

## WESTERN CANADA COUNTING ITS GOLD

THE GRAIN CROP OF 1910 WAS A GOOD PAYING ONE.

Crop conditions throughout the west of Canada were not ideal, but notwithstanding there were excellent crops. Reports come from different parts to the agents of the Canadian government, whose literature tells a good part of the story, that the crops in most places were splendid.

At Castor, Alta., P. Galloway's oat crop threshed 35 bushels to the acre, machine measure, and 44 bushels by weight. Alex Robertson of Deltale, Alta., had 20 bushels to the acre on 875 acres. W. & H. Clark, 17 bushels to the acre on 77 acres. Sheldon Ramsey, 20 bushels on 160 acres. J. Lane threshed 3,500 bushels off 200 acres; J. Hamilton, 3,200 bushels off 204 acres. Mrs. Headley had an average of 25 bushels per acre on 160 acres. Chambers Bros. got 13,270 bushels off 650 acres.

Fertile Valley district, G. Rollo, had an average of 25 bushels to the acre on a total crop of 10,000 bushels. E. Brown of Pincher Creek had a yield of 23 bushels on his winter wheat; W. Walker, Miss Walker and John Goberts all had an average yield of 25 bushels; Mr. Fitzpatrick, 23, and Mr. Freebairn, 20. Charles Nelson of Bon Accord, Alberta, had threshed his crop of 5,000 bushels of grain, wheat, oats and barley, from 219 acres of old ground.

Wm. Logan of Bon Accord is reported to have threshed 400 bushels of wheat from 9 acres of new breaking. His oats it is said yielding over 100 bushels to the acre. Robert Martin of Belbeck, Sask., from 100 acres got 3,740 bushels of wheat. Geo. A. Campbell of Caron, Sask., from 130 acres summer fallow got 49 bushels per acre, and from 59 acres stubble got 24 bushels per acre. One of the farmers of Colonsay threshed out 25 bushels of wheat per acre from 150 acres summer fallow, and another 33 bushels per acre. James Glen of Drinkwater, Sask., had 36 1/2 bushels per acre; 40 acres summer fallow, 31 bushels per acre; 40 acres stubble, 27 bushels per acre; total, 6,680 bushels off 200 acres. Abe Winters of Fleming has 39 bushels of wheat per acre. At Govan, Benjamin Armstrong had 33 bushels to the acre. John Gilmartin, 34 bushels. Charles Latta, 35 bushels. J. K. Taylor, 35 bushels. W. Small, 2,069 bushels on 90 acres. J. F. Moore, 6,500 bushels on 215 acres. J. MacLean, 1,500 bushels on 63 acres. W. Hopwood, 1,750 bushels on 60 acres. W. Gray, 950 bushels on 30 acres. W. Curtin, 850 bushels on 30 acres. John Meyers, Jr., of Grand Coulee, reports 31 1/2 bushels to the acre. P. P. Epp of Langham, Sask., has 35 1-3 bushels per acre. J. J. Thiessen, 31 bushels per acre. Chris Dear, 25 bushels per acre from 90 acres. Wm. Thiessen, 18 1/2 bushels from 100 acres. P. P. Schultz, 18 bushels per acre from 100 acres. Robt. H. Wiggins of Manor, Sask., had 39 bushels wheat and 75 bushels of oats per acre. Fred Cobb, 30 bushels of wheat and 75 bushels of oats per acre. Jack Robinson, 39 bushels of wheat per acre. Wm. Kindel of Milestone, Sask., had 38 bushels of wheat per acre. R. J. Moore, 40 bushels of wheat per acre. Martin Roddy, 38 bushels of wheat per acre. J. D. Sifton of Moose Jaw had 37 bushels wheat per acre; oats, 50 bushels per acre; flax, 11 bushels to the acre. John L. Smith of New Warren had 35 bushels of wheat per acre. At Regina H. W. Laird had 35 bushels to the acre; W. H. Duncan, wheat, 22 bushels to the acre, flax, 16 bushels; G. M. Bell, wheat, 35 bushels to the acre, oats, 70 bushels; O. E. Rothwell, 25 bushels to the acre; J. McKinnis, wheat, 35 bushels summer fallow; 20 bushels stubble; oats, 80 bushels; J. S. Mooney, 31 bushels of wheat; 80 bushels oats on stubble. At Tessles, Wm. Nesbitt had 44 bushels wheat to the acre. Sep. Latrace, 34 bushels. Thos. Miller, 31 bushels. These were all on summer fallow. Major Bros' stubble went 14. At Tuxford, Sask., C. B. Dunning had 37 bushels. James Bain, 41 bushels summer fallow. At Yellow Grass, Wm. Robson, off one half section, had 45 bushels wheat to the acre, and 40 bushels off another averaged 37 bushels to the acre. Geo. Steer, off a twenty-acre field, threshed half. M. A. Wilkinson, off 160 acres, 52 bushels wheat to the acre. His whole crop averaged over 40. Jas. A. R. Cameron's half section averaged over 36 bushels to the acre. D. McNeven, who has two farms, averaged about 40 bushels. W. A. Cooper got 47 bushels to the acre off 71 acres; his whole crop went about 40. John Murray, 35 per acre off 160 acres. Hockley Bros., 35 per acre off a half section. W. Ransom, 35 per acre of the Cathcart farm. N. Dunne, 39 to the acre. S. C. Hart, 38 per acre. T. Murray, Jr., 36 to the acre. A. E. McEwan, 38 to the acre. Mayor Taylor, 33 to the acre.

