

Landing the Big 'Un on the Rideau

By C. P. G.

THE professor and I were in the Rideau to fish for those large mouths that reach unheard-of weights in those waters.

Now, my humble opinion is that the professor, who has fished these waters off and on for twenty years, is by long odds the best authority on bait, casting, and as from father to son the wonderful rod named after him is handed down, so will his name go down to posterity as a great fisherman.

The year before we, or rather I, had smashed some tackle over the big 'un, and got his brother beside the same old stump, so I had come back again to try conclusions.

I wanted first to fish the shoals to get my hand in before tackling the *piece de resistance*, but for several days it had blown so hard we could do nothing.

At length the morning arrived when weather conditions were ideal, so after fishing the shoals for a while, I rowed my boat out to the arm of Loon Lake, and after casting round for a little planted one right over the hole in the weeds near the stump, but there was no eager response, no flurry, and my spirits fell.

Had some one got him?

I fished that morning in a despondent frame of mind, while the professor was apparently very happy. I could hear him in his boat not a hundred yards away humming popular snatches from light opera. It dawned upon me that our difference in temperament might be accounted for by the difference in our baits, for the fish were not taking my spinners and they were his frogs.

We rested in the heat of the day and I read good Old Izaak Walton until I was in the proper fisherman's frame of mind, which I claim is reflective.

After reviewing the position generally, I decided to try a frog. Now, the professor's ways of using a frog are interesting and not as cruel as they look, because he first puts the frog out of misery by taking him by the legs and hitting his head on the side of the boat, then pinches him so that he will not float and hooks him on to this Stewart tackle.

Having carried out this part of the programme, I cast lightly, so that Mr. Frog came down in that hole in the weeds close to the stump. I let him sink quietly down. The big bass rejoicing, with one eye closed, digesting two fine minnows, was in a very happy and contented frame of mind, until there dived right in front of him a beautiful green frog; he must have taken a header off the old stump above. One swift dart and ping! I hit him as hard as a stiff rod and a Kingfisher line would permit, a good ten pound blow to dig in the hooks. Hooks well in, you are pretty safe, but this was an old-timer and I wouldn't have believed the reserve power he had. I was bringing him in with long pulls on the rod, while the quad reel was taking the line without an atom of slack, when smash! He was off again on a run and the devil himself wouldn't hold him, and my line parted, cut itself right through at the swevel.

Now, that the professor had something on his mind was very plain to be seen the next morning.



Landing a Bass on the Rideau Along the New Line of the Canadian Northern Railway.

and it did not take me long to find out that the big 'un was not only on his mind, but on his nerves.

"I'm going to try that fish again," he said.

"I'm afraid that you will find that it's toothache drops he wants, not frogs, this morning," I replied.

It did not take the professor long to get on the ground, and he was casting round in a feverish kind of haste at different likely spots, finally coming to the stump.

He made a beautiful cast, but in some way got a backlash, a quick stripping of the reel, and he recovered just about the time his line was getting low enough to get into trouble in the logs on the bottom. As he began to reel in I saw him strike hard.

"A monster!" he jerked out, and certainly by the looks of things there was a fight going on all right.

It does not take the professor very long as a rule to bring the biggest of them to net, but there was no quick work this time.

Such a fight I never saw, and every minute I was afraid something would go, the hooks tear out, or the line cut, but finally he was landed and I heard the professor whistle.

"Come over here," he said. "Look at this." There was my leader with one hook bedded in the lower jaw.

"He's a mighty big one," says the professor, as he took the hooks out. "He'll go six pounds—and a quarter, he is thin for his size."

He hung him up on the scales. "Six pounds, five ounces," he said, picked up his stick to give the quietus, then paused.

"He ought to have weighed seven pounds," he said, and slipped him back into the water.

"No vehicle, other than that propelled by animal power, shall traverse the roads of Prince Edward Island."

Until this became law, there were some curious happenings on the Isle. One farmer was walking his team down the road, and with him was his mother-in-law. An automobile drove up, and the driver, knowing that the horses would probably shy at it, told the farmer to lead his team by, while the auto remained drawn up at the side of the road. "It isn't the horses," said the farmer, in a tone of deep disgust; "it's my mother-in-law I'm frightened of. She never saw one of them there machines before, and she's scared to pass it!"

Upon another occasion, an automobile broke down, and its driver, after spending the best part of an hour under the car, in the approved fashion, decided that there was nothing to be done but to tow the car home. So he went to a neighbouring farm-house, and asked the farmer to bring a team of horses and a strong chain. The farmer agreed—though with very great reluctance—and led his three horses down the lane to where the car was standing. As soon as the noble animals heard the purr of the car, as the owner cranked it up, number one fell down in a faint, number two started performing circus evolutions on his hind feet, and number three bolted.

