

The Daily British Whig

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SECOND PART

FISHERMEN of the ICE and SNOW

by S. W. Hippler



The Morning Start



A Typical Fisherman



At the Fishing Grounds - A Bite



Setting the Tip-Up

A small army of some 10,000 fishermen make a good living fishing through the ice of the Great Lakes every winter. The nucleus of this little band is formed from the regular fishermen who follow the occupation all year, setting nets in the summer and dropping lines through holes in the ice during the cold months. The great body of winter fishermen, however, is made up of carpenters, painters, bricklayers and other artisans who find themselves thrown out of work because of the weather conditions.

Buffalo, N.Y., the extreme eastern end of Lake Erie is perhaps the leading ice fishing port on the Great Lakes and from here as many as 1,000 men per day go out when the winter fishing season is at its height. In the good old days of our fathers when the fish were running thicker than they run now and when there were not nearly so many men on the ice every day, a catch of 300 pounds for a day's work was not uncommon. Indeed, there have been records where a lone fisher brought in a load weighing 400 pounds. Those days are past now, however, and ten pounds is considered a fair catch. A total of 15 pounds for the day is good, while the man who bags 25 pounds of blue pike is considered to have made a rich haul. These fish are brought to Buffalo and sold from 10 to 14 cents per pound, depending on the market price. A few of the men hawk their catch about the streets, from house to house, but a majority of them sell their fish direct to the wholesalers. While the price is comparatively low in these days of high living cost, the man who can make an average catch of 15 pounds per day and sell it at 14 cents a pound, will clear about \$12.50 per week, which is a great deal better than nothing. Erie and Dunkirk are both large fishing ports and probably rank next to Buffalo in importance among the Great Lake cities in this regard. As much as \$70,000 for fish has been paid out at the port of Buffalo alone, in one season of winter fishing. This high water mark was reached some years ago, since which time the amount has been considerably lessened, owing to the diminishing number of fish. Just what the figure will be this year is not known, though old fishermen say that it will be a good year.

Very few experienced ice fishermen will venture out onto the frozen lake

and whined and took their medicine. I finally gave it up for a bad job and went home. And you may believe me or not, but before evening the worst storm of the year came up, and six of the fellows who went out that morning never came back.

The ice fisherman's outfit is simple, consisting of a good-sized box sledge, the dog team, an ax, the usual bait, hooks and lines, several tip-ups and a wind shield. The last-named may consist of anything from an old boat sail to a length of two of grandma's discarded parlor carpet, fastened to two uprights. After the fisherman has located his ground and chopped his holes in the ice he arranges his "tip-ups" and then drives the uprights of his wind shield into the ice in such a position that the cloth will in a measure break the biting blasts which sweep across the frozen surface, carrying stinging bits of broken ice with them. He usually builds a small fire under the protection of his shield and devotes his time to watching his "tip-ups." These latter are home-made implements, fashioned much like an old-fashioned well sweep. The upright is anywhere from one and a half to two feet high and the crossbar between two and three feet long. The fishline with baited hook, is fastened to one end of the crossbar and dropped into the water through the hole in the ice. The upright is then driven into the ice and a small piece of stone or ice laid on the end of the crossbar. The end over the hole in the ice, to which is attached the hook and line, is then up in the air and other down. The minute a fish is caught the pull

causes the bar to "tip up" and the fisherman knows that he has a bite. The average fisherman keeps from two or four of these "tip-ups" baited in each hole. The fish weigh from about three-quarters of a pound to two pounds, and a good day's catch is from ten fish up. The ice fisherman usually out their holes about a foot square, though sometimes they get them a bit larger. There is a well-defined understanding among ice fishermen that holes must never be cut along the generally beaten path and no real fisherman ever cuts a hole big enough for a man to fall into. Several cases of mysterious disappearance have been reported from the ice and it is generally supposed that the missing men, returning home in the falling dusk, stepped into a hole cut by some amateur and were drowned. A man falling into these holes is practically no possibility of getting out. When the victim comes up after the fall he generally finds himself under the ice some distance from the hole. The cold water soon chills the system and the end comes quickly.

