

Bagged One Hundred and Ten Elephants.

The story of how Major Pretorius, C.M.G., D.S.O., a Dutch Transvaal expert, who did splendid service against the Germans in East Africa during the war, bagged one hundred and ten elephants in thirteen months, is told by J. P. Collins, a London writer, and reads like a romance.

In 1919, when the development plans for the Sunday River district in South Africa bade fair to bring into Cape Colony a marked influx of settlers, the Provincial Administration found themselves faced with the necessity for doing something to deliver settlers already established from the terrible depredations of elephant herds in the adjacent Addo Bush, and Sir Frederic de Waal, the Cape Administrator General, consulted Major Pretorius to see what could be done.

The major, who is also a zoologist and an ardent scientist, gave it as his opinion that the interests of science could be met by the establishment of a wide reservation on permanent lines if the majority of these Addo elephants were dealt with summarily first. The only remedy was practical extermination and he was given the commission to kill a hundred or more. He was instructed to pursue his own inclinations to the extent of preserving the remains—ivory for trade, the flesh for biltong, the hides for manufacture, and the skeletons, or a selection of them, for the museums of the world.

This understanding having been established, Major Pretorius chose his carriers and loaders, chief among whom is his wife (herself an intrepid shot), and with his little arsenal supplemented by a new elephant rifle, proceeded to set up his camp in a safe but central place. It was here that he was visited not long ago by the only man who has so far been a medium of information as to the major's success and the story, as recounted at length in the Cape Times Annual to hand, makes one of the most picturesque and thrilling contributions that the annals of sport have received for a decade or more.

The Dark Continent at Its Worst.

There is something well-nigh incredible in the idea of an impassable jungle lying between busy and familiar centres like Cape Town and Port Elizabeth, and almost overlooking one of the great highways of ocean traffic. A modern railway has bisected it, and the steady encroachments of farms and settlements have done much to define its boundaries, yet the Addo Bush remains as true a survival of the "Dark Continent" of old as if it were a stretch of Northern Nigeria or a jungle of the Belgian Congo. It consists of an irregular reach of rugged country, packed for the most part with prickly pear and villainous thorn-bush, and enmeshed with creepers that remind one of Darwin's lianas in the trackless twilight forests of South America.

The whole extent measures some three or four hundred square miles, and for a height of ten or twelve feet constitutes a mysterious maze so inextricably interwoven that only an axe-team can penetrate it, and in this formidable thicket, which affords no real impediment to the bulk and power of an elephant, man suffers hardships which need not be described.

Major Pretorius admits that all the knowledge gained through arduous years in East Africa and the interior had been but a poor preparation for this new task in a wilderness peculiar to itself.

The major had to lay out his own map, including hills for observation purposes, and the ravines to which the quarry resort in emergencies. Runners were located on the hill-tops to report any observable movements of the three or four herds—numbering some 128 beasts in all—and as time was of the essence of the contract, the ordinary methods of elephant stalking had to be changed.

The Modus Operandi Chosen.

A full-grown elephant with a nine-foot stride—at times, extending a loping pace of a dozen feet or more—can cut nimbly through scrub-covered country and soon leave twenty or thirty miles behind. Now, a thirty-mile tramp of an exhausting kind, such as fell to the hunter day after day, was regarded as waste of time if it yielded only one elephant at the end of it. Besides, frequent poaching or indiscriminate sport has been known in some cases to make this kind of quarry gun-shy, and in this way the

difficulties would obviously grow with the duration of the campaign, especially as the game grew less.

The modern operandi chosen, therefore, was calculated to secure the killing of two or three or more beasts at each encounter, and consisted of a careful approach with the loaders at hand, and usually the hunter's wife among them. Then when the nearest point to the herd had been gained without detection, the hunter took the very initiative on which the "rogue" elephant prides himself. He charged at the herd, and found, as he had hoped, that the immediate response was to bring the huge beasts on.

Their trunks uplifted, their huge ears flapping, and their throats trumpeting in a full pitch chorus of rage, the leaders of the herd came thundering on, with the crashing and grinding of the bush to add to the unholy roar.

It needs no heightened language to point the tenacious of the situation, for to stop a trumpeter in full charge is the grand climax in this kind of tussle. But the herd of elephants charging together seems rather too much climax at once. The smallness of the brain at the back of the elephant's skull is notoriously the reason for the heavy casualties incident to close conflicts like these, and the concentration of a 500-grain bullet on that single point of impact is not assisted, certainly, by the swaying gait the elephant adopts when he runs.

Drive Not Easily Arrested.

