



Wm. H. Lawrence ~~544~~ ~~54~~

APRIL

Protection and Propagation



OF

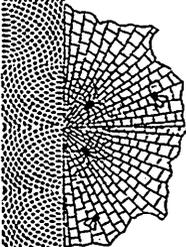
FISH & GAME.

# Fin, Fur, and Feather.

The Sportsman's Pocket Journal.

50¢ A YEAR.

MONTHLY.



1894

FIN, FUR, AND FEATHER.

# GUNS

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My new lot of guns have arrived.

AND

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All the leading brands of Black and smokeless



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I beg to inform friends and old customers that they will find me in the shop opposite F. A. Wilson's corner of Victoria and Eddy Streets, with a full line of Furniture.

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Amherst, N. S. 1-yr-3

Amherst N. S

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AND

# UPHOLSTERING.

Having engaged the services of M. William Cenney, a first-class upholster, I am in a position to guarantee satisfaction in this work.

## BAND INSTRUMENTS, Stationery, Notions

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Pianos.

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Victoria Street Amherst

A

SKI

# FIN, FUR, AND FEATHER

The Sportsman's Pocket Journal

VOL. I.

AMHERST, N. S., APRIL, 1894.

NO. 5.

CONTINUED

## Canoe, Rod, and Kodak

IN CAPE BRETON, N. S.

By Claude deL. Black, Canoe 'Petrel.'

**W**HILE 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

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noon when the clouds begin to break. We begin to pack up for a move, and as we are carrying the dunnage to our little craft, the Scotchman again appears on the scene. We give him the codfish, and three trout, which we had left, then shake hands, hoist our sails, and glide away on our course.

We run for a little over an hour when my friend descends through the glass, a little lake, near the beach, and with thoughts of more trout fishing, we run ashore. The lake is very shallow, which knocks out the fishing, but the sight of a few yellow legs and a pair of curlew, induces me to get my little Stevens bicycle rifle out. Crawling toward them, which I can readily do, as a group of spruces runs to within 15 yards of the birds—crack! and over goes a fine curlew. Not knowing from whence the shot comes, the birds only fly a short distance along the shore, and after another crawl and a couple of pot shots I trudge back to the "Petrel" with a curlew, a yellow-leg and a ring-neck. We then climb a high rocky point, and with the glasses look around us, but see only a schooner running before the wind, and a fishing boat anchored out a couple of miles. We then take our water-bottle, go to a house half-a-mile away fill the bottle with spring water, and arrive back to the canoe, which we find safe, notwithstanding that we just gave her a pull, and without even throwing the anchor out, left her. That is one thing that canoeists will hail with delight as regards cruising in Cape Breton's inland

waters. The rise and fall of the tide is so slight as to be hardly perceptible to the eye, thus doing away with the hauling and tugging of your canoe over half-a-mile of flats, which is the case on a good many cruises. Then again, the waters are very deep close to the shore, and there is little or no danger of running on a half-hidden rock or reef.

In a few minutes we are moving again, with the wind on our quarter, which is steadily increasing. We are only nicely on our way when we see a nice little river running into our cruising water, and of course we run up to explore. The water here is quite calm, and after setting my companion ashore to trail a few yellow-legs, I take a run up the river.

On my return he produces two yellow-legs and a sand-piper as a result of good marksmanship, with the Stevens, and we make another start.

Getting clear of the mouth of the river, we find a heavy sea running, and white crested waves all around us. With all sail set, and both of us well out to windward we proceed like angry electricity, for a time, when shipping considerable water in two or three heavy gusts of wind, we lay too, reef both sails and run for about 40 minutes, then sighting a favorable landing place, dash ashore on the crest of a large wave, and climb up the steep bank in search of a suitable spot to pitch our tent, which we soon find. My companion asks a 14-year-old-boy to go inside the tent and hold up the pole while

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we get little stakes to drive in the ground for guy ropes. The boy declines, and when my friend steps toward him, he, unlike the boy that stood on the burning deck, fled. I could not blame the boy much, as my friend did look tough, to say the best—a dirty face, short pants short stockings, an ugly-looking hat, a 38 S & W in his hip pocket and an 8-inch bowie knife in his belt made up his attire.

I was in the bush cutting stakes, or he would probably have been rooted to stop, through fear. After an explanation, and a persuader in the form of a 25c peice he consented to help us, and we soon erect our canvas dwelling, send the boy after some straw, make our bed, and prepare tea.