Not a Lucrative Job.

Friend—So your friend has left college. What is he in?

Father—Debt.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny, granules, easy to take. Do not gripe.

It is sweet to feel by what fine spun threads our affections are drawn together.—Sterne.

FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS

YOU WILL FIND MONEY IN THE MONEY. BLOOD PURIFICATION. BLOOD PURIFICATION. BLOOD PURIFICATION.

Sympathy sometimes means sitting in a car and passing out soft words to lame folk.



# BRANT SHOOTING ON GREAT SOUTH BAY

BY EDWIN MAIN POST



**T**HIRTY years ago this spring my wise father built a flat-bottomed sloop, 45 feet long on the keel and 17 feet wide, with an enclosed cabin that has square windows instead of portholes, and a head-room of six feet all over it. This cabin is 21 feet long, and consists of one large room with four wide berths, and a toilet room and a kitchen on either side of the centerboard, at the forward end.

Father named the boat Macy, after an old friend, and has had her continuously in commission since she was launched; and Andrew Sammis, her first captain, is still in charge—a bit gray now, but still the same careful and trustworthy skipper as of yore. With the opening of the ducking season in October she goes into what we call winter commission, and when the end of the season comes around she is hauled out, thoroughly overhauled and prepared for the summer work. A few years ago we built an overhanging stern on her and installed a gasoline engine, so that we are no longer the slaves of the wind god. The "Macy's Baby," as the stoolboat that carries the battery is called, is always at her stern, and this, with the addition of two skiffs and one or more dinkies for use in the ice, makes quite a formidable tow for the old boat. When we have more than a day or two to spend in the quest for the wily duck, we send the Macy out early to get a good place, and have a cat-boat meet us at the dock to sail over to her. Generally we catch a train that arrives at Babylon at half-past three o'clock, and we reach the dock ten minutes afterwards.

Lay aside for a few moments your

troubles and worries, and come with us down to kill some brant. It is half-past one o'clock, and I look up from my desk and see my father's smiling face as he says: "Come, Buster, it is time to start." In a moment I have put on my coat and hat, and we are on our way to the Wall street entrance of the subway, as happy as ever two schoolboys starting on a holiday were. We meet you on the platform, and I relieve you of your bag or gun as we board a Brooklyn train. We change at Atlantic avenue to the Long Island train, and soon are at Jamaica, where we change once more to the local steam train and while away the next hour in swapping stories. The train stops at Babylon, and we pile out on the platform and into the dilapidated hack that takes us down to the dock. "As it is early in the season and the days have not yet shortened enough to make it impossible for us to reach our destination before dark, the Macy is awaiting us, anchored just off the dock, and we see our good George coming off in the little skiff to speedily set us on board.

