

It Was Reversed.

"Jack, Davy and I went out for bear mee," said my friend Bob Arcaster, as we reclined on a bed of boughs watching the stars through the light cloud which rose from the camp-fire. "Never told you about it, did I?"

We had been talking about our two young friends, who had a day or two before left home to take places in the East Indian Civil Service. Bob had seen more of them of late years than I, and had been amusing me with stories of their adventures together. So it was with the expectation that he had something to tell worth listening to that I replied, "No, what about it?"

"Well, we went out for bear once," he related, and began in his peculiar, slow way to poke the fire.

"You said that once. Did you get any bear?"

He had an annoying way of beginning a story, and breaking off without the slightest warning. He paid no attention to my question, but went on with his occupation with provoking slowness.

When he had completed this performance to his satisfaction, he lay back upon the boughs, closed his eyes, and remained silent so long that I had almost forgotten that I had asked him anything. After a long interval he answered, "Oh yes, we got one," and relapsed into silence.

There was no use in trying to get him to tell a story except when he was in the mood for it, and then he would not be stopped. So I held my peace until such time as it might please him to go on with his story. It came at last.

"Jack, Davy and I went out for bear once. You remember what Jack was like when he left college. Green? He knew every thing about Greece, Rome and such places, but about real things, such as salmon, trout and bear, he knew no more than a baby."

"Why, he was greener than Davy, and he had never been out of sight of a clearing until we went out for bear. And conceded!—there's no use in denying it! He was a thoroughly good fellow, but he had the experience that has since made him manly, strong and modest."

"Well, we were up in Madawaska, and a Frenchman told us that bears were as plenty as blackberries up Green River. Jack, who had a beautiful Winchester with him,—we were just loitering through the country, you know, fishing here and there in the streams, and had brought our guns along more for their company than for any other reason,—Jack, I say, was impatient to get where he could shoot a bear."

"Davy was not quite so eager. In fact, the little fellow seemed more than half-afraid but when I climbed in with Jack, he made no further objection, and we got a Frenchman to pole us up the stream in his canoe. Ever been on Green River?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, I need not tell you what a splendid stream it is, and what trout-fishing we had. At the close of the second day we reached the ground where the bears were said to be waiting to be shot. Selecting a nice, grassy spot, we built a lean-to hut with poles and bark, made a fire, and had supper."

"We were a jolly party, although I noticed that Jack did not seem to care about going far from the fire, and he questioned the Frenchman very closely about the habits of bears in general, and Green River bears in particular."

"The Frenchman did not know much more than Jack, but taking it for granted that I knew as little as the others, he bestowed upon us a marvellous mass of misinformation. According to our genial guide, we were in imminent danger of being charged upon at any moment by a dozen or so of ferocious bears of assorted sizes and patterns, and the boys were about half-frightened out of their wits."

"Interrupted Jean Baptiste's flow of horrors with a vehement denial of the state of things."

"Ah!" said he, "I only mak' de little fun."

"Reassured, the boys consented at last to turn in, but, as you will understand, it being their first night in camp, they did not go to sleep very readily. There was an owl somewhere near us, and it kept up an unceasing hooting. Of course, when its dismal notes first came out of the darkness, the boys were startled. Jack's teeth chattered, and little Davy, looking as pale as a ghost in the fire-light, got up and seized his gun."

"Come back to bed, Davy," I said. "It's only an owl."

"Yes, that's all, Davy," said Jack; but his voice had its tremolo stop on, whereat the Frenchman laughed.

"You know the thousand and one unaccountable noises you hear when you are in

a strange place and can't get to sleep, especially if it is your first night in a camp."

"The boys heard them all, and kept up a constant fire of, 'What's that? What's that?' until after midnight, when they fell asleep."

"Next morning they were up bright and early, feeling like old campaigners. It is wonderful how one night in camp seasons you, isn't it?"

"The Frenchman started off down river after we had breakfasted, promising to come back in two days, and we set out to look for bear."

"We did not see any, though we found some tracks, some of them quite fresh. The fresher the tracks, the less anxious were the boys to go on. This was especially the case with Davy, who frankly owned that he should much prefer fishing to bear hunting."

