

Field Sports at Home and Abroad

TROUT FISHING: THE ATTRACTIONS OF IT

Indeed it must be a very ill wind that brings no good to anybody, by which roundabout reference to adage I arrive at expression of the belief that somebody may be able to remember the season of 1910 with satisfaction. This is both possible and probable, though the experience of the gross majority is against the idea. The angler, however, about this period of the year has a happy habit of coming up at the rebound. He airily flicks off the unsatisfactory period, and is inspired with that hope which springs eternal in his breast (for the angler, one dares to suggest, is very human after all) with the close of the close time. You are past praying for, dear friend, if you are a pessimist in this matter. After your Easter outing, certainly after your Whitsun fishing, you shall perhaps be pardoned if, blanks having prevailed, you begin to think the game is up, albeit you should know that the dog day months, and more especially September, often redress an unfavorable balance left over by April, May and June. The fact, I do believe, remains that the readers of this page are again filled with new vigour, new resolves maybe, new hope beyond a doubt. Let it be for an old school veteran to say that this is the correct attitude for every angler at the beginning of every season, and that he wishes all anglers success that shall satisfy their heart's desires—good weather, good water, good fish, and a good account of tight lines.

In what, for want of a better term, we call our minds we have already visited our fishing grounds, determined upon plans of action for this pool and that stream, basketed a fish from under the willow, and transacted great business along that line of sedges we know so well. This we do every spring in preparing our tackle, making sure of the colors and points, sorting out the artificial flies that remain, and labelling the boxes containing the new patterns which may be expected with confidence. A very leisurely proceeding this is as a rule, embellished with ejaculations spoken or felt. Here is an olive dun, and it reminds you that it came away from the heaviest trout of the year; the sedge major which you hold up to the light was to have been sent back to the maker with a sarcastic request that he should look at the point, almost imperceptibly straightened out, but enough to have served for disaster. The overhauling of the fly boxes in truth takes time, and as often as not we give it up, after puzzling over a hundred of those original patterns. Mark, however, that while your fingers are on rod, reel, or trace and the outer vision upon the flies, the inward eye is away in the meadows roaming over the gleam of the water. And there is neither foolishness nor harm in this amiable malady, which has been long known amongst the faculty as trout fever.

Has it ever occurred to you how endless a variety there is in trout streams—aye, in any one trout stream? They all have a family likeness, with such main features as pool, eddy, glide, ripple, stickle (which is a ripple run thin and in a pretty humor), flat, and deep; but they are never really the same, and have divers voices. Your chalk streams show least variation perhaps, essential though the differences may be. They are gentlemanly in their conduct, not given to much brawling, preferring a tranquil to a fussy progress, reluctant to play the part of an agitator, desirous of peace at any reasonable price, favoring a compromise between rushing and dawdling, and, in short, running their course with a seemly dignity not incompatible with wholesome briskness. The music of them is in the minor key, so much so that there are anglers who have no ear for it. They admit a sort of murmur and do not deny a certain pleasantness in the swish of the current past the green growths of the margin. The cadences, the little harmonies, are heard not. They are there all the same for those who are attuned. We can remember portions of river where the flow is just a trifle circling, spasmodic movements which you frequently take to be the rise of a fish. Every one of these delusive disturbances has a note of its own if nothing more than a passing breath of sound, and all are characteristic of your chalk stream of the south.

We, some of us, fall into the way of thinking that all the world is made up of chalk streams; one knows dear friends who would turn their backs on the Styx if they found it to be anything else. It is elsewhere that you will find the streams of a different character, and how loyally we get to love them! They are brimful of moods, capricious as Byron's women, jolly roysters here and in gloomy funeral march there wrangling down an uneven slope or smoothly hurrying on level beds, swirling round rugged rock and dashing with angry foam against upstanding boulder. It is amusing to observe the playfulness of such a stream, of which you will meet many in Wales, Yorkshire, Derbyshire, and in abundance in the north country. In its rough humor, angered with too much dogged obstruction, it roars and thunders; then come the diapason of the pool, the diminishing tone which is prelude to eager escape at the point where the trout lie, and the silvery tinkle, tinkle of the outspread broken shallow which the experienced

fisherman who has no use for samlets passes by.

