

in the direction of the hut, while a couple of dogs stood at a respectful distance and barked. As we approached, it came right up over the edge to us, stopped, showed its teeth, and hissed, then turned round and went slowly back down towards the shore. To hinder it enough for Jackson to get near and photograph it, I sent a bullet into its hind-quarters as it disappeared over the edge. This helped, and a ball in the left shoulder still more. Surrounded by a few dogs, it now made a stand. The dogs grew bolder, and a couple of shots in the muzzle from Jackson's revolver made the bear quite furious. It sprang first at one dog, 'Misère,' caught hold of it by the back, and flung it a good way out over the ice, then sprang at the other, seizing it by one paw and tearing one toe badly. It then found an old tin box, bit it flat, and flung it far away. It was wild with fury, but a ball behind the ear ended its sufferings. It was a she-bear with milk in the breast; but there was no sign of any embryo, and no young one was discovered in the neighborhood.

"Sunday, July 15th. This evening, when Jackson and the doctor were up on the mountain shooting auks, the dogs began to make a tremendous row (especially the bear-dog 'Nimrod,' which is chained outside the door), and howled and whined in a suspicious manner. Armitage went out, coming back a little while after and asking if I cared to shoot a bear. I accompanied him with my rifle and camera. The bear had taken flight to a