

HUNTING AND FISHING, HERE AND ELSEWHERE

AFTER CAPERCAILLIE IN CENTRAL GERMANY

We had been staying for some time in a little village in the Hinter-Spessart, and towards the end of April the forstermeister there very kindly gave us permission to shoot a capercaillie each. The cocks only are shot, and, in fact, are only approachable at this time of the year. In the Balsezeit, as it is called, or just before the beginning of the breeding season, the cocks utter a peculiar call in the early hours of the morning, both as a challenge to other cocks and as a means of attracting the hens. It begins with a metallic "Cluck, cluck!" repeated slowly at first, and becoming faster and higher in tone, until it becomes a peculiar rippling sound. This is followed by a long-drawn hiss, with neck stretched out in front and wings beating, and then the process begins again. During the hissing the birds see and hear nothing, and the foresters say that they may be shot at and missed on their perch in the tree without their taking the least notice. While they are doing this, the stalker has time to take three good jumps towards them, and then must stand absolutely motionless till the bird begins again, and in this manner he may get right beneath the tree in which the bird is sitting. They are generally in the top of a pine, but sometimes they choose a bare branch low down, when, of course, the chances of being seen are somewhat greater.

Well, B. and I chose different parts of the forest in order to avoid spoiling each other's sport. It was a good hour's walk to where we had to go, and this necessitated getting up at 2 a.m. to be there in time, for the birds will begin to call as early as 3:30 a.m., though they may sometimes be heard as late as six o'clock. The first few mornings were blank, until one day we started out in bright, still weather, B. with a forest guard, and I by myself. On arriving home again at about 5:30 a.m., I found a splendid cock lying by the door, and inside B. very happy and hot, drinking a morning glass of beer. He had arrived at his place at about 3:45 a.m., and, just when they were thinking they would return empty-handed, had heard a cock calling some distance off. By jumping up-hill three steps at a time, they had at length arrived beneath the tree in which the bird was, but could see nothing. For ten minutes they walked round and round, until at length B. saw a branch move. Following this along, he made out the head and neck of the bird. During the next hiss the gun was raised, and the note was never finished, for it came down crash through the branches, stone dead. I, too, had been within an ace of bagging my bird, and had also got beneath his tree, but could see nothing. He was apparently an earlier riser, for I had not been there more than a minute when, with a mighty flapping, he crossed to the next tree, stayed a moment and then flew on to the ground where he called once, and then disappeared.

The next morning saw me with a forest guard tramping off from home at 2:30. We had just arrived at the scene of yesterday, when I heard one calling some distance off, as he had suddenly shifted his quarters. For some time the guard could not hear him; but at length we made out roughly where he was, and then began a most amusing stalk. We had to go down a rise into a valley, and then up again the other side. For the first fifty yards or so we went down without paying attention to the hissing, thinking he was too far off to hear; but we were apparently wrong, for he stopped for some minutes. When he started again, we linked arms and proceeded to jump down hill three steps at a time, each supporting the other. As it was, we were nearly over more than once, as we stumbled over stones and small branches. At length, the bottom was reached, where I loaded up, and then began the ascent. The cock was about eighty yards up, on the side of a pine compartment, and he was probably suspicious, as he stopped twice before we reached him. Then he saw us, and we at the same time discovered he was on a side branch low down. He evidently could not make us out, for he kept uttering a warning "Cluck!" and for fully five minutes we stood there, not daring to move a muscle, in the hope he would call again. But he evidently made up his mind to go, for, with another great flapping, he jumped into the next tree, and then stopped to look again. He delayed, however, a second too long, for a charge of No. 2 brought him down with a mighty thud to the ground, just an hour after we had first heard him. They were both fine birds, B.'s weighing eight and three-quarter German pounds and mine nine and a half German pounds. So ended two red-letter days of our stay in Germany.—Tetrao, in The Field.