The history of ice fishing on the Great Lakes is a story of tragedy. Every year the list of victims is added to, and every summer the finding of a body or two clears up some mystery of the ice. The greatest danger, of course, occurs in the spring, when the ice, softened and weakened by the sun and rain, begins to break. First big cracks appear. These giant fissures do not come gradually. They appear suddenly, and each new crack is accompanied by a bang not unlike the boom from a cannon. The writer had the good—or perhaps bad—fortune to be out on Lake Erie with a party of fishermen when the ice began to break up, and to him the rapid succession of booming reverberations sounded not unlike the beginning of an artillery duel between armies. These cracks in the ice are not very wide at first—sometimes two or three inches across and sometimes a foot. If the weather should turn cold and calm they will sometimes remain in their original form without widening for days—at a time. The effect of these cracks is, of course, to break the ice up into irregular cakes, some of them a mile across. As long as the cakes remain at this size they are safe to travel across as the solid ice. As the season progresses, however, more and more cracks appear, the cakes become smaller and smaller, and sometimes in order to reach the shore it is necessary for the fishermen to skip from cake to cake, much as we used to cross the pond in the broken ice down on the farm in the days when we were young. Frequently the ice breaks without warning, owing to sudden windstorm, and the fishermen are tossed about on the angry lake, much like the survivors of a polar expedition on an iceberg. Sometimes, with an east wind, cakes bearing parties of freezing fishermen are blowing forty and fifty miles up Lake Erie. At other times, when the wind is in the west, these cakes are carried into the mad Niagara River. When the ice is breaking up along the river keeps a constant eye out for parties of belated fishermen being carried to death by the Niagara Falls. Many of the half-frozen wretches are taken from their floating danger by daring crews in naphtha launches, who sometimes fight the field of rushing, broken ice for hours before they can get near enough to the particular floe that contains the fishermen to render them any help.

The midwinter season, before the breaking-up period, is not without its dangers. Occasionally men become numb by the intense cold and sink exhausted by the ice. They are frequently found frozen stiff and stark—some shivering down while some their dead bodies. Occasionally fishermen become lost in a blizzard and

wander around until they drop. The safest thing to do when thus confused is to let the intelligent dog team have their heads. They will find their way back if it is possible.

The story is told of a fisherman who had been missing for two days. Search parties had been out for hours without results and it was practically decided that there was no use of further efforts in his behalf. When all hope was given up one of the dogs of the missing man, wearing part of the sledge harness, turned up at his home, all frozen and so lame that it could hardly walk. The dog refused to come into the house, refused to eat and setled queerly. It would scratch at the door and when the door was opened would run away, all the time looking longingly behind. The fisherman's wife told one of her neighbors, also a fisherman, of the dog's queer actions. "I believe that dog wants somebody to follow it," he said, and did so. The dog limped straight down to the beach and out across the ice for three miles, where in a sort of gully between two ice hummocks the man was found, apparently dead. The other dog of the team, still in harness, stood beside the body. To properly round out the story it is only necessary to add that the man was carried home and his life saved, though it was necessary to amputate both frozen feet and one hand. The man and his team had become lost in a blizzard, it was afterward learned. When he fell and was unable to rise, one of the dogs had chewed the harness things that held him to the sledge and had gone for help while the other had remained on guard. It would be interesting to know how the dogs decided which was to go and which to stay.

eight hundred tillers of the soil, who made this country, the envy of the nations, and made the most just demand that has ever been made on any government in Canada, and as proof of their loyalty, I will quote part of the memorial presented affecting Great Britain, on page 49 of the pamphlet: "The Siege of Ottawa," (which can be obtained through the Weekly Sun), section 3, which reads as follows: "We also favor the principle of the British preferential tariff and urge an immediate lowering of the duties on all British goods to one-half the rates charged under the general tariff schedule, whatever that may be, and that any trade advantages given the United States in reciprocal trade relations be extended to Great Britain."

"4th. For such further gradual reduction of the remaining preferential tariff as will ensure the establishment of complete free trade between Canada and the motherland within ten years."

Does that look as if the farmers of Canada had forgotten Great Britain in their request? And when they were asked if they wanted the British loaf taxed for the benefit of Canadian farmers the answer came quickly and loud, "No, never." In short, the loyalty of the farmers is so firm that even Sir Edmund Walker would find it rather difficult to induce them to subscribe capital to a company for manufacturing musical instruments in the United States, of which he is president, providing they could be used for playing "Yankee Doodle" or any other American ditty.

