

November: Fish Month



ACCORDING to population, we have the greatest fisheries in the world. We are fish exporters. Thanks to nature—now and then to Government. The great lakes—we have about ten of these fresh-water fish farms—were placed by nature very convenient to the centres of population. Salmon, cod, halibut, and all these sea things are a long way from the average stomach. Easily one-third of the population of Canada are between the east end of Montreal and the west end of Fort William. Fish from these Government farms ought to reach the average table at low cost if the middle man is not played against both ends.

A few days ago some Sarnia fishermen were suspected of dumping five tons of fish back into Lake Huron, so as to keep the price from going down. Clever trick! They expected to catch the fish again on a rising market. Those men were pound-fishermen, just as the top group on this page. Out a mile from shore, along past the "leads," out by the net corral hung from



the stakes with a ton or so in each pen to haul up.

And there may be among the pack of herring and pickerel a couple of sturgeon. Time was when sturgeon were killed for New York caviare and the meat was too tough to be eaten. Terribly tough is an old sturgeon—rubberine category. The sturgeon shown here will be eaten. He is a seven-footer; weight more than 100 lbs.

The other popular way of harvesting on the fresh-water fish farm is the shore-net system. A gang of men load a boat with nets, floats and sinkers and row it out a mile, dropping it over the edge to trail it back again—just sweeping up the herring as you see in the net below. This is more work, but less capital-investment than the pound system.

STORIES TO GO FISHING ON

SANDY McTAVISH was a highly-skilled workman in a new aircraft factory.

Therefore, it happened one day that Sandy was asked if he would care to accompany the work's aviator on one of his trial flights in a machine.

Sandy, after some hesitation, agreed to do so.

During the flight the aviator asked how he was enjoying it.

"To tell the truth," answered the Scot, "I wad rather be on the groun'."

"Tut, tut," replied the flying man.

"I'm just thinking of looping the loop."

"For Heaven's sake don't do that!"

yelled the now very nervous McTavish.

"I've some siller in my vest pocket."—Tit-Bits.

SOME soldiers back from the trenches were being shown behind the lines a machine for sterilizing clothing, and, of course, eliminating the "pests." One of the party was obviously quite unimpressed, and afterwards an assistant at the sanitary station asked him whether he did not think the machine a fine one. "Well enough, perhaps," said he. "But I've got a dodge of my own that is better." "Oh, what is that?" "Well, I wear my shirt two days one way; then they are all inside, see?" "Yes." "Then turn it inside out, and wear it that way. Then they're all outside, aren't they?" "Well, yes." "By the time they've got inside again I turn it back again." "Well, well?" "And so I go on and on; and at last the marching and counter-marching breaks the little devils' hearts, and they die."—Argonaut.

"THEY say the streets in Boston are frightfully crooked," said Mr. Penn.

"They are," replied Mr. Hubb. "Why, do you know, when I first went there I could hardly find my way around."

"That must be embarrassing."

"It is. The first week I was there I wanted to get rid of an old cat we had, and my wife got me to take it to the river a mile away."

"And you lost the cat all right?"

"Lost nothing! I never would have found my way home if I hadn't followed the cat."—Exchange.