

CHOP STUFF

Knox church, Dutton, is installing a new pipe organ.

The Atlantic coast was visited by an earth tremor Saturday night. Scores of dwellers were too nervous to take their weekly bath.

The Parisian Laundry, London, has made an assignment. The business is being continued by the former owner.

Present some flowers to your wife once in a while. Should the shock kill her, you can use them for the funeral.

Accustomed to a cold climate, Paavo Nurmi finds the artificial heat in American buildings depressing. When he feels chilly he has speed to burn.

A Prussian prince won the long jump championship of Germany at a contest in Berlin last week. It is doubtful if his record equals the jump made by the former Kaiser when he made a flying leap that landed him in Holland.

Intimations from the largest clothing dealers in Canada and England state that clothing will be dearer this year owing to the higher prices of raw material. Woollens are all increased in price. One element in this will be deemed satisfactory. The farmers will receive higher prices for their wool.

For the week ending February 19 a total of 842 hogs were shipped from Middlesex county. Of this number only 181 were of the select bacon type. Parkhill and Appin were tied for the largest shipment each centre sending 86 hogs to the pork factories.

It is stated that the Longwoods provincial highway pavement will be extended westward as far as Strathburn or Wardsville the coming summer. There will be two construction gangs—one working between Delaware and Melbourne and the other between Melbourne and Wardsville.

The Usual Libel

The canny Scot was not quite sure whether business might not keep him away from his evening meal.

"Jeanie, ma girl," said he to his wife, ere he left home in the morning, "if I'm no able to be hame I'll ring ye up at six precisely. Dinna tak the receiver off, and then I'll no hae to pit in ma twopence."

As English is Spoke

Says the Flapper—I believe I will shingle my hair.

Says the Grandfather—I believe I will shingle my roof.

Says the Brother Law Student—I think I will hang out my shingle.

Says the Inebriate Hubby—I wish I wash shingle m'self.

The E. Mayhew general store in Glencoe was broken into on Sunday night or early Monday morning and considerable stock taken. At least 15 suits of clothes, 20 pairs of shoes, shirts, etc., are known as missing. The front door was forced in by crowbars which had been taken from the McPherson & Clark planing mill.

According to William Bruce, astronomer, of Hamilton, who did not feel the earthquake at his home on the Hamilton mountain, this earthquake was predicted in the annual almanac of the late Prof. Hicks, of Missouri, which book of predictions prophesies that there will be earthquake shocks felt in this region from March 1st to March 27.

While no definite information is available on the subject, it is understood that Essex farmers will be unable to ship sweet corn to Toronto this year owing to a double quarantine on corn which will in all probability be placed on Essex, Kent and part of Lambton counties. This action will be brought about by the Dominion Entomologist.

It Might Be So

A versatile real estate sales man of West Texas had just finished describing the glorious opportunities of that part of the country to a prospect in the East. "All that West Texas needs," he said, "to become the garden spot of the world is good people and water." "Huh!" replied the prospect, "That's all Hell needs."

A Real Asthma Relief. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy has never been advertised by extravagant statements. Its claims are conservative indeed, when judged by the benefits which it performs. Expect relief and permanent benefits when you buy this remedy and you will not have cause for disappointment. It gives permanent relief in many cases where other so called remedies have utterly failed.

The average price being paid for horses in Ontario is \$150.

Donald McElhinney, 16-year-old high school boy of London, has received a letter informing him that a pon bottle, in which he placed his name and address two years ago at Windsor, Ont., and throw into the Detroit river, was picked up by a sailor off the coast of Santa Barbara Calif. Presumably it went out through the lakes and St. Lawrence route to the Atlantic ocean and then following the coast line southward probably passing through the Panama Canal into Pacific water. It then appears to have started northward, to be picked up on February 16th by J. W. Heyward, of the U. S. S. Tennessee.

More than 10,000 farmers wives in California cook by electricity, according to figures compiled by the largest power distributing company in that state. In the interior valleys where wood, coal or oil is not readily available, cooking is done to a large extent by electricity. There are in this state, 167,504 rural light and power consumers, and they are served by 16,513 miles of distribution lines. Practically all the farms are lighted electrically. Verification of this despatch would be a splendid starting ground for the farmers of Ontario in the fight sooner or later must come to force the Hydro commission to drop the persecution of the farmers for the benefit of the city dweller.

