

man who climbed the tree to do this met near the top with that tangled mass known as "witch's broom," which completely barred his way. He sawed the trunk below this, and when the top tumbled to the ground the "broom" was found to contain a red squirrel's nest, out of which scrambled two feeble young ones, just able to crawl. What to do with the helpless family was a problem. The parents were nowhere in sight. The plaintive squeals of the little ones made us anxious to repair the mischief we had inadvertently done in breaking up a happy home. The sawed-off top containing the nest was propped up against another tree, and preparations were made to make the homeless orphans comfortable for the night.

In doing this the nest was carefully examined. It was a fine piece of natural work, and no one would have guessed what this round mass of twigs and small branches could possibly hold. It had no doubt been a squirrel's nest for years, and there were evidences of broods of children, and perhaps grand-children, having been reared in this family tree. There were two entrances, one above and the other below, leading to the inside, which was a compact room or series of rooms woven round with sticks, grass, leaves and moss, so as to make it completely storm proof. It was as comfortable and safe a little home as the ingenuity of a squirrel could invent.

There was no food in the house. The red squirrel's habits lead it to store up its winter stores of nuts, acorns, cones, grain, etc., in the fall, not in its nest, but in crevices, holes and various nooks near the tree in which it lodges. These it visits even in winter, going straight to its hidden stores and digging them out from under the snow. What a memory it must have! The chipmunk or ground squirrel's habits are different. It stores in different channels or rooms in its burrow food for the winter. Late in autumn we have seen it carrying in its distended pouch dried leaves, which it evidently uses to make a comfortable bed, and to strew the approaches to it, to prevent the entrance of frost and snow.

While we were engaged in an awkward attempt to make the baby squirrels comfortable for the night, the mother appeared with an angry chattering and eyes that fairly danced with rage and maternal anxiety. We stood aside and watched. Pouncing upon one of her offspring she turned it over on its back, drew it close under her, patting it all the while with her paws, gathering the little one's

tail about her neck, its hindpaws close to her body back of the shoulders, and its forepaws close up to the body under her own hind quarters. This occupied fully five minutes, while we stood only a few feet distant gazing on with breathless interest. Finally when the little squirrel had been so closely packed to its mother that the two seemed to be one, the mother ran up a tall spruce near by, and, leaping fearlessly from branch to branch, was soon lost sight of in the woods. She came back in about ten minutes and went through exactly the same process with the other, scurrying over the trees to the new home she had evidently prepared in her need.

For days after if any of our household appeared on the scene of the outrage the mother treated us to a volley of squirrel abuse, leaping from branch to branch within a few feet of where we stood, and eager to wreak its spite on those who had despoiled her home. In its rage it reminded us of the squirrel of the Indian legend: The mythical Glooscap once brought all the wild animals before him, and asked each what he would do if he met a man. The squirrel was at that time as big as a man, and when it came his turn to answer, he flew at a stump and tore it with his teeth and claws. Then Glooscap thought him too dangerous an animal, and reduced him to his present size.

INGLESIDE.

At a banquet given in England during the recent visit of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, the following story was told to illustrate the importance of union for trading purposes: "A school boy was asked by an inspector:

" 'Would you rather have half an orange, or eight-sixteenths?'

" 'Half,' said the boy.

" 'Why,' asked the inspector, scenting a weakness in fractions.

" 'Because,' said the scholar, with the sixteenths you lose such a lot of the juice.' "

The celebrated grape vine in the conservatory at Hampton Court, England, planted in 1769, had in 1830 a stem 13 inches in girth and a principal branch 114 feet in length, the whole vine occupying more than 160 square yards; and in one year it produced 2,200 bunches of fruit weighing on an average a pound—in all, about a ton of fruit.—*Scientific American*.

"Your paper is a source of inspiration to me, and I enjoy reading it each month."—J. M. D.