



The Circus Procession passing around Parliament Hill, Ottawa.



The Circus Arrives in Town.



A Group of Circus People in their Dressing Tent.

trying to urge forward a stubborn team of oxen. This was kept up for fully five minutes and then came the unmistakable roar of "Leo." Instantly a dozen men sprang in the direction of the sound and shortly reached "Leo" and the negro. The latter had put a rope around "Leo's" neck and was alternately pulling on the rope and beating him with a short fence rail in his efforts to make him return to the cage train. He seemed to consider mule methods the proper thing with a lion and when the keeper reached him he disgustingly handed him the rope and said, "Here's your damned old varmint," and "Leo" was coaxed into the train. This same coloured man came to me later for work, and is now one of the most trusted men in the Cole Brothers' menagerie, but nothing can induce him to be familiar with any of the caged animals.

Sometimes I think that caged animals are not unlike canary birds. They know no home but that behind their bars and once they find themselves in front of them they are lost. Animals in a circus menagerie are vastly different from those in zoological gardens, for they are brighter, do not lead the same monotonous existence and are more friendly. They are quicker to learn and their retentive powers are greater. The Cole Brothers have a huge lioness that has been educated to ride on top of one of the cages; as a precautionary measure she is chained with a short chain, running from a heavy leather collar around her neck to an iron staple on top of the cage. She rides this cage in parade, and her cunning has always made me have more admiration for members of her family than I ever had previous to an incident which I will relate.

One morning after the parade, as the cages were drawing onto the lot and into the menagerie tent, she was sitting up on top as usual. There was a slight elevation on the menagerie entrance for the cages,

that made it necessary for even the driver to duck in order to get under. The lioness was busily engaged watching something in an opposite direction from the tent. When the cage passed under she was swept off and for fully half a minute was suspended over the side of the cage by her chains. It was a painful experience for her, and it was with difficulty that she could be persuaded to take her accustomed place again the following morning. She did finally, and when the parade returned to the grounds, as soon as she could see the tent, she crouched low on her cage, and this performance she

has repeated daily ever since. She is taking no chances.

The instinct in animals has a much better chance to develop in a menagerie with a circus, than in the city zoological gardens, for better opportunities to exercise it present themselves. I am liberally calling their reasoning power instinct, no matter what my personal opinion on the matter may be, because wiser men than I have said that animals do not possess brains.

## The Lilac

BY WALTER PRITCHARD EATON

The scent of lilac in the air  
Hath made him drag his steps and  
pause;  
Whence comes this scent within the  
Square,  
Where endless dusty traffic roars?  
A push-cart stands beside the  
curb,  
With fragrant blossoms laden  
high;  
Speak low, nor stare, lest we dis-  
turb  
His sudden reverie!

He sees us not, nor heeds the din  
Of clanging car and scuffling  
throng;

His eyes see fairer sights within,  
And memory hears the robin's song  
As once it trilled against the day,  
And shook his slumber in a  
room  
Where drifted with the breath of  
May  
The lilac's sweet perfume.

The heart of boyhood in him stirs;  
The wonder of the morning skies,  
Of sunset gold behind the firs,  
Is kindled in his dreaming eyes:  
How far off is this sordid place,  
As turning from our sight away  
He crushes to his hungry face  
A purple lilac spray.

—American Magazine.