

## MARVELOUS INSTINCT OF WILD ANIMALS

New Method of Study and Experiment-  
ing Used by Nature Students

The French possess a curious institution in the form of an institute of zoological psychology established in a farm near Paris. This station comprises meadows and barnyards, a scend to the bottom of the pond, stocked with fish. Then, too, there are spacious buildings, including modern stables, a riding school, stalls for isolating animals under special observation, an aquarium and a laboratory. A dove-cote is placed upon the roof of the main building.

As evidencing the desire of the French naturalists to study the habits of living creatures under natural conditions, it may be mentioned that a complete diving apparatus has been provided in which observers may descend to the bottom of the pond. There they may remain for hours, until the fish become accustomed to their presence, and follow their natural impulses in playing and feeding. The under-water student thus is enabled to note their habits at first hand.

The other extreme of observation is the construction of sheltered platforms in the branches of trees, where students sit throughout the night armed with electric flashlights to watch the doings of owls, bats and nocturnal insects.

It is reported by a scientist that an important conclusion reached by the students is that some animals possess a special sense whereby they can detect the presence of water even though they cannot see it. For instance with sheep and cattle when being driven across country.

In a place where the presence of water was wholly unexpected the Australian noted some curious facts. The leading animals suddenly would lift their heads and draw long breaths. Then they would abandon the beaten tracks and start running through the bush. Sometimes they would run for a mile and a half to two miles and could not be stopped by the drivers, their course invariably leading to a pond or spring hitherto unknown.

In France the experiments were made on a water rat. First its eyes were blinded by a bandage and then it was placed on a turntable, which was whirled round until all sense of direction must have been obliterated. Upon being released, without a moment's hesitation, it started directly for the pond, several hundred yards distant.

Frogs and toads were taken to a distance of three or four miles from water and liberated. It seemed to take them only a short time to find the water. One old blind toad showed the instinct in the same degree as the others.

Among the subjects of investigation is the sight of birds and the homing instincts of the carrier pigeon. Many members of the institution are inclined to consider this a phenomenon of far sight. They have been taking by triangulation the height to which birds soar and from that figuring out the radius of vision they attain.

### Developing Australia

The Australian states concerned and the commonwealth have agreed on a locking and storage system for the Murray river that will open a navigable waterway 1,000 miles into the heart of producing Australia.

## THE "SILENCE AND DARKNESS" POLICY HAS SOME DRAWBACKS

(By Beckles Willson.)

For the past month Canada has been stirred as she has never been stirred in her history. At last our nerves have become so connected and intercentralized with the imperial organism as to throb and quiver under the most distant impulse. In every town and village we await feverishly tidings of the war and the consequences of the war. I have just returned from a journey of nearly two thousand miles, from the maritime provinces to Ontario. In even small villages it was pathetic to note the tense anxiety, the eagerness and ardor of a people hitherto but little exposed to the strain of great national emotion. Far into the night a clump of farmers, artisans and laborers will stand around some remote railway telegraph office waiting for the expected war bulletin, drinking in its meagre and too often ambiguous message, thirstily. I have seen crowds in the cities, Halifax, St. John, Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto remain steadfast for hours during a downpour of rain, thrilling visibly at every paltry item of "news" as it flashed on to the bulletin board.

No, decidedly our country has never been moved like this before. The dullest of us is beginning to see that if Britain goes down, not even the American navy can save us. As Sir Rider Haggard told the people of St. John the other day, "If Germany prevails 'good night' to Britain and 'good night' to all off you who are of Britain." Our thoughts now lie too deep for cheering. On most occasions we are a demonstrative people, and what now strikes an observer everywhere is the silence of the multitudes. One hardly ever hears a cheer.

The very intensity of this emotion makes it impossible that it should endure unrelaxed and without solace. The people of Britain are, like ourselves, shut off from the theatre of events by the impenetrable iron curtain of the censorship. They, too, are doubtless the prey of innumerable and unscrupulous scaremongers who fatten on the susceptibilities and credulity of the public. But this war has not lasted a month—it has not lasted a day—to demonstrate a difference in our situation as compared to theirs. The edict has gone forth from the imperial head, Lord Kitchener, that this is to be a "silent war." It is to be a war fought so far as the millions of citizens in the empire is concerned, in the dark. It is to take no account of the feelings of the nation, of the fathers, the mothers, wives and relatives of the men actually in the field. It is to consider the fighting men mere automata without bowels. It is to take no account of the military glory of personal heroism; it is to banish one of the great, perhaps the only virtue of war that is deep and widespread, lies in its appeal to the heart, to national pride, to our innate love of the martial and the nobly picturesque. We are all henceforth to sit at home in silence, a prey to every nameless fear that can infest the bosom of the loyal and the loving.

The reason vouchsafed for such a policy is that nothing must be betrayed to the enemy; not a single

British private must send a brief message to his wife in England or in Canada, for fear that the Kaiser and his staff may learn something they did not know before. Newspaper correspondents are to be expelled or shot. Nothing—or as little as possible—is to be permitted that can comfort the heart, stimulate the courage or allay the anxiety of the nation. War is to be ruthlessly shorn of its poetry, its enthusiasm and heroic British battalions are to stumble on blindly to slaughter like sheep to the shambles.

