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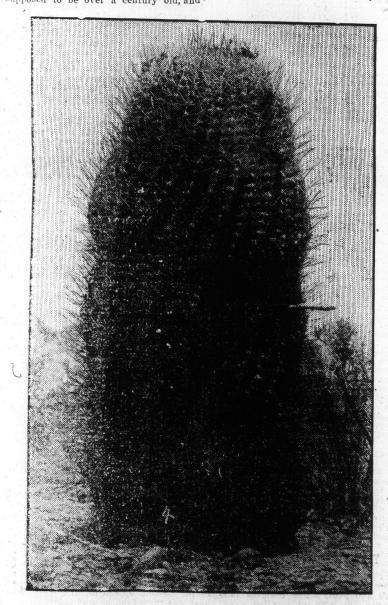
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and there steep gulches (washouts), and above us a blazing September sun. However, we clapped spurs to our broncos, the wiry cow ponies of the West, and charged straight up the hill. The bison turned tail and shambled off, so slowly that I made certain we should have him in five minutes. "He won't hump himself till he has to," observed our guide. "They're like coyotes—they seem to know how to keep just out o' narre." And so it proved. We galaged till we dared gallop no longer—without firing a single shot. The bison molted away into that ugly brown blotting-paper of a landscape, and we returned to camp, parched with thirst and abject with disappointment.

Next morning we left camp early. Touch him up with the spur. It's now or never." The with the spur. It's now or never."

The buckskin" needed no encouragement. When he understood that he was to leave the others, he stretched to the front at once. Before me was a long, the front at once. Before me was a long, the front at once. Before me was a long, the front at once and the front at once and the set of the hottest and ugliest spot we had yet struck, when our guide rushed up on foot, breathless, with the news that two bulls were quietly walking into our camp. In a jiffy we were grasping our rifles, and lo! just below us, where a small valley just below us, abject with disappointment.

Next morning we left camp early. We were uncomfortably aware that the water we were obliged to drink was poisoning us: and the sun, streaming down upon that glittering alkali desert, penetrated to our pain-racked vitals. Still, we had seen one bison, and the stills we were enduring were as pinpricks in the joyful expectation of seeing another. None the less, before 10 that morning we were nearly dead with fatigue and consumed with an intolerable thirst. At noon my cousin returned to camp. The guide and I rode slowly on berkeat that blistering sun for two hourse hourselved to camp. The guide and I rode slowly on berkeat that blistering sun for two hourselved and the shead. At the bottom was a ragged gulch with crumbling edges. The bison hurself across it; the "bucks kin" took it in his stride. Beyond was a gentle uphill slope; and this, to my intense dismay, seemed to inspire the huge brute ahead of me with fresh speed and vitality. What I had gained—and I had gained much in the descent—he took back, inch by inch, after we had crossed the gulch. All depended now upon the nature of the country beyond the crest of the hill. If it sloped downwards, the bison, humally speaking, was mine; if another ascent was in extremis, I mounted my and galloped after the first. It took me nearly half an hour before I got within shot of him, and then he was steen ravine. My horse,

