

## TROUT FISHING.

(BY THE EDITOR.)



DO you ever go fishing for speckled trout? If not, why not? The writer, who knew nothing about the delights of trout fishing was induced by a friend—a gentleman well-known in the dry goods trade—to accompany him for a few days' sport. The time fixed for starting was the day after Dominion Day. Accordingly, on the morning of that day, two men fully equipped with fishing gear to catch the tricky trout, and each carrying a grip, boarded the C. P. R. train and in due course were landed at Flesherton station. The weather was delightful and the ride on the cars thoroughly enjoyable. We got into the stage at Flesherton station and were driven along a hilly road to the town, a distance of nearly two miles, and deposited at host Munshaw's well-known hotel where a good dinner was partaken of. We then took the stage to Eugenia Falls, or rather Beaver river, the scene of our operations. The road to Eugenia, which is four miles from Flesherton, is a constant up and down grade. Just before entering the village the stage driver left the main road and drove us along a side track so that we might get a view of the Falls. It is a very pretty sight, indeed. At the precipice the stream divides and falls in three distinct cascades, side by side, a distance of about 80 feet. From the edge of the steep bank facing the Falls, wooden steps have been built, so that those who feel inclined can get to the foot. The scenery in the neighborhood of the Falls is really grand. As far as the eye can reach the lovely Queen's valley stretches in the distance, bounded on either side by dark blue mountains, and with the river gracefully winding its way along, while here and there the landscape is dotted with the homesteads of the hardy tillers of the soil. But there was little time for rhapsodizing, as the stage driver had his business to attend to and in a few minutes we found ourselves at Brenniff's hotel. Here we were heartily welcomed by mine host and his worthy help-meet, and as we were the only guests we quickly found ourselves "at home." I was astonished at the ardency with which the landlord and my friend, whom for shortness I will call Mac, at once entered into a discussion about trout fishing. This was occasioned by the landlord remarking that one of two gentlemen from Toronto, who had been fishing on the river some weeks previously, had caught great baskets, one catch totalling 108. Mac, who is an enthusiastic disciple of Izaak Walton, was put on his mettle and declared he would not leave the place till he had beaten the record. Well, by this time it was about 3.30 p.m., and the order was issued to dig for worms and get ready for action. In a few minutes afterwards, accompanied by the landlord as guide, who averred he was "noslouch" at trout fishing, we started up stream above the Falls and were soon coquetting with the speckled beauties. We were not long in separating and I got fixed on a fallen tree well out on the stream. Visions of large, beautiful trout being rapidly and systematically pulled out of the stream floated through my mind and I felt in an ecstatic mood. "A bite, a pull—nothing." This fanned my suppressed excitement into a flame and I cast my line hurriedly. There was another bite and quickly pulling I brought to the surface a speckled darling. In my eagerness to seize it I slipped off the tree and found myself nearly up to the neck in water. But what cared I, had I not got safe in my basket my first speckled trout! During my career I have, like most people, had my joys and sorrows, but I frankly state that seldom have I experienced such a supreme thrill of exhilaration as on this momentous occasion. It was simply delicious. I got out somehow, and quickly baiting my hook began angling again for more of the same. I stuck to the same spot till about seven o'clock and had caught eight more fish. Making my way to the hotel, the best way I could, I found Mac and the landlord anxiously awaiting me. I displayed my catch with honest pride, but was considerably crestfallen when Mac, on looking them over, scornfully said, "Why, eight of these are chubs?" "Well

aren't they speckled trout?" I innocently asked, at which both Mac and the landlord laughed, and the former threw the eight to the cat. "Never mind, old man," said Mac, "You'll catch plenty of trout yet, and when you get one of these chubs on your hook leave that spot at once and tackle another." He then showed me his basket containing 33 beauties, which he had chiefly caught with the fly. The landlord was reticent as to his catch; Mac's had flabbergasted him. After a change of clothing and a hearty supper we filled our pipes and talked—about the weather. Then we made our arrangements for the morrow and went off to bed happy and hopeful.

