



A FINE SPECIMEN OF *OVIS STONEI*.

(Discovered by the author.)

After New Game in the Arctic.

By Andrew J. Stone.

[One remarkable experience of Mr. Stone's has already been narrated in our December issue. This tells of his discovery of a new species of caribou and of other big-game hunting in the Far North.]



MY DOG ZILLAH, TIRED OUT
AFTER CARRYING A TWENTY-
POUND LOAD TEN MILES.

ABOUT the 1st of September, 1897, I left Dease Lake, in the Northwest Territory, and started with two companions—a white boy and an Indian—for the Cassiar Mountains after caribou. After four days of difficult travel we pitched camp. On the morning of the fifth

day, we suddenly walked out in plain view of a small herd of caribou lying in the snow about six hundred yards away. We at once dropped full length on the ground. Occasionally they glanced in our direction, but not until I was stiff with the cold did the females and young finally move up and away over a high point, leaving three bulls between them and us to intercept our fire. At length the largest of these bulls got up, and, staring for a moment in our direction, suddenly started to run, followed by the other two. They did not, however, follow the cows, but swung off in single file to the right, at a sweep-