

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

was true, but she did not want her husband to get "et up." Amid the howls of laughter from those who enjoyed the joke on me, I explained that this was the very reason I had not gone to see the bear too.

But to return to our bruins. Parit has always insisted that bears are the most difficult animals to get near, Joe backs him up in the statement, and Jimmy declares that until the present occasion he has failed to get near the animal. We found a dried up cranberry marsh where bears evidently slept pretty regularly, and the oak trees partly stripped of acorns told that the feeding ground was near. This marsh was not large, and we arranged to surround it as well as possible in the morning. The novices, Charlie L. and Pompey, were entrusted with the leeward side, Napoleon and I took the ends, and Parit, Jimmy and Joe came up from the windward side. We reached our positions without incident, and then the question arose, were the bears asleep in the long grass?

Pompey was without gun, and declared that his flash-light overcoat was killing enough for anything, and would certainly turn a bear from the beaten track. We waited patiently for three hours, when suddenly Parit and Jimmy seemed to become interested. Then Parit slowly put his rifle to his shoulder, and in a moment a shot rang out. We could see a wild movement in the long grass, in fact three places the grass began to move violently, and it was evident that bruin was astir. Presently Pompey began to yell like a howling dervish, and to shake his Flash Light with vigor—then Charlie L. let fly at something we could not see—Napoleon was heard from too, and I let fly at a black streak ploughing through the marsh some hundred yards away. Surely the whole place was alive with bears. Now Jimmy was seen

taking aim, and his shot evidently went home as the movement in his direction ceased. A good sized cub went flying past Pompey, receiving a parting salute from Charlie L., but was evidently unhurt. The bear I fired at went straight at Napoleon, and was neatly dropped by that gentleman at forty yards. An investigation showed that three bears, an old one and two large cubs, had been in the patch, and we had bagged two. There were three bullets in one and two in the other, so the great moral question comes up, who really shot the bears? These are the facts of the case, and no doubt every fellow will tell his story in a different way. All the same the best skin has fallen to my lot, and excitement runs high over this battue. It was not a very glorious achievement after all, and lacks a good deal of the high toned flavor of many hunting stories, but you remember that I have always been rather matter of fact, and the Davy Crockett element has been lacking. Those bears, when the American contingent reach Buffalo—will be grizzlies. Will write soon again.

Yours, &c.,

THE COMMODORE.

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