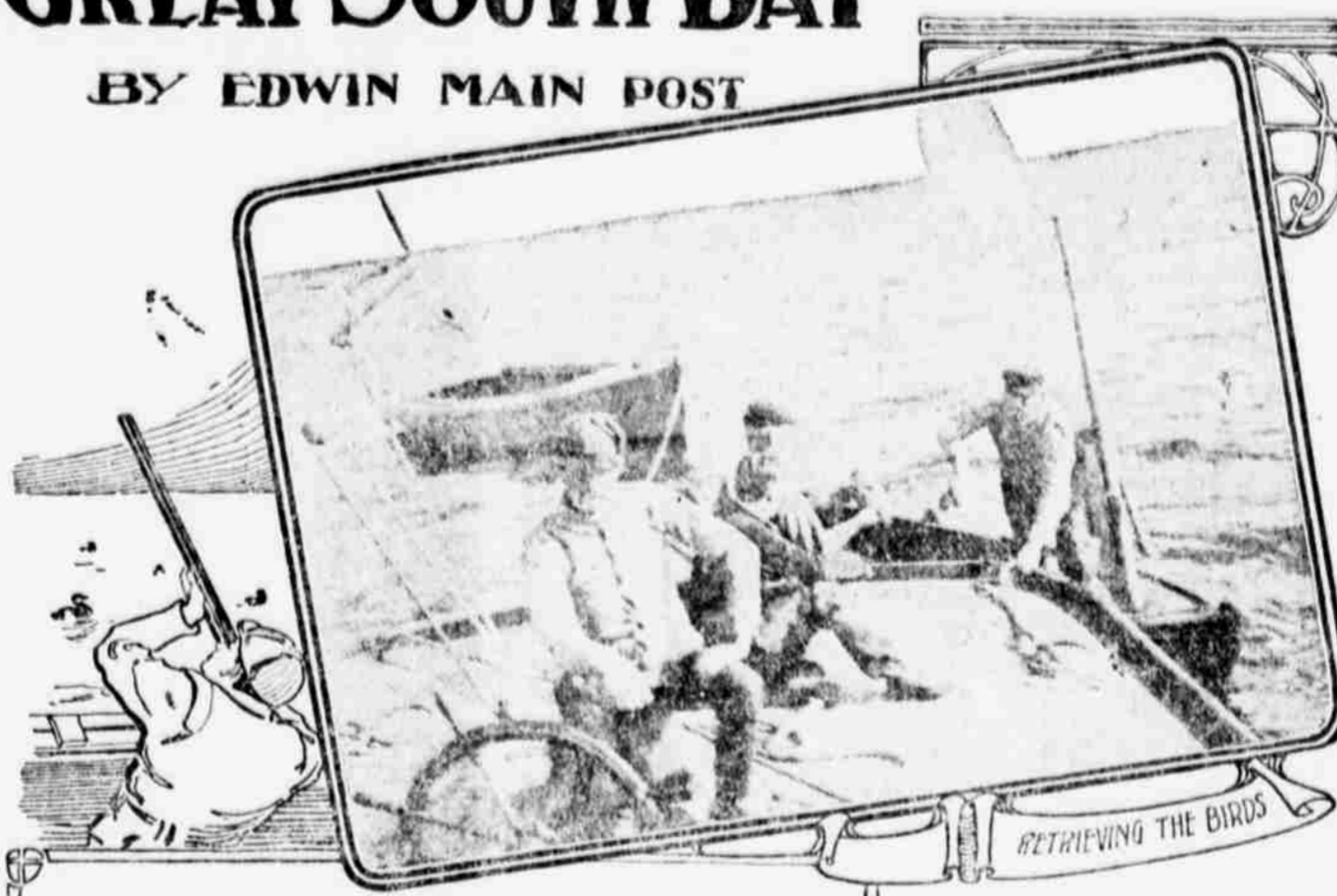
As you board the skiff you will not have to ask George, "Are there any birds?" for he will say: "Brant? Why, there's 5,000,000 of the cusses in Cedar Island cove. We'll have some o' them critters, and don't you forget it." Captain Andrew greets us with a cheery "Good day, gentlemen," as we reach his side, and you enter the cabin to find upon the table a pleasant welcome in the shape of a generous drink for each of us. My father's hearty toast, "Glad to see you on board, sir," makes you feel at home at once.

