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Protection and Propagation



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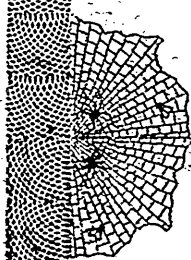
FISH & GAME.

Fin, Fur, and Feather.

The Sportsman's Pocket Journal.

50¢ A YEAR.

MONTHLY.



1884

Published under Patronage of the Nova Scotia Game Society.

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FIN, FUR, AND FEATHER

The Sportsman's Pocket Journal

VOL. I.

AMERICAN, N. S., SEPTEMBER, 1894.

NO. 10.

Snipe Shooting.

CONCLUSION

Half crouching, he dared not step backward, lest the noise might frighten the bird. He dared not look at us, lest once doing so he might lose the faint scent of the snipe; and thus undecided, yet decided, he stood a picture of life, once seen never to be forgotten. His nose was held up in air, as if to invoke the assistance of the mild fresh breeze to help him retain the scent. His ears were slightly cocked, as if some slight noise might disclose to him the hiding-place of the wary bird. He looked steadily before him, the pupils of his eyes dilating, entranced by the scent of the hidden object. His tail stood straight out behind him, like a rod of iron; no lashing of it now, from side to side, until at times the tip was red with blood, from reeds and rushes, from grass and brush beating against

his sturdy sides. His fore foot raised until its ball seemed almost touching his side. But look, he moves! The snipe has skulked away from his first hiding place, emboldened by the silence of the pointing dog. Skulk, glide, steal away, my eccentric friend; the nostrils once filled with your delicate scent will not give you up, but will follow you tirelessly, until you attempt to escape with your swift moving wings. Slowly, cautiously, never for an instant relaxing the vigor, in stiffness of the muscles of his body, the dog creeps forward. How quietly he moves; how gently, how noiselessly, he puts down first one foot and then the other in the soft soil. He fears almost to put them down, lest the grating of his feet and legs on the dried grass should arouse the bird. He is moving in a westerly direction now, and the breeze will aid him in the scent.

Apparent the bird is some thirty feet ahead of him. The cross wind blowing from the south brings a new

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scent to him. Quick as lightning he turns his head to the left, dropping his head, and crouching still lower, he points a bird within ten feet of him.

Ned could stand it no longer, and with flushed face, and eyes filled with brightness, enthusiastically exclaimed, "Splendid! grand! I never saw a dog work like that. Do you know, Will, from the time the dog first wined that bird, I never took my eyes off him, and when he pointed, then roaded, then pointed again, I most felt that I could smell the snipe; but when he came to the second bird, and twisted his head so suddenly, I felt the cold chills run down my back, and——"

"Great Scott," exclaimed Ned, as a snipe got up right under his feet, which he knocked over within ten yards of him.

"Mark, Ned," said I, directing Don to start it up. He jumped almost over the bird, flushing it, when I missed it clean, Ned wiping my eye. This did him lots of good, and he took especial pains to call my attention to it several times during the day. We worked the marsh both ways, crossing and recrossing, to give the dog the benefit of the wind all we could. Feeling we had enough for one day, about seventy, and intending to come again, we started for home, after being snugly tucked under the robes. The evening air was delightfully cool and refreshing, after our hard tramp in the sun.

Ned broke the silence as follows: "When I first saw that dog of yours, Will, I formed a mighty poor opinion

of him. I think he knew it, the way I acted toward him. Right here, and in your presence, I want to apologize to him."

Saying this, he caught Don by the nose, looked into his upturned face, and said, "Don, I am mighty sorry if I have hurt your feelings, if you were of the feminine gender I would call you a "Daisy," but being of the opposite sex, you are a "Dandy." At this Don sneezed, caused by Ned holding his nose high in air. Ned smiled and acknowledged it as an acceptance of his apology on the part of the dog.

Then, turning to me, he said, "What do you know about snipe? Where can they be found; that is, in what countries other than thrs, if any?"

