

Life's Little Comedies

The Barn Raising at Birdseye Center



FISHTORIES—by G. C.

MR. JIM MCGILL of the Massey Harris Company caught an eighteen and a half inch speckled trout near Lake Scugog which on being opened contained as follows:

"Three fish hooks, nineteen minnows, one small purse containing \$1.14 and an unpaid gas bill."

No affidavits accompanied this story.

ON Mr. Mossop's beautiful trout preserve near Horning's Mills, there is a falls twenty feet high which drops a volume of water into a deep pool at least twenty feet in diameter. This pool is at the bottom of a splendid glen, filled with trees and shadow and coolness.

They have always looked for a monster trout in this pool, one that made a regular diet of ground hogs. But no one had ever seen it, until one afternoon a friend fishing the pool beheld something shining and gleaming in the midst of the foaming water, and he crept close to see. He saw a giant trout in the act of swallowing an eight inch brother trout. The exertion or ecstasy of swallowing the smaller trout had caused the big one to lose its great caution and to roll to the surface to shake and gorge more freely.

He watched this performance for several minutes, until the big trout, coming out of his orry, sank into the depths of the pool.

The following morning early the witness to the existence of the ground-hog eating trout went down to the pool with worms impaled on the gaudiest salmon fly the party could produce out of well-filled fly books, and on the first cast hooked the big one, and after a furious hand to hand conflict dragged him out on the boulders that border the pool.

AT this same falls, I stood watching little trout, about five inches long, leaping up in the vertically falling water, in vain attempts to pass the falls. The water out of which they took their leap was white foam, and must have been pretty soft matter out of which to take a leap for at least a foot. But by actual measurement, with a piece of fish line, those little trout were leaping six times their length, to wit, thirty inches, up into that white-falling water.

MR. Billie Milne, of the Toronto Asphalt Roofing Company, with a brother angler, were fishing for speckled trout in a lake from a boat. Both were using worms. Their baits were at least twenty feet apart, when Mr. Milne's rod bent violently to a strike, and then the partner felt a strike. When they reeled up, they found both had the same trout. Yet to take the second bait, it had had to pull against the first line and make the reel sing.

Who said trout were wary?

HIS same Mr. Milne was fishing from a canoe in a certain lake in from Georgian Bay, but as the day was hot and the water



still, the bass were not biting. So, reclining back in the canoe, with his rod laid over the side, he dozed off to sleep.

One hand was trailing in the water. A large bass rose to his little finger, bit it savagely and wouldn't let go. Mr. Milne was so taken by surprise in his sleep that he failed to haul the bass aboard, but had a fine battle with it for several minutes.

As proof of the truth of this story, Mr. Milne points to the fact that when he woke up his fine steel rod had fallen overboard in the struggle and was lost.

A CERTAIN reporter on the staff of The Star is an ardent fisherman. Last summer he was trying to prove that bass will rise to the artificial fly like a speckled trout.

He had a ten foot, seven ounce fly rod, with which he could place a fly, very accurately and lightly, a distance of fifty to sixty feet.

On a perfectly still evening, he was drifting along the shore of a certain bay on Lake Scugog, placing the fly at all likely looking stumps, points and lily pad patches, when a perch unexpectedly struck at the little fly and was hooked. While reeling it up to remove it from the hook, a large sunfish, as big as a porridge plate, seized the perch and half swallowed it.

The reporter let the sunfish run, just for the fun of it, when suddenly there was a great upheaval and the largest bass he ever saw grasped the sunfish so far forward that it couldn't let go the perch, with the result that the reporter was hooked to the three.

He was having the greatest sport of his life playing this great bass, for the bass, not feeling any hook, and believing it was just the most powerful sunfish it had swallowed, was acting in a more than usually sporting manner, leaping, rushing long distances and generally determined not to give up its meal at any cost. It felt the honor of the bass family was at stake.

The fight waxed fast and furious as darkness fell. And the canoe, drifting at will, was dragged by the bass well out into Lake Scugog, so that the lights of Port Perry were in sight.

It was out in this deep water that the next chapter of the drama was enacted, for a lunge, later discovered to weigh thirty-seven and a half pounds, suddenly grabbed the nearly exhausted bass and with a whoop and a hurrah started for the middle of the lake.

