

Catching Jungle Beasts Alive

(Continued from page 12.)

My success was beyond my highest hopes. One disaster, to be sure, befell me in the first stage of my shipping: the raft struck the rock and broke the loadings, and four cages went overboard. Some small deer, a few civet-cats, some monkeys, a dog, a tiger-cat, which I regretted, and a perfect specimen of binturong were lost. The men working in water above their waists, managed to save the other animals on the raft, which, according to my custom, had been made with an elevated platform, to keep the cages well out of the water. I came from this one misadventure, I got off lightly. After the work was done in full swing, I sent raft after raft safely on the four-day trip to my friend the hadji in Palembang.

When I concluded, at last, that I had almost as many specimens as I

could profitably dispose of, I went with a dozen or more men to make one last round of the section of the jungle that had yielded so rich a haul—a final "clean-up." As we were nearing one of the pits, built near a muddy drinking-pool in a break in the jungle, I suddenly heard something strange: a confusion of wild-beast cries. The sounds seemed to separate themselves into the howling of a buffalo and the snarling and coughing of a tiger.

One of the jungle tragedies was taking place, Mr. Mayer found. All wild life either preys on something weaker than itself, or is the victim, but it is seldom that man is present at such a conflict.

Abdul Rahman handed me my gun and I took the lead. The men crowded up close behind me. I moved forward slowly, very cautiously, and caught sight, at length, of a water buffalo. Her head was down and she was circling round and round something that, for the moment, I could not see. After an instant my eyes

caught the stripes of a full-grown tiger, half-hidden in the long grass. The dark, hairless hide of the buffalo was streaming blood; great gashes reddened its flanks, sides, and shoulders. I saw the tiger spring up from the grass. The buffalo reared to one side and tossed her head so that one long horn caught the tiger and threw him back.

"Do you want to see the fight?" I called to the men.

"Ya! Ya! [Yes! Yes!]"

"Then up into the trees!"

Jungle Malays climb like cats. They have a way of striking with their knives sharp blow that nicks the back just enough for finger and toe-holds. Then they go and down come their hands to pull up a friend.

Abdul Rahman, on a branch above my head, took my gun and passed it up the tree. He undid his sarang with a twist of his fingers and hung the end of it down to me. I caught it and half scrambled, was half hauled, up the tree-trunk. My shoes, at such a time, were a great handicap.

I settled myself on a limb with an uninterrupted view of the battle. There was sparring for time on both sides. The tiger crouched, growling, and the buffalo circled. After a few minutes of this the buffalo made a dash and raked the tiger with her horns. The tiger leaped back, sprang at the buffalo's flank, buried his fangs and then seemed to whirl away. I saw him only as a confused blur of stripes and grass.

I realized that the men about me were watching with the tenseness with which a Malay looks on at a cockfight. I heard a murmur of voices. They were laying bets.

The tiger gathered his forces, gave his coughing roar, and sprang at the head of the buffalo. The great cow met this onslaught with thick neck bent. The force of the impact sent her back on her haunches. She shook her horns, but the tiger clung to her head as if he had been part of it. With the huge cat biting and clawing, she struggled to regain her footing. At last, balancing on her horns the load of her terrible head-dress, she staggered to her feet. For a moment she held the tiger in the air; then lowering her head, she threw him to the earth. Slowly her knees bent, she pressed her weight of a ton and a half against his body. There was a snarl, a roar, and then a long-drawn cat-yowl. The buffalo shook her head free, snorting and bellowing. Her legs were quivering beneath her, but, as the tiger lay prone, she threw herself at him with a force that must have broken his back. His howling grew weaker and weaker. The sight of his limp body seemed to revive her. With snorts that were half fury, half triumph, she began to paw him and stamp upon him.

When her rage had worn itself out, she stood shaking, bleeding from her many wounds and from her nose, and began to moo—long, plaintive moos.

"Her calf!" Abdul Rahman whispered to me. "We must climb higher, tuan, and we shall see."

