

ELEPHANT-TIGER.

BLOODY SPORT ENJOYED BY THE RAJAS OF INDIA.

Sickening Combat Witnessed by a Traveler—The Big Beast Vanished and Blinded, Rushes Madly Through the Throng Leaving Death and Pain in Its Wake.

Mr. J. Harley Shaw, who has recently returned from an extended trip to the Orient, tells of a custom among Mohammedan natives of a certain district in Fyzabad, India, which, although repulsive to humane sentiment, is yet indicative of that old Romanesque spirit which gave character and fame to the reign of the Caesars and exhibited the genius of cruelty in fascinating guise. In the district referred to the leading citizens are devoted to many ferocious sports, and keep elephants, tigers and other savage beasts for the sake of seeing them tear each other in pieces in an arena constructed for this purpose, and he who inaugurates and carries to success the bloodiest and most cruel of these exhibitions becomes at once the popular man, par excellence in his community.

At a large Fyzabad, village, in front of an immense open building used as a banquet room and called in the native language

"SUNGI BARADERI."

A space of 80 feet square was inclosed by a strong bamboo railing to secure the spectators outside from danger, as it not unfrequently happens that a tiger, when pressed hard by his antagonist, attempts to leap over the barrier among the people, and more than one effort of this kind has been successful for the tiger and disastrous to those who were overwhelmed by his immense weight and resistless impetus.

Mr. Shaw traveled more than 100 miles to witness in this arena a battle between a tiger and an elephant, and he thinks himself well repaid for time and cost, but says he would not witness another affair of the kind unless for some extraordinary consideration, because it is debasing to human sensibilities and outrageously cruel to its devoted victims.

"I had read a great deal about barbaric splendor," said he, "but never before appreciated the significance of the phrase. There were men there with ornaments of gold and rare gems upon their persons such as Queens wear and the lord of creation, like the peacock, was tricked out much more gorgeously than his spouse. Really, while the men were overdressed, the women seemed to have sought the other extreme, and lacked wherewithal to cover their nakedness. The most aristocratic of the sex were bare to the waist, except necklaces and a half mask of white fabric across the upper part of the face, and below the belt a short skirt, silk trousers, gold anklets and bejewelled sandals terminated quite a picturesque attire.

"A tiger that seemed to have a pre-sentiment of the fate awaiting him by his reluctance to come out was at length driven from his cage by discharging into it a volley of fireworks. He bounded out, surrounded by smoke, and was

BURNED AND DAZED.

Taking several turns around the arena he frequently roared with pain, all the time reviewing the crowd as if looking for a special individual. If he was seeking sympathy he looked in vain, for every one there found pleasure in the torture of the poor brute. What else was he good for?

"A buffalo was driven in. He entered meekly as if at peace with all the world, but when an attendant on horseback thrust a spear into his flank and smote him across the nose with a firebrand his rage was fully kindled. The attendant whisked away out of the inclosure and the poor beast bellowed loudly and stamped about until he encountered the tiger, when that wily animal fastened himself upon the buffalo's neck with teeth and claws and the furious battle began in earnest.

The cat could not be shaken off, for that was tried with much vigor. For a moment the buffalo was still and apparently deliberating. Suddenly, as if possessed of an idea, he started on the run toward a heavy post at the opposite side of the arena, and crushed the tiger against it with all his force and weight. The plan was good, for with a roar, the cat loosened his hold, dropped to the ground and skulked away into a remote corner with all speed. From the buffalo issued with force a stream of hot blood as large as a broom handle, and in less than a minute he fell, was slightly convulsed, and then still in death. The shout that went up was loud and prolonged, following which the band

PLAYED A MERRY AIR.

"This was only a slight preliminary to the more serious business of the occasion; a whet to the appetite for carnage. The spirit of the tiger was broken and a Mahout, upon a spirited Arabian, dashed into the arena and dispatched him by a single shot. His remains were carried away, the earth upon which blood had been spilt, was removed, the cage of a large tiger was wheeled in and the order for turning him loose in the arena issued. Trumpets sounded and the cage was covertly opened. Eye never rested upon a more splendid animal. He leaped to the ground with a supple grace quite indescribable and reviewed the assemblage with admiring eyes, himself the most admirable object in sight.

