GOING CONAN DOYLE ONE BETTER ON SPOOKS

Monks From Tibet Recount New Sorceries; Tell of Dying Hermit Taking Another Body

Peking, China.—Isolated by natural barriers and now made doubly inaccessible by the civil wars, Tibet is now experiencing a revival of superstition, remarkable even in that land which for centuries has been ruled by lamas and has believed devoutly in "black magic."

Buddhist monks who have lately reached Peking, bringing some sacred books from Lhassa, have carried back tales of new "miracles," including one repentant sinner who has triumphantly gained Nirvana, and of a pious hermit who, when his own body was about to die, transferred his soul to the corpse of a lama priest only three days deceased.

The repentant sinner, who has become a saint, is said to be one Meela Rehba, son of a wealthy resident of Gongtang. Meela Rehba was educated in a lama monastery, and at 18 was graduated as especially learned in religious lore.

When the youth returned home he found that greedy officials had confiscated most of his father's many acres, and his parents decided that Meela Rehba should study "black magic" for two years to wreak vengeance on those who had impoverished he family.

Two years later, so the story runs, the evil ones of the family slowly sickened and died. The priests at the Lama Temple in Peking declare that the young magician accomplished this by making small clay images in the likeness of his enemies. By bribing servants he secured hair or finger-nail parings from those he hated, attached these to the images and then "concentrated."

The tale of living in another man's body has to do with Amdo Drugu, a hermit, who, with a servant, had spent nine years in meditation on an island in a remote lake. Though only 35 years of age, he had attained fame as a holy man. Last Fall he became ill, and told his servant he must die unless the servant could go to the nearest town and steal the corpse of a lama monk not more than a week deceased.

The servant secured a corpse dead only three days, and took it back to his master.

Amdo Drugu, so the servant says, took the corpse into his arms, said many prayers, and then pressed his own lips to those of the corpse and breathed his last gasps into the lungs of the dead.

Within a few moments the corpse which the servant had stolen began to flush with life, and then stirred and spoke. It had become inhabited by the soul of the hermit.

But the stolen body was that of a priest 72 years of age, and when friends of the hermit now visit him they are shocked at the change in appearance. The friends, so the account told in Peking declares, are all convinced of the truth of the miracle by the fact that the changed hermit can recount in detail each past friendship.

Tiger!

An interesting article in the "Worlds Work" by F. W. Champion of the Forest Service in India tells us of the big "cat" in its home surroundings. Mr. Champion, like many of us in Canada, hunts with a camera rather than rifle and his article was profusely illustrated with flashlight pictures, of, inter, beautifully-striped tigers taken at close quarters. The article begins:

As the dawn was breaking the Sambhur belled—
Once, twice, and again!

What delightful memories these two simple lines of Kipling conjure up to all who have had the good fortune to penetrate into the heart of India's highly jungles! Indeed, there is many a man now serving in India whose thoughts were first attracted to service in this "Land of Regrets" by the hope that he might some day get opportunities for indulging in the sport of kings—the chase of that most magnificent creature, the tiger. And to many men still serving, under conditions so different from those of one or two decades ago, the one bright spot in an otherwise tiresome and unappreciated toil of duty is the fact that the Indian jungles are as fine as ever they were, and that, in these post-war days, tigers are in many parts of India, nothing like so scarce as is generally believed to be the case.

In many places, indeed, the number of tigers seems to have increased during recent times. This is accounted for by the fact that, during the war, all officers who could possibly be spared were away on active service, and those who remained were in many cases doing two and three men's work. Thus tigers were very little hunted during the war years, and, since then, many of the old hands have retired, and the newer generation seldom has a fraction of the opportunities that were ready at hand for their predecessors of only a few years ago.

After describing the general situation in India the tale goes on:

"I have met tigers at close quarters on other occasions and the members of my staff frequently do so, nearly always without anything untoward happening, and I hold that, under ordinary circumstances, the jungle tiger of the United Provinces is not in any way dangerous. The exceptions are: If he has been wounded; if he anticipates attack, or the loss of his food when he is hungry; if it is during the breeding season; or if it is a tigress with cubs.