Just as I am lighting the wicks of the oil stove, a shaggy looking bull walks toward our tent, bellowing softly to himself. I yell at him, but without effect, so, remembering that bulls can't climb, I speedily seek a tall spruce, my companion actively agreeing on the same course, and soon we are defiantly looking down at the beast which stands eying us, and, no doubt thinking us the largest and toughest looking birds he had ever seen. A rescuing party soon came in the person of a pretty Scotch lass, who drove the animal and our melancholy forebodings away. She then reappeared with some milk, and judging by the expression of her countenance, she was highly amused at the picture we must have cut scrambling up the trees. After taking supper and getting everything in trim

for breakfast, we go to a shop near by to enquire about the surrounding country. We are greeted at the door by a jovial old Scotchman, who gives us a lot of information on fishing and boating, and to our great satisfaction produces Halifax and St. John papers. We then repair to the tent, light the lantern, and read the papers through "adds" and all.

Next morning we start for Little Bras D'Or village, a distance of about 30 miles. The wind being light we shake out our reefs, and proceed with everything made fast. We pass numerous fishing boats, which are taking in mackerel nets, and a young man in one of them suggested that we go ashore, put wheels under our craft, and finish our journey by land, or we would shurely drown. After about two hours of sailing we run for a little lake which has a passage from the water outside, and by following a little channel we float in on an even keel. We find two large fishing boats anchored in the little lake beside a small wharf, to which we make the "Petrel" fast, then start for a farm-house near by for bread milk and eggs. Here again we meet with kind-hearted-people who supply us with the articles and refuse to receive any pay for them. On our return to the canoe we are accompanied by the young man of the farm who is about 16 years old, and at his suggestion we utilize an hour in hunting through the upper end of the little lake for oysters, with the result of securing nearly a peck of fine ones.

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The oysters making us hungry, I prepare a meal consisting of the succulent bivalve on the half-shell, ham and eggs and bread, after disposing of which and resting, we pack up, hoist our sails, and away. We run till 3 o'clock, when the wind lulls, and we go ashore take down our mainsail, and ascend on the nearest point to look at our surroundings. By the aid of the glass we can see the village of Bras D'Or quite plainly. Rounding the point, we soon come upon beds of strawberries, and have a regular picnic. On our course appear to our view four young girls hoeing potatoes, which seems to be the favorite pastime on the land for both sexes at this season. After looking at them for a while, one asks us if we talk Gaelic. We admit having neglected to acquire that accomplishment, but have quite a chat with them in English. The result being that we take tea at their house.

The wind having come up again we bid the Scotch people good bye, and hurry to the canoe, finding on our arrival at the shore that we will have a very close haul to reach the village. By running very close, and watching our course, we arrive at Little Bras D'Or village at about 7 and are, in a short time listening to advise from old seamen, as to the advisability of our going around Cranberry Head to reach Sydney Harbor. They all advise us to get a truckman to take us overland which is a distance of only two miles, and we accordingly secure the services of a jovial Irishman who is to call at the wharf at 5 in the morning. We

pitch our tent behind a spruce hedge, get our teas, talk to our numerous visitors, then go to bed. Next morning we are off for North Sydney at 5.30, and before 7 we are at one of the wharves, unloading the cart, and by 7 o'clock a hundred people are around us some kindly helping to launch, and load the canoe, others contenting themselves with making remarks on our little craft, and making us smile by the simplicity they display.

We start for the head of the town, to find a suitable camping spot, as we had intended to remain a few days; but after rowing ashore and getting our tent, etc., out, something unaccountable leads us to change our minds, and replacing them in the canoe we hoist our canvas, and steer for Sydney, (Sometimes called South Sydney): about four miles from North Sydney and very prettily situated on the Sydney River. The wind being fair, 30 minute's sailing takes us there when we drop sails and row along the shore in search of a camping place. We are at the head of the town when we come to a little creek, which we shoot up and in a few minutes pass under a bridge and find ourselves in a nice little lake, which I immediately name Canoe Harbor.

To be continued.

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There was a young man and he  
Climbed up a tall spruce tree,  
And when he got there he did not care  
For the bull could not get at him there

## FIN, FUR, AND FEATHER.



### Camp Fire Flickerings

#### SHOOTING OUT OF SEASON

I had been told that there were trout in Big Spring Creek "that long" (indicating something less than a yard), and so, having no fish line, I twisted a formidable cable of black linen thread and for some hours I patiently waded the icy stream, and tried to convince the fish that my ponderous tackle was not so bad as it looked: still, they wouldn't even consider the matter. I had my doubts as to there being any fish there after all, but I threw a grasshopper on the surface of the current, and as I watched it drift down over a deep green pool under a ledge of rock, an enormous trout rose majestically, much as I have seen porpoises roll, and gathered in the grasshopper, thereby putting an end to my doubts at

once:

Well, thinks I to myself, that's a little the biggest trout I ever saw or heard of, and I must certainly make another effort. So with many misgivings I set about twisting another line of white thread, when suddenly it occurred to me that if I could make him jump like that again, so coolly and easily, I would have time enough to put a rifle bullet mighty close to him before he could settle back to the safety of deep waters. Shooting trout on the rise, too, would certainly be original if not exactly lawful.