"Why, Ned," I replied, "Wilson's snipe derived their name from the great ornithologist and naturalist, Wilson. There are no birds so universally scattered over the face of the globe as this same corkscrew gentleman. He is found in China, having been seen in the markets there, on the coast of Brazil, in the rice fields of Egypt; they are found in Java and Sumatra, and in almost all the islands of the Indian Sea, in Madagascar, Ceylon Japan, the Falkland Islands, in the desolate solitudes of the Southern Atlantic; in the arctic regions of Siberia, and in every part of the old Continent, on the Pacific Slope, and almost everywhere in the United States. They afford sport to the citizens of the extreme South, and are digested with toast by the epicures

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of the far North. By sportsmen everywhere they are welcomed.

"I noticed to-day that they bothered you considerably. You are a fair shot for an inexperienced one,—ought to be good at chickens, but ducks would worry you. You are a snap shot, your gun discharging almost at the instant of touching the shoulder. There are two occasions when one can shoot snipe successfully. First, before they have got fully started, firing at them as soon as they jump from the grass; second, when they have flown thirty or forty yards. When they have gone that distance they settle into a comparatively steady flight, and are not difficult to hit. What it requires then is a hard hitting gun, and the shooter, to be a good judge of distance, speed and the velocity of shot. The medium period of shooting, the time between these two, is the time when most new snipe shots shoot. This is when the snipe display their agility, and try to twist themselves into a spiral or gimlet of life. Not succeeding after going fifteen to thirty yards, they recognize the fact that they can't turn themselves inside out, and settle down to a steady flight. The beginner cracks away at them at this time, misses many and gets disgusted,—his disgust not being alleviated by mopping the perspiration from his forehead, or making a misstep, wrenching his limbs. The trouble with you, Ned, is on those long cross-shots; you bang away quickly, make

no time allowance for distance between you and the bird—shoot away; if you hit it, all right; if you don't, you secretly curse your luck, or blame the gun, when you, and you alone, are to blame. At those long cross-shots, the same as I saw you miss to-day, you ought to have fired at least from—My! How the time has slipped by. Here we are at your gate. Some day Don and I are going to take you with us after ducks. Then I will demonstrate to you that your snap shooting won't do at long range—

If at forty yards a foot seems too far ahead.

Make it two, keep your gun moving, and the bird falls dead.

Excuse this poetry, but I can assure you it's not only spontaneous, but original. Good-bye, and Ned, with one-half the snipe we killed, passed quickly in the gate, and I went home. Thus passed one day among the snipe.

Does the reader think Ned enjoyed this hunt? Cannot you recall many incidents in your life similar to this? When cold winter has passed silently away, and warm welcome spring has returned, when birds are filling the air with melody, streams flowing joyously along freed from their ice-bound covering, buds are swelling, grass in tiny sprouts peeping inquiringly through the brown earth? The hunter is a generous soul, he loves nature in all her many changes, and delights to

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wander admiring her beauties in manifold forms. He feels as Milton did, when he expressed himself so beautifully in these words:

"In these vernal seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness against nature, not to go out and see her riches, and partake in her rejoicing with heaven and earth."

Description. "The snipe is eleven inches long, and seventeen in extent. The bill is more than two and one-half inches long, fluted lengthwise, of a brown color and black toward the tip, where it is very smooth while the bird is alive, but soon after it is killed becomes dimpled, like the end of a thimble. Crown black, divided by an irregular line of pale brown, and another broader one of the same tint passes over each eye. From the bill to the eye there is a narrow, dusky line; neck and upper part of the breast pale brown, variegated with touches of white and dusky; chin, pale; back and scapulars deep velvety black, the latter elegantly marbled with waving lines of ferruginous, and broadly edged exteriorly with white; wings, plain, dusky, all the feathers, as well as those of the coverts tipped with white; shoulder of the wing deep, dusky brown; exterior quill edged with white; tail coverts long, reaching within three-quarters of an inch of the tip, and of a pale rust color, spotted with black; tail rounded, deep black, ending

in a bar of bright ferruginous, crossed narrow, waving lines of black and tipped with whitish; belly, pure white; sides barred with dusky; legs and feet a very pale, ashy green; sometimes the whole thighs and sides of the vent are tarred with dusky and white. The female is more obscure in her colors, the white on the belly being less pure, and the black on the back not so deep."

Not Bad.

Capt. Benj. Atwood, the game warden, has returned to his Winterport home from a trip north of Moosehead Lake. He was instructed by Commissioner Wentworth to keep a record of the game he saw while there and his report is a remarkable one. He was gone 40 days and spent most of the time in a boat and he saw while paddling about 252 deer, 13 moose, 4 caribou and 4 bears. Of course he saw but a few in comparison to what there were in the woods, but the number he saw was remarkably large for one man. Big game was never more abundant than now and great sport is to be expected in the Maine woods this fall.—Maine Sportsman.

