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Hunting the Wild Duck

BY THOMAS WILSON



With the coming of autumn there comes to the mind of every sportsman a call from the wild. Though not so much so now as in former years, the entire Atlantic seaboard is practically a great gunnery reserve for wild fowl, for it is indented with a thousand bays and rivers that are the haunts of the feathered tribe, each bay acting a bit different, perhaps, but all being of one mind and all following the laws of nature that cause them to move northward in the spring and southward in the fall.

Today thousands of sportsmen are looking over their gear, cleaning their guns, loading cartridges and waiting patiently for the glad day to come when they may go forth to lay for the mere pleasure of doing so.

Each season sees an increase in the number of hunters but the man who would return with his bag well filled needs to know a thing or two, for the big-billed gentry are anything but fools, and were not the methods of securing them as varied as the varieties of the ducks, more indeed would be the number of those who would return to their homes to figure out how their few trophies stood them for the time what they would have cost in the market.

However, while the duck may be no fool he is often fooled and it is his curiosity that generally puts him within range of a lead of shot. If he could learn the difference between a flock of painted images and a group of his own relatives sitting down to a quiet meal he might live longer, for, after all, the decoy is the greatest lure in use and about the only one that is successful. One may purchase very handsome nickel-plated "duck calls" and blow them until one's tongue hangs out and yet produce only a sound that comes as near imitating the rasping "quack" as a street piano does Sousa's band.

With the decoys goes the sinkbox, a narrow, shallow box that floats just half an inch or so above the water and decorated

all around with marsh grass so that, seen from a distance it resembles just a patch of floating weeds. The gunner, lying still within his box, waits for the flock to settle around the decoys and then, half rising, blazes away.

This and high shooting comprise the principal methods employed. The light shooting entails the building of a blind, or breastwork, of material found along the shore and then lying in wait for the ducks to fly past. It is well known that ducks rarely vary in their flight and trade along the same line day after day as long as they are in the neighborhood, so it is the aim of the hunter to get a good position along the line. The Teal and Broad-bills are the principal victims to this method, as are the Sprig Tails, Butter Balls and Baldpates, but the Canvasbacks, Mallards, Redheads and Blacks are too wary to follow the same course regularly and these royal birds have to be hunted about.

The best place to hunt the duck is on the feeding grounds, for ducks, like human beings, are loth to leave anything to eat and as wild celery beds are the eating resorts for winged fowl those are the places one should go in quest of them. For years and years the finest oyster grew

on the flats of the Esquimaux river, near Havre de Grace, Maryland, and there were the finest shooting grounds in the world.

With the improvement in firearms, notably the "pump" or repeating shotgun, together with the vast increase in the number of hunters, the habitat of the ducks on the Atlantic seaboard has gradually shifted southward. The Chesapeake Bay still presents many spots of great advantage, but the Susquehanna Flats are not what they once were. Likewise the famous flats of the Potomac which, once the stopping place of thousands, is no longer on the visiting list and the bulk of ducks in their southward flight now rest first in the waters of the lower Chesapeake.

But even there they linger but a little while for the gunners soon drive them on toward the Carolinas and the Georgia coast. As they get into the Carolinas their flight is arrested by the abundance of food but even there the gunner is on the trail. The branching out of the southern railroads has made it possible for the sportsman to quickly reach the feeding grounds, make a bag and get home with but little time lost.

While anyone who can rent a gun and buy a few cartridges may hunt ducks there are probably more well known men who journey to hunt the variety of game than any other and all along the coast there are gunning clubs, the quarters ranging from mere shanties to palatial residences. Some of these clubs are not only difficult to gain membership in but are expensive to maintain. There are very few good gunning grounds in any section of the coast where duck abound that are not the property of some club.

The sportsmen of Boston have their fun off the coast of Maine and Massachusetts while the New Yorker first goes along the waters of Long Island Sound and later, if he has the time, follows the ducks southward. Baltimoreans, and in fact Philadelphians, look to the Chesapeake for their sport although the Delaware River and Bay must not be left out when it comes to a feeding ground, though there, like the Chesapeake, the ducks are becoming scarcer year by year.

In addition to the various methods of hunting ducks there are two classes of men who do the hunting. The one who makes a living at it, getting the game for the market, and the one who hunts for

love of the sport. The former is by far the more successful in the kill, and were it not for them the flocks would not be so depleted as they are today.