I have no experience of habitual man-eaters—which are incidentally very different from man-killers—and thus do not purpose to say much about them. Some parts of India are much more liable to produce man-eaters than others, among which may be mentioned the Sunderbans, parts of the Central Provinces and Bihar, and the high hills of Kumaon. The old theory that tigers and leopards take to man-eating when they are old or wounded is not always borne out by the records of man-eaters that have been destroyed in modern times. It would appear to be almost certain that, in some cases, the tendency is inherited, or at least taught to the cubs by man-eating parents. The bad reputation of the more elevated parts of Kumaon for producing man-eating tigers and leopards is almost undoubtedly owing to the shortage of the natural food of the larger Carnivora in such high mountains. Some interesting stories of man-eating tigers of the last century, largely taken from records of the Bombay Natural History Society, were published in two numbers of the Pioneer of August, 1926.

A tiger, when wounded and fighting for his life, is a very different proposition indeed, and undoubtedly he then becomes one of the most dangerous of all animals in the world. I have given up shooting entirely during recent years, and thus do not now have opportunities of observing tigers under such circumstances. Exciting adventures frequently occur and I give one, quoted from the Pioneer of January 30, 1926, which befell E. A. Smythies of my service. It took place in Haldwani Division, which is some sixty miles east of Lansdowne Division. He tells the story as follows:

We were staying for Christmas in a good shooting block, and one night we had a kill by a tiger in one of the best small beats in the area. So my wife and I went off to the beat, and I fixed two small platforms, my own in front, hers, about forty yards to the right and behind, thus avoiding the risk of ricochets. Her machan was in the first fork of a tall cylindrical tree, 14 feet from the ground, the tree being 4 or 5 feet in girth. Just in front of my machan was a patch of heavy narkal grass about twenty-five yards in diameter, and there was a good deal of grass and undergrowth all round. Soon after the beat started, and I heard a "stop" clapping, and the tiger roared twice. About three minutes later, I heard it coming through the narkal grass, and presently it broke cover at a fast slouch. My weapon was a H.V. .404 Jeffrey magazine rifle, with which I have killed several tigers. I had 4 cartridges in the magazine and chamber and several more loose on the machan. As the tiger broke cover, I fired and missed, whereupon he rushed back into the narkal. Presently the beat came up to the narkal, and almost simultaneously the tiger again broke cover, this time at a full gallop with a terrific roar. I fired at it going away on my left and again missed. The beast went by my wife's machan at a gallop about thirty yards from her, and as soon as it had passed her, she fired and hit about 6 inches or so above the heart and just below the spine. This stopped it, and it rolled over roaring.

Here the incredible part of the story begins. The tiger, mad with rage, turned round, saw her in the machan and made for her, climbing the tree for all the world like a huge domestic cat, with its forearms almost encircling it. Up it went vertically under her machan, and as I turned round hurriedly, I knocked the loose cartridges out of my machan to the ground. As things were, I had no option but to take the risk of hitting my wife. I fired at the brute when it was half-way up the tree, but only grazed it. As I looked to work the bolt and reload, I realized that I had only one cartridge left, and, looking up again, saw my wife standing up in the machan with the muzzle of her rifle in the tiger's mouth—his teeth marks are 8 inches up the barrel—and he was holding on to the edge of the machan with his fore-paws and chin. In this position she pulled the trigger—and had a misfire! You must realize that at least two-thirds of the tiger's weight was now on the machan, for, except for his back claws, he was hanging out from the tree by the width of the machan, which was rocking violently from his efforts to get on to it. The next thing I saw was my wife lose her balance and topple over backward, on the side away from the tiger.

The tiger did not seem to notice her disappearance, and, as I again aimed at him, I saw him still clawing and biting the machan—the timber was almost bitten through, and the strings torn to shreds. I fired my last available cartridge, and, by the mercy of Heaven, the bullet went true. It took the tiger in the heart and he crashed over backward on to the ground immediately below the machan, where he lay hidden from view in the grass. I did not know at the time that he was dead; nor, of course, did my wife. All I knew was that my wife had disappeared from the machan on one side of the tree and the tiger on the other, and that I had no cartridges left, and that I was helpless for the moment to give any further assistance.

Whether my predicament was as bad as my wife's can be judged from her view of the incident. I quote her words: "When I fired again, he turned around and saw me, and immediately dashed, roaring, toward my tree. I thought he was galloping past, but suddenly realized that he was climbing up, and only just had time to stand up in the machan before his striped face and paws appeared over the edge and his blood and hot breath came up to me with his roaring. I pushed the barrel of my rifle into his mouth and pulled the trigger, but the rifle would not go off. Then I really did feel helpless and did not know what to do. We had a regular tussle with the rifle and then I saw his paws come up through the bottom of the machan, and, stepping back to avoid it, I must have stepped over the edge of the machan, for I felt myself falling. I thought I was falling into the jaws of the tiger and it flashed through my mind: 'Surely I am not going to be killed like this.' I never felt hitting the ground at all and the next thing I knew was that I was running through grass and over fallen trees, wondering when the tiger would jump on me."

