

FIN, FUR, and FEATHER

The Sportsman's Pocket Journal.

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NOVA SCOTIA GAME SOCIETY.

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FIN, FUR, AND FEATHER is a monthly Journal in magazine form, devoted to the protection and propagation of fish and game, and every variety of honorable and healthful recreation. It will contain matter worth many times its cost, and of great value to those who delight in using the rod, gun etc.

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AMHERST. N. S., SEPTEMBER 1894.

Duck Day, Sept. 1st

Almost any observer might have penned something like the following, had he been on the Amherst marsh on the night of the 14th:—

Along in the evening a team drives up and deposits two boats on the marsh, and in a few minutes four sportsmen start dragging them for Mud Lake with decoys provisions ammunition etc for the morrow. The Doctor being a well

preserved man, and the father of the flock in muscle, laps the painter of one boat around his chest, and starts over the hog, and the writer will guarantee that there was not enough water to float a hair-pin, or anything else, while the other three amble along with the other boat. Arrived at the lake they find insufficient water to float the boats, so the Doctor strips and by labor, perseverance perspiration, and a few words not particularly adapted to this historical sketch, arrives on the proposed scene of action the others soon joining him. We leave them here and wander to the Lower Wood Lake meeting J. Leander with his steady Chump! (hump (4 feet to a step) bound to join the Doctor and his party. Nearing Lower Wood, we passed Grass Lake, with a pivot in the center, in the shape of the genial proprietor of the "Nut Shell" (no trouble to show goods) his boat and a strong right bower in the shape of a 10 bore and owner. In the Wood Lake we find another Doctor and the President of the A. G. C. with decoys set out, grimly waiting for the opening shot. We keep in and find still another Doctor and a pardner inserting shells in their hammerless guns glaring on the open water of the Middle Wood lake, looking for blood, while in going to Bilby Island we past Barton who is on his beat with his tandem cocker going to Upper Wood Lake, and couple of boys striking for the Black Hole. It is now about 5 a.