John M. Currie, the furniture man, is making an addition to his ware rooms. He has lately put in two car loads of fine furniture.

Poor Boy

A good fish story is told of some sportsmen at Madawaska lakes. They had one of the lake boats, and for an anchor, while fishing, had tied a rock weighing about 75 pounds to the end of a 25-foot rope. They were at the mouth of Cary brook, and not having very good luck, decided to move to the thoroughfare between the two lakes, distant about half a mile. They moved, but with a scarcely perceptible motion, reaching their objective point in one hour and a half. The fellow rowing thought it an "awful long way," the perspiration steamed from his flushed features and it was with a huge sigh of relief that he finally said, "Let go the anchor, George." "There's none here! We've lost it," came the reply. "The rope's there, isn't it?" "Yes, but it is trailing out behind. "Well, pull it up!" His companion did so, but the rope was not alone. The rock was with it. With a face more disconsolate than ever the rower simply ejaculated what sounded very much like a combination of the sounds of the letters d, m and a. He has named the point between Cary brook and the thoroughfare: "Point Pull and be D—d."

Speaking of Skunks

One evening recently some of the inhabitants of Knox street participated

in the exciting game of exterminating one of those striped odoriferous animals that put in an appearance in the grove just back of the Everson cottages. A lady first discovered it and called lustily for help which was answered at first by an amateur haymaker, who was laboriously tearing off the tangled clover in his back yard with a borrowed scythe. He was also an amateur hunter, for as the quadruped emerged from under the shed, whither he had hied himself in his frisky gambols, the man, with lightning in his eye, and his every nerve at its highest tension, hurled a stone at his skunkship's head as soon as it protruded from beneath the sill. The skunk rolled over and picked himself up, and well, a little eight-year-old standing near said, "He's touched him off, papa." A revolver was then brought into use and all the cartridges wasted with the exception of one foul hit and a little more smell. Then our ex-nightwatchman—a man noted for his wonderfully courage—was called from his couch and told the particulars, whereupon he brought forth his trusty rifle, and with the aid of a light and shovel, located the enemy and soon vanquished him. The hunters numbered ten. Their paraphernalia was: One rifle, one revolver, an axe, shovel, one lantern, two lamps, a pile of stones and two clothes poles.—Ex

Aubrey G. Robb has returned from Cape Breton where he has been canoeing with the editor.

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.

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.

AMHERST. N. S., SEPTEMBER 1894.

Duck Day, Sept. 1st

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

~~~~~  
County shooting in Cumberland will begin on October second.

