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HUNTING AND FISHING, HERE AND ELSEWHERE

A TYPICAL DAY IN THE JUNGLE

Indian sport, and particularly jungle shoot-
ing, has been so much written about that it is
impossible to break new ground without justifi-
fying the reputation as a romancer that the
tiger shooter of days that are gone is not al-
ways undeservedly enjoyed. It may, how-
ever, be of interest to roughly describe a typi-
cal shoot, such as anyone may nowadays en-
joy with little expense and, except for the ex-
treme heat, a minimum of discomfort. Blank
beats and unproductive nights spent in ma-
chans are of little interest in retrospect, and
I therefore propose to pass them over and only
record some occasions on which game was
brought to bag. The reader should remem-
ber, however, that the best arranged beats
often come to nothing, and that an extremely
good all-round average would be one shot for
every six or seven nights spent on the watch.

Within a week of our reaching the jungles
one of our "garas" (buffaloes tied up as bait)
was killed some four miles from camp. The
tiger who was responsible was the only one of
which, at that time, we had reliable news, and
was looked upon by the villagers as very un-
likely to be added to the bag, as in previous
years he had disposed of eleven "garas" and
innumerable village cattle with impunity.
They informed us that he was in high favor
with his god, who would warn him of dan-
ger from us; but the sequel seemed to show
either that, like other favorites, his position
was a precarious one, or else that we were un-
der the wing of some rival and more powerful
deity. The almost invariable routine in our
jungle on hearing of a kill was as follows:

The messenger, despatches by the local
shikari in charge of the buffalo that had been
killed, having arrived about 9 a. m., men were
sent to the villages nearest to the kill to enrol
beaters. A few men from near camp would
be gathered to carry rifles, water bottles, etc.;
two men would be sent off as soon as possible
carrying our machans (three-cornered arrange-
ments of strong canvas), and we ourselves
would leave camp about midday for our places
in the beat. We employed village shikaris
exclusively, and these absolutely refused to let
either ourselves or our Mahomedans go near
the kill or the ground to be beaten, saying
that were they to do so the village deity would
be offended and decline to give up his particu-
lar tiger. As the kill was the first that had
occurred we left the shikaris to their own de-
vices, although we had no particular confi-
dence in them, with the result that the beat
was a blank, the tiger not having been properly
marked down.

By the time that the beaters had reassem-
bled it was nearly 5 p. m., and, after the in-
ferno of drumming and shouting which had
been going on for an hour or more, the chance
of the tiger returning to feed that night
seemed very remote. However, having won
the toss, I had a native bedstead slung up on
a tree near the kill, and, sending my men
away as quickly as possible, settled down for
a five hours' watch. The only good tree near
the kill was in full possession of red ants, and
that which I was on consisted of two thin
trunks running straight up for some 20 feet
without a branch or leaf. Tigers as a rule,
having nothing to fear in the jungle, do not
look up, but if this one happened to do so I
knew that I must be very conspicuous, in spite
of leafy branches, which I had arranged in
front of me as well as possible in the limited
time at my disposal. All around was dense
sunburnt jungle, which the annual fires had
not yet cleared of grass and undergrowth.

At first there was absolute silence, but as
the sun slowly sank behind the western hills
and the short dusk lingered with delusive
light among the trees, it was broken by the
clarion calls of peafowl, strutting on a rocky
crest close at hand before sailing down to their
mates in the valleys below. Shortly after-
wards a tearing and crashing of branches an-
nounced a bear beginning his evening meal
within a few hundred yards, but as the last
remnants of daylight were replaced by the
weak rays of a young moon, peafowl and bear
alike moved on or went to rest, and the still-
ness was only disturbed by the patter of fall-
ing leaves and whisperings of the fresh night
breeze. More than once I fancied that I heard
stealthy footsteps on the crackling fallen
leaves, but eventually decided that it was
imagination.

As the tree trunks were in the middle of
the side of my perch, which faced the
kill, I had to decide which ap-
proach I should command, and, having select-
ed that to the west, lay on my elbow as low
as possible. At 7 p. m., on a patch of bare
ground, I suddenly saw something coming
towards my tree, but the light was so bad that
I could not imagine what it was; in fact, after
staring very hard, I decided that it was a
small pig. As it passed into the shade of a
bush I managed to discern its outline, and
realized that a fine tiger was within twenty
yards.