So I threw away the thread and hooks, and taking my rifle along, caught another grasshopper. This I threw just as I had thrown the other, and the moment it struck the water I sighted it and followed it along as it drifted over the same pool. As before, there was a gleam of scarlet and olive green, the hopper was gone, and before I knew it I had discharged the rifle into the mighty swirl. No results at first, and I thought what a fool I was to suppose I could shoot a jumping fish with a rifle; but presently a huge pink belly made its appearance, coming to the surface, and there floated my fish, larger even than he had appeared before. I rushed in on a shallow rifle and seized him as he came floating down. Oh! such a beauty, and not a bruise on him; he must have been entirely under water before the bullet got there, but he had received such a shock that he hardly moved after it. I had no means of weighing him, but his length was 26 in.—Ipsarraka—in *Forest & Stream*.

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### 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*.

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### 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—fong 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.

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

## FIN, FUR, AND FEATHER.



### SNAP SHOTS.

The sunlight falls on sanctum walls,  
The window is raised once more;  
The fresh wind frisks through the editor's  
whiskers,  
And the clippings blow out the door.

If a colored waiter carrying roast turkey should drop it what effect would it have on the nations of the earth? It would be the downfall of Turkey, the overthrow of Greece, the breaking up of China and the humiliation of Africa.

"I fear," sadly said the postage stamp when it found itself fastened to a love letter, that I am not sticking to facts.

"Ten dollars for stealing dat chicken?" Why Judge, honer' now. I could 'a' bought dat hen for two dollars.

This bump, said the phrenologist, indicates that you are of a combative disposition. No, said the subject. "It indicates that my wife is of a combative disposition. That's where she hit me with a hair-brush this morning.

I'm in a fighting mood today said George. I'd like to lick somebody or something.

Here said Jim, handing him one of Lockwood's big gummed labels, lick that. Perhaps it'll satisfy you.

I hate hunting with Dawson, he's so parsimonious.

How so?

He never shoots at the second bird until he has extracted all the shot from the first to use over again.

Why do you carry a newspaper in your pocket all the time if you never read it?

It's a convenience on the horse-cars. If a woman gets on and has to stand, the paper, enables me not to see her.



# 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,

1-yr-1

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

592  
24060  
3600

100  
2400  
392

FIN, FUR, AND FEATHER.



Hints, Points, Kinks, and Wrinkles for Sportsmen.

**Killing Fish.**—To kill a fish when caught put the thumb into the gill and break its neck; or hit it a smart rap on the back just behind the head with a stick or knife handle —Seneca.

**Boarding a Yacht.**—In coming alongside a yacht at anchor all persons who are not guests of the captain or specially invited or of some rank, should come to the port gangway. Ladies always come aboard on the starboard side.

**Mildewed Tents.**—To remove mildew whitewash the tent with a weak solution of chloride of lime. Add salt to make it stick. A strong solution will rot the cloth. Two pounds of slacked lime to a barrel of soft water is the proportion.

**Paint for Canvas Boats.**—One gallon boiled linseed oil, 2 pounds of beeswax, 1 quart of benzine. Cut the wax in the benzine, add to the oil; heat quite warm, and apply as long as the canvas will take it. It adds very little to the weight of the canvas, and one coat will last a long time. No. 10 duck is better than heavier canvas; the mixture will keep it very soft and pliable, and will stand some pretty hard knocks —S. D. Kendall.

**Mosquito Smudge.**—From the side of a fallen cedar leg, dry but not rotten, cut strips of bark about 6 feet long, enough to make a bundle a little larger than two hands can span. From the white inner bark of a growing cedar tree make long, pliable strips, with which bind the dead bark at intervals of 9 inches into a compact mass. Ignite one end of this and leave it to smudge in the tent like a cigar. The smoke is fragrant and agreeable. When the mosquitoes go out let the smudge remain all night at the tent door and none will enter. —Seneca.

