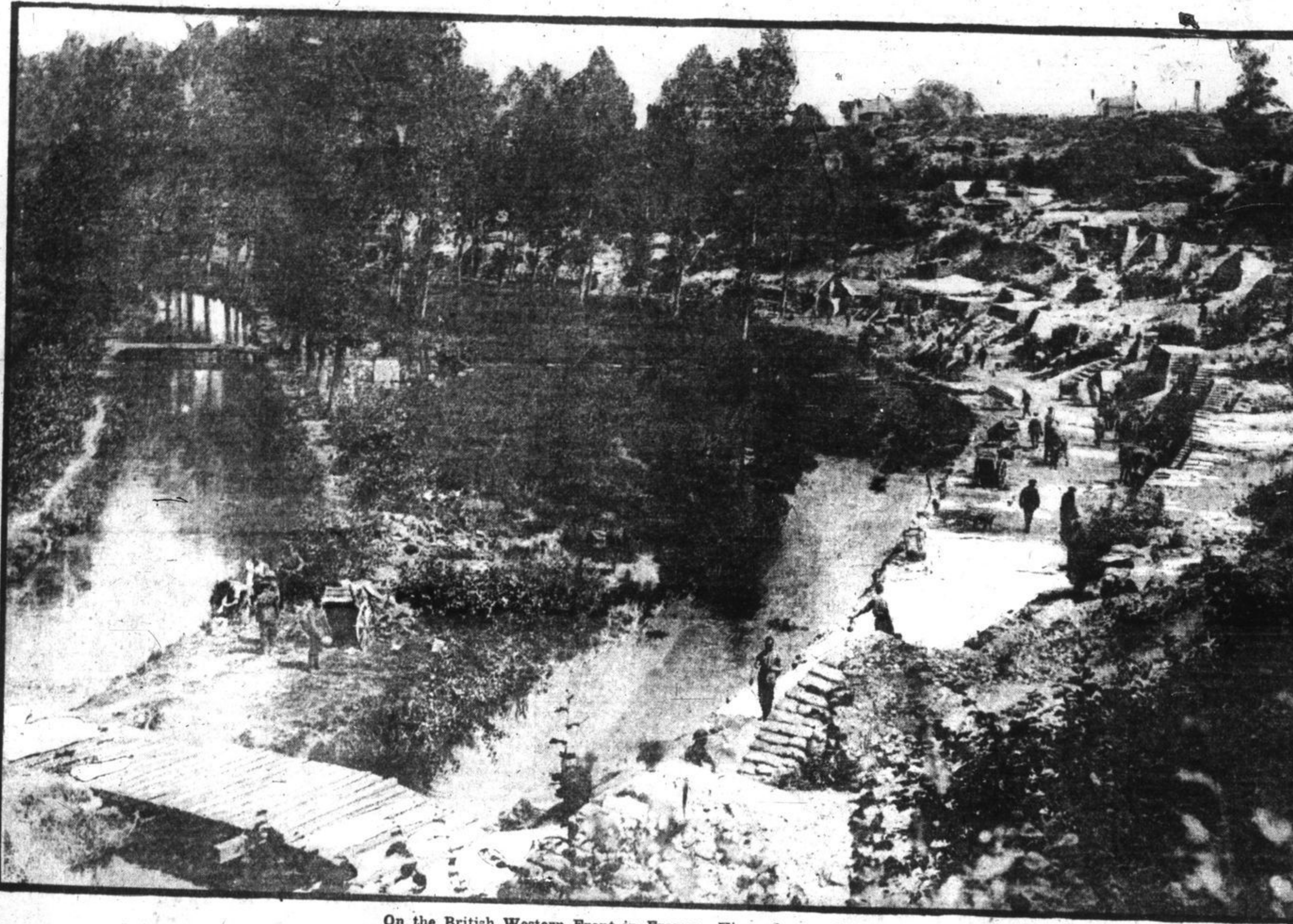