Of the many gradations of gladness which we are promising ourselves when green leaves come again, there must be honor done to such streams as these, and for choice give me an unpolluted hill-born stream not too wide, for in one where there is concentration of volume action is brightest and the music most distinct; indeed, the carolling of it cheers you in your walk through the pine woods long before you descry the whiteness of its restless foam. To wade up such a stream knee-deep with a couple of flies and a short line, now netting out an abnormal half-pounder and now finding the ordinary three-to-the-pound fish merrily taking the sub-

trouble and expense incurred by the angler is not the catching of as many fish as the laws of sport permit is, of course, nonsense. No one can so pretend. He would otherwise scarcely deserve the name of fisherman; we might pair him off with the pot-hunter, who is equally unworthy at the other extreme. Curiously enough, I have known very selfish fishermen who were fine naturalists, alert at observation of natural objects, and bubbling over with enthusiastic converse; no doubt good fellows, but they take care that none but themselves shall cast line on their beat. Of course, it does not follow that if you are no sentimentalist you are a pot-hunter or poacher, any more than it would be fair to suppose that, being one, you must be duffer

is a yew bow, six feet high, which has the pulling equivalent of 60 pounds. It is a much heavier weapon than that used for target practice.

Has Bagged Big Game Before

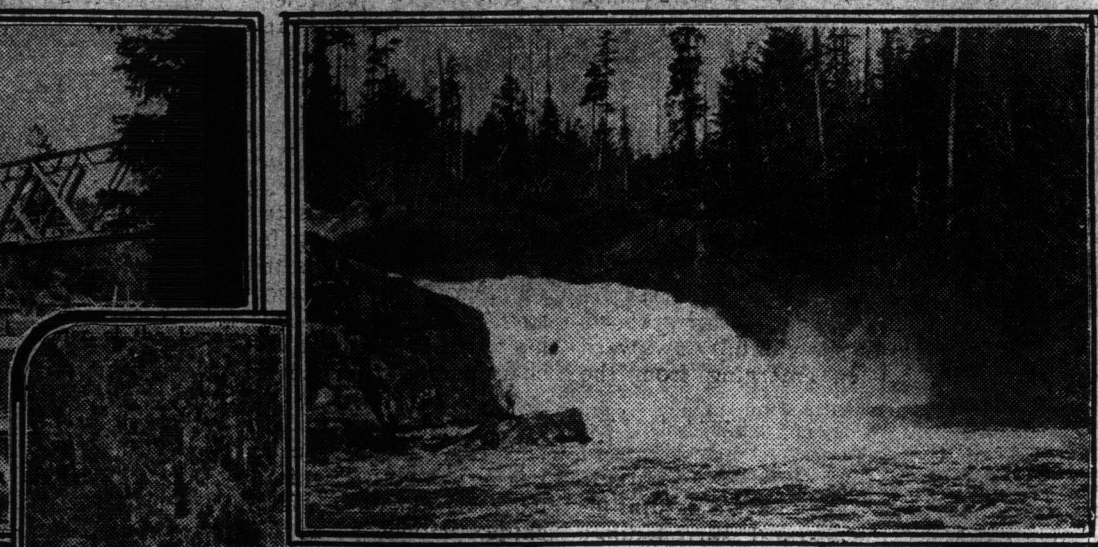
Just after the Civil war Will H. Thompson and his brother hunted in the wilds of Florida, bagging big game and enjoying a wonderful vacation in the out of doors. This hunting trip and a number of the same sort which succeeded furnished the inspiration for several books on archery by Maurice Thompson. The principal one of these, which deals largely with the Florida experience, is "The Witchery of Archery," published in the '80's.

Will H. Thompson has a number of times

SOME TYPICAL B. C. SEA-TROUT POOLS



SOME B. C.



