

WITH RULERS OF THE SEA—BRITAIN'S WATCH DOGS

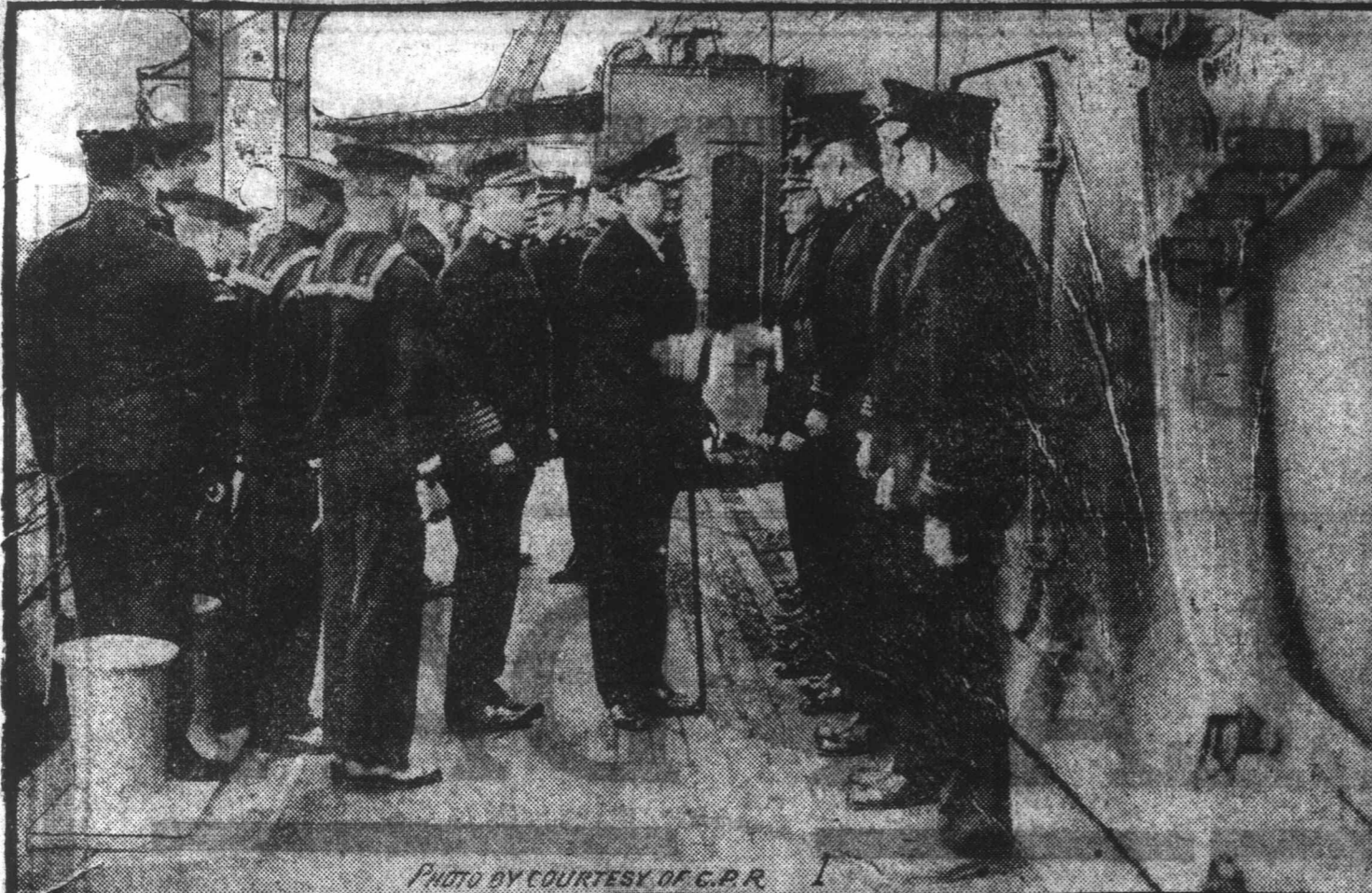


