

The Power of Music

The veteran circus bandmaster, William Merrick, has been in all sorts of trouble with all sorts of circus animals and folks all his life. But he says that it is true that music hath charms to soothe the savage breast of man and beast.

Did you ever see the elephant Bolivar, who is now in the Philadelphia Zoo? he asked. He was the worst devil of an elephant that ever looked innocent and boomed the peanut and ginger cake trade. He was always looking for trouble. Not vicious trouble, but just mischief, and usually expensive mischief at that. He was afraid of only one being on earth and that was Johnson, his trainer. Every little while Bolivar seemed to be sleepy and careless Johnson would slip out for a look around the town. Just as often as not that was the very thing that Bolivar hoped he would do. The big brute would pull up the stake that he was chained to and go wandering off across the tent, taking along with him everything that his tackle caught in. He usually started to make trouble for the lemonade man. He drank up all the lemonade in the cans and then knocked the cans over and walked on them until they were as flat as sheet tin.

The only thing that anybody could do when he was in one of those playful moods was to yell 'Johnson. Here, he is Johnson.' Bolivar would take a quick look around and sneak back to the place where he had been chained and look as innocent as though he didn't know a lemonade can from a bushel of sawdust. He would droop his ears and switch his tail and sway and look at Johnson in the most injured way when Johnson asked him how the stake happened to be pulled up.

One day when we were in Westerly, R. I., Johnson, who had some friends in town, went out for an hour or so to see them. He told Bolivar to be good and he really thought from the way the animal acted that he was going to obey orders. Johnson went off about his business, and he was hardly out of the grounds before Bolivar pulled up his stake and struck for the highway. He went up through the village until he came to the minister's cottage. It was a lovely little house and had a nice garden around it. The big brute walked carefully in at the gate and picked his way into the vegetable garden. In about three minutes he had rooted up the peas and the tucket corn and was making the pumpkin vines into wreaths for his brow. He thought he was the Queen of the May for fair. He just trumpeted, he felt so good over it. There wasn't anything worth pulling up left in the garden, so he moseyed over to the kitchen, which was built on to the side of the house. He put up the window and stuck his trunk inside to explore. The first thing he reached was the flour barrel.

You know there is nothing an elephant likes so much as to throw dust on himself. Here was the finest dust he had ever found in all his travels. He was a white elephant in three minutes. He was a holy sight. There were about five hundred circus people and townspeople out in front of the house watching him and he just stepped to the front gate long enough to blow a cloud of flour all over everybody within forty feet. Then he went back and got his snout into the flour barrel again just as the minister, who had been working on his sermon in the library on the other side of the house, heard the racket in the kitchen and came in to see what was doing.

What met him was a snow white elephant with his head half through the window, who let out a cloud of flour at him. The parson fainted and Bolivar gave him three or four more trunkfuls of flour and then marched out into the front yard and began pulling up shrubbery and dusting himself off with it. The canvases who were there yelled 'Johnson,' until they were hoarse.

I am ready to swear that Bolivar just winked at them. He had heard Johnson say he would not be back for an hour and he was taking full time for himself. He was going to stay that hour out.

About this time one of the assistant elephant men came around to me and asked what we ought to do. Nobody knew where Johnson had gone. I thought hard and swift for a few minutes and then I called the band together. There were only eight men in a circus band in those days. They put on their uniform coats and grabbed their instruments and marched up to the parsonage.

Now there was a tune that we had that we called the 'Bolivar March.' It was one I had written for the brute to do his tricks in the arena to. It was kind of slow and ponderous and it was the only thing we ever played while Bolivar was in the arena. We lined up just inside the gate of the

FARMERS MAKE MONEY

Do not sell your poultry, turkeys, geese or ducks till you investigate this great Company, its object and the high prices to be obtained by dealing only with it—cash is better than trading—who last year made money out of your poultry—Did you?—No.—JOIN this co-operative company for the protection of farmers—get high prices as well as your share of the profits of selling in England. Join at once.

The Canadian Dressed Poultry Company, Limited

Capital Stock, - - \$450,000

HEAD OFFICE: HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

PRESIDENT—MR. GIBSON ARNOLDI, Barrister-at-Law, Toronto, Ontario.
MANAGER—MR. WILLIAM S. GILMORE, Merchant, Hamilton, Ontario.

OBJECT OF THE COMPANY.

