

the Bonnechere who left a set of harness in a shed in the woods over summer, found it chewed to pieces in the fall. Like all herbivores, porcupines are extremely fond of salt, and will greedily gnaw anything with a salty taste. I have been told of a camp on the Gatineau where they completely ate away a veranda post that had some brine spilt on it; and a similar example is afforded by the experience of a friend of mine on a canoe trip through Algonquin Park. One night he was awakened by a deep reverberating noise repeated again and again, coming from some little distance down stream. My friend said it sounded like a horse galloping over a wooden bridge, but there was no road within many miles and there was no bridge. At last he got up to investigate, and discovered that the disturbance was caused by a porcupine gnawing the inside of an empty bacon case left on the shore by a drive gang. Under the vigorous rasping of the porcupine's powerful teeth, the boards of the case thundered like a brass drum. But the appetite for salt does not explain why a porcupine last summer gnawed many square feet of the dry weather beaten boards of an old shed at an abandoned mine near Calabogie. Both inside the building and outside, from the ground level up to a height of six or eight feet, he chewed away large patches of the wood, in some places eating completely through the boards. What sapidity he discovered here is a mystery.

It is said that when quarrelling with one of its own kind, the porcupine gives vent to a variety of noises, but the only sound I have ever heard them make is a kind of whining grunt, best described as just about the kind of sound you would expect from a porcupine. But it seldom expresses its emotions vocally, and when assailed it keeps its back to the foe, and maintains a dogged silence. All one winter, my friend Mr. Armon Burwash and I paid weekly visits to a large old porcupine who lived in a hole in the rocks on a bare hillside. We knew he was old, for it must have taken him years to accumulate the dirt that matted his quills together, and which exhaled a strong, but truth to tell, inoffensive enough, odor of cedar. The den was simply a low tunnel open at either end, and roofed over with a couple of large blocks of limestone. We always found him in, though his lodging was in a most exposed situation, open to all the winds of heaven, and on a cold winter's night it certainly could not have been described as cosy. But be it ever so humble there's no place like home, and our friend seemed well satisfied with his quarters. We called him our friend, but it is doubtful if he reciprocated the sentiment. Mr. Burwash suggested that he used to say to himself when he heard us coming: "Confound it, there are those two hanged nuisances again!" For every week we tried some new scheme to drive him out of his den; but all in vain. We reached in through a hole in the roof and slapped him on the back, the only result being a dozen long