

keep hold of his tail, so sudden and powerful are his jerks.

Foot by foot he drags his way. I grab his fur with the other hand, near where the acid went. It gets on my hand, and oh, how it burnt! But that is nothing now. I yell like fury to add to his terror. Up he goes, foot by foot, scrambling, grunting, snorting, scratching, doing his utmost. We are nearing the top. Soon he can use both hind feet beneath him at the same time, and his progress gets more jerky. Fan is tearing his ear like a little demon. Light ahead! I can see her. I grip, and yank, and twist his tail. Up he goes. I hang on for dear life. Nearer and nearer we struggle towards the light, the blessed light. The brute pants, and grunts, and scrambles. Up he goes! How hard it is to hold on! I am weary. My strength is fast going. One minute more and I shall have to let go, slide to the bottom and die. With bull-dog grit I won't let go.

Hold yet a few moments your relaxing grasp—my hands! Up he goes! Oh, joy! Here is the top. Fan is free! She has jumped off the brute's back, and is barking fiercely from the edge of the hole on the trunk of the tree. One more jump, and I hold my last exhausting grip, with eyes shut and lips tight. Another foot, and I let go, but clutch wildly for the edge; and before I feel my hold secure, Bruin jumps away, leaps clear of the tree, and is gone, leaving me hanging to the edge, safe, but so exhausted that I had not the power to move.

There I lay panting for a long time. The fresh air, with my dear little dog licking my face, revives me. A few minutes restore me, and I crawl out, or roll out, on to the ground, where I lay prostrate after my extreme exertion. Here I lay, in the dusk of the evening, until roused by the shouts of my Indians. With a faint voice I call them, and soon they hurry up to me in the darkening twilight, and carry me down with them to the camp they had made, and the supper they were waiting so long for me to join them in eating.

It was I who ate bear steak that night, not the bear who eat Splitarokski steak. It was now that I began to feel the pain in my hand from the acid poured in the fur of the bear, and though I dressed it carefully, you will know how bad it was when I tell you it was six weeks before I could handle a paddle. There are the

old scars yet. The Indians had the camp fire burning brightly, and the three bears, cleaned and hung up, to decorate it. It is very seldom you will see such a sight as that—three bears killed without a gun!

"Do you see, now, Gigtamps, what the old pine tree had to do with it?" asked the Professor of the boy who was his late inquisitor.

"Oh, yes; thanks, Professor, I see now," he replied.

"But what *would* you have done, if that bear had come down head first?" asked the young torment; and for an answer the others howled at him, rolled him over, and, grabbing him by head and heels, held him over the fire, threatening to give him a good scorching for his inquisitiveness.

"I don't know, I am sure," said the Professor; "but I would likely have done what Old Harvey, the hunter, told me he did when he got into a fix with a pack of wolves up the Maganetewan River."

Immediately there was a clamour. "Oh—please tell us that."

"Tell us, Professor." "Sit down again." "Encore," burst from the boys—and with eager, excited faces they crowded around their friend.

"Some other night, perhaps," he said, "if you find, on your collecting to-morrow, a rare specimen of wild flower, bird, egg, animal, or shell."

Then rising, and lifting his hand, he gave the signal for their evening prayer.

The boys rise, and with bowed heads listen, while

he offers a prayer of thanks to the Great Over-Ruler, for their safe-keeping 'neath the shadow of His wings.

"Now, off, ye skaliwags, to your beds of good balsam bows, fragrant with the soporific odors of Morpheus, lulled by the low, soft sighing of Minnewawa—"

"'Mong the pines, the mellow flood of silvery moonlight, while the deepening melody of the great Dahinda joins the tremulously persistent even-song of his feathered nightly consort, Wawowaissa, and sleep ye the sleep of the just, while Mishe Mokwa turns his festive somersaults around the Polar Star, and the Pukwudjees hold high jinks about the camp fire, eager to watch the lovely Wabunanung come out to her nightly battle against the ugly, fear-inspiring ghoul, Gushkewa, and dance in glee over her victory."

Then, with a wave of the hand, the Professor closed this apostrophic valediction, and retired for the night.



HE GAVE THE SIGNAL FOR EVENING PRAYERS.

THE DOCTOR'S SANCTUM.

Who enter this door must bid farewell to gladness,
For this is the doctor's own terrible room,
From which all who go have good reason for sadness,
'Tis here that each victim encounters his doom.

Over the door is a bust of Apollo,
In the corner reposes the much dreaded cane,
When its rest is disturbed all know trouble will follow,
And yearn for the time when 'tis laid down again.

But there's one thing that's dreaded much more than a
swishing

'Tis when the old doctor shakes gravely his head,
And talks with such kindness, you find yourself wishing
He'd give you a thorough good caning instead.

But your last visit there makes amends for past sorrow,
You are leaving the school for the big world at last,
And you laugh as you think where you'll be on the morrow;
Then the doctor shakes hands—and your school days are
past.

PAUL BLAKE.