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THE PRONG-HORN ANTELOPE.

(*Antilocapra americana*, Ord.)

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Like most railway travellers, crossing our vast wastes of prairie in the west, I have found one of the most interesting occupations to be that of observing the mammals, birds, etc., which from time immemorial have peopled the lonely plain between Brandon and the foot-hills of the Rockies. It has been my lot to make the journey nearly a score of times, but it never proves wearisome if one keeps a sharp lookout for living creatures on these grassy wilds. On my last recent trip I saw once more the usual gophers, prairie hares, hawks, ducks, geese, and sea-gulls in numbers, the beautiful prairie wolf or coyote with bushy tail, either wandering deviously like a lost sheep-dog or taking a survey from a rising knoll, while the appearance of a badge shambling along rewarded my sight. These I had seen before, yet in spite of my keen watch for antelopes, I had crossed the prairie time after time without seeing those wonderfully interesting animals. On one occasion, however, when travelling from Prince Albert to Regina, in the company of His Grace Monsignor Pascal, and I was in the act of expressing my disappointment at always failing to see any antelope, His Lordship suddenly turned to the right as we stood on the rear platform of the car, exclaiming, "Why, there is a band of them," and, lo, five or six of these lovely creatures proudly pranced along not more than 100 yards from the train. With heads aloft and stepping high on their nimble feet, they recalled the action of trained ponies in a circus. They were going northward as our train sped south, so that my near view was brief, but the beautiful animals were so near and apparently so fearless that I had ample time to notice their form, colour, and general appearance. Their active graceful actions delighted me. Few experiences in the wilds, and