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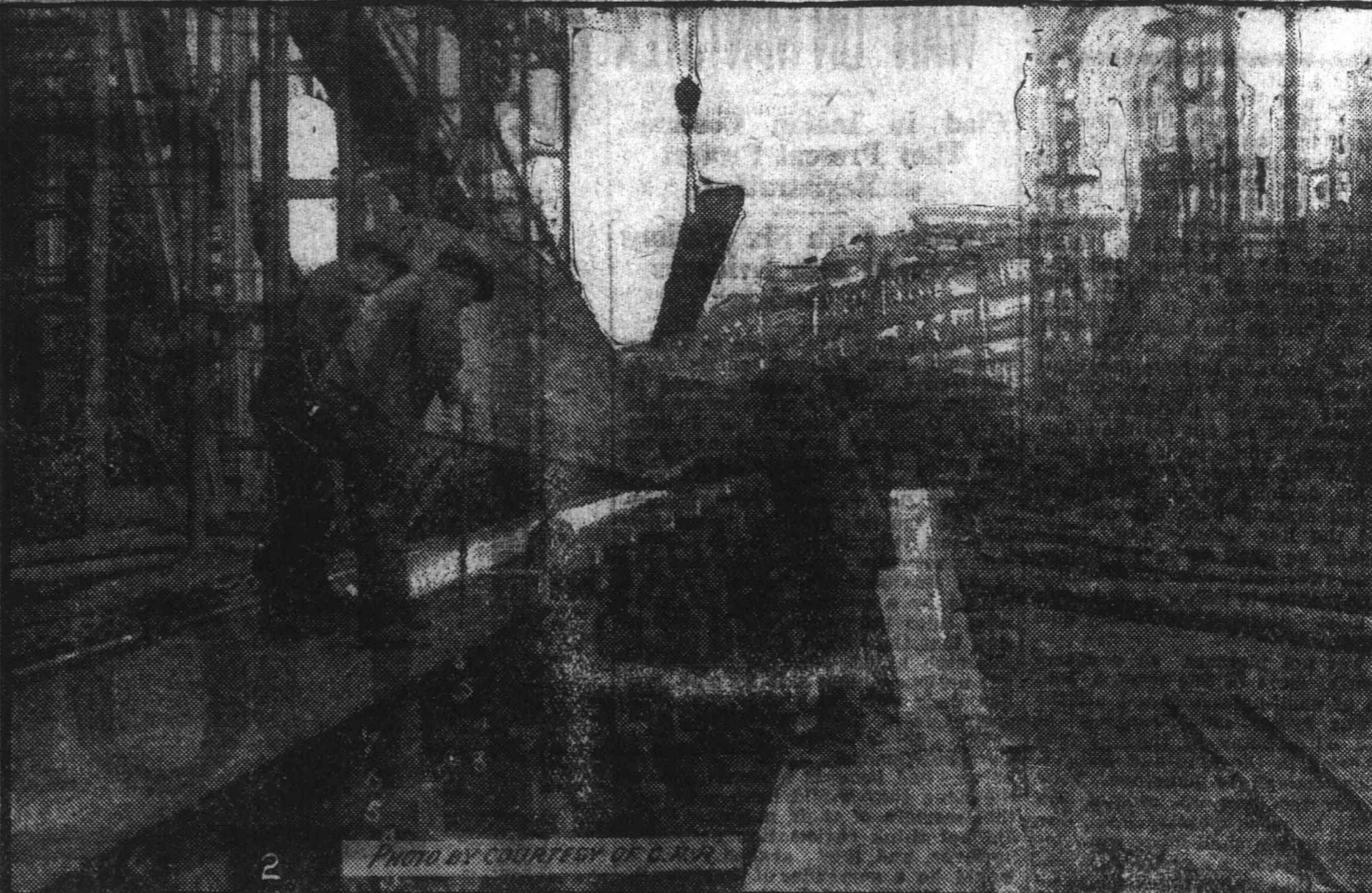