**Fair Weather Indications.**—If at night there are few stars, and those very bright and sparkling in a pale, steely sky. If swallows fly high. If just before sunrise the sky is a dull gray and the sun rises clear, gradually dispersing the vapors. If, after a rainy day, the sunset sky is suffused with a magnificent streak of crimson (not copper color) if there is a rainbow at night. If there are mists at evening over low-lying ground or near a river. If a mist in the morning clears off as the sun gets higher. If there is a heavy dew in the evening. If, after a rain, drops on twigs fall and the branches dry quickly. —Seneca.

## FIN, FUR, AND FEATHER.



### Communications

#### Encouragement.

Springhill April 11, 1894

Dear Editor:—

Enclosed please find 50c, for one year's subscription to your valuable little journal. I am somewhat of a sport myself and greatly admire your pluck in starting what will be, in a short time a well circulated sporting magazine. My business is mostly traveling, and I often pick up some good ones on the boys which you may rest assured will be sent to you. I wish you every success, with Fin Fur and Feather.

Bay Bird.

#### Affairs up the Marsh.

Amherst April 9

Dear "Fin":—

The boys are not in it this spring, on the marsh. Texas Tom has killed 4 geese so far and the decoy sports have got nothing yet. I know of a certain editor who was up the marsh with a friend, a short time ago, on a Monday evening, and waited for the geese they had round on the day before, till dark, but they never came.

The boys go up and rig out, then Bever-tooth sneaks up, at daylight next morning and kills a few geese, with a borrowed gun. Your Greener guns are all right as also are the decoys, but get ahead of Trenholm and perhaps other merciless pot hunters, or give up the gun.

Big G.

#### Gun Club.

Mr. Editor:—

We have a gun club in Amherst, and a secretary to it, I believe, but they have not shot since fall. Why is it that a meeting is never held? I blame the secretary for not notifying members of the monthly meeting. It would be an easy matter to put a little add in your paper and call a meeting once a month, giving members a chance to pay arrearage in dues etc., and to lay plans for the summer. How about the monthly shoots? They used to take place regularly, but now they are never indulged in.

Perhaps the secretary might publish the financial statement with a report of last year's doings sometime this year.

Gun Wad.

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## FIN, FUR, and FEATHER

The Sportsman's Pocket Journal.

Glaude deL. Black, Editor & Prop.

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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.

TERMS:—Fifty cents per year, single copies five cents—strictly in advance.

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.

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AMHERST. N. S., APRIL 1894

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### N. S. Game Laws.

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In a letter to the Halifax Chronicle of April 5th D. W. Archibald of Sheet Harbor N. S., says:

I notice a very necessary and commendable law passed, at the last session of our local legislature, for the protection of deer, elk and birds imported into this province. No law could be too stringent in this particular, nor the punishment too severe for any violation thereof. I also notice some important changes in the law relating to moose and caribou, opening the whole of the month of September for the slaughter of buck moose only, closing the last half of January, and prohibiting the killing of cow moose for an indefinite

period. The carrying out of the later clause, while the killing of bucks is permitted, would be an impossibility, as the heads of half the moose that are shot are not seen before being killed, and if they were seen how very easy to leave the heads in the woods and call them all bucks. All heads except those with extra large horns are left in the woods, the muzzles and tongues only being brought out. This being the case who is to swear positively to the difference between the muzzle, tongue and meat of a buck moose and those of a cow. I could not, and I am no novice in these matters. I am safe in saying that there are in this district three cow moose to one buck, and believe this to be generally the case throughout the province, and if it were possible to protect one portion more than another, it should be the bucks. The cause of their scarcity may be attributed to their having been hunted and killed during the calling season, specially for their heads, while the cows at this season generally get clear. Apart from this bucks are much more easily crept upon than cows. No animal is more on the alert for danger than a cow moose with calves, and they are generally found together until smaller calves appear upon the scene, when the yearlings strike out for themselves. The hunting, slaughter and separation of these animals during their mating season does much to retard the propagation of the species, and should be abolished. The mating season of moose and caribou commences about the tenth of September, and is well past by the tenth of October,