SOME OBSERVATIONS ON TIGERS

The question is often raised whether the lion or the tiger is the more formidable beast, but the evidence seems to be in favor of the latter, for cases are on record of tigers in captivity killing lions, but there appears to be no known instance of a lion killing a full-grown tiger. Not that in its wild state the tiger is undisputed lord of the jungle, or its life, man being out of the question, free from perils. Tigers have been killed in single combat by elephants and buffaloes and gaur and wild boars, as well as by wild dogs hunting in packs. Most humiliating of all, however, was the end of the tiger in Calcutta, butted to death by a ram injudiciously put into the cage to serve as the tiger's dinner. So at least the story runs, but it is not likely that when at large rams often take to tiger-killing as a sport, any more than that the tastes of Moti, the tiger in the Lahore beast-garden, of which Mr. J. Lockwood Kipling tells, can fairly be

taken as typical of tigers in general. "Moti was," says Mr. Kipling, "the only animal of my acquaintance that really liked tobacco. The smoke of a strong Trichinopoly cheroot blown in his face delighted him."

Of the tiger's fighting qualities, indeed, and its tenacity of life, there are tales enough in the annals of Indian sport. It is not amiss that when we would praise soldiers we say that they fought "like tigers"; and though there may be times when, as Captain Glasford says, a tiger, by rams or otherwise, is "almost ridiculously easy to kill, at other times the more bullets it gets into it the livelier it seems to get." Colonel Pollok tells of a tigress, not over large, which, its covert being beaten in the daytime, again and again charged the elephants, badly mauling some of them, as well as nearly killing a mahout, and was finally left in possession of the field, only to be found dead next day with eleven bullets in her, "any one of which ought to have crippled her." In a hot-blooded, flesh-eating beast like the large cats the chances are that any bad wound, especially if a bone be broken, will under the conditions of their life mortify and ultimately prove fatal; but even with modern arms it is impossible to say that any shot can be so placed as to kill immediately. More men have doubtless lost their lives in following up a supposedly mortally wounded tiger than in any other department of sport.

In other circumstances, like all wild things, the "blood-foaming tiger" is generally reluctant to face man, except in the case of a female with her cubs, and one Indian writer, in whom familiarity has bred contempt, speaks of it as "naturally a harmless, timid animal," a description the accuracy of which seems to depend largely on what one means by "harmless." There are, of course, man-eaters; and there has been much argument as to what prompts a tiger to turn to a diet of human flesh. In most cases it probably begins almost by accident. A tiger, after two or three nights of hunting without a kill, waits hungrily beside a jungle path for what may pass. Perhaps it has been beaten off and bruised by some animal, boar of buffalo, which it had attacked, and, besides being half-famished, is in no mood to tackle large or dangerous game, when it chances that some sauntering native child, perhaps, or woman, thrusts irresistible temptation in its way. Having once learned how feeble a thing man is, how easily killed and how palatable, it tries again and yet again, until it becomes the scourge of man instead of being his friend—the "villager's best friend," one authority calls it. Many tigers there are, it is true, which live entirely on domestic cattle, and the cost of the upkeep of

one which does so has been variously estimated at from £70 to £2650 a year. They can hardly be counted man's friend; but the tiger which preys on tame cattle has already in a measure forsaken its natural ways. The true wild tiger, undegenerate, feeds on the wild things of the jungle, which are stalked and killed as by such a royal sportsman they should be; and these wild things of the jungle are themselves man's enemies and the devourer of his crops. Loud complaint has many times been made in India of the devastation wrought by lesser animals in districts where Englishmen have killed off the tigers, and Government has even been petitioned to re-encourage tigers, that the crops might be protected.

The theory that a man-eater is always an old tiger, more or less toothless and feeble, which has found the strain of catching vigorous wild game too much for its failing strength, has been upset by the bagging of notorious man-eaters which were found to be young animals in the full pride of their powers; and it is likely that the taste for human flesh is passed on from mother to child, the tigress, herself a man-eater, teaching her cubs to hunt as she hunts. How terrible a thing a man-eater may be can be judged from the fact that a tiger generally kills every second night, whether its quarry be man or beast. Having killed, it makes one meal that night, and more or less conceals it as a dog may hide a bone. On the next night its habit is to return to the same kill, and it is in that second visit that the hunter usually finds his opportunity. It is not the rule for a tiger to return again a third time, not because it is above eating carrion, but seemingly it tires of the carcass which it has already twice mumbled over. Thus one tiger has been known to kill regularly its 15 natives a month with almost mechanical punctuality. Another, which seemingly did not confine itself entirely to human flesh, devoured an average of 80 people, men and women, for several years; while yet another is reported to have killed 127 people and to have stopped traffic on a public road for many weeks. There have been both English sportsmen and native shikaris who have accounted for their hundred tigers and upwards; but many a tiger has killed more human beings than any man has ever scored tigers. On the other hand, if sportsmen sometimes fail to bag their tiger without excuse, native women have been known to beat off the "deep-mouthed brute's" dread of the brown man, with nothing more formidable than a bamboo cane, and it is recorded that a mis-

sionary has successfully stood off one with a Chinese umbrella.

