

it can pick them, as shown in the picture, as cleverly as any of the boys or girls who read this. It is also fond of honey, and robs the hives of wild bees which are made in hollow trees.

When winter comes the bear creeps into a hole under the thick trees. There it makes for itself a bed of leaves and twigs; and when the snow comes the bear lies snugly hid beneath it. It closes its eyes and sleeps during the rest of the winter. It goes to sleep fat and sleek from its feast of autumn nuts, but wakes up in the spring as lean as a rake and as hungry as—well, as a bear.

In the new parts of Canada the bear used to be the terror of the early settlers. Sometimes a noise would be heard in the pig-stye, and Bruin would be found lugging off a young porker. Just when the Indian corn was tender and juicy he had a fashion of stripping the ears and destroying a whole patch in a single night. Sometimes the settler retaliates on the bear by eating him. The flesh is said to be sweet and wholesome, resembling pork. The Rev. E. R. Young, formerly Methodist Missionary in the far North West, tells about a bear that was found in a wigwam quietly swinging an Indian baby in a sort of hanging cradle, in which it had been left by its mother.

In severe winters bears still come near the frontier settlements. We have ourselves seen the broad, flat footprint of a bear by the road-side among the White Mountains.

The polar bears are noted for their affection for their young. Neither wounds nor death will divide them. If one of her cubs is killed, the she-bear will remain and fondle the dead cub, and will bring food and endeavour to make it eat, although she may be starving herself.

The grisly bear, which is found in the Far West of Canada among the Rocky Mountains, is the fiercest of the tribe. Its Latin name indicates its character. It is called *Ursus horribilis*—the "horrible bear." It is among the wild animals of Canada what the Bengal tiger is in Hindostan, and the lion in central Africa. It has huge sharp claws with which it tears the flesh of the man or animal that it hugs in its fierce embrace. The Indians make a necklace of the grisly's claws, and wear it with pride as a proof of their prowess and skill in hunting.

Bears are very fond of climbing, and in the Zoological Gardens bear pits are provided in which they may climb on posts. They can climb a tree after honey quicker than any boy we ever saw. We have heard of a hunter who found a nest of young bears in a hollow tree, and while exploring

it the old bear began to back down from the hole above his head. What to do he hardly knew, but as soon as it was near enough he caught it by the tail. The astonished bear scrambled out again as quick as possible, with the hunter behind, and was too frightened to molest him.

The following bear story is taken from a book by the Editor of this paper, called "The King's Messenger, a Story of Canadian Life." It is just the sort of book boys and girls like to read—all about their own country. It sells for 60 cents, and should be in every library:—

"One night, when the snow lay deep upon the ground and a biting frost made the logs of the shanty crack with a report like a pistol shot, quite an adventure occurred in the camp. It was long after midnight, and the weary lumbermen were in their deepest sleep. The fire had smouldered low upon the hearth, and had become a bed of still burning embers. Suddenly there was heard a tremendous commotion as of scratching and clawing on the roof, then a heavy thud on the hearth as from some falling body. This was immediately followed by a deep growl that startled out of sleep everybody not already awake. A smell of singed hair filled the shanty. A large black object had fallen through the opening in the roof on the hearth, and was scattering the red hot coals with its paws. Presently the strange object rolled off the elevated hearth and ran furiously around the large room, and finally attempted to climb one of the bunks.

"Leaning against the wall was a cant hook, an instrument much used by lumbermen for rolling logs. Seizing this Lawrence flung it over the bear's head, for bear it was, and held him pinned to the ground by means of the hook. His friend O'Neal now ran up with a gun which he had hastily snatched from the rack above his bunk. Placing the muzzle close to the bear's head he pulled the trigger expecting to see the animal roll over on the floor. The cap snapped but no flash followed.

"Och, murther," exclaimed Dennis, "it's not loaded at all, shure! Didn't I draw the charge last night, not expecting a visit from a bear before morning!"

"Here Bruin, finding the constraint of his position irksome, made a violent struggle and burst away from Lawrence. He went careering round the shanty among the half-dressed men, upsetting benches and tables, snapping and snarling all the while, vigorously belaboured by the shanty-men with clubs, crowbars and sled-stakes. At last he was driven to bay in a corner. A gun was brought to bear upon him. He received its discharge with a growl and was soon despatched with an axe."