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November

Protection and Propagation



OF

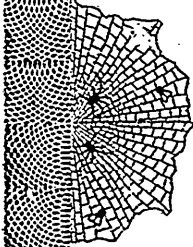
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The Sportsman's Pocket Journal

VOL. 1.

AMHERST N. S., NOVEMBER, 1894

NO. 12

CONCLUSION

Duck Shooting.

Tell the difference? Not much, he couldn't! Because he would be expecting to see ducks in such a place as this. The best of hunters get fooled at times; only last week, I filled one of these same decoys with shot, mistaking it for a crippled duck that fell where it was. Every hunter can recall instances and laughable mistakes made in shooting at decoys, and very few of us have avoided being caught. Never mind. Sit still and I will push the boat into those tall rushes, just behind that muskrat house. Now take the oars, pull down those tallest rushes, by bending them with the oar, and they will shield the boat, making an excellent blind. We will let Don retrieve those falling in the rushes, but let those lie that drop in open water. Whenever the dog retrieves, help him up on the bow; he understands that is his place when retriev-

ing. He won't shake himself,—has got too much sense for that.

Have plenty of shells handy, and here, take these, some eights, for cripples. There is a curious thing connected with duck shooting. Hunters in flight-shooting use 4's 5's and 6's; over decoys, 5's, 6's and 7's. They shoot a duck thirty-five yards over decoys with 5's or 6's, cripple it; the duck swims off, is full forty yards away before they are ready to shoot it; then they let drive a charge of 8's, and although the duck is half buried under the water, it is killed instantly. Here is a problem to solve. If one can kill a duck swimming from him at thirty-five and forty yards, merely the top of its head and back exposed to view, using No. 8 shot, can he not kill one flying at the same distance with the same size shot, when it presents a target eight to ten times as large, with all its vital parts exposed? Most assuredly he can. You admit it, so do I; and yet, when we start out duck shooting, knowing we will shoot over decoys, we will have

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ten shells loaded with other sizes where we have one with No. 8's. Since we arrived here and began placing out our decoys, and arranging our blind, numerous flocks and pairs have started to come in, then sheered away, because they saw us. This is almost invariably the case. Don't feel discouraged at this, because the hunter should take his time and make all preparations to suit. Discretion and judgment must be used in the selection of a stand, the setting out of the decoys and the building of the blind. Perhaps you think I am doing a good deal of talking and we are not bagging many birds. Remember what I am telling you, for some day you will be out and not having me, or some other experienced person along; these hints and instructions will then be of far more benefit to you than if you bagged one hundred birds to-day. Mark, south! Red-heads! The wind is helping them along. They see the decoys. Let them pass, I will chuck and they will return and alight against the wind. Here they come! Give it to them! Six down! Snoot that cripple quick. That's it. And you were none to soon either. He only straightened up to see where the danger lay, and if you had let him dive once we would have lost him, as he would have gone clean over to the rushes, and then would have been safe. Here comes a single one. Hold well ahead and under; his wings are set, and he is coming down quite fast. See how dead you can kill him. Didn't kill him very dead, did you, with the first barrel? You overshot it, but then your second

barrel redeemed you. It is a Gadwell or gray duck. It took two shells, but if you can bag a duck using two shells on an average, you are a good duck shot. It can be done over decoys, but in no other way. Bless me! I came near missing it, shot a trifle behind; it wasn't over twenty yards from us. I saw Don's eyes sparkling, and, following the direction he was looking, I saw a pair of red feet right over the water, a young mallard drake. Many and many a duck have I shot in this manner, my attention being called to it by the glistening eyes of my dog, or his chattering teeth, as he tries to restrain his nervous excitement. An old duck dog as anxiously notes the approach of game as does his master. Here comes a flock of pin-tails. Now for fun! Don't move and I will see if they can be called down. See! They notice the decoys, hear my whistle, and look at them come down, like fluttering leaves. They must have been fully eighty yards up when I first called them. Don't they come with a rush? Shoot just as they are over the water; fire where two or more are together. Hurrah! We made sad havoc with them, didn't we? Eight down, with four barrels. I am not surprised at your missing with your second barrel, for you weren't watching for them to jump quite so high after they received the contents of our first barrels. Did you notice how they jumped perpendicular? They went straight up fully thirty feet, and you undershot the second time. Bear it in mind hereafter, and as soon as you fire the first barrel, look high before

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shooting again, for they invariably rise vertically when shot at. Mark! A pair of canvas-backs. How do I know at this distance? By their steady flight, their long necks, their short bodies. They will come in to our red-head decoys. Don't wait for them to light, give them a chance for their lives; that is, if shooting at them at thirty-five yards is a chance. You take the drake and I will his mate. Now is your time! Pshaw! Pure carelessness! I ought to have killed her with either barrel. When I shot first I didn't gauge her speed; then the second barrel was fired hastily, and without properly judging flight. Look! Look at her wobble and teeter,—hit hard after all! See how hard she tries to keep up! Will she make it? Yes? No! Down she goes, stone dead, the shot having penetrated a vital part. We will find her all right, as she fell in that big open water. Yes, yes! I see those six milliard. They will come all right. The two that are about fifty yards in advance will call the others in. Keep low. Here's a drake swinging right in to us. Knock him! Well! You are a nice fellow. Why didn't you shoot? I supposed of course you would, and I followed him, and waited and waited for you. Lucky thing I was ready and killed him. What was the matter? Duck fever? Thought the others would come in? Perhaps they would and perhaps they wouldn't. I have waited a good many times myself, refraining to shoot, expecting a better shot, and getting none at all, and experience has taught me that in the long run the best way is to kill a duck

when it gets within thirty to thirty-five yards, no matter what you may see in expectation. Of course it would have been very nice to have waited and killed three out of the four; but suppose they hadn't come? Would have felt pretty cheap, wouldn't we? But here it is noon; we will go over on that ridge, make some coffee, and have lunch. We go, leaving our decoys in the water.

