

tudes to northward of the Upsalquitch and Ottanoonsis.

Among the furred and feathered dwellers of these eastern wilds there was no tradition even of any such scourge as this swift, ravening pack. Of wolves there was, indeed, a sort of dim, inherited memory, but it had to do with the small eastern, or "cloudy" wolf, courageous enough in its way, but not worth having nightmares about. No bear or moose had ever paid much attention to the cloudy wolf, which had been practically unknown in these parts for upwards of half a century. But rumours of the new scourge carried a chill to hearts which had hitherto had little acquaintance with fear; and a sort of obscure panic heralded the invasion all down the wild rivers and the desolate plateau lakes. So it fell that of the ruling tribes of the region none for a time crossed the path of the invaders. The swarming rabbits and the abundant deer kept the pack in fair hunting; and at the same time, in their astonished retreat, led it on ever eastward.

But this to which they were now come was a country of bears, and it was inevitable that the pack should fall foul of them. One day as the eight swept noiselessly on the hot trail of a deer—noiselessly, because the wise leader had taught them the need of silence in the dangerous forests of their birth, and they seldom gave tongue except when the urge of the full moon was too overpowering to be resisted—they almost ran into a huge black beast which stood directly across the trail, clawing at a rotten stump. They stopped short, spread out into a half circle, and stood on tip-toes, the hair on their ridged necks and shoulders bristling stiffly.

The bear was equally surprised. An old, solitary, and bad-tempered individual of his highly individual race, he had neither heard of nor sensed the invasion of the terrible hybrids; nor would he have paid much attention had he sensed it ever so clearly. He was not a subject for panics. Whirling about to face the intruders he sat back on his haunches, grumbled deeply in his throat, lifted one great paw with its long, curved claws projecting, and with lowered head eyed his opponents fearlessly. He was ready for a fight, without regard to consequences. At the same time he was equally ready for peace, on condition that he was left severely alone. He was too interested in grubs, and berries, and rotten logs, to think of seeking a fight for its own sake.

THE wolves were not hungry; and they felt that the bear would prove no easy prey. In irresolute expectancy they waited till their leader should give signal for attack. Their leader, however—who sat on his haunches, with lolling tongue, just before the centre of the half-circle—was in no hurry to begin. He was studying the foe; and also waiting for a move. As befitted so wary a leader, he had the gift of patience.

It was a gift the bear had not. Presently appearing to make up his mind that the gaunt strangers had no wish to interfere with his pursuit of wood-grubs, he turned once more to the stump and tore out the whole side of it at one wrench of his great forearm.

In that same instant the fiery little bitch darted forward like a snake and snapped at his hind-quarters, hoping to hamstring him. With such lightning swiftness, however, did he whirl about and strike at her, that she got no more than a mouthful of fur in her teeth, and only escaped that eviscerating stroke by hurling herself clean over, like a loosed spring. A long red wale on her flank showed that she had not escaped completely.

Following in a second upon her rash attack, the rest of the pack had surged forward, but seeing that his mate had cleared herself the leader halted abruptly and with a savage yelp tried to check his followers. They obeyed, for they saw what sort of a foe they had to deal with. But one, the most headlong, had gone too far. A sweeping buffet caught him fair, high up on the chest. It hurled him clean back among his fellows, his neck broken and his throat torn out by the rake of those iron claws. As he lay, twitching and slaving, the leader surveyed him critically and came to a quick decision. It was no use risking, perhaps breaking, the pack upon so mighty an adversary, when their proper quarry was just ahead and there was no desperate famine to drive them. Summoning the pack sternly to order he led it aside at a gallop, picked up the trail of the deer again a hundred yards farther on, and left the body of the victim to whatever fate might befall it. The bear glared after them, mumbling angrily, till they were out of sight. Then he slouched over to the body, sniffed at it, turned it over with his paw, and went calmly back to his stump to look for grubs. He had no appetite for either wolf or dog.

The pack meanwhile, raging and amazed, went on,

and in due time made its kill. Feasting on the warm venison, it got over its discomfiture; and its lost member was easily forgotten. But it had learned a useful lesson.

IT was two days after this that the wolves came to the lake of the barrens, and from the dark covert of the fir-woods stared forth wonderingly upon the first moose which they had ever seen.

Two days earlier, the wolves would have regarded these two tall, ungainly shapes on the beach, black against the water, as but a kind of exaggerated deer, and would have flown at them without hesitation. But now they remembered the bear. They did not quite trust the colour of these two high-shouldered, long-muzzled strangers, with their wide splay hooves and indifferent air. They waited for

the signal of their wary leader. And that signal, again the wary leader was in no hurry to give. He was uncertain what prowess, what unexpected energies, might lurk in these bulks that seemed so like and yet so unlike deer. But when at last the two moose, daunted by the unknown, suddenly plunged into the water and swam off through the orange glow, he concluded they were a quarry to be hunted. Alone he stalked forth upon the open beach, gazed fixedly after the fugitives for some minutes till he made sure where they were bound for, and then stared appraisingly up and down the shores as if calculating the circuit of the water. Having apparently decided which would be the shortest way around, he stalked back into the shadows. A moment later the pack was under way at full run

(Continued on page 28.)



