



THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT.

JACK LONGMAN — "Come on, Fred, jump in; the water's only up to one's neck!"

"Great Scott! I quite forgot that Fred is about three feet shorter than I am."—*Munsey's Weekly*.

MR. DIPSY GOES A-FISHING.

ED. GRIP,—Dear Corvus Corax, or Corbie of the Scotch, or Kaw kaw-gaw in the language of the Cree Indians.

Rejoice with me that the days of fysshynge wyth an angle are come, the gladdest of the year. You have met Dipsy? You remember him? A Henglishman he says he is. An unnecessary assertion, for his accent shows he could be nothing else. A good little fellow he is too, although he exasperates one with his vowels. An eminent drysalter he was at home (a man at the club said so) whatever that may be, perhaps some kind of a chemist that evaporates mineral waters for I never heard of a wet salter. At all events, Dip and I went a-fishing.

Mr. Dipsy came to us well recommended. We may be wrong, but we consider there is no Fishing Association extant more hospitable and genial than "The Pollywoggian-Walton's Club." Our doors and table are always open to distinguished men, provided they *are* distinguished—been defeated on the Equal Rights ticket, discounted a gas well, cribbed a timber limit, had a comedy damned, been acquitted of an occult murder, or the like. We must draw the line somewhere. And we draw it at Dipsy.

Leaving the fair city of Toronto he and I in due time arrived at Montreal, which, as you may be aware, is a considerable commercial town on an island in the St. Lawrence, and there my companion purchased a complete bait-fishing outfit, including a quart of worms. Thence taking the G.T.R. we rushed at a leisurely pace through a section of Mr. Mercier's Province, and by nightfall found ourselves in New Brunswick among the Blue Noses. It gave us a strange feeling to find ourselves so far from civilization.

Next morning, long before the sun of the Maritime Provinces was up, we proceeded along the stony banks of a river called, I think, Met a Pediac—"Pediac" being presumably a local name for Peddler or other Pedestrian that one meets. Dipsy with his short legs stumped along in a manly and masterful manner, with his salmon rod projecting eighteen feet beyond his shoulder and with a

huge creel containing refreshments on his back. By the time we had gone a mile or two the first beams of Old Sol (as the sun is classically called,) struggled through the tops of the trees, and fish began to leap with that sudden splash that stirs the angler's blood. D. immediately began to sway his ponderous rod with both hands and to thrash the water in the manner of a farmer's man wielding a flail. Not caring to have my eyes flipped out with his hooks I proceeded up stream till, having failed to catch anything, I returned to ask him if he had anything in his flask that would cheer but not inebriate. Behold! his creel was there, *but He was gone!*

The remainder of the story was gathered by enquiry at Sam Jute's farmhouse. It appeared that as farmer Jute and Beavertail, a Micmac friend, were tending their illegal salmon net at the forks they became aware of a hat of American make with a gentleman in it floating in the current. Hastily jumping into the dugout they paddled up stream and met the person, who was just coming down a rapid with a rod and line and set of corks attached which helped to steer him. With that philanthropy which ever characterizes the true Canadian they towed him ashore and rolled him on a barrel. While going through

him they observed in his hip pockets two quart flasks containing a fluid closely resembling monongahela. One of these they poured down his throat and drank the other themselves, which operations speedily restored him. Later in the day he bought a prime salmon from his rescuers and sent it off addressed "Editor of *N. Y. Forest and Stream*," with a tag attached "largest salmon taken with fly this year in the Met a Pediac. Saml. Dipsy fecit. Please notice editorially."

I heard of Dipsy next day as being comfortably established in a summer cottage not far from the scene of his exploit and was really glad to find him alive. No doubt his plunge had slightly confused his remembrance, for he casually mentioned that he had caught one fish and had sent it to a friend in London, G.B., and further that his reluctance to sit down was not owing to a boat-hook having entered the broadest part of his person but to a treacherous attack by a mosquito. Thine, ANGLER, Memb. Pol. Walt. Club.

NEEDFUL PRECAUTION.

AT a meeting of Salmonidæ, held on the edge of salt water, the following resolutions were offered:

"Whereas one of the most onerous duties of the Governor-General of Canada is to catch an alleged number of salmon so that the fact (?) of capture may appear in the *Forest and Stream*, *Field and Forest*, *Outing* and other sporting papers, and with exaggerated weight in the sycophantic press generally, therefore,

"Resolved, that in the months of June and July no salmon who respects itself will leap at any leather fly, tinsel minnow, metallic spoon, rubber bug, beetle, caterpillar, live frog, moth, butterfly or other lure at the end of a string;

"2. That all Salmonidæ shall have a high old river time until the advent of their Excellencies when the above resolution comes into force."

Carried unanimously. Thereafter the meeting swum away with a great splashing of tails.

(Signed) SALMO FEROX, Secy.