Soon coffee is made, and sitting on our rubber coats we are enjoying ourselves, as only hungry hunters can. As you face the north, I notice you gaze idly on those hills so near us, then turn your eyes indifferently away. Nothing particularly interesting about them, is there? Simply bluffs, grass and scraggy trees,—an elevated point overlooking the surrounding country. You see this, and your curiosity is satisfied, your interest dies out. Let me tell you a little about those hills, where the cattle are so peaceably grazing to-day. Some years ago, they were the rendezvous of the most desperate gang of horse-thieves and murderers that ever infested the West. It was from this vicinity they sallied forth, bent on rapine and murder. It is only thirty miles below here where they murdered old man Davenport in his own house. On these hill-tops, as late as 1892, the Sac and Fox Indians held their councils of war; here, where from their elevated positions, they could command a view up and down the broad Mississippi River. It was on those bluffs that Black Hawk, one of the most celebrated Indian warriors that ever lived, with fiery eloqu

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ence and impassioned speech, besought his tribe to fight, and die, in the land of their fathers, rather than give up this sacred territory to the invading and encroaching whites. It was through this valley that he and his hords of savages marched time and again on the war path. It was on those hill-tops that beacon fires were lighted at times, signals and reports to their neighbors, the Iowas, across the river, You didn't know there was quite so much of history and romance connected with those hills, did you? Those mounds you notice on the hills, looking like hay-cocks, only so much larger, were made by the Mound-builders, a race of Indians in ages past. The mounds have been disemboweled of late years, and their contents were found to be stone arrows, spears, knives, hammers, and implements of ancient warfare. These mounds were the graves of warriors buried generations ago, and their arms were deposited at their sides,—weapons to protect them from Evil spirits on their journey to the Happy Hunting Grounds, showing conclusively that those hills were occupied by aborigines ages ago.

Well, from the amount you have eaten, no danger of starvation on your part for some time. It is now one o'clock, and as the flight is good to-day, we won't hurry back to the decoys. Light your cigar. What! Got a briar-wood pipe? Now that's sensible. No place for style in the marsh,—comfort and convenience are what we want here. You think it is well to rest during mid-day, because there is no flight?

That's where you are grossly wrong. From early infancy it has been dinged at me, instilled into my mind, that the time to shoot ducks was early morning and from about sun-down to dark. Every young hunter has the same text to learn from. Those times are good for ducks, but only in flight shooting, or when they come in to feed or roost, and the best continuous shooting I ever had has been in the middle of the day from ten in the morning until four in the afternoon. But mind, a knowledge of where they resort at such times must be had by the successful midday hunter, and they should be shot over decoys. At such times, look for them in rice beds, smart-weed, willow flashes, or in overflowed timber. At times one will rout them out accidentally. His judgment will tell him whether or not they will return. They will come back if they have been enjoying themselves feeding in some quiet, secluded retreat, and will feel comparatively safe. The proper way to find their midday retreat is, go where you think they may be found, don't be in a hurry to start out, but first decide where you intend going. Station yourself on some elevated place, and for half an hour watch every duck until it passes out of sight. If you do not see them light, depend on it you are at the wrong place, so move on. If you see one light, perhaps a pair, possibly a flock, then carefully watch every bird that takes that direction, and if you notice they keep dropping in, you have found their feeding ground. Go there at once, rout them out quietly as possible,—better not

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shoot then, but set out your decoys, build your blind, and you will get splendid shooting, as they will string back singly, in pairs, and in small flocks. My memory is fresh with the recollection of frequent incidents of this kind, when I have half filled my duck-boat with mallards, when at the same time, inexperienced hunters were splashing around through the mud, wasting ammunition at travellers and mud hens, and finally going home disgusted, carrying the report that there weren't but few ducks, and what were flying, flew so high one couldn't reach them with any shot-gun.

"Within the last half-hour I have noticed at least twenty different lots mostly mallards, drop into some place off at our right. We will pick up our decoys and go down there. I know the spot well, and we will get some good shooting. Don't you know it's everything to hunt ducks successfully, to know the lay of the land? If you ever go to a strange place to shoot, expecting to stay two or three days, by all means put in the first half day prowling around getting acquainted with the country; it will pay you to do so. I will hold the boat steady, and you pick up the decoys. Always propel the boat against the wind when picking up decoys, then you have no difficulty; whereas, if you come down the wind the boat will drift past some, and you will have extra trouble and labor in gathering them. Pretty cold work is'n't it? Yes, it is. But it has to be done, and must be done bare-handed.

On a day like this it's all right, but take a day when the thermometer registers zero or below, and I can assure you there is no pleasure in picking them up. No! no! don't wrap the cords around their necks like that,—it takes too long. Hand it to me, and I will show you how. See, commence wrapping at the right side of the breast, then bring the cord over the back and under the tail; now wrap from under the tail over the back again to the left of the breast. Keep this up till you have about a foot of cord left. Twist that around the neck, and your decoy is ready to put away. Notice the body is oval in shape and wraps easily. Now try it yourself. That's right, you have got the hang of it. Just lay them on the bow, as we will want to set them out in the place we are going to. Don't move! Don't move! Ha! ha! got fooled, didn't she? A widgeon. She saw the decoys, saw us, still her curiosity got the better of her, and although she was fully sixty yards when I fired she was killed sure. It's surprising what long shots one will make at times. About two weeks ago I killed a mallard off fully sixty yards. My partner smiled at the shot; just then another came over, I should think seventy yards high. I killed that. It flashed on me that I had on my shooting clothes, and that it was sure death for one to come near me. Just at that instant a mallard swooped down and passed me, going like the wind. She wasn't more than thirty feet from me, and was missed clean, with both barrels. Such is

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every duck-shooter's experience. Pick up that last decoy, and while you are wrapping it, I will "pike" down toward our destined place. "Pike," you will remember is the local saying for "scull." Seat yourself comfortably on the bottom in the hay, get your gun in readiness, for as we go down through this tangled rice we will surely get a shot; even now we are so far in, that I wouldn't be surprised if at any moment a pair of mallards would jump—splendid! That was as neat and pretty a double as you ever made, but you shot awfully quick. No use being in a hurry on those close slots. You had lots of time, for they always rise straight up over the rushes ten to thirty feet before flying off. Pick them up by the bill or head and shake off the water before throwing them in the boat. Handsome pair, aren't they? So dissimilar in looks, too. The drake gorgeous in his green, purple and white; the duck so subdued in comparison, when her mottled yellow and brown rests side by side with her noble mate. Just look at them dropping in down there! We are going to have a great time with them. The water isn't deep here, but mud? Anywhere from two to ten feet. There is a bird you don't see often. See him? Basking in the sunshine on that old muskrat house,—a male Summer duck. What a beauty he is! In my opinion the handsomest bird that visit the North. He sees us now. Watch him how undecided he is: look how the colors seem to shine resplendently as the sunshine strikes them. What are

you doing? No, you don't! Drop that gun. There are ducks enough to shoot without molesting him. Away he goes, little knowing his narrow escape. Don't feel hurt that I didn't allow you to shoot; by not doing so you conferred a personal favor on me. Oh, what's the use looking so inquisitively at me? If you want to know why I spared its life my only reason is a tender love for the bird. They are so inexpressibly beautiful, so affectionate, their gorgeous plumage always seems to me to light up the dull marsh with such surprising beauty, that I just haven't the heart to shoot them. Do you think me effeminate? I hope not.