## FIN, FUR, AND FEATHER.

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although I have called and killed them later, and I would strongly favor the closing of September at least, making the open season from the 1st of October to the 31st of January. Apart from more important reasons September weather is too warm to admit of getting meat out of the woods and make use of it a sound condition. The opening of September and closing of January is decidedly in the interests of sportsmen, while it is unfair to settlers and Indians, who prefer hunting later in the season, when meat can be kept fresh and the best use made of it. Any law giving to sportsmen a preference in these matters would be difficult to enforce. Nor can a law prohibiting the killing of cows, while bucks are allowed to be killed, ever be carried out, for even those who might be disposed to comply with the law could not, many being shot before seeing their heads. Calves or one summer have no horns and they are often killed by being taken for larger moose, while but few bucks have horns in January. This being the case I ask how men hunting moose are to select the buck from the cows? Our moose law before the recent amendments was fairly good, while the change has made it a collection of inconsistencies, and the sooner it is repealed the better for all concerned and instead make the open season for killing moose and caribou from the 1st October to the 31st January, both days included; meat killed during October to be brought out of the woods within the first five days after being killed; allowing ten days for that purpose during the remainder of the sea-

son, and five days in February for any that may have been killed in the latter part of January, leaving the fines for dogging, snaring, killing out of season, etc., as at present, without attempting to define what kind of moose or caribou may or may not be killed, that being positively beyond control. And when a close season for moose and caribou of one, two or three years appears to be necessary, our people will cheerfully submit as they have done in the past.

We publish the above as it is the most sound and convincing argument against the game laws (moose and caribou) as they now stand, that we have heard, and the letter contains no little information. That friend Archibald is a thorough sportsman, and possesses good judgment coupled with a long hunting experience, we have little doubt.

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### Improvement?

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We come out this month with an enlargement of four pages, and trust subscribers will find other improvements. Designs have been received by us for a cut for cover, but have proved unsatisfactory, and we adopt present one. We will hereafter make this paper of more general interest to Maritime sportsmen, and they should help us along in the good work.

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The greatest snow-storm this winter was on April 9th.

## FIN, FUR, AND FEATHER.



### Marsh Jottings

Dave Kent and son Tom were<sup>2</sup> up for a few days, killing a mink.

Andy Johnson and George McLean were up for a day, but the trout would not bite.

Tom Texas Trenholm killed two geese in Warm Run on the 29th, pot style.

Everald Purdy's boat is on the bank of Morse's ditch, midway between the run and creek.

George Mitchell and Lewis B. Allen sagged up for a day, recently, but could find nothing.

Noel Steele has an advantage over most of the sportsmen in Amherst, as he can sit in his "den" window and see all over the marsh with the powerful glass he keeps.

The first fowl of the season, was a black duck killed by Thos Trenholm, on March 26th. Earnest Boyce was with Trenholm on this trip, but one shot was all they got

Noel Steele, saw a flock of 14 geese in the Morse Ditch lake, through his glass, on March 21, and with Bob Mitchell and Lau Allen, went after them. The boys fixed out with decoys carefully placed, but the gee-e never came back.

Texas took Henry Harvey for a Point de Bute sport shooting without license, one day not long since, and after calling him a few pet names and declaring war, he discovered the difference, when he sent Harvey on a "wild goose" chase. Harvey knows a thing or two.

Ottawa, 27th March 1894

Sir:—

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of 16th instant urging the building of a fishway on the Dam across Warm Run, and to inform you that this Dam is included in the Schedule of fishways to be constructed in Inspector Hochin's district.

I am Sir, your obedient servant,

Wm. Smith,  
Deputy Minister of M. & F

Mr. Claude E. L. Black  
Amherst N. S.

## FIN, FUR, AND FEATHER.

Tom Trenholm has been up the marsh the past week for geese, but has not got home yet.

Leander Allen and Osborne Moffat unsuccessfully passed a few days in a blind waiting for geese.

A letter for publication on marsh matters was received today, but we cannot publish in this issue.

We are informed that there is a large white owl on the Amherst marsh. Naturalists should take up the scent and try and bag it.

Ducks are scarce although they are protected by the law.

Fred W. Christie has a new boat ready for the marsh.

FOR FIN FUR AND FEATHER

### The Three Gunners.

There were three men went gunning  
And nothing could they find,  
Until they came to a hay stack  
And that they left behind;  
Says Lan Allen its a hay stack,  
Bob Mitchell he says nay;  
Says Fred Lusby its a *gabiang*  
And the owners are away.

There were three men went gunning,  
And nothing could they find,  
Until they came to a pond hole  
And that they left behind;  
Says Lan Allen its a pond hole,  
Bob Mitchell he says nay;  
Says Fred Lusby it is *Stoney Lake*  
And we'll "fix out" here today.

There were three men went gunning,  
And nothing could they find,  
Until they spied an empty barrel,  
And that they left behind;  
Says Lan Allen its a puncheon,  
Bob Mitchell he says nay;  
Says Fred Lusby it is *Capt. Dick*  
And he's coming down this way.