~~~~~  
Guns and rifles to rent; Apply at this office.

~~~~~  
Partridge shooting promises to be a success this fall.

FIN, FUR, AND FEATHER

Partridges are thick this fall. A few days ago one was snared on the grounds of the Terrace Hotel, Amherst. The snare was put on the end of a rod and deftly slipped over the head of the bird by Seymour Miner. We expect W. G. Calhoun the proprietor will build a blind in the middle of the garden put out partridge decoys and wait for game.

A. G. Robb of Robb Engineering Co., Amherst, has purchased from J. E. Hunt of Boston, the yacht "Wasp". She is a small fin-keel boat, of the latest American knockabout pattern, being 23 feet over all. We might add that as Mr. Robb is going out of the canoe business, his canoe Orinda, now in Sydney, C. B. can be bought cheap.—See ad elsewhere.

R. C. Fuller bagged a brace of snipe before breakfast the other morning.

Partridges are unusually thick this year and if we gave a paragraph to every sportsman who has killed some we would have room for nothing else in Fin's columns.

Two otters have lately been seen in Long Lake near where the main railroad crosses the bog.

Thos. Trenholm and Albert Townsend got 7 ducks on Round Lake Bog on Sept. 15th.

Dave Steele, an old time Amherst sportsman who has been in St. Louis, Mo., for some time is visiting friends and relatives. He will likely purchase a permit, borrow his brother's 8 bore and try Mud Lake, for a few evenings.

We want to give sportsmen who are ignorant of the uses of a Marsh Hen a few pointers. In the first place you must kill your bird (on the wing preferred) then pick him and after drawing, roast as you would a duck. If you do not like the taste of them let us know.

We ran across another fish story this week. This one relates to salt water fishing and the narrator, whose name we withhold, is responsible for its truthfulness. The other morning two men started from Christmas Cove on a short cruise. While on the water the conditions seemed so good for cod-fishing that they began to wish earnestly for some bait. While discussing it, a fish jumped near the boat, one of the men made a quick grab and luckily caught the fish. It proved to be an alewife and with this fish as bait they went to work fishing with a will and made a good catch of cod and other fish. Not all fishermen are thus easily supplied with bait.

Reynard and the Lobster

Speaking of foxes, the following curious fox story seems worthy to be placed on record. It is more interesting because it is guaranteed to be strictly true. It was narrated to a correspondent of the Portland Press recently by a relative of the principal person concerned in the incident, who has heard the story told in the family many times.

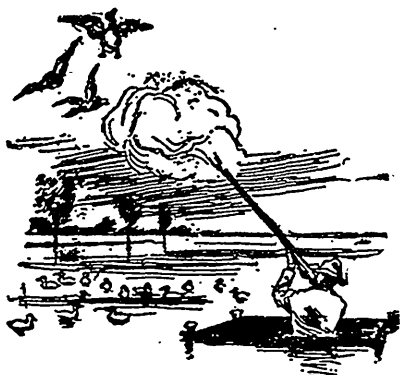
A number of generations ago there lived in the town of Harpswell a man named Isaac Alexander. Doubtless his descendants are living there now. He was a farmer and he and his sons improved the opportunities offered frequently for securing game and kept their guns ready for action at short notice. His house stood near the shore and commanded a view of the wide flats, on the outer low water edge of which stood a large rock, or boulder, by itself. One day the farmer remarked that the tide had gone out unusually far, and had left the rock entirely out of water. While he was looking he noticed something moving, and by using the spyglass saw it was a fox, acting in rather a peculiar manner. Watching the animal's manoeuvres, Reynard was finally seen to have captured a lobster—probably a larger specimen than those usually

exposed for sale hereabouts nowadays, which he held in such a manner as to prevent any unpleasant accidents from the large, waving claws, and with which he started for the shore.

A long "water fence" ran across the flats to the water's edge and knowing the fox would come up alongside that and jump it in order to get to the woods with his prize, Mr. Alexander took his gun and went forth to meet him. Getting into a favorable position, Mr. Alexander waited quietly for developments. Soon brer fox appeared and at a favorable place jumped the fence, and just here is where the plans of at least two of the party abruptly changed. As Reynard sprung from the ground his tail switched around into the open claw of the lobster, which instantly closed, with no gentle grip, on a sensitive part of that appendage. To say the owner of the tail was surprised is probably a mild way of putting it. He was hurt. At any rate he dropped the lobster in such a way that, still hanging to the tail, it fell on one side of the fence, while the fox settled on the other, and there they hung, helpless, with the tail as a connecting link. Mr. Alexander did not have to use his gun, but the double prize was soon numbered among his possessions.

Report of County shooting, next month.