We are getting among them now, they rise from the marsh in countless numbers,—what a sight! All kinds and sizes; the deep sullen roar of their wings their loud quacking, the sight of so many so near, just out of gun range, fill us both with thrilling, anxious expectation. It doesn't take long until we are in their retreat, set out the decoys, fix the blind and are making sad havoc with them. At times, they come with great frequency and regularity. This is easily accounted for; there are some constantly in the air, those coming first set their wings, coming in to the decoys; somewhere in sight of these, but unseen by us, are others, perhaps a mile off. They see their kind circling around or alighting, and go where they are; others see these and do the same. Thus while we see but few coming in, several different lots are approaching us at different distances, from various

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points. This is how it happens that one often kills anywhere from 6 to 15 birds, almost as fast as he can load and shoot. But why dwell on what we do for the next few hours? We have found their retreat, they come in from all directions, not sufficiently fast to beat one's gun, but with enough regularity to make it interesting, and not tedious by long waits between shots. We can enjoy the sport, enjoy seeing one another make difficult shots, enjoy the keen air, the cool November day. As you look at your watch a surprised look is seen on your face, and much to your astonishment it is six o'clock. Faintly we hear the whistles sounding that hour in the adjacent towns. Do not let the excitement of the evening flight cause you to forget the absolute necessity of taking your bearings in the marsh, for when the shades of night settle on the swamp, you will be lost for the time being, and your lack of forethought may force you to pass the night in your boat. Mark the way you came in by some tall tree, or bluff, that you know in the darkness will loom up against the sky, or any other way that you can depend on. If in a strange marsh, or in unknown woods, don't take any chances; for unless you have experienced it, you can form no accurate idea of the perfect blank your whole surroundings will present. Better lose the late shooting than take any such chances; besides, if you expect to shoot in the same spot the following day, it is much better to depart before dark and allow the birds to settle there in the twilight undisturbed for

the night, they will decoy much better on the morrow. If you stay until pitch dark, the flames from your gun frighten them much more than any reports they hear during daylight. In the day time they expect it, but when night comes, and once they are driven from their roost, they avoid that spot in the future.

Where we are now is perfectly familiar to me, and we will stay till dark. We will gather up the decoys now, for soon darkness will be on us, and we cannot do it then; besides, decoys in the faint light do but little good. When ducks come in the twilight, they come to spend the night, never dream of danger, and swoop in with a swish, that shows their fearlessness. Come, now that we have picked the decoys up, we will cross over and stay until dark, on the east edge of the rice, facing the west; because the reflection of the setting sun on the sky brings the birds plainer to view. Look to the west! See how bright the sky is; how beautiful after the setting of the sun! For a few minutes we are kept busy firing at the incoming ducks. They come in from all points of the compass. No need of blinds now. We see a dark meteor shoot hastily by, fire quickly, then listen for the expected splash. As we pick our way through the swamp you recognize your helplessness in this dark, strange place. But guided and directed by our never-failing friend—the North Star—we emerge after an hour's hard and patient work on the Mississippi River then take the steamer for home, tired hungry and happy, well pleased with our day's sport, and mentally deciding who among our friends will be favored when we make a division of our 112 ducks.

FIN, FUR, AND FEATHER.

FIN, FUR, and FEATHER

The Sportsman's Pocket Journal

PUBLISHED UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE
NOVA SCOTIA GAME SOCIETY.

Glaude deL. Black, Editor & Prop.

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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COMMUNICATIONS.—Manuscript intended for publication should be written on one side of paper only, and must be accompanied by the writer's name and address, as a guarantee of good faith.

AMHERST. N. S., NOVEMBER 1894.

Are we right?

No ducks on the Amherst marsh this fall. A large number were killed on the opening day, and nearly every person with a streak of the sporting ingredient running through his marrow was on the marsh, gun in hand. Since that day few ducks have been secured. The lakes on the open marsh might have been shot over all that day, and so long as the Wood Lakes were left unmolested, good shooting would have been the result all this

fall. We are not trying to dictate to Amherst's old sportsmen, only explaining why ducks are so scarce. That the shooting on September 15th was well managed we are well aware. No 8 or 10 men around one little pond where the ducks has been particularly numerous, and no one at places where ducks had been, if not in large numbers. Every sportsman was in his blind, and each knew where the others were, the whole programme having been prearranged. If the gentlemen who had the cream, (the Lower Wood Lake) had kept out on the open marsh, would the ducks have been allowed to settle there, and rest in peace, until now had they so choosed? No! Decidedly no. Impossible is a large word, in its way, but we claim that abolishment of shooting in the Wood Lakes is an impossibility of the most impossible kind.

Warm Run.

The dams on Warm Run are at last going to be looked after. Fishery Inspector Hockins has lately written for the name of the owner of the dams, and appearances would indicate that these obstructions will be either removed, or at least a fishway put in. Nearly a year ago the editor wrote to headquarters, at Ottawa explaining the use of the dams to their owner, and the reasons they should be either

removed or fishways put in, which was fully demonstrated to our readers at that time. In a few days an answer was received to that letter, stating that Inspector Hockins would look into the matter. In July the Inspector came to Amherst and was taken to the dams in a canoe by N. B. Steele. Lately he has written for the name of owner of the dams in question. We shall expect big things of the Inspector before spring, or—as some of the boys say—look out for dynamite. It don't take long to have a fishway put in a diserving place, does it?

Yachting.

