...ing—And Mere Fishing.

By HUBERT EVANS.

...n angling and plain every-...ing there lies a gulf as wide, ... and as dangerous to the tyro ... which separates golf from ...st lusty game of shinny. ... popular with our pioneer ...rs in the days when the suc-...ky form of competitive sport ...mated by the number of ... and black eyes given or re-... Fishing can be indulged in ...e possessing a day off, some ...dable clothes and the odd bit ...ensive tackle; but angling! ... is quite a different matter. ...clusion is based on experi-... I have aspired to become an ...

... this mad desire seized me I ...e content to remain a mere ... Bearing a small amount ..., it was my habit to seek out ...let bit of water, seat myself ...ely in the shade and while ...asant hours in dreamy medi-... waiting, with Micawber-like ..., for something in the way ...h to come my way. Some-... did, often it did not, but in ...ase my day's outing was not ... affected and the element of ...certainty merely added to my ...ent. That foe of true sport, ...it of emulation, was unknown ... There I sat and composed my ...s and smoked: and in the cool ...evening ambled home rested in ...it refreshed in mind. Long-...w I look back to those happy ...th bitter sadness, oft in the ...ght I think of them, but they ...e forever.

...n named T. Willie Plover is ...able for my present state. ... the winter he joined our curl-...b and learning I was fond of ... he volunteered the informa-...t he too was a devotee of the ... He was an Englishman and ... said, once owned "a bit of ... in Devon." Hang the chap, ... one of these plausible fellows ... contagious enthusiasm and be-...g I was drinking in every-...e said. Fishing, according to ... a vastly different thing from ... had thought. Only he called ...g and spoke of dry flies and ...e and spey casting, tapered ...d lines and rods of exquisite ...ns. I had known only of ...hooks, sinkers and plain bait. ... dwelt on the joy, the ex-... of the thing, and especial-...y skill required to practise ...ly-specialized art. I doubt ...uld have had anything to do ... had he not emphasized the ...y of a high degree of skill, ... man likes to be thought a dud. ...wing descriptions fascinated ... when he announced I need ... until spring to commence ..., I fell. You may wonder ...w so fond of leisure should wil-... undertake the mastery of so ...g an accomplishment, yet is it ...re amazing than the hordes ...d men who plunge boldly into ...h all about them are horrible ...les of the effects of the per-... habit?

... before Willie Plover had fin-... with me I was probably the ...nthusiastic angler in our town. ... loaned me a Hardy catalogue ... alluring thing, and with his ...ance I selected an outfit. Plover ...d to it as being "sufficient for ...ntner." It was, unless the be-... has a much larger income ...mine. Talk about "the sport of ..." But I was game, I sent away ...der and with it a goodly part ... savings of years.

...n the rod and things arrived ... came up to our place and we ...out on the lawn when he gave ...sons in casting. He was cer-... an expert, seventy or eighty ...s nothing for him to cast. Up ...come the rod in a vertical po-...and at the proper instant when ... was straightened out behind ...d, bring it back to the horizon-..., a simple movement of the ... and the end of the line would ...ain a few inches of anything ...and at. I enjoyed these prac-...and was just beginning to get ...t of the thing when Plover ...transferred to some western ... of his firm. It seemed too ..., I had counted on his help ... often planned fishing trips ...er. "But you'll be all right now, ..." Plover said, "it seems to ... naturally to you. Before the ... opens you'll be quite pro-...

... all during the cold weather I ...d away practising against the ... day when the season opened ... should become in truth an ... Also I gleaned considerable ...mation from books and already ...ered myself an expert and ...d faintly in a superior way ... anyone spoke of a fishing ... or mentioned the necessity of ... or sinkers or such primeval ...

... great day came and through ...ight mists of dawn I hurried up ...river. This was the real thing, ...awling on some grassy bank, ...ssing precious hours in drowsy ...ation but a battle of wits, mine ... the fish's, where skill and ... said. Eager and confident I ... my rod, threaded the tapered ...through the agate lead rings and after a careful scrutiny of the sky and water selected a fly and attached it to the previously moistened leader. It was a solemn moment when, every thing ready, I made my first cast.

The memory of that first day is still too poignant for detailed portrayal. How when no fish rose to my first fly I tried a second and then a third; how the studied precision of my technique was supplanted by frantic swingings of the precious rod; how I tried every fly in my book without moving a fish; how the line misbehaved and the needle-pointed hook lodged in my clothing—those shaggy tweeds purchased for angling wear; how the branches behind me and the snags in the stream became tightly wound with yards of valuable tapered line; of such thingsI cannot speak. I have heard prudent golfers lament the loss of a few balls but on that day I left enough expensive leaders and hand-tied flies in trees and brush to buy a whole golf outfit. The only luck I had that day was in making my way home without meeting anyone I knew. I crept up the back stairs and changed my muddied clothing.