Well, military rigor may exact this, but if it does so to the end, better reasons will have to be forthcoming than have yet been explained to our people. For our case, not further to beat about the bush, is that the curtain has gone down on the heroic in actual war to rise on a phantasmagoria of the fabulous. The press of our American neighbor has in many instances behaved with conspicuous friendliness and moderation towards us, more becoming a tacit ally than a temperate neutral. But it, unlike our own press, is gagged by no domestic censorship. More than any other in the universe the aim and purpose of the American newspaper is to satisfy the impetuous needs of its readers for sensation. Its correspondents have gone abroad in hordes. They are hiding in every large European seaport, lurking even in unsafe places, running the gauntlet of death itself in an inveterate resolve to "get news through" at any cost, the cost of money, of hardship, of suffering—but chiefly at the cost of truth. A small army of these enterprising journalists is overseas and their efforts, checked and hampered at every turn, are supplemented by another army, not less fertile and resourceful and far more numerous at home—an army of unconscious journalistic liars. Between them both, the American newspaper reading public, as any chance perusal of their productions will convince, is being fed on imaginary battles on land and sea, sieges, massacres and deeds of daring to their heart's content. And what our American neighbors feed upon is passed on over the boundary to us in Canada. We still read about the war—no detail of strategy or bloodshed is withheld from us—but it is a phantom war, a Munchausen war, which unsteadies our nerves and weakens our fibre. Human nature in Britain may be different from human nature in Canada; but to us this is intolerable.

"The situation," said an eminent leader of public opinion to me yesterday, after glancing at the headlines of half a dozen dominion newspapers "cannot endure. Even the War Office must realize that the people must know what their instruments are doing or what they have done. A nation cannot go on living in such an atmosphere of lies and rumor."

Reticence and restraint are mighty virtues. If anyone could convince us that by thus dwelling in suspense, and enduring this perpetual agony of doubt; of being ignorant whether our attacks had failed or succeeded; whether our soldiers were alive or dead; whether the Germans were advancing or retreating, whether we were crushing them or they were crushing us, was indispensably, nay, of material assistance to our strategy, then we would summon all our fortitude, clench our teeth and prepare to suffer. But is it? The morale of the nation is undoubtedly being weakened; is there any real compensation?

(Continued on page 3)

### ON DOGS

I wonder if you have ever owned a dog; a taggy, sad-eyed, droop-tailed mongrel that stuck close to you and shared your little triumphs and big troubles with you?

I reckon a feller who has never owned a dog has missed a considerable lot wuth havin' outin' life. One kin be a mighty no-count piece of humanity in the eyes of his feller-men



but to his dog he's the one, big, best everythin' in the world.

I reckon you can't measure a dog's devotion to his master any more than you kin measure other things as have got the great scientists of the globe guessin'. One thing I know, though, is this, any man who kin live up to what his dog thinks he is, is a good man; and don't you forget it.

### ON RIDIN'

SOMEHOW or other I can't jest accustom myself to ridin' in one of them ottermobile machines. I know I ort to set back and fold my arms and look as though I was enjoyin' life, but it's no use, I can't do it. Take a feller who, all his life has done his ridin' on an old buck board with bolts and nuts jinglin' and spokes rattlin' and he can't enjoy smoothe' ridin' no how.

He misses somethin' that he has



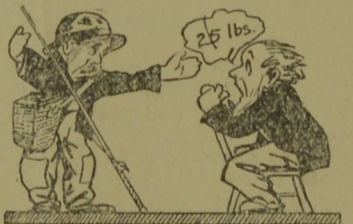
grewed used to. It may be the dust in his face, the clatter of the loose bolts or the rattlin' reports of the loose spokes; anyway it's somethin' that the benzine wagon don't seem to have, and so he don't hanker none fer a ride in the new fangled rig.

Ye see, it's all in gettin' used to a thing and that's why I say when I ride I want to do it in an old buck-board full o' noise and complaints, and I want to get some dust myself, not let the feller behind have all on it. Sounds queer, maybe; but it's right!

### ON FISH LIARS

CANADA, so I've heard, possesses the greatest fishin' grounds in the world. They tell me that bass and trout anglers come hundreds o' miles jest to fish in our waters. That's mighty gratifying if it's so. I don't know 'bout the fishin' grounds but I do know we have some first prize fish-liars in this country.

The difference between a fish-liar and



an ordinary one is that the fish-liar believes what he is tellin' you.

A fish-liar is a feller possessin' plenty of imagination, no conscience to speak of and a bum fishin' outfit. He is found in all parts of Canada and lost only where there ain't some easy mark to listen and believe. He is most active during his open season which is between May 1st and April 30th followin' year.

### HOG SENSE

ON account of his stubbornness and mischief-lovin' ways nobody has a great deal of love for a pig. I take it. Fer wantin' his own way and gettin' it he has a spiled child beaten to a stand-still. Nuthin' short of a machine-gun will keep a razor-back from tryin' a hole in the fence or a red-haired Jersey from rootin' up the entire tater-patch, but you can't get round the fact that a



pig shows mighty sound sense in some ways.

Never see a sick pig very often, do ye? Well, here's the reason. He keeps well by rootin', in other words by keepin' close to mother earth; keeps healthy by keepin' dirty, but its clean dirt. When it comes to takin' a good spring tonic I reckon there ain't nothin' kin beat a leetle rootin' round in fresh, wholesome earth. If it's good fer pigs it oughter be good fer us; what ye think?

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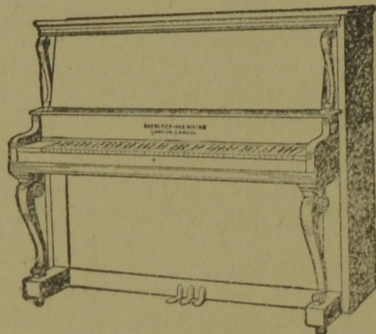
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## The War

THE shutting off of imports from continental Europe into Canada, due to the war gives many home industries an unexampled opportunity for immense and immediate development.

Canada will prosper at the expense of Continental Europe. This is not a time in Canada for repining on the part of the business man. We must be careful, even frugal, but we must also be bold.

Victory is to him who has courage

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