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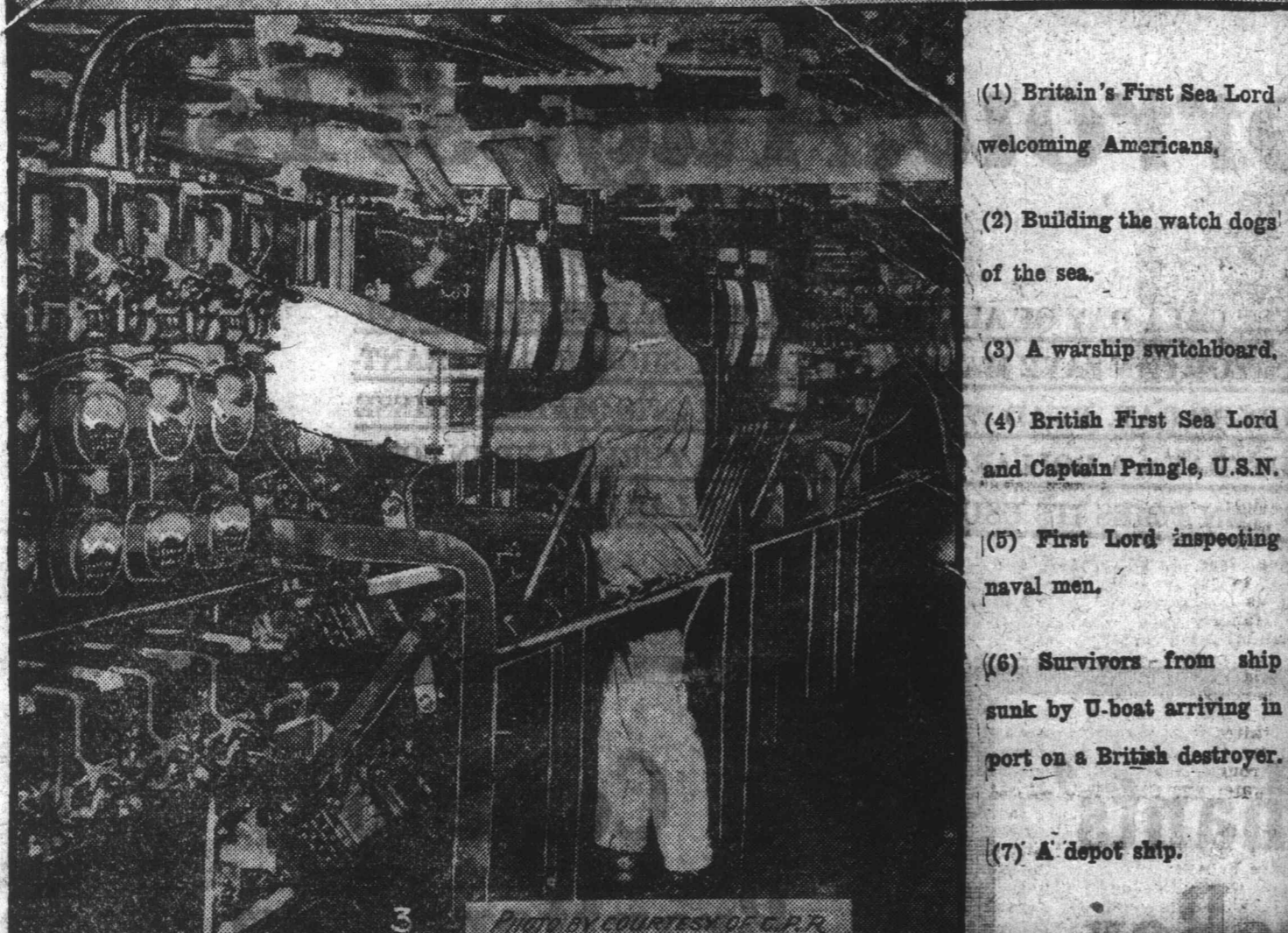


