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THE LION TAMER

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THE LION TAMER

It was borne in upon him suddenly that he was losing his nerve. All his life he had been amongst beasts and showmen, and until lately he had never even faintly fathomed the meaning of the word fear. And now, suddenly, it had come to him—that sick feeling of uncertainty and dread.

It wasn't the old lion. He was tame as a great cat under Jim's steady eye and controlling hand. He had perfect control of the lion, and at the end of the performance he did his greatest feat of all. He lifted the lion with dramatic suddenness, and flung it, unresisting and inert, across his shoulder, as though it were a great sack of coal, instead of the powerful forest king. It was the lioness he was growing to fear. Always ready to smart and growl, she had taken to snapping at him lately. He was careful to keep plenty of space between them when he brushed out her cage, and always left it with almost uncanny suddenness, so cute and quick he had become; but he had to let her into the lion's cage for a moment at the very end of the performance, and lately she had rendered it, and in some deep, subtle way had conveyed her resentment and hatred to him.

Yet the lioness was not the real and basic cause of his fear. Her growing resentment was rather a subconscious knowledge on her part that he was becoming afraid of her.

She felt the weakening of his will, and the slow abatement of his courage.

The lion-tamer had married about six months ago a young and rather delicate girl, and she hated and feared his profession, and was always begging him to give it up and do something else. This resentment and fear were working on his nerves.

"I can't give it up! I've been trained to it all my life," he would argue. But she never ceased to plead with him.

"You are young and strong, Jim. Surely there must be other things to do. I'm afraid, Jim. I lie awake and tremble sometimes. I know they'll kill you, if you go on like this. They say always so in the end."

He would laugh at her fears, carelessly and tenderly at first, and then less patiently as she began to worry him. He loved the beast, he told her. And then she cried, and asked if he didn't love her enough to change his profession, and he grew irritable and worse.

In that great subconscious world where all mind is one, and suggestions pass and repass and grow and multiply, her fears reached him, and his resentment reached the lioness, who had always been ready to resent, and who began to hate as well.

Jim's work, hitherto a triumph and a joy, became an hour of dread, almost torture. He still did his tricks with the half-tame lion, still stroked the great unresisting beast with hands that he saw with a kind of horror were trembling almost visibly, and then one hot, stifling day the first real blow fell.

As the great beast had sprung like a huge cat from his shoulder, he opened the farther cage and let the growling lioness in.

Snapping and snarling, she bounded forward, and he sprang deftly aside as he had always done, his running spring ending up by the door, through which he was accustomed to slip like a cat.

Either she had been more agile to-day, or he had faltered in his spring, for in a moment she had leapt fiercely at him and fastened her claws in the great high boot on his leg.

Strangely enough, the only held him lightly and gently, as a cat holds a newly-caught mouse, and the sharp claws barely even penetrated the long and heavy leather boots he always wore. But it paralyzed him, for it was the outward reality of his inward fears.

His waiting partner, quick as a dart, seized the long iron that was always ready to hand, and springing to the cage, rammed it in against the lioness, crying: "Quick, Jim—quick!"

The snarling lioness, with a howl of dismay, leapt right over him, flinging the iron as she went, and he could even turn and see her as she was safely outside the cage.

"That was touch and go, Jim!" panted the man, as he wiped his perspiring forehead. "She very nearly had you!"

Jim, white and trembling, made a hurried show of scolding the lioness. "Your nerves must be of iron," said an old gentleman, who had watched the scene and grown pale with the lion-tamer, "and it is our duty, as it is to be tried."

The old gentleman shook his head. "It's a dangerous life," he said. "I'm white teeth, as he thanked the old gentleman for the bill he slipped into his hand.

He dared not tell his wife about the lioness's attack, but, after that, things

Little Inventions That Have Helped Me.

Probably it is because sewing has always been difficult for me that I have always wanted the very latest contrivances for expediting such work. Any new little thing in my sewing kit is like new shoestrings to a child; it makes me feel so fixed up that it takes a good deal to daunt me.

However, I can't have everything I want, any more than most other women, so I often have to fall back upon something I have heard about, or work out for myself something that will serve me just as well as the coveted article.

One day I found myself alone when I needed somebody to determine where the bottom of the hem should come on the skirt I was making. It was very necessary that I finish the garment that day, and I cast about for some way to help myself out of the predicament. Finally it occurred to me to rub chalk along a long edge of the sewing-table. Then I put on the skirt, adjusted it properly at the waist, and put a pin in front where I wanted the bottom of the hem to be. Then I turned around slowly a number of times, just touching the edge of the table, until there was a well-defined chalk line around the skirt. This line, of course, was an equal distance from the floor all the way around.

I removed the garment, spread it out on the table, and measured the distance from the pin to the point in line directly above it. To this distance I added the depth of the hem, with half an inch extra for turning under at the top. This determined the point in the middle of the front where the skirt should be trimmed.

