

to the cashier's desk and he will settle with you."

For three weeks the young man tramped the streets of Philadelphia looking for work. One day a bank president asked Mr. Girard to name a suitable person for cashier for a new bank about to be started. After reflection Mr. Girard named this young man.

"But I thought you discharged him?"

"I did," was the answer, "because he would not work on Sunday, and the man who will lose his situation from principle is the man to whom you can intrust your money."—Exchange.

Individuality Among Animals.

(The 'Commercial Advertiser,' New York)

John Burroughs, in an article on 'Animal Individuality,' in the 'Independent,' reopens the debate in which last year he so vigorously swung cudgels. He names no names, but his scornful remarks about the modern school of nature study are strongly suggestive of the colored preacher who exclaimed, 'I dat young possum wid de yaller dress, settin' in de right han' buck pew, don't stop whisperin', I'll be fo'ced to identify her.' Mr. Burroughs mentions no one, but his gaze is directed again at Thompson Seton, William J. Long, et al.

Mr. Burroughs, on the model of the famous essay on 'The Snakes of Ireland,' which began, 'There are no snakes in Ireland,' premise with the statement that animals have no individuality—at least no individuality worth mentioning. 'Anything you can learn of one bird or beast,' he says, 'that is not true of every member of its species is unimportant. . . . Animal intelligence is inherited; it is a matter of experience or acquisition in a very limited degree.' He goes on to say that if one fox has been known to catch crabs with his tail, then will all other foxes, under the stress of hunger where crabs abound, fish with their tails; if one 'coon will amputate a wounded foot and treat the stump in a rational way to allay inflammation, then will all 'coons do this; if one woodcock with a broken leg has been seen to mend the same with a cast made of clay and grass, then will all woodcocks similarly afflicted do the same. As to the most startling things recorded by the new school of nature students, Mr. Burroughs continues openly to hoot his incredulity. He regards animals in their wild state as essentially instinct-guided automata, as individuals inventing, discovering or originating nothing. He is willing to concede limited intelligence to a species as a whole, but not separate personal intelligence among its members.

Darwin, when discussing this subject of the nature and extent of animal intelligence—a subject which is older than science itself and over which the ancients as well as the moderns puzzled—with his usual caution, refrains from any positive judgment. He neither concedes nor denies true individual intelligence to animals, although what he doesn't say, suggests that his opinion inclined to the negative. He mentions the bees, trying to escape, buzzing for hours against a window one-half of which is open; the pike, which for three months continued to dash and bruise itself against the glass sides of an aquarium in the vain attempt to seize minnows on the other side; the weaver bird that perseveringly wound thread through the bars of its cage as it building a nest; the squirrel that pats on a wooden floor as if he had just buried nuts in the ground; the beaver that cuts up logs and drags them about, though there is no water to dam up. Darwin states both sides of the problem

when he says: 'With animals actions appearing due to intelligence may be performed through inherited habit without any intelligence, although originally thus acquired. Or the habit may have been acquired through the preservation and inheritance of beneficial variations of some other habit; and in this case the new habit will have been acquired independently of intelligence throughout the whole course of its development.'

Nevertheless, despite Burroughs, and despite even Darwin, the popular opinion is, and doubtless will continue to be, that animals, not only as species, but as individuals, have intelligence and the quality called individuality. Probably one of the reasons why the 'new' school of nature study, as it is scornfully called, enjoys so great a vogue, is because it so accords with popular preconceptions. Ever since Aesop wrote his fables, and probably before, men have habitually anthropomorphized their animal friends, and ascribed to them natures which differ quantitatively rather than qualitatively from that of the human species. And modern science, with its hypotheses concerning the descent of man, has confirmed instead of removing these prejudices. Mr. Burroughs, if his aim is to convert the public, has set himself to a difficult task.

Why Doctors get Rich.

Stories of the fabulous fees charged by great surgeons for services to sick patients amuse everyone except the patients themselves.

"I'm poor," said a visitor from the country the other day, "but I've got so, I can appreciate those stories of high charges. When I came to town I noticed a little round swelling on my wrist. It bothered me, and one day when I saw a sign, 'Dr. John Doe,' I thought I would go in and have it looked at. Well, I was shown into a fine room, and in a minute a pleasant looking man came in.

"Dr. Doe?" I says, and held up my wrist.

"Ah, a weeping sinew," says he as if he'd been waiting years for a chance to study a case like mine.

"I didn't say anything, but kept my wrist out with the hand hanging limp while he took down a book from the shelf. I expected to see him turn over the pages, and look up my trouble under 'S' or 'W,' and then prescribe something, and advise me to eat no canvas-backs for a few days. Instead, he gave me a crack on the wrist like a thousand of bricks! It was right on the swelling and hurt like a cannonball. I jumped high in the air and yelled.

"Your weeping sinew's gone," says the doctor, quietly. "Three dollars."

"I was too much surprised to say a word, and I paid it." But no wonder your city doctors get rich! Three dollars! Any blacksmith would have done that job for the fun of doing it."

No Man for a Fuss

A Fife-shire farmer gave his herd laddie, Jamie (a half wit), a ticket to admit him to a sacred recital in a neighboring town, to be given by local talent, and told the lad to be sure and enjoy himself.

The farmer was greatly surprised to find his servant in the kitchen long before the conclusion of the performance, and upon asking him why he had returned from the recital, Jamie replied:

"Weel, maister, ae man yonder began to

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sing, 'I'm the King of Glory'; then aniter said he 'was the King of Glory,' and when I saw three others standin' up an' sayin' they were 'the King of Glory,' I kn't there was to be a fecht, so I cam awa, an' left them to finish it amon' themselves."

Hard to Pronounce.

In this land of many languages, it is not unusual for a minister to find himself in a position of no little difficulty with regard to the pronunciation of some of the names placed before him. Such a story as the following should be appreciated under such circumstances.

A Polish couple came before a justice of the peace in New York to be married. The justice looked at the document, which authorized him to unite in matrimony Zacharewicz Perczynski and Leokowarda Jeulinseika.

"Ahem!" he said, "Zach—h'm—h'm—ski, do you take this woman?" and so forth.

"Yes, sir," responded the young man.

"Leo—h'm—h'm—ska, do you take this man to be?" and so forth.

"Yes, sir."

"Then I pronounce you man and wife," said the justice, glad to find something that he could pronounce; "and heartily congratulate you both on having reduced these two names to one."—Selected.

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