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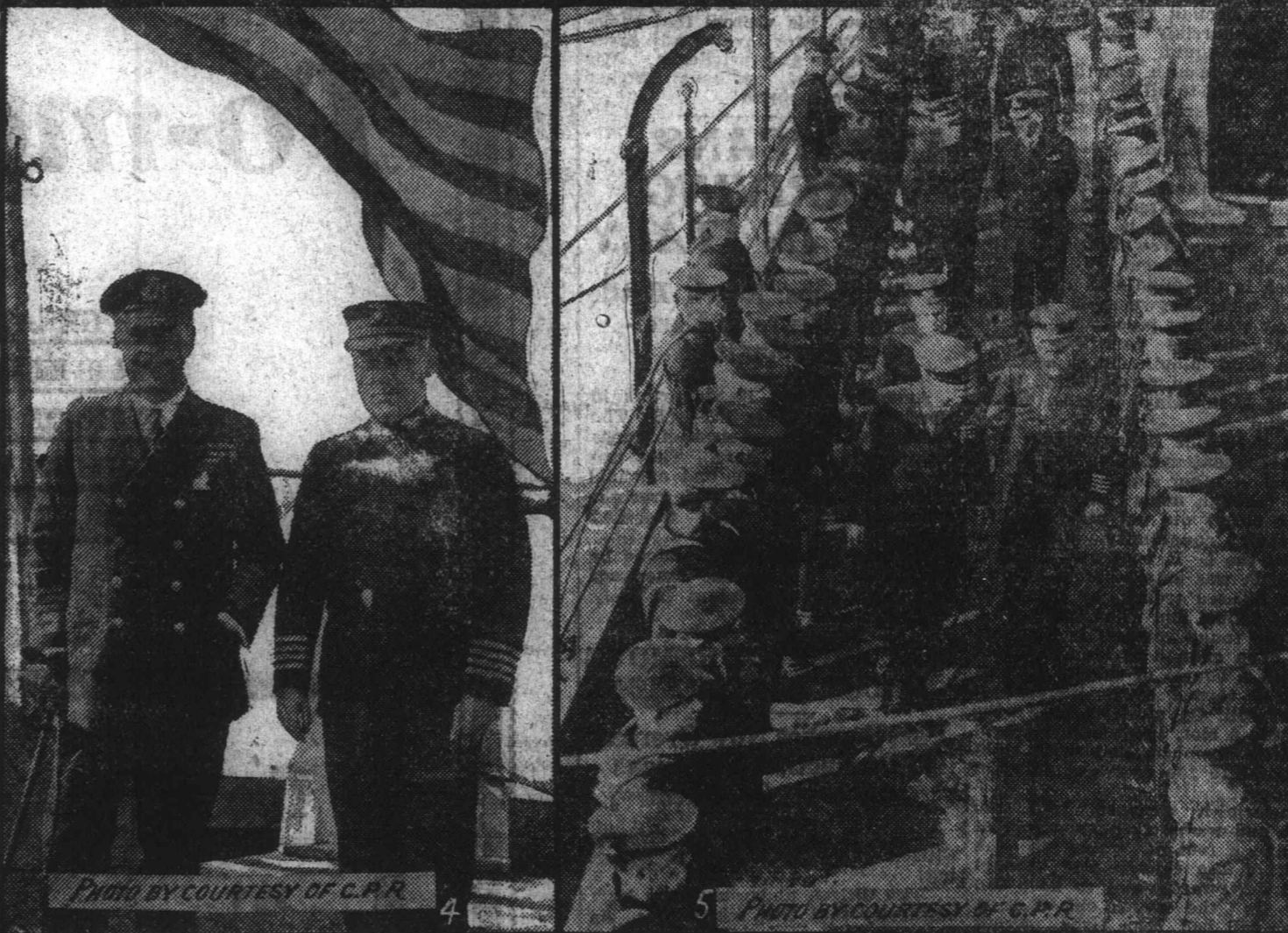


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- (1) Britain's First Sea Lord welcoming Americans.
- (2) Building the watch dogs of the sea.
- (3) A warship switchboard.
- (4) British First Sea Lord and Captain Fringle, U.S.N.
- (5) First Lord inspecting naval men.
- (6) Survivors from ship sunk by U-boat arriving in port on a British destroyer.
- (7) A depot ship.