We promptly lay aside our "store clothes" and don our old shooting things, as the men get the anchor up and hoist the sail, and are soon in the cockpit enjoying the fresh air. Our progress is slow and stately, due to the flotilla behind us, but we have only about four miles to go. Notice now the third member of our crew, a big, tall, fair-haired man with a smile that never comes off. This is Ansel, a newcomer to the Macy in comparison with the skipper, for Ansel has been with us only 20 years. He is a very important personage, for he is the engineer, chef, mate, general utility man and fun-maker for us all. Hark! There is his voice now calling us to dinner.

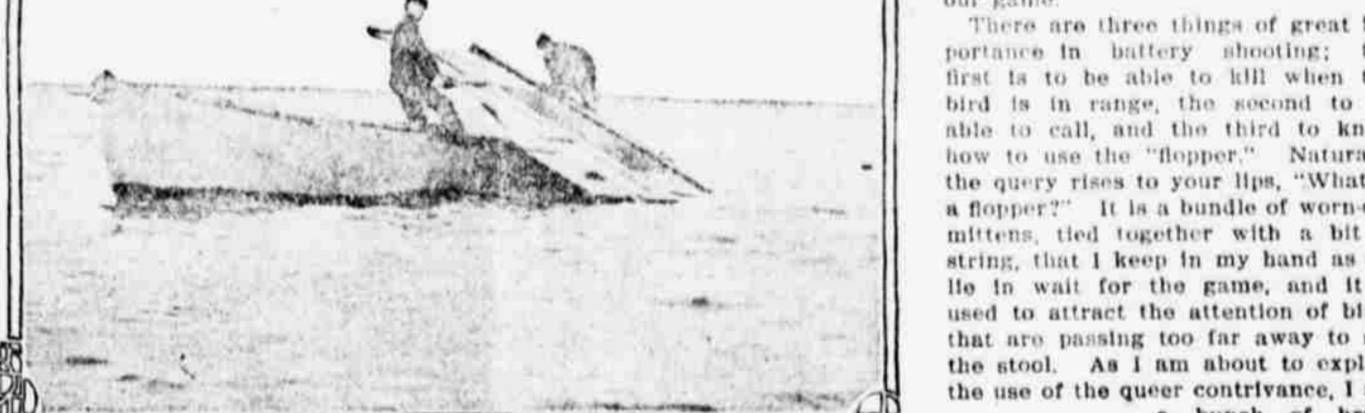
You sit down before a smoking leg of lamb and dishes of vegetables, with an appetite to which you have been a stranger for a long time, and eat and eat of the good things before you until you are astonished at yourself. Topping off with some of the chef's famous pudding, and helping yourself to a good cigar from the box on the centerboard trunk, you are content. I take the wheel to let the men go below to eat their dinner, and by the time they have finished we arrive at the place where we will test out the battery in the morning.

At ten o'clock we turn into our berths ready for an early call to breakfast. At four o'clock we are called, and by the time we are dressed the breakfast is piping hot on the table. We hurry through our meal to let the men eat theirs, and while they are fixing out the battery and stool, we take a bit of a nap.

The skipper calls us when he sees the men have the stool nearly all out, and you and I put on our sweaters and a dark coat, take our guns and shells, and get into the skiff, to be rowed to



