to be absolutely compelled by the traditions of heredity, to be chivalrous to an extent scarcely reached by the crusaders. He is credited with a generosity undreamed of by himself, and his too partial chroniclers aver that he will protect, rather than oppress a dog smaller than himself; that he loves children, and will sacrifice, if need be, life itself for his master's children, while he would scorn to hurt or frighten even a strange child. He is said to be unselfish to a degree, and self-sacrificing to an extent most unusual in the human family.

Now the dog I have known and loved all my life, is not to be measured by rule and line; he is as diversified as any of the rest of us, and essentially human in all his attributes. When his blood is unusually blue, he is spoiled, arrogant and conceited, like the rest of the aristocracy; and like them, he looks down on all others, who are less fortunately placed than himself. He passes the common yellow dog of commerce with an unseeing scorn, worthy of a British matron with six unmarried daughters, crushing the aspirations of a too fascinating subaltern in a line regiment. He bullies the small fry of his own species, and if he does not growl at the children who attempt to take liberties with him, he resents their attentions with a freezing silence awful to witness. Talk of the thorough bred dog's magnanimity! Why I have seen a Mount St. Bernard, the size of a yearling calf, pick up a poor little bundle of meekness and long black hair, which did not weigh over three pounds, trotting along timidly at its mistress's side, crush the life out of it with one crunch of its powerful jaws, drop it at its distracted mistress' feet, and pass calmly on with the same expression of large benevolence on his sinful yellow countenance that he had worn before the tragedy. I have seen the sample dog knock a small child down, snape its chubby leg, by one vicious bite, and proceed to attend to his own private concerns at that rapid sidelong trot, affected by the dog, who has something on his mind, and is in a hurry to get it off.

I have seen a thoroughbred Siberian bloodhound transform a small lame dog into sausage meat before his time, and I don't know one dog amongst my large and respectable circle of canine friends who is above stealing a lucious bone or even a dry one from any dog smaller than he is, even though he had bones and to spare for himself.

To come down from the upper circles of canine society to the select middle classes, amongst which I am most at home, the everyday dog is a first rate fellow if you only treat him properly. He is a delightful companion, and so strikingly like the two-legged animal man, with many of his most disagreeable characteristics left out, that the profane mind is apt to wonder why he should be excluded from a possible hereafter. He loves a joke, and he also loves to take advantage of another dog if he gets the chance. He is fonder of disobedience than the most spoiled child, and he is more skilled in "playing the limit" to which he can approach in safety than a school boy trying how far his teacher's patience will stretch. He is a selfish rascal too, and he loves to steal the cat's saucer of milk, or leave his bone to get comfortably cool while he devours her small portion of meat. He cannot see a little dog trotting proudly home with a parcel, without going out of his own way to make him drop it, and at the same time scare him out of his wits. He gallops down the street in the wildest hurry to keep up with his own party, but he always finds time to bowl over any small dog he overtakes en route. Why, I know one thoroughbred Irish setter, of a

blonde complexion variegated with red spots, who for low down, vicious meanness, would take a prize in any impartial assemblage, where his own peers were allowed to vote. He is always in hot pursuit of his master's carriage, but the track of devastation he manages to leave behind him would break the heart of a Wisconsin locust, and cause him to die of envy. That dog has discovered a method of improving his opportunities and doing a great deal in a very short time that would make the fortune of a business man, could he but acquire the secret. He attends strictly to business and endeavours to combine it with pleasure, the result being a yelping concourse of small dogs, each mourning the loss of a piece of valuable skin with its customary attachment of hair, which has been removed by the instantaneous process, from the nape of his neck. He has no particular grudge against any of his victims, but merely a mean and sour tempered desire to let all dogs weaker than himself feel his power. The average dog is as jealous as a society belle and as lazy as a professional messenger boy, but still we love it all the more on that account because it flatters our vanity to be the object of so much affection, and to know that our particular dog has on more than one occasion done bloody battle with his dearest canine friend, on account of some trifling favor shown that friend, by a thoughtless master. In short a dog is not an angel he is "just dog," and nothing more or less. He has his virtues, of course, but then he has his vices and weaknesses, and if any one expects to find a dog angel he must look for him amongst the lower orders, the poor dear long bodied, stub tailed mongrel with no legs to speak of and only his big heart and beautiful sad eyes to recommend him to anyone. He is accustomed to kicks and not to kindness, but anyone who will take the trouble of winning his confidence and afterwards his affections will find a mine of unsuspected wealth; for the sun may shine, the winds blow, or the billows roar, but that dog's affection will stand firm as the Rock of Gibraltar. Calumny will have no effect upon it, back biting will not shake it, and even if he should fail in business that will not cause it to wane. He has a friend who will be true until death and even beyond it for he will leave behind him a mourner who will be very likely to die of grief upon his grave.