Like the lion, like indeed most wild animals, the tiger, gaudy though its coat is, possesses an almost incredible faculty of making itself invisible. So much scientific searching is now going on of the doctrine of protective coloration that one hesitates to say that there is any advantage in the striping of the skin, or that the beast would not succeed in concealing itself as well if it were unicolorous. But the testimony of sportsmen is unanimous on the completeness with which the black and tawny bars of the lurking animal merge into the alternating upright light and shade of the stems of the jungle growth, and Colonel Pollok tells of a case wherein he had a companion beat, on elephants, every tussock, as they thought of a thin strip of covert in which they were confident that a tiger must be lying hidden, and it was not till they had given up the search that, at a shot fired at some smaller game, the tiger bolted from where it had been hiding behind a small bush "not large enough to hide a hare." And it has need of invisibility, for its life in its wild haunts depends on its ability to catch creatures endowed with extraordinary acuteness of hearing and sight and scent. The tiger, like most animals, has a strong and characteristic smell, so that to approach its prey down wind must at any time be impossible. For a large part of the year, too, it has to support life when nature is parched, and, with all its noiselessness of tread, it cannot move without some dry leaf or stalk crackling to betray it; so that more than one writer of experience has declared it to be a mystery how the tiger at such times kills its prey at all, and in explanation various stories have gained currency, as that it answers the "belling" of the sambar and so calls the stag to its destruction. It has even been reported to lie out deliberately in the open within sight of deer till by their curiosity they are drawn to it, just as hunters successfully attract antelope by a rag shaken on a stick, and as foxes are believed, and tiling dogs are trained, to romp and cut antics on the shore of water where waterfowls are feeding, to lure them to the land. In the same way weasels and stoats are said to draw rabbits to them by frolicking in plain sight. The story, however, in the case of tigers, seems to rest on slender evidence, and the tiger probably lives only by virtue of its stealth and secrecy, most often lying up by night besides a jungle path or near water where the beasts come down to drink, but sometimes also stalking its grazing herd in open daylight. Then from close quarters it breaks upon its prey,

neither running it down (if it misses its first shot it rarely attempts to follow a flying animal) nor, as is commonly supposed and most often pictured, leaping on its back, but rushing at it with a headlong burst of a few terrific bounds and striking, fixing, if it can, one paw on the shoulder and another on the head, and so wrenching the head back to break the neck, or biting upwards at the throat. Now again in contradiction of popular belief, does it, having killed, eat into the animal from the throat or suck the blood, but begins its meal with the fleshy parts about the buttocks, leaving at the first meal, if the game be of any size, the forequarters untouched.