FIN, FUR, AND FEATHER



SHOOTING.

Bring along the biscuit boards, Lan!

Cecil Allen killed three partridges a few days ago.

Fred Christie and Earnest Harding got seven partridges recently.

Where in the world did those shot go! I should have killed ten.

John W. Hickman recently took 3 dozen fine trout, near Wallace.

Abraham Hood has killed the first moose of the season.

Russel A. Lusby, an all-round sport, who has been in Ontario for the past twelve months, has returned home.

For bargains in jewelry Silver-ware etc., call on G. L. Moss, the popular jeweler and the best repairer.

The editor has for sale, a Winchester repeating shot gun, 12 bore, model 1893, a half magazine, 45-70, rifle (new) and a Ithica hammerless, nearly new, Will sell hammerless for \$40

We will make improvements spoken of last month, in the October number. We have been short handed in our office during the past two weeks, making it impossible to keep our promise.

Mr. Mofat, which dog had we better take?

An old gentleman from Sackville recently killed 3 partridges, a fox, 2 rabbits, a mink and 4 ducks in an afternoon with a muzzle loader

T. W. Kielor and Rufus Copeland have leased the Amherst Point lakes for shooting purposes.

The Amherst Marsh has been leased for sporting purposes from the Hon Judge Morse, by the Amherst Gun Club. Permits are being issued to anyone at \$3.00 by Dr. Tupper, Secretary A. G. C.

FIN FUR, AND FEATHER.



Costly Moose Meat.

Some time since, Abraham Hood our Indian Guide and hunter was sent to Maccan by the agent of the N. S. Game Society, here to watch for Moose Snares, which were believed to have been set in that territory for many years past. Sufficient evidence being received by the agent constables Acorn and Soy armed with a search warrant visited the house of Wm. Dumphy, Maccan, where after a thorough search they found a large quantity of meat and a hide, the latter being hidden in the barn under a quantity of hay. They then visited

the house of Charles Harrison, where they found a quantity of fresh meat.

William Dunphy was tried before Stipendiary Davis for killing moose out of season. Abraham Hood was the principal witness against him and the sum of his evidence is as follows "Knew nearly where snare would be. Watched, saw man with dog go in the woods, followed man into woods, made big circle to leeward, soon heard shot, bimeby heard 'nother shot, walk ed up, saw Bi l Dumphy bending over moose, steaming hot.

Dumphy was fined one hundred dollars or twenty days in gaol for killing moose out of season, and twenty dollars or ten days for having fresh moose meat in his possession.

Charles Harrison was fined forty dollars or fifteen days for having fresh meat in his possession.

The agent for the Game Society is a thorough sportsman, and those who know him will think twice before they violate the Game Laws.

Partridges are hanging up in the meat shops almost everywhere. Shooting by market hunters does more to exterminate game than anything we know of, and should be stopped.

FIN, FUR, AND FEATHER

A few snipe around Grass Lake.

Lewis Allen and Osborne Moffat have a new marsh boat, built by Leander Allen.

Plover have been unusually scarce this fall, few having been seen at Fox Harbor, which is generally a fine shooting ground.

Some of the Doctor's ducks spoiled on him. Should have been cooked on Sunday.

Call on James Moffat for Guns and Ammunition, for he keeps the best stock and sells the lowest of anyone in Amherst.

The editor has over 300 10 bore cartridges for sale cheap. He has no further use for them, as he will hereafter use a 12 bore.

Shooting partridges with a shot gun on Sunday is too thin. Next time we hear of this work we will publish names of poachers, what they killed, and pattern of arm used.

A moose has been seen at several different times on the clears and roads near Athol of late. He is reported to be a magnificent specimen.

Two of our youths bought four partridges, recently, took guns, partridges, and lunches, went to Black Point, and brought home four partridges. Quite a day's sport.

A. Mr. Macdonald of Truro, while cleaning his Winchester Repeating shot gun, discharged her, and shot his hand quite badly. He is doing well and will not loose a finger.

We are glad to find that Dr. Allan is strong enough to, take a day over decoys occasionally. We met him, with others, at Middle Wood Lake on the 13th. He had a fine new hammerless 12 bore with him, and is greatly pleased with her pattern.

CANOE FOR SALE.—The Canoe Orinda now in Sydney, C. B.—16 feet long, 34 in wide 13 in deep amid ship, 20 at stem and 16 at stern Decked over 5½ feet forward and 4½ aft. Hatch in after deck, handhole forward Lateen rig. Main-mizzen containing about 100 sq. ft. canvas. Will sell for \$15 00 cash address Ed. Fin, Fur and Feather.

Frank Vernon has been visiting Amherst friends during his holidays.