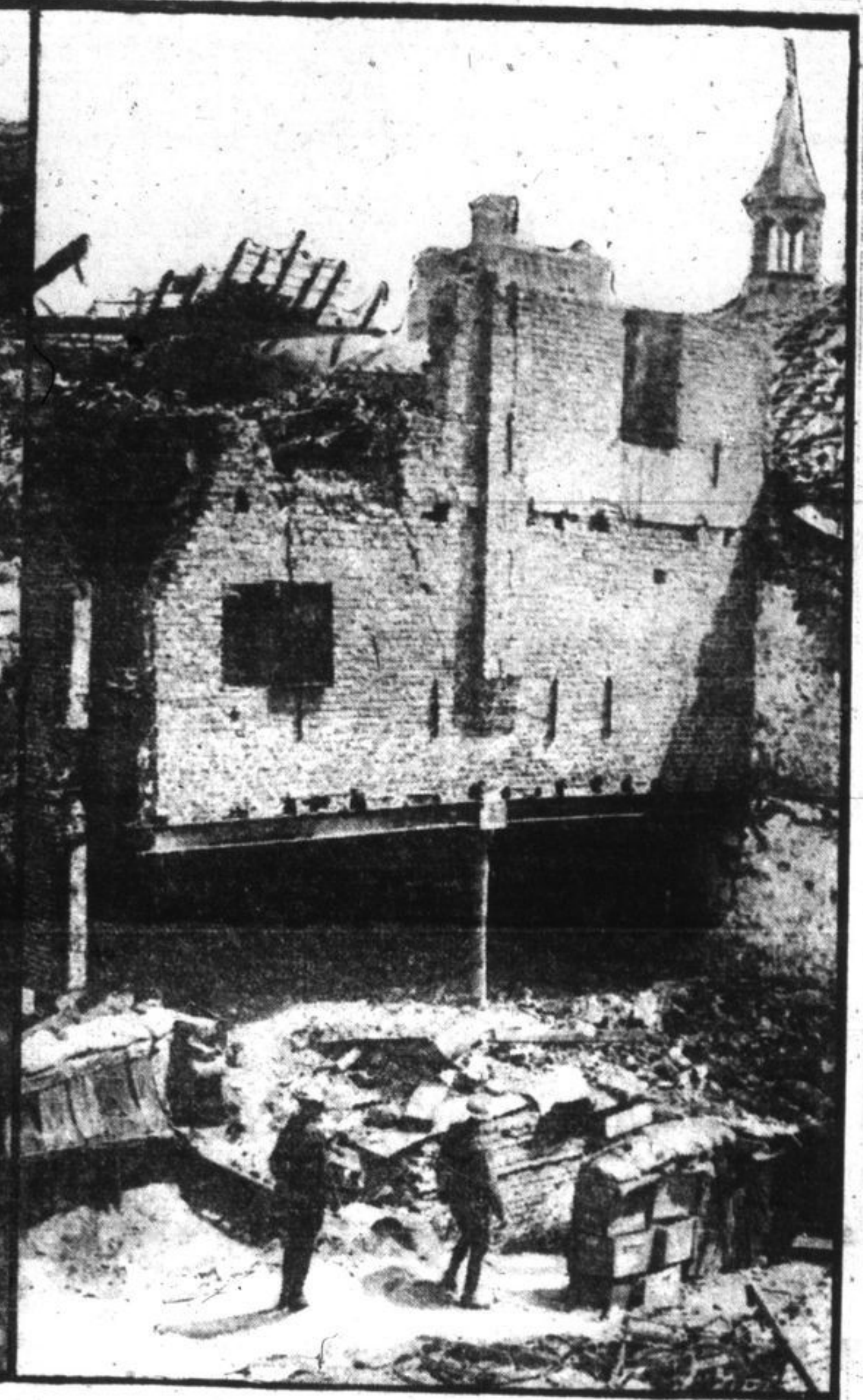


