

and so distinct that if you were skilled in such matters you might read the bear's future by the lines on his palm; tracks of single monsters, of a couple of chums, and of family parties, but all grizzlies. There are no narrow-heeled black bears here. We decide to try for the chums, and old Bert, who is grey-headed and slight-built, offers to go into the alder thicket between the 'slide' and the stream to 'hustle' the beggars out 'so as you can get a shot, Cap.'

To make a fitting finish for a magazine article, those bears ought to have been hustled out, or ought to have grievously chewed up poor old Bert. As a matter of fact they neither bolted



THE GREAT GLACIER ON THE STIKINE

nor charged, and I prefer foolishly to keep my fancy pictures for my boys' stories, which are avowedly yarns; but one bear did show himself, 300 yards away; a huge fellow, looking almost black in the sunlight, who walked quietly away and climbed slowly up the stone slide like one who hates exertion after a full meal, stopping from time to time to have a look at the intruder. I believe now that he would have let me run in close enough for a shot, but I did not know then how bold the bears were in this district, and I let him go until I saw him lie down on a ledge far up on the stone slide. Then I tried to climb another stone slide and come down from above him; but the rock