The next few seconds held an amount of
condensed excitement that made the incidents
of a moment seem drawn out interminably. I
slowly raised myself for a shot—every crack
of the bedstead magnified enormously in im-
agination—until I could raise the gun to fire
at the animal as it sat watching the kill. As
I was inwardly congratulating myself on not
having betrayed my presence the tiger quietly
got up and stepped behind the bush in the
direction of the dead buffalo. This move
necessitated my changing to the opposite end
of my bedstead, which I found by no means
easy to do, and when I had accomplished it

the animal was still invisible, but almost at
once appeared very slowly and cautiously, ex-
actly like a cat prospecting a raid on a jug of
milk. I raised my gun; a monkey barked in
the distance, and in a flash the tiger was out
of sight and galloped away uphill. For two
hours more I waited in the hope of his re-
turning, but his nerves were evidently upset
for the time being, and we returned to camp
as the moon set.

We afterwards heard that this tiger had
been seen drinking in a pool only a quarter
of a mile outside the ground which we had
beaten, and within a few minutes of the com-
mencement of the beat. A great deal of his
suspicion was probably due to the fact that our
beaters, contrary to orders, had walked close
to the kill. He never came back to this kill,
but a week later disposed of a second "gara"
almost in the same place, dragging it, as he
had done the first, about half a mile before
settling down to a meal.

On this occasion we refused to drive unless
the shikaris definitely marked the animal
down, and the beat did not commence until
4 p. m. The shikaris assured us that the tiger
had deliberately made four false trails away
from his feeding place, and none of them had
any expectation of his being killed. Within
ten minutes of the beat starting he appeared,
coming straight to my tree, which was on the
side of a shallow ravine, and moving at a fast
walk. A bullet in the shoulder at fifteen
yards brought him on to his head with a roar,
and he struggled about wildly before sitting
up and being rolled over by a second shot. He
was mortally wounded, but managed, while I
was reloading, to crawl off some forty yards
into a patch of grass, where, as G.'s machan
was very badly placed, neither of us could see
him. We warned the beaters and fired where-
ever we thought we caught a glimpse of him,

but as there was no necessity to chance being
mauled we kept everyone treed for nearly an
hour before G. gave him his quietus. He was
an exceptionally powerful beast, and great
were the rejoicings in the villages on whose
herds he had preyed as he was taken to camp
on a bier of leafy branches, preceded by a
party of "tom-tom" men, and surrounded by
a crowd of beaters, whose women-kind turned
out in strength to heap abuse on their fallen
enemy.

Some three weeks later, having in the in-
terval added two small panthers, a bear and
a chital stag to the bag, we beat a rocky hill-
side, covered with dense bamboo thicket and
undergrowth, for a large panther, which had
that morning for the second time killed one
of our "garas." The beaters worked their
way uphill towards our machans, which were
in trees commanding the bare level summit,
and before they had climbed very far the pan-
ther gave G. a difficult shot, as it stood at the
edge of the covert, nearly hidden by grass,
and apparently on the point of breaking back.
It disappeared at once, and when the beat was
finished we went to look at the place where it
had been standing, and found a broad blood
track leading downhill. The quantity of blood
and one or two small flakes of bone told us
plainly that the animal had a broken shoulder,
and we took up the trail very cautiously. Af-
ter passing down rocks honeycombed with
holes, in one of which the wounded animal
had temporarily taken shelter, the track led
finally to a small cave in the face of a cliff at
the foot of the hillside.

A number of the beaters had by this time
come round the base of the hill, and were
chattering like monkeys immediately below
this case, so that I had to refuse to move on
at all until they climbed up trees or otherwise
put themselves in safety. When they had

Bulow and Bethmann-Hollweg, Contrast

(From An Article in the A.P.)

The change in the Chancellorship of the
German Empire is one of the most curious
from every point of view that has taken place
since the foundation of the German Empire.
There are all kinds of public reasons given,
and the German Emperor has been effusive in
private and official compliments to the fallen
Chancellor. But there must be a private his-
tory, of which we shall know nothing, till the
memoirs of the epoch are published, and by
that time most of us won't care. I cannot
help thinking that the real reason was a cer-
tain cooling in the relations between the Em-
peror and Prince Bulow. The Kaiser is a
hard and somewhat capricious taskmaster, and
cats up even his most devoted servants pretty
rapidly. He made a bitter life-long enemy
of his greatest Chancellor. Caprivi was dis-
missed and then died. Hohenlohe Hohenlohe
left memoirs which so offended the Kaiser that
he would have stopped their publication if that
had been possible.