Some of our readers may be interested to know that E. J. Armstrong, lately engineer for the Robb Engineering Co., Amherst, now with the Ames Iron Works, Oswego, N. Y., has gone into yachting for a pastime. He, with one of the firm now own a 27 foot, fin keel yacht which they sail on lake Erie. The Craft is length L. W. L. 18 ft, beam 5 ft 6 in., water to top of topmast 30 ft, no cabin, turtle deck, watertight compartments, cockpit 7 ft long. Fin keel—Fin 6 ft long at keel, 4ft 6 in at bottom, 6ft 6 in deep, made of $\frac{1}{4}$ in boiler steel, with a cigar shaped bulb of lead weighing 800 lbs, at bottom. Sails—Mainsail 300, jib 100, jib topsail 76, club topsail 56, spinacker 355 sq feet. Last three

sails are made of silk. She was designed by W. H. Stephens. In a letter to A. G. Robb, Mr. Armstrong states that he has just returned from his shooting trip. Result—64 partridges (ruffed grouse) and 8 woodcock.

Bicycle Sailing.

For the last few weeks there has been in the vicinity of New York another development of the bicycle idea. This is an arrangement made by Mr. Christian Ganz, of Omaha, Nebraska, by which he can set a sail from the handle of his bicycle, and, on a level road, with the wind ahead, can travel all day without using his own strength at all, except to check the speed of the bicycle when the wind forces it ahead too fast. The sail is adjusted in the following manner, and any bright boy can amuse himself by making a sail for his own bicycle.

Mr. Ganz has taken a stout piece of inch and a half or two-inch plank, cut it into circular shape, possibly five or six inches in diameter, and by making a deep notch at one point from the circumference in towards the centre, has fitted it securely around the forward support of the bicycle just below the handles. Through this disk a hole is made, precisely after the manner of a "step" for a mast in a row-boat. The light bamboo pole or mast is then inserted through this hole, and securely fastened below by stout twine or wire around the support of the bicycle. The

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hole itself is seven feet high, and the boom of the sail is six feet long, with a gaff of about three to four feet.

The sail is of light silk or cloth, and is bent on in the same manner as an ordinary boat sail. The foot of the boom, however, is attached to the mast with a goose-neck, that allows the rider of the bicycle to tip the boom itself up against the mast at any time he chooses; and it is in this way that he "tacks ship," by lifting the boom over his head to the other side.

Mr. Ganz has covered 118 miles in a day with this sail, with almost no work except checking the speed of the bicycle. He is confident that on a straight macadamized road he can easily do two hundred miles with the wind abeam, which is the most favourable direction to have it come from.

The above was clipped from *Harpers Young People*, a short time ago. Mr. Ganz has no doubt used the sail as a power to propel the bicycle, but we claim that A. G. Robb of Amherst N. S. has used the same rig long before him. We would infer from the clipping that the sail arer used by Mr. Ganz is 20-30 feet, where Mr. Robb used over double that quantif..

Clay Pigeon Shooting.

What is perhaps the best score ever recorded for a team of eight men, members of the same club, was made in a race between the Peekskill and Marlborough teams. The conditions were eight men a side, 25 targets per man. Peekskill Gun Club won, scor-

ing 193 out of 200 targets. The men and scores were: Dr. S. S. Horton, 25; F. Southard, 25; B. C. Everingham, 25; W. H. Pierce, 24; J. B. Halstead, 24; Dr. P. H. Mason, 24; M. S. Perry, 23; Dr. H. B. Wygant, 23; total, 193. Marlborough team scored 158. Outing for November.

The New Rifle

The best cartridge on the market made by cartridge companies is the 25-20. But my 25-35 beats it, I think, for accuracy, penetration and low trajectory. I can use thirty-five grains of powder and sixty-seven grains of lead and get extreme accuracy for hunting, forty grains of powder and 150 grains of lead and have an almost perfect 200 to 1,000-yard rest rifle and cartridge. Don't laugh at me, brother riflemen, for saying a 25 calibre can do good work at 1,000 yards. If you could shoot my rifle a few times at long range you would doubt no more.

Now if anyone should happen on to a bear or deer or any other medium or large size game, what would he do with only his 25-20? Get on his bicycle and "hump" for another town, I guess, if the game was a bear.

With a 25-35-86 split-pointed bullet he could shoot right through Mr. Bear's thigh, and the next moment kill a partridge with a 25-35-67, one to ten bullet, and not tear it much either.

If he never fired at over 200 yards he would need no elevating rear sights.

for the bullet goes nearly straight up to that distance.

I am something of a rifle crank, having twenty-six fine rifles in my racks at my house, and have experimented with nearly every cartridge now on the market, but for an all-round rifle to use at any distance, and on a very small game, give me the 25-35 every time. I don't say it is a perfect rifle for bear and deer—a 45-75-330 is the rifle for them—but that it will kill them, and usually stop them pretty near the place where fired upon, I think. I have never tried it on anything larger than a 'chuck, but from the way it splits fence posts with a split-point bullet, I think a bear would drop in his tracks if hit in the head or well forward in the body. Extract from Amateur Sportsman.

Dressing Fur.

The cheapest and readiest as well as the best method of dressing skins for use with the hair or wool on, is to first scrape off all the fat with a knife rather blunt on the edge, so as not to cut holes into the hide, upon a round smooth log. The log for convenience sake should have a couple of logs in one end, like a tressle; the other end should rest upon the ground. After the fat is well cleaned off, take the brains of the animal, or the brains of any other recently killed, and work them thoroughly into the hide. This renders the hide pliable. Then to preserve from the ravages of

insects scatter on it some powdered alum and a little saltpeter. If the hair side has become greasy, a little weak lye will take it out. Sheep-skins may be dressed in the same way, though the wool should be cleaned with soapsuds before using the brains. Another way, but more expensive, is to use a paste made of the yolk of eggs and whiting instead of brains, working it in the same way, letting it dry and brush off the whiting. Then add the powdered alum as before. Deer-skins and even small calf-skins are often tawned as the process is called with the hair on for garments. If it is desired to give the deer-skin a yellow color, yellow ochre or chrome yellow may be used in combination with the brains or yolks of eggs and afterwards brushed off.

If it is simply desired to preserve skins until they are sold, it is only necessary to dry them thoroughly. If the weather should be damp and warm, salt the flesh side slightly with fine salt.

A short time ago some one broke into the shooting house, owned by a number of A. G. C. members, which is near Howard's Lake, on the Amherst Marsh, and took nearly everything that was there. The camp was well fitted out with bedding, cooking utensils etc and was never molested before. We would not change places with the guilty party and take his chances for 25 new paid up subscribers.