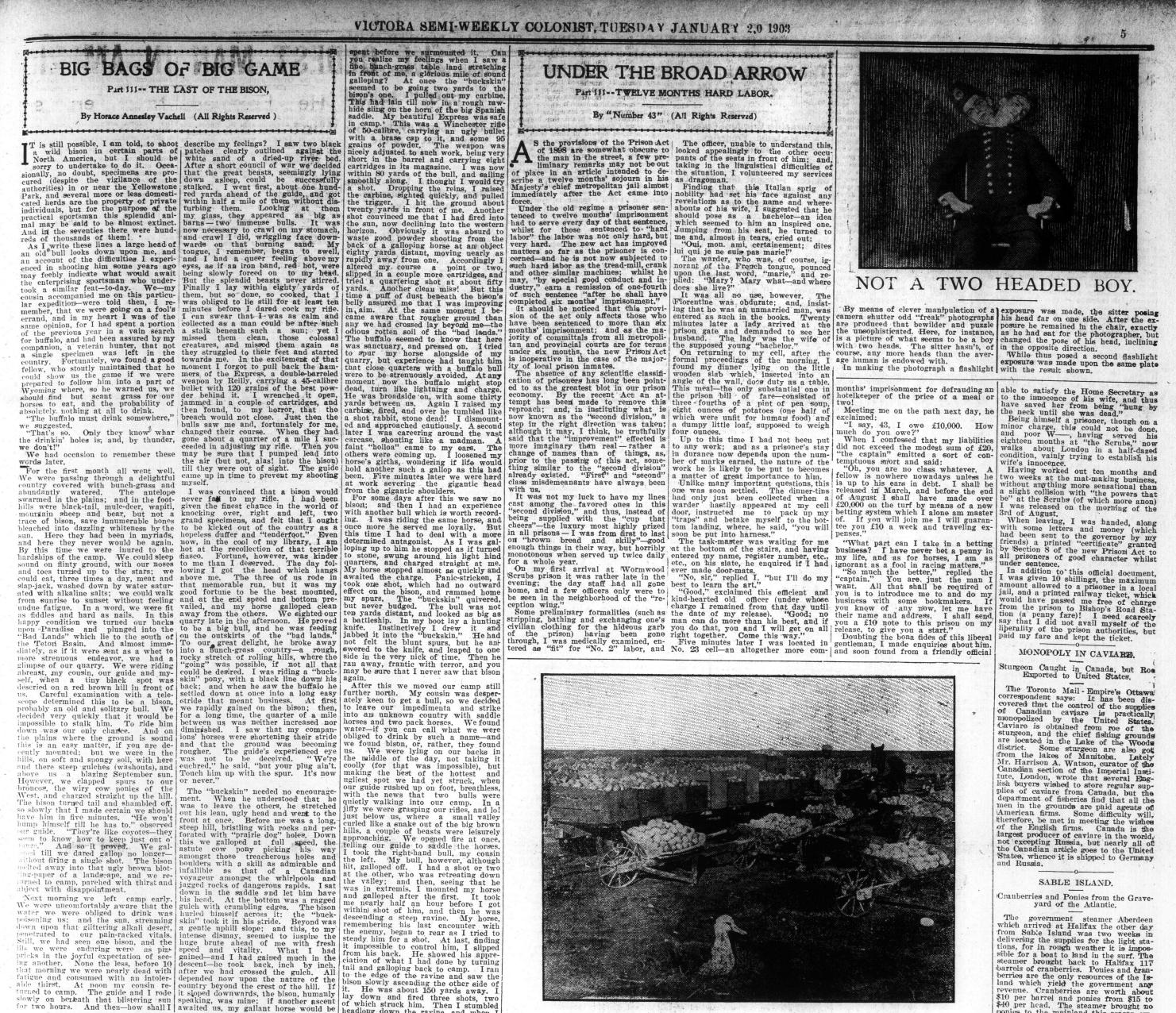


The Toronto Mail-Empire's Ottawa's correspondent says: It has been discovered that the control of the supplies of Canadian caviare is practically monopolized by the United States. Caviare is obtained from roe of the sturgeon, and the chief fishing grounds are located in the Lake of the Woods district. Some sturgeon are also got from the lakes of Manitoba. Lately Mr. Harrison A. Watson, curator of the Canadian section of the Imperial Institute, London, wrote that several English buyers wished to store regular supplies of caviare from Canada, but the department of fisheries find that all the men in the grounds are paid agents of American firms. Some difficulty will, therefore, be met in meeting the wishes of the English firms. Canada is the largest producer of caviare in the world, not excepting Russia, but nearly all of the Canadian article goes to the United States, whence it is shipped to Germany and Russia.

SABLE ISLAND.

Cranberries and Ponies from the Grave-yard of the Atlantic.

government steamer Aberdeen arrived at Halifax the other day from Sable Island was two weeks in from Sable Island was two weeks in delivering the supplies for the light stations, for in rough weather it is impossible for a boat to land in the surf. The steamer brought back to Halifax 117 barrels of cranberries. Ponies and transperries are the only resources of the Island which yield the government any revenue. Complexically appears to the supplies the supplies



very long wings, short tall and feet, and short bills, hooked at the end. They and short bills, hooked at the end color, but are many the proposition of the large with the energy.

These ceremonies over, I was taken to "A" hall—a manufacturing wing of the prison—placed in a cell on the ton to "A" hall—a manufacturing wing of the prison panels in the prison as I could.

To get into be dis an easy matter, but it to go to sleep whilst an army of bugs, fleas and other vite insects is wasing fleas and other vite insects is wasing and the vite of the end gave him a bullet, and it struck the skull just below the horns—an invulnerable spot. He shoot his immense head and trotted off, seemingly full of life and vigor. I was so relieved at his not charging that I very injudiciously tried a semi-fianking shot, which took effect too low and too far back. I had now one cartridge left, and the bison was going strong; but I could not believe that he would go far. And being assured of this, I was sensible that I dought to hurry back to camp. Still, I was loath to return empty-handed, knowing that my cousin had secured his beast. Accordingly, although in a blue funk, I began to run after my wounded bull. He had already disappeared behind a small rounded hill, but I made certain I should find him lying down on the other side of it. Nor was I disappointed. He had found a few stunted sage bushes—the only cover in sight. I crawled nearer and nearer, telling myself that I was a fool, and yet for the life of me unable to resist the thrill of the moment. Suppose my last cartridge missed fire? Suppose I missed? (I had once missed a wapiti at five yards!) Suppose the bull charged, as of course he would? These suppositions filtered through my mind like rain through a leaky umbrella. Half a dozen times I swore that I would retreat, but what lay beyond those sage bushes lured me on. I can best describe my feelings, perhaps, by com-

treat, but what lay beyond those sage bushes lured me on. I can best describe my feelings, perhaps, by comparing them to those of a man who rides a jaded horse up to a stiff fence, knowing that hounds will run into their fox in the field beyond. The bittersweetness of that feeling cannot be set down in prose. Silently as a cat I crept up to the bushes and peered through them. The bull never moved, but from his position I could see that he was not dead. I picked my spot in his vast side, and cocked the carbine. At the sharp click of the lock he was on his knees. I dared not hesitate. To close with him was my best chance. I rushed in, rammed my rifle against his close with him was my best chance. I rushed in, rammed my rifle against his ear, and pulled the trigger. He shivered with the shock and then slowly collapsed. This time I neither shouted

for danced. I was thinking soberly of what might have been. Hairdresser—"Hair begins to get very thin, sir. "Customer—"Yes." Hairdresser—"Have you tried our tonic totion? Customer—"Yes. That didn't do it, though."—Punch.

hat morning we were nearly dead with a minder actions and with an intoleration thirst. At noon my considerable thirst, and then—how shall I signed downwards, the bison, humanly for two hours. And then—how shall I signed downwards, the bison, humanly for two hours. And then—how shall I signed downwards, the bison, humanly for two hours. And then—how shall I and only three cartridges left in mypland, and in the excitement I had for which struck him. Then I stumbled the control of the struck him. Then I stumbled the control of the mainland this senson owners and then I had only three cartridges left in mypland, and in the excitement I had for which struck him. Then I stumbled the struck him. Then

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A little incident occurred here which is well worth retailing. A young Florient entities only rived and the and the forestail side path, and here it was much the prison that the prison that the prison that the prison that the prison of the time of the initiation of the strength with the forestail the first prison the prison that the prison

