

# Woman Killed First of Huge Saurians Lately Found

**Mrs. William Douglas Burden Tells How She Did  
It—Borneo Jungles Concealed Huge Lizards  
—Trapped with Buffalo-meat — Also Visited  
Cannibal Islands.**

Mrs. William Douglas Burden, wife of the commander of the Burden "dragon hunters" of the tropic island, Komodo, herself shot one of the giant lizards, two of which now are in the Bronx Park Zoo, the first fruits of the expedition's activities.

She tells about it in one of the letters she wrote from the wilderness to her family. These letters have told of the party's first hunting along the coast of the "dragon island" and then of their removal to the mountains.

Douglas Burden, Prof. E. R. Dunn, of Smith College, Defosse, the French huntsman, and a Chinese cameraman, made up the party with Mrs. Burden.

**Shoots Her First Great Saurian.**  
Mrs. Burden's story today is of their first success after leaving the coast, where the two live specimens now in New York were captured in snares of bent saplings, in tempting the huge Varanus Komodoensis to the blinds build of boughs and baited with buffalo meat.

"June 29.

"Today I shot my first V. K. He was feeding at a bait, and when I hit him in the neck he ran into the woods. I shot him again and he rolled down the hill, whereupon we saw a much larger one running in the same direction. Defosse killed him and found mine dead, so we came back here to get some coolies.

"Upon returning with them my V. K. had disappeared, so we followed his trail, until suddenly we heard a great hissing ahead and, looking ahead, we saw another Varanus dragging him away, having eaten all his insides en route. Whereupon Defosse shot the third one.

**Nearly Trampled by Buffalo.**  
"Even then the excitement was not over, as on the way home, just as we passed a bamboo thicket, a buffalo bellowed and crashed out of it. Defosse screamed to lie down, so with my face in the grass I did not see the buffalo disappear on the opposite side from us and waited trembling for the end, thinking each moment to feel the gorging of the horns and the stamping of the hoofs. After this I just managed to totter home, with knees like water."

The next day, Mrs. Burden wrote, was the most strenuous the party had known, with the great lizards pouring into the inclosures that had been built from them, and where they were shot, or photographed at ease.

And it was something of a triumph for Mrs. Burden, too. She wrote of it: "This has been almost the most eventful day of any. The lizards are swarming to the buffalo bait, so the camera man and I went and watched them from the blind. We got several good pictures of small ones climbing all over the buffalo. Then a big one came, and he got a picture of me creeping up to within about ten feet of him and shooting him."

"The animal thrashed about beautifully and I finished him with my revolver, and then dragged him off by the tail. It was great fun, and the only picture we have been able to get of shooting a veranus in spite of the others having tried. Ha! Ha! Men are so superior, but it does my heart good to steal a march every once in a while.

**Starts Big Herd of Deer.**

"I am tired of following in their footsteps and never getting a shot at anything. It is always, 'Lie down, here comes a deer,' or, 'Stay here and don't move in case any animal comes into sight.' Then I have the pleasure of watching them kill some poor beast and all my exhausting hunt goes for naught. From now on I shoot to right and left willy-nilly.

"After my successful picture I went buffalo-hunting with Defosse, hoping against hope that we should find none. We skirted around the topmost ridge of the island, and the view in all directions was inexpressibly beautiful. There were many fresh buffalo droppings everywhere, and my breath was coming very short, for we came to some woods which Defosse said was the home of a herd of them. Nothing daunted, in we started from the bright sunlight into the densest gloom. Then with a crash some animals started toward us. Defosse yelled, 'Drop!' and fired, and I looked up in time to see a herd of about fifty deer go skimming by. Three of them stopped on an adjoining hillside, so, wiggling on our stomachs to within about 150 yards, we each shot one and came home triumphant."

**Bound for "Cannibal Island."**  
Next is Mrs. Burden's July 4 letter to her family:

"Everything has been going on just the same here," she wrote, "and we now have fourteen Hi y H. es' UE tomorrow for Padar. That is an island about two hours from here, where we expect to spend a couple of days look-

ing for a larger V. K. then we already have found. It is disappointing not to have anything larger than nine feet two!"