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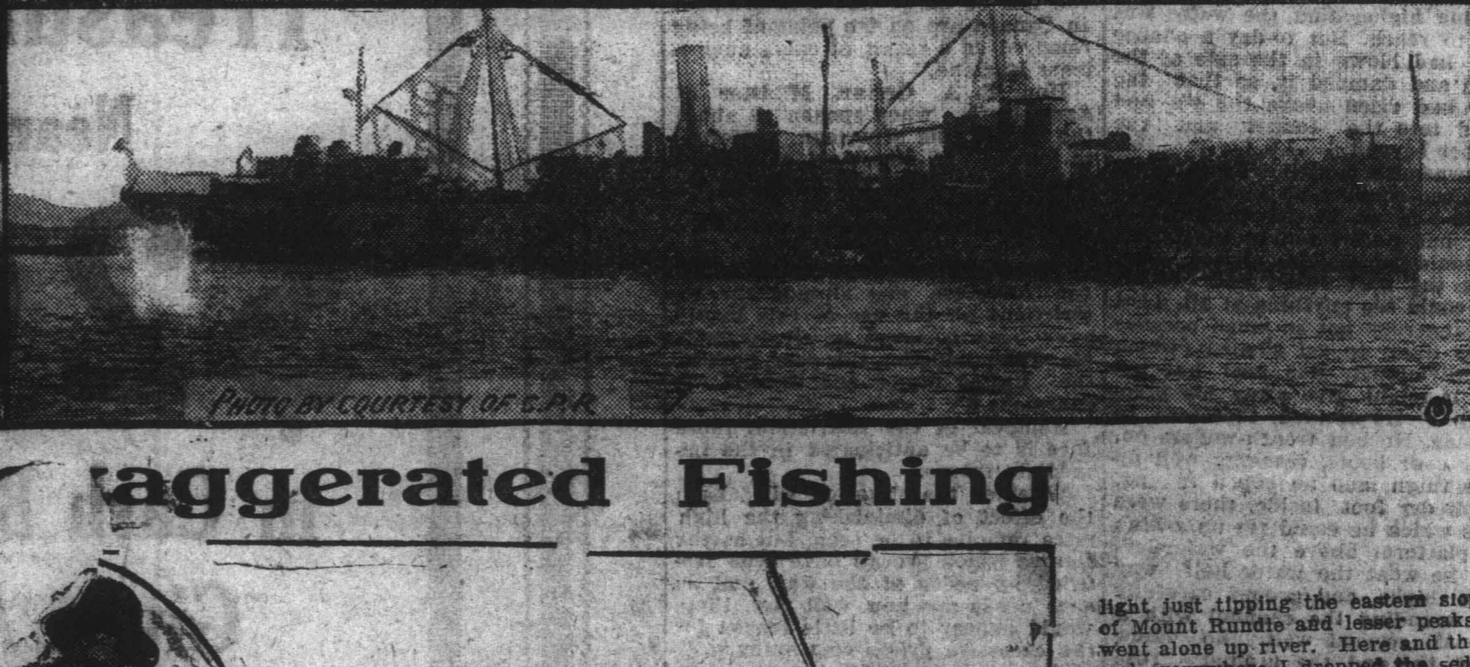
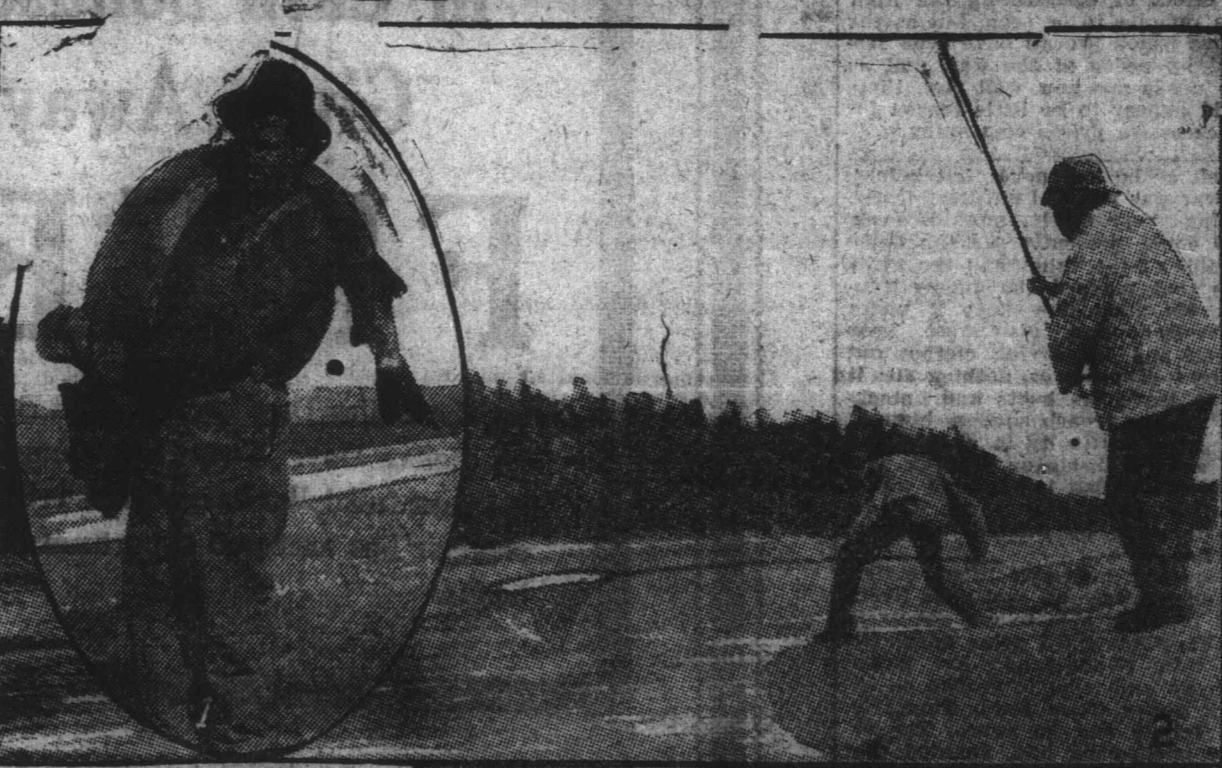