The reporter knew, by the sounds in the dark of the leaping lunge, that he was now hooked to the king of all Canadian fresh water game fish, for it leaped and smashed in the water in a vain effort to disgorge the bass. But the bass's spiny back fin prevented that. It even, so says the reporter, shouted as it leaped, a thing lunge rarely do. The word it said, as it came hurtling up out of the water, was, as nearly as can be transcribed into English "Unk! Unk!"

Well, this reporter is a real sportsman, and he was determined, whatever the cost, to fight this thing to a finish. His line was a very strong, heavy English fly line, and his rod, in expert hands, would hold a horse. So there in the dark, his canoe pulled this way and that, he hung to his quadruple prize and watched the lights of Port Perry go out one by one.

It must have been nearly morning when, the lunge lying gasping on the surface at the full extent of the line, one hundred and fifty feet away, the last chapter in this extraordinary drama occurred.

The lunge was lying on the surface in the still night. The slap of its huge tail and fins on the water made a distinct sound. And it was feebly uttering its peculiar cry of "Unk! Unk!"

The reporter had just decided to start to reel in and gaff the monster when there was a peculiar sound over in the neighborhood of the fish. The reporter sat up to listen. Then he felt a violent jerk on the line, a terrible splashing and banging, then dead silence for a moment, and away went something with that lunge that simply dragged the canoe through the water as if it were being towed.

The reporter by this time was thoroughly terrified. The darkness may have unnerved him. But the thought of what monster had in its turn seized that lunge, with the bass, sunfish and perch within it, filled him with horror. What monster had risen from the marshy depths of Scugog to swallow a thirty-seven and a half pound lunge?

He was half minded to cut his line. But his sportsmanship prevailed. Mile after mile, the monster towed him at a good clip through the lake. He could tell by the position of the stars, and the first crack of dawn which sounded to the eastward, that he was nearing the far end of Lake Scugog and the village of Caesarea.

You can well imagine his alarm when the thing that was towing him did not stop when it reached the shore of Caesarea, but went right

ashore and headed for the hills.

The reporter, nothing daunted, leaped from the canoe and followed, keeping a fairly taut line. It led him nearly a mile up the road from Caesarea and into a barnyard, just as dawn broke loudly in the east.

He reeled up, for the thing was stopped. He took in his line and came around the corner of a barn to find two natives of Lake Scugog bending over the lunge which was lying on the ground.

They had been out poaching with a spear on the lake, and hearing the cries of the exhausted lunge on the surface, had paddled quietly over, speared it and hauled it aboard their canoe without knowledge that it was attached to another angler.

The truth of this story can hardly be doubted, since it was a reporter, trained to collecting facts, who told it.

The only doubt in my mind is that he told it on his return, three days late, from his summer holidays.

It might have been an alibi.

HUMAN OSTRICHES' MANIA FOR SWALLOWING THINGS

THERE are on record amazing feats of people who can swallow almost anything with absolute impunity, who glory in it, make a mania of it, and some who even earn a livelihood by it.

A Stratford telegraph operator died some years ago in the Essex county lunatic asylum from asphyxia. He had swallowed stones, grass, leaves, wood, and scrap iron.

Even more voracious was the individual who died at the London hospital at a later date, and who gloried in the title of "The Champion Ostrich."

He had in him forty pieces of cork, thirty pieces of tinfoil, nine pennies, one iron ring, three pieces of leather, a leather strap five long, 12 in. of string with bits of cork attached, and an immense quantity of odd lengths of string, cotton and paper.

Another human ostrich made his stomach a veritable dustbin by consuming over 2 lb. of broken lamp chimneys, nails, tacks, screws, and tumblers.

And a young girl, being disappointed in love, tried to assuage the pangs of unrequited affection by devouring a miscellaneous assortment of pins, needles, hairpins, nails, screws, pieces of wood, pieces of iron, rolls of hair, and quantities of rags.

