

Time after time they were driven up with poles, only to turn wildly back. No man dared venture into the arena; it would have been absolute suicide. Finally the animals were decoyed to the entrance with beef, and as blank cartridges were fired they bounded through in a paroxysm of terror, and the great doors clanged behind them. One of the trainers then went to examine the pail. As he put his hand to the lock of the door he gave a cry that brought every one to him.

"Boys," he said gravely, "we've had about as narrow an escape as we'll ever have. This door wasn't locked. It was just latched."

"There was dead silence. The latch might easily have opened at one of the many lurches, and we all should have been torn to pieces by the frantic animals."

The trainer went forward and picked up the pail. Then he burst into a hearty laugh—for in this place danger is forgotten as soon as it is over. The little red stream was faint, not blood!

TWENTY-SEVEN LIONS IN A DESPERATE FIGHT,

The trainer of the twenty-seven lions had been obliged to stop his performances owing to the "ugliness" of the animals over the new arrivals, but after some days he decided to rehearse them. He had considerable trouble in getting the lions out, and when the first one finally appeared it was not in the slow, stately manner in which he usually entered, but in a quick, restless way, which showed he was still in an excitable state. He was followed by seventeen others, all in the same nervous condition.

Instead of getting on the pedestals in their usual way, the lions, with one exception, began to sniff at the corners of the arena where the newcomers had been exercising. Their fierce natures were excited by jealousy, and it soon culminated in rage and passion, so that when one lion presumed to go over to a corner and follow up the sniffing of another, the latter turned upon him and bit him savagely. The other promptly retaliated, and in the twinkling of an eye they were fighting fiercely. The temper of the others flashed up like gunpowder, and almost instantly seventeen lions were engaged in a wild, free fight. The one big fellow who had climbed on his pedestal when he entered still sat there, and at this moment the remaining nine lions appeared in the arena, followed by their trainer. The animals rushed forward into the battle; the big lion, with an ugly snarl, leaped from his pedestal into the thick of the fray, and in an instant twenty-seven full-grown lions were fighting with teeth and claws, their gigantic muscular strength augmented by rage, passion and jealousy. And in the midst of it all stood one man, calm, self-possessed, but with every nerve and muscle at their highest tension, for he knew better than anyone else that his life hung in the balance.

The trainer vainly tried to regain authority over the fighting beasts. The lions were no longer the puppets of a show, but were now the monarchs of the forest, wild and savage. Seeing his power gone, the man did his best to save his own life. He succeeded in getting out, thanks to his wonderful nerve—for he had to jump over the backs of the fighting animals—but in doing so he received a deep wound in the shoulder. There was nothing to do but to let them "fight it out," which they did. For two hours that awful battle raged, and when the lions were exhausted the trainer, wounded as he was, went in and drove them to their cages. Some of the lions were seriously injured, but they had fought themselves out, and the next week they went through their performances as mildly as kittens.

ONE OF THE MOST THRILLING HAIRBREADTH ESCAPES.

Another hairbreadth escape occurred when the woman trainer of the five lions secured permission to perform before the motley group did instead of afterward. Somehow the trainer of the motley group was not notified of the change, and at the signal proceeded to get his animals into the runway. The woman trainer was doing the same thing, and the first that either knew of it was when both lots of animals met. This was about the most dangerous thing that could happen. It takes animals a long time to get accustomed to each other, and none of these animals

had met before. Fearless as were both trainers, they told me later that it was the greatest nerve strain they had ever had. They could not get in front of their animals because it was not their custom to do so, and to meet animals illibitantly caudab(tz be Ode ETAETE accustomed to another trainer would have been the signal for instant attack. Suddenly the trainer of the motley group fired four blank shots, and there was a rush of men to the runway, four shots being the signal that a trainer is in deadly peril.

The audience heard the shots but were not frightened, as they were told it was a signal for the men, and the band was ordered to play.

Meanwhile the trainer of the twenty-seven lions, with another brave man, went boldly into the narrow runway, and risked their lives by climbing over the animals until they got between the two groups. Shot after shot was fired, and the two lots of animals driven backward in opposite directions. The utmost confusion prevailed, but had the brutes been given a moment to think there would have been a terrible fight, in which all the trainers would have been torn to pieces.

All were finally caged except a lion, a bear, the boarhounds and a hyena. The lion attacked his keeper, the woman, tearing her arm badly; the boarhounds bit the bear, who retaliated savagely, and the hyena, a vicious beast, crept behind his keeper and bit him severely in the leg. At the peril of their lives the trainers finally subdued the lion, the bear trotted back himself, the hyena, whose blood was up, was whipped back step by step, and the boarhounds crept out of that runway looking as if they were at their last gasp.

A GIRL TRAINERS ENCOUNTER WITH A LEOPARD.

A pretty girl trainer once had a narrow escape, while a great audience sat quietly, never dreaming that only a low board partition separated them from one of the fiercest leopards in the show. The girl had just begun her career. She had passed the stage of fear, but had not yet acquired the knowledge that one walks with death every second where wild animals are concerned. One night after her performance one of her four leopards slipped upstairs unobserved. The young trainer went to her room, and as the show was still going on she did not light the gas, as there was sufficient light coming in over the low wall. When undressed she stooped to pick up some clothes, and touched a furry body. Thinking it was the lion-trainer's pet cat she began to stroke it gently. When her hand did not come to the end of the cat's back she suddenly realised that she was stroking a leopard, possibly a strange one, and at that moment the great head turned and two gleaming eyes stared into her own. The horror and danger of the situation came home to the girl. She dared not call out, and in a flash she knew that her only chance was to keep quiet and remain perfectly calm.