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Unaggerated Fishing



button. Having passed through much brush on my way to the pool I knew the net was going to require care in getting ready for use. Having hooked a fish I very calmly bethought myself first of how to land him; so I plucked the net, and the button came, to the consternation of my suspenders.

Now my fish gave the one pound pull and the two pound bite all right. He also was there with the scheduled weight of rush. Things looked good for him to keep up the first scale, too, out when it came to the five pound bend—the gut broke and I went home to the hotel.

Next morning with the bright sun-

light just tipping the eastern slopes of Mount Rundle and lesser peaks, I went alone up river. Here and there and everywhere I dropped the seductive fly in the rising glacial food with no results.

"Damn!" I remarked. My line fell slack and uncoiled for into swift water and I looked up the river for some better seeming point. "Bang!" Something hit my rod like an express train, and like an express train the fly ran out and out. Aghast I stood and merely checked. Something was on. Out went the line straight across the swift water; then I saw a large black streak break far out in the edge of white water. Once, twice, three times the fish took the air and the reel kept singing all the time. He sounded, he rushed, he drove upstream and then zig-zagged down. Again and again he broke, two feet clear of the current. Forty yards of line was out and I had but five left, so I hopefully checked tight, deciding that if he was going to break my lead it was no use worrying. But lead, rod, line and hook held, and the fish swung down on the surface, mouth open and gasping. There was brush all around, and no space to either work up or down. The full sweep of the river roared by with no restful eddies. More hopefully still I reeled in, his troutship setting up frequent but lessening surges. Finally he was close and I tried the new landing net. Prudence be to cord and rod and hook and gut the net worked! As the line slackened the hook dropped out, but there was the fish; three pounds of sparkling, spotted cutthroat trout, twenty-three inches long.