:: Dugouts and Ramparts On The Western Front ::



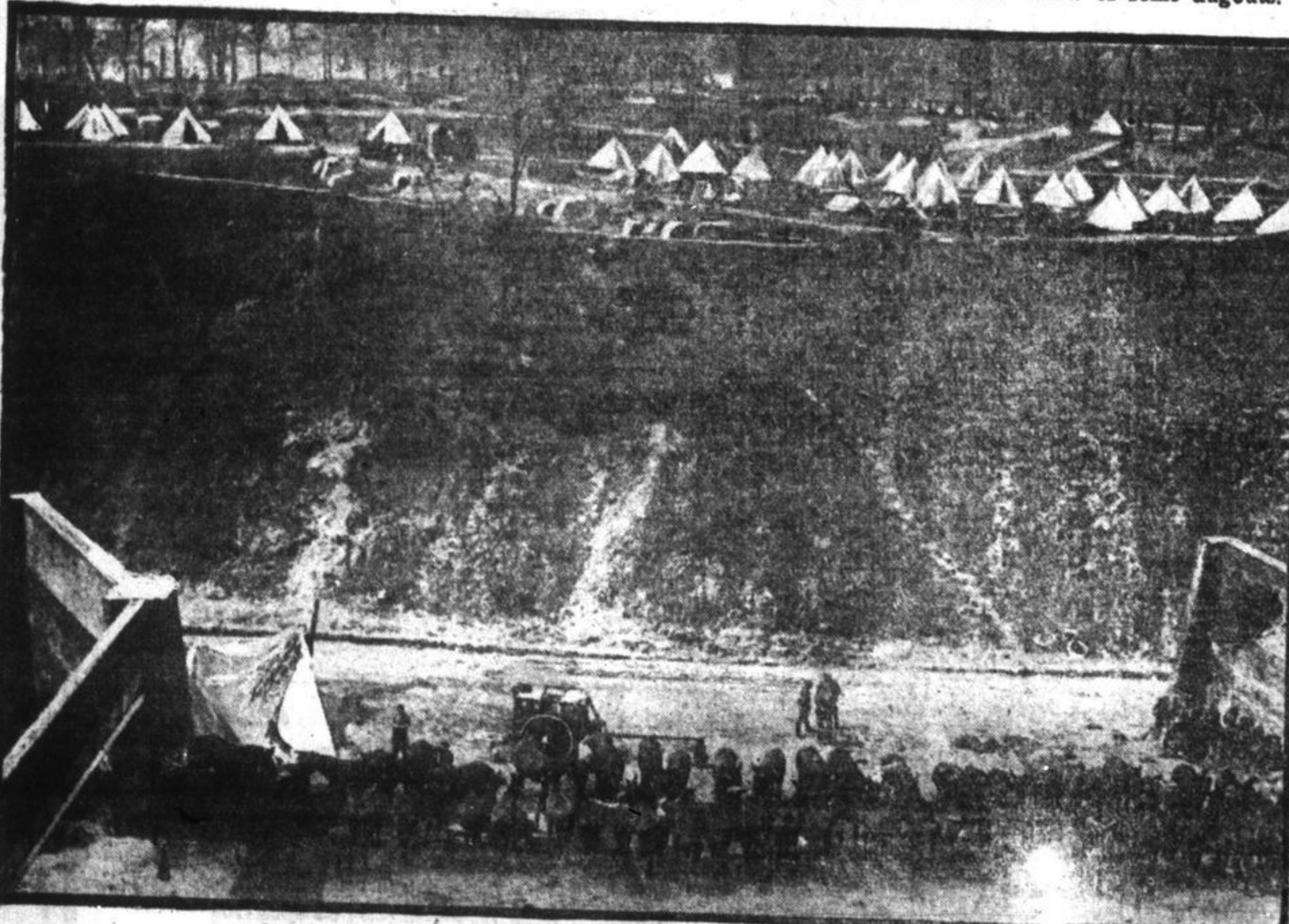
On the British Western Front in France.—View of some dugouts.

—Photo by courtesy of C. P. R.