Bulow, very rich, of an ancient family,
married to an Italian lady of great wealth as
well as of great charm, with a great estate to
retire to in Germany, a princely villa to sun
himself in Italy, accustomed from his early
years to the best and most agreeable so-
ciety in every capital in Europe—Bulow was
never the kind of man with whom even the
Kaiser could take liberties; and knowing that
he had always the safe and pleasant estate of
a rich nobleman to retreat to, Bulow could
always pretty plainly indicate that he did not
want to outstay his welcome. And then,
living as he had done in the atmosphere of
foreign courts, where even a declaration of war
is made with delicacy of language and demean-
or, Bulow must now and then have been shocked
by the brutalities of political controversy—
worse in Germany than they are with us. Can
anybody imagine anything more utterly vile
and degrading than for a man like Bulow to
have to go into the witness-box at the time of
the unspeakable infamies of the Eulenberg
trial, and have to defend himself from the most
odious of charges because a wretched gutter
journalist chose to make insinuations against
him in his rag?

But apart from this, Bulow undoubtedly
felt most of the difficulty of his position as the
adviser of the Kaiser; and was therefore re-
sponsible for that very unaccountable person-
age's utterances. We all remember the cy-
clone which passed over Germany when the
Daily Telegraph published its historic inter-
view with the Emperor—an interview, by the
way, which was due to the sharp initiative of
Harry Lawson, now in charge of his father's
great journal, and already revealing the fami-
ly gifts that have created that immense paper.

Bulow was unable to get at the Kaiser be-
fore he had to answer some of the criticisms
which were probably far too frank to quite
please so sensitive and proud a man as the
Kaiser. And this was not the first time in
which Bulow allowed the world to see the
chagrin which the Kaiser often caused him.
Cicely in every capital in Europe—Bulow was
it is recalled that when Eugene Richter—the
great Radical leader—now dead—was made the
criticising the acts of the Kaiser, and made the
remark: "This must be a hard master to
serve." Bulow nodded his head in assent; a
very strong thing to do; and doubtless that
nod was conveyed by his underlings to the
Kaiser within a very few minutes after. It
may have been that nod that sowed the seed
of distrust between Emperor and Minister,

the final though slow fruit of which we see
today.

Bulow is undoubtedly an attractive figure,
but his attraction, to me at least, is personal
rather than political. He is a reactionary to
the very marrow of his bones; a Junker—one
of that narrow, selfish, and obscurantist squire-
archy which is bleeding the poor of Germany,
and preparing that big revolt which is com-
ing, and may be devastating and even sangui-
nary. Bulow was equally reactionary where
liberty was concerned; he has refused to
change in one iota the narrow franchise which
makes the Prussian Reichstag about as rep-
resentative of the masses of Prussia as our
House of Commons was before 1832. He was
a reactionary where Poles are concerned; for
he passed the iniquitous law which means to
drive out the Poles from their estates in Sil-
esia. And finally, he encouraged the Emper-
or in those wild expeditions, and above all in
the mad navy policy which has done much to
exasperate all Europe, and to increase the rage
for increased armaments everywhere. And
today when Bulow leaves the helm he leaves
a nation with a crushing load of debt, which
deficit his fellow-Junkers are shifting on to the
food and drink of the poor.

As An Orator.

But personally Bulow must have been a
most delightful fellow. I used to read nearly
all his speeches in the Reichstag; and his light
and airy touch, his seasonable joke, his apt
quotation, sometimes make a performer who
set not merely Germans, but all Europe laugh-
ing.

The successor of Prince Bulow, is one of
the examples of the wonderful way in which
the Jewish race is able to advance itself to the
highest political positions even in countries
where they are not liked; and where innumera-
ble obstacles of race, class, and other prejudices
seem to block their way. Bethmann-Hollweg
is half a Jew. On the paternal side he comes
from the landed aristocracy; but his great-
great-grandfather added to the family wealth
and power by going to Frankfurt for his wife;
and finding therein the daughter of the Beth-
manns; and the Bethmanns were Jewish Junk-
ers, who had settled in Frankfurt after their
expulsion from their religion from Holland.

The two names—the old Jewish and the
old Prussian—were united; and thus it is that
today Bethmann-Hollweg is the name of Ger-
many's new Chancellor. The family, under
this name, has been in the service of the Pru-
ssia now for three generations. The grand-
father of the new Chancellor was first a uni-
versity professor, and then a minister; and
he was the first of the family to be ennobled.
Thus there runs in the veins of Bethmann-
Hollweg, the blood of merchants, of scholars,
and of officials; altogether a mixed stock with
gifts from each.

