

Did the Tigers Know?

A really remarkable story of animal perception has been contributed to "Frank Leslie's Monthly" by Mr. Frank Bostock, who may be considered an authority on wild animals in captivity.

"I once had a trainer," Mr. Bostock says, "an old Irishman who had served in a British regiment in India, and who knew the ways of tigers in every detail. He taught three of them to do more work in the arena than I have ever seen done by any other tigers. I have seen him sitting down between two of them at rest times during rehearsals, and examining their claws to see if any of them were sore or split. Any one who has ever tried that with even a house cat knows that it strikes the feline nature as an unwarrantable familiarity; but they never did more than show their teeth and whine, and that half in playfulness.

"One day the old fellow got very drunk, the first time in his life, to my knowledge. Before he was noticed on his return to the cage, he had gone in with his tigers, and fallen in a heap on the floor.

The other keepers made several attempts to take him out of the cage, but it was at once apparent that to do so meant a bitter and bloody fight with the tigers. They guarded him all night in his drunken slumber. But the next time he put them to work they balked, and he could neither persuade nor drive them.

"They had ceased to trust him, or something of that sort, and his usefulness with them was at an end forever."

That was indeed "judgment... fled to brutish beasts."—The King's Own.

Your Husband's Relations.

One of the most difficult questions for a young wife to decide is how she shall treat her new relations. Sometimes, of course, her husband's and her own family have been friends for years, and she at once slips into her place as the daughter of the house, only changing dear friends into still dearer relatives; but this is not always the case. More often she meets her husband far away from his family, and is only introduced after her marriage.

A bride should try to remember that everything depends on a first impression, and should, therefore, be careful to create a favorable one at once. She must recollect that, whatever their failings and peculiarities are, they are her husband's people, and, as such, to be treated with respect, even if she cannot feel for them the affection she is wishful to give.

Let her try to love them as her own people; but if this is impossible, she can at least treat them with courtesy—not do as a bride did not long ago, who refused to let her mother-in-law visit them, pleading as an excuse that, "Your old mother is so dreadfully deaf that I really can't be bothered to entertain her. If she has to come, you must ask her when I am from home, and do the entertaining yourself."

As a rule, however, the young wife will find her new relations only too ready to love her for her husband's sake, and she ought to have no trouble about returning it.

A Father's Love.

She was a winsome, wee girl, just lisping her first words, yet I learned a lesson from her—a child of extraordinary beauty and the especial darling of her father's heart.

She toddled into the room one day, greatly excited and pleased, saying: "Baby fin'

wo'm, long wo'm. Papa, me fin' long wo'm."

"What can the baby mean?" papa finally asked.

"Ugh!" some one exclaims, "she has found a worm, and has been playing with it, too, I am sure."

But the baby was not satisfied with just this notice being taken of her treasure. She extended her tiny hands ever so far apart, to show how long her "pitty wo'm" was, and laughed in high glee as she went back to her new plaything, saying, "Me doin' to p'lay wid me pitty wo'm."

Every one laughed at baby's antics over her newly-found treasure. But the father, ever watchful, followed in a minute or two to see what it was that the baby was playing with.

And, oh, how quickly baby was snatched away from danger! For there, almost within reach of the little hands eager to caress it, lay a viper which had crawled from an old chimney near. Seizing a weapon, he soon killed the snake, and took it away from baby's sight, and returned to his nearly heart-broken child.

But baby was crying with all her might. Then father took her in his arms. She struggled to get away from him, but he only drew her closer to him.

Soon she found words to express her indignation and grief: "You is bad, papa! You is b-a-a-d! Oh, my own pitty wo'm!"

But the father's arms still surrounded her, and pressed her closer to his heart. Not a word had he spoken excepting, "My darling," when he first took her in his strong loving arms.

After a while she rested contentedly there; but her sobs and words still told of her sorrow and anger, "You is—bad, papa," being repeated, but at greater intervals.

Finally her whole attitude was changed, and she seemed to become conscious of her father's love to her and her love to him, though she was not willing to drop her rebellious words. She raised one little arm and placed it around his neck, and patted his cheek with the other hand; then dropping her face to his, she sobbed, but in her most loving tone, "Y-o-u is b-a-d, papa," and dropped asleep, still clasped in her father's arms.

Ah, thought I, as I witnessed this scene, this is breavement and sorrow's message to us: Love, infinite love, exercised by an all-wise Heavenly Father. Our Father sees that our ambitious plans, either for pleasure or profit, upon which we have set our minds and hearts, are dangerous to us, and illustrates them. We are so charmed with the love of the earthly home and friends that we do not care enough for our heavenly home, and he removes them.

And, like this little child, we, too, murmur and grieve and cry unto Him, for we do not understand. Yet all the time infinite love and wisdom is our refuge, until finally we drop asleep, sheltered in his protecting arms. —Western Christian Advocate.

The Seven Wonders of Korea.

Korea, like the world of the ancients, has its "seven wonders." Briefly stated, they are as follows: First, a hot mineral spring near Kin Shantao, the healing properties of which are believed to be miraculous.

The second wonder is two springs situated at a considerable distance from each other; in fact, they have the breadth of the entire peninsula between them. They have two peculiarities. When one is full, the other is always empty; and though connected by a subterranean passage, one is bitter and the other sweet.

PLAYFUL CHILDREN.

What treasure on earth is more to be prized than a bright, active, healthy, playful child? In homes where Baby's Own Tablets are used you never find sickly, cross, sleepless children; if the little one is ill the Tablets will promptly make it well. Ask any mother who has used the Tablets and she will tell you that this is absolutely true—she will tell you the Tablets always do good, and never do harm. You can give them to a child just born with perfect safety, and they are equally as good for well grown children. Mrs. Mary J. Moore, Hepworth, Que., says:—"My baby has never been sick since I began giving her Baby's Own Tablets. They are a real blessing to both mother and child, and I would not be without them." Don't let your child suffer, and don't dose it with strong drugs or medicine containing opiates. Give Baby's Own Tablets which you can get from any druggist or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The third wonder is Cold Wind Cave, a cavern from which a wintry wind perpetually blows. The force of the wind from the cave is such that a strong man cannot stand before it.

A forest that cannot be eradicated is the fourth wonder. No matter what injury is done the roots of the trees, which are large pines, they will sprout up again directly.

The fifth is the most wonderful of all. It is the famous "floating stone." It stands, or seems to stand, in front of the palace erected in its honor. It is an irregular cube of great bulk. It appears to be resting on the ground, free from supports on all sides, but, strange to say, two men at opposite ends of a rope, may pass it under the stone without encountering any obstacle whatever!

The sixth wonder is the "hot stone," which, from remote ages, has lain glowing with heat on the top of a high hill.

The seventh and last Korea wonder is a drop of the sweat of Buddha. For thirty paces around the large temple in which it is enshrined, we are told by the priests, not a blade of grass will grow.—The Presbyterian.

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