

FIN FUR, AND FEATHER.

m. and we are minutely expecting to hear the opening shot. Bang! It comes. Quack! quack! quack! quack!—Bang! Bang—Tupper and Moffat are in it. Now we hear from Middle Wood Lake. Zip! zip—schultz, then fur barrels from Lower Snap! snap—Tupper's Walsrobe. Too much shooting in the Wood Lake and Mud Lake will surely not count many heads to-night. The shooting in the woods increases as the morning fog lifts, Grass lake contributing a shot and Mud lake responding, occasionally with a little help from the big bog, where Texas and the veteran guide, supported by his chum, are fixed out as snug as a biscuit. Master Harry St. George, of Montreal, shows he is no tenderfoot when the shooting starts, and holds up his end with the Mud lake party. Harvey has the boundary line in hand and sticks to his gun admirably, now and then letting out the familiar whoop:—Keeper! keeper! keeper!

The Doctor of Mud lake has taken a mud bath, which is a grand feature of this lake, and after shaking himself lays to it in earnest, mercilessly whittling down anything that passes with his deadly Riley, 10 bore backed up by two Greeners and the Parker. The shooting ceases almost entirely, at 10 a. m., and a partial repetition of the morning's work is looked forward to at dusk, but the ducks have evidently had enough and only about 10 are bagged during the evening. The Mud lake party, arrive at the Howard lake

camp at about 10,30 and putting away a cup of tea saunter down towards the road followed by the team in the hands of the infant sport, George. In steering along towards the waggon path, the party is suddenly brought to a halt by an obstruction in the form of a white looking object, about the size of a spring lamb, which advances on the party menacingly. Got a shell Lan? Then a diving of hands in cartridge bags, the party retreating all the while. At last Lan is ready, and taking a hasty aim from behind a bunch of laurels, shoot him. By the light from a torch made from dead grass, in the hands of the Doctor the party advances, and after a hasty consultation, and a sniff of the atmosphere, Lan gravely pronounces the animal to be a skunk, and has no trouble in convincing the party of the truthfulness of this statement.

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W. F. Donkin had some fair sport across the border on the 15th.

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County shooting in Cumberland will begin on October second.

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Guns and rifles to rent; Apply at this office.

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Partridge shooting promises to be a success this fall.