Probably the foundation of Bethmann-Hol-
weg's high fortunes was the fact that he was
a fellow student of the Kaiser at Bonn; they
even belonged to the same corps, and the
Kaiser has always taken care of his university
friends. Up to the present the new Chan-
cellor has shown none of the charms of his
predecessor. He is a painstaking, conscien-
tious, hard-working bureaucrat; rather dull of
speech, rather lugubrious of manner, rather
awkward in appearance.

The two following descriptions are from
the London Daily Telegraph, the editor of
which is famous for his pen-portraiture.

Bethmann-Hollweg

He is a man of almost gigantic stature, but

done so I climbed up a small sapling some ten
yards away from the cave, hoping to get a
shot at the panther's head, which a man up
above said he had seen. There was nothing
visible, however, and I retraced my steps to
a ledge of rock overhanging the cave mouth
and some 12 feet above it.

A villager on my left, who had scrambled
down a little from the ledge, called out that he
could see the animal, and I therefore began
limbing towards him. Immediately above the
cave there was a gap in the ledge, and as I
was stepping over this the panther sprang
out with a roar below me. His off fore leg
was swinging, and he stood for a moment
snarling and with flattened ears before bound-
ing off in the direction from which he had
come. A snapshot at his spine dropped him in
his tracks, but as he was still twitching I gave
him the left barrel in the throat. He was a
handsomely marked, heavy panther, and had
disposed of more than half the young buffalo
which he had killed.

Our sport about this time was quite spoilt
by the villagers who roamed the jungles in
every direction gathering "mhowa" berries,
and whose womenkind appeared to feel nerv-
ous unless they exchanged shrill shrieks at
short intervals. On one occasion a tiger killed
in broad daylight, and was actually lying feed-
ing within a quarter of a mile of G. and I, who
were out for a morning walk, but villagers
who had been sent to help to drive it away
passed us without giving us news of its being
there. To expose to the full the absolute
fatuity of these people, part of the patient mil-
lions for whom certain travelled idiots demand
self-government, I may state that we and our
men were on excellent terms with them, and
that this particular tiger was in the habit of
doing considerable damage to their herds. I
will not say the deaths of two tigers, both

of which were dropped as they left covert, and
gave sport which, though amusing at the time,
would be uninteresting in repetition, and a
large male bear, and describe the last success-
ful incident of our shoot. I had sat up on
every possible occasion to try and bag a good
panther, but my goat had never been touched,
and the panthers which had come back to
"garas" that they had killed had done so with
impunity, as I was afraid of frightening away
the tigers that I knew to be about.

Only a day or two before we had to begin
our march back to cantonments we had a beat
for a panther that had killed overnight in a
perfect covert where our last tiger had been
shot. We looked forward to a certain shot,
but the animal was not in the beat, and we
subsequently found his tracks leading away
from the patch of jungle in which the village
shikari declared that had been lying up. The
kill lay in a shallow sandy ravine between two
small pools of water, and surrounded by fair-
ly open forest. I did not intend to lose a pos-
sible chance of a shot, and therefore ordered
my canvas machan to be slung up on a tree
overhanging the kill, although the shikaris
said that the noise of the beat was almost cer-
tain to have driven the panther away. The
tree was quite unsuitable for my purpose, and
the machan had to be tied in such a way that
the front edge cut into my legs, and made
them numb and very painful in a short time.
At 6 p. m., having sent my men away with or-
ders to come for me before 8 p. m., I began
my watch in no very hopeful frame of mind,
and with the last rays of the setting sun strik-
ing most unpleasantly hotly through the trees.

My weapon on this, as on every other oc-
casion on which I sat up, was a 12-bore shot-
gun, with so-called "lethal" bullets, a patent
of an Indian firm of gunmakers, that can be
fired from full choke or cylinder, and give the
best of results. The gun was covered from
muzzle to breech with a sheath of white calico,
the under part blackened to render it less con-
spicuous. Many sportsmen, no doubt, have
used this very simple means of shooting ac-
curately at night, but I have met so many
who have never heard of it, that I venture to
hope some may benefit by reading this men-
tion of it. I have tried practically every form
of night sight, patent or otherwise, and found
them more or less useless, but his simple ex-
pedient reduces accurate aiming at close
ranges to a certainty in almost any light.

