

raises his head and says in a low feeble voice, "There's a wedding in the town," but he cannot go. Soon he tumbles down on the floor and dies. The prince has triumphed.

He now goes into the cave and shows himself to all, and directs them to throw the horrid carcase out and pitch it into the sea.

He then crosses over to the town and announces the joyful news. He directs a large building to be prepared, and all the women to be brought over and arranged within that building. All whose wives have been stolen away are directed to come and select them. This is done, and there is great joy in the city. The young prince takes possession of his own bride and goes with her in triumph to the palace of the king her father.

Here the story rather abruptly terminates. It was written down in Micmac from the mouth of an intelligent Indian, a subordinate chief, who rejoices in the title of "Capt. Jo Claude." I have not confined myself to a strictly literal translation, but I have added nothing essential to the story. It is a pretty good specimen of an Indian's ideas of magic.

## A TRIP TO ANTICOSTI.

(Concluded.)

Hunters say that there are two sorts of bear, viz., the long-legged and the short-legged, but this is not the case; there is but one species of bear in all these provinces, the *Ursus americanus*. Individuals of this species differ much in appearance; some are round, plump, and short-limbed; others gaunt, leggy, and scraggy. This depends upon age and condition. The Anticosti bear is famed for the beauty of its fur, which is at its prime in the months of April and May. The muzzle and ears are yellower than those of the bears on the mainland. On the south shore of the St. Lawrence bears den in hollow trees; here there are no trees large enough for the purpose, so Bruin retreats under the thick scrub, which, when covered with snow, is doubtless a warm and comfortable den. They retire in November, and come out again in April, at which time the females have cubs, generally two, sometimes three. The cubs stay with the mother till the following spring, and then shift for them-

selves. The young females have cubs on the third year, though they have then by no means attained their full size. In spring and early summer they feed entirely on fish and fish spawn, which is thrown upon the beach by the sea. A large ugly fish, called by the French *poule du mer*, is Bruin's favorite tackle, though he is very fond of capelin and herring spawn, both of which are cast up in immense quantities. After a storm, I have walked along the beach for half a mile up to my ankles in herring spawn. Bears are very fond of digging and scraping in the kelp and seaweed, where they pick up grubs and insects. When Bruin is hungry he comes out of the woods, and strolls along the beach a little above high-water mark. When he finds a *poule du mer* he carries it off into the woods, there to devour it at his leisure, crouching over it the while as he holds it between his paws. His action looks awkward—short shuffling steps wide apart, and head wagging from side to side; but for all this, he gets along pretty fast—picking his steps too, for the water is cold in spring, and he does not like to wet his feet. Neither does he like the cold sea breeze; but in fine warm weather, particularly in the mornings and evenings, he spends a good deal of time on the beach rambling about, licking up the spawn, and grubbing and rolling in the kelp. His food he finds more by nose than by sight. Young bears are as playful as kittens, and when two or three of them meet they play high jinks in the seaweed. The best chance to shoot them is in the morning and the evening, when the tide is on the ebb. Paddling along the coast of Anticosti, it is quite the exception not to see one or two bears in the course of the day. I have seen as many as seven in one day. There are two ways of approaching them. When the wind is blowing on shore, the sportsman must stalk them from the land side; when the wind is off shore, the better way is to paddle up to them.

After losing two or three bears through ill luck and bad shooting, I managed to bag a very fine one on the 29th of May. We saw him from the canoe, and, as there was a very heavy swell on, we landed, and stalked him from the shore side. The noise we made scrambling and forcing our way through the bushes was great, but the noise of the breakers was even greater, and we stalked him to within thirty yards. When I fired he fell down, and moaned for nearly a minute, when we finished him. When a bear moans, he is a gone coon; but I always make a point of hammering away at them until they are stone dead. By neglecting this precaution I lost a fine old she-bear and three cubs on the following day. It happened that my man Donald had cut his hand so badly that he