It was another youthful member of the fair sex who, on complaining of a severe pain, admitted under pressure that she had swallowed a nail—a nail factory would have been nearer the truth! Her stomach was opened, and in it were found forty-two nails, ninety-three tacks, nine large brass-headed nails, three collar studs, a needle, a safety pin, and a J pen.

Condemned murderer spends time writing poetry, says a New York news item, which suggests that he is going from bad to verse.—Washington Post.

Current Wit and Wisdom

Sparkling Paragraphs From the Columns of Our Clever Contemporaries

Every girl likes to wash dishes until she gets to be five or six years old.—Kitchener Record.

One of the most striking differences between a cat and a lie is that a cat has only nine lives.—Mark Twain.

The difference between a success and a failure is that one gives reasons while the other gives excuses.—Ex.

A genius is a man who can teach a child to hate war and to adore war heroes.—Kingston Standard.

Books are faithful repositories, which may be awhile neglected or forgotten; but when they are opened again will impart their instruction.—Samuel Johnson.

Would it not be a mistake to encourage the idea that aldermen know what the citizens want better than the citizens know?—Hamilton Herald.

When a married man does get the last work it usually is, "Well, I did the best I could."—Frankport Times.

The country cannot expect intelligent legislation from congress unless it first elect an intelligent congress.—Detroit Free Press.

The ten millionth Ford car has just been assembled. This announcement will be taken as a warning by pedestrians.—St. Catharines Standard.

It won't be long before those who are grumbling about this June coolness will be longing for it.—Hamilton Herald.

Just think what might happen were the country to discover that Cabinet ministers go to cabinet meetings.—Ottawa Journal.

Life is a one way street, so see what you can while you pass over it the first time.—Brantford Expositor.

It is better to have loved and lost than to have married and been shot by a jealous spouse.—Roanoke Times.

There is no greater punishment of wickedness than it is dissatisfied with itself and its deeds.—Seneca.

I fought in the war to stop aliens from having advantages in this country which they ought not to possess.—Earl Winterton.

Perhaps it was part of the German scheme of world conquest to let us win the war and worry over what to do with it.—Columbia Record.

A boy who started life in a grocery store at \$2 a week has given \$5,000,000 to endow a busi-

ness school at Harvard. Which shows that he must have had a raise in pay from time to time.—Ottawa Journal.

As soon as people find that they can't live Rolls Royce lives on Tin Lizzie salaries, times and conditions will soon be all right.—Kitchener Record.

Dyes "Keep Cool With Coolidge" necessarily mean a continued frigidity towards the League of Nations idea?—Border Cities Star.

Statistics show that in recent years the plays most favored by a public supposed to demand sunshine in its drama have been "Rain" and "Lightning."—Detroit News.

Girls with natural peach-bloom complexion who criticize their sallow sisters for rouging, are poor sports—anybody would win with a straight flush.—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

The Noxious Drug Traffic

Dr. C. W. Saleeby in Overseas

The abuse of drugs like morphia and cocaine occurs wherever such drugs are obtainable. It has spread most lamentably since the war, for various reasons. Governments of all nations have striven to deal with it, and their efforts hitherto have been signally unsuccessful. Studying the subject in Montreal late in 1922, I observed the hopeless nature of the problem whilst cocaine is available in what are practically unlimited quantities. For years I have urged that the only really effective way in which to deal with this problem of noxious drugs is to find innocuous substitutes for their legitimate medical and surgical uses, and to limit their world production by international agreement. In a series of letters to the Times Sir William Bayliss, the world-famous physiologist, who studied the question on the official committee during the war, and myself have urged that the British authorities should unite with those of other countries to reduce the world cultivation of the opium poppy and the coca plant to such a measure as shall suffice for legitimate uses of opium and cocaine, but no more. Is it not commonsense that thus—and thus only, as experience teaches—we can solve the noxious drugs problems?

If this is to be accomplished, we must have imperial agreement. England and India must confer and agree about the opium poppy, for instance; and then, at the meeting of the League of Nations' opium committee at Geneva in November, something may be effectively and finally done for the protection of all mankind.

Cow Bones for Mah-Jongg

THREE carloads of shinbones from cows slaughtered at a Chicago packing plant have been shipped from Galveston to China, where they will be used in the manufacture of Mah-Jongg sets.