My thoughts that evening were hard and bitter ones. At first I resolved to chuck the whole business, to hide the expensive tackle and try to forget. I told myself I would go fishing in my old-fashioned way. Crude it might be, as Plover had said but after all poise and composure are worth something.

Yet, argue with myself as I may, I know I am doomed to many more such days. That outfit cost too much to be discarded. I am in too deep to turn back, but I must get my money's worth from it. Judging from the meagre return on my outlay that the first day afforded, I shall, by using every Saturday and holiday until I am eighty, break about even on the deal.—Rod and Gun.

Canadian Timber to Last 250 Years.

OTTAWA, Ont.—Timber resources in Canada total more than a trillion feet, board measurement, according to a survey completed by the Canadian National Railways. The supply will last 250 years, or until 2173, at the present rate of consumption, estimated at 4,000,000,000 feet annually.

Of timber resources, which the survey places at 1,065,000,000,000 feet, British Columbia contains 360,000,000,000, or over a third. The prairie provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta contain 200,000,000,000 feet.

British Columbia, the survey shows, leads in production with a billion feet a year. Since the forests of central Russia have been shut off from world commerce, the province has been the greatest source of lumber in the world. Ontario is second, Quebec third, New Brunswick fourth and Nova Scotia fifth. The production of the eastern provinces is used largely for pulp and paper. The total capital invested in saw mills in the Dominion is about $250,000,000.

A feature of recent years has been the development of the pulp and pulpwood industry. In 1914 the total quantity of pulp manufactured in Canada was 934,700. Now the production is nearly 2,000,000 tons annually. Canada's exports of pulpwood to the United States have grown to a million cords a year.

Expert Predicts Cheaper Fuel.

FROM LIGNITE CHAR.

MONTREAL, May 31 (A.P.)—Science's quest for a method that will add lignite char to the available fuel supplies of the United States was described at a session of the Fuels Division of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers here to-day by O. P. Hood, chief mechanical engineer of the U. S. Bureau of Mines.

"The Bureau of Mines is investigating the possibilities of a program," said Mr. Hood, "which has for its main features an inexpensive carbonizing device and the use of the lignite char direct without briqueting.

"Lignite char can best be described in a few words as a fuel rather near in analysis to anthracite coal, but softer, with a little more volatile matter, and thus kindling easier. In size it grades from pea coal to smaller sizes, and is stable product. Whether a market can be developed for such a fuel at prices around five dollars a ton at the mine, remains to be shown, but it is at least encouraging to know that Germany used last year, 400,000 tons of similar material for domestic heating and cooking.

"This fuel burns well with natural draft where a thin fuel bed can be maintained. Base burners, cook stoves, and other heaters can be adapted to use the fuel satisfactorily. The Germans have developed a special stove, burning the fuel on a bed of ash in an enclosed drawer. There is no loss of fuel in the ash and lignite char used in such a stove heats an oven sufficiently for baking operations and will boil water. It makes a very clean fire, is smokeless, and the char is clean to handle."

Human Features Rapidly Changing.

SAYS SCIENTIST.

LONDON, May 10—(A.P.)—We do not use our brains to half their capacity, says Sir Arthur Keith, British scientist, who has just returned from the African jungle where he made a minute study of the brains of gorillas and baboons.

"Most of us," declares Sir Arthur, "have more brains than we know what to do with."

The famous authropologist said that changes are now taking place in the human world more rapidly than at any former period, but that the time has not yet come for the production of supermen. During the war, he explained, the average stature for a Human Features Rapidly Changing, man was 5 feet 6 inches, the same as in the neolithic period. The average for men leading professional lives is 5 feet 8 inches.

The scientist says he is convinced that certain characteristics, which are easily recognized in the bodies of a large proportion of our modern population, are of recent origin. The most plastic bone in the human body, he said, is that under the gums, in which the teeth are rooted, and it is here that the most marked changes are to be noted.

"In quite 30 per cent. of the people this bone," continued Sir Arthur, "instead of spreading outwards and giving the roof of the mouth a wide an low vault, as in prehistoric races grows in a vertical direction, giving the palate a narrow and high arch.

"In these contracted palates there is no longer room for the normal number of teeth. Such as appear are crowded; the wisdom teeth often fail to cut or are absent altogether.

