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PULL DEVIL, PULL BAKER

(Continued from page 20)

fying intensity. Several of these bouts came, and still the tiger held his ground. But now his foe, impatient for the end, changed his tactics, and to secure a better hold, he for a moment relaxed his grip. In one instant the tiger had wrenched his torn cheek from the loosened jaws, and in another his fangs crunched with maddened force through the bony jaw and outspread tongue of the reptile whose swirling tail told its own tale. The biter was bit, and the struggle was now more equal. The tiger could drag at his enemy without being flayed alive, and drag he did. Despite his loss of blood, at one tremendous lift he gained a foot, then drawing back first one paw and then the other, he repeated the process, and foot by foot the snorting, struggling reptile was drawn over the edge of the slove. he repeated the process, and foot by foot the snorting, struggling reptile was drawn over the edge of the slope. Now my chance came; as he thrust forward his short forelegs the white of his shoulder showed, and in quick succession I fired twice at the unguarded spot. The effect was instantaneous; the tail whirled in the air, the front paws lost their hold, and the brute lay an inert mass which the tiger dragged still further up the slope. Then he stopped and relaxed his hold; for a moment he held himself rigid and ready, then he dropped his muzzle down to that of his prostrate foe, sniffed at him once, twice, and trate foe, sniffed at him once, twice, and then with a low growl—perhaps of wonder, perhaps of defiance—he turned and vanished like a shadow into the jungle-grass. I

ed like a shadow into the jungle-grass. I willingly let him go.

For five minutes I waited on my perch, lest he might return, unexpected; then with a call to Bishtu I slipped down, and made for my prize. He was a monster indeed, and evidently of great age. But already the twilight was appearing, and darkness in such a place was dangerous; so making a loop round him with a rope I tied him to the nearest tree and, stepping into the boat, we set off home in the gathering night.

night.

Next morning, with three men and a larger boat, we set out to bring in our prize. He was lying as we left him, and the sand showed the spoor of many feet. Our captive had evidently chosen a favourite resort of the jungle folk and levied toll on all and sundry. His internal arrangements, which we left behind us, indicated his varied fare, from snakes to deer, as well as the human beings committed to the waters; all were welcome to his economy. He was a magnificent brute twenty-one feet nine inches long; and one of my shots had passed through his tough old heart. With no little labour we towed him home, and after he had been properly prepared I shipped him to Europe, the biggest Indian crocodile I have ever seen.—Macmillan's.

LORD ABERDEEN'S PRIVILEGE.

The Earl of Aberdeen is entitled to vote for a member of the Canadian House of Commons—a privilege he does not enjoy on this side of the Atlantic. He votes as the owner of a fruit farm in Okanagan, Western Canada.

In a recent conversation with a Canadian visitor, Lady Aberdeen said: "Oh, yes, we consider ourselves Canadians still. You see, my husband is allowed no privileges over here. In Canada he has a vote, but here he is classed with minors, women, and paupers, and he doesn't like it."—Daily Mail (England).

THE REASON.

Two old friends on the street, locking arms, strolled slowly along, discussing various topics. Personal ones were touched upon at last, and, after exchanging family solicitudes for several moments, the judge asked the major: "And dear old Mrs. —, your aunt? She must be rather feeble now. Tell me, how is she?"

"Buried her yesterday," said the major. "Buried her? Dear me, dear me! Is the good old lady dead?"

"Yes, that's why we buried her," said the major.—The Argonaut.

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Best landscape, not introducing figures. Same prizes as in contest number two. Closes November 1st.

All photos for these competitions not winning a prize will be returned if postage for that purpose is enclosed. Mark "Contest Number Two" or "Contest Number Three" and put full name, address and description on back of each photo.

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