"An immense elephant, more than 10 feet high at the shoulders and of unusual length of body was then goaded by spears and clubs to enter the place. He made directly for the tiger and attempted to kneel upon him, but the subtle beast moved away quickly and stood at bay. A large rocket to which a barb was attached was fired at the elephant, and struck him in the neck, causing him to bound forward with a lurch, and it seemed he would fall upon the tiger, but there was a flash of something in the air and the tiger had fallen upon him, striking the huge beast in the face with two cruelly pronged claws, sharper than poinards. The elephant bellowed with pain as the tiger

released his hold and retreated to a distant corner, and the spectators yelled with delight. It gave promise of

A BRILLIANT COMBAT.

Simultaneously rockets were fired into the two beasts which set them in terrible commotion and they ran around the inclosure roaring and bellowing with fright. The elephant was turned squarely around by a second rocket, and brought face to face with his adversary, upon whom he attempted to trample, but again the tiger was too quick for him; again he fastened—But no; the elephant has grasped the hind legs of the cat with his trunk, and by a sudden wrench torn him loose and tossed him high in the air. He falls heavily, and the elephant hurries forward to crush him, but is not quick enough. The tiger once more darts at the face of the leviathan with a snarl of rage that means danger, and with teeth and claws makes rapid mutilations. Great streams of blood gush from them and they are horrible to look upon. In an instant he has scratched out the eyes of the elephant, and the great brute howls in agony. Charging around the arena he seeks his foe unavailingly, for the tiger is in the most remote corner, and seems to understand that he is out of danger.

CRAZED WITH PAIN.

Sightless, blood flowing in many streams from his head, and the displaced eyes dangling against his cheeks, that mammoth beast is certainly an object of pity. But he gives the spectators no time for the exercise of this emotion. Wheeling around some half dozen times in a weary and insane way, he trumpets loudly twice, stopping with a shrill note rarely heard, then lowers his head, and, with all his great strength, rushes against the barrier, lifting the frame work, on which are seated many people, upon his tusks, and scattering the spectators pell-mell, killing two women and a man, and injuring more than a score of men, women and children.

It is an unlooked for, unprecedented catastrophe, and creates a panic, and the faithful, without watching to pick up the dead or administer to the wounded, flee away to their mosques for prayer. The Buddhists care for the unfortunates, and somebody gives an order to pursue and dispatch the maddened elephant and secure the uncaged tiger. At that moment, however, the tiger is tearing through the break in the barrier made by his foe, and as he runs off to the jungle he impresses the spectator with the idea that as easily as a run-away locomotive might be caught could the cat be recaged. Those who pursued the elephant had a long chase, but they found and killed him and returned on the following day.

Notwithstanding its tragic finale the combat was loudly extolled by the natives, who declared it one of the best they had ever enjoyed.

DIZZINESS IN THE HEAD.

This is a Sure Precursor of Apoplexy, and Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart at once to be Taken.

No one can read the daily papers without being seriously impressed with the fact that a large number of people in the present age have within their system the evidence of apoplexy. This is seen and felt often in a trembling and uncertainty of the limbs, and frequently in an unpleasant dizziness and lightness of the head. He is a very unwise man who, knowing these symptoms to exist, does not promptly take measures to have them removed. We know of no remedy that has been so remarkably successful in this particular as Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. Primarily it is a heart Cure, but it is equally effective in what is to some extent a parallel disease, apopleptic symptoms. In a season when unusual heat prevails and excitement often runs high, we are doing a kindness to men and women by letting them know of this remarkable medicine.

Sold by W. E. Richardson.

The Telephone in the Fruit Industry.

Farmers are generally looked upon as slow thinkers, but there can hardly be a better piece of testimony as to the intelligence of the agricultural communities than the fact that they are largely adopting the telephone, not only for communication with adjacent or distant villages, and between themselves, but for receiving weather warnings and keeping in touch with the markets. In Michigan, for instance, in the center of the great peach-growing district, a telephone company has been organized by the farmers, and forty miles of wire is now in operation, with thirteen stations. The fruit growers find the service of immense value. Formerly, if the state of the market had to be ascertained, for the guidance of shippers, the fruit grower had to harness up, and ride into Hart, the central town, many miles away. Now, the farmer goes to his telephone, and in a few minutes knows what prices are ruling. In fact, much of the business which heretofore has required a trip to town is now transacted over the wire. The cost of the installation is said to have been small, and the system is to be extended within the next few months.

PROTESTANT AND CATHOLIC CLERGYMAN.