But for the past two or three years there has been a growing feeling—even, in some cases, amongst the farmers—that the automobile having come to stay, had better be tolerated. Moreover, there were a few, a very few, motor enthusiasts in Charlottetown, and Summerside, the only two towns of note on the Island, and they made their voice heard. So, at the next election, the Conservatives, under the leadership of Hon. J. A. Matheson, championed the cause of the motorists, and were elected by a majority of 28 to 2.

H. S. E.

Toronto and Co.

An Experiment in Metropolitan Areas

THE newest phase of the urban transportation problem is not, tubes, nor elevated railways—but the metropolitan area. This is a practical, modern scheme, outlined to the Toronto City Council by Ald. Morley Wickett, Chairman of the Transportation Committee of that body. He has made an extensive study of problems affecting the growth of a city and the necessary limitations to making a city bigger by mere annexation. The tendency in Canadian municipalities at present is to create alleged big cities by taking in suburbs. But a suburb cannot be transformed into an integral part of a city merely by a proclamation and a by-law. And when it is annexed the real difficulties arise in extending civic utilities to the new district, in adjusting taxation and working out civic government.

In the near neighbourhood of any big city like Toronto, Montreal or Winnipeg, is always a cluster of small towns, many of them as old as the city itself. The steam railway produced them. The radial railway and suburban traffic on the steam lines brought them into closer touch with the city, for markets and passenger traffic. On a basis of transportation many such towns as Richmond Hill, Aurora, Brampton and Markham are as much a part of Toronto as any of the newly-annexed suburbs. But on a basis of transportation only. The day may come when these outlying towns are part of a city resembling London or New York. Or the day may never come. In the meantime thousands of people for economic and other reasons prefer to live in the smaller town, while continuing to work in the city. This has been worked out considerably in the case of most large cities in Canada and the United States. Twenty miles is the extreme distance that a man can travel regularly to his work and back again in a day. Twenty miles is taken as the radius of the metropolitan area. In this area there is no immediate attempt at annexation. Existing governments are not disturbed. Taxation is not unduly increased to meet the cost of new utilities suitable to a huge city. The chief common bond is transportation. The communities in the metropolitan area represented by such a scheme as Toronto and Co. are left mainly as they were before the establishment of the area. The difference comes in the co-operative handling of such problems as lighting, telephones, radial railways, highways, sewage disposal and power. These problems are shared in common by all the towns tributary to the area and the city about which the area centres. It is to simplify and make more practically useful the utilities common to all the towns in the group that the metropolitan area has been outlined for the endorsement of the Toronto City Council.

No Autos—By Request

THE other day in Toronto there was formed the Canadian Automobile Federation, which is an organization whose purpose it is to look after the interests of automobilists in Canada, where those interests cannot be safeguarded by the various provincial societies which at present exist. A meeting of delegates from all the provinces in Canada was held in Toronto, and at that meeting there came out some surprising information about automobiles and their owners in Prince Edward Island.

A few months ago, the Prince Edward Island Legislature legalized the presence of automobiles three days a week in Charlottetown and Summerside, on the Island. And thereby hangs a tale.

It appears that about eight years ago, when the automobile was not the swift, noiseless, comparatively odourless machine that it is these days, a large Pierce Arrow car made its appearance on the Island. It came from the state of Maine. Its owner was a big, brawny American, with the usual Yankee allowance of bonhomie, the average amount of deviltry, and a liking for joy-riding, which was unknown to the peaceful dwellers of Prince Edward Isle. The Yankee and his party came to Charlottetown, and soon became conscious that they were creating a sensation.

The Yankee went to the police station and asked

for a copy of the automobile regulations. The worthy inspector stared. "Automobile?" he queried. "What's an automobile, anyway?" His tone indicated that he was of the opinion that an automobile was to his questioner what Mrs. Harris was to Mrs. Gamp, whose description was to the point—"there ain't no sich person." On being informed that an automobile was a vehicle driven by gasoline, and that there was one standing down the lane, the inspector first gasped, and then calling his friends together, brought them to see this curious object.

The Yankee saw his opportunity. He went home and told his friends that he had found a place where the policemen cease from troubling, and the motorist is at rest. The consequence was that from the seaboard states, and from Montreal and Toronto, there came numerous motor-car fiends.

Now the people of P. E. I. experienced three sensations, and they were consecutive. First they were astonished, then they were tolerant, then they were wrathful. Prince Edward Island is inhabited very largely by farmers. The farmers kicked, and the Liberal party, which was in power, but whose majority was a majority of one, saw that to make themselves a certainty at the next election, they must take the anti-motor platform. They did. Subsequently they brought in a law which said that