The market hunter cares nothing for the ethics of the game, he is not averse to breaking any or all the laws that have been passed for the protection of and preservation of the ducks and, this being the case, it requires much vigilance on the part of the game wardens to see that the laws are not violated.

It was the market men who first used what is known as the "big" gun, a small cannon that was so destructive that it was necessary to pass laws prohibiting its use. With this weapon in the bow of a boat the men would at night glide into a flock of sleeping ducks. Then a large lantern would be unveiled and before the surprised ducks could rise the contents of the big gun were fired into them. In this manner many ducks were killed but many were merely wounded and numbers of the latter escaped only to die of starvation. Then, too, of those killed, many were lost while the reports of the gun disturbed every flock for miles around.

Today the market gunners work differently. Usually they work in squads and they sit in the cabin, telling each other of the great time they expect to have on the morrow. Some time after midnight they all turn in and they dream of killing ducks until the booming of the guns awakens them and they realize that the game is on and they are not in it.

There is a rush to get dressed and a rush for the breakfast table. Meanwhile the captain of the yacht has placed out several sinkboxes and the decoys and after a little while, each member of the party is safely installed to wait for the ducks to come. It often happens that during the

tion from which the birds are approaching and the altitude at which they are flying.

This guided the gunners have only to rise to the proper position and blaze away at the ducks as they pass over or settle among the decoys. As practically every market gunner carries a "pump" gun, or at least a double barreled shot gun, the two in the sinkboxes rarely fail to bag at least four while instances have been known where a pair of gunners would get six and even eight.

Then a boat is put out from the larger vessel, the dead ducks gathered in, the decoys looked after and once more everything becomes quiet—until another flock happens along when the process is repeated.

Of course there are some amateurs who are as expert as the market men and who put just as much time and energy in their sport — men who have a pride in their skill and prove — but their is a class that go "ducking" each season and return with a fine bag without having even handled a shot gun.

This is the fellow who arrives on the shooting grounds the night before on his yacht. With him is a party of friends and they sit in the cabin, telling each other of the great time they expect to have on the morrow. Some time after midnight they all turn in and they dream of killing ducks until the booming of the guns awakens them and they realize that the game is on and they are not in it.

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THE FAMOUS CAUVASBACK

next few hours not more than half a dozen ducks will fly along, just out of range, but more often, even if in range, Mr. Duck goes sailing by while the shot merely touches him and the report of the guns hasten his speed a bit.

After three or four hours of being cramped in a boat that has just enough freeboard to threaten to swamp at any moment the gunners become disgusted and return to their more comfortable craft where they console each other as best they can and lay the blame upon the luckless captain who picked out such a no-account hunting ground.

But ducks they come for the ducks they must have so the Captain is sent ashore to secure them. How many are brought back depends upon the market price and the amount set aside for the purpose but those procured are carefully hung in the rigging and when the yachtsmen return to their home port with their trophies in plain view the praise for their skill that they receive amply repays them for their expenditure of money and time.

After all it is sport for kings—this hunting of ducks.

When the blood leaps in the veins and the skin tingles with the bite of salt air and a thrill runs through the nerves as the graceful beauties whirl overhead only to collapse and fall at the crack of the faithful gun, then your true sportsman has no thought of the morrow nor the care the morrow brings but dreams in bliss his little day dream to the lapping of the soothing waters.

Even as the blison has gone, and the deer and bear are going, the duck may go, but ever in the annals of sport the legend of the Cauvasback and the Teal will be handed down to future generations to read about and dream over.

Even today, in the old haunts that have been deserted, the Cauvasback is spoken of with some of the reverence of a demigod and the places he has gone to are thought to be more than usually blessed among the garden-spots of the earth.

But hunt him as you will and as long as you will bring down as many as your gun will find, if you are a true sportsman you cannot help a little pang of regret mingled with all the pride that comes of being a good shot.

Cheerfulness wears well and brings its possessor into much solid comfort. Patient endurance for the sake of right is godlike and grand.

HELP YOUR BABY

No mother can expect her little ones to escape all the minor ailments of childhood, but she can be reasonably sure that her child will be healthy if she gives it an occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets. And she can feel absolutely sure in giving this medicine, as she has the guarantee of a government analyst that it contains no opiate or poisonous soothing stuff. Mrs. C. H. Crossman, New Hamburg, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for stomach troubles and constipation with the greatest success, and always feel safe when I have a box of Tablets in the house." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SHIPPING OVER N. T. R.