UP JERVIS INLET

merged fly, is joy indeed. You shall always find a mossy seat for rest and the burning of incense, and all the while the stream provides tuneful accompaniment to the choruses and solos of the birds in the plantation behind.

The cynics who sneer at anglers because some of us have a good deal to say of the charms of nature are fewer, I fancy, than they were in my young days. They sing smaller, anyhow. Once upon a time I took their jeering very much to heart, having in my earliest efforts in angling literature deliberately set myself so to write about the sport that non-anglers should be won to as much interest as anglers. The collection of contributions to the Gentleman's Magazine in the early seventies, afterwards republished as Waterside Sketches, brought me a sharp magazine review by a well known author. What he wrote in effect was: "What humbugs these anglers are! They pretend to be entranced with the birds, and flowers, and such-like. It is all pretence. Their one object is to catch fish." I knew he was wrong and misunderstood the matter, and found afterwards that he had been influenced in his opinion, no doubt absolutely honest, because the angling books he knew happened to be those which dealt with the technical side of the subject, such as minute details and drawings of tackle. It happened that the majority of such books were for a while of that character, and priceless they are. We could not do without them; they supply a chronic want. During the last decade or so, however, we have had a quantity of the other kind, and they, too, are found to supply a chronic want. For many years I had recurrent doubts as to whether in this respect we actually were humbugs; the experience of societies where anglers gather and pour out their real sentiments finally convinced me wholly that anglers as a rule are keenly observant of the out-of-door life, sights, and sounds, and that there is no need for apology when we mention them.

Your keenest fisherman has an inherent faculty of drinking in pure enjoyment from these accessories, perchance unsuspected by you or even himself. One of the keenest was a friend absorbed in all the mechanical appliances of the craft and untiring with the rod every hour of the day—the last to be suspected of the divine afflatus. I saw him once put a half-consumed sandwich upon the grass while he hooked and landed a rising fish, and finish it while making the next cast. We were at the river side one May day, and as he rose from his knee, giving up his fish as hopeless, he said, quite casually, "We shall find that gaudier rose in bloom by the broken stile." As the saying goes, a feather would have floored me. You see, he had remembered the landmark from the previous year. I must admit that there are anglers who have no poetry—if that is what we may call it; but they are not samples of the bulk. By the score and hundred our friends will be scattering soon for their fishing, and whether they talk about them or not, if the martins, swallows and swifts are not hawking around them, if the great yellow kingcups are not ablaze in the meadow trenches and moist places, if there is no cuckoo to be heard and hawthorn to be scented, they will miss them hugely and mourn their untimely absence. To pretend that the main purpose of the

or milksop. It is somewhat on all fours with the immense question of dry v. wet fly; what we have to do is to make the best and most of each and all, to take our initiative from the country dame at the exhibition. "No," she said, against the remonstrances of her friends, "I'm going through the lot. The central 'all is right good, but my rule in life is never to miss the side shows." It seems almost a descent from the sublime to the ridiculous to use this simple illustration, but somehow it in homely fashion preaches my moral. The sport to which we are attached, some of us with a long attachment, has many attractions, and his enjoyment is the greatest who cherishes them all.

And now we have a new season before us, and while expressing a wish that the pleasure it brings may be in full measure and running over, I will venture to state on behalf of all honest fishermen that, if only we can be given favorable conditions in wind and weather, no glamor of nature will prevent us trying our best to fill our creels.—Red Spinner, in Field.

GUNS BARRED ON HUNTING JAUNT

Four men, armed with bows and arrows, will soon set forth from Seattle to invade Canadian wilds in search of bear and deer and any other big game that may come their way.

Scorning the firearm as a thing to spoil sport, these men will go forth to seek red-blooded adventure armed like the primitive North American Indian. To one of the party, Will H. Thompson, of Seattle, the experience of killing bear with bow and arrow will not be new. The other three have heretofore shot only small game.