A double barreled 12 bore for sale. Apply at this office.

FIN, FUR, AND FEATHER

Trap Shooting at Dorchester.

<p>On the 18th, the Dorchester Gun Club held its Annual trap shooting tournament on the club grounds.</p> <p>Event, No. 1—10 Blue Rocks, 5 traps known angles. Three Monies.</p> <p>F. A. Wilson, Amherst R. H. Tremaine, Amherst Dr. Bliss, Amherst G. F. Wallace, Dorchester D. R. Munroe, Wolfville C. S. Hickman, Dorchester Dr. Tupper, Amherst</p> <p>Event, No. 2—15 Blue Rocks, 5 traps unknown angles. Three Monies.</p> <p>R. H. Tremaine Dr. Bliss D. R. Munroe C. S. Hickman F. A. Wilson H. R. Emmerson, Dorchester Dr. Tupper</p> <p>Event, No. 3—5 pairs and 10 singles known angles. Four monies.</p> <p>Dr. Bliss Dr. Tupper F. A. Wilson G. F. Wallace C. S. Hickman</p> <p>Event No. 4—10 straightaway, Four Monies.</p> <p>D R Munroe Dr Bliss Dr Tupper F A Wilson G F Wallace C S Hickman H R Emmerson</p>	<p>11 11 10 10 8 7 5</p> <p>13 13 11 8 7</p> <p>8 6 6 6 5 4 4</p>	<p>Event, No. 5—18 Blue Rocks, 3 traps, unknown angles. Three Monies.</p> <p>R H Tremaine D R Munroe F A Wilson Dr Bliss Dr Tupper G F Wallace C S Hickman Mr Lawrence</p> <p>Event, No 7—15 Blue Rocks, 5 traps unknown angles. Three Monies</p> <p>6 Dr Bliss 6 R H Tremaine 3 C S Hickman 3 D R Munroe F A Wilson H R Emmerson</p> <p>Event, No 8—Cup Shoot 25 Blue Rocks 5 traps, unknown angles</p> <p>R H Tremaine Dr Bliss F A Wilson D R Munroe Dr Tupper H R Emmerson C S Hickman</p> <p>Event, No. 9—5 pairs and 10 singles, unknown angles. Four Monies</p> <p>Dr Tupper Dr Bliss F A Wilson C S Hickman</p> <p>Event, No. 10—10 Blue Rocks, known traps, unknown angles. Four Monies</p> <p>Dr Bliss R H Tremaine F A Wilson C S Hickman Dr Tupper G F Wallace</p>	<p>16 15 14 11 9 8 7 7</p> <p>8 13 11 9 9 8 6</p> <p>15 14 13 13 12 10 9</p> <p>15 11 8 8</p> <p>15 11 8 8</p> <p>7 7 6 6 4 4 3</p>
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Hints and Points.

HOUNDING DEER—Deer have certain runs generally upon the dividing ridges and through the swags of ridges. Standers are placed on these runs and the driver takes his dogs, from two to a dozen or more, and generally drives against the wind, which is the way deer, especially old bucks always run. The deer hunter that understands his business, in taking a stand to wait for the driver to drive out the deer, always takes his position against a tree, fronting the direction he expects the deer to come. In standing for deer you should never get behind any thing, for the deer is almost certain to see you move, and then he will change his direction.

THE RIFLE ON DEER ETC.—A deer seldom runs at full race-horse speed. His usual gait

is a graceful canter or springing jumps. Still he is going faster, and your bullet is much slower than you suppose. A hare (Californian Jack Rabbit) under full speed, at 50 yards, wants about 5 feet margin, running at a light gait, about $5\frac{1}{2}$ or 2. Running quartering at 40 or 50 yards I have repeatedly struck just behind them, although holding a foot ahead. And even when running at a very sharp angle to the line of fire, I have invariably made the dust fly behind them, when holding directly on, and this too at not over 20 paces distance. Holding a head must never be neglected unless your deer is very close or going very slow, and even then it is safe to hold off the body even when it may also be safe enough to hold on. At a deer driven toward me and coming on a course so slightly quartering that he would have passed within 20 yards of me (or as our Creedmor rifemen would aptly express it, coming like an eleven o'clock wind), I fired at about 75 yards. I held just so as to see a strip of daylight ahead of its breast, and struck in the middle. These distances are taken from shooting done with a .44-rifle, 70 grains of powder, and the long-range (530 grains) ball. With 77 grains of powder I could see no difference in practicing on hares although with a round ball the difference is perceptibly less at 100, and even up to 120 or 130 yards, though not enough to be of much consequence for deer. In shooting from a running horse it will of course not be necessary to hold ahead where the speed is equal.—*Van Dyke in Hints and Points.*

Fire for cooking.—Start it with fine kindling and clean dry hemlock bark. When you have a bright even fire from end to end of the the space, keep it up with small fag-

FIN, FUR, AND FEATHER

gots of the sweetest and most wholesome woods in the forest. These are in the order named black birch hickory, sugar maple yellow birch and red beech. The sticks should be shert and not over two inches across. Split wood is better than round, the stove or range can be made by one man in a little more than an hour and the camper out who once tries it will never wish to see a portable camp stove again.