SHOOTING.

Thanksgiving Day will probably be a sore one for partridges.

James Moffat and Noel B. Steele are at Port Elgin, brant shooting.

No ducks on the Amherst marsh since the "blow out" on September 15th.

A number of the boys were at Harrison's lake, Maccan, a short time ago. They killed a duck, after firing 16 shots at it.

Wm. Alexander, Wm. Foster, and Stephen Taylor lately shot two partridges each in an afternoon.

A South Florida man recently made a hearty dinner on alligator steak, and shortly afterwards was seen to foam at the mouth, and he has been strangely affected ever since.—Ex.

The Fishing Gazette is a weekly Journal devoted exclusively to fishing interests is a brightly edited paper, and contains matter of special interest to fishermen. Address The Fishing Gazette, 317 Broadway, New York.

It is attested upon good authority that a single pair of herring, if allowed to reproduce undisturbed and multiply for twenty years, would not only supply the whole world with abundance of food, but would become inconveniently numerous. Taking into consideration the population of the world, this is startling.

A short time ago we heard an old American sportsman remark that if all accounts were true, Amherst sportsmen were the most scientific he had ever known of in wildfowl hunting. A good chance for some of our sports to write up the different methods.

The sch. Porpoise, Capt. Ingersoll, from Grand Manan, lately brought to port a live deer which was picked up about a mile and a half off Mahogany Island. The deer swam across the schooner's bow and Capt. Ingersoll put off in a boat and captured the animal. It is now on board the vessel. The captain stood guard over the deer all night. The Society for prevention of cruelty to animals, at St. John, has since ordered the deer to be either killed or liberated as they have always died when kept in confinement.

FIN, FUR, AND FEATHER.

We want correspondants in all parts of N. S., P. E. I., and N. B., and are willing to pay a fair price for the proper matter.

Seymour Miner recently caught half-a-bushel of smelt off the wharf at Port Elgin, in a short time with hook and line. The people of that place say they are very large this fall.

Our moose hunters have not been very successful this fall. Does the law relative to cow moose bother them?

We want another thousand subscribers to this journal during 1895 in order to put ourselves in a position to afford improvements.

We would here remind the party who is beating around Long Lake looking for two otter that have been seen there of late, that if he kills, or attempts to kill these animals in any manner, he is liable to a fine. Trappers in Nova Scotia, must wait till 1897 to trap otter.

Mr. Robinson:—In answer to your letter in regard to N. S. licenses we would refer you to advertisement of Game Society in this issue. Licenses can be procured from C. W. Bliss, Amherst.

Fifty cents will try us for one year.

Noel B. Steele is selling clothing very cheap. If you require a suit or overcoat, call and examine some of his bargains. It costs nothing to look over Mr. Steele's shop full of new goods

Two of our town ministers have been out shooting several times lately. It seems as hard to find out how many partridges a minister of the gospel shoots, when his luck is poor, as anyone else.

Dave Steele has returned to St. Louis, Mo., the land of wild turkey and grey squirrel.

James Horton and Albert Downey have killed a number of partridges this fall.

Wm. Brennan of Summerside, P. E. I. killed thirty ducks in one day recently.

We want a smart boy or girl with good education, to learn the printing business.

Arthur Lusby is to be married in a few days. He is one of our sportsmen and a seasoned fox hunter.

We would direct the attention of our riflemen to the 25-20 Marlin repeater advertised on another page.

My First Goose.

I am a thoroughly seasoned "wild-fowler" now, a veritable old hand at the game. Yes! Time's frosty fingers have toyed with the locks on my temples, and placed a saint-like halo on my crown; but as long as the Great Spirit grants me consciousness, so long shall I remember that first wild goose.

My reminiscence takes me back to my boyhood's days when I was a "wee bit laddie of thirteen." I had been allowed as a very great treat, to spend a few days' holiday with one of my heroes. He was an old man then, tall, keen-sighted, thin, but, oh! so tough and wiry, I thought he could never tire or wear out. Dear old friend, your bones have mouldered this many a year in the quiet village churchyard, but your memory is ever green with me. He was a Paget, one of the grand old stock, and though wearing velvetens and keeping the preserves of the squire, was a far grander gentleman in my boyish thoughts than that same squire could ever hope to be. And let me say in passing I think so still.

My first recollections of him date from a birds-nesting expedition, in which I had, not altogether unwittingly, trespassed upon the grounds of his master. He pointed out my fault so kindly whilst sympathising with my pursuit, that he completely won my boyish heart. To this, dear old man's care was I relegated then for a week.

One evening, an hour or so before

bedtime, I saw him take his gun down from the rack, carefully wipe it out and run a prickler through the nipples. It was a Greener double, and, to hear Paget talk, a paragon amongst guns. Sundry other mysterious preparations, which were religiously kept from the notice of the "missis," put it into my head that there was something "on" and as I was not in the know, I made persistent efforts to get there. Whispering into my ear he said, "I'm going after the geese, laddie. Will ye go along with me."

Now, dear reader, picture to yourself if you can, the effect of such a remark upon a lad who, despite his few summers, was a sportsman to the backbone. I fairly danced with glee, and had to run out into the garden to yell, and howl, and otherwise comport myself like the daft body the "missis" said I was.

"Not a word of this to Mrs. P—, now boy, d'ye hear." "Oh! certainly not," promised I, "as close as an oyster," and laughing slyly at my precocity, the old man told me to "off boots and away to bed." This, after discussing my oatmeal porridge, I promptly did. I could not quite see the why and the wherefore of these proceedings, but having been trained to unquestioning obedience, I was soon snugly tucked away. I lay tossing for some time, but eventually succumbed to the influence of the drowsy god. Whether it was the excitement or the porridge, or both together I do not know, but certain it is when my good friend came stealing up in stockinged feet to my

room, I was having an awful time of it amongst the geese. One fierce old gander had me down, and was doing his utmost to smother me with his downy breast. My struggles to beat him off awoke me to the fact that Paget was rousing me by the time-honoured operation of stopping my breath.