She arrived at my tree almost simultaneously with the mahawat, Bisharat Ali, who had rushed up his elephant, regardless of wounded tigers or anything else, and she hastily mounted and cleared off into safety, unhurt except for a sprained wrist and various scratches and bruises from the fall. One of the "stops" was calling that he could see the tiger and that it was lying dead under the machan.

It was a nice male of 9 ft. 2 in. in length with three bullets in it, one between the heart and spine, one cutting the bottom of the chest, and one in the heart. It will be a long time before we try and get another! This is a plain unvarnished account of an incident which must, I think, be unique in the annals of tiger shooting. At least, I have never heard of a lady being hurled out of a high machan by a climbing tiger and her husband killing it up in the air with his last cartridge.

Russian Motor Registration

Motor vehicles registered in all of Russia totalled 21,035, as of July 1, 1927, according to figures furnished the U.S. Department of Commerce, 78 per cent. being state owned, 7 per cent. co-operatively owned, and 15 per cent. privately owned. Figures compiled by the American Motorists Association show that this is one motor vehicle to every 6,723 inhabitants in Russia, compared with one automobile to every five persons in the United States. Canada has an even million cars.

As we understand it, the rising generation retires about when the retiring generation rises.—Dallas News.

They Evidently Studied More Than Farms

CANADIAN FARMERS MEET COMEDIAN

The Canadian agriculturists visiting England enjoyed a joke with George Robey and Marie Blanche after seeing a performance of Robey's Revue, "Bits and Pieces."

The Cleaning And Care of Furs

Furs are being used today by Canadian women to a greater extent and in greater variety than ever before. They are expensive and to some extent a luxury, their proper care is, therefore a matter of considerable importance in order that the wearing quality and beauty may be preserved to the fullest extent. In this connection the Natural Resources Intelligence Service of the Department of the Interior, considers that it would not be amiss at this season of the year to give some information regarding the proper care and storage of fur garments.

Furs not only collect dust, but cosmetics, grease, and other foreign matter which works down to the leather unless thoroughly beaten or brushed or blown out. It will be readily understood that if these are allowed to remain and accumulate they will have a deteriorating effect not only on the life of the leather but on the beauty and texture of the fur as well.

A good deal may be done in the home in the superficial cleaning of furg arments, mostly in the way of shaking and beating. Frequent shakings are a fairly good insurance against moths. Furs should always be cleaned and aired before being stored. They should not be hung in the sun but in the shade where the wind can blow on them.

To clean furs they should be shaken vigorously and then be beaten with a smooth switch or light cane. There should not be too much beating for fear of damage to the skin. A vacuum cleaner may be run over them with good effect. Hardwood sawdust rubbed into a fur and then thoroughly beaten out will much improve the appearance and the process can be repeated several times if necessary. The use of hair brushes and combs on furs should be with moderation. Combs, if user, should be large toothed.

This is about the extent to which cleaning should go in the home and if carried out frequently, it will be very beneficial in the upkeep of fur garments. Thorough cleaning of the linings and the fur should be undertaken by an expert with proper facilities and experience. The use of cleaningfluids such as alcohol, etc., are dangerous in the hands of the amateur. Besides danger from fire, irreparable damage may be done to the garment.

Some cleaners, who have little or no real knowledge of fur, advertise fur cleaning. Furs should only be entrusted into competent hands. The process of the fully equipped furrier in cleaning furs includes a considerable number of operations and is generally as follows. First the linings are removed and cleaned separately. Then the fur body in tumbled over and over in a revolving drum and afterwards laid on a padded table and whipped or beaten. The duration and severity of these actions depends on the kind and condition of the skins. The fur is then vacuum cleaned by blowing and suction after which sawdust is moistened by a cleansing fluid such as highly refined naphtha or benzine and rubbed into the fur. After the dampened sawdust is rubbed into the fur until the grease, powder rouge and other materials have been cut by the cleaning solution, the garment is shaken and beaten again. The fur is then paced on a figure and glazed with water, care being taken so that thew ater will not soak into the skin, and ironed with paper between the iron and the skin. Finally the cleaned fur and linings are brought together again.