THE WAR CORRESPONDENT.

THE modern war correspondent does not get a fair chance. He is no longer on or near the field of battle. He can no longer describe the engagements at first-hand, and he is not permitted to see anything that the officers in command do not want him to see. He is virtually reduced to getting his information at second-hand from the group of combatants to which he is attached; and it is no wonder that he is often the victim of the "new tactics" which consist in securing moral support for the belligerent nation by magnifying its successes in the field. Of course, the larger facts cannot be kept from him. A great defeat will be so obvious that it cannot be denied. But his friends, the commanders of his army, will be about as garrulous over minor reverses as railway officials are when a reporter tries to find out the details of an accident on the "line." It is only fair to remember this as we read the contradictory and about-to-be-contradicted despatches from the Balkan Peninsula. They are not the observations of the correspondents. They are the optimistic dreams of the combatants.

IN the late Japo-Russian War, the Japanese Government kept all the European and American war correspondents locked up in Tokio for weeks after hostilities began, and then only permitted a representative or two of the whole "corps" to proceed to the mainland where they were kept far behind the actual fighting-front of the army. All they saw was the field of battle after the deadly simoon had long passed. The same thing happened in this war. The correspondents were kept in Sofia—the Bulgarian Capital—until much fighting had been done on the frontier. How near they are now to the front, we do not know; but the chances are that they can only hear the echoes of the cannon and the carefully-censored accounts of the "press bureau" of the army to which they are officially attached. This is a great change from the days when the correspondents were with the fighting soldiers and watched the flight of shells with their glasses.

THIS "bottling up" of the war correspondents is, of course, necessary under modern war conditions. Where you have a battle-front of a hundred miles—as occurred in Manchuria—and the long-range fighting rendered possible by our modern cannon and even rifles, it would be impossible for war correspondents to learn anything adequate of what was going on, be they ever so reckless. It is only at the headquarters of the two armies, where news comes from all parts of the immense field—quite as often by field telephone as by courier—that there is any grasp of the real meaning of the manoeuvres. A war correspondent attached to any regiment in the line of battle would know literally nothing of the course of the conflict, even if he knew what his own regiment was doing—which would be doubtful. He would have to "take cover" with the soldiers, and keep well out of sight while bullets whistled overhead. If they advanced, he must take the chances of the rush across the open; but he would be none the wiser for it—so far as war news went—if he arrived at the new trenches in safety. He would be like a flea under the sweater

of a "half-back," trying to report a foot-ball game.

SO there is nothing for the war correspondents to do but keep in touch with headquarters and send out the news parcelled up and given to them. This system has its defects—as all readers of war news from the Balkans are now perceiving. It is apt to be optimistic on both sides. You really only feel sure of a victory when the defeated army reports a repulse. Then, naturally, the importance of operations is exaggerated. When an outpost is captured, the victors feel as if they had broken the chief line of defence of the enemy; while the enemy regard the loss of a fortress as no more than "falling back" to more favourable fighting ground. And there is no neutral war correspondent who can see the whole thing and judge for himself. He has unfortunately declined from the proud position of a judge or an umpire, and become little better than a "press agent" for the army with which he "messes."

ON the other hand, every evil having its compensations, we were never so promptly served with war news as we are to-day. The telegraph wire follows the war correspondent into the camp; and the whole world knows of a brilliant action within a few hours of its completion. Before the wounded have been brought in, the partisans of the winner are cheering their victory in the safe streets of their far-away cities. We, in Canada, are more closely in touch with the battlefields of the Balkans than the people of England were with Waterloo. Of course, there were no press correspondents at Waterloo. The war correspondent is a relatively modern invention. But when the military operations permitted the pressman to watch them, he had to send his letters to the home papers by slow mail. Thus they became at least as much criticisms of the campaign as bulletins of battles; and when the public got its news, it got some illuminating comment at the same time.

NATURALLY the majority of foreign correspondents have gone into this Balkan War with the Bulgarian army. That is the force which is likely to see most of the fighting—it was easier to reach Sofia than Constantinople—outsiders would probably be given more freedom by Bulgarian than by Turkish commanders—and the connection with the telegraph system of Europe would be more direct and constant from the camp of Czar Ferdinand than from that of the Turkish generals. The Bulgarian army is the most compact and effective single force in the struggle. It ought to do the best work, man for man. The indifference of the Turk to death will be matched by the enthusiasm of the Bulgar in this fight for the safety of his kindred; and the German training of the Turkish army has been offset by German and French training of the Bulgarian soldiers. As for arms, the Bulgars will be at least as well equipped, and probably better. But, of course, they are fighting on the offensive; and defensive fighting is the Turk's "long suite." Thus the important accounts from the seat of war are almost sure to come through Bulgarian channels. The Greeks are doing, and will continue to do, plucky fighting; but they are a long way from the pivotal points where the result of the war will be settled.

THE MONOCLE MAN.