"Hist! not a word, if Mrs. P— wakes and finds you out, it's all up with your wild-geese chase," said the old boy. After that a cat had not a chance with me as I silently donned my clothing. With stealthy steps we crawled down-stairs, gathering up our belongings, and getting over the garden wall, to avoid a round-about road, away we went across the fields. We had a good four miles to walk up the woods and it was as black as pitch; but following in my friend's wake, I did very well and trudged bravely onward. He lighted the long tramp by little yarns interspersed with instructions how to handle the gun he had entrusted to me. It was his own double, the one mentioned previously, having reserved to himself a long old-fashioned ducking gun, with a bore down which you could have dropped a halfpenny.

We eventually arrived at a field where the crop was ready for leading, and to which, my friend informed me, the geese would certainly come to feed. There was a slight tinge of dawn in the east as we quietly took up our stations near to a low hedge. We made ourselves a sort of hut of the sheaves of corn, and awaited the advent of the geese. "Now, youngster, keep

cool, don't be in a hurry, and don't fire till I tell you the birds are within shot; then let go just in front of the leader's bill, were his instructions. And good they were, as I have often since proved. How cold it became, and how I trembled with suppressed excitement.

For nearly an hour we sat thus, and objects 50 yards away were becoming quite visible, when I felt an iron grip on my shoulder forcing me into the bottom of the hut. Haggle, gaggle came the cry of the birds on the wind, and I knew then what the grip meant. When I caught sight of them, they topping the hedge about 90 yards away and looking to me as big as swans, and certainly within shot. "Keep quiet, boy, let them settle; we'll get a better shot than that." Sure enough the words were barely out of his mouth before down swooped a gaggle of 20, not fifteen yards on our left. Nudging me to be ready, the old general raised his gun. I followed suit, and laying on just ahead of my bird, I nervously pulled and was incontinently knocked backwards. A roar in my ear like the explosion of a cannon nearly deafened me.

It was Paget's gun that I heard. "Get up, lad, and pick up your bird," was the knowledge I had as to whether I had not irretrievably disgraced both myself and my mentor by a clean miss. "Well shot, my laddie, that's two beauties we've got," and I now noticed for the first time, what, in my conceit, I had not even thought of before, that Paget had also bagged his bird. Well, believe me, I would not have owned

FIN, FUR, AND FEATHER.

relationship with the Queen that morning, I was so abominably cocky.

Like a true wildfowler, I said, "let's get tack and wait for some more." How true it is that we are never satisfied in this world. "Nay, my lad, home to bed, before the old woman turns out, or there'll be ructions this fine morning." And away we trudged with the birds slung by the legs to our gun barrels.

Tired and half asleep, I reached the village, but you may bet your last dollar, my sporting friends, you never saw a more jubilant boy than I was that morning.

Messrs Moffat and Pelton returned to Amherst after a very short outing at Pokemouche. The weather was altogether to fine for good sport. A pair of wild geese were sent with the boat by their late Pokemouche host.

We will be pleased to renew your subscription to this Journal on receipt of 50c. Send the 50 and receive the December number.

Horton Covey, a Halifax sport representing John Stairs & Co. of that city, dropped in on us on Saturday,

Dandy Gould has trapped a large number of musquash this fall, but fur is low in price and a trapper cannot make a fortune.

Who will be the first to introduce pheasants in Cumberland County? Why not ten or so of our sportsmen rear a few broods; we have some of the best covers to be found anywhere and eggs can be easily obtained.

Bears have been seen on the Tyn-dale road, lately, according to reports.

Report has it that N. Curry, of Rhodes Curry & Co., Ltd, will put a game-keeper in his tract of woods at Fullerton's Mills and protect it. Sports men from Springhill and other places visit there every fall and kill anything they see with life in it.

The people of Port Howe and vicinity who continue to catch lobsters out of season as they have during the past three years, will look out for themselves in the future.

A number of Sydney, C. B. sportsmen took advantage of the recent fall of snow, tracking and killing a large number of partridges. One man shot 17.

It is devilish strange they can't leave that camp alone!

Robert Allen, sport, is expected home on a visit shortly.

Ralph Gates has a few rabbit snares down and promises the editor a pair, as soon as he gets them.



Hints and Points.

Increasing the Shot Charge.—By increasing the amount of shot a better pattern is obtained, but at the expense of penetration.

Carrying Gun.—In carrying a gun, barrels should rest on the shoulder, muzzle well up; or else under arm, the muzzle pointing to the ground, two feet ahead of you.

Target Shooting Makes Slow Hunters.—The great drawback to off-hand shooting on rifle ranges is that it makes a pottering, slow shot on game. The shooter takes his time at the range, knowing the target cannot get away, and hence does not learn to get a quick aim.

“Holding Ahead.”—Major W. McClintock, R. A., made some experiments in

England (results published in the *Journal of the Royal United Service Institution*) which demonstrated that a charge of $4\frac{1}{2}$ drams of best C. & H. powder gives to No. 4 shot a muzzle velocity of 1,344 feet. Inferior powder would of course give less. The time of flight for a velocity of 1,300 feet is as follows: 30 yards, .093; 40 yards, .1342; 50 yards, .1797; 60 yards, .2311, etc. This will about equal the velocity usually obtained from a 10 bore with $4\frac{1}{2}$ drams of powder and $1\frac{1}{2}$ ounces of No. 4 shot. A bird crossing the line of fire at 30 yards distance (flying at the rate of a mile a minute) would pass over about $8\frac{1}{2}$ feet while the shot passes through the 30 yards. At 40 yards the bird would cover about 12 feet, at 50 yards about 16 feet, and at 60 yards the bird would cover about 22 feet.

Penetration Test.—To test penetration with varying loads, get a long narrow box saw through both sides at intervals of one inch or less, thirty or more places into which place as thick cardboard as will fit. Knock out the end of the box toward you and blaze away at the broadside of the pasteboard at 40 yards range.

Don't.—Don't point your gun at yourself. Don't point your gun at any one else. Don't carry your gun so its range includes all your hunting companions. Don't try to find out whether your gun is loaded by shutting one eye and looking down the barrel with the other. Don't use your gun for a walking stick. Don't throw your gun into the boat so the triggers will catch and deposit the charge of shot in your stomach. Don't use your gun for a sledge-hammer. Don't carry your gun with the hammer down. Don't be a fool. Don't you forget it unless you have serious intentions of leaving this mundane sphere.

FIN, FUR, AND FEATHER.

