

or bogan, and heard him go splashing away, but were too late to get a shot at him.

Visiting the bear trap a mile below our camp, we were delighted to find a fine bear lying prone in it, lately dead. The coat was in fair order for this season of the year, but does not assume that glossy rich appearance till the cold weather sets in, when the fur is of much greater length. The carcass was very fat and was much enjoyed by the Indians, but I did not attempt it. The skin Joe dried by stretching with cords on a frame of stakes. We found our provisions all right, but a bear had visited the tent and eaten some large trout we had left drying on a cross pole, bearing the supports quite to the ground by his heavy weight. Doubtless, in another night or two he would have summoned up sufficient courage to break into the tent.

The episode gave another instance of Joe's superstition. He had told me that morning he knew we would get some heavy game to-day. 'Why, Joe?' 'Oh, sir, I felt my back ache this morning and twitch, so I knew I was going to carry a heavy load of meat. Besides that I stepped on a stone that quivered and shook under my foot, and that is a sure sign of game.'

We also had more bear stories of course. An Indian without a gun was once chased by an infuriated she bear, whose cub he had robbed. His only refuge was a hollow tree, down which he lowered himself with his captive. The old bear descended bear fashion, tail first. The Indian seized her by the stumpy tail, whereupon he was drawn to the top, and giving the bear a thrust off, remained at the summit of the stump master of the situation.

Joe was once hunting on the Patepedia, a tributary of the Restigouche, that defines the boundary line between New Brunswick and Quebec. Now in the former province there is a bounty of \$3 for a bear snout, but none in Quebec. Joe had caught an immense bear in a large steel trap by the foot, and found him marching around shouldering the pole to which the trap was attached, biting savagely at the knots and boughs of trees and inflicting terrible wounds on the defenceless wood. Joe knew there was no bounty if he shot him there on the Quebec side, so driving him across the brook, he dispatched him on New Brunswick soil; an instance of a sudden rise in the value of meat, for the bear by going a few yards raised his price by \$3.

Another clever Indian cut off the snouts of two large Newfoundland dogs, and producing them before the magistrate, demanded the bounty money. Being asked for the customary oath, he said: 'Swear me in Indian, me no understand English well'. 'All right,' said the unsuspecting justice. The wily red man then