

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

LETTERS.

TORONTO.

Sept. 30th, 1895.

MY DEAR C.:—

J. and U. J. returned from Camp a week ago last Friday night, both looking very bronzed and feeling bright and well. They had a fine outing. All went smoothly and happily from beginning to end of sojourn in the wild wood. J. brought home a great variety of mosses and lichens, a lot of arbutus roots, autumn leaves and wild flowers.—the claws of a fish-hawk W. shot on their way out from Camp in the neighborhood of Sans Souci Island, where the hungry bird had just carried off two of Mr. P.'s chickens. J. also brought a huge roll of beautiful bird-bark for L. and E., and a couple of eggs of some aquatic bird whose nest had been deserted. There were 13 eggs lying on the bare rock, near the water, in three different places, though not very far apart. They had been left by the mother birds, so J. thought of your C.'s collection, and stowed the treasures away in a box, and put them in a hollow stump near the tent. Some one afterwards jammed a fishing-rod right in among the dainty shells, so only two are now left. C. can have one when there is a chance to give it to him. Mr. W. says they are the eggs of a night-hawk, but Mr. Y. says he thinks they are more probably belonging to one of the little waders—perhaps a sand-piper. They are long round and oval, and cream-colour.

Now I must tell you the bear story, though J. thinks it will not be very interesting, as the result was very unsatisfactory. One morning (the very second time he went out) he paddled down to the shanty at the west end of the lake—went through the bush and up to the

ridge, to the hill where you and W. sat when you shot the deer—then he went farther west to a big gully or ravine, and again off to the south east to a high point. Just when he was passing a little slough, he saw a large animal which for an instant made him think, what a funny place for a big black pig! At the same moment he recognized a she bear and cub coming toward him out of the long grass. J. thinks they were 50 feet apart, and as he was standing on a bare and level piece of rock, he took a step or two forward, and the old bear advanced a little grunting crossly, but the little bear turned off to the left. J. had raised his rifle and waited for the bear to turn. She gave a kind of grunt, and started off towards the cub, (just what he wanted her to do to give him a good shot.) J. fired, aiming behind the fore shoulder. The bear turned half around, put her nose to the ground, and made a complete somersault, put her nose to the ground a second time, and turned another somersault, J. feeling quite sure he had killed her. In another moment though, to his surprise, she was running after the cub. J. in the excitement, having neglected to pump another cartridge into the rifle before, had to do so now running after the bear, and turning the rifle on its side, the ball didn't enter the bore but hung down and gave him a little trouble, and Mrs. Bear slipped out of sight in the ravine. He could still see the cub some distance off on some high rocks at the edge of the ravine, and ran after it, but before getting near enough for a shot, the little bear also vanished into the ravine. Then upon looking back to the right, he saw the big bear or another one coming from behind a rock, and making towards the lake. He immediately ran, and when as close