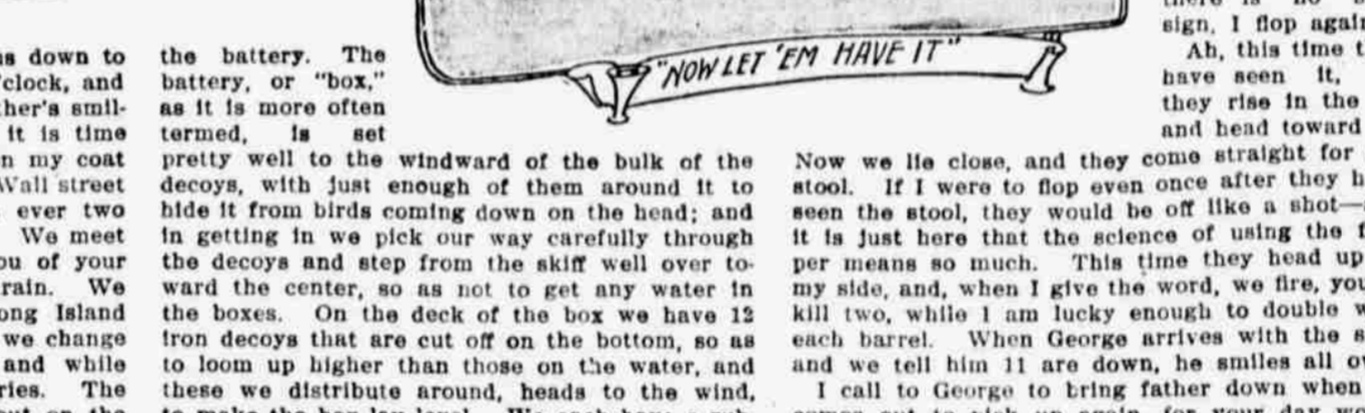
RETRIEVING THE BIRDS



SETTING OUT THE BATTERY



THEN THE DECOYS ARE PLACED



NOW LET 'EM HAVE IT

the battery. The battery, or "box," as it is more often termed, is set pretty well to the windward of the bulk of the decoys, with just enough of them around it to hide it from birds coming down on the head; and in getting in we pick our way carefully through the decoys and step from the skiff well over toward the center, so as not to get any water in the boxes. On the deck of the box we have 12 iron decoys that are cut off on the bottom, so as to loom up higher than those on the water, and these we distribute around, heads to the wind, to make the box lay level. We each have a rubber cloth and an old sweater to lie on, and a cloth-covered rubber pillow for our heads. Adjusting these comfortably, we load our guns, cock them and place them against the side on our right hand, taking care to keep at least two inches of the barrels over the end of the box, so that in case of an accidental discharge there will be no hole blown in the box. Long experience in battery shooting has taught me that the longer the barrels of a gun are, the safer it is, and I heartily recommend 32 inch barrels.

Being all ready to lie down, with only our eyes above the level of the water, and await the coming of our quarry. Two men with sharp eyes can keep a pretty thorough watch, except just behind them, and birds coming from that quarter generally swing off to one side or the other of the stool so that they can set their wings and light among the decoys headed up to the wind. You, as the guest of honor, are in the left-hand box, and just as the sun is rising I see a bunch of brant coming in over the beach from the ocean where they have been roosting. If they are headed in our direction, and I think they will pass near enough to see our stool, we lie very close, and occasionally I call them; but the moment they see the stool—and you can always tell this, because they give a sort of dart up in the air and, if they are coming in, settle down again headed toward us—I make no further calls, but say to you: "They are coming in on your side. Lie perfectly still until I say 'Now!' and then give it to them."

It is one of the most inspiring sights in the world to see a bunch of these lordly birds headed for the stool, and a great many people are deceived as to the distance they are off, on account of their great size—often losing a chance by raising too quickly. I watch them with one eye above the edge of the box as they set their wings and come gracefully to the stool, and when they are in good range, I say: "Now! Let's try 'em!" and we sit up with our guns in our hands and fire. As they are on your side and headed up to windward, you will get the best show, because I must shoot at the tail of the bunch and will not have as good a chance to catch a double as you. You can count on my killing right and left however, and as my second bird starts to fall, I see you have three down. "Well done, my friend. We are not going to be skunked to-day. There are five o' them, anyway."

We both reload our guns, and I take my cap in my hand and swing it until I see an answering signal from the Macy. This means that they are

to come down in the skiff and pick up our game.

There are three things of great importance in battery shooting; the first is to be able to kill when the bird is in range, the second to be able to call, and the third to know how to use the "flopper." Naturally the query rises to your lips, "What is a flopper?" It is a bundle of worn-out mittens, tied together with a bit of string, that I keep in my hand as we lie in wait for the game, and it is used to attract the attention of birds that are passing too far away to see the stool. As I am about to explain the use of the queer contrivance, I see

a bunch of brant leading through the bay to the north of us, about a mile away. If they keep their present course they will pass us without seeing our stool. Something must be done to attract their attention. Quickly I flop the flopper above the level of the box two or three times, carefully watching for any sign that the birds have noticed something. If there is no such sign, I flop again. Ah, this time they have seen it, for they rise in the air and head toward us.