Pity the Preacher

A Texas paper comments as follows: 'The preacher has a great time. If he is a young man, he hasn't had experience. If he has 10 children, he has too many; if he has none he isn't setting a good example. If his wife sings in the choir, she is presuming; if she doesn't, she isn't interested in her husband's work. If a preacher reads from notes, he is a bore; if he speaks extemporaneously, he isn't deep enough. If he stays at home in his study, he doesn't mix enough with the people; if he is seen around the streets, he ought to be at home getting up a good sermon. If he calls on some poor family, he is playing to the grandstand; if he calls at the home of the wealthy, he is an aristocrat. Whatever he does, someone could have told him to do better.'

Use the Want Ads., one cent a word.

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"My Greatest Thrill In Sport"

Being an Account of an Adventure Which Overtook Ozark Ripley On the Nipigon.



OZARK RIPLEY

For many years I have hunted and killed all kinds of big game on the American Continent except polar bear, and I have taken most kinds of fresh and salt water game fish. But the greatest thrill I ever experienced during my thirty years' devotion to outdoor sports came to me this summer in July, on the Nipigon River in the rapids just below the Canadian Pacific bridge at Nipigon, Ont.

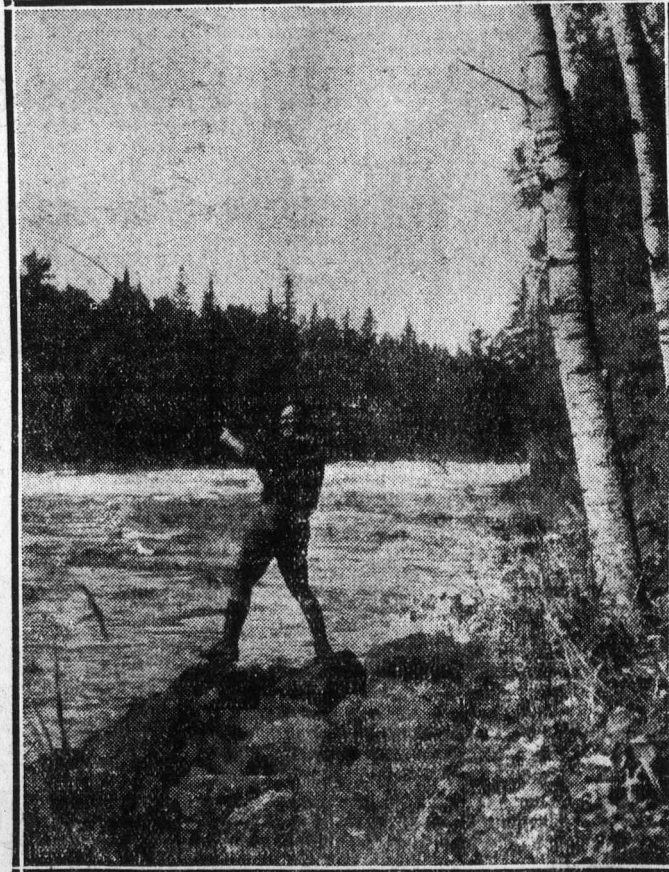
It all happened late in the evening. The trout at this point are the most famed and largest brook trout in the world. But just at that time they were not striking as usual on account of the exceedingly cold night. However, I decided to go to the river to try out a little split bamboo bait casting rod, 2 3/4 ounces, that I had made for casting very light lures. It would be a revelation to myself and other anglers to take trout in this manner, when fly casting is the vogue.

The water under the Canadian Pacific bridge, and below for a quarter of a mile at least, flows like a millrace. I attached to my line a small weighted feather casting minnow, just to see if the little rod would shoot it. At the first try I shot the lure at least 125 feet across the water toward the west bank and in the opposite edge of fast water.

The very instant that the tiny lure struck the water the second of the only two large rainbow trout that up to then had ever been taken out of the Nipigon rose and seized my lure. He was a monster. It seemed an impossible accomplishment ever to land that fish with the little rod and the fine nine-pound test casting line. The thrill that came in that approaching darkness was incredible. The killing of moose and grizzly bear was tame in comparison.

I worked in a bad light nearly an hour, and in danger of falling into that deep, swift reach, trying hard to lead that fish out of the fast water where the current would not aid it into the long upstream swirl on my side. The only thing that helped me in that fight was the generous supply of filled line I had in store on my reel to help perfect thumbing of it.

I worked up and down those rapids in despair and hope, and as the whims of the strong leaping fish



"It seemed an impossible accomplishment ever to land that fish."

directed. Yet the thrill of trying to land that whopper leaping rainbow with that tiny rod was something I had never conceived possible.