Independence Day was the last the party spent on Komodo. They removed later to Wetar, the wildest of all the islands, as Mrs. Burden says, and reputed to be the home of head-hunters, although the expedition found none. Nor were they successful in discovering more lizards, which, it was at one time believed, might exist there also. Komodo, they later came to know, is the only spot in the world where the great saurians now still live.

"We are now on a true deserted island!" she wrote from Padar on July 6. "The boat brought us here yesterday from Komodo, and called for us to-night, after taking our coolies back to Sape. We then go to the wildest and most untouched of all these islands, where the people are said to be head hunters.

"It is called Wetar, and is very beautiful, but Douglas says we cannot go into the interior if the people are really wild. However, that remains to be seen.

**Sands of Marvelous Pink.**

"The only redeeming feature on this island is a magical pink sand beach. The red coral has been ground up with the white, which results in a deep rose color, turning to mauve where the water strikes it. This, combined with the marvelous translucence of the water, makes swimming altogether irresistible and delicious. This did not help our thirst, and as all drinking water gave out before the Dog got back, and we imagined what a nice fix we would have been in if anything had happened to her. The lingering death on these barren sands would be anything but pleasant.

"However, as we are now safely on board, that possibility is over, and we will have a chance to brave the head hunters. Where we are really lucky is to have escaped being bitten by the many poisonous snakes. They are by far our worst danger, especially the black cobras, of which we saw twelve alone.

"This boat is now even worse than I foresaw. The captain has collected, beside the horse, a cockatoo, a deer, and a dozen new roosters who crow all night. These combined with our two lizards make the most gruesome medley of sounds and smells conceivable. Naturally they are all crowded on the one and only deck with us, the kitchen and the sixty or so Malays. I therefore took my cot to the bridge and had quite a pleasant rest. The night before on Pauan was wakeful, to say the least, with the kangaroo rats jumping and squeaking around us by the hundred.

"We are about to land on Wetar, so we shall soon know the worst. It looks

wild and rugged, to say the least, but it is well wooded compared with Komodo. Any place will seem nice after this Dog.

**But They Aren't Head Hunters Now.**

When Mrs. Burden next wrote, on July 12, the party had made its landing.

"After an easy two-day trip we arrived here the 10th, to be greeted in a most amazing manner. Instead of the expected head hunters, we described as the boat drew near a group of natives dressed to the eyes, waving Dutch flags and playing on bamboo flutes and other queer hand-made instruments, while the children did excellent shimmy dances.

"Upon going ashore they carried us from the rowboat on seats covered with white cloth, and we all shook hands with the chief men of the village and their wives, who awaited us in line. We were then conducted through the village in the form of a procession with the band following, alternately playing and singing. The village consisted of six or eight palm-leaf huts, on a square of neatly swept bare earth, surrounded by cocoanut trees. To one of these huts we were led and seated at a table facing the headmen, while the fifteen or twenty-remaining inhabitants crowded in the doorway and the music continued deafeningly.

"The captain then began asking questions, but could only get the most doubtful information. They were full of myths, as are all natives, and told of boiling rivers and crocodiles with white heads, of which they are deadly afraid. When we asked them to collect frogs and lizards, the thought it a fine joke. We managed to get five men for coolies, however, and after one more parading to the beach we left them still playing their one tune.

**Camp Under Giant Banyan.**

"Now we are camped some miles down the beach under a giant banyan tree. Tame as these people seem, they are not Malays but pure Papuan, the wildest race that exists today on New Guinea, and a few other last outposts of civilization. They had never seen a steamer or white people before, except the headman, who, knowing it was a Government boat, must have arranged the display. It certainly was astounding to us, as we were to them.