"Quiet, Kitty, quiet," she said gently, hoping it might be her favourite leopard. It was not, but it was one of her own leopards, and her voice did not alarm him. Knowing her advantage if she could see him properly, she backed to the wall and lighted the gas before the leopard roused himself. The great beast merely turned over and stared sleepily at the flickering light. The trainer had her whip and pistol in hand now, and stood waiting for him to attack her, or, far worse, to leap over the low partition into the audience.

At this moment a man's footsteps were heard in the passage-way, and at the unfamiliar sound the leopard, with a light spring, turned and crouched for attack. The woman called gently to him, and the man outside understood. He said calmly that the people were nearly all out, and if she could keep the animal quiet a few moments longer it would be all right, and he went on.

For ten minutes the young trainer stayed alone with the leopard, and then the footsteps of many trainers were heard. The leopard evidently knew what was coming, and with a bound he was over the partition and in the midst of them. Blank cartridges were fired, and he was directed downstairs and into the runway after a vast deal of trouble. Once there he refused to enter his cage, and the young trainer had to come down and force him in, receiving a severe scratch in doing so.

A MAN TAKES REFUGE IN A LION'S CAGE.

A newcomer to the show once had an experience that nearly cost him his reason. He had been warned never to enter the runway alone, but one day he did so while the animals were being exercised in the arena. He had reached the end and turned around when he heard the animals coming back. Panic-stricken he flew into one of the open cages, closing the wooden door and holding on to it for dear life.

Meanwhile the lion-trainer was vexed to find that door closed. It was necessary to drive the lion beyond his cage, which meant that he would probably go beyond it another time and cause annoyance, if not actual danger. When the man inside the cage, frantic with terror, begged the trainer to save him, the trainer understood. He shouted that he would drive the lion to the end of the runway, and then the man should slip out and run for his life, while the trainer would do his best to keep the lion back. This was done with difficulty, for the lion was puzzled and wanted to get into his cage. Finally it was accomplished, and the trainer shouted to the man to be quick. But the fellow had lost his nerve, and when he opened the door and saw the lion comparatively close he promptly went back.

This was hard on the trainer, for the lion was beginning fiercely to resent being kept in the corner of the runway. To make matters worse the men in the arena, thinking the first lot of animals must now surely be in, turned others into the runway, and the trainer had the sensation of knowing that, in addition to the aroused lion in front of him, three others were at his back.

There was only one way out of it. Shouting to the men to open the gates, he called to the imprisoned man to keep his door closed. With a sharp crack of his whip he ordered the other animals to return, and with his back to the side of the runway managed by a dexterous turn of his whip to hit on the flank the lion he had been fighting. With a wild bound the lion flew past, and then the trainer, having them all in front of him, drove them back into the arena. When the animals were safely in, he returned with others and released the man, whom they found huddled in the cage, nearly insane with fear.

BOTH MAN AND TIGER RUN FROM EACH OTHER.

A funny incident, which might have been a fatality, occurred when one of the men was sent to wash out the arena. As it happened, two new tigers were to be turned in to be exercised. As the man got just inside the little door of the arena, a tiger walked in from the back. For a second man and tiger gazed at each other, both about equally surprised. Then the man dropped his pail with a crash and darted for the door in terror. Almost simultaneously the tiger, scared at the noise, started, turned tail, and dashed away. This was a narrow escape, and might have ended fatally.

No chemist, who sought in past ages, The phantom Philosopher's Stone, Has handed down that which assuages The throat-trouble always so prone. Till Woods' after thirty years' trial, In tests both exhaustive and sure Discovered a charm to defy all— Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

THE BEST SOAP FOR BABY
IS
WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP.
IT IS DELIGHTFUL IN USE
IT IS ABSOLUTELY PURE.
IT PROTECTS FROM ALL INFECTION.
6d. per Tablet. Box of 3 Tablets 1s. 6d.

Icilma
Icilma Fluor Cream owes its unique qualities to the marvellous tonic, cleansing, healing, and softening virtues contained in Icilma Natural Water.
Icilma Fluor Cream expresses the use of powder, and is the only cream that helps to prevent the growth of superfluous hair.
Icilma Fluor Cream contains no grease nor metallic salts, but makes the skin soft, fresh, and transparent, so that the blue veins show clear in a rose pearl setting.
Icilma Fluor Cream is invaluable for faded complexions, cold winds, chaps, sunburn, blotches, roughness, redness, and mosquito or gnat bites. Acts immediately. Deliciously scented.
Do not forget that Icilma Natural Water is a necessity in every home, and that Icilma Soap is a revelation of what a complexion and Medicinal Soap can be.
Of all good Chemists and Stores,
ICILMA CO., Ltd., London, ENGLAND.

"A truly delightful Thirst Quencher."
The *Lancet* writes:—"Lime Juice is, particularly during the summer, a far more wholesome drink than any form of alcohol."
MONTERRAT
LIMEJUICE CORDIAL
"Monterrat" is obtained solely from the celebrated Lime Juice Plantations in the Island of Montserrat.
To obtain the genuine, specify "MONTERRAT,"
OF ALL STORES AND CHEMISTS.