Enough has been indicated to show that fur cleaning is really a craft of its own and one which should be taken advantage of. It is frequently convehient to have fur garments thoroughly cleaned at such time as alterations or retailoring is being carried out. The furs will emerge like new and worn skins can then be easily replaced and the garment brought up to the latest fashion.

A word about storage. Do not hang furs in closets or wardrobes filled with other garments or near fires and radiators. This applies especially to wet furs; there are natural oils in furs, and heat softens the leather. Attention has already been directed to the desirability of vigorous shaking and beating, etc., before putting away furs. They should then be wrapped carefully and completely in a good paper covering (tar paper and carbolized paper are sometimes used) scattering some naptha line flakes, camphor, moth balls or cedar shavings in them. Plenty of moth preventatives should be used. Wrap the package in a second wrapping of heavy paper or place in a good paper bag and store in a dark cool closet or in a box with a close fitting lid. Some careful persons even wrap the box in one or two coverings of paper and seal.

Moths may sometimes persist even in a well cleaned and packed fur garment. They cannot however live in a temperature below zero and thus many place their furs in cold storage over the summer for safe keeping. Most of the larger furriers are now equipped to handle furs in this way. Furs are valuable and can be completely destroyed by fire. Insurance is advisable and the furrier attends to this also. Lastly one should see that the storage receipt and insurance papers are placed in a safe place, preferably the safety deposit box.

Japan After Sixty Years

"Revisiting Japan in 1927, fifty-seven years after my first sight of Fujiyama I beheld a veritable transformation in Japanese habits of life," writes William E. Griffis, formerly of the Imperial University of Tokio, in February "Current History." "In place of vehicles moved by human muscle and only for the privileged classes, I see virtually all Japan flying on wheels and in a hurry. The railways, besides breaking up old local prejudices and habits, have educated a nation in the very alue of time. . . . A healthier and better-looking race is here now, free from the former almost universal diseases. I see to-day full freedom of conscience for all, hundreds of Christian congregations and free public schools, a new generation facing a vastly different outlook than of old. . . . I wrote in 1876 that the average subject of the Mikado was a sheep as far as political rights or freedom of discussion was concerned. But now, with 2,000 newspapers in the empire, with the right of organization and public meeting gained, with a populace able to read and write and after a half century of public schools and representative Government, the working classes think, have opinions, practice local Government and vote intelligently. . . . Out of the union of Occidental and Oriental civilizations in Japan there is arising a noble structure."

British Columbia Large Lead-Producer

Approximately 94 per cent. of Canada's output of lead and 92 per cent. of the zinc comes from British Columbia; the remaining 6 per cent. of the lead originating in Ontario, the Yukon, and Quebec, and about 8 per cent. of the zinc in Quebec.

Once upon a time America was connected with Europe by means of a lost continent instead of a lost loan.—Anderson (Ind.) Herald.

Meaty Win[ter] [Dish]es

These New Veal and Liver Recipes Are Suited to Cold Weather Appetites

In choosing veal, look for meat that is pinkish in color with white fat. If the fat is colored, the meat has probably been taken from an animal that is too young.

Remember above all that veal should be cooked thoroughly, as it is a difficult meat to digest easily. Also it is bland in flavor and requires more than the ordinary amount of seasoning.

Veal Chops—Surprise.

Cut a wide slit to the bone in six thick veal loin chops, making a pouch. Fill this with a stuffing made from eight slices of bread soaked in water, one-half an onion chopped fine and sauted in butter three minutes, one-quarter of a pound of mushrooms sauted in one tablespoon of butter. Mix the bread, which has been drained, with the onions and mushrooms, season with salt and pepper and celery salt, and moisten with a little stock or water if necessary. Put the stuffing into the pouch and hold in place by inserting a wooden skewer in each chop. Place the chops in a baking dish with small pieces of salt pork in the bottom of the pan. Bake in a moderate oven for an hour and a half. Baste frequently with stock or water. Remove the skewers before serving.

Stuffed Breast of Veal.

Cut two and one-half pounds of breast of veal into individual servings. Cover each with a stuffing made of one and one-half cups of bread crumbs, mixed with one-third of a cup of melted butter, the juice of one onion, salt and pepper to taste. Place in a slow oven, in a covered roaster for one and one-quarter hours. Baste with stock frequently. Remove the cover about five minutes before serving if the bread crumbs have not browned.

