

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

as he could get, but still a long shot. he fired again at the bear. She stopped and turned her head, then disappeared over the rock, and out of sight (another big slough being between them.) J. then ran to a high point of rock near by, but could see no more of Mrs. Bear, or any of the Bruin family. He also searched for the cub, but he also was entirely out of sight. J. was awfully disappointed over his luck, as he was perfectly sure he would get both old bear and the cub, and cannot yet understand whether it was a mistake in the use of the Lyman sight on U.'s rifle, or the ball had not an immediate effect on the bear. He was so sure of his aim for her heart, and his hand was steady as he could wish, and when he saw her taking headers in that peculiar style, he felt confident she was his meat, and he was going in for the cub, but when she started off on the run he was completely nonplussed. He had never used the Lyman sight before, and Mr. S. had tried to persuade him not to take U.'s gun that day as he was afraid it would deceive him if he should see any game. Some hunters say he must have wounded her seriously, or she would not have tumbled over twice, but he does not know, as they could find no blood stains, and having no dog could not track her. This was about 10 a.m., so after dinner U. J. and he went back to the same place, but could find no trace, U. saying he would not have expected to meet a bear in that locality. By the way U. says, he never saw those sloughs with as deep water in them as they have this year. The shot at Mrs. Bear was J.'s first attempt at anything alive for between 13 and 15 years. A strange coincidence is that his last shot with a rifle, so many years ago, was at a partridge, when he cut the head off with the

ball, and his very next shot after the bear experience was at another partridge, when he again shot it through the neck as before. U.'s theory is that J. looked over the top of the Lyman sight, and the ball barely grazing the back of the bear, partly paralyzed her. Anyway J. feels sure if he had carried that day a rifle with notch sight, he would have had better luck, and we would have had a big rug and a little one.

The Camp was on Shepherd Island this year. J. says it must be a charming spot in spring time, for the arbutus grows on it like a carpet, and he never saw the plant looking so luxuriant as it does there. The specimens he brought home were beautifully green, and finer than anything we ever saw in High Park. J. says that U. J. was as playful as a schoolboy in camp, and he thinks the outing has been a blessing to him. One of the settlers at Sans Souci, on the return, said: 'K. you were 65 on your way to camp, and now you're 18,' so you may know that the change was a remarkable one.

Yours sincerely,
E.

RUN DOWN AT LAST.—A very pleasing event took place at the residence of the late officer Burnett last evening in the marriage of his eldest daughter, Aggie May, to Police Officer Lawson, late of the Amherst Island Fusiliers. The bride was accompanied by Miss Mary Lawson, sister of the groom, the officer having for his auxiliary W. Carr, of Galashiels, Scotland. The happy couple will reside on Alfred street. The presents were numerous and costly.—News.