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SAVAGE INSTINCTS.

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When man was a savage, one of his great desires was to kill. He made war on his fellow-man, and in times of peace offered up his blood in sacrifice. With the advance of civilization, this blood-thirstiness was lessened, but it was only with the advent Christianity that "man's he manity to man" obtained firm foothold. Only within comparatively recent years has this humanity or "consideration for others" been extended to the brute

been extended to the brute

creation. In the Humane Society the protecting hand is at last stretched over the lower ani-mals, and still to this day the savage instinct of man's heart sends him out to hunt to kill. The glorious sport is organized, and a dozen brave men start off on horseback and start off on horseback and course the country after a poor, scared fox or frightened deer. The English country squire-says: "It's a fine day to-day; let's go and kill something." It is with far other ideas that the savage Indian or backwood huntsman starts out upon the chase. He must have meat to He must have meat to chase. He must have meat to live, and fur to cover himself with, or to barter for the necessities of life. He earns his precarious living, not without personal danger. In our spirited picture we see the tables turned. The Indian, after following in his frail cance a large deer which he saw swimming across the lake, has lasming across the lake, has las-soed him, i.e., thrown the loop of a long rope over his horns, but before he has been able to get near enough to kill, the fine animal has reached the ine animal has reached the shore, and, dashing forward, upset the canoe, throwing his persecutors into the water. Well for the Indian that he can swim. When he reaches shore he will find his canoe dashed to pieces among the rocks and his prey disappeared in the woods. Although we cannot but sympathize with the noble stag in his struggle for life, yet we must not blame the Indian. He is but seeking to provide the necessition. seeking to provide the necessities of existence. Can we equally exculpate those Christian with these tian gentlemen who hunt these deer for their own amusement?

When Tippo had been good for several days he was allowed to come into the room and play about it while nurse held the baby on her lap.

The monkey was an affectionate creature, and his great ambition was to take the in his long, hairy arms and "cuddle" it as ne

nurse do ;

Perhaps you can imagine the nurse's horror when, upon her return, she found the cradle empty and saw through the open window Tippo, seated on a swaying branch, rocking the child to and fro, pressing it tenderly to his breast, and even trying to sing a lullaby to it!

The little fellow was not a bit frightened,

the freedom of the stable-yard, watching

closely lest he should go beyond it.

But poor Tippo was yet to redeem
his character, in which there was not a
single taint of viciousness. One day a fire
broke out in the rear of Mr. Harcourt's beautiful house, and had made tremendous headway before it was discovered. Then

all was confusion and uproar; messengers were dispatched to the nearest village for a fireengine, while the excited servants flew hither and thither, too frightened to know what they were about. Mr. Harcourt, assisted by the butler and his wife, was trying to save a few of the most valuable articles, while the coachman and grooms were leading the horses to a place of safety, when a piercing shriek rent the air:

"The baby! where is the baby?"

baby?

Sure enough where was he? The nurse in her terror had run from the burning building, leaving the child asleep in his cradle. Now when she had returned to her senses, smoke and flame were pouring out of the nursery windows, and the stairnursery windows, and the star-way was also enveloped in a fiery mantle. Mr. Harcourt, supporting his unconscious wife in his arms, offered a large re-ward to the one who should brave the fiery ordeal and save his precious child, but before an answer was given there was a loud shout from the assem-bled servants:

bled servants:
"Look up there!"

Ah, what a sight was that! Emerging from the scuttle-hole Emerging from the scuttle-hole on the roof, his hairy coat all ablaze, but clasping baby Willie close to his breast with one arm, while with the other he grasped a branch of the nearest tree, was Tippo! Gently he slid to the earth with his precious burden, and, tottering to his master, laid it at his feet. Then, with a look of intense suffering, he gazed up into Mr. Harcourt's face, as if in appeal for relief, gave two or three almost human cries and stretched out his quivering limbs in ed out his quivering limbs in death.

A beautiful new mansion now occupies the site of the old house. As the guests enter the grand hall their eyes are instantly attracted by a large monkey which stands in a niche beneath a stained-glass window. It is poor, loving
Tippo, stuffed with grateful
care, and kept as a memorial of the day

upon which he sacrificed his own life to save the young master of the house.—Ruth Argyle.

THE white men in South Africa talk unblushingly of the day when the natives will all be killed off by rum, and they can have the land. Men, women, children and babies can be seen lying along the roadside drunk.

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A STRANGE STEED.

TIPPO.

Tipro was full of mischief, yet he was a great pet when he behaved himself. As he had been presented to Mr. Harcourt by a beloved friend, his pranks were borne with more patience than would have been the case otherwise. One member of the family was an expecial forcurity with him: this was an especial favourite with him : this was the baby, just six months old. He would climb up to the nursery window from the garden wall beneath, and, seating himself on the sill, would chatter to the little fellow by the hour, and Willie would hap his hands and crow with delight. his hands and crow with delight.

but no one knew of this wish on Tippo's part, and, as he had behaved very well for some time, the nurse relaxed her vigilance, some time, the nurse relaxed her vignance, and so, one day when she had gone down stairs for something, leaving the baby asleep in his cradle with the monkey rolled up in a brown ball on a chair beside him, Tippo seized upon the opportunity thus afforded him, and, lifting the sleeping child very quietly, carried him out of the window and up among the leafy branches of a tree close by. t statistical establishe et explicate the open of the property of the end of the end of the end of the end of

but lay cooing and smiling in the hairy embrace which enfolded him. When the nurse's screams had brought the entire family to the scene, Mrs. Harcourt was nearly crazed with fright, although her husband assured her that Tippo would not harm the child, because he loved him too well. By dint of much coaxing and some threats the baby was at last secured, and Tippo was remanded to the stable, where he was kept a prisoner and became a great he was kept a prisoner and became a great favourite with the grooms, who gave him