

Some Shooting Trip

An Account of a Duck Hunt taken last Fall

There always had been talk of going down to the marshes in search of ducks. During the summer, often, we had promised ourselves the trip, but fall came, September 15 passed, and it didn't look much as if we could make arrangements to get away. We knew of a dandy place, a little shooting lodge way down on the end of a point jutting out into the side of the lake. There were several flat shooting punts handy, decoys without number, and a nice, deep channel dredged in the lead right up to the lodge. But it was sixty-five miles away, we only had a couple of days to spare and, much as we wanted the sport, past experience in getting there in a horse and rig was sufficient to completely cool our ardor. One Sunday there happened to be a bunch of boys at the house and we started talking duck shooting.

A Friend in Need

After comparing experiences for a while, incidentally of course describing the dandy place we knew, one of the boys who owned a big five-passenger car proposed that we all pile in and go down in it one day that same week. Of course we jumped at the idea and were not long making the necessary arrangements to start the following Wednesday. The plan was to leave town about four o'clock in the afternoon, so as to get down to the lake in time for the evening flight in from the lake to the feeding grounds, get out again before day-break for the flight out and return home that afternoon. Wednesday came, and we put in the back of the car guns, shells, grub, blankets, rain coats and rugs, and with two in the front seat and two in the back we sailed forth on our journey. Smooth prairie trails are about the best wheeling in the world and, when the going was good, we certainly made fast time. Some places we found that short cuts had been fenced off or plowed up; once in a while a bunch of cattle would persist in attempting to race the car just ahead of the front wheel for a hundred yards or so, and occasionally a chicken, as chickens invariably do, seemed to have one thought and one alone when the car went by, and that was to get back home in spite of everything. They usually got there, but sometimes a few tail feathers were missing when they emerged, ruffled, but with the light of determination still in their eyes, from between the wheels of the car. But all these happenings added to the interest of the journey, and we were feeling just about as happy as larks when we arrived down at the lake in lots of time to get set for the evening shoot.

The Evening Shoot

We took a couple of duck boats, two of us going in each, threw in half a dozen decoy ducks, making sure first of all that the sinkers were all properly attached, grabbed an armful of hay spiced from a nearby stack so as to make our seats as comfortable as possible, and finally pushed out into the channel towards our shooting station. We had been directed by an Indian, who had spent years in the marshes and who could almost find his way home blindfold among the runways and channels in the reeds, to a narrow channel between two small lakes down which ducks coming in off the lake generally flew. We had to paddle about a mile and a half, first down a narrow runway between reeds which waved their tops high above our heads, then across a lake and into the gap described by the breed. We had just got nicely hidden away in the sedges while the sun was going down like a great red ball of fire in the west, when, with a whirr of wings, three big mallards flew straight down the lead heading for the lower lake. Bang! Bang! went a couple of barrels, and one bird toppled down into the water with a splash. After that we kept our eyes open and the percentage of misses was not so great. Ducks were plentiful and shooting was fast and furious for about half an hour. Then it became too dark to locate the birds, the whirr of their wings still

continued, and after we had collected the bag we paddled lazily back to the lodge by the light of a full red harvest moon.

Solid Comfort

That night we slept on the floor rolled up in blankets and rugs just as peacefully as if we were lying on the softest bed made, never worrying about the alarm clock ticking steadily at our toes and set to go off at three-thirty next morning. Curiously enough, too, it didn't seem a hardship to have to get up when the time came, altho if we had been at home to have been waked a full four hours later would have been the signal for explosions that would have more than drowned the insistent ringing of the intermittent alarm. However, we had a good feed before getting out into the crisp morning air and, pushing our boats out thru a thin film of ice on the surface of the water, we once more went to our old stand between the two lakes. There were ducks all around, we could hear them moving, so we placed our decoys well out in the open in the lead and went back for the dawn to break. We hadn't to wait long. The air was gloriously clear and presently, as one of the boys quoted, "The morn, in russet mantle clad, walk'st o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill," only, since it was in Manitoba, the "high hill" part was missing.