"I knew perfectly well that we might tramp about for a week without coming in sight of a bear, unless by pure accident, for one seldom sees bears when he is looking for them; so I readily agreed to Davy's suggestion that we should return to camp."

"It was quite early in the afternoon when we got back, but the boys were tired and lay down to rest, while I went down alone to the river, seated myself on the root of a great birch-tree, and dropped my flies over a little pool just below."

"I had not been there long, and had just hooked a fine fish, when I heard a shout. Being busy landing my trout, I did not look to see what was the matter, and it was only when I turned to find a place to put my fish that I noticed Jack climbing a small maple-tree as if for his life."

"What is it Jack? I shouted. 'Where's Davy?'"

"He made no reply."

"Davy? I called, without getting an answer."

"Springing up the bank, I saw what at first seemed very amusing."

"Before the camp was a small fire, and within the hut, at one corner, was our bag of provisions. The front of the hut was not more than four feet wide; and across the entrance, busily engaged in testing the quality of our larder, was a huge black bear!"

"Jack was, as I have said, well up in the branches of the maple; but Davy was nowhere to be seen."

"Where's Davy, Jack? I cried."

"Jack had by this time recovered his presence of mind and answered, in a tone of horror:

"In the hut!"

"Then the brave fellow began to descend from his perch. He was somewhat given to boasting, perhaps, and was very excitable, but he was full of real pluck. The way he came down the tree showed the stuff that was in him."

"Looking within the hut, I saw that Davy was there, and likely for the present to stay there. The only place where the roof was high enough for a person to stand up was now occupied by the bear, who had forced himself part way into the hut. Davy was crouched at the back part, with a look upon his face that I shall never forget."

"He was badly frightened, but the look was not of fright only. He told us afterward that although he expected every moment to be engaged in a life and death struggle with the bear, he could hardly keep from laughing at the way Jack had disappeared when the brute poked his nose around the corner of the tent."

"It seems that the boys had been talking about what they would do if they saw a bear, and Jack, with his Winchester in his hand, was telling just how he should bring him down with a shot."

"Under the ear, Davy," he said, "is the vital spot."

"At that moment the bear's head had appeared. A better chance to try the effect of a bullet behind the ear would probably never occur again; but Jack was better in theory than in practice."

"Dropping his rifle, he gave a scream, sprang over the fire and took to the tree, while the bear, without so much as a glance toward him, stalked slowly across the front of the hut and began helping himself to our pork."

"But Davy was really in danger, and we must help him. I called to him to crawl out under the back of the hut. But that was more easily said than done, for the poles were very close together, and must be moved before he could get through. Moreover, there was no telling what our four-footed visitor might do if his attention was especially drawn to Davy, as it would be if the latter began to move about the hut."

"Tell you what, Bob, said Jack, who had joined me, 'you go behind the camp and move the poles, while I occupy the brute's attention in front.'"

"The suggestion was as good as any that could be made, and I ran around to the

back of the camp, while Jack went off to one side and stood directly in front of the bear, not more than twenty feet of him. The bear eyed him, but went on eating the pork."

"I was not long in moving the poles so that Davy could get through, and had told him to hurry and come out, when to my utter amazement he reached for my hunting-knife, which was sticking in the top of the hut, and seizing it firmly, gave the bear a fierce thrust in the side. Then he sprang out through the hole I had made."

"The bear gave a frightful growl, and seeing Jack straight before him, leaped directly upon him. Jack was watching Davy so intently that he did not think of running until it was too late. When we came from behind the hut, poor Jack and the bear were lying in a struggling heap together."

"He has killed Jack," cried Davy, 'and it's my fault!'"

"Before I could stop him, Davy sprang toward the struggling pair and began to kick Jack's antagonist. I ran into the hut, picked up the Winchester, and made toward the group."

"The bear was lying upon its left side, and endeavoring to tear Jack with his hind feet, but the boy was too close to him for that. The expression upon Jack's face was no longer one of fear. He had a firm grip upon his huge antagonist, and kept his head well below the terrible jaws."

"Shoot him, Bob!" he cried. 'I'll take the chances.'"