Enough of this flag flapping. The man who is continually wrapping himself in the old flag reminds me of the old school examination day away back in the sixties, when everyone in the section attended to view the display of fancy work made by the girl pupils and hear the smart boy recite, etc. One old gentleman in the course of his remarks said: "If there is anything that pleases me more than the rest, it is the position you have given the old British emblem that has stood the battle and the breeze on land and sea," pointing to a large Union Jack which hung across the end of the building. "Now I suppose any little boy in the school room can tell me what that flag is there for." Then up shot the hand of a small boy in the front seat. "Well, my little fellow," said the speaker, "let us have your explanation." "Please, sir, that's there to cover a dirty place on the wall." To whom it may concern take notice.

Some of the manufacturers would not be hit very hard by the reciprocity pact and, as proof for my contention, I shall refer you to a report issued by the government of 1909, sessional paper 39, and called report of "royal commission to inquire into industrial disputes in the cotton factories in the province of Quebec." This report states that they were paying fifty per cent. on actual investment. I think a slight reduction in its tariff should not affect them very much. If learning was as remunerative as the cotton business, and two farms could be bought for \$5,000 each and merged with a company with a capital of \$100,000, and be able to pay five per cent., which would mean fifty per cent. on the actual investment, there would be no lack of capital and brains in the country. Both would flow to the country as they do now to the manufacturing centre.

Let every man whether great or tiny look over his shoulder and ask himself the question, have I been given a fair fighting chance under the present tariff? Do not allow yourselves to be stampeded by lawyers, or doctors or the cry that twelve other countries would be allowed to flood us with their products, while we are competing with them in the open markets of the world. Give some representative in the Dominion House to understand that you do not only want him to vote for better markets but to do all in his power to help to secure them. Dr. Edwards has stated that this is a big question, but there are a couple of men in Glenburris and Pittsburg,

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MISS ERNESTINE BOUVAR

WAS TAKEN SICK FROM CATCHING COLD PE-RU-NA RELIEVED.

MISS ERNESTINE BOUVAR, Duck Lake, Saskatchewan, Canada, writes:

"At the close of 1905 I took sick as the result of catching cold. I became very weak and could not do anything."

"I consulted a doctor who had me take various kinds of medicine, but I did not find any relief from my suffering. At the advice of a friend, I wrote to you and you advised me."

"After I had taken two bottles of Peruna there was noticeable improvement. I combined the use of Peruna, Manalin and Lactipin and after taking several bottles of each I find myself entirely cured."

"I can certify that it was through your medicines that I recovered my health. I advise every one who is similarly afflicted to obtain Dr. Hartman's advice and be benefited."

Mrs. Wilda Mooers, R. F. D. No. 1, Lents, Oregon, writes:

"For the past four years I was a wretched woman, suffering with severe backaches and other pains, leaving me so weak and weary that it was only with difficulty that I was able to attend to my household duties."

"I used different remedies, but found no relief until I had tried Peruna."

"Within two weeks there was a change for the better, and in less than three months I was a well and happy woman."

"All the praise is due to Peruna. Peruna is not a local remedy, but an internal systemic remedy. It will relieve catarrh in its most obstinate form."

Sowards
Keep Coal
AND
Coal Keeps
Sowards.
HAVE YOU TRIED HIM?
Phone 155.

The Army of Constipation
is Growing Smaller Every Day.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Get them for them for \$1.00. **Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.** Genuine and bear Signature **Wm. Wood**

A WIFE'S MESSAGE
Cured Her Husband of Drinking.

Write Her Today and She Will Gladly Tell You How She Did It.

For over 20 years her husband was a hard drinker. He had tried in every way to stop but could not do so. At last she cured him by a simple home remedy which anyone can give even secretly. She wants everyone who has drunkness in their home to know of this, and if they are sincere in their desire to cure their disease and will write to her she will tell them just what the remedy is. She is sincere in this offer. She has sent this valuable information to thousands and will gladly send it to you if you will but write her today. As she has nothing to sell, do not send her any money. Simply write your name and full address plainly in the coupon below and send it to her.

MRS. MARGARET ANDERSON,
104 Home Avenue, Hillburn, N. Y.

Please tell me about the remedy you used to cure your husband, so I am personally interested in one who drinks.

Name.....
Address.....

who could decide right off the bat, but he has not received enough light on the matter to decide which way to vote. Had he been placed on a farm more or less encumbered and left to provide his own way against many obstacles and without any government, or municipal, pay, he would not need much argument to convince him that it would be a good thing for the farmers—R. H. FAIR.



U.S. COMMERCE COURT. Left to right: Judges Garland, Archbold, Knapp, Hunt and Mack.