What is no less serious, as hunters on this scale are well aware, the drive of a charging animal weighing some tons, is not easily arrested, even with a well-placed shot at the critical moment, and it needs agility as well as an iron nerve to deliver the decisive blow first and then, by a leap, deliver oneself from the crash ensuing. Dense bush delays the all-important shot to an instant uncomfortably near the edge of disaster, and even old and hardened loaders have been known, under the strain of makeshift rations and a long campaign, to drop their weapons and decamp.

This happened on one occasion when by mischance a cartridge had jammed in the breach. An infuriated cow was charging full-pelt and blowing hot air in his face, as the major says, when his luck turned and a rapid re-load served to bring the beast down by his side. A tenth of a second would have decided things the other way. Major Pretorius relied on bringing down two or three elephants in the nick of time when men in his case usually devote to one, and there is little doubt it was this capacity for intensive dispatch which saved him times without number. Three kills became his average and this sufficed to head the rest of the herd off back into the bush, for a harricade improvised out of three elephant carcasses made a useful physical reinforcement to the "moral and intellectual damage" the herd sustained. His biggest individual bag in a single encounter was five adult elephants killed and one calf captured, simply by putting an arm around the bewildered youngster's neck.

Died From Excitement.

A guest was a rare agent, and could only be a sportsman of like mind and experience, but it was during the first day of his visit, and during a hot pursuit, that General Ravenshaw, a veteran sportsman, died from excitement.

Another danger to ward against in this line of sport is a blow from the trunk of a wounded elephant in the second stage of despatch, and the major only escaped from an unexpected lash-out like this by jumping back into a heavy-spiked thornbush which left its marks.

Thorn matters little to an elephant, but may make a deal of difference even to a practised hunter, and a bit of mutual stalking round just such a bush on one occasion was ended by a mad rush of the unwieldy quarry across the intervening obstacle, or rather by timely, double-barrelled full in his face, with a third shot through the spine which finished him.

There was another case when a widowed cow had tracked the hunter slyly for some distance, and with amazing stealth, so as to bring things to a climax when she saw the hunter down on hands and knees trying to penetrate a particularly ugly bit of bush. It was in such unexpected moments that the major's agility came in handy, and in this instance we learn that the workmanship of the English gunsmith told usefully as well, for the bullet was found to have entered where the trunk joins the head, and after smashing its way through the brain, tore through the shoulder and the heart to find a grave in the great beast's liver.

Out of a total herd of 128 the major polished off 110 animals in thirteen months (broken by two or three needed periods of rest) and when his mission was complete towards the end of last year, he had the satisfaction of enriching several of the South African museums with some admirable skeletons in perfect development.

Thereafter he drew up plans for establishing a permanent reservation or national park such as Canada and the United States have marked off in recent years for the preservation of their bigger species from extinction.

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Unsolved Weather Mysteries.

Much as the weather is studied, there are many things connected with it which baffle scientists.

What, for instance, is the precise cause of those cyclonic systems which bring us so much unsettled weather from the Atlantic Ocean?

No one knows, neither is it known why they should move in the uncertain way they do, travelling over these islands sometimes at the rate of thirty or more miles an hour, and at other times pulling up off the west coast of Ireland and then, either turning back into the Atlantic or coming over England at a snail's pace. Equally puzzling is why they should sometimes remain quite motionless for days together.

Fully as great a mystery is the cause of anticyclones, which are responsible for fog and frost in winter, and hot, sunny days in summer. Their motion, too, is a mystery, for often when the weather experts calculate that one of them will remain over this country for at least a few days, it will in the most contrary fashion pass right over us without pausing for a moment.

Then why, as a rule, should rain last for only a few hours, considering the vast machinery which has been set in motion before even a slight shower can fall?

Another mysterious thing is that sudden rush of cool air we experience just before a thunderstorm reaches us.

Nor is it known to the satisfaction of scientists why lightning should choose the precise path it does, sometimes zig-zagging, sometimes branching into several streams like running molten metal.—Ex.

Where Flame Comes From.

The burning of any substance is due to the heat which turns the substance itself—or a considerable part of it—into gases, which mingle with the oxygen in the air and produce fire.

If any but the most inflammable of substances, this process takes an appreciable time, as will be noted by anyone who tries to light a furnace or even a candle in a hurry.

The flame must be held against the

wick of the candle until the wax begins to melt and change into gas. In the case of a fire in the grate, kindling wood or its equivalent must be used to produce the necessary preliminary heat.