There were three men went gunning,  
And nothing could they find,  
Until they came to a shite poke  
And that they left behind;  
Says Lan Allen its a hokum-shite,  
Bob Mitchell he says nay;  
Says Fred Lusby it is *Chapman's goose*  
And he must have got away.

There were three men went gunning,  
And nothing could they find,  
Until they came to a decoy duck,  
And that they left behind;  
Says Lan Allen its a decoy duck,  
Bob Mitchell he says nay;  
Says Fred Lusby its a *black duck*,  
And he is getting under weign.

There were three men went gunning,  
And nothing could they find,  
Until they spied Bert Ackles,  
And they soon left him behind;  
Says Lan Allen it is Barton,  
Bob Mitchell he says nay;  
Says Fred Lusby it is *Joshua*,  
And he has come to scare us away.

There were three men went gunning,  
And nothing could they find,  
Until they came to Muddy Lake  
And had set out in a blind;  
Says Lan Allen there's someone coming,  
Bob Mitchell he says nay;  
Says Fred Lusby it is *Dick and Josh*,  
And we'll call some other day.

—Pot Hunter

## FIN, FUR, AND FEATHER.



### Shooting.

Everald Purdy's boat is on Morse's ditch, midway between the run and creek.

The organizing of teams for the Dominion league rifle matches, will be started shortly.

Dr. Seaman, Joggins Mines, killed three fine geese on the Minudie marsh a short time ago.

A. Peabody, of this town, was recently presented with a white brant by a sporting friend, which he has sent to Eagan, Halifax to be stuffed and mounted.

We don't blame Mayor Hall, of Springhill, and Powers C. P. R. Inspector for not getting a moose down on a last winters' hunt, but we do blame manager Archibald and George, the white guide as everything favored them but the fouled rifle, and Texas says he was not in it.

A son of Mark Legere, of Joggins Mines, killed the first wild goose in that locality this season at the mouth of McCarron's brook.

A young man killed 13 brant in one shot near Charlottetown, P. E. I. a short time ago, so we are told, and by a reliable person.

Robert Allen of Fredericton was in town on the 4th, being called home to the funeral of his little sister. Bob invaded our sanctum and wished us prosperity.

Messrs. J. S. Climo, E. J. Armstrong and others are circulating petitions, to which many signatures have been placed, asking the legislature for an act to protect the partridge from extermination. There are such acts now in operation in Ontario and Manitoba. The petition says "that the partridge in this province are being rapidly exterminated by hunters who shoot for sale, and we petitioners would humbly pray your honorable body to amend the game laws pertaining to partridge by an addenda as follows: "That no partridge shall be exposed for sale in stores, by dealers, or in any public market."—St. John Telegraph.

C. E. Horton late of Joggins Mines, has gone to Little Glace Bay, C. B. to work at the old business. Texas will take the old double barreled among and use odd hours to keep his fore finger in use.

## Dom. Riflemen Meet

The annual meeting of the Dominion Rifle association was held at Ottawa Wednesday. The governor general, the minister of militia and a large number of members of parliament interested in militia affairs were present. Lieutenant-Colonels MacDonald and Curren, Halifax, were the representatives of Nova Scotia.

The following officers were elected: President—Lieutenant-Colonel Gibson, of Hamilton; vice-presidents, Major Hughes, M. P.; Major Hamilton, of Quebec; Lieut.-Col. MacDonald, of Halifax; Colonels Beers, of New Brunswick; Scarth, of Winnipeg; Prior, of British Columbia, and D. A. MacDonald, of Prince Edward Island.

The only changes in the council were the substitution of Governor Howiah for Carvell, Major Bishop, of Halifax, for Col. Egan, and the addition of Prior, Haslam, and Mara from British Columbia.

The council's report stated that in compliance with decision reached at a meeting of the executive committee Martini-Henry ammunition of both Canadian (1892-93) and English (1885) manufacture was for sale at the annual matches, and the quantity used shows greatly in favor of the home manufacture, being; Canadian make, 48,590 rounds; English make, 6,880 rounds.

The council expressed its thanks to the donors of prizes. The total receipts from all sources in the year amount to

\$17,351, and there was balance on the credit side at the end of the year of \$8. The revenue fell on last year owing to the severe rain storms and the closing down of the extra series targets. The expenditure on account of the Bisley team amount to \$5,448, as against \$5,720 in 1892, this decrease being accounted for principally by the saving in the cost of the passage of the team to England.—Chronicle.

Dan Betts Leander Allen, Fred Christie and Steve Coates were at Nappan Lake on March 29th and Dan killed a duck.