One of Sport's Organizers Beside Will H. Thompson, who, with his brother, Maurice, the novelist, organized archery in the United States in the early '70s, the hunters will consist of Harry M. Richardson of Boston, the present national champion in archery, and Z. E. Jackson and J. M. Challiss of Atchison. These three will leave Atchison July 2 and arrive at Seattle July 5. The following day, with Mr. Thompson, they will leave for Vancouver, B. C. From Vancouver the hunters will make their way to the coast to Jervis Inlet and hunt in that vicinity.

Each man will be armed with what is technically known as a 60-pound bow. That

held the national archery championship. He laughed at the idea of any great danger attaching to the proposed hunting trip when asked about it last night.

"There is no more danger to such a trip than a trip with firearms," said he. "It is true we will not seek the grizzly or brown bears. We are after black bear and other large game. I do not expect any more danger from this than any similar hunting with guns. We look forward to, a vacation filled with adventure and pleasure."

The above story from the Tacoma Ledger reads very prettily, especially coming from the United States, where they are notoriously skillful at "drawing the long bow," and we hope the gentlemen will enjoy good sport.

There is just one little thing, though, if they really intend to try and slay big game in Jervis Inlet, no matter what obsolete weapon, they will find it necessary to take out licenses and to postpone their starting date until the closed season ends; otherwise they may have to contribute to the provincial treasury over more than the license fees, as our game wardens are no respected of persons.

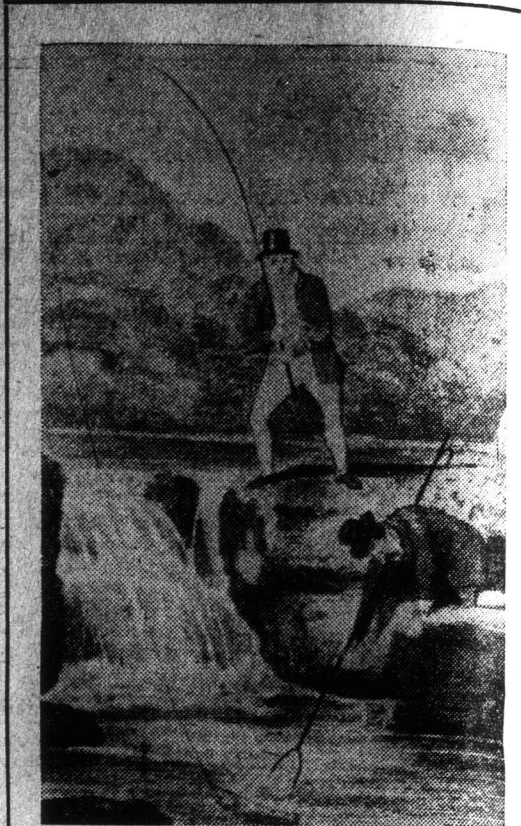
We think they are quite right in not anticipating any danger on the trip, unless they should meet with an over-fretful porcupine or a dyspeptic skunk. The bear of Jervis Inlet are quick on their feet and easily scared, while, when we were last there the deer were so tame as to afford meat more easily than sport. We have several times shot them with a revolver for the camp larder and we are no Buffalo Bill, so that they should fall easy prey to the cloth-yew shafts of these modern Robin Hoods.

CATCHING DOG FISH

Having a few warm days this week, I thought I would try for a bass. After casting along the shore for a half hour with no success, I came to a small shack inhabited by foreigners along the shore. I was surprised by a snarl just behind me, and turned to see a vicious dog making his way directly toward me. Well, I didn't care much to be a supper for my canine friend, so I decided upon prompt action. I gave my rod a quick cut and—talk about accuracy—my minnow struck that dog alongside of the head and imagine my surprise and huge delight to see the dog start off on a long hike with my best minnow securely fastened to his ear. Talk about landing a 6-lb. bass, just try a dog and you'll find some fighter, too! I followed that dog for 100 yards or more in an endeavor to check him, when suddenly something gave way. It was the swivel that attached my line to the minnow. I thought I had lost the bait but a few rods further on the dog shook it off and I once more came in possession of my favorite minnow. I would have followed the dog to see how far he went, but he didn't seem to care anything about me and so I reluctantly gave up the chase.—W. O. Smoyer, in Field and Stream.

