

The Rockwood Review.

OUR FISHING EXPEDITIONS.

BY DAMSON GREENE.

A good deal had been said about the magnificent fishing to be had in the vicinity of Kingston, and the accounts of big catches of pike and bass appearing in the daily papers had whetted my ambition to capture some of the "finny monsters," as the reporters invariably call them. I suppose that helps to pad out the spicy locals. Well, a week or so ago, a young doctor whom we shall call Dr. Luke, a Government official answering to the name of Jack, and I, a callow young medical student, decided that we should spend a couple of days in going a fishing, and the details of the campaign were soon arranged. The first day should be spent at Collins' Lake, "a body of water completely surrounded by land and pretty girls," as Luke said, he being acquainted with one family in which there were no less than fourteen—all beautiful. Jack said that as he was a little too fleshy through want of exercise, he would do the rowing if I would pay for the boat. As I was on good terms with the only boat owner on the lake, and knew that the boat could be had for the asking, this arrangement was satisfactory, if one sided. Tackle was overhauled, split bamboo rods put in good trim, and several long hoarded quarters expended on attractive baits, although Dr. Luke said he pinned his faith on the frisky hopper or wriggling worm. Several knowing disciples of Walton told us that Collins' Lake was an ideal spot for fishing, full of black-bass, and occasionally "suckers" would run up the creek. Full of enthusiasm we started before sunrise, in a light democrat wagon, with plenty of everything on board, bait for fish, men and horse, and a large box filled with ice to preserve our catch in. We reached the lake

at five, and as I supposed, a boat was easily secured, although our host explained that it was a little leaky. The lake is not large, round in shape, and probably a mile in diameter. The boat was leaky, and when we were a hundred yards from shore, the water had come over the thwarts of the skiff. We made for shore as rapidly as possible, and Dr. Luke said that he would go up to a farmer's and buy a bar of brown soap, which was a capital thing with which to caulk a leaky boat. He got what he wanted, price, twenty-five cents, really thirty, as the farmer charged him five cents discount on the American quarter given, the only quarter the Dr. had with him. The boat was caulked fairly well, and did not leak to any great extent. A nice little ripple was on the water, and we all thought that the fish should bite. Dr. Luke tried the Seth Green gang of flies and I put on a swell spinner. The water seemed not more than four feet deep, but we supposed would soon get deeper. Delusive hope—we struck out for the opposite shore, when suddenly in the middle of the lake we went aground in black mud. Jack bravely tugged at the oars, and made some progress, getting the boat deeper in the mire than ever, and straining the seams, so that even brown soap at thirty cents a bar was powerless to keep out water. Dr. Luke remarked to Jack that he was making a mess of the whole business, (which was literally true, as the name of our lunch was mud long before this), and Jack retaliated by saying that if he thought he could do any better, he had better try. Dr. Luke with some warmth remarked that he very soon would try, and would show that his nautical knowledge went further than caulking leaky seams. By this time he had removed his boots and stockings—