RUBBER CEMENT.—Pure India rubber 4 ounces, powdered asphaltum $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce. Put in a tin can and add six times the amount of benzine. Let it stand three or four days then work it with a stick and add benzine stirring well till it is of the consistency of honey. It should always be covered except when stirring. To use it scrape the polish from the rubber, then apply the cement to both patch and boat or garment. Dry one-half hour, then apply another coat and press on the patch. Keep it away from the fire, it is explosive.

POISONED DOGS.—As soon as you know a dog has been poisoned, inject about one ounce of hydrate of chloral into his back with a hypodermic syringe, the quantity to be governed by the size of the dog and severity of his symptoms. As long as there is life in him do not despair. I have known dogs to be saved by this treatment when in the last throes—*Dick, in Hints and Kinks*

BREAKING SHOT.—Is when a dog runs in when a shot is fired with the intention of getting the bird and does not stop promptly at command

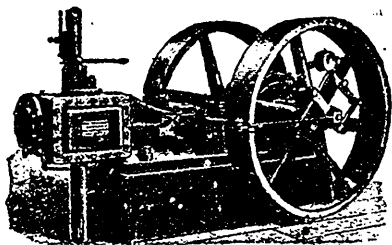
LIGHTS ON BOATS.—All steam vessels must carry at night, when under way, a white light at the foremast head, a green light on the starboard side and a red light on the port side; when towing other vessels a steam vessel must carry two white mast-head lights vertically in addition to side lights. Sailing vessels under way must carry the same side lights as a steam vessel, but no white masthead light. All vessels at anchor must show a white light not more than 20th, above the hull. Small or open boats must carry a lantern having a green slide on one side and a red slide on the other, and on the approach of other vessels must show the proper color on the side toward which the approaching vessel is coming.

SHEEP SHANK.—Make two long bights in a rope wh'ch shall overlay one another; take a half hitch over each end of the overlaying part with the standing part which is next to it. Used to shorten a rope, the mainsheet, for instance, temporarily, the whole being cast off to fall leight instantly by a sharp pull on any of the bights where they overlay.

POWDER MEASURE.—The term "dram" by which charges of powder are measured, is an arbitrary quantity, and bears no relation to avoirdupois, troy, or apothecarie's weight, although it is probable that the dram of powder originally weighed the same as the dram avoirdupois.

DEAD DEER.—A deer's throat should be cut and entrails drawn at once after it is killed.

FIN FUR, AND FEATHER.



Steel Chippings from the Robb Engine Works

A few of the boys should bear in mind that if they do not pay the Editor for their paper, no one else will.

A large addition is being made to the engine department. The boys hope the end of the building will go out before cold weather commences.

Mustang, Walter has taken the place of his brother, Robert, in the high speed shop. Bob has resumed his old position in the Car Works.

Simpson partook of the forbidden fruit and then had to run for his life. His pattering feet, and chattering teeth keeping time to the baying of the hound.

Jack Mitchell is in Sydney working for the firm, where he will remain for about two months. Conn and he will probably do great work among the fish. Jack will get none of the "Ready" brand there.

We expect to have another marriage paragraph next month

Si Plunkard is home to *Pictou* for a week

A couple of new hands are in the repair shop

McArthur says, We'll hang John Brown's body to a Soup Alley tree

Charlie has gone to Greenville to look up fresh tracks. We will be able to report on the cotton tail 'out look when he returns

The Ferris Wheel is working great. How long will she?

Robert Morrison is visiting at Mabou, C B, where he belongs

Brownell and Swipes took in the big ball. The former says *they* had a fine time. He was not asleep.

The Works are represented at the Halifax Exhibition by two economic boilers and a 15 h. p. Class B engine

Joe's old horse is getting fat—is he?

Wm Vernon is at Halifax, with the Robb exhibit, at the exhibition

Arthur Bulmer has been promoted from the planer to shafting lathe

Two of the high speeders have been discharged

FIN FUR, AND FEATHER.

"David" has left the engine works and taken a position with S. L. Lawson, & Co.

Mr. A. G. Robb has been on a business trip to Mahone Bay.

Mr. Geo. Musgrave formerly of Amherst but now engineer of the North Sydney Electric Co. is contemplating moving back to the town

A large modern drill and a steel plate planer have been put in the works lately.

Watt is it? Small,—But "Oh my!"

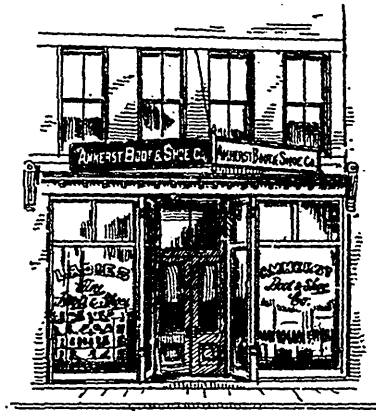
Charlie Purdy has gone to Wallace on business for the firm, and will probably call on Geordy before he returns.

George McLean and Hibbert Roberts cut a few ducks down on the opening of the shooting season.