The grass where the fight had taken place was beaten flat, but beyond it was quite high. If we were to see in to it, we must be well above it. So we climbed higher and higher.

"Look!" Abdul cried.

He pointed out a small, dark and shining body, with the grass waving about it. It was the buffalo's calf, lying on its side and bleeding at the throat. The tiger had killed it, probably, at a spring. The cow stumbled over toward it. She stood above it, calling to it. When it did not move, she lowered her head and very gently thrust her horn under it, lifting it up. It hung for a time, its legs dangling limp.

Abdul said to me in a tone which was tender for a Malay, because a Malay is a boy who never grows up: "A buffalo cow and a woman, tuan—Allah has made them much alike."

"True," I answered, "but when a woman is in grief, one can help but little. For this water buffalo I can end all sorrows. Shall I do this?"

"Yes, tuan," he answered. "She has many wounds. Give her the bullet that says 'Good-by.'"

He handed me my gun. I sighted it up to a hundred yards, took careful aim, and pulled the trigger. The cow did not utter a sound. She dropped on her knees and fell over the body of her calf.

Ramon Says

AMIDST THE TURMOIL OF THE HOLIDAY RUSH I
STOP FOR A MOMENT TO EXTEND TO MY
INNUMERABLE FRIENDS ALL OVER
THIS DOMINION

The Season's Greetings

* * * * *
* May your Christmas be the merriest ever. May your
* New Year be chock full of Good Luck, Good Health
* and Good Fellowship, is the sincere wish of
* * * * *

GEORGE F. KEARNEY

dec23,11

JUMP AT THIS CHANCE

Special Prices for The Holiday Season!

FOR THE MAN THERE ARE:

Negligee Shirts1.39 to 2.20
Lined Kid Gloves2.25
Buckskin Gloves2.25
Woolen Gloves79c. to 1.60
Ties, assorted45c. to 1.50
Socks, assorted39c. to 1.50
Winter Caps1.29 to 2.30
Fall Caps95c. to 2.50

UNDERWEAR—

Stanfield's, assorted.
Velvo Knit, assorted.
Collars, Laundered
Collars, Soft and Semi-Soft.
Sweater Coats4.70
Shaving Sticks27c.
Shaving Brush50c.

FOR THE BOY THERE ARE:

Woolen Gloves29c. to 80c.
Braces12c. to 55c.
Shirts1.10
Winter Hose45c. to 60c.
Tweed Caps59c. up
Pullman Caps1.20
Collars, Laundered.
Collars, Soft and Semi-Soft.
Belts, Ties, Underwear.

FOR THE LADY THERE ARE:

Slip-On Sweaters2.50 to 3.95
Bungalow Aprons1.59
Buntings Aprons, 3.50Now 2.10
Dressing Gowns, 4.50Now 3.10
Winter Hats1.60 to 3.75
Winter Caps2.20
Scarfs79c. to 2.50
Rubber Aprons47c.
Ermine Necklets2.50 to 5.50
Stanfield's Underwear, assorted.
Umbrellas1.75 to 8.50
Night Gowns1.50 to 4.50
Necklets27c. up
Brooches25c. to 45c.
Bracelets33c. to 1.10
Fancy Hair Pins, Combs, etc.

FOR THE GIRL THERE ARE:

Woolen Caps75c. to 1.50
Bloomers, assorted sizes.
Hair Ribbons, Figured and Plain.
Barettes9c. to 25c.
Necklets, assorted prices.
Collars and Cuffs.
Fur Sets, assorted prices.
Jersey Middys, Umbrellas.
Pinafores, Underwear.
Flannelette Nightdresses.

A Big Assortment of Christmas Toys, etc.

Mouth Organs, Dolls' Cots, Dolls' Cradles, Dolls' Chairs, Dolls' Books, Tops, Buckets, Games, Reins, Trumpets, Horses, Cupid, Ivory Photo Frames, Fountain Pens and a variety of other Toys.