Once lighted, the flame will continue to burn until the combustible portion of the process of making the gases which mingle with the oxygen. In blowing upon a small flame we force the gases away from the lighted portion and, unless the latter is hot enough to rekindle the flame, the fire is extinguished.

The wax of a lighted candle is hot only in the immediate vicinity of the flame, which can be blown out easily. A burning log or a coal fire is well heated throughout, and usually bursts into flame a few moments after it has been extinguished by a gust of wind.

The Bible in a Nutshell.

Poems and Portraits Inscribed on Seed and Grain.

A man in Philadelphia has carved a spider on one side of a mustard seed and an elephant on the other, and claims the championship of the world for minute inscriptions.

If the records of the past are any guide it is not unlikely in this age of powerful lenses and fine tools that the record might easily be beaten. Long ago a man achieved fame by writing a verse in letters of gold and enclosed it in the rind of a grain of corn.

15,000 Verses in a Walnut.

But that is only the work of a short time thrown off in a fit of enthusiasm for the tiny. What of the man who does this thing with the foolish ardour of incurable devotion? Peter Bales, a scholar of Queen Elizabeth's time, lives in the Harleian Manuscripts at Oxford for having written the Bible in so small a hand that it was enclosed in a walnut. "The nut-holdest the boon; there are as many leaves in his little book as in the great Bible, and he hath written as much on one of his little leaves as on a great leaf of the Bible."

The British Museum possesses a portrait of Queen Anne not much above the size of a hand, on which appear what seem to be a number of scratches. The scratches when magnified prove to be the entire contents of a book carried in the queen's hand.

One of the legends of antiquity credits a man known to Cicero with having put the Iliad of Homer into a nutshell. When the legend was 1,700 years old, the great French scholar, tested it to amuse his pupil, the French heir.

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Directions for Using.
Each of these tablets is sufficient for charging one gallon of Gasoline. MIRACLE MOTOR-GAS renders the Gasoline more combustible—more active—therefore CARBURETOR ADJUSTMENT is necessary. While it will show some results without any adjustment, if you want to get the best results and know what it will really do, make the following adjustments:

For Carburetor having Needle Valve and air adjustment: Screw down needle valve on carburetor until engine slackens speed and power; then give more air until power and speed return and engine runs smoothly.

For Carburetors having one Gasoline adjustment, reduce the flow of the Gasoline from one-half to one-third. For Carburetors having high and low speed adjustment, turn down both till car runs smoothly.

For Carburetors having stationary spray nozzles, plug up nozzle with solder and rebore nozzle hole about 4 points smaller and regulate by giving more air.

Thus you see, by the use of MIRACLE MOTOR-GAS you feed less gasoline and give more air.

CAUTION:—Never interfere with the Carburetor Float or Springs of the Automatic Air Inlet. Simply reduce the flow of Gasoline and use more air.

There is no way of telling just the exact results of MIRACLE MOTOR-GAS in any particular case as it will depend on the condition of your engine, spark plugs and carburetor; but there is a CERTAINTY about the results if you will continue its use until it has had time to do the work it was intended to do.

For instance, your engine may be heavily carbonized, and spark plugs foul, in which case you are likely to become discouraged unless you remember that every drop of medicine will give some evidence of its presence, if it is going to do you any good. The first effect may be sluggishness of the engine, and a tendency to choke when on a heavy pull; also it may spit and sputter.

All you have to do is to CUT DOWN THE GASOLINE FEED at the Carburetor.

After you have done this, go ahead and when it gets to doing the same thing again, cut it down again. That is what you want.

Cut a little at a time, as often as it needs it, until your engine is as clean as when you first bought it. Every time you reduce the feed you are reducing operating expenses, and that is what MIRACLE MOTOR-GAS is for.

Now, on the other hand, you may not notice any effect on the running of the engine; if it was clean to start with and the spark plugs in good condition, you will notice very little change in its operation; but if you are running several miles you will cut your carburetor a little, you will notice a difference.

The fact that it did not make your engine run bad is no sign that it was doing all it should do before. CUT DOWN THE GASOLINE. That is what MIRACLE MOTOR-GAS is for—to reduce the consumption of gas, and at the same time you will experience a stronger running engine. Also, you will find that you can climb hills on high that were impossible before, and at the same time remember you are burning less gasoline. MIRACLE MOTOR-GAS is guaranteed to reduce your gasoline consumption, as well as clean out the engine, but it cannot do this unless you cut a little on the carburetor.

But whatever the seeming results, if you will only follow directions you will get the results claimed: your engine cleaned and running cooler than ever before. MIRACLE MOTOR-GAS is the one preparation that will not heat the engine.

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