Now we lie close, and they come straight for our stool. If I were to flop even once after they have seen the stool, they would be off like a shot—and it is just here that the science of using the flopper means so much. This time they head up on my side, and when I give the word, we fire, you to kill two, while I am lucky enough to double with each barrel. When George arrives with the skiff and we tell him 11 are down, he smiles all over. I call to George to bring father down when he comes out to pick up again, for your day would not be complete without an hour or two in the box with that peerless sportsman, who is today, at the age of 77, one of the best shots I have ever seen. We kill again, and George comes down with father. As I get into the boat, father steps into the box with agility equal to mine, and I leave you to an enjoyment that has been the dearest privilege of my life. We have scarcely reached the Macy when you swing again, and I take up the glasses to watch with interest your good work.

As noontime comes we get the Macy underway and drop down to the box, to reward you with a cocktail when you come aboard, and have all ready a smoking lunch of Ansel's best. After lunch we take turns in the battery, and when the time comes to take up, we count a row of brant along the washer and find 35. We return to Babylon in ample time for you to catch your train, and we do not let you go until you promise to come again.

### TO DRAW AND HOLD TRADE

"Most of us," said Mr. Shovelton, "are looking out for ourselves; I think we'll all admit that. The trouble with most of us is that we don't do this intelligently; we are always thinking of ourselves and our own interest only; and that's where we slip a cog. Let me illustrate:

"I buy fruit to carry home; I've done that for—well, a good many years, and for a long time I bought around in various places. Then one day some years ago I stopped at a store where I liked the looks of the fruit and where as I noticed a moment later, the paper bags were a little heavier than those I had been accustomed to find.

"And when this dealer had put the fruit in one of these bags he didn't simply twist the neck of it and hand it over to me so in a form inconvenient to carry. He folded the top of the bag over and rolled it down to form a handle—a grip piece; and then he tied this bundle around securely with twine, thus making it up altogether into a bundle that was secure and handy to carry.

"Of course I liked all that, and I found that he always did up his packages so or putting on sometimes a wood and wire handle; but always he made the package secure and handy for me. He had some thought for me, and I've been buying of him ever since; and if he should move I'd follow him. I would go out of my way to trade with him.

"The moral is this: Any small storekeeper, if his goods are right, can build up a trade and hold it and increase it if he has the intelligence and the human quality that prompts him faithfully to consider not himself alone but as well the wants and interests of his customers."

## A TRIAL WILL CONVINCE ANYONE—THE GREAT KIDNEY REMEDY NEVER DISAPPOINTS

A few years ago I was troubled with a complication of kidney and stomach ailments, and although I tried two or three different doctors, I was unable to obtain a cure. Having heard a great deal about Swamp-Root, I decided to give it a trial and purchased a one dollar bottle of Mr. Alexander, the druggist. From the beginning I could notice a change for the better and after taking eight bottles of your medicine, I felt entirely cured and have not had any trouble since.

Had I begun using Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root sooner I would have been a few hundred dollars to the good and saved myself a lot of suffering.

You may use my testimonial any time you wish.

Yours very truly,  
CHARLES E. HARRIS,  
460 Sixth St.,  
Marion, Ia.

I certify that Charles E. Harris signed the above testimonial in my presence, being first duly sworn to the truth thereof this 12th day of July, 1909.

D. R. LINLEY, J. P.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. For sale at all drug stores. Price fifty-cents and one-dollar.



Assistant Manager—What shall I do with the amount the cashier took; charge it to profit and loss?  
Manager—No; put it down as running expenses.

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1 Pkt. Luxuriant hardy Alfalfa Clover.  
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1 Pkt. Speltz—the cereal hay marvel.  
And 5 or more other packages farm seed novelties or rarities, together with our big catalog, bristling with seed truths all for but 10c in stamps, or send 25c and we add a big package famous French bean coffee John A. Salzer Seed Co., 182 South 8th St., La Crosse, Wis.

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"I understand they sentenced him to life imprisonment."  
"Well, no; it wasn't as bad as that. He got only 99 years!"—Puck.

The Chicago Fire could have been prevented with one pail of water, but the water was not handy. Keep a bottle of Hamlin's Wizard Oil handy and prevent the fiery pains of inflammation.

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Piles are often cured by careful diet, and Trask's Ointment. Write for Dr. Marz's "Practical Study of Piles" to D. Ransom, Son & Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Free.

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The satisfying quality in Lewis' Single Binders found in no other 5c cigar.

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Improved, irrigated. Per acre \$1.50 cash, balance  
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