Are of One Mind Touching the Remedial Character of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

While Protestants and Roman Catholics are wide apart as to certain remedial measures proposed just now, they find common meeting ground in Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. Take Hamilton alone. This medicine has been used by Presbyterians like the Rev. Mungo Fraser, D.D., and Rev. John Scott, D.D., by Episcopalians as with the Rev. W. H. Wade, and Rev. Chas. E. Whitcombe; by the well known Baptist Rev. G. Anderson; by prominent members of the Methodist church, and by the Rev. Father Hinchey, and many of his parishioners. They all tell the one story of the great good this medicine has done them. The same story has come from the most prominent clergymen in Toronto and elsewhere. It is unlike any other catarrhal remedy, simple, easy and pleasant to take, and quick in a cure. It will give relief within ten minutes in Hay Fever. Sold by all Druggists. Sample bottle and Blower sent on receipt of three 3-cent stamps. S. G. Detchon, 44 Church street, Toronto.

Sold by W. E. Richardson.

The little goat from which the cashmere wool comes is found in the Himalaya Mountains.

THE FARM.

FATTENING CATTLE.

"In the fattening of cattle I am not a believer in feeding such very heavy rations of grain as many farmers still persist in cramming into their animals. In any country where we have our animals stabled for a long time I consider one of the greatest secrets of success in connection with a system of stock-keeping, with a view to either beefing or dairying, lies in our being able to get our winter fodders preserved in the very best possible condition," writes Thomas McMillan. "For instance, imagine a farmer curing his hay crop when it has become so ripe that the substance has nearly all left the stem; also leaving his grain crop until it may be drawn in directly after cutting, and then, with this quality of fodder as the bulky portion of his food ration, endeavor to fatten his animals for the May market. With such a quality of fodder, in which there must be a very small percentage of digestible food material, it does not surprise me that many consider that very large quantities of grain are required, and more particularly so when the animals have previously been partially neglected through the want of a sufficiency of pasture grass, or other suitable fodder to keep them good and thrifty and gaining at least moderately during the previous summer. Practical experience is constantly teaching us that there is no single fodder upon which animals will gain and fatten so rapidly as upon the rich pasture of spring and early summer, more particularly when it has reached that stage of maturity which it usually attains from two to three weeks before the bulk of farmers begin haying operations. This practical lesson should also teach us that the nearer we can preserve our fodder to this condition the more digestible and valuable will its feeding qualities be. The analysis of good clover hay properly cured, confirmed by the practical results attained in feeding, tells us that it is almost a perfect fodder in itself.

"I merely throw out these points to show that it is quite practical, under favorable conditions, to fatten animals upon other fodders besides the concentrated grains which are so largely used in winter feeding. I do this not by any means to convey the idea that animals can be stall-fed in winter without grain, but to show that by exercising judicious care in the growth and preservation of our common bulky fodders, and availing ourselves of the valuable addition to these which is found in the great succulence and digestibility of the corn crop, we can thus be able to supply our animals with full and appropriate rations without having recourse to such large quantities of grain. With a mixture of about fifteen pounds of ensilage and fifteen pounds of wheat and oat straw, we are at present feeding our animals three or four pounds of grain—a mixture of peas and oats.

"For the next two months with a mixture of clover hay, straw and ensilage, six pounds of grain, a mixture of peas, oats, and a little oil cake, followed by certainly not more than eight pounds of the same mixture during the finishing period, should be quite sufficient to put the animals in prime condition for May shipment."

WINTERING STOCK.

"Hay is now worth \$12 per ton in my home market," writes Waldo Brown in the Practical Farmer, "and will probably be a ready sale in the spring at higher figures, and a horse or steer can be fed on straw or fodder at one-third what the hay will cost, and even if it costs a little more to feed bran and oil meal than it would to use corn, we are still saving money when we use materials for which there is little market demand, and leave for sale a good article that is wanted at cash prices. The tables of food values show that wheat straw contains four-fifths as much food value per ton as hay, but the price of hay is usually about three times that of straw, and the deficiency is largely in nitrogen, or what is known as albuminoids. The addition to the day's ration of a few pounds of bran and one or two pounds of oil meal will enable the animal to digest the straw, and do as well on it as on high-priced hay. Assuming that for a 1,000-pound animal fifteen pounds of hay per day will be required, which is worth nine cents, let us see how we can use our straw at a saving. Fifteen pounds of straw is worth three cents, so that if our grain rations cost the same when feeding the straw as when feeding the hay, we should save six cents a day. Corn in my market is worth twenty-five cents a bushel, bran the same as hay, \$12 per ton, and oil meal \$20 per ton. Ten pounds of grain a day will be a sufficient ration, and ten pounds of corn will cost less than five cents, but five pounds of bran costing three cents, and one pound of oil meal costing one cent, can take the place of six pounds of corn, and the cost of our grain ration has only been increased a little more than one cent, while we have saved six cents on the hay. A net saving of four cents per day on each animal for 150 days of winter feeding will make a good showing in the spring on farms with from twenty to thirty head of stock, and really the profit will be greater than appears on the face, for the hay will meet a ready cash market, while the straw will not perhaps sell at all. The farmer who will follow this plan will find himself with \$100 or \$200 in the spring more than his neighbor has, who runs in the old ruts. Try it, friends! If you doubt my statements, try it with a few animals, and then compare them, when spring comes, with those wintered on hay, and which it has cost you \$5 to \$6 each more per head to winter, and I predict that when you have given it a fair trial, you will no longer leave your straw in the wood lot, and your corn stalks in the field, but will utilize all these by-products, and save money by doing it."