With the yardstick here to you, I marked off this number of inches below the line for the desired length all the way around, then I tried on the skirt, to be sure the bottom was true before I cut away surplus material. The hem was put in in the usual manner, and proved to be so even that since then I have been quite independent of the services of a helper in making my own garments. It has been a wonderful help, and did not cost me a penny.

A friend showed me her patent darning that fastens to the foot of her sewing machine. Of course, I wanted one, too. Then I discovered that with a set of embroidery hoops I could do even better work on torn places in garments than she did, and with less effort. By using the large hoops for rents in very inaccessible places, I get rid of a bunching-up of material that she always has to contend with.

With a piece of thin material underneath the place to be mended, I fasten the cloth in the loops so it fits snugly with the torn or worn place in the centre. If necessary, I lightly overcast the edges of the hole to the good material with very fine thread, then I slip the hoop under the machine needle and darn by sewing back and forth, using the fine thread here too. For mending very sheer white garments, laces, handkerchiefs, or table linen, I use Buttonberg thread No. 1000. When the stitching is carefully done and parallel to the threads in the material to be mended, this makes a darn almost impossible to detect.

I make folds of goods of uniform width for binding or trimming by a very simple contrivance. I paste down the flap on an envelope, cut off one end of the envelope, then cut off one corner at the opposite end in a three-cornered piece so the opening will be about an eighth of an inch longer than I want the width of the fold. Next I cut my material in long lengths, on the straight or bias, according to the purpose it is to serve, one-half of an inch wider than the fold is to be, and sew the lengths together, end to end. One end of the cloth is then pulled through the envelope and out through the small

opening, the two edges of the protruding piece of material being turned back toward the wrong side of the cloth, leaving the right side perfectly smooth and even. Now, by pulling the cloth slowly through the aperture and pressing it down with a hot iron as the envelope is pulled along to the left, I get a fold ready to be stitched without further preparation.

Small pieces of wrapping paper are a great help when sewing thin materials like georgette, maline and the like. I stitch through the two thicknesses of goods and the paper at the same time, then pull away the paper, which leaves the goods as smooth as if it were a bit of cambric instead of material so difficult to put through the machine.

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"Diamond Dyes" Made Faded, Shabby Apparel so Fresh and New.

Don't worry about perfect results. Use "Diamond Dyes," guaranteed to give a new, rich, fadeless color to any fabric, whether it be wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods—dresses, blouses, stockings, skirts, children's coats, feathers, draperies, coverings—everything!

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To match any material, have dealer show you "Diamond Dye" Color Card.

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Don't be afraid of being known as a man of one idea. The men who have moved the world have been of this kind. It is ever the single aim that wins. It is the man who has his purpose burned into every fibre of his being, who never loses sight of his goal and who has the faculty of focusing, like a burning glass, all his scattered rays, who succeeds.

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"We must dare to be happy, and dare to confess it, regarding ourselves always as the depositaries, not as the authors, of our own joy."—Amiel.

During the lifetime of a healthy hen she will lay from 300 to 500 eggs. Her best laying capacity is during her second year.

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FEAR OF WHAT MAY HAPPEN

The fear of what is going to happen clouds more lives, robs more people of happiness than almost anything else. If there is any curse in this world, it is the fear of coming misfortune, the foreboding of some loss or disaster that is going to cripple us, or make us unhappy.

Some people are always having premonitions about some terrible thing that is going to happen. They are like the captain of a ship on a dangerous sea; always standing on life's bridge, gazing into the foggy future. They feel sure that there is an iceberg near by, or that there is going to be a collision, or a disaster of some kind.

I know a most estimable woman who has really become obsessed with the conviction that some dire thing right in the near future is either going to wreck her life or make her very miserable. Yet a disaster does not come. In fact, I never knew one of the things she fears to take place.

No one can really enjoy life or get the most out of it who is all the time haunted by impending disaster. No one can lead a happy or efficient life who is always dogged by fear, always on the watch for icebergs, looking for trouble ahead. When anxiety comes in at the door, happiness goes out from the window. People who never seem to feel that they have any certainty in their lives, who go through life as if they were walking along the edge of a skyscraper, in constant terror lest they fall off and be killed, do not know what happiness is.

I have known one of these "life bridge" people many years, and every time I see him I feel like asking him if he has had any serious trouble or misfortune. There is always an anxious, strained, far-away look in his face which is sometimes almost tragic. He is a very honest man, and a tremendous worker, who has amassed considerable money, but he has gotten very little out of life, has taken very little comfort and has had very little enjoyment. He is hardly ever away from his place of business—always grinding, grinding, worrying, anxious, fearing that something will go amiss in spite of all his efforts.