THIS COMPANY is formed to advance Canadian trade with England in dressed poultry, ducks, turkeys and geese, dressed meats and other farm produce that the company may deem it advisable to deal in. This is the great object of the Company. It will be no monopoly and it cannot be made one; its success means the Farmers' success. The farmer who wants to make money must first become a shareholder in this Company, which is the only company of its kind, and by so doing show that he means business, as his money being invested, his interests and the interests of the Company are the same, and then raise poultry, turkeys, ducks and geese for the Company. This Company will buy only from its own shareholders; therefore, with care and attention every farmer and every farmer's wife and every man, woman and child of ordinary intelligence in Canada who has fifty dollars can buy ten shares and become a shareholder, and by beginning in a small way and saving his profits make himself wealthy, like Mr. Taylor has done. Who Mr. Taylor is is explained in the following extracts from a story told by Professor Robertson, the well-known Commissioner of Agriculture and Dairying for Canada, to the standing committee of the House of Commons:

"Well-to-do farmers fatten chickens. I learn also that there is money in the business. I had got the name of Mr. Samuel Taylor from one of the leading poultry dealers in London. When I got to his place I found Mr. Taylor was a successful farmer. He had begun life as a farm laborer without capital. When I visited him he had a fine farm-stead and was doing a prosperous business. I would not like to say how much money the chicken-fattening business brought him in, but I would not be surprised to learn that his annual net balance was over a thousand pounds (five thousand dollars a year)." This man had begun life as a farm laborer and by sticking to this business had made money out of it.

The Promoters are now arranging to establish not less than twelve receiving and shipping stations in Canada to be fitted with plants necessary to make the exported article as perfect as possible. The number of stations in each Province will be as nearly equal as possible, having regard for the size of the Province and the number of shareholders in each. The operations of the Company to be confined for the present to Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. The Company is also engaging the most experienced help to be found in Canada and England and making arrangements in England to get the very highest price for its shipments.

The Buyers of this Company will commence operations, it is expected, on or about the first of June, 1901, when they will call on the shareholders and arrange with them as to the continuous supply—that is, the number each shareholder will raise and supply each month to the nearest receiving station of the Company. It is therefore necessary that all intending shareholders send in their subscriptions for stock at once, as the Company will only buy from its shareholders and the lists will be closed.

This is a grand chance to make money for either farmers or their wives and those who either cannot afford to keep up a large farm or who, through some infirmity or poor health, are not able to attend to the heavy duties of heavy farming.

Prices to Be Paid.—This Company will pay the very highest prices to its shareholders, so as to encourage the raising of first-class poultry, and, as it will year in and year out be selling at the high prices to be obtained in England, it can afford to pay more than the best prices now paid for birds now sold on the Canadian market.

Great Prices in England.—Chickens shipped to Liverpool, England, met with a ready sale at eight-pence (sixteen cents) per pound. As they weighed eleven pounds per pair, they sold for one dollar and seventy-six cents per pair. Just think for one moment—one dollar and seventy-six cents for a pair of chickens in England, and yet it is only a fair market price there, and the profits are equally as good, if not better, on turkeys, ducks and geese. The consignee wrote as follows about the shipment: "I was agreeably surprised at the all-round excellence of your small experimental shipment of Canadian capons (chickens). On opening the cases the birds were found to be in beautiful condition, and presented a most salable appearance. After the birds were uncased I hung one to find out how long it would retain its bright appearance, and found that it became milky white as soon as it had dried out of the chilled state; today, five days later, it is as nice looking as a fresh killed bird. I think the price obtained will both please and pay you. It is a fair market price."

Three Firms Alone Intimated Their Ability and Willingness to Handle About Two Thousand Cases Per Week at Good Prices.

Raising Poultry Pays.—It pays better to fatten them, and it pays best to ship them to England. The shipment sent to Liverpool, England, above described brought one dollar and seventy-six cents per pair; the farmer sold them to the shipper for fifty-four cents per pair, which is above the average price, as often he does not get more than thirty cents per pair; can anything be clearer than that the farmer is failing to make enormous profits? By becoming a shareholder you will commence putting the money in your own pocket.

Success.—This Company is a natural outgrowth of the great and wonderful cold storage system. Before "cold storage" became known it would have been an impossibility to carry on this great business, but now the great success of cold or chilled storage is the maker of this enormous business, which will prove a money-maker for its shareholders. Space will not permit giving a description of the great arrangements to be made, of the many receiving and shipping stations, abattoirs, cold storage plants, offices and agencies this Company will establish in the different Provinces of Canada and in England, or of the numerous employees it will engage to do the buying, killing, plucking, packing and shipping; the instructors the Company will engage will give to the working shareholders such directions and assistance as they may desire.