SECURE THE BLANKETS.

A trifle, an insignificant detail, often exerts an influence undreamed of. Walking along our public square, around which the farmers' teams are hitched, says M. T. G. in Breeder's Gazette, I rarely fail to note a number of blankets, one end under the front

neck and the other stretched from the necks of the horses they were intended to benefit. This incident is soon forgotten by an owner and the chill with its resulting ailments becomes a mysterious dispensation of Providence. And this is so easily prevented. A nickel and an instant's time will save the blanket and protect the horse.

I have just returned from town and among many other blankets noted a pair of big wool covers, new and handsome, stretched about the team's necks, while the sharp calkins of their feet were shredding and tearing into worthless rags the warm covers that should have been protecting steaming backs upon which the warmth from a rapid drive was rapidly turning to hoar frost.

The too-rapid cooling of the surface and the consequent derangement of vital organs have often within my knowledge resulted in the inability of owners who had horses tied about this square to get them home and their speedy death ensued. It seems a sin for a man to own horses and blankets without understanding better how to manage them.

The dealer who sells blankets also sells blanket pins or should. A blanket pin run through the blanket and the backstrap underneath, near the crupper, secures from all danger of getting uncovered the horse which you owe humane treatment to and saves the blanket almost at cost good money. This seems almost too simple to write about, the remedy is so easy.

Chinese Weddings and Funerals.

Strangers in China have great difficulty when meeting a funeral or wedding procession in the streets to distinguish one from the other. The same red-cloth coolies, carrying roasted pig and other dainties, appear in the procession, the same smaller coolies, carrying cheap paper ornaments, and both are conducted with the same noise. The crowd at the funeral is as noisy as at a wedding, and the guests eat just as much.

A Family Suffers for Want of a Mother's Attention.

Mr. Neil Morrison, St. John, N. B.: "My daughter, Mrs. Gregory, has had rheumatism so bad during the last year that she was unable to help her children, or attend to her household duties. Everything imaginable was tried, but to no purpose. I was at last recommended to get South American Rheumatic Cure. One bottle cured my daughter within four days, and I take much pleasure in giving this recommendation."

Sold by W. E. Richardson.

A BROAD MINDED DIVINE

Does Not Hesitate to Speak For the Good His Words Will do

A Scholarly Christian and a Beloved Pastor Who Believes in Training the Body as Well as the Mind.

The twenty-ninth day of April is a notable day in the history of the May Memorial church in Syracuse, as it is the anniversary of the installation of the Rev. Samuel R. Calthrop, D.D., the eminent divine who so long has ministered to them spiritually as pastor of the church.

Dr. Calthrop was born in England and received his preparatory scholastic training at St. Paul's School London. Entering Trinity College, Cambridge, he soon became a bright figure in that brilliant coterie of scholars, literary men and wits that followed in the traditions of Macaulay and his associates at the university. In the middle of the century he visited Syracuse and received his first impressions of the young city that nearly a score of years later he was to choose as his home and in which his labors have been so long and effective. The masterly pulpit addresses of Dr. Calthrop have had their fundamentals drawn from the deepest research. His people have been instructed by him, not only in things spiritual, but in the elements of the broadest culture, in literature, in art and in science. His young men have been taught a muscular system of morality. In these and in many other ways has he endeared himself to his congregation, which is one of the most highly cultured and wealthy in the city.



Rev. Dr. Calthrop, Syracuse, N.Y.

Dr. Calthrop has a striking personality. To the eye he is a most picturesque figure. His head and face, framed in luxuriant masses of silky, snowy white hair and beard, are of the type of Bryant and Longfellow. Although over seventy years old his rather spare figure is firm and erect and every movement is active and graceful. His whole life long he has been an ardent admirer and promoter of athletic sports, and even at his advanced age, plays tennis with all the vigor and skill of a young man. To Syracuseans, perhaps, this remarkably versatile man is most widely known, apart from his profession, as a scientist.