I wonder if I have done less than justice to my friend the dog, in these "few remarks" as the clergymen say? I hope not, for I love him dearly, and appreciate him thoroughly in all his moods and tempers, and would not say a word against him for the world. Only, I do object to his being canonized by people who are not very well acquainted with him. I believe him to be a true friend, a steadfast and a conscientious enemy, and a sober industrious citizen. He never talks scandal, or abuses his friends behind their backs, and though he is debarred by reason of many disqualifications from being a church member, he sets a wholesome example in the last mentioned respect, to many who are. Bless your heart, he is only human after all! So you must not expect too much of him. And yet many years ago England's greatest poet wrote these lines on the tombstone of one of his race:

"To mark a friend's remains these stones arise, I never knew but one, and here he lies."

GEORGE CUTHBERT STRANGE.

ANIMALS AND THEIR ODDITIES.

Including the Crocodile and His Valet Bird The Sicaac.

Some of the best known animals of the present day are characterized by some extraordinary peculiarities. Strange though it may appear tortoises and turtles have no teeth, and all animals which chew the cud have cloven feet. Both mandibles of the parrot's beak are movable, but most birds are able to move only one. The horse has no eyebrows. The appearance of much white in the eye of a horse indicates a vicious nature. The stork is partial to kittens as an article of food, and finds them an easy and wholesome prey, and cats reciprocate by a love for young storks. The frog, owing to its peculiar structure, cannot breathe with the mouth open, and it were forcibly kept open the animal would die of suffocation.

Pigs are poor swimmers, their fore-legs being set closely under them, and when they fall into water they very often cut their throats with the sharp points of their cloven feet. The eyes of hares are never closed, as they are unprovided with eyelids. Instead, therefore, they have a thin membrane, which covers the eye when asleep, and probably also when at rest. The deer is furnished with supplementary breathing places in addition to the nostrils, and this would appear to be an extraordinary provision of Nature, giving the beast of the chase a freer respiration. Fishes swallow their food hastily and without mastication, because they are obliged unceasingly to open and close the jaws for the purpose of respiration, and cannot long retain food in the mouth when quite shut. The faculty the chameleon has of changing its colour has been attributed to the protective instinct of the animal, by which it seeks to render itself less observable to enemies by assuming the colour of the bed on which it lies.

Sheep have no teeth in the upper jaw. In some parts of the world there are sheep that have most of their fat in their tails. The fat of the tail is very soft and is sometimes used as butter. The crocodile devours all birds it can get but one, the sicaac. It is said that when the crocodile comes on shore he opens his jaws, and this bird enters and swallows the leeches which are found about the animal's jaws and teeth, and which have collected there owing to the creature being so long a time in the water. The relief afforded by having the leeches withdrawn induces the crocodile to tolerate the presence of the bird.

A FRONTENAC MIRACLE.

RELIEF COMES WHEN HOPE HAS ALMOST FLED.

An Ex-Councillor of Oso Township Tells of His Release From Suffering—His Neighbors Verify His Statement—A Marvellous Cure That is Now a Household Word.

[Kingston Whig.] The readers of the Whig will remember that our reporter at Sharbot Lake, on two or three occasions last winter, wrote of the serious illness of Edward Botting, a well-known and respected resident of the township of Oso. Mr. Botting was so low that his friends had no hope of his recovery, and although of an energetic disposition and not the kind of a man to give up easily, he even felt himself that life was slipping from him. Later we learned that Mr. Botting's recovery was due entirely to the use of that remedy which has achieved so many marvellous cures that its name is now a household word throughout the land—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Our reporter visited Mr. Botting at his home on the picturesque shore of Succor Lake. Mr. Botting is a very intelligent and agreeable gentleman, some seventy-five years of age, but looking and acting as smartly as a man twenty years younger. He is probably one of the best known men in this section. He was postmaster at Fermoyn for fourteen years, and a councillor of the united townships of Bedford, Oso, Olden and Palmerston for ten years. He gave the Whig representative a cordial greeting, remarking that it was his favourite paper and that he had been a constant subscriber for forty-nine years. Mr. Botting readily consented to give his experience in the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, saying that he believed it was a duty he owed to humanity to let the public know what they had done for him. "It was about two years ago," said Mr. Botting, "that I first began to feel that I was not my old self. Up to that time I had been exceptionally strong and rugged. My illness first came in the form of kidney trouble, which seemed to carry with it general debility of the whole system, and none of the medicines that I took seemed to do me any good. I am not of a disposition to give up easily, and I tried to fight off the trouble and continued to go about when many another would have been in bed. Things went on in this way until about a year ago when I had a bad attack of la grippe, and the after effects of that malignant trouble brought me so low that my friends despaired of my recovery. I did not give up myself for that is not my disposition, but when I found that the remedies I tried did me no good, I must admit I was discouraged. I was troubled with severe and constant pains in the back, sensations of extreme dizziness, weakness, and was in fact in a generally used up condition. I had read frequently in the Whig of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and at last the conviction forced itself upon me that they must have some special virtue else they could not obtain such strong endorsements in all parts of the country. The upshot was that I determined to try them and I bless the day that I came to that conclusion. Before the first box was finished I felt benefited, and I continued their use until I was as strong as ever. I have lately worked hard and find no ill effects therefrom. I consider Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the best medicine sold, and you may say I would not be without them in the house if they cost \$5 a box. All my neighbors know what Pink Pills have done for me," said Mr. Botting, "and I would just like you to ask some of them."