WINNIPEG, Nov. 13.—The first car of wheat has been shipped over the Transcontinental Railway from Dugald to Winnipeg. The grain was sold by R. B. Wilson to the Ogilvie Mills Company. Since the first car was shipped there has been considerable traffic over the thirty-two miles of line, some one hundred cars having been received in St. Boniface. Steel was laid on the line over two months ago.

T. R. Peters, deputy commissioner of agriculture, came to the city on last night's Boston train.

GREETED THEM WITH NATIONAL ANTHEM

Impromptu Reception Arranged in Philadelphia Hotel for Sir Frederick Borden.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Nov. 13.—A somewhat novel scene was witnessed in the Hotel Walton last evening when a number of Canadians stood with bared heads in the rounds listening to the strains of the British National Anthem and "Rule Britannia," while the rest of the guests of the hotel looked on in wonderment, trying to guess what it all meant.

Sir Frederick Borden, Canadian minister of militia, Lady Borden, General Lake and Mrs. Lake are at present guests of the Walton. The manager of the hotel, George W. Sweet, formerly in a similar position at the Windsor, in Montreal, had been advised of their arrival and arranged a little reception. On entering the door the party were greeted by the strains of "God Save the King." The Canadian commissioners inquiring into the Quebec bridge disaster and their party are at the same hotel and were in the grounds, and immediately there was a party of nearly a dozen Canadians grouped around Sir

Frederick with hats off, listening to the strains of the hymn so familiar to all. "Rule Britannia" followed, after which Sir Frederick and his party retired to the rooms which had been reserved for them. Sir Frederick and those with him have been visiting the battlefields of Gettysburg and other historical spots throughout this section of the United States.

Killed by Blood Poisoning
Used an old razor for paring his corns; foolish because a 25-cent bottle of Putnam's Corn Extractor will cure all the corns in the family for a year. Safe, because purely vegetable. Use only Putnam's.

A FAST MILE
CLAYTON, N. J., Nov. 14.—What is said to be the fastest mile ever made by a locomotive on a track containing curves was covered today by steam locomotive number 606, which is being used in the special test being conducted here by the Pennsylvania R. R., when it travelled a mile at a speed of 91.6 miles per hour. The train was made up of the specially built track between this place and Franklinville. One of the new electric locomotives was also given a trial. Two trips were made, the first at the rate of 72 miles an hour, and the second at a speed of 78 miles an hour.

TO BOOM THE CITY

Springfield, Mass., Will Have a Publicity Bureau and Advertise in Newspapers.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Nov. 14.—Springfield believes that it pays to advertise. A bureau of publicity for the purpose of advertising the city in the newspapers of the state will be maintained by the board of trade. It has long been felt that the city was not being placed as prominently before the people of the state as was desirable.

The advantages Springfield offers as a mercantile centre are manifest and it is believed that judicious advertising in the papers will mean a great deal for local merchants and manufacturers. There are good prospects that Springfield will soon have a new industry which will employ at least 150 hands. The new enterprise is the board of trade has reported favorably upon the proposition of getting the concern, which is located in another city, to get the game for the market, and the one who hunts for

ROOSEVELT HAS A TRIAL TRIP

NEW YORK, N. Y., Nov. 14.—Commander Robert E. Peary, Arctic explorer, Roosevelt, which has been at Shooter's Island undergoing extensive repairs for several months, was given a preliminary trial trip up the Hudson River today. Captain Robert Bartlett, who commanded the vessel on her last expedition, was in charge, and on board were Commander Peary and Mrs. Peary, and several shipbuilders. The trip was successful. The Roosevelt has had new boilers installed and her forecastle has been considerably enlarged. The vessel's forecastle is now square-rigged. The Roosevelt has been practically rebuilt and is now a much stronger ship both as to her hull and machinery than ever before.

It was announced by the Peary Arctic Club today that the vessel would be given a final test in a few days, after which she will be tied up on the Manhattan waterfront and active preparations begun for another dash for the North Pole. It is expected that Commander Peary will leave New York about May 1.

