

which to witness the tribulations of the canoeists in the heavy sea. This settled it. We soon struck the big waves, and the double blade was a revelation; the canoe went ahead in beautiful style, and the laugh on shore never came off, although Napoleon chuckled by the half hour. When we returned Parit declared that either I was as strong as a horse, or the paddle was a great invention, although he still doubted it, and said although it might do for fancy paddling, it would not answer for narrow streams or deer hunting. Perhaps it wouldn't, but Joe thinks it would answer splendidly "for his old squaw." So when I return the paddle is to be sent in the direction Joe indicates. In the meanwhile Charlie L., Pompey and I, are making a record with the double blade, and I saw Jimmy making a gigantic effort on the sly with it a day or so ago. My conclusions on the matter are that a double blade is bad form in this region, but it is mighty convenient.

Pompey made a great discovery a few nights since, and succeeded in thoroughly arousing the camp. There was bright moonlight, and he could not sleep, so he got up, put on that Flash Light overcoat of his, that might be dressing gown, or night shirt, or anything else that imagination could suggest, so fearfully and wonderfully is it made, and went down to the shore. On a sand beach on the mainland, some forty yards away, he saw a dark object moving about, slowly and sedately. It was certainly a wild animal, and in the moonlight loomed up in an amazing way. Bear it is, by Jove. Pompey crawled back to the tent, and took the first gun he could come across. It proved to be a Colts Hammerless, loaded with buckshot. Pompey made a masterly advance to a suitable spot, and drew what he believed to be a deadly bead on the bear, shut his

eyes, and pulled both triggers. The terrific roar made by the two barrels, caused us to turn out in a hurry, and we found Pompey lying on his back, completely knocked out by the force of the recoil. He told us of his adventure with the bear, and Joe took his canoe and rifle, and went over to the bush to investigate. Pretty soon we heard him coming back, chuckling to himself at a great rate, and he produced a magnificent porcupine, riddled with buckshot. Pompey joined heartily in the general laugh, and Joe said: "The quills very good for my Old Squaw, who does fancy work in winter." Joe will require a tug to take back the property he is acquiring for his old squaw. She certainly must be a wonderful old lady. I told you in my last that we had bear steak in camp, but the great moral question is, who shot the bears? For years it has been my ambition to shoot a bear, and the chance never seemed to come in my way, but once when camped with Jimmy on the Madawaska. At that time a settler's wife used to come to the camp every day, with what little garden truck she had to spare, and invariably requested me to come up to their place in the afternoon, with a gun, to shoot a bear and two cubs, which were a constant nuisance to her children. I always promised to appear, but having nothing more formidable than a twelve gauge, with shells loaded with No. 6, for partridge, never found it convenient to go. I heard too that her husband had a very good rifle, and evidently there was a mystery about the bear. On the morning of our departure she came to the Camp, and made the usual request. I told her that I had heard that her husband was at home and had a good rifle, and I asked her why she did not get him to shoot the bears. She replied quite seriously and promptly that all this