The decoys worked fine. Time and again ducks would swerve in towards the floats so that the guns had great opportunities. One of the boys didn't know much about the business end of a gun. When, in about an hour's time, the flight was over and nothing at all, except a lot of empty shells and a very sore shoulder, had been credited up to him, there happened to be a mud hen impudently swimming around out in the open water. Somebody proposed that he ought to practice on it, so he cheerfully blazed away about six shots and in the end in disgust had to finish it off with his paddle.

Partridges and Chickens

Thus ended a most enjoyable duck hunt. On the way home we ran into several coveys of partridges and prairie chickens, and, leaving the car on the side of the road, we were able to stalk them and bag one apiece. The balance of the run back to the farm was made in record time, and everybody agreed that it was the greatest trip they had ever made. Just now we're looking round for some good Samaritan with a car so that we can make the trip again in a couple of weeks' time.—A.D.

PENSION BOARD NAMED

The new pension board, which will have permanent supervision of the whole war pension system of the Dominion has been named tonight. This board will take over from the militia department the administration of the act.

The chairman of the board is J. K. L. Ross, a Montreal multi-millionaire, whose generosity towards war association funds has been very marked, and who possesses considerable business ability.

The other members are Major John L. Todd, M.D., of Montreal, and Col. Labatt, of Hamilton. Both have been to the front.

The work of the board is an important one, and its task very onerous. Already the Canadian pensions amount to a million and a half a year, and it is expected will reach fifteen millions by the end of the war. The salary which the members of the new board will receive is \$5,000 a year each.

HERBERT QUICK APPOINTED

Mr. Quick was for many years editor of Farm and Fireside, Springfield, Ohio, and for the past two years has been writing special articles and stories for



HERBERT QUICK

the new American rural credit scheme described in The Guide by J. H. Haslam in the issue of August 30.

SHOOTING SEASON OPENS

If you intend hunting wild duck in Manitoba during the coming open season get your game bird license now. It is absolutely necessary for all persons, other than a farmer or a member of a farmer family, resident and actually domiciled on a farm in this province, who hunt wild ducks during the open season, to obtain a game bird license, which will entitle the holder to shoot all kinds of game birds during their respective open seasons. These licenses are obtainable at all the principal cities and many of the towns and villages of the province, also are being issued at the office of the Provincial Game Department, Winnipeg. License fee is

one dollar. Non-residents of the province must procure a non-resident hunting license before going to hunt birds or animals of any kind, fees are as follows: British subject resident and actually domiciled in British territory, fifteen dollars; all other non-residents, license fee fifty dollars. Any person aiding or accompanying a non-resident or any other person to hunt without a license shall be considered to have violated the law and be liable to prosecution.

The open season for shooting wild ducks, upland and other plover, woodcock, snipe and sandpiper opens on September 15 and closes on November 30. It is the intention of the government rigidly to enforce the Game Act, and all persons found violating any of its provisions will be severely dealt with. Copies of the Game Act may be obtained at the office of the Game Department by personal or written application.

WHAT WILL YOUR CROP YIELD?

At this time of the year everybody is interested in prospective grain yields. In many instances it is profitable to know before cutting, at least approximately, what will be the outturn from a certain field. In a few cases of doubtful cases of doubtful crop it may decide the owner as to whether a certain strip is really worth cutting at all. Here is a simple method of calculating the outturn which is suggested by the Manitoba Department of Agriculture:

Select one or more places in the field where the grain is uniform and thoroughly typical of the remainder of the crop. (It is better to select a number of these in different parts of the field rather than to depend upon one.) Measure carefully one square yard of ground, three feet each way. Pull all the grain from this and carefully thresh out the heads. Get a druggist or someone else with a fine scale to weigh the product.