Whether its color helps the tiger in its furtive life or not, it is a royal livery that it wears. The "spoil of lions," but for their manes, have not much majesty. A cow-hide may be handsomer. But a throne can ask no more sumptuous trapping than a tiger's skin; and if a jury were to be impanelled to select the noblest-looking animal now in the Zoological Gardens, the verdict would almost infallibly be unanimous in favor of the Siberian tiger. It is difficult to imagine anything more beautiful, more full of dignity and of the supple grace of strength, than one of these gorgeous, deep-furred brutes (for the Gardens are rich in possessing two of them), whether moving restlessly about or lying relaxed upon the roof within the outdoor cage, where it catches more sunlight than can reach the ground, and whence it gazes with that supreme indifference of the large cats, over the heads of the people below to where in the farther cages it can see strange animals which now it has learned that it cannot reach, but must at first have set its nerves tingling. There are also in the Gardens three Indian tigers, and it is doubtful whether one of them, the huge male presented by Mr. A. Forbes, does not weigh as much as either of the Siberian monsters themselves; and lastly there is a smaller but singularly beautiful Sumatran tiger, whose fulvous coat, as much darker than the color of the ordinary Indian specimens as the thick fur of the Siberian cousins is lighter, with its rich black markings, makes it perhaps the handsomest tiger of the lot. Even in the same locality tigers show a considerable range of color, from bright yellow to rich tawny red, with endless variety in the width and numbers of the stripes. Once a wholly black tiger is said to have been found dead, but it is the only specimen on record, which is perhaps curious, as melanism is not infrequent either in panthers or jaguars, and skins are known both pure white and showing faint reddish stripes upon a white background. But how a beast of the size of a tiger, colored white, can stalk its prey successfully and live in a wild state it is hard to understand. In size, any tiger which measures ten feet fairly, before skinning, from the tip of the nose to the end of the tail is a large tiger. Afterwards a ten-foot skin may be stretched so as to measure upwards of 13 feet. Sir Joseph Fayrer gives 12 feet 2 inches as the maximum length, but an animal is said to have been shot at Daudpore in 1805 which measured 13 feet "and a few inches," and Colonel Percy, who cites the record, evidently inclines to believe it. The race of 12-foot and 13-foot tigers, however, if it existed, seems to have disappeared, and Buffon's record of 15 feet is at least unsubstantiated, while Hyder Ali's alleged 18-foot monster may be safely regarded as a myth.

The tiger's voice is less royal than the lion's, but it has a terrific quality of its own. One may hear it, though most often in the night, in Regent's Park—a sort of moaning cough, which comes from the back of its throat, strangely raucous and bloodthirsty-sounding. There are those who hold it to be more awe-inspiring than the lion's full roar, and say that here in the Garden's one cannot grasp "the supreme awfulness of the real voice in nature, which literally hushes the jungle and fills the twilight with horror." But even here it is thrilling enough and not unworthy in its raw savageness, of the beast to which it belongs; for, after all, the chief characteristic of the tiger is its sheer wild-beasthood: "a model wild beast" it has been well called, "doing the work which nature has set it, and doing it with all its might."—London Times.

THE DOVE OF PEACE

As evidence of the fact that Seattle and Portland are on better terms is the beautiful float in the Rose Carnival parade last week. It consisted of three pretty girls posed to represent the allegorical seal of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition. It was constructed in the Queen City and accompanied by a special train-load of leading citizens who participated in the floral fiesta which is an annual event in the Oregon metropolis.

MANY AUTOMOBILES IN JOHANNESBURG

"Johannesburg, South Africa, is the greatest city in the world for automobiles," remarked John F. Scott of Chicago. "There are more automobiles in Johannesburg I believe than there are in New York city or any other city of this country. The streets and outlying thoroughfares are thick with them, and they are of all makes and apparently come from all parts of the globe. I saw many American machines there, but the largest number come from France. The streets of Johannesburg are excellent for automobilism, but the roads outlying are not good and many machines are wrecked in the ruts."—Washington Post.

Active Career of a Victoria Pioneer

We produce today the portrait of a gentleman who has been in public life in British Columbia for fifty years, and has occupied many important positions in that time.

In 1856-7 he was in command of a company of men, some mounted and some foot, to guard the coast from the depredations of Northern Indians, who used to visit Victoria in great numbers, and when returning home had a habit of landing to kill the cattle of the early settlers.

In 1858, during the first gold excitement, when in one summer about thirty-five thousand merchants, traders, idlers and miners landed—no houses, and very little food for them; but were soon followed by sailing vessels from San Francisco laden with supplies of all kinds, including mules, horses and beef cattle. Soon the newcomers purchased cotton and canvas to cover wooden frames of large tents or pavilions, in which were opened restaurants, butcher and grocery shops, as well as clothing, boots and mining tools. He counted 38 ships at one time in Victoria harbor. During this period Mr. Macdonald was acting as gold commissioner, issuing licenses to miners going to the upper mainland by the Fraser river, the only artery of communication known at that time; acting also as collector of customs; but Victoria as a free port no duty was levied. A permit at a small fee was all that was necessary to land any one consignment.