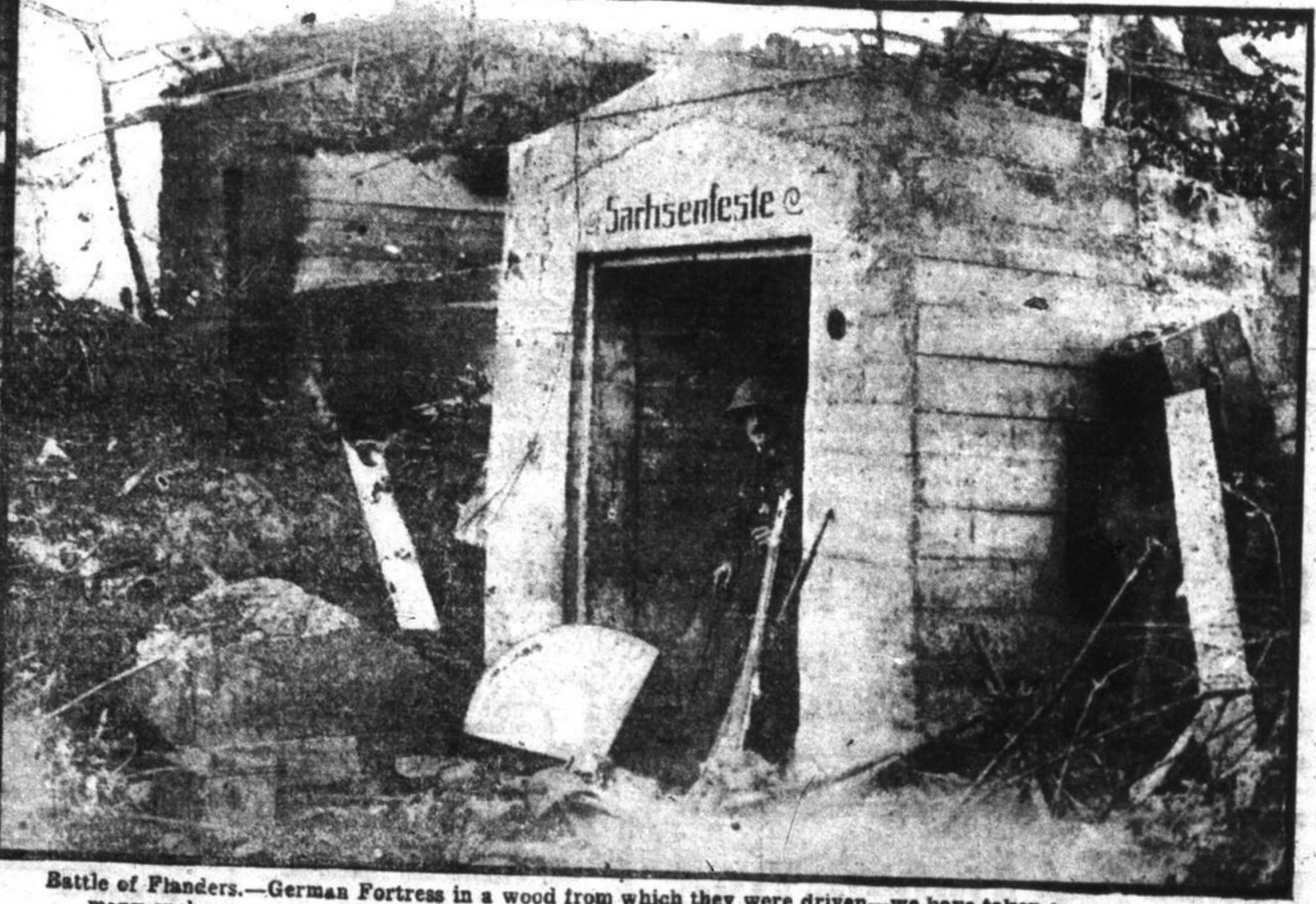
Y. M. C. A. occupy cellar of ruined village.

—Photo by courtesy of C. P. R.



On the British Western Front in France.—View in some ramparts.

—Photo by courtesy of C. P. R.



Battle of Flanders.—German Fortress in a wood from which they were driven—we have taken many such.

—Photo by courtesy of C. P. R.

Habits of the Black Bear

THE black bear came shuffling down the mountain side through the fallen timber, pausing here and there to turn over a rotten log in search of grubs. It was quite well-satisfied with the world. He had found a very good field for investigation in the new territory he had just taken up. In the tangle of the burnt and fallen trees he was sure of staples of life, and down on the edge of the river beside the trail he often discovered rare titbits left by camping parties.

A hoarse whistle booming up from over the shoulder of the mountain on his left scarce caused him to pause for it was a section of his every day life. Ever since his youngest cub days he had heard the roar, far or close, on one side or another. Sometimes he crossed the steel bars on which the roaring monsters slid down or rolled up, out and into field. He was a British Columbia bear, and the Canadian Pacific main line was as much a part of his life as the mountains were.

He drifted down further, and spied a tent. It looked tempting and he scuffed close. There was no one around, and he thrust an inquisitive nose within. Strange sights and wonderful smells greeted him. He made a tentative sweep at a box with one arm, and a snowy mass of sugar rolled out. He ate. Then he tried the bacon and found it good. He

searched for a dessert and found a tin. This was held firmly in his paw while he bit at the top. It came off, and the contents looked red and delicious. Being a cautious bear he investigated further by thrusting his nose into the opening and sniffing deep. Instantly he coughed violently, and a cloud of particles arose from the can and filled his eyes and mouth. With a strangled roar he raced blindly about. He tore up blankets, he walloped against the camp stove, he ripped the tent walls with his frantic paws, and finally brought all down upon him in a ruined wreck. Fighting madly he worked free and dashed to the river where he plunged madly into the flood just as Jim Simpson, a guide and hunter, rounded the trail and saw the ruin wrought.