The Head Office will be at Hamilton, Ontario, and from there MR. WILLIAM S. GILMORE, THE EXPERIENCED MANAGER, will direct its affairs. Mr. Gilmore is already well known to many Canadians, but for those who do not know him and who would naturally like to know something of the man who is to direct the affairs of the Company in which they intend to invest their money the following extract from a letter written by the celebrated firm F. W. FEARMAN CO., LIMITED, the greatest pork packers and provision merchants, and probably the oldest established firm of its kind in Canada, to the proposed bank of this Company, will be of interest:

GENTLEMEN,—At the request of Mr. W. S. Gilmore I write to advise you that we have known him for years, and have had during that time continuous dealings with him as one of our customers. He is a practical provision dealer and butcher of many years experience. He is about fifty-five years of age, but active and progressive, and as a judge of poultry, live or dressed, he is certainly the equal of the best in Hamilton. As to his personal character, respectability and integrity, we believe he is fully to be relied on for anything he will undertake.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Every shareholder in this Company is not obliged to raise poultry simply because he is a shareholder—anybody can buy stock in the Company, and the net profits or dividends will be divided between all shareholders alike, and it is safe to say they will get large dividends for their money.

Exclusive Privilege.—The Company extend an exclusive privilege to those who hold ten shares or more of the Company's stock to raise poultry, turkeys, ducks, geese, etc., for the Company, to supply the great demand, and to this class of shareholders the Company will pay the very highest prices for their birds. They will be given the great advantage of careful instruction, free of charge, in the art of raising and fattening poultry, as well as receiving their share of all the profits of the Company, and, as the promoters wish to make this a Company by the farmers and for the farmers, all the servants and employees of the Company will be chosen from among the shareholders and their families.

The Capital Stock of this Company is divided into shares worth five dollars each, and of this only a limited number of shares are offered for public subscription, but no subscription will be accepted for less than ten shares (\$50). If you wish to become a subscriber lose no time, but send in your subscription at once, as the stock will be allotted in the order in which the applications are received, and no stock will be held open for anyone. Fill out the APPLICATION FORM given below, be careful to state how many shares you want and the amount of money you enclose, sign your name to it and then fill in your address and send it by registered letter to Mr. Gibson Arnoldi, the President of the Company, 9 Toronto Street, Toronto, Ontario, accompanied by a marked cheque, postoffice order or express order for the full amount of your subscription, payable to the order of Mr. Gibson Arnoldi, President of the Company.

The promoters reserve the right to change the name of the Company if the Government requests them to do so as a condition to the granting of Letters Patent under the Great Seal incorporating the proposed Company, and also at the same time to ask incorporation with any other amount of capital stock than named in their discretion.

APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

GIBSON ARNOLDI, ESQ., PRESIDENT, THE CANADIAN DRESSED POULTRY COMPANY, LIMITED, 9 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO:

DEAR SIR,—I enclose you herewith \$..... in full payment for..... shares of fully paid and non-assessable stock in the Canadian Dressed Poultry Company, Limited, which I wish allotted to me, as I wish to become a fully qualified shareholder and entitled to all the advantages of the Company, as described in the published Prospectus.

YOUR NAME,..... ADDRESS,.....

yard and blew up the 'Bolivar March. Bolivar pricked up his ears and I could see just how his mind was working.

Don't tell me animals have no minds; I have been in the business too long. He knew that tune had never been played before when Johnson was not around. Johnson being his boss he supposed naturally enough that Johnson bossed the whole show, including the band. The band, he reasoned, wouldn't be out there playing its tricks if Johnson was not around somewhere, too. You could see the injured innocence 'What was I doing, Mr. John-

son?' look come over the big scoundrels face as he reached his conclusions. He came out and fell right in behind the band and marched back to the tents as meek as Mary's lamb and we sat up there and played to the critter for two hours until Johnson came back. 'The minister took \$20 damages, \$5 for his garden sass and \$15 for his feelings. Bolivar cost so much in damages that Mr. Forepaugh gave him to the Philadelphia Zoo.'

Placing the Responsibility.

The Baltimore Sun prints a story as told

by the wife of a member of the House of Representatives. Toward morning, not long ago, the lady was awakened by unusual noises below stairs, and tried to rouse her husband.

'Wake up! Wake up!' she said in a low voice. 'You must wake up and go downstairs; there are thieves in the house!'

'Oh, no, my dear,' rejoined the half-awake husband, reassuringly. 'There are no thieves in the House; they are all in the Senate.'

Like a Circus.

Mr. Bingo, the junior member of the

firm, had a peculiarly irritating sneeze. It began with an elaborate and terrifying series of facial convulsions, and ended with a most lame and impotent paroxysm that always disappointed the expectant observer.

'Your sneeze,' said Mr. Gringo, the senior partner, after watching him through one of his sternutations, 'is a regular circus.'

'A circus!' said Mr. Bingo.

'Yes, sir,' was the rejoinder. 'The performance never comes up to the advance notices.'