

TIGER'S DOSE OF KNOCKOUT.

Put to Sleep by a Dinner on a Poppy-fed Bear.

"There was a queer tiger kill in the Ghurba district some weeks ago," writes A. M. Sudholm of Lahore, India, in a letter received by a friend in New York last week. "The brute was a fine one, ten feet long, with a perfect skin, and there seemed every reason to think that he would give any number of hunters an ugly tussle. But he fell like a ripe apple into a basket, to the single gun of the hunter who blundered upon him in the jungle. It was a very odd chain of circumstances that brought the result of a dead tiger, instead of the mask of a hunter who might reasonably have been expected to issue from such an encounter."

"The thing came about in this way: A civilian named Martin from Calcutta who was shooting at Ghurba was watching in a poppy field for a bear that was in the habit of coming there by night. Ghurba is at the westerly edge of the opium district, and the bears there in the ripening season of the poppies have a trick of eating the seeds in the pods. On this night, which was dark, Martin heard the bear among the poppies, but could not get a shot at him. After much waiting, in trying to get nearer the bear, he alarmed him, and the bear made off in the darkness into the jungle. The hunter was tempted to send a random shot after him, but refrained, luckily as it proved. The sound of the animal's moving through the undergrowth had scarcely died away when there came to the hunter's ears the loud scream which the Indian bear gives when in great pain or peril, and with it the sound of a tiger's grunting roar. For a few minutes there were heard voices of the two beasts in conflict, and when these sounds ended the hunter, not caring to investigate further at the time, for the tiger was evidently the victor, returned to the fieldkeeper's hut where he was staying during the hunt."

"That the tiger should have attacked the bear even without provocation was not to be wondered at, for there is always ill will between these two animals, and whenever they meet, unless the bear sees the tiger in time to take to a tree, a fight to the death is to be assumed. The tiger is usually the winner, and for the most part is content with killing the bear and leaving his remains to the ants and the jackals, but if hungry he sometimes makes his dinner of him. Going out next morning to the scene of the battle of the [night] before the bear's trail led plainly to it—Martin found about an eighth of a mile beyond the field, in the jungle, the bear's body partly devoured by the tiger. The condition of the ground about showed that there had been a lively fight while it lasted, and the tiger's tracks marked the direction he had taken after his dinner. The condition of the carcass and the tracks showed that the tiger had left the bear at least six hours before, and Martin had no idea that the animal could be anywhere in the vicinity. He sent one of the three natives with him back to a tank for water, and, waiting his return, smoked his pipe to the windward of the bear, taking no precautions whatever as to watching or keeping silence."

"When the native came back with the water-chatty the hunter drank from it and then started to follow the tiger's trail, smoking his pipe as he went forward. He had not gone fifty paces before he came directly upon the tiger lying asleep in a little open space beneath an acacia tree. The brute was lying tumbledown as if he had lurked in walking and dropped in his tracks, and was sleeping the slumber of the Seven Sleepers rolled into one. So close was Martin upon the beast when he first saw him that, with two more steps he could have touched him with his rifle, but the tiger did not rouse or move in the least from his place, and all the noises made by the party while about the bear and in their advance had failed to disturb him. Indeed but for his heavy breathing, the brute had all the appearance of a dead tiger."

"At sight of the tiger the natives scattered and took to trees, and Martin, a thorough sportsman and as plucky as they make them, made some active steps to the rear before stopping to investigate further. Then from behind a bunch of jungle grass he fired at the brute and missed a shot as easy as could be offered. At the report of the rifle the tiger jumped to his feet, in the direction in which he happened to be pointed at the moment which was toward the acacia tree, and brought up, head on, with a bump against the trunk. This gave Martin a fair shot at his side, and he placed a bullet behind the shoulder. Though the wound would have proved mortal the tiger was still active enough to have made trouble for a dozen hunters; but instead of charging at the smoke, as was to be expected under the circumstances,

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he whirled about and roared and tore at the tree, which gave Martin a chance to finish him with a third shot in the ear.

"Martin at first could scarcely realize his good fortune in bagging a splendid tiger so easily. By threatening them with his rifle he got the natives, from the trees and with their help he skinned the beast came back with the hide to the bungalow. His explanation of the strange behavior of the tiger was that the bear was 'dopey' from feeding on the blood and tissue of the poppy-fed bear. This theory seems quite reasonable, and it is corroborated by the testimony both of European hunters and shikaries—native tiger hunters who say that the fish of bears frequenting the poppy fields has a narcotic property which strongly affects any creature which feeds upon it. This is particularly the case with those dissipated bears which are believed to have contracted the habit of opium drunkenness, which they satisfy in some manner in the poppy fields. Several planters have told me of seeing kites and jackals made stupidly drunk from feeding on the carcass of a bear killed in a poppy district. Others have observed bears in a state of glorious exhilaration or profound 'dopiness' corresponding to the effects of opium eating by human beings, and no doubt attributable to the same cause."

"It is from poppy honey that the bear most frequently, perhaps wholly, gets his dose of knockout. This malicious substance, one of the most subtle agents employed by thugs and gypsies in reducing the stranger to the somnolent condition in which he may unresistingly be robbed or murdered, plays strange pranks in the animal kingdom. The bees that collect it from the flowers often get to be confirmed

opium debauchees, and pursue zigzag flights and fall by the wayside on their return homeward from the poppy fields. The honey gathering bees are subject to like mishaps, and birds and beasts that feed upon ants and bees get from these victims dropped in their way a dose of knockout which sometimes leaves them helplessly drunk—a reproach to their species and a prey to their enemies."

SHARKS FROM THE AMAZON.