Browning Gun Barrels.—1 ounce muriate tincture of steel : 1 ounce spirits of wine $\frac{1}{4}$ ounce muriate of mercury ; $\frac{1}{4}$ ounce strong nitric acid ; $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce blue stone ; 1 quart water. Mix well, and allow to stand 30 days to amalgamate. After the oil or grease has been removed from the barrels by lime, the mixture is laid on lightly with a sponge every ten hours. It should be scratched off with a steel wire brush night and morning until the barrels are dark enough : and then the acid is destroyed by pouring on the barrels boiling water, and continuing to rub them until nearly cool. If the barrels are of imitated steel do not dilute the acid so much.

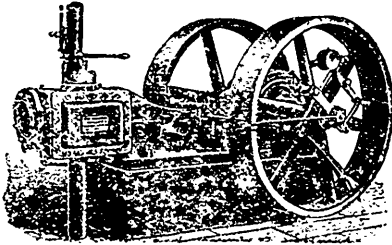
Holding Wads in Place.—Use a good firm, stiff pasteboard wad, under which place a circular disc of cotton cloth large enough to come up over the edge of the same, say from a sixteenth to an eighth of an inch. To load, first lay the disc of cotton over the mouth of the shell or loading tube, a good stiff pasteboard wad exactly on top in the centre and drive it home. Or, fasten your cardboard centrally to the larger cotton or thin cloth disc with a touch of good flour paste. Having thus prepared a lot of them should you prefer a lubricant, take an even row of them dip the projecting edges in a little melted tallow, you then have a lubricant exactly where you want it in advance of the charge of shot.

Chokebore.—The term "chokebores" means simply barrels whereof the diameter of the bore at the muzzle is less than the bore at some point behind the muzzle other than the chamber, while any barrel constricted at the muzzle to the extent of 5-1000 of an inch may be termed a modified choke. A

full choke is constricted to the extent of 30-1000 to 40-1000 of an inch ; but the larger the bore the greater must be the muzzle. The constriction of the bore must be from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 inch from the extremity of the barrel : this constriction if placed 3 inches or more from the muzzle, fails to throw the shot close together, but will give better penetration than a cylinder.

Weather in Bay Bird Shooting.—The most favorable wind for bay snipe shooting in the summer and autumn is one that blows steadily from the south-west. The birds that are coming from the north, and flying against it, lower their flight and skirt the bars and meadows, and place the stools more plainly and decoys much better than when travelling with the wind in the clouds. A wet summer is also found to produce the best shooting, as the meadows afford plenty of feed, and should the birds arrive early in the season, they stop and take the large marshes their home, flying north in the morning and flying south toward evening. This flight may be called a trade.

Ruffed Grouse Habits.—When alarmed, the ruffed grouse sometimes squats close to the ground, and generally flies and alights on some tree where it remains closely concealed under the branches near the trunk until the sportsman has passed. Their favorite resorts are sides of hills overgrown with hemlock and cedar, with undergrowth of laurel. In level countries they frequent swampy covers and scrub-oak patches, and lie better where there is a tangled and briery bottom. When flushed on a hill-side they generally fly uphill and can be found directly over the summit.



Steel Chippings from the Robb Engine Works

Bullseye was in the kitchen the night the sport changed ove coats.

Len the J. B. Giant got slightly tangled in the new Buffing machine. He is now try ing to sel his overalls to the ragman.

Brownell and Casey got on the outside of an enormous pile of goose at Macca. They then called for pie several times.

While one of the young men of the testing room was taking a drink from the nozzle of the hose, someone turned the water on full force. He got a good washing out. Not necessary for him to be dipped now.

Quite a number of the boys are looking up winter quarters.

Swipes says the best drinking water can be had at the little house beside the shop. He ought to know.

How at out the Leicester racket? Suppose he will do the right thing?

One of the sports thought he was getting a better overcoat than his own so he exchanged one evening, but he found the necessary articles were not in the pockets so he was left. Some say he was slightly tangled.

Great demand for the new Buffing machine but it is not everyone can run it right.

Whiskers must be lowering in price. I see several of the Boiler shop fellows have sold out.

Seaman Jagger the floor-master for the Nappan dances is again slugging in the Boiler shop.

A paid up subscriber is more petted and better defended by the editor than one in arrears. If one or two of the boys would think of this and pay up perhaps they would not be set on in items on this page, so often.

The boys say the new foreman in the repair shop is a hustler.

Captain Chapman says he is on to the Fox Harbor racket, Charlie.

One of the boys got off his eggs in explaining the uses of a surface plate a few days ago.

Work in the boiler shop is going ahead rapidly, under the able management of H. Brady.

Charlie has not changed places yet.

A. G's. new polishing machines are working first-class.

FIN, FUR, AND FEATHER.

A few days ago a Caravan en route to Shulee, stopped at Haymarket Square and led up.

Geo. McLean killed a spring pig weighing 238 lbs lately. Next.

A. G. went to Montreal, a few days ago with his mother. He will go from there to Oswego to see E. J. Armstrong and visit other places in the interest of the business.

Some of the "goody" high speeders are now swearing off till Thanksgiving.

Have you seen the ghost? It was a dandy!

Beware of the coop.

Well, the lead keel is on the Wasp and Harry is at work on the cabin enlargements.

The pattern shop is framed, and the new end to the high speed department is ready for the shafting. A. G. is a young hustler.

Great strides were made in boat building Saturday night.

A fine rabbit was presented to the editor, lately. We are not sure as to who killed it, but we have strong suspicion.

25-20 MARLIN.

Made also in

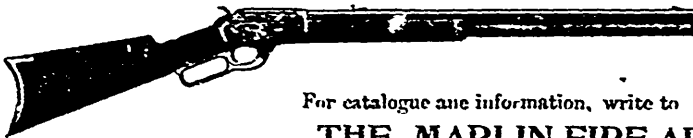


Take-down

The only 25 cal. repeater on the market

MODEL 1894

Also made in 32-20, 38-40
44-40 The latest repeater



For catalogue and information, write to

THE MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO.,

New Haven, Conn., U S A

FIN, FUR, AND FEATHER.

GUNS

My new lot of guns have arrived.

Powder

All the leading brands of Black and smokeless

Shot

Chilled and soft in every size

Shells

in Brass and Paper best make

Rifle Cartridges

All standard sizes kept in stock

JAMES MOFFAT,

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Amherst, N. S.