For every ounce of grain (if wheat) produced by the square yard, figure on five bushels per acre. Thus, two ounces per square yard figures out to ten bushels per acre; three ounces to fifteen; four ounces to twenty, and so on.

In the case of barley, add one-quarter more to the number of bushels than in the case of wheat.

In the case of oats measure sixteen square feet, four feet by four feet. For every ounce of grain which this yields figure five bushels per acre. Thus if a plot the size named yielded ten ounces of oats, it would be a fifty bushel crop.

A druggist will have no trouble at all in weighing down to fractions of an ounce and reducing the calculation to the exact number of bushels per acre, so far as his work is concerned. The whole difficulty will be in the farmer securing a thoroughly typical area in the field and in getting the average amount of grain from such an area.



G.G.G. ABINGDON WAGONS

Equipped with 28 inch Box, Seat with back, Trees and Yoke:

3x10 Skein, 1x2 1/2 Tires, weight 1230 lbs.	\$87.25
3x10 Skein, 1x3 Tires, weight 1330 lbs.	\$2.75
3x11 Skein, 1x3 Tires, weight 1380 lbs.	\$3.75
3x12 Skein, 1x3 Tires, weight 1632 lbs.	\$103.50
Teaming gear with Trees and Neck Yoke only:	
3x12 Skein, 1x3 Tires, weight 1162 lbs.	\$87.75

TRUCKS

(No Trees Nor Yokes)

G.G.G. CANADIAN, Steel Wheels, 28-32 inches:	
3x10 Skein, 1x4 Tires, weight 580 lbs.	\$34.00
G.G.G. CANADIAN, Wooden Wheels, 36-42 inches:	
3x10 Skein, 1x3 Tires, weight 640 lbs.	\$41.00
3x10 Skein, 1x4 Tires, weight 675 lbs.	\$44.00
G.G.G. ABINGDON, Wooden Wheels, 36-44 inches:	
3x10 Skein, 1x3 Tires, weight 670 lbs.	\$49.00
3x10 Skein, 1x4 Tires, weight 750 lbs.	\$52.25
G.G.G. ABINGDON, Steel Wheels, 32-36 inches:	
3x10 Skein, 1x4 Tires, weight 543 lbs.	\$37.75

Wagons and Trucks

Well made from choice materials, and offered to farmers of the West, direct from the factory

G.G.G. CANADIAN WAGONS

Equipped with 28-inch Box Seat, Trees and Neck Yoke:

3x10 Skein, 1x2 1/2 Tires, weight 1285 lbs.	\$81.50
3x10 Skein, 1x3 Tires, weight 1350 lbs.	\$3.50
3x11 Skein, 1x2 1/2 Tires, weight 1320 lbs.	\$2.75
3x11 Skein, 1x3 Tires, weight 1380 lbs.	\$4.50
3x11 Skein, 1x3 Tires, weight 1455 lbs.	\$7.50
3x12 Skein, 1x3 Tires, weight 1585 lbs.	\$6.50

Gear only, with Trees and Neck Yoke:

3x10 Skein, 1x2 1/2 Tires, weight 860 lbs.	\$67.00
3x10 Skein, 1x3 Tires, weight 925 lbs.	\$8.00
3x11 Skein, 1x2 1/2 Tires, weight 895 lbs.	\$6.25
3x11 Skein, 1x3 Tires, weight 955 lbs.	\$6.00
3x11 Skein, 1x3 Tires, weight 1030 lbs.	\$2.75
3x12 Skein, 1x3 Tires, weight 1160 lbs.	\$7.00

Write for detailed description of our Wagons and Trucks, as well as quotations on boxes, seats and other wagon accessories.

The Grain Growers' Grain Co.

Branches at:
REGINA, SASK.
CALGARY, ALTA.
AND WILLOWDALE

Winnipeg-Manitoba

Agency at:
ST. JOHN, N.B.
St. John, N.B.