It began to grow darker. Suddenly on the left bank I saw a big black bear take to the water and swim deliberately toward my fish, despite that terrible current. Evidently he took it for a cripple. Right off, that rainbow sensed his presence and darted for the east bank as fast as I could reel in slack, and the bear kept his course direct for him.

The rainbow heading straight for the upstream water, with occasional leaps from it, finally gained the stretch of upstream current, with the bear only a few yards behind him.

That bear did not become apprised of my presence until he made a lunge for the fish, missed it as it leaped out of the water, and then scrambled for the bank to get a better survey of his expected prey. That very moment he got a whiff of the man scent, wheeled and scrambled as fast as he could for the thicket of spruce along the sheer hillside.

And then the thrill of thrills occurred in the darkness as I roughed that spent rainbow, and brought him along the coarse, narrow sand bank where, as he was far too large for my landing net, I fell on top of him and held him captive with my hands and knees until his strength was entirely exhausted.—New York World.

Newspaper Convention in Winnipeg

This year's annual convention of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association will be held in Winnipeg, beginning on Wednesday, June 24, and closing Friday night. The decision as to this year's place of meeting was the result of invitations from the Winnipeg City Council, the Winnipeg Board of Trade and the Provincial Government of Manitoba. It is expected that upwards of five hundred ladies and gentlemen will be in attendance. The meetings are always attractive and though the programs are more or less technical there is always something that comes from them of value to the public. The making of good weekly newspapers better and the placing of them in a position to render greater, hence better service to their respective communities and the public as a whole is the keynote of these annual conventions. So far they have proven their place in the regular order of things and especially in the field of Canadian journalism.

SHARK-FISHING IN ARCTIC.

Harvest Is the Oil From the Livers of Greenland Sharks.

A recent traveller in Norway describes a strange industry in the following manner:

Glance for a moment at the map where the north of Norway looks towards the Pole. A little to the west of a line from the North Cape to Spitzbergen the sea bed takes a dip from about 200 to 1,000 fathoms. This is Storeggen—the Great Edge. Except for an occasional sealer, or a grimy collier from the Spitzbergen coalfields, this is a deserted ocean. True, during brief weeks of summer a tourist steamer may loom up, bearing within itself the comforts of a continent. But for the rest of the year, fog, snow, ice, and misery reign.

Here the Norwegian shark fishers ply their strange trade. Their harvest is the oil from the livers of Greenland sharks. So large are these livers that one will at times more than fill a barrel such as is carried for the storage of the catch.

On the selected fishing ground the vessel is anchored. Down in 150 fathoms may be the moorings, and close by has been lashed a bag of not over-fresh seal blubber. This acts by way of ground bait. Then the hooks, secured to a short length of chain, are baited up with bits of seal. The precaution of the chain is essential, for the teeth of the Greenland shark are as the edge of a band saw.

Now, if the ground has been well chosen and luck is in, the fun begins. But if the reader thinks there are now to be exciting contests, all hands hauling against a ton of struggling shark, disappointment will follow. The tentative designation of "Somnolous" was well chosen, for surely no creature in the sea is so sleepy for its size as this Arctic shark. When it is being hauled up through 300 yards of icy water the fish comes quite easily.

By means of a great hook jabbed into his body the shark is heaved up by tackles over the rail and on to the deck. Here the coveted liver is removed, but the worthless corpse must not be sent back to the sea bottom.

This shark is a great cannibal, and to return the unwanted flesh to the depths would be merely to attract all the sharks in the vicinity away from the baited hooks. To avoid this the big vein near the backbone is cleverly inflated with air, and thus the body is floated far from the fishing area. Some of the flesh is retained for bait.

In the place of hand lines, some ships work a series of short long-lines. Here as in hand-lining care must be taken lest shark eats shark. But it often happens that only an ugly head remains on the hook.

Greenland sharks must be extremely abundant, for they will tell you in Norway that fish after fish can at times be hauled upon the hand lines, while on the long-lines there is hardly a vacant hook. In its natural surroundings the fish must have bursts of vigor, for not infrequently salmon have been found among the contents of its stomach.

The success of shark fishing turns largely on the fluctuating value of oil. As in most fisheries exact statements of earnings are hard to come by. The season last from March to September, and in one system of sharing two-thirds of the net proceeds go to the ship-owners and one-third to the crew. But it is a long and weary task the shark fishers have before them, and in the days when sailing craft—old English snags—only were employed, they will tell you of men losing their reason in the interminable weeks.

Small steam vessels are now preferred. If only for the advantage that the steam can be employed for the reduction of the livers.

One such steamer, fishing from May to August, in 1923, is reported to have come home with a cargo of oil valued at \$10,000.

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