Your reporter acted upon the hint, and first saw Mrs. L. Kish, a daughter of Mr. Botting. Mrs. Kish said "What my father has told you is quite true. It was Pink Pills that cured him and we are very, very thankful. Father is now as smart as he was twenty years ago."

Charles Knapp, a prominent farmer, said: "I consider Mr. Botting's cure a most wonderful one and I believe he owes his life to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." Your reporter called at John W. Knapp's but found that gentleman away from home. His wife, an estimable and intelligent lady, said, "we are aware that Mr. Botting was very sick for a long time and considering his age thought it unlikely that he would recover, but he is now as smart as he was ten years ago and he ascribes it all to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Mr. Avery, Reeve of the township of Oso, and Warden of the county of Frontenac, merchant, told your reporter that he has a large and constantly increasing sale for Pink Pills, and from all quarters has good reports of their curative qualities.

H. W. Hunt, a commissioner and school teacher, said he had known Mr. Botting for a number of years and considered him a well read and intelligent gentleman, who, if he said Pink Pills had cured him, could be depended upon, as he is a very conscientious man who would not make a statement that was not accurate.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and are a specific for the

troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cts a box or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, no matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

THINGS OF VALUE.

One danger of the higher criticism, says the Chicago Advance, is that its theories will be accepted by not a few without examination.

CULLED FROM THE OLD YEAR. Lewis S. Butler, Barin, Nfld., Rheumatism. Thos. Wasson, Sheffield, N. B., Lockjaw. By. McMullin, Chatham, Ont., Goitre. Mrs. W. W. Johnson, Walsh, Ont., Inflammation.

James H. Bailey, Parkdale, Ont., Neuralgia. C. I. Lague, Sydney, C. B., La Grippe. In every case unsolicited and authenticated. They attest to the merits of MINARD'S LINIMENT.

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Putter's Emulsion contains neither Quinine, Strychnine, nor other harmful drug. Its ingredients are wholesome animal and vegetable substances, and it may be taken indefinitely without dangerous results.

As might be expected, the inhabitants of Central Russia labor fewest days in the year—to wit, 267. Then comes Canada with 270, followed by Scotland, 275; England, 278; Portugal, 283; Russian Poland, 288; Spain 290; Austria and the Russian Baltic Provinces, 295; Italy 298; Bavaria, Belgium, Brazil and Luxembourg, 300; Saxony, France, Finland, Wurtemberg, Switzerland, Denmark and Norway, 302; Sweden, 304; Prussia and Ireland, 305; United States, 306, Holland, 308, and Hungary, 312.

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Cleaver's Juvenia Soap. Marvellous Effect!! Preserves and Rejuvenates the Complexion. DR. REDWOOD'S REPORT. The ingredients are perfectly pure, and WE CANNOT SPEAK TOO HIGHLY OF THEM. The Soap is PERFECTLY PURE and ABSOLUTELY NEUTRAL. JUVENIA SOAP is entirely free from any coloring matter, and contains about the smallest proportion possible of water. From careful analysis and a thorough investigation of the whole process of its manufacture, we consider this Soap fully qualified to rank amongst the FIRST OF TOILET SOAPS.—T. Redwood, Ph.D., F.L.C., F.C.S.; T. HORNE REDWOOD, F.L.C., F.C.S.; A. J. DE HARLES, F.L.C., F.C.S. Wholesale Representative for Canada—CHARLES GYDE, 33, St. Nicholas St., Montreal.

SURPRISE SOAP. The quality and quantity for the price (4 cakes for 25 cents) makes it the cheapest Soap for every use and every want. All who use it say so.

A few important points in Laundry work which should be well understood— A great many people think that a very high gloss is requisite to good work; That a shirt Collar or Cuff is NOT PROPERLY LAUNDRIED UNLESS as stiff as a board; These are mistaken ideas. WHY??

FIRST:—To obtain a high gloss, it is necessary to subject the goods to a very great pressure in the ironing, which is very hurtful, wearing them out much before their time. SECOND:—When a collar is very Stiff, it necessarily is full of Starch. NOW! when a collar is full of Starch it is Brittle and very Thick. When BRITTLE, it cannot be buttoned without breaking out the button hole. When THICK, the Collar cannot be bent into circular form without breaking the edge; for example:—Take three or four visiting or playing cards, place them together flat, and then bend in circular form—note how short the outside one is, and how long the inside one is in comparison with the others. If dough or paste, wax or starch had been first put on the edges of these cards and allowed to dry, it would have been broken and chipped off in the bending, and probably would have torn or broken the cards. So it is with a Collar or Cuff which is made of from two to four thicknesses of material. There is a medium—an amount of Starch and Gloss consistent with FLEXIBILITY.

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