Niagara Hotel, SPRINGHILL, N. S.

Centrally situated in town and fitted up with all modern improvements.

Permanent and transient boarders accommodated on reasonable terms.

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Tremaine's Coraline

WILL CURE Chapped Hands.

Made and sold only at

Tremaine's Drug Store.

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For Pipes, Tobacco, and Cigars
of all kinds. Try our

Cream of Witch Hazel,

FOR CHAPPED HANDS

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Carefully Compounded.

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YES!

You are right, I am selling

Clothing

very cheap, but I buy right and can afford to continue giving the public

Bargains

in this line. Call and see my new

\$10 Suits.

NOEL B STEELE,

Opp, P. O. Amherst, N. S.

THE GAME LAWS. MOOSE AND CARIBOU.

Close season from Jan. 15th to Sept. 15th. Penalty for hunting in close season \$50 to \$200.

No person shall kill more than two Moose and four Caribou. Penalty \$50 to \$200. Meat must be taken from woods within ten days from time of killing. Penalty \$50 to \$200.

No person shall have in possession any Green Hide or Fresh Meat, whether killed in Nova Scotia or elsewhere, between Jan. 25th and Sept. 14th. Penalty \$20 to \$50.

No person shall set any Snare or Trap for Moose or Caribou. Possession of a Snare is presumptive evidence of intention to break the law. Penalty \$50 to \$100.

No person shall hunt or kill Moose or Caribou with dogs. Penalty \$50 to \$100. All dogs hunting Moose may be destroyed by any person.

No person shall for ten years hunt or kill American Elk or Red Deer. Penalty \$50 to \$100.

No person shall for three years hunt or kill any Cow Moose. Penalty \$100 to \$200.

BIRDS.

Close Season for Partridge, Woodcock, Grouse, Snipe, Teal from December 1st to September 15. For Blue Winged Duck, from April 1st to September 15th.

No person shall have any such Birds in possession in Close Season, whether killed in Nova Scotia or elsewhere.

No person shall kill Woodcock between sunset and sunrise.

Penalty for shooting or have in possession in Close Season, or killing after sunset, \$5 to \$10 for each bird.

PHEASANTS, &C.

It is unlawful to hunt, kill or have in possession any Pheasant, Blackcock, Capercaillie or Ptarmigan. Penalty \$2 for each Bird.

RABBITS, HARES.

Close Season from March 1st to September 1st.

No person shall have them in possession from March 5th to September 1st.

No Snares shall be set for Rabbits or Hares in Close Season.

Clear space of 100 feet must be left between each hedge and the nearest hedge.

All Snares or hedges unlawfully set may be destroyed. Penalty for each offence \$5.

OTTER AND BEAVER.

Close Season for three years, namely from May 1st, 1894, to May 1st, 1897.

MINK.

Close Season from March 1st, to November 1st.

OTHER FUR-BEARING ANIMALS.

Close Season for all other Fur-bearing animals, except Bear, Wolf, Loup-cervier, Wild Cat, Skunk, Musquash, Raccoon and Fox, from April, 1st to November 1st.

LICENSES.

No person not domiciled in Nova Scotia shall hunt without License.

License Fee for Birds, Hares and Rabbit, \$10; for all other Game \$30.

Licenses may be had at Provincial Secretary's Office, Halifax: from all Clerks of Counties, and from the Agents of the Game Society in various parts of the Province.

License Fee for Officers Army and Navy, \$5. Officers who are members of Game Society are not required to take any License.

Penalty for hunting without License \$50 to \$100, in addition to the License Fee.

The hunter, guide or companion of any such person hunting without License is liable to same Fine as the person himself.

Note.—Whenever a Fine is imposed by the Game Laws, the person fined is liable to imprisonment if the Fine is not paid; and judgment may be recovered in the County Courts for amount of Fine and Costs and may be recorded so as to bind the lands of the defendant.

GEO. PIERS.

Secretary Game Society.

HALIFAX, July 25th, 1893

FIN, FUR, AND FEATHER

SIDEBOARDS!

I have some very nice sideboards

WONDERFULLY CHEAP.

DINING ROOM SUITES

With Tables, Chairs and Sideboards to match. Costs nothing to see them, and you may be sorry if you don't get one.

→ C S CAMERON

WHAT DO I SELL?

Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry

in every Variety and Price Call and be Convinced.

Gold and Silver Headed Canes

and Plated Ware, in which Bargains may be expected.

Wedding and Engagement Rings,

in Latest Patterns, and all Prices.

Repairing receives prompt attention.

C. S. McLEOD,

Amherst, Nova Scotia

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Fine Custom Tailoring

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RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

R. S. PRIDHAM,
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MY MOTTO: RELIABILITY, UNIFORMITY, SUPERIORITY.

1-yr-5

Fire Arms Etc to rent.

I will rent on the following terms:—

Article	Day.	Extra D	Week
10 Gage shot gun (doub'le)	\$1.00	.50	2.50
20 " " " [single]	.50	.25	1.25
12 " repeating shot gun	1.00	.50	2.50
44 calibre Repeater	.75	.50	2.00
22 " "	.75	.25	1.50
Camera, 4 x 5	1.00	.50	2.50

When any of the above are kept for longer than 1 week special prices will be given. Strangers must give bonds to value of arm. Used films will be taken off roll for user, packed in case for development and delivered to owner, on payment of cost of films

Office of Fin, Fur & Feather

For Sale, Exchange &c

CAMERA for sale, in good condition. A Hawk-eye, with Eastman's Roll Holder. Capacity, 100 4x5 exposures, without re-loading

Claude D. Black,
Amherst, N. S.

HUNTING BOAT 36X12 ins, 8 ft long, weight 44lbs, complete with paddles \$5

Box 605,
Amherst.

RELOADING TOOLS—44 C. F., including capper, decapper, bullet mould, powder measure, and seater. Price \$2

Fin, Fur & Feather

REPEATING SHOT GUN for sale, in good condition. Winchester make, 12 bore, pistol grip, stock, checkered 6 shot.

Claude deL. Black,
Amherst, N. S.

SHOOTING BOAT 48x15 inches and 10 feet long, Has rowlocks, is partly decked over, and tight as a Cup. Will sell for \$10.00

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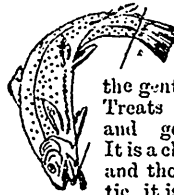
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