Next morning, Friday, was raw, cold and raining heavily. Our plans were accordingly upset, but, after breakfast, we went up stream again and defying the rain commenced to fish. After fishing up and down without even getting a bite, I cast my line in a deep hole and soon caught a couple. But my chagrin at losing a big one, which must have weighed nearly two pounds, can be better imagined than described. I had him half out of the water and in my idiocy gave a quick pull to land him, when he dropped off the hook, and I fell backward on the sharp edge of a rock and then sat down and—well you can imagine the rest. When I recovered my equanimity I made a vow to catch that particular trout but "the best laid schemes of men and mice oft gang a-glee." I had to desist after over an hour's determined effort by the shout from over the river of "dinner's waiting for you." On getting back to the hotel I found Mac had caught about a dozen, one of them turning the scales at a lb. He was growling at not having a bigger catch and blamed the cold rain. When I affirmed that I had hooked a very big one, the statement was received with derisive laughter but when a young man working at the saw-mill asserted that he had hooked and lost a large trout in the same hole the previous day my stock went up and I felt pleased. After dinner the rain stopped and the landlord said he would take us below the Falls and show us where the trout were just crazy to be caught. We started out and soon struck into the bush but it took us some time before we got to the famed fishing grounds. We were surrounded on all sides by brushwood and I got my first experience of the difficulties encountered in fishing in such a locality. My hook got entangled either in the branches of a tree or in a root at the bottom of the river and what with constantly falling into the water, loosening my hook, scrambling through the bush, getting my clothes torn and my shins peeled, it was no picnic. To add to my misery I broke my rod in two places and had to fish with what was left of it. Seeing my distress Mac suggested we should strike for the open and I gladly consented. We had lost sight of the landlord but forced our way through the bush regardless of where we went till after half an hour's hard work we saw the green fields once again. Mac, who is one of the finest and most genial souls I have ever met, was mad. "What the mischief did he mean by taking us to a place like that," he said. "The 'Mis' prospect for ourselves in future, old man, so let us go ahead." We trudged on and on till we struck the river again at a bridge and were gladdened by seeing a long stretch of open water. Fishing was easy and the trout bit freely. Mac was in his element. There he was in the middle of the stream, sometimes with the water up to his waist, fishing with the fly and supremely happy. We fished down the stream till the rain began to fall heavily again and we thought it was time to start for the hotel. We struck across fields till we reached a road and followed it till we came to another road leading to the top of the mountain. After a moment's hesitation Mac, who is a pedestrian of no mean repute, decided to take the mountain road and we climbed up and up till I thought we would never reach the top. But we did at last and found it ran into the main road between Kimberley and Eugenia. We had about two miles further to walk, which we covered in fair time. How pleasant and comfortable to get our wet clothes changed for dry ones and put ourselves outside a hearty supper of fresh laid eggs, trout, etc. Then we went to the general store of Henry Cairns, and got a box to hold our fish and arranged with him to give me a rig to drive me in to Flesherton station in the morning, to express the fish to Toronto friends. Let me say here, that Mr. Cairns, is one of the most obliging and genial fellows to be found anywhere. After packing the fish we were joined by an old Scotchman, who bears the reputation of being one of the best trout fishers in the district. Mac disputed his claim and the old Scotchman got wrathful and shouted: "I tell ye what it is, ma man. We'll tak' twa days. You gang first the yae day, and I'll gang first the next, and ye can fish wi' the flee or fish wi' the worm, whichever ye like, and I'll bet ye five dollars I can catch mair fish than you. Ye never fished i' the Sooth Esk, ma man." This the old man thought was a clincher but he was staggered when Mac demonstrated to his perfect satisfaction that he had "fished i' the Sooth Esk, also." I regret the competition did not come off. By and by we were joined by a traveler from Owen Sound and spent a pleasant evening in the usual way.

Next morning, Saturday, I drove six miles in a pouring rain to catch the seven o'clock train at Flesherton station with the box of fish, for were they not almost as precious as gold. All that day