OBJECT TO C. P. R.'S NEW FREIGHT RATE

WINNIPEG, Nov. 15.—(Special).—Wholesalers of this city are up in arms against the new freight schedule of the C. P. R., which goes into effect on Nov. 25th, and under which a uniform rate will be given to all points in the west. The result, it is believed, will be almost ruinous to the wholesale fruit dealers, inasmuch as these will be unable to compete with Minneapolis houses for the trade of the middle west, since the latter can ship in over the branches of the Great Northern. Other branches will also be seriously affected.

FREDONIA, N. Y., Nov. 14.—Taking advantage of a perfect autumn day, Edward Payson Weston overstepped his schedule for today by 12 miles. He was to stop at Silver Creek for the night but it was still daylight when he arrived there and it was decided to continue the westward journey to this town where he arrived at 7.30 in good condition. The crowds which greet Weston along his route grow larger and more demonstrative every day. Many people walked several miles out on the lake shore road to meet him tonight.

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A TRAINED NURSE

Uses and Recommends

NEWBRO'S HERPICIDE

To Whom It May Concern.

Port Chester, N. Y.

"About three years ago I was troubled with my hair falling out at an alarming rate. A friend of mine induced me to try a bottle of Newbro's Herpicide, which I did, and it did me so much good that I have used it ever since. I can gladly say it has made my hair grow very thick and stopped it from falling out. It certainly has no equal and I gladly recommend it."

(Signed) ANNA M. BRODE.

A Doctor's Report.

Denver, Colorado.

"Knowing the composition of Herpicide, I can state that it contains nothing injurious. In twenty-five per cent of the cases of baldness, a neglected dandruff can be considered as its immediate exciting cause or associated condition. Your Herpicide will, in the vast majority of cases, cure and prevent the continuation of dandruff. It is an elegant and ideal hair dressing."

(Signed) V. T. McILLICUDDY, M. D.

Medical Inspector Mutual Life Ins. Co., of N. Y.

Flare men and women get actual results from the use of HERPICIDE than from all other hair remedies combined.

Two Sizes, 50c. and \$1.00.—At Drug Stores—Send 10c. in stamps to THE HERPICIDE CO., Dept. N., Detroit, Mich., for sample. Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act, June 30, 1906. Serial No. 915.

BE SURE YOU GET HERPICIDE.

E. CLINTON BROWN, Special Agent.

Applications at Prominent Barber Shops.

Hats Off to Our Overcoats

Their very appearance demands your admiration and respect

If we were to use this whole page we couldn't explain to you how different they are to those you see around town half so well as if you were to drop in and examine their styles and make, try one on, and look in the glass. See how they fit around the collar and shoulders.

This Cut shows you how you would look in a Harvey Overcoat. Isn't this a beauty?

MEN'S OVERCOATS, \$5, 6, 7.50, 8.75

\$10, 11, 12, 13.50, 15, 18, 20 to \$24

BOYS' OVERCOATS, \$3.75 to \$13.50

Also, Gloves, Sweaters, Underwear, Shirts, Ties, Hats, Caps, Knitted Vests, etc.

J. N. HARVEY

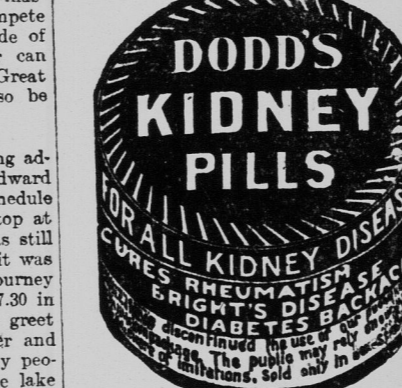
Tailoring and Clothing, 199 to 207 Union St.



STEAMER WRECKED

ON THE MIRAMICHI

NEWCASTLE, N. B., Nov. 15.—(Special).—John Russell & Company's hundred-ton side-wheel steamer Rustler, Captain Spurgeon Amos, is wrecked on the Northwest Miramichi just above the confluence with the main river. She left yesterday for Daniel Sullivan of Red Bank, and was stopped by ice before reaching Red Bank. She tried to reach Newcastle and the ice split the boat. When she began to fill, the Captain ran her ashore just above the Northwest bridge, the stern sank. The cargo was mostly destroyed or damaged. The vessel was insured against fire only.



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Not an expensive shoe—but a mighty good one.

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