Now, if we would do our part well, there must be peace in the mental kingdom, a sense of security, of safety, of certainty, in our lives. No matter how much money we make, how successful we may be in our vocation, if there is nothing complete, nothing enduring or satisfactory in our lives, we are failures.

No life can be really happy or satisfactory until one learns the secret of excluding fear—that is, to have confidence in the Power that made us, that sent each of us here on a special mission.

Floor Scrubbing
Is easy and takes but half the time when the surface is

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Save the surface and you save all Paint & Varnish

Add years to the life of your house

TIME was when the "appearance" of a freshly painted house was the only thing that counted, but now we must also realize the importance of the protection good paint affords against wear and tear. Any paint will give some protection, but if you want paint protection for years—not merely months—use

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A 100% formula (70% of which is Brandram's Genuine B. E. White Lead) providing a coat of such body, brilliance and "toughness" as to defy rain, sun or snow, where cheaper paints will chip, peel and crack.

If your house is painted this Spring with B-H it actually has a surface-protection which renders it impervious to the decay of passing years.

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Magicians of the Human Brain.

On a rough estimate, the brain contains 500,000,000 cells, each having a consciousness of its own. Your self-consciousness—your personality—should be the master of all these wild slaves.

They are the geni of the mind, humbly waiting to do your bidding; guardians of the vast stores of knowledge that you—more often than not without realizing it—have gathered along life's highway. Are you one of the foolish kind, who have "no idea," or are you in the ranks of the sensible, who summon the spirits of the intellect to their aid?

How is this done? Nothing more simple. Get the problem fairly and squarely into your head, and then forget it! The little geni of the brain refuse to be coerced. Honor them, however, and there is no limit to what they can, and will, do for you. You have to make a decision. Turn the problem round and round in your head till you are giddy, you will get no nearer to a solution. Put it away from you. Don't force your thoughts; leave them alone, and behold, suddenly, when you least expect it, the idea you have been searching for will jump up into your mind, to be instantly recognized as the one that you wanted.

The magicians of the brain would appear to be more amenable to suggestion than to masculine rule, for the geni of all nations agree that woman's best ideas are her first ones, while man has to wait for second thoughts if he would act rightly.

Our search for ideas, too, must be systematic if we want to get hold of useful ones.

According to the Platonic philosophy ideas are the universal types of which individual specimens are the more or less imperfect copies; so that we need not be downhearted if we cannot carry out our ideas in practice exactly as they occur to us in the mind.

Thought grows snowball fashion, and is the opposite to money.

The more we spend the more we have.

Every good Sikh prefers to die out of the house-ground. Regardless of rank or age, no Sikh must intervene between his wife and the earth when he breathes his last.

Farmer

CONDUCTED BY PROF. HENRY

The object of this department is to advise our farm readers the advice of authority on all subjects pertaining to agriculture. Address all questions to Professor H. C. Wilson, Publishing Company, care of The Wilson Publishing Company, and answers will appear in this column in which they are received. When this paper, as space is limited, an immediate reply is necessary that a dressed envelope be enclosed with the answer will be mailed direct.

N. C.—I have on my place a market of very high test. My land is gravelly loam and run down. Will this manure be of any use as fertilizer on this land?

Answer:—Manure is of value on any soil, because the manure contains finely divided lime which corrects the sourness of the soil. The value of the manure is entirely determined by the percentage of lime that it carries. However, this point would not affect your use of it on your own soil, since you can see from the results obtained whether or not your manure is high or low grade. If it is low grade, you can add more to the acre. Gray sandy soil tends to be acid, and the cause of the lime naturally occurring in the soil is entirely determined by the percentage of lime that it carries. However, this point would not affect your use of it on your own soil, since you can see from the results obtained whether or not your manure is high or low grade. If it is low grade, you can add more to the acre. Gray sandy soil tends to be acid, and the cause of the lime naturally occurring in the soil is entirely determined by the percentage of lime that it carries. However, this point would not affect your use of it on your own soil, since you can see from the results obtained whether or not your manure is high or low grade. If it is low grade, you can add more to the acre.

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No life can be really happy or satisfactory until one learns the secret of excluding fear—that is, to have confidence in the Power that made us, that sent each of us here on a special mission.

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There is no complicated machinery in the Macartney Machine. It is in its simplicity. It is not a Macartney gun; it is a great machine.

Besides being so simple, the Macartney is perfectly natural in operation. It allows them to sprout the potatoes in the ground, and the ends which in no way deteriorate the material you have for feeding.

P. H.—I have ten acres of all

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More milk cow now is invariably installed. It is not a Macartney gun; it is a great machine.

Besides being so simple, the Macartney is perfectly natural in operation. It allows them to sprout the potatoes in the ground, and the ends which in no way deteriorate the material you have for feeding.

P. H.—I have ten acres of all