

ly end in Central Park a few years ago, with unusual interest, and with the clay which was given them on the kindergarten tables, a feature of the room, modelled likenesses of him as well as of the smaller animals set before them.

They watched the awkward gyrations of a tortoise that was placed on the table with great glee, and the tortoise as he was being photographed put his head out of his shell and held it well up in the air, posing for his picture, the children said. Of the two snakes brought out the 'beloved snake' of the small boy visitor to the Museum, was one, and another was a hog-nose snake, which bears a close resemblance to a rattler.

One of the little girls played with the latter with great delight, letting him coil around her neck, and caressed a toad which she held in her hand, a big fellow—*Bufo Americanus* is his professional name. He was dug from a burrow he had made in his Museum home where he was taking his winter's nap, and brought out to see the children, very gaunt, with his skin hanging loosely on his big frame, and only his bright eyes showing his healthy condition. To some of the boys who handled the snakes and toads they were the first they had ever seen at such close range.

'If the children understand animals,' says Mrs. Roesler, 'it will prevent the indiscriminate destruction of them which we have now. I was driving in the country with a friend when a black snake crossed the road in front of us, and the chauffeur, turning the machine we were in, ran over and killed it. I called to him, but it was too late.'

'I always have that done,' said my friend, 'and every snake about the grounds is killed for fear they will hurt the baby.'

'And an intelligent woman, as you are,' I observed. 'There are no harmful snakes around. It would be better if you let the baby play with them.'

'Black snakes have teeth, but they are not venomous, and every snake will run if it gets a chance. And both snakes and toads are important to agriculture in eating destructive insects. Toads are nocturnal in their habits. They feed largely on moths, and they will do a great deal to destroy the cutworm moth, one of the farmers' greatest enemies. They eat many houseflies. That is something people can do if they wish to kill things. Let them fight the housefly with the millions of germs they are said to carry.'

'Shakespeare's exquisite lines about the gem-like beauty of the eye of the toad are paralleled by the Oriental saying regarding Christ, that in passing a dead dog which was being kicked by every passerby he paused a moment and said, "Pearls are not whiter than its teeth." The marvels of nature are seen not only in the birds and the butterflies, but in the humblest kinds of animals, which children may readily be taught to admire.'—The 'Times,' New York.

The Wolves and the Baby.

Here it is, the dead of winter. Snow is on the ground, on the trees, on the house-tops. And we are all just in from a romp with a sledful of rosy-cheeked children. Of course, the only proper way to top off the evening is to tell a story. And so, as we all gather round the grate fire, and Tommy, who has been busy with the nut-crackers, gets quiet, and sister surrenders the poker to papa, and all the rest of the little folks get 'settled' for a listen, we tell the story of how a little baby

was saved from the wolves in a Canadian forest one winter day. And here it is, just as it was told:

One time a papa and a mamma were driving through the woods in a sleigh, and they had a little baby with them. The baby was asleep on some straw in the back of the sleigh, all covered up with blankets, and just as snug and warm as could be. They had so much to carry in the sleigh that this was the best place to put the baby, and the mamma could just turn her head and see the little baby's nose peeping out and see it sleeping so quiet and so fine. The horses—two of them—went spanking along the road, for the big log teams had worn it nice and smooth.

Suddenly the mamma gave a start. They were just in the middle of the deep woods, miles away from anybody. She had heard some strange sound. She said to the papa: 'Stop; I hear something like a cry.'

The papa pulled hard on the reins and brought the horses to a stop. Then they heard the cry again, and plainly. So did the horses. They sprang forward as soon as they heard that cry. It was the cry of wolves, and they were coming after the sleigh, a whole pack of them, in full cry.

So sudden was the start of the horses that the sleigh was almost lifted from the ground. At the same instant the mother turned round to see her baby, but it was gone. Out on the roadway was a little bundle, and little pink fingers were buried deep in snow and a little voice was wailing with cold and fright. Mamma gave a scream. Papa stood up and yanked the lines like a crazy man. The horses were pulled up to a second stop, but wild with fear and almost uncontrollable. Mamma was out of the sleigh in a twinkling, and, running to her little bundle, snatched it up as if it were a feather and dashed back to the sleigh. How she got into that rocking sleigh she could not tell now, but the half-crazed horses seemed to feel it the instant she got in, and then away they dashed, papa holding the reins, mamma the baby, and baby holding its breath. It all hadn't taken long, but so swift ran the wolves that now they could be seen away back on the road.

It was a wild race, children. The horses were galloping for their lives, and at every jump the sleigh seemed to clear the ground. But faster came the wolves. They were now so near that their red tongues could be seen, and their howling was terrible.

Then papa said: 'Wife, put the baby down in front at our feet. Then take the reins. You must do this at once.'

The baby was put down and a double-barrelled shot-gun taken up. Then papa turned and levelled his gun at the pack.

Two flames leaped out of the barrels, and two of the front wolves fell over and others yelped and limped. Then what do you suppose happened? The whole pack stopped and jumped upon the dead and wounded wolves and tore them to pieces. My, how they

growled and yelped and fought over the dead and hurt wolves.

'Well, then papa loaded his gun and the horses ran on like the wind, but soon the wolves were after the sleigh and soon they were almost near enough to leap into it. Then papa fired both barrels at them, and again there was yelping and scattering of the pack, and some more dead and wounded for the live and hungry ones to eat up.

So it went, till the horses were almost tired out and the night was coming on.

Suddenly mamma gave a cry. 'I see a light,' she said.

'All right,' said papa. 'And I've got one more load for the gun. God help us now.'

Once more he fired, and two more wolves just ready to leap at the horses, fell dead.

The horses made a desperate effort, and the sleigh shot out of the woods into another highway, and there was the lighted house—or hut—of some woodmen.

They heard the shooting, and soon men, women and dogs were running out to see what was the matter. At this the wolves stopped, the few that were left, and without a whimper started back for the forest.

Men held the trembling horses, strong arms took the mamma and the baby, and soon all were in the little cottage.

They warmed up a nice bottle of milk for the baby, and soon it went to sleep. Aren't you glad the wolves didn't get the baby?—'Sunday School Messenger.'

The Largest Hats in the World.

(Anna E. Jacobs, in 'Sunbeam'.)

What would you think of a hat that was so large it would safely shelter your father, mother, sisters and yourself under it, should a sudden rainstorm come up? The men of Corea like these enormous hats and would not feel properly dressed without them. These hats look like great flower pots set on a round table six feet across. The crowns are nine feet in height and three inches wide, much like a chimney on a one-story house. How do you suppose these large, round head coverings are kept on? Under the brim is a small closely-fitting cap, held on by a padded string which ties under the ears. The material of these hats is bamboo so finely split that they are like thread; and lastly, they are varnished to keep out the sun, the rain and the wind.

You know that the Corean people always wear cotton clothing; so these big hats protect them far more than our hats possibly could do. In the rainy season a cone of oiled paper is attached to the big bamboo head coverings in the shape of a tunnel, so I suppose that the rain pours off of them just as water does off a duck's back. A Corean keeps his hat on when we should take it off. Soldiers wear black or brown felt hats decorated with red horse hair or peacock feathers, and hanging from the sides, over the ears and around their necks are oval balls of porcelain, amber and a queer kind of gum.

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