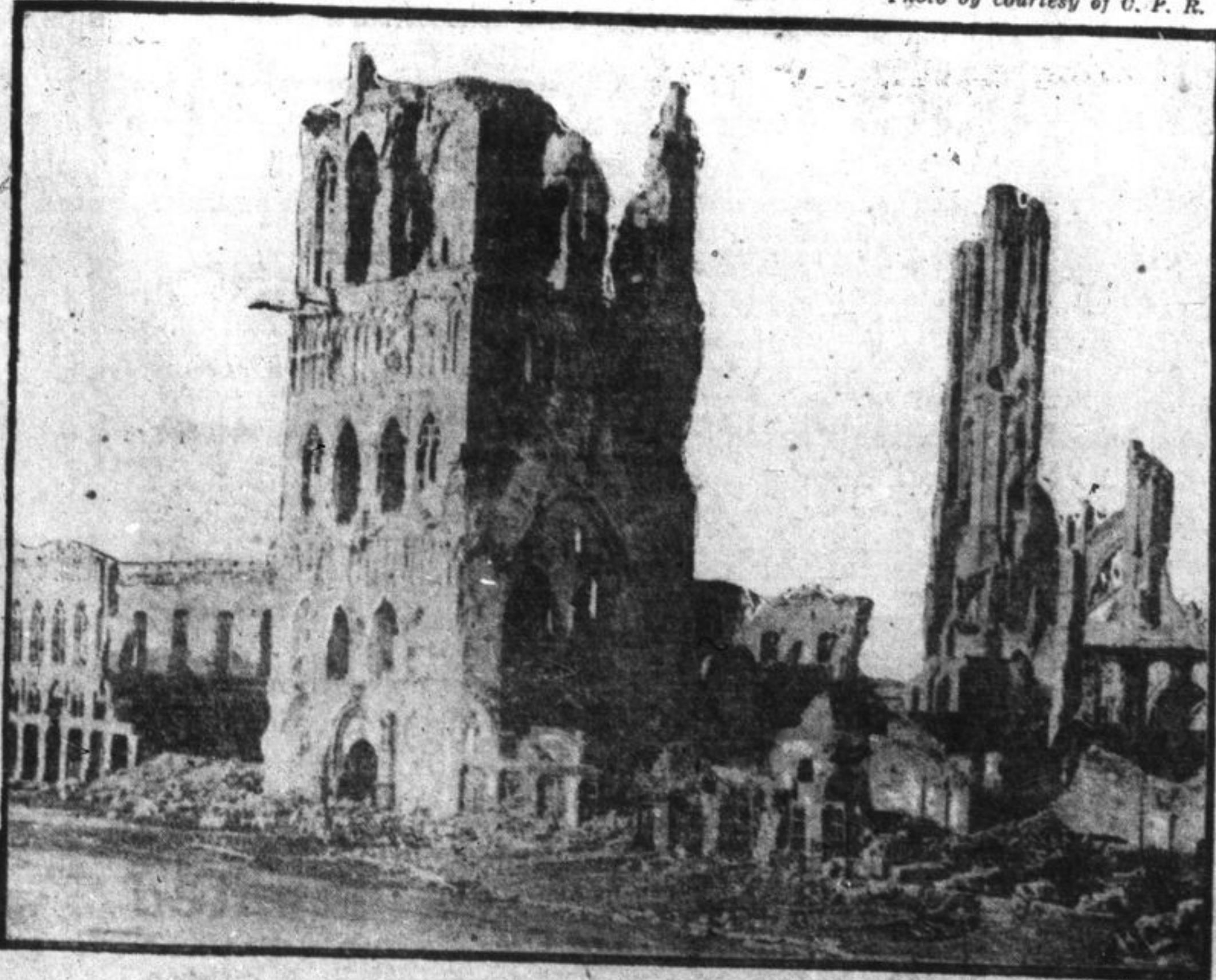
Simpson looked at the damse and swore he pulled the canvas from the tangled mess of camp paraphernalia and disturbed a fine dust. He succeeded. He looked further. Red particles arose in little clouds when he moved any article. He picked up the can which caused the trouble, and he laughed. It was cayenne pepper.

But he thought the bear was proving a nuisance, so he rode ten miles to his winter camp and brought back a huge-jawed bear trap. And he set the grim mass of metal in the thick of the tallest-looking pile of rotten logs on the edge of the down timber. For he knew the habits of bears.



When the next dawn painted the peaks he started out with his rifle and his kodak. Men who hunt in the Canadian Pacific Rockies for their livings have realized that the camera eye is as much of a money-getter as the bullet. When the bright morning sun peered warmly and cheerily over the low shoulder that reached out into the broad valley of the snow he was looking down from a mass of

jumbled timber of the trapped bear, and the latter was looking at him. Its paw was clamped in the jagged teeth of the trap and the latter was fixed immovably in the tangled logs. The camera clicked on the living animal just about thirty seconds before the rifle mechanism fired a big cartridge from magazine to barrel. Then another camp rooster had gone "over the mountains."



Cloth Hall, Ypres, as it appeared at the end of 1916.

—Photo by courtesy of C. P. R.