In 1859 he was elected to the Legislature of Vancouver Island, sitting with the veteran and philanthropist, Hon. J. S. Helmcken (Speaker), Attorney-General Carey, Dr. Tolmie, A. R. Green, Selwyn, Franklin, and others.

In 1863 he paid a visit to Great Britain, after twelve years' absence, taking the route via San Francisco, Panama and the West Indies. He was in England when King Edward was married.

In 1864 he was elected to the City Council, and appointed first school commissioner, acting with Dr. J. Powell, Mr. A. J. Langley and Mr. Lang of the Bank of British Columbia. At the same time he was appointed road commissioner, having an able assistant in the late J. T. Pidwell, who took care of the financial and outside work. Unfortunately he was killed accidentally while riding to Esquimalt on urgent business. His death was much felt.

In 1866 he was elected mayor of Victoria, and the same year called to the Legislative Council by Governor Seymour, sitting at New Westminster, having the pleasure to sit again with the Hon. J. S. Helmcken, Mr. Pemberton, Mr. Southgate, Captain Stamp, Attorney-General Wood (afterwards judge at Penang), Sir

Joseph Trutch, Sir Henry Crease, Mr. Robinson, John O'Reilly, Mr. De Cosmos, Mr. Arthur Birch, president of the council. He helped to pass a resolution establishing the capital of the province in Victoria.

In 1871 he was elected a second time mayor of Victoria, and the same year called to the Senate of the Dominion, the first after Confederation, together with the Hon. Mr. Cornwall and Dr. Carrall. He has attended the Senate for 36 years without losing one day.

No doubt there are many interesting inci-

and in the production of cereals.

Eastern Canada has made great progress in the production of cheese, more so than in butter. The London market, the largest in the world, is freely supplied with butter from Denmark and Brittany, the quality of which ranks first-class. Canadian cheese has taken a high place in the British market (but not so the butter), and has driven out the United States product, if not entirely, almost so. We also know that Canadian wheat has taken a high place, and British farmers are now experimenting with Canadian hard wheat.

My object in writing this, however, is to throw light on statistics which have come to my hand, and to show that other countries, including Canada, have already a strong competitor in a country which a few years ago was supposed to be a barren, frozen region, showing clearly the benefits of railways to open new countries—I allude to Siberia. Of recent years, since the opening of the trans-Siberian railway, agriculture and dairying have made great strides.

In 1903 no butter was exported; in 1904 14,400 pounds were exported.

An English woman married to a Russian was the first to apply modern methods to butter-making. Her farm now has 180 cows of her own rearing.

In 1905 there were 2,000 dairies in Western Siberia. In 1907 the exports of butter were about 122 million pounds, or sixty-one thousand tons—astounding figures.

A large share of this butter goes to Denmark (there being astute buyers on the ground), where it is manipulated and shipped to other countries as Danish butter.

I remember reading some time ago of a shipment of 700 tons of butter to England from Australia, but what is that compared with sixty-one thousand tons?

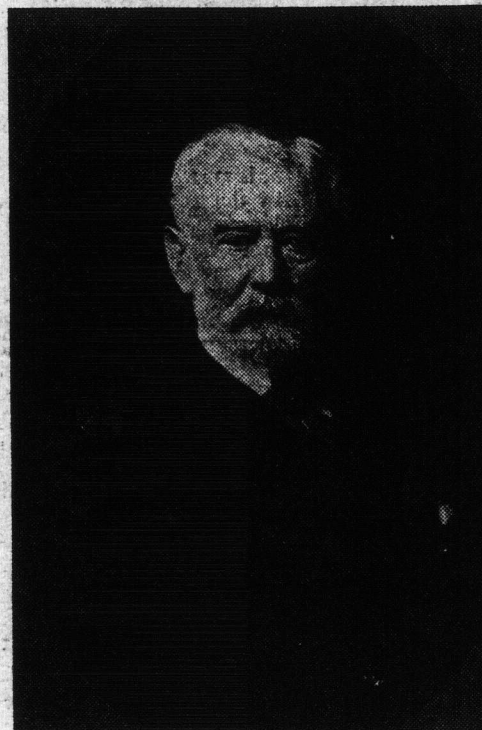
Then as to cereals, Siberia in 1905 exported 645 million pounds, which at sixty pounds to the bushel, gives ten million seven hundred and fifty thousand bushels.

