

could not carry my smoothbore as usual. We saw the bear and her cubs approaching along the beach, and, sitting down behind a rock, awaited them. When about forty yards off she stopped, half facing me, half broadside on, and I fired at the near fore shoulder. The bullet struck precisely where I aimed, and rolled her over like a log. Thinking she was dead, I fired the other barrel at a cub, and missed. As I was leisurely re-loading, I heard Donald sing out, "Shoot him again, Mr.—, shoot him again!" Looking up I saw the old lady dancing about in the most eccentric way, and pursuing the wound in her shoulder as a dog hunts his tail; and before I could get a cap on my rifle she disappeared into the thick bush. I followed for 100 yards or so, not ten yards astern, guided by the crackling of the bushes; but she escaped—to die, of course. I behaved like a muf in not making sure of her with the second barrel, as I might have known that the cubs could easily have been killed afterwards. I deserved to lose her; nevertheless it was very heart-breaking at the time. To this day I have a bit of her shoulder blade, two inches long, that was knocked off by my bullet. The Indians use buck shot for bear shooting, in preference to bullets; and at short distances, say thirty yards and under, I believe a charge of shot is the more deadly, and without doubt the more certain.

Another day, as I was turning round a point with my rifle under my arm, I met a bear face to face fifteen yards off. I hardly know which was the more surprised of the two. I fired at his head, but the jawbone, which was smashed to atoms, turned the bullet from the vitals, and I only managed to give him a flesh wound with the second barrel as he scuttled into the bush. I felt quite ashamed of myself. Poor bruin ate no more *poules du mer* for many a day; a light and wholesome repast of herring spawn was probably more in his line. It will thus be seen that it is essential for the sportsman in Anticosti to shoot his bears dead in their tracks—if they have any life in them they crawl into the bush, where it is impossible to follow them; and if I were restricted to one weapon, I would choose a smoothbore, with heavy shot in one barrel and a bullet in the other.

Shooting bears out of a canoe requires some practice on the part of the shooter, and considerable skill on that of the canoe-men. Bruin does not mind a canoe in the least, so long as the wind is in the right direction, and he can see no sudden movement of the paddles. Wary in the extreme about any unusual appearance or sound on the land side, he never expects danger seaward. He looks back over his shoulder along the beach, peers into the bush, and

now and then stops for a good sniff to windward; but he is so accustomed to see seals, floating ice, and drift wood, that he never looks out for an enemy in that direction, and takes no notice of a skillfully handled canoe. Crouching down, with nothing visible but our heads, I have been paddled to within thirty yards of a bear. The canoe men never take their eyes off him. When he feeds or looks away, with noiseless but vigorous strokes they propel the light craft swiftly towards him. When he looks up, they are still as statues. A charge of buck shot at 30 yards is always fatal. I cut down two bears in great style with a large No. 6-bore single-barrel that I brought with me for goose shooting, charge 8 drachms powder and 30 buck shot—one at a distance of 55 yards. In bear shooting, even more than in other large game shooting, the sportsman should always wait for a broadside shot, and aim 6in. or 8in. behind the shoulder, and rather better than half way up. Ordinary prudence ought to prevent a man from going too close to a crippled or dying bear, or indeed to any other powerful animal; but I have always looked upon *Ursus americanus* as a most shy and timid animal, and from what I have seen of him in Anticosti I have no reason to change my opinion.

The thick hedge of spruce, which I have spoken of before as lining the coast, though almost impervious to men, is not so to the bears. They have paths all through it. On one occasion, as I was sitting at the entrance to one of these paths, which came out on the top of a high and steep bank, I saw a bear coming down wind, and advancing towards me. When about 40 yards distant, he fancied he heard some suspicious noise behind him, and starting suddenly into a gallop, scampered up the bank, and came up to me. This was all the work of a second or two, and he never perceived me till we almost touched each other. There was just room on the narrow path for us to pass, each one taking a short step aside out of the other's way, and as he passed I bowled him over, touching his coat with the muzzle of my rifle. He fell barely clear of me—in fact, his hind foot brushed against my coat as he toppled over the bank. Had he fallen on me, no doubt he would have clawed me, as he did claw the earth in his death struggle, and one more story of the ferocity of the bear would have gained credence.

Before I have done with the Anticosti bear, I must mention one more little incident illustrative of the curiosity of his disposition. As we were paddling along the north shore of the island, we saw a bear run up a little gully in a precipitous cliff, carrying a *poule du mer* in his mouth. I immediately landed, and, posting myself right under the cliff, twenty yards or so to