1 POST CARD LANTERN, 10.00Now 6.00

WISHING YOU THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON

Nicholle & Inkpen Co., Ltd.

dec23,11

XMAS Groceries



BOOK YOUR ORDERS EARLY FOR Turkeys, Geese, Ducks and Chicken

Moir's Fancy Boxes Chocolates, 75c to 6.00

Fancy Table Raisins, 7 CrownPer lb. 50c.
Choice Table Raisins, 5 CrownPer lb. 45c.
Tunis DatesPer lb. 30c.
Turkish Figs, LayersPer lb. 35c.
Turkish Figs, LayersPer box 32c.

Almond NutsPer lb. 30c.
Brazil NutsPer lb. 28c.
Hazel NutsPer lb. 25c.
Mixed NutsPer lb. 28c.
Walnuts, New CropPer lb. 30c.

Pascall's Crackers, Per Box, 45c. to 3.00

Moir's Cherry CakePer lb. 65c.
" Plain CakePer lb. 55c.
" Sultana CakePer lb. 55c.
Drakes Mother Fruit CakePer lb. 90c.
Holiday Fruit CakePer lb. 65c.

Pascall's Butter AlmondsPer lb. 80c.
" " ChocolatesPer lb. 80c.
" " Hazel NutsPer lb. 80c.
" " WalnutsPer lb. 80c.
Marzipan DessertPer lb. 90c.

Ganong's Fcy. Bxs. Chocolates, 90c. to 5.00

Libby's Plum Pudding, 16-oz. tinsPer tin 70c.
Old King Cole Pudding, 16-oz. tinsPer tin 65c.
Old King Cole Minicemeat, 16-oz. btl.Per btl. 80c.

Glace CherriesPer lb. 55c.
Preserved GingerPer btl. 60c.
Crystallized FruitsPer pkt. 45c.

Nestle's Pure Thick Cream, Per Tin, 45c.

Kop's Ginger WinePer btl. 60c.
" Sherry WinePer btl. 60c.
" Port WinePer btl. 60c.
" Raisin WinePer btl. 60c.
" Orange WinePer btl. 60c.

Shelled WalnutsPer lb. 60c.
Shelled AlmondsPer lb. 55c.
Ground Sweet Almonds, 8-oz. tinsPer tin 45c.
Ground Sweet Almonds, 16-oz. tinsPer tin 80c.

Finest English Cheddar Cheese, per lb., 55c.

Tin Pears, extrasPer tin 55c.
" Peaches, extrasPer tin 45c.
" Apricots, extrasPer tin 45c.
" Cherries, extrasPer tin 60c.
" Fruit SaladPer tin 65c.
" Raspberries, extrasPer tin 50c.
" Strawberries, extrasPer tin 50c.

Lazenby's PicklesPer btl. 75c.
Pan Yan PicklesPer btl. 65c.
Bombay ChutneyPer btl. 65c.
Lea & Perrin's SaucePer btl. 50c.
H. P. SaucePer btl. 40c.
Chef SaucePer btl. 40c.
Worcestershire SaucePer btl. 25c.

Prime Gorgonzola Cheese, per lb., 55c.

Petit Pois PeasPer tin 30c.
Early June PeasPer tin 25c.
String BeansPer tin 25c.
Early June PeasPer btl. 50c.
String BeansPer btl. 50c.

Moir's Raspberry SyrupPer btl. 70c.
" Strawberry SyrupPer btl. 70c.
" Cherry SyrupPer btl. 60c.
" Lemon SyrupPer btl. 60c.
" Orange SyrupPer btl. 60c.

McVitie & Price Shortbread, asstd., tin 1.20

TOBACCO—
Edgeworth, 16-oz. \$2.00
British Colonel, 16-oz. 2.00
Prince Albert, 16-oz. 2.00

CIGARS—
Bouquet Regina Fina, 25sPer box \$4.00
Supremacias, 25sPer box 4.00
Chicas, 50sPer box 4.50

McVitie and Price Asstd. Fancy Biscuits, per lb., 80c

The Royal Stores, Ltd.

Grocery Department. 'Phone 290.

dec20,11

MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR ACHES
AND PAINS.