In 1906 the exports were a little over seventeen million bushels, the cereals being wheat, rye, oats, millet, buckwheat, maize, barley, and oil seeds.

I think the foregoing will show we have a strong rival looming on the horizon. But as population increases, the Asiatics learn to live after the manner of white people, the cereals and butter produced in all regions will find consumers.

As my figures may appear astounding, I have no objections to any one revising and correcting them.

W. J. MACDONALD.



SENATOR W. J. MACDONALD

dents which Mr. Macdonald could relate, such as the Sebastopol banquet in 1853 in San Francisco, his driving with King Kamaheha at Honolulu, and meeting the celebrated Queen Emma, a girl of sixteen, who married King Kamaheha, and reigned after his death. We hope Mr. Macdonald may give us some of his reminiscences.

The following communication from Senator Macdonald will prove of interest:

Agriculture and Dairying
It may be of interest to know what is being done in other parts of the world in dairying

POLICE GUARD DEVOTED LOVER

Jap's Passionate Adoration
His Former Employer's
Alarms Lady and Author
Interfere

ONE WARNING NOT ENOUGH FOR ORIENTAL

Sent to Vancouver But Came
Nanaimo Boat and Return
to Scene of the Romance

A Jap and his absurd, but not less passionate, adoration for a

lens society lady, has caused excitement among the residents of a little town on the E. & N. B. between Victoria and Nanaimo, and one of the principal topics among the gossips for several weeks. It was some time ago that in question first became cognate the devotion of the Oriental, who then in her employ as a domestic upwards of a year he kept his only allowing his regard to a self in his assiduous attention wishes of his mistress. Did press the slightest desire with power of her Jap employee to it was done. Her vaguest or law to the obsequious native Land of the Chrysanthemum, early dawn until eventide he ed his energies to please the His reward was a smile and the edge that he was considered a domestic and a love of a cool

Not for long did the radiant smile prove sufficiently sat. The Jap couldn't restrain his affection, and in the most tone he avowed himself through medium of a letter. It was cold that peculiarly dowry phrase characteristic of the poetic mind Oriental. The object of his love was astounded at the and her indignation knew no Peremptory the unfortunate was dismissed, and hardly able to his grief, thrown out on the unsympathetic world.

One rebuff wasn't enough, he to quell the ardor he had consumed his soul. He wrote and yet again. He haunted the of the little town, and he the familiar figure of his love any, near or far, he gave catching up, bowed respectfully humbly, though insistently, the pleasure of performing the of escort.

So painful did these embarrassing attentions become that the lady, as a last recourse, informed police. They took him to his room and warned him that if he still waited at the door of the home and, when she ventured was there with his sweetest, most stately bow, and stately quest. This was too much. He was arrested and imprisoned in the constable informed Superintendent of the circumstances and under the latter's directions, he was brought to Victoria.

On his arrival the superior gave him some advice and, in a warning. He was sent to cover with instructions to stay or anywhere else on the Main never again to venture to the Vancouver Island town. That thought, was the end of the romance. But it wasn't. The day there came from up the line sage from the constable, and he in whose custody he came to had arrived.

The Oriental was up, other impromptu hearing this and has been liberated again, ber of his countrymen here, promised to see that he forgo past and acts reasonably in the

If it is a question of price—things considered, "Salada" greatest tea value for the money for experience has proved the ada" (packed in air-tight tea sets) is tea excellence.

STALLIONS IN DEATH

One Gets Grip on Other's Throat
Hangs on, Till Victim Dies

Lynchburg, Va., June 26.—Gt. a famous stallion which was by James R. Keene, engaged the yesterday at Forest, near the farm of Duval Radford Champion, a heavier stallion, killed. Champion secured a the other stallion's throat, held until he dropped dead.

First Chinese Consul
Montreal, June 26.—The first Chinese Consul appointed to Canada, a Montreal last evening from P. The new Chinese Consul, his advent in Canada will increase of trade between countries, Kung Hsin Chao that he did not see any real Canada should not secure a the trade now enjoyed by the States. He will take up his residence at Ottawa.