A new house for general purposes, embracing shooting, fishing and boat sailing, is seriously talked of among the coming generation of young sports. It will be built by a joint stock company, which is to be formed shortly.

Martin Cormier, one of our advertisers and a subscriber, killed 16 brant and ducks from a gunning boat at Tidnish a short time ago. He is a good shot and understands hunting very well although only a young man. We hope our sporting friends are giving him a good share of their patronage.

A Richibucto, N. B. man, while cutting wood in his yard, a short time ago, discovered a flock of geese flying low, and directly towards him. Dropping the axe he ran upstairs to his bedroom for the loaded gun and cocking both barrels, tried to raise the window, to shoot, when the gun slipped from his hands, and was discharged, blowing a fine hole through the roof

## FIN, FUR, AND FEATHER.

### The Iron Grasp of the Law.

Joseph Higgs of River Philip was summoned before Stipendiary Davis, Amherst, on Friday 13th inst., to answer to the charge of shooting moose out of season. He appeared and admitted the offense. The magistrate reserved the fixing of the penalty for a week, but it cannot be less than \$50, or more than \$80, and costs. It is only fair to Mr. Higgs to say, that according to his statement, he had not hunted moose for a good many years, and thought the close season did not begin till February 15th, the offense admitted, having been committed on the 7th. The information was laid by Dr. C. W. Bliss, this town, acting on behalf of the "Nova Scotia Game and Inland Fishery Protection Society," of Halifax.

Mr. Higgs visited our office the day before the examination, and looked over a copy of "Fin Fur and Feather" for information as regards the law. After hearing his story we feel sure that he did not go into the woods to hunt moose, but of course could not be excused on that account. We can't say that we sympathize with him, and we have a sort of a detestable feeling for anyone who will take a gun into the woods at this time of year, when everything of any use is protected by law, and looked after by such a firm institution as the N. S. Game Society. The moose killed was one of three, which were together at the time, and a cow. Mr. Higgs was prosecuted according to the "Game Laws" of 1893. He distributed the meat among his neighbors in River Philip, and did not sell a pound.

### Dr. Mitchell's New Boat

Leander Allen and Robert Mitchell have just completed a fishing boat for the Dr. Mitchell fishing club. She is 17 feet long, 4 ft. 10 in. wide, 17 in. deep amidship, and has a sheer of 5 ins to the stem, 3 to stern, is copper fastened throughout and of material, well calculated to withstand exposure of any kind. Dr. Bob, as Geordy McIver of Fox Harbor calls him, is very much pleased with the boat, as he should be. He is anxiously awaiting the return of the rest of the Club who is now sick in Philadelphia and leaves detail finishing touches until after his return when they will hold a counsel of war, lay out the summer's course, and make additions as necessity presents itself. The editor would respectfully invite the attention of this old and established club, to the fact that a pair of speckled beauties from the first club catch in the way of a donation to the sanctum would be appreciated.

~~~~~

Stephen Coates went to Amherst Point in the terrible storm we had on the 9th with Dan Betts, to try his new Greener. He got a goose.

~~~~~

Dr. Bliss and Wm. Douglas went to Tidnish on the 10th for a week's shooting in the gunning boat and over decoys.

We heartily wish the Dr. a successful trip, well knowing that a fruitful bag means a bone for the editor.



✻ FISHING ✻

Our friends of the rod are beginning to overhaul the tackle books.

The eel catch in Doyle's Still-water this season has been poor, compared with last years.

A few fine trout were taken in Sand Lake, Amherst marsh, a short time ago by two of our young men.

We have heard of no gaspereaux catches yet, owing to the prevailing cold weather.

Supposed to have been settled for all time, but now disputed—That sawdust is injurious to fish; that snaring cleans out the grouse; that trout and bass cannot live together.—Forest and Stream.

New Fishing Device.

We have on our table a sample of what is called the "Live Fish Bait." It is a cigar shaped glass tube with a small hole at one end and large one at the other, being from 3 to 5 inches long.

There is a propellor shaped spoon, nicked, at the top which revolves as it is drawn through the water, thus attracting the fish. A swivel fastened to the propellor completes the device, and we can readily believe that it would be a fine article to add to the fishing outfit.

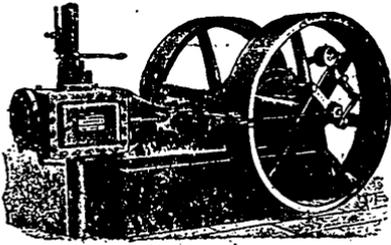
A live minnow is in an annealed, flanged, flint glass tube, which magnifies. Water passes through which keeps the minnow alive for days. You can use any kind of bait that breathes, crawls, flies, or swims. If it breathes, cork and seal it in. You have all your time to fish for you bait the device in the morning for all day. Write to Calvin A. Graves, Natural Bridge, Jefferson Co., New York for circular.