Veal and Green Peppers.

Wipe two pounds of veal cut from the leg, and cut into small cubes. Roll in flour seasoned with salt and pepper. Saute in butter until brown. Pour meat and fat into a kettle, add three green peppers cut up, one cup of water and three tablespoons of butter or substitute. Cook very slowly for one and one-half hours. It may be necessary to add water from time to time. Thicken the gravy before serving. Place on a platter surrounded by a ring of boiled rice.

Veal a la Bismarck.

Buy two and a half pounds of veal from the round. Cut into pieces of individual servings. Roll in bread crumbs, then in a beaten egg, and then in crumbs again. Fry in four tablespoons of fat until brown on both sides. Pour tomato sauce over the

138 British Have Incomes of $500,000

Man With $750,000 Yearly Must Sacrifice Half to Meet Tax Demands

London.—There are 562 men in Great Britain and Northern Ireland, according to the Inland Revenue Department Bluebook, who have incomes of $250,000 a year or more. Of these 138 have incomes exceeding $500,000, their average income in fact being nearly $1,000,000. The report shows that the numbers of the very rich and the total national income have not increased.

In fact, the national income has slightly decreased. It was £3,019,603,963 in 1923, but by 1926 it had dropped to £2,944,449,789 and last year according to the budget estimate, it was £2,900,000,000.

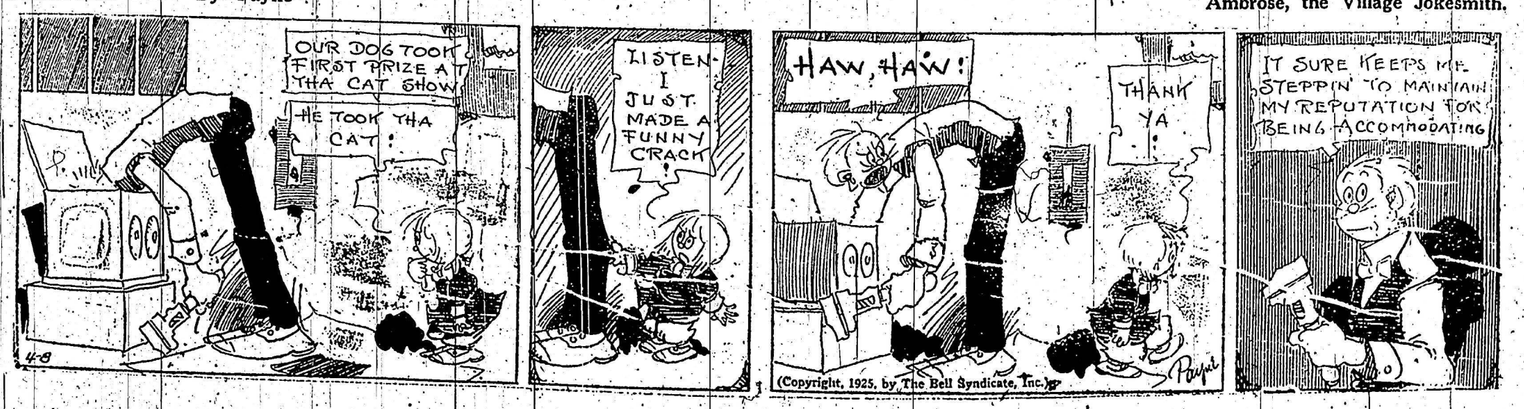
Under English taxation a man having an income of $750,000 a year has to pay practically half his income in tax and supertax. If a man leaves a $10,000,000 estate 40 per cent. of it must go to the Treasury. Though big incomes are fewer, the total number of supertax payers last year was a record.

Back to the Land

Sorel Courier: The back to the land movement is assuming encouraging proportions and it is our duty to stimulate this wave of colonization which is becoming so marked. Both Provincial and Federal Governments recognized long since that it was highly important that those of our people who had deserted the country districts should be induced to return and that the surplus population of the towns should be directed towards agriculture. There is cause to rejoice therefore, in the manifest tendency toward the decrease of rural depopulation, and the growth of the back to the land movement.

Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time.—Abraham Lincoln.

S'MATTER POP—By Payne



Ambrose, the Village Jokesmith.