"We asked them if they had any idols, whereupon baskets of tall head-dresses and other finery were brought out. These were partly made from feathers and hair and were used for their ceremonies and dances in their head-hunting days. Heaven knows how long ago that may have been, but I know that I met one of the real old-timers this morning, who participated in said ceremonies with the best of them. This is how it happened:

"There was another village about two miles from the coast on our other side, and Douglas and I went there the first day to see what it was like. The winding trails led through beautiful thick jungle, until suddenly it ended in a clearing filled with neat-looking huts like the first village. In front of these huts the children were playing and dancing with much noise, until they saw us and fled like rabbits to

"NAUGHTY! MAMMA SPANK."

From East Orange, N. J., comes the following jazz-age invitation as sent out by a flapper on her twenty-first birthday:

When one gets old, one gets gay  
So on October 2, a Saturday  
Which is my birthday, by the way  
Come celebrate, all night to stay.

Leave home your conscience, sweet-  
hearts, blues,  
I'll supply men, women, song and  
booze.

If you don't come you've a lot to lose  
We're depending on you, so don't re-  
fuse.

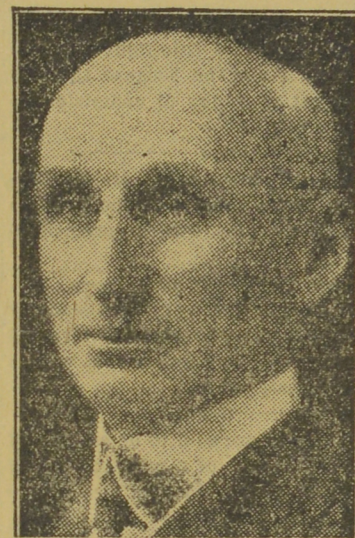
**EDWICE.**

It seems to me this should be said  
To any man who seeks a bride:  
"The contour of a damsel's head  
Has naught to do with the inside."

"John, don't buy a large roast."

"Why not?"

"The cook may quit before it's  
done."



**FACES BIG LAWSUIT**

William T. Lucas, M.P. for Camrose, Alberta, against whom Hon. Jacques Bureau, former Minister of Customs, has entered suit for \$100,000, alleging libel during the course of a speech delivered at Stettler.

their burrows. Then utter silence reigned and we made our way to the house of the headman through a seemingly deserted village. He came out to greet us, however, and seemed very pleasant. We purchased one of his wild pigs, which was trotting around the house like a dog, and it followed us home, wagging its tail. This made it altogether heartrending to shoot, especially as it made friends with the captain's deer on arrival, and they went to sleep side by side. Both being babies, they were glad to find a friend and we were free from the crying of the deer for the first night since he came ashore with us."

## Canadian National Railways

**TENDERS FOR HARDWOOD TIES**

Sealed tenders addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Hardwood Ties" will be received at the office of the General Tie and Timber Agent, Room 802, Canadian National Express Building, McGill Street, Montreal, until 12 noon, Tuesday, October 19th, 1926, for Railway ties to be manufactured from Beech, Oak, Hard Maple, Chestnut and Yellow Birch Timber, cut between October 1st, 1926, and May 1st, 1927, and delivered between January 1st, 1927, and August 1st, 1927. F. O. B. Cars, Canadian National Railways, in accordance with specification S 3 W 1.2, revised July 15th, 1926, for Number 2 Square sawn Hardwood ties.

Tender forms can be obtained at the office of the Tie Agent at Moncton, and Toronto, or General Tie and Timber Agent at Montreal.

Tenders will not be considered unless made out on form supplied by the Railway Company.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

G. P. MacLAREN,  
General Tie and Timber Agent,  
Montreal, Que.  
Sept. 28th, 1926.

## Canadian National Railways

**TENDERS FOR SOFTWOOD TIES**

Sealed tenders addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Softwood Ties" will be received at the office of the General Tie and Timber Agent, Room 802, Canadian National Express Building, McGill Street, Montreal, until 12 noon, Tuesday, October 19th, 1926, for Railway ties to be manufactured from Fir, Hemlock, Jack Pine, Princess Pine, Tamarack and Cedar timber, cut between October 1st, 1926, and May 1st, 1927, and delivered between January 1st, 1927, and September 30th, 1927. F. O. B. Cars, Canadian National Railways, in accordance with specification S 3 W 1.2, revised July 15th, 1926, for Softwood ties.

