

FIN, FUR, AND FEATHER.

GIRLS WILL BE GIRLS.

Some young ladies, friends of mine, went camping this summer, that is, they stopped for a couple of weeks in a cottage five miles from civilization. One day when they were out fishing they were in luck to the extent of a gigantic bullpout. They started for the cottage with their hearts set on fried bullpout for breakfast next morning. Then the question of dressing his bullpoutship arose. Of course, dressing him before he was dead was out of the question, so after pounding him on the head some little time with a stick with no other effect than causing him to flop most viciously, they held a council of war. They decided to stab him. The most hard-hearted girl in the crowd now stepped to the front provided with the sharpest knife in camp. She put the point to the victim's throat—the bullpout flopped. Her maidenly heart failed her, the murderous weapon dropped from her nerveless grasp, and the bullpout was saved. After the scheme of putting him on ice and freezing him to death had been suggested, and brought to a termination by the discovery that there was no ice in the chest, it was resolved that the bullpout should be put in a bucket of water, and in the morning turned loose in the lake.—Darby in *Forest & Stream*.

KILLED A FEW.

While on a shooting trip at Fox Harbor a few springs ago, and using the ice gunning boat, I put up at Charlie

Stuart's, who is an old coast pilot and knows every nick on the Nova Scotia shore. Charlie is one of the most successful gunners of our province, and is very agreeable, only when he gets started on a shooting yarn away back in the seventys.

We started out in our boats one morning, Charlie having his long, heavy single barreled musket and charged with A A A. He located a flock of our Canada geese on Oak Island point, by his glass, which is nearly as large as the gun, and then explains to me how we can get at them, but having little faith in the venture, and a head wind to face, I stay where Capt. Charlie puts me—in the track of the fowl. In a short time—fung that old musket went, awakening the echoes for miles, and the flock breaks up into bunches, one of six coming directly over me. I killed one with each barrel and am chuckling to myself when I meet Charlie. What luck Charlie? Oh! none at all, examining the old musket, and looking mad.

What nothing at all?

Well, I had seven geese all in range in line perfectly and only killed five. I bit off half a fig of Napoleon, chewing, biting nearly through the stamp, and insisted on seeing the geese. They were there.

Clove Hitch.

We would like to hear from all of our sportsmen on any subject of interest to the craft.