



A Clown and His Wife



The Women of the Circus find Relaxation in Doing Fancy Work.



The Circus Kitchen.



Clowns at Play.



"Two of My Friends and Me."



"I Make Friends with the Bear Trainer."



A Mother, Sister, and Five Daughters.



"I Finish my Paris Trip Ingloriously—in the Hospital with a Broken Leg."



The Visit of an Italian Countess.

sewing—and talk. The night performance is generally followed by a rush for the train. So, we do not have much time for anything beyond the work and amusement we find in our own tents.

In Europe, the circus company from America is very warmly welcomed and applauded. France and Hungary appealed most to me, and I found Budapest a delightful city. In these countries amusement seems the very life of the people and in Hungary, especially, they take very kindly to equestrian exploits. Germany is not so friendly to the circus and takes its pleasure more seriously. In Berlin a royal aide-de-camp came down to visit the tents and one of the managers, not knowing he could understand English, wished him—well, somewhere else. But the aide-de-camp was quite familiar with English swear words and—the Kaiser never did come.

Sometimes I am asked about the best preparation for equestrian work. I think part of my own success is due to my long apprenticeship in dancing. Some of the new students of this act think it is all a matter of quickness and balance; but there is a good deal more in it than that. There must be a style and dash which nothing but a long practice in graceful movement can give. You must be something more than an ordinary trick rider to make the people enthusiastic.

Everyone in public life, whether on the stage as actress or acrobat, looks forward to a holiday in her own quiet home. Sometimes I cannot get away for more than a week during the year, and then I am off to my own pretty place in Willow Grove, Pennsylvania, where my mother and father are happy all the year round, with a garden and chickens to look after. There is not much time for rest,



A Clown who Would a'driving Go

the work is hard but is exciting—and there's everything in liking it.

Canada at Bisley

THE Lee-Enfield and the Ross no longer crack out at Bisley. The whole shooting match is over, and now the friends of the targeteers in every quarter of the Empire eagerly await their return home that they may hear from their own lips how the bullseyes were all won,

and help them spend the prize money. Canada is going to be en fete on the arrival of her sharpshooters. There are rumours of preparations for a big time at Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto. Winnipeg is just dying for a sight of Sergeant Blackburn.

The team, which Colonel Bertram and Major Mercer took over, has earned every bit of this attention, too. The Prince of Wales, presenting the prizes the other day, especially complimented them in these words:

"Our brothers from across the seas are always welcome here, and I am pleased to learn that two hundred and sixty of them came over to compete for the various prizes. I understand Canada is represented by the best team we have ever seen, and I heartily congratulate them on having won amongst other prizes the McKinnon, Kolapore and Jubilee Cups, and my own prize."

The list of winnings to the credit of Canada comprises fourteen prizes and cups. The only disappointment to the happy marksmen is that the King's is not among them. Corporal Burr of London got away with that, but not without, however, a tussle with Lieut. Morris of Bowmanville, who stood third.

Sergeant Blackburn, by the way, is a Westerner to be proud of. He made the best individual showing though not on the team, capturing the Prince of Wales' prize, the Wingrove Cup, the Birmingham Metal and Munition Company's Cup, and tying for the Martins Cup.

A despatch tells us that Dr. J. O. Orr has cabled asking that the Bisley trophies be exhibited at the Toronto Exhibition, but the matter, which is in the hands of the D. R. A., rests with them.