A Cargo of Them Valued at \$250,000 Destroyed for the Paris Exposition.

The Portuguese bark that in April left Para, the big rubber port of Brazil, with a cargo consisting entirely of sharks has landed today in Europe. The collection was gathered along the Amazon River, is valued at \$10,000, and the purpose is to exhibit the whole lot at the Paris Exposition next year. The sharks are owned by some French snake charmers, and it took several years to get them together. They include two specimens of the largest size.

The Amazon region is so full of snakes that hunting for the reptiles are very abundant. A great deal of work is required, however, to make a representative collection of this genus of the Amazon basin, for different species often live far apart, and great care is necessary to secure the finest specimens without injury, either alive or for museum purposes. Some of the most common serpents are very common in the neighborhood of Para. When the famous naturalist Bates made his visit to the Amazon a lamp lighter woke him up early one morning in Para to show him a boa constrictor he had just killed in the street just from Bates's door. He had cut the reptile nearly in two with a large knife as it was making its way down the sandy street. Native hunters sometimes capture boa constrictors alive in the forests near Para.

A little later Bates was near coming into collision with a boa constrictor. He had just entered a little thicket to capture an insect when he heard a rushing noise and thought a squirrel was coming. It proved, however, to be one of those enormous snakes coming down a slope and making the dry twigs crack with its weight as it moved over them. Bates said he knew there was no danger, and so he kept his ground. When the reptile saw him it suddenly turned and glided at a faster rate down the path. Boys who wish to catch its size and coloring, as to eat cut after it, but the reptile moved so fast he was unable to get near enough for his purpose. There was little of the serpentine motion. The rapidly moving and shining body looked like a stream of brown liquid flowing over the thick bed of fallen leaves rather than like a serpent of varied colors.

In the wilderness, where the Brazilian plant cane, the collecting of the fruit is often dangerous from the number of poisonous snakes that frequent these places. The anaconda is by far the most dangerous of Amazon reptiles. It does not hesitate sometimes to attack human beings, and it often haunts the neighborhood of the settlements in order to get ducks and turkeys, of which it is very fond. It lives in the water a great deal of the time. A naturalist wrote a while ago of one of these snakes that had been despoiling the hen coops along the river. Two parties of young men started in canoes to find the creature. They searched all the little holes on both sides of the Amazon, and at last discovered the object of their search snuggled itself on a log at the mouth of a muddy stream. They killed it with harpoons. It was not a very large specimen measuring only eighteen feet long and sixteen inches in circumference at the widest part of its body.

One day a native killed an anaconda without any weapons just as the creature was about to make a meal of his 10-year-old son. As the lad was playing in the water the creature crept upon him, and had involved him in its coils before it was perceived. The boy screamed for help, and as the



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animal was drawing the coils tighter the frantic father rushed to the spot, seized the anaconda boldly by the head and tore its jaws asunder. This formidable serpent grows to an enormous size and lives to a great age. Specimens have been killed measuring forty-two feet in length.

Conductor Laughed Last.

Some bright young men are employed on the street railways of Massachusetts. It was with the hope of 'April-fooling' one of them says the Brockton enterprise, that his 'girl friends' borrowed a dressmaker's dummy. They clothed it becomingly, and at the proper moment stood, it behind a pole, with one of its hands outstretched as if to stop the car.

The motorman unsuspectingly stopped, and the conductor waited for the passenger to get aboard. As there was no apparent movement the conductor swung his head round the corner and inquired: if the lady wanted to take that car. At this point there was a scream of delight from a near-by house, and a chorus of female voices rang forth cheerily in 'April fool'!

Brain Work.

Dorchester—Really, now, Livingston, there isn't any brain work in golf, is there?

Livingston—No, unless you go around trying to make chumps understand why you like it.—Tit-Bits.

Proved.

Jimmy—Aw, I don't believe this nonsense about gettin a lickin before night if you spin a chair around!

Tommy—I do. I tried it on grandpa's office chair while he was in it takin a nap.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of mortgage bearing date the twenty-third day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-four, and registered in the office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for the City and County of St. John as number 68887, in Book 59 of Records pages 30, 31, 32 and 33, on the seventh day of February A. D. 1894, and made between William Thompson of the City of Saint John in the City and County of St. John and Province of New Brunswick and Mary Knox of the same place, widow of the late James Knox of the one part, and George E. Fenety of the City of Fredericton in the County of York and Province of New Brunswick, Queen's Printer of the other part, there will for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured and made payable by and by the said Indenture of mortgage default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at public auction at Chubb's Corner, so called, in the said City of St. John, on SATURDAY, THE TWENTY-SECOND DAY OF JULY NEXT, at the hour of twelve of the clock noon of that day, the lands and premises in the said Indenture of mortgage described as follows:—

That is to say:—

"A LOT OF CERTAIN LOT, PIECE OR parcel of land situate lying and being in the city of Saint John aforesaid and bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at the South West Corner of Duke and Westworth Streets thence running along the Southern side of Duke Street forty feet in a westerly direction thence Southerly and five feet thence Easterly parallel to Westworth Street one hundred and five feet thence Southerly parallel to Westworth Street thirty feet to Westworth Street thence Northerly along Westworth Street to the place of beginning."

ALSO, "All that certain other piece or parcel of land situate fronting on said Westworth Street described as follows beginning at a point on the westerly side of Westworth Street distant Southerly one hundred and five feet from Duke Street thence Southerly twenty feet to Westworth Street thence westerly at right angles to Westworth Street eighty feet to the place of beginning."

Together with all buildings erections and improvements thereon.

Dated at the tenth day of May A. D. 1898.

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Mortgagee
Solicitors to Mortgagee.

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