We cannot publish any targets made on bulls-eye, on another page this month, for want of space.

The 1894 report of N. S. game and Inland Fishery Protection Service was received in this office on the day of our April issue, and will be published in next issue.

We would advise the parties who put a net across the Amherst creek last year to—beware this season.

## FIN, FUR, AND FEATHER.



### Steel Chippings from the Robb Engine Works.

Fred Eaton is very sick.

D. W. is in Ontario on business.

Joe Taylor is foreman of the repair shop.

Fulton Porter is traveling for the firm.

“By the great horn spoon.—Moore

Johnny Moore has been making a good sale of bicycles.

Jenkins up, Jenkins down—Moore Beer on one side.

We got the story about Hance and the goose—but wait.

Aubrey visited Joggins Mines, recently, on business.

George Mitchell was sick for two weeks since our last issue.

Hance can throw snow-balls, and take back water.

Beverley Laird is in Ontario with the big cross compound.

George Crowl and Fred Patterson are working in machine shop, helping the boys.

Ned Allen has again changed boarding houses but forgot the beaver hat.

Ned Tufts is on deck in sales room, where his beaming countenance may be daily seen.

The boys claim that moncton's night manager of I. C. R. depot, is too big for his clothes, and a little previous. No doubt he could be a little more accomodating if he tried.

M. C. Macdonald, formerly with Cuthbert Main, is now in the repair shop, running the Joe Taylor machine. Mac is quite a sport and a good mechanic.

If things don't go better we must start a page devoted to P. O. news and “hit up” somebody. Never mind boys you are all right

Geddy has been ranging around looking for fight of late, so we are informed. He is the making of a fine runner, we know, but it generally pays to leave the fists on the tools

Boyd Brownell and Lewis B. Allen were on a hunt up the marsh recently and Boyd remarked after they got back that Mr. Allen kept up to him all the way. Now sir, let the correspondent of “Fin” inform you that Lewis B. could walk with you, going away from home, through any kind of roads, till you dropped from sheer exhaustion, then shoulder and back you home, although he has sons larger than you, and is over middle age. Make no mistake in the Allens

**FIN, FUR, AND FEATHER.**

While Oscar was enjoying some fine maple candy, one day, he called rabbit Charlie over to give him a sheet of it, and after sampling a piece about the size of a half fig of black Johnny, Charlie decided it was glue of the rankest kind, and we believe him.

**How Did I Miss Him ?**

Not the bird, but J. Fred Reid, the popular tailor. I will not miss him next time, as he guarantees all work as first-class.

**Cleaning and Repairing,**

RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

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the gentle sportsman's magazine. Treats of camp life, woodcraft and general natural history. It is a chivalric teacher and guide, and though practical and authentic, it is interesting to the household. Yearly, postage free, \$1; with "Fin Fur, and Feather," \$1.25; three trial numbers, 25c. No free copies. Address:

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**Notice to Sportsmen!**

Remember, when out shooting to keep both eyes open, and don't forget to have yourself shaved, and your hair nicely cut at D. D. Bert's saloon. By so doing, you will be sure of better sport, for I make this line a specialty, and acknowledge none superior.

**D.D.BETTS**

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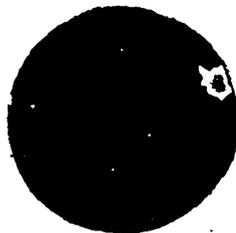
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CAMERA for sale, in good condition. A Hawk-eye, with Eastman's Roll Holder. Capacity, 100 4x5 exposures, without re-loading.

Aubrey G. Robb,  
Amherst, N. S.

NOVELS 1000 Blood and Thunder Novels for sale—5c ones, 5 for 25c., shop worn, 8 for 25c. 10c ones, 3 for 25c, shop worn, 4 or 25c No single ones sold.

Claude deL. Black,  
Amherst, N. S.

SHOOTING ROAT 48x15 inches and 10 feet long, Has row-locks, is partly decked over, and tight as a Cup. Will sell for \$10 00

Aubrey G. Robb,  
Amherst, N. S.

DOUBLE SHOT GUN Richards 12 bore pistol grip stock, bar retounding locks, extension rib; choke bored, \$12, cost \$25.  
Ed. FIN, FUR, and FEATHER

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

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

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