Ties of each grade to be loaded separately.

Tender forms can be obtained at the office of the Tie Agent at Moncton-Toronto or Winnipeg, or General Tie and Timber Agent, Montreal.

Tenders will not be considered unless made out on form supplied by the Railway Company.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

G. P. MacLAREN,  
General Tie and Timber Agent,  
Montreal, Que.  
Sept. 28th, 1926.

## A. H. PARSONS

PHONE 147-32 332 SMYTHE ST

FREDERICTON, N. B.

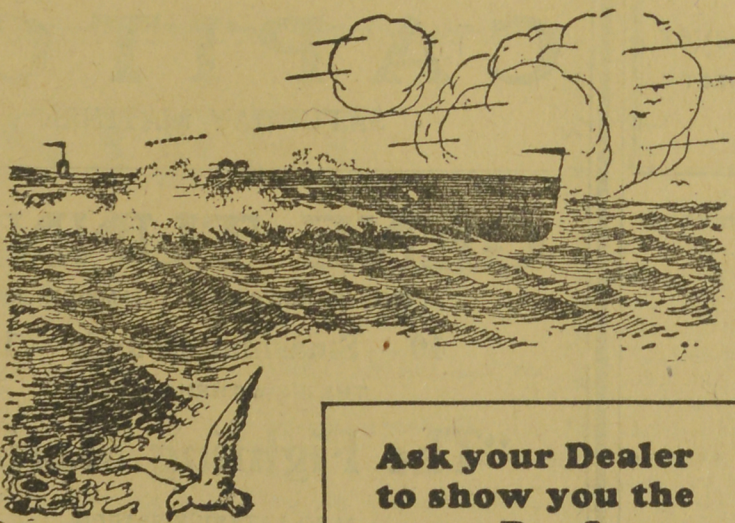
PAPERHANGING, WHITEWASHING

GRAINING, VARNISHING, and  
ENAMEL WORK.

ESTIMATES FREE.

OUTDOOR PAINTING A SPECIALTY

# COMFORT — with Speed The World's Fastest Shave



**Ask your Dealer  
to show you the  
new De Luxe  
Models**



**78 Seconds**

From Lather to Towel



Much is at stake—your whole shaving future. So buy a Valet AutoStrop Razor. Use either fresh blades or our famous strop for keeping blades keen. It works as a part of each razor. A few strokes

**G**ENTLEMEN, your skin specialist will tell you the facts about right and wrong shaving. You should know these facts.

We offer the fastest shave in the world, yet every one a super-velvet shave with the keenest edge known on a safety razor blade.

But that is not all. We offer here a scientific shave, with due consideration given to dermatological principles, a shave which does not pull the skin or facial muscles, a shave which does not irritate.

We spent a fortune attaining a super-keen blade. It has created a world-wide sensation. Sales have reached a new peak.

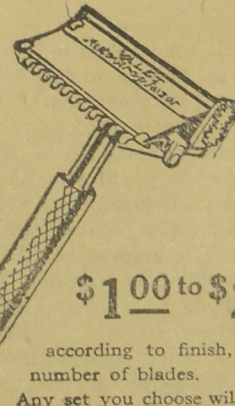
**ONCE OVER—THATS ALL**

With this new edge you run over your face one time only. And that's where you reduce your shaving time one-half. Also, you spare your face, for dull edged blades are harmful.

Mistreatment helps to age the face and wrong shaving is an important factor. Only a fast shave with a super-keen blade keeps the face in condition.

restores a barber's edge to any of our blades.

Whichever you do, you experience a new sensation in shaving.



**\$1.00 to \$25.00**

according to finish, case and number of blades. Any set you choose will give that smooth, velvet, 78-second shave.