As there would be no moon, I hoped that
if the panther came at all it would be at dusk,
as after that, unless the background were fa-
vorable, the difficulty would be not to take
aim, but to make out anything to aim at. I
was helped in passing the time by numerous
red tree ants, which tried to invade my ma-
chan, and against which a silent but vigorous
warfare was necessary. The pool on my right
was fished by two kingfishers of the smallest
Indian species, which are the same in appear-
ance as the English birds. At dusk two par-
ticularly fine peacocks walked about the op-
posite bank of the ravine, until one of them
saw me, when they made off, though not very
hurriedly. They were followed by a large
jungle cock, who eventually drank at the pool
on my left. Darkness came on, and as the
time drew near for my men to fetch me I prac-
tically gave up hope of seeing anything.

I was facing the right-hand pool when I
thought I saw something suddenly glide down
the bank into the sandy bed. Had I not been
looking in its direction when it moved, I
should have mistaken it for one of several
small rocks that lay near it. The light was
so bad that, stare as I might, I could make out
nothing except a dark lump which seemed to
be very slowly gliding along towards the kill.
It stopped some fifteen yards away, and I
almost decided that my eyes had been mis-
taken and that it was a stone after all. How-
ever, I raised my gun for a shot and tried to
take aim. For a time I failed to do so, as
when looked at hard the mark became blurred
and assimilated with its background. Eventu-
ally I raised the gun in front of my face,
pressed my cheek to the butt, slowly lowered
the muzzle until it covered the centre of the
mark and fired.

When the effects of the sudden glare had
passed I saw the object I had fired at in ex-
actly the same position as before. This de-
cided me that it was a stone, and so, firing
my left barrel for practice, I unloaded and
turned round to shout for my men. As I did
so I heard what sounded like the noise of a
tail being beaten against the ground two or
three times. My men did not answer my
shouts for a long time, but eventually came
along in extended order, brandishing tufts of
burning grass and split bamboo. As I could
not speak a word of their jungle dialect, a good
deal of signalling was entailed before one of
them climbed a tree and threw the light of
his torch into the ravine. When he had done
so we saw a fine panther lying dead, with a
bullet between the eyes and the mark of a
grazing hit from my second shot on his spine.

It did not take long to sling him on to a
small sapling and start for camp, with every-
one extremely pleased. The walk to the tent
was a good five miles, but the extreme heat of
the day had given way to a cool breeze from
the river, and we reached home while the
night was still young, the way being lighted
by relays of villagers with burning bamboos,
and our arrival announced by various tom-
tom men, who, as usual, lost no opportunity of
performing on their instruments. The pan-
ther was the last animal brought to bag, and
soon afterwards, having beaten unsucces-
sfully for tiger on two occasions in the interval,
we left our jungles on a forced march for the
railway and cantonments.—C. Hattan, in The
Field.

A BELL-RINGING DOG

No animal in the world equals a dog as a
faithful sentinel when it comes to "keeping
watch and ward" in the interests of its mas-
ter. Some dogs may be taught to perform
duties of an unusual nature. Off the shores of
Alaska, on a small, rocky island, is a little light
station, connected with which is a fog bell.
During the continuance of dense fogs, which
frequently prevail, the bell is used to warn
vessels of the danger of approaching too near
the island and coast. The lightkeeper has a
large and very intelligent shepherd dog that
answers to the name of Don Carlos. This
dog has been trained to toll the fog bell when
the weather is very heavy. So well trained
is Don Carlos that, when the fog comes roll-
ing in, he rushes unbidden by the keeper, to
the bell, and begins to tug at the rope and to
sound the alarm. This faithful fellow con-
tinues to do until relieved by his master. Don
Carlos often takes his turn at the bell during
the night when the keeper is busy looking after
the light.

WEELEE FORGET

"Wully," said Mrs. MacHigh to her little
son as they emerged from the station at Saltham-
by-the-Sea. "Noo that we are at the coast,
mind and ca' your father 'papa' when he comes
doon for the week-end. Ye'll no' forget, wull ye?"

"Wully," nearing the big sea, felt graciously
inclined to promise anything, and told his
mother he wouldna forget.

On the Saturday morning Mrs. MacHigh
was sitting on the sands beside some "swell"
seaside acquaintances, watching the children
playing. Thinking to impress her neighbor,
she called out in her best society voice—"Wee-
lie, your papa is coming doon the day."

"Oh, is he?" answered "Weelee," busily en-
gaged at a sand castle, and quite forgetful of
Monday's promise. "An' wull my father be
wi' him."