

WILD ANIMALS OF 1917



FOR patient guile commend us to the camera that snapped the chipmunk down below. This chipmunk is not tame. He had no intention of being photographed in that ridiculous basket. Which is where the tactics of the camera man came in. He strewed a trail to the basket with peanuts and dropped a few peanuts inside. One by one the "chippie" took them to his hole in a stone heap. The next was in the bottom of the basket. In he went. The camera clicked him as he got ready to come out.

Prowling Camera-Men go out after Canadian Huskie Dogs, Chipmunks, Bees, Mice and Porcupines

THREE huskie-dog mammas with their families, aggregating fifteen, are paying a visit to the Industrial Bureau, Winnipeg. The amiable canine lady caught here by the camera in the kindly act of nourishing her offspring has cause to be proud of her quintette of puppies which are said to be the very first of their kind in Canada. They are rare half-breeds, sired by a Russian wolf-hound; as may be noted from their extra size. They are canine experiments. If these five live to go the mush-on trail they may be a combination of strength, speed and endurance such as no huskie team ever knew. Just at present they have no idea that their mother is anything but a free dog.



DID you ever help to hive a swarm of bees? Did you ever sit at a farmer's dinner table and of a sudden see him hear a new big humming that made him leap to the kitchen, grab a tin pan and go beating it like a tambourine out under a little new maple by the road? If you were foolish enough to follow the bee-man, when he wore a gauze helmet and coat of mail and you had none, you may have found out the precise meaning of that apt retort



"Stung!" The camera-man who took this picture was at one moment in such a plight. He was the centre of the swarm which naturally saw in him the common enemy instead of the visiting preacher who did the hiving trick for the farmer. They made a bee line for the camera.

"Keep perfectly still, sir," implored the preacher. "Do not so much as bat an eye, or you may become a swollen man."

For several seconds the camera-man played dead. Afterwards he got this photograph of the mass of new bees gathered on the branch of the tree ready for the hive. For further particulars, see Maeterlinck's Life of the Bee.

OUR coy little beauty, the field-mouse, shown in the round picture, was stealthily caught by the same camera in a most interesting piece of business. The white object is her nest. For reasons best known to herself she decided to move her family. As they were too young to walk she carried them, just the same as a cat. She is here seen with a mouselet in her mouth.



IT was a different and quite as perplexed a camera that caught the north-country porcupines shown below, up in the branches of a leafless tree. These quilled and querulous exiles from the region of Porcupine, Ont., were not snapped in a home tree. No, to be perfectly candid, the tree was in a Zoo and the "porcies" are captives. They don't enjoy notoriety, as you may guess. They wonder how it is that so many people come around and nobody bothers them enough to make it worth while to shoot a quill.