There was no more fishing. I went home satisfied. The gentle reader will note that even this story ends in the usual way with the big fish safely netted.

C. V. K.

YOU should read this story. Usually a fishing tale is deep waters for most people to wade through; but this one deals with dry land, mountains and ripples. So you see it is different from the ordinary tale where the young hero goes forth with a tenuous outfit and catches the giant trout of the deep still pool for whom anglers from all parts of the world had cast in profane vain. It is all right to tell about lying on one's stomach with the face against the water, watching the flies to learn what kind the trout were eating. It is all right to then walk to the fishing outfit, sit down and bring forth an inexhaustible supply of flies from which one selects the very duplicate of the insect the trout like at that particular instant. And it is fine to tell how the angler cast his delicate lure on the end of his silken thread, dropping it lightly as a skimming insect on the very swirl of water where the big trout lay hungrily waiting. Then the whir of the reel and the three-hour fight, ending in the thrill of victory which comes when a well-manipulated landing net encompasses the exhausted fish.

It makes good stuff; but many fishermen know more of broken leads, snagged hooks and snappy little eight-ouncers. I am undertaking to tell about a real fishing trip.

They told me I would get good fishing at Banff, so I took the Canadian Pacific westbound out of Calgary and went. On board I noticed an elderly person whose physical idiosyncrasies included the lean, leathery, brown characteristics of westernism. He eyed me and my outfit; he edged closer and he spoke of tobacco and rain. He accepted my pouch, filled his pipe-bowl, tamped it with a horny thumb, cast a weather-eye on the approaching mountain peaks, and predicted sunshine. Then he mentioned fishing.

It was not what it used to be he declared between tobacco clouds. He remembered when seven or ten or fifty casts meant seven or ten or fifty rises of the biggest, blingiest most vigorous fish that ever lived; all cutthroats, none less than a pound and a half, many exceeding five pounds each. "Them days was real fishin'! An' them fish were game fighters. He minded one ole fellow what everyone had tried to git. This fish was grandad of all of them, and he lived in a deep hole beside a perpendicular rock. He tuk ever' bit uh bait that anybody cast, but when he found himself hooked he jest naturally run to this here wall of flat rock an' rubbed his nose agin' th' stone, wearin' out th' gut on freem' himself." But my informant, being more

canny and wise than other fishermen of his day, befooled the giant trout by not using gut. He tuk uh hunk uh fine steel wire, jointed it with swivels and hooked the monster. Then Zam! The fish was so astonished that he did not wiggle an inch of his twelve-pound body until he felt himself on the grass above the gravel bar. But those days were over and one did not catch any more big fish. Eventually I reached Banff, and was told to fish either up the Spray or up the Bow. They added that the waters were rising and fish would not be hungry, but again I might succeed. With weapons rigged I went up the Bow to a promising place I was told about. It had deep water with big eddies and a nice back-drift, a few big rocks, and a submerged ledge just below the feeding rapids above the pool. Fine. Feverishly and eagerly I cast. Then steadily and doggedly. Then slowly and sulkily. Then, glory! The line went out. I had a nine inch fish. Much cheered I went on casting. The sun went down, the sky began to darken, the mountains stood black against the dimming azure. I flagged in my efforts. I sat on a log and let the line drag. B-2-2 went the reel. A fish flashed in the rapids.

Having a new landing net I was very anxious to try it. It was the kind that fastens to a hook on a belt and comes off with the flick of a hand whenever necessary. I had no hook and had buttoned it on my suspenders

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