"As Davy still continued his kicking, and consequently was in the way, I told him to get to one side, and drew near so as to make my aim certain, when suddenly the bear's struggles ceased. His hold on Jack relaxed and he rolled over, dead."

"Jack was on his feet in an instant, little the worse for his tussle. There was amazement in every line of his countenance but he was no more astounded than the rest of us."

"What had killed the bear? Could it have been Davy's thrust with the knife? It did not seem possible, yet it might be so. Before proceeding to investigate, to make assurance doubly sure—or as Jack put it to show him that there was punishment after death for stealing pork—I placed the muzzle of the Winchester close to the bear's forehead, and sent a bullet into his brain."

"Clearly it was a cartridge wasted, for there was no sign, in even the slightest tremor, that there had been a spark of life remaining."

"Where did you stab him, Davy?" asked Jack.

"Just behind the fore-leg."

"What did you do with the knife?" I asked.

"Left it sticking in the wound. I did not think he'd appreciate an effort to remove it as a favor."

"Here, boys!" I said, 'let's turn him over.'"

"We seized the legs, turned the body over from the left side to the right, and found the knife buried to the handle in the animal's body."

"Here was the explanation of the sudden collapse of the enemy. What Davy's arm had not been strong enough to do, the struggles of the beast had completed; and the knife, left in the wound, had, by the animal's own weight, been pressed into his heart."

"So it was Davy bear, without a doubt. We did not give the Frenchman more particulars than were necessary. Jack, looking at the maple-tree, said there were certain features of the adventure which possessed no special interest to the public at large."

"When we returned to the settlement, the Frenchman told the story in his own way, and spread the fame of little Davy's achievement far and wide, with sundry embellishments."

Over two thousand dissenting ministers of Great Britain have signed a petition protesting against the return of Sir Charles Dilke to public life, until he shall have vindicated himself—if indeed that is possible—from the charge of immorality now resting against him. So strong is the opposition that it is believed the Liberal party will not dare to endorse his candidature; and that however greatly some of his former colleagues might desire to see their disgraced companion restored to his former position, out of consideration for the party's interests, they will be compelled to turn upon him the cold shoulder. This is as it should be. The man who scruples not to enter into his neighbor's home and alienate the affections of his neighbor's spouse, no matter what his gifts or accomplishments, deserves no better fate than to be buried beneath an avalanche of public scorn and indignation. He that is untrue in his private and social life is not to be trusted in a public capacity.

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I took Sick,
I TOOK

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Devotion to Duty.

Two native privates in the Cape Mounted Police, stationed at Dohne Toll, under the command of Sub-Inspector Wilson, were recently sent on patrol to search for some cattle reported lost or stolen. On reaching the Xaxazili stream at Riverina, they found it full and running like a mill race. At first they hesitated to cross, but one of them, a first-class native private, named Fogafoga, said, "Come on, we must cross; it's our duty," and spurred his horse into the stream. In a couple of minutes horse and rider went head over heels, and the horse, after being carried a long way down the stream, got out, but the rider disappeared, and was drowned. He had been about ten years in the Government service, and was a smart and efficient policeman, and apparently not afraid to peril his life for 3s a day.

Mr. Carling's reports on the immigration of 1890 shows that 178,921 immigrants reached Canadian ports last year; but that the actual settlers in Canada numbered 75,077. The arrivals are fewer by ten or fifteen thousand per annum than we have had for five years. Our largest influx was in 1883, when we received 133,624. Of the new comers 13,917 are reported to have gone to Manitoba and the North-West. But it is not quite certain that the 13,917 were Europeans. The immigrants passing through Port Arthur were counted, and it stands to reason that an important percentage of them are Canadians seeking homes in the West. When the new bonusing system, under which \$10 per head is given to actual settlers in the West and \$5 per head to their families, comes to be felt we ought to have a large influx; that is, provided intending immigrants do not regard the offer of a bonus as a suggestion that there are disadvantages to be encountered in the Territories of which the books do not tell. But the reports of the farmer delegates, which have been exceedingly favourable, and not unjustly so, should remove any apprehensions on that score.

**DR. FOWLER'S
•EXT. OF•
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C **CURES**
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AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS
AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS
IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR
CHILDREN OR ADULTS.