

with his Indian carrying the canoe on his head as usual, when they suddenly came on a large moose standing in the narrow pathway. The animal showed a determined front and apparently intended to dispute the right of way. It was hard to see how he could be driven off without running the risk of a savage kick, but the Indian, wise in forest lore, knew a safe and easy way. He slipped one end of the canoe to the ground and still supporting the other end on his head, drew his pipe and a match from his pocket. Quickly lighting the pipe, he blew a cloud of tobacco smoke down the wind towards the moose. One whiff of the "tabac canadien" was enough for the King of the Forest and he dashed off into the woods.

Then if our snakes, bears and wolves are all perfectly harmless, what are our "dangerous" animals? Well, as already stated, none of our fauna ever really menace human life; but there are two denizens of the Canadian woods that, though they do not ordinarily command any respect, I am inclined to treat with considerable circumspection. These are the skunk and the horned owl.

The skunk when undisturbed is really a well-disposed and unoffensive little animal. It is never the aggressor as far as mankind is concerned; but it has justifiably great confidence in its peculiar means of defence, and so it stands firmly on its rights and is very loath to make way for anyone. When it thinks it is being imposed on, it takes the literal offensive in a most effective manner, and an incautious approach always results in the loss of a suit of clothes to say nothing of one's dignity.

The horned owl is a much more dangerous enemy than this. It is, indeed, the only creature in our woods that ever makes an unprovoked attack on man. True, it has nothing against man personally, and its assaults are always the results of a misapprehension, but nevertheless it sometimes inflicts painful wounds. Like all its race, it is nocturnal in its habits, and its usual mode of attack is to swoop down in the dusk on the head of the passerby, its long claws causing severe lacerations. It is evident that the bird from its elevated outlook sees the moving figure of the man beneath it very much foreshortened, and mistaking a shock of hair or a fur cap for one of the small animals on which it usually preys, it pounces on its victim. In his most interesting book "Sport and Life on the North Shore" Napoleon Comeau records a number of instances of such onslaughts by the horned owl. I know a man who bears a large scar on his forehead as a consequence of such an encounter, and there are many well authenticated stories of shantymen having been attacked. At one camp it is said that the owls were so plenti-