Clarence Ha: right of the repair department has taken a wife. We have noticed that Clarence has worked very steady, and has hardly lifted his nose, as Allen says, during the past six months, and are not surprised that the fatal day has arrived. The ceremony took place in the English Church on Wednesday evening, Sept. 15th, Rev. V. E. Harris officiating.

At about nine in the evening, a large number of festive foundryites gathered around the home of the couple, and began to ring the wedding bells. Mr. Hanright promptly came to the rescue of the neighbors with a box of extra fine cigars, and the boys cheered and went home.

RUBBER BOOTS!



**Hip,
Sporting,
and Knee,**



PRICES
DOWN
TO
SUIT
TIMES.

~ ALSO ~

FINE LINES

for summer wear, including latest styles in

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IN LACE AND BLUCHER.

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Opp. P. O., Amhers

FIN, FUR, AND FEATHER

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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 makes

Rifle Cartridges

All standard sizes kept in stock

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WILL CURE Chapped Hands.

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You are right, I am selling

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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

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RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

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Photographer,

Elite Studio Black's Ston Block,
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1-yr-5

Fire Arms Etc. to rent.

I will rent on the following terms:—

Article	Day.	Extra D	Week
10 Gage shot gun (double)	\$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	2.50
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.

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

Claude D. Back,
Amherst, N. S

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

Box 605,
Amherst

MARLIN RIFLE 22 cal., 25 shot, pistol grip, new. For sale.

Ed. Fin, Fur, and Feather
Amherst, N. S

SINGLE SHOT GUN 20 bore pistol grip automatic shell ejector, for sale or exchange

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 row-locks, is partly decked over, and tight as a Cup. Will sell for \$10.00

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

FIN, FUR, AND FEATHER

FURNITURE.

AND

UPHOLSTERING

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

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in every Shape and form. Agents for the celebrated REIMER and NEWCOMB Pianos. Best makes of Sewing Machines handled.

H. A. HILLCOATE & Co

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in all the latest styles and finishes, which are being marked at

VERY LOW PRICES.

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Vertical text on the right edge of the page, including words like 'C', 'N', 'P', 'U', 'G', 'N', 'N', 'P', 'U', 'It', 'zie', 'Cl', 'N', 'Cl', 'Al', 'Cl', 'Cl', 'Sk', 'No', 'Lic', 'ntie', 'Lic', 'iety', 'Pen', 'The', 'ame', 'Not', 'rison', 'arts f', 'en (ai', 'LIFA'.

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 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 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, Caperczie 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, Loupcevier, Wild 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 Rabbits, \$10; for all other Game \$30.

Licenses may be had at Provincial Secretary's Office, Halifax; from all Clerks of Courts, 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 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.

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A. I. MUNSIE, - - - PROP'R.

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Stoves, Ranges,

—AND—

FURNACES.

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PLAIN AND FANCY SERGES,

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Overcoatings in Meltons, Beavers, Kersseys Pilots,, Naps, Irish Freezes &c.

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Perfect Fit

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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. Bett's saloon. By so doing, you will be sure of better sport, for I make this line a speciality, and acknowledge none superior.

D. D. BETTS

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PRICES LOW.

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Maine is the SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE and the new paper will aim to make known, by descriptions and illustrations, the fish and game resorts of the state, to encourage the enforcement of the fish and game laws, and every project, having for its object the best interests of the lover of the gun and rod.

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