On a bright April morning a reporter followed the winding driveway that curving around the hills leads to Calthrop Lodge, an old-fashioned red brick mansion, surrounded by a grove of oaks and chestnuts. Wearing a black skull cap and a black coat of semi-clerical cut, the master of Calthrop Lodge graciously received the reporter who called to inquire about his health, for though manfully repressing all possible evidence of his had been the victim of a distressing suffering, Dr. Calthrop for many years affliction, until by fortunate chance he was led to take the remedy which has effectually cured him.

The Only

Great and thoroughly reliable building-up medicine, nerve tonic, vitalizer and

Blood Purifier

Before the people today, and which stands preeminently above all other medicines, is

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla

It has won its hold upon the hearts of the people by its own absolute intrinsic merit. It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story:—

Hood's Cures

Even when all other preparations and prescriptions fail

"The face of my little girl from the time she was three months old, broke out and was covered with sores. We gave her two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and it completely cured her. We are glad to recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla." THOS. M. CARLING, Clinton, Ontario. Be sure to

Get Hood's

Hood's Pills easy to buy easy to take easy in effect. 25 cents.

During more than half of his pastorate in Syracuse, Dr. Calthrop has been troubled with rheumatism, and at intervals he suffered excruciating agony from it. At times the pain was so great as to prevent him from walking. Many remedies were tried without success and he and his friends had given up hope of a permanent cure or of more than temporary relief when he took the preparation that drove the disease completely from his system.

In a letter written to the editor of The Evening News, of Syracuse, last year, Dr. Calthrop told of his affliction and its cure. This is Dr. Calthrop's letter:—

To the editor of The Evening News.—Dear Sir: More than 35 years ago I wrenched my left knee, throwing it almost from its socket. Great swelling followed, and the synovial juice kept leaking from the joint.

This made me lame for years, and from time to time the weak knee would give out entirely and the swelling would commence. This was always occasioned by some strain like a sudden stop. The knee gradually recovered, but always was weaker than the other.

About 15 years ago, the swelling recommenced, this time without any wrench at all, and before long I realized that this was rheumatism settling in the weakest part of the body. The trouble came so soon that I was obliged to carry an opiate in my pocket everywhere I went. I had generally a packet in my waistcoat pocket, but in going to a conference in Buffalo, I forgot it, and as the car was damp and cold, before I got to Buffalo, my knee was swollen to twice its natural size.

I had seen the good effects that Pink Pills were having in such cases, and I tried them myself with the result that I have never had a twinge or a swelling since. This was effected by taking seven or eight boxes.

I need not say that I am thankful for my recovered independence, but I will add that my knee is far stronger than it has been for 35 years.

I took one pill at my meals three times a day.

I gladly give you this statement.

Yours, S. R. Calthrop.

Since writing this letter Dr. Calthrop has not had any visits from his old enemy and is even more cordial now in his recommendation of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills than he was then. To the reporter he said:

"I am continually recommending Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to acquaintances and those I chance to meet who are troubled with rheumatism or locomotor ataxia.

"Pink Pills," continued, Dr. Calthrop, "are the best thing of the kind. I know of. They are infinitely superior to most medicines that are put up for sale. I know pretty well what the pills contain and I consider it an excellent prescription. It is such a one as I might get from my doctor but he would not give it in such a compact form and so convenient to take.

"I recommend the pills highly to all who are troubled with rheumatism, locomotor ataxia or any impoverishment of the blood."

Conspirators.

It's not dark enough yet, she whispered as she peered eagerly up and down the street.

There's no one in sight, he replied, after a careful survey.

But some one may come around that corner at any minute and recognize us, and then I would want to die.

Well, then, we'll wait a bit.

What dreadful deed did these two contemplate committing?

He was only about to give her the first lesson in riding a bicycle.

DO NOT SUFFER.

With Kidney Complaint—You Can Be Relieved Within Six Hours.

I take much pleasure in stating that I have been using South American Kidney Cure, and found relief within six hours after first dose taken. I became sick in January, 1893, when I employed several of the local physicians, and was treated by them until the Fall of 1893 without receiving much benefit. I then began using South American Kidney Cure, and have found great benefit, and am almost, if not quite, cured. Have not been taking any of the medicine for seven weeks, and feel as well as ever. MRS. A. E. YOUNG, BARNSTON, P.Q. Sold by W. E. Richardson.