

FIN, FUR, AND FEATHER

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CONTINUED

Canoe, Rod, and Kodak

IN CAPE BRETON, N. S.

By Claude deL. Black, Canoe 'Petrel.'

WHILE my friend shows them the canoe, I fry another panful of trout, set the table (sea chest) for four and get my coffee pot out. The Scot comes up to me with a smile, calls me cook, and produces a tin kettle containing about two quarts of milk. I invite them to tea, serving the trout first, and while they are praising up the fish and wiring in to the beans, I tell them that the fish were the products of the little brook, also explaining how I cooked them, to their great surprise. I then put about a quart of milk in the coffee pot, heat it, and with our condensed coffee make my favorite drink, which they also en-

joy. After a cigar and a talk the Scotman and his wife, evidently with some reluctance take their departure, and shortly after we are wrapped in slumber.

At about 2 o'clock we are awakened by strange noises in rear of the tent, and drawing our revolvers (38 Smith & Wesson) we separate, and each crawls around the tent, making a big circuit to investigate. We soon meet again and start back. Just as we arrive at the tent door, a yellow dog runs out with a loaf of bread in his mouth, and we immediately open fire on him; however, he e-apes, but we have the satisfaction of sending him off without his prey, and return in triumph at having been in some measure victorious in our first encounter with beasts.

We awaken at 6 in the morning but to our great surprise and dissatisfaction it is raining slightly and the wind due East, so we decide to await a change in the weather. At about 9 the rain stops and I take a picture of our tent, wash the breakfast dishes, and read till