

A Trout Club

ONE day I went up to spend Sunday at the Caledon Mountain Trout Club at Inglewood, a little over an hour's run from Toronto. The Club House is a half hour's drive from the station. The "mountain" is really a series of hills, and



A Cosy Spot for Story-Telling.

on one of these, commanding a magnificent view, stands the home of the Club. Around and below it are the ponds in which the trout are grown after they leave the



A Trout Stream in the Preserve.

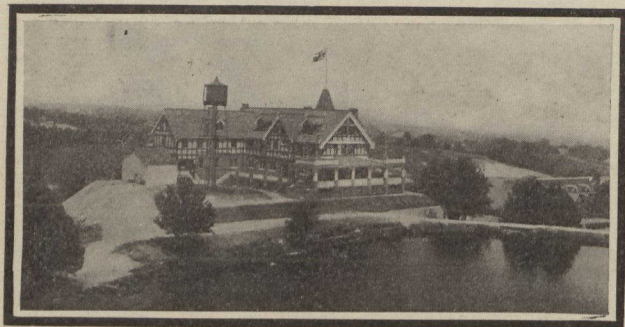
hatchery. Above and below are the waters of the Credit River, over a long stretch of which the Club has fishing rights. At Hillsburg, twelve miles distant, the Club



The Credit River.

people have two hundred acres of land, on which are ponds and another hatchery.

The drive over from the station was splendid, the room I had was delightful, the meals were wonderfully

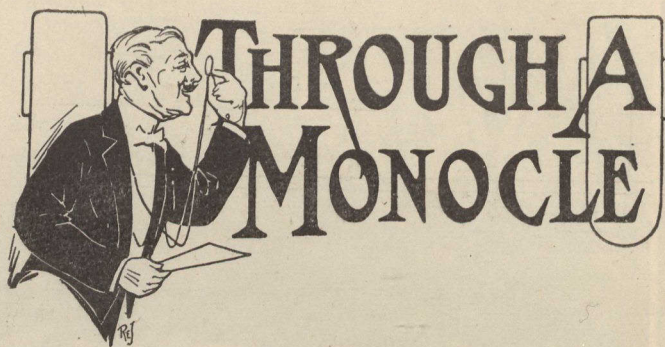


The Club House and A Fish Pond.

good, the "Annex" which contains the refreshment room and the billiard tables was an attractive spot—but I never tasted a trout nor did I see one caught. When

one threw liver into the ponds, thousands of fish poked their noses up. It was a pretty sight. However, when I want fishing, I am going to Algonquin Park or Lake Nepigon, not to a fashionable trout club.

J. A. C.



THE Monocle has been blocked up this last week by Mr. Fielding and his three tariffs. Where the Finance Minister seems to have made his mistake was in limiting himself to the petty number of three. If he had given us six or seven and then let everybody take his choice, it would have been hard for anybody—except Mr. Foster—to have been discontented. As for Mr. Foster, he draws his indemnity for being discontented; and no one will allege that he does not earn the full amount. His "make up" as the apostle of discontent is simply magnificent. The pictures of Maxim Gorky look cheerful by contrast, and there is no man in the country I would sooner have preach my funeral sermon. He would seem so sorry that the mourners would pass him a handkerchief to staunch his tears and get somebody to spare him the pain of speaking at all.

As for Mr. Fielding, he is, perhaps, too matter-of-fact for his present job as a permanent herald of surpluses. But there is hope of improvement, for Mr. Fielding is a capital hand to fit himself to environment. At one time, like Monsieur Henri Bourassa, he was a "cub" publicist when he raced about the confines of his native Nova Scotia inciting the people to believe that they would be better off outside of Confederation. The august front of a "fait accompli" had no terrors for him. He was the Buster Brown of politics, and would have cheerfully challenged the European Concert to a stand-up fight. But he learned better. He grew up. He came to the larger stage at Ottawa, and discovered that there was dry land west of the Ottawa River. He became a Federal politician; and he would fight like a hero now against anybody who should attempt to steal away from the Dominion that highly desirable Province which gives him a safe seat and a solid delegation of followers. To-day the man who came into prominence as a secessionist, is the heir apparent to the Federal Premiership and the maker of tariffs for the entire Dominion. There are people who think that his past should forbid his present—who never talk to you of the Mr. Fielding who is, without harking back to the Firebrand Fielding who was. They would even veto his future on the ground of youthful indiscretions. But the mass of the people are not so foolish. They remember that Gladstone was once a Tory and that Disraeli began business as a fop.

Fielding's own province has at all events forgiven him his bad advice, which even he would not now take. The enthusiasts who stooped to corrupt practices to get him his seat at the last elections seem to have sinned unnecessarily, which is not only wicked but stupid. In an officially clean election, with nothing in sight but public works, present or promised, with everybody denouncing corruption, he got over a thousand majority. Fielding will not lose the Premiership if his own Nova Scotia can prevent it. He is the Favourite Son while the Liberals are in power; though I rather suspect that if the Conservatives were to come in, that sagacious Province would speedily discover that its genuine and well-beloved Favourite was really a certain lad of modest bearing who carves "R.L.B." on his desk. The fact is that Nova Scotia has never been without plenty of Favourite Sons. They seem to breed the variety down there. They had "Joe" Howe and Dr. Tupper. Then they had Sir John Thompson, with young "Charlie" Tupper trying to turn the title into a family heirloom. Now have arisen Fielding and Borden—the latter loaned for the present to Ontario which seem to have run out of Favourite Son seed.