

A SNAP SHOT.

THEY were sitting by the fireside
On a very frosty night,
And their heads were close together
As they talked of well the weather,
Or, perhaps the "Injun" fight.

As their chat grew more engrossing
Near and nearer yet he drew,
Till her fair hair brushed his shoulder,
And in trembling tones he told her
Of the sorrows of the Sioux.

Then he put his arms about her
In the dimly-lighted room,
And they saw naught but each other,
Never heard her bad, small brother.
Stealing softly through the gloom.

Till a flash dispelled the darkness
And a shrill voice cried with glee:
"Caught your photo you and sister—
Pa will like to know you kissed her
Buy the negative from me?"

Topics of the Day

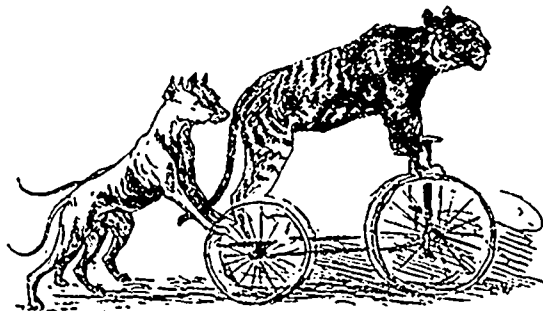
ABROAD.

DON'T MIND IF I TRY.

BY INDUSTRIA ON HIS HOLIDAYS.

I must tell my young Canadians at home of a wonderful performance that is attracting immense crowds to the Crystal Palace here in London. I am sure you would all have enjoyed being present, and you would have stood aghast at the wonders you would have seen.

Mr. Hazenbeck is here with a great show of trained wild animals. For the last quarter of a century he has been an importer of savage creatures, and has had passing through his hands so many wild animals of all kinds that he has earned for himself the title—"King of the Beasts." Last year he stumbled upon the idea of bringing a great many pups of wild animals together to see what could be made of them for an exhibition at the



Chicago World's Fair. Mr. Hazenbeck has a brother-in-law, a German, himself a famous importer of wild

animals, and this gentleman undertook to train the little dears if they could be trained. Without having had experience of their ways and dispositions, it was rather a tall undertaking. But in a couple of days from the time Mr. Hazenbeck made the proposal, the brother-in-law replied: "Don't mind if I try." For four days Mr. Hazenbeck went with him among the wild pups. After that they were left alone with their plucky master.

His happy family consists of young lions, tigers, speckled panthers, polar bears, white as milk, and Thibetan bears, black and smooth as velvet thirty of them altogether in a large arena built for the purpose. His principle of action is kindness, universally and persistently. Punish brutally and you get obstinacy and savage force in return, he says. Maintain a policy of patience, gentleness, and coaxing reward, and you get success in the end. Get the wild things, with their natural savage instincts, to know that if they do as desired they will get a sweet and dainty morsel and a pat on the back, and the battle is won. This principle has taken Mr. Hazenbeck, since he was eight years old, out and in the cages of wild and even infuriated animals. Since then he has shipped, re-shipped, trained, nursed,



and handled more wild hearts than any other man in the world, and is not only alive to tell the tale, but is never happier than when among them.

Two of the young tigers are harnessed as a team in a dainty little car. A couple of boar-hounds act as footmen, and, with their fore-paws placed on the back of the car, walk majestically with their hind legs. His Royal Highness, the largest of the lion cubs, with his mane just beginning to grow, stands in the gilded miniature chariot, as proud as a king in his purple robes and crown of gold, keeps the reins tightly in his mouth, and seems as happy as the ride is long.

I send you a few pictures from a London paper, which will give you a better idea than my pencil could produce in this bustling city. What do you think of the bear on the tight rope? Or of the two smart little chaps rolling the cube about?



Mr. Hazenbeck has had some exciting experiences while handling his rare cargo. One day he was unpacking a case of alligators. Twelve of these monsters had to be taken out of one box and placed in another, a rather touchy operation. Three of them he got shifted easily, but the fourth was troublesome. His master could not get hold of him. He writhed and wriggled, and gaped, and excited the others. At length Mr. Hazenbeck thought he had him, when his foot slipped, and he fell right in the midst of the lot. Coolness, however, and nerve are a