"The recesses of the teeth give the modern nose and chin an undue prominency; the tendency of all modern changes is toward the production of long and narrow faces. The 'adenoid' type of face, with which medical men are so familiar in modern children, was unknown in prehistoric times."

The chap who says it is impossible to do two things at the same time should observe a flapper chewing the rag and gum.

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SEE WHAT SEALED THE PRISONER'S LIPS.

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Bloomfield's Narrow Escape.

At Olympia, London, May 17th, Jack Bloomfield, the light heavy-weight champion of Great Britain, defeated Dave McGill, of Ireland, in the 13th round of a 20-rounds contest.

The fight for quite ten rounds, was distressingly poor. The fault was not McGill's but Bloomfield's. He so annoyed a section of the audience by his ineffectiveness and his want of enterprise that shouts and jeers were hurled at him the like of which have not been heard at a big fight for many a long day.

When cries of "Wake up!" "Kiss him!" and "Hold his hand!" take the place of cheers, it may be taken for granted that the spectators are out of temper.

There is no understanding Bloomfield. For quite half the contest he fought as though he were taking part in a distasteful exhibition. He seemed to be entirely out of love with his job. He was lackadaisical, apathetic, slow of mind and of movement.

Bloomfield's Decline.

So far from having improved, Bloomfield has actually gone back. In at least two rounds—especially the 12th—he was poised on the very precipice of defeat. He took on the jaw a succession of rights which made him roll backwards, and it was McGill's absence of strength, much more than anything else, which accounted for the fact that Bloomfield was able to go unsteadily to his corner.

By then he had lost the sympathy of the crowd. Those who were not shouting sarcastically were whistling with still more cutting emphasis. Even in the 13th, when Bloomfield dropped McGill for a count of 9 secs. with a left hook to the jaw, he was still doing things that no champion has a right to do.

Blomfield's escape from a knock-out was of the narrowest possible kind. He fought badly, he allowed himself to be hit how and when his antagonist liked, and he held back his own punches or else missed them altogether with such persistency as to make one wonder what on earth was the matter with him.

It may be that his hands were injured, but even that does not account for his nonchalance, his inability to do the obvious, and his failure to reproduce form that would have been creditable to a second-rater.

Even his finishing blow was not up to standard McGill had been exhausted for some rounds, while he was suffering from a deep gash beneath the left eye, but he managed to scramble to his feet at the count of nine and for 20 seconds or more it looked as though he would turn the tables.

He hit Bloomfield with rights and lefts, but then a right to the chin put him down again. To everyone's surprise, he managed to rise just as the referee was saying "Ten,"—a finer display of pluck has rarely been seen—but just as he did so one of his attendants skied the towel, so saving what threatened to be a moment or so of agony.

The Best Fight.

The best fight of the night was between Bugler Lake and Van Dyk. This was a real sparkler. Lake has improved out of all knowledge since he won a Lonsdale Belt by beating Harrison, and he has never fought anything like so well as last night. He was down for nine seconds in the second round, but for the remainder of the bout he thoroughly outpointed the Dutchman. Bloomfield was a sad disappointment. Lake was the very reverse.

In the remaining contests Harry Mason, of Leeds, beat Seaman Hall, the light-weight champion of Great Britain, who was disqualified in the 13th round, and Fred Archer, of London, defeated Porcher, of France, who was also disqualified.—London Daily Mail.

Superstitions About Stones.

Enchanted stones with extraordinary properties are said to exist in various parts of Great Britain.

At Glamis Castle, is St. Orlando's Stone, which was reputed to have the power of prophesying future events. Girls frequented the spot to discover their destiny, and many a lover went there to plight his troth.

According to tradition, some stones called "speaking-stones," call out when a dead body is placed upon them, and raise a sound to contradict anyone guilty of swearing falsely by them.

The Lleehafar, or speaking-stone at St. David's Cathedral, served as a bridge across the River Alyn, and it was unlawful to carry a dead body over it. When such a crime occurred the stone lifted its voice in protest and split in two, aghast at the indignity.

There are stones that are supposed to travel from one place to another without human aid. The dancing-stones of Stackpool, in Pembrokeshire, are a well-known example. On a certain day these stones are said to meet and travel together to a favorite spot. They dance, and after the revel return and resume their usual places.

Superstitions concerning healing-stones were formerly very common. In Carmarthen there are still traces of a white, soft stone that was uprooted to cure hydrophobia.

At Iona an upright stone is said to confer the power of good steering upon any sailor who will stretch his arm along it.

MUTT AND JEFF—— THE LION TAMERS ARE HOLDING AN ENDURANCE DANCING CONTEST. ——By Bud Fisher.