HERBERT JONES, THE KING'S JOCKEY

Herbert Jones, King George's jockey, will enjoy the enviable reputation of having ridden for two Royal masters. King Edward VII gave him the chance to rise high in his profession, when neither John Watts, in the colt's



Landing the Trout

Sportsman's Calendar

JUNE

Trout, Salmon, Grilse, Bass, and Char. The best month for Sea-trout.

earliest days, nor Mornington Cannon, in his two-year-old days, could make anything of the sour-tempered Diamond Jubilee. Jones, on the other hand, was quite used to the horse; they knew each other well, and it was only natural to produce the best results that he should be given the mount upon Diamond Jubilee.

Cannon declared that the colt, which had seized hold of him and thrown him down, would not go with him. He, however, went kindly enough for the boy Jones, and at Richard Marsh's suggestion, and upon the late King's agreeing to it, Diamond Jubilee was handed over to this lucky son of old "Jack" Jones, of Epsom, a jockey of parts in his day. In the season of 1900 Jones won the Two Thousand Guineas in the colors of the late King upon Diamond Jubilee, coming home in the style of a cool and experienced hand in the record time of 1 min. 41 3/5 sec. That year, too, he secured the Derby, the Eclipse Stakes, and the St. Leger on the same gallant colt, who was extremely unfortunate in his four-year-old days.

To cut a long story short, Jones won the Two Thousand Guineas and the Derby again for the late King on Minoru in 1909; and for others he secured the Two Thousand Guineas on Veda and Gorgos, the Oaks on Cherry Lass, the Manchester Cup on Polar Star, and the Ascot Stakes on Sandboy. Thus it will be seen that Col. Hall Walker gave him many mounts in first-class races. Jones' lowest riding weight is 8st. 7lb., but he secures plenty of mounts for Mr. H. J. King and many others over and above the Royal stable. In 1906 he rode 54 winners; in 1905, 51; in 1904, 41; and in 1909, 41.

Jones' appointment to the position of jockey to King George is an immensely popular one. No one is liked better than he in Newmarket.—Baily's Magazine.

SPRING FEVER

I'm just as restless as can be, Don't 'xactly know what's ailing me, Seems like I can't do nuthin' right, At school—don't wanta' read or write.

My teacher says I'll drive her mad, If I don't quit actin' bad, And stop a-wriggling my feet, She's going to tie me to the seat.

Pa says "Spring Fever's" what I've got, But Ma of course says that's "all rot, I guess she's never had it yet, She wouldn't say that, you can bet.

O Gee! I wish 'twas summer time, So's I could use a fishin' line; If this "Spring Fever" makes folks ill, Then "Fishin' Fever's" worsen still.

—A. R. Douglas, in Rod and Gun.

At a football match the other Saturday there were men going round with collecting boxes for the benefit of the employees who were burnt out at a foundry in the town. One of the men said to a fellow, jingling the box in his face:

"Can't the spare owt?" "Dae you tak' coppers?" inquired the other. "Certainly!"

"Well, tak' them two," said the first, pointing to two policemen standing in front of him.

"I have looked over that house which you recommended so highly," said a house-hunter to an estate agent, "and I find the walls damp, the shutters half off, the drainage out of order, the cellar full of water, and the roof leaky."

"Yes, sir, I know the house is in a rather bad condition," responded the agent; "but think of its advantages—there isn't a piano within a hundred yards of it!"

THE OLD OR

It will be rem- ago an ancient vi in the course of a ous places in Be sion to remark up bad manners of children in partic uring parallel be English parents. recognized some taking everything it for the most p because the very an Englishman an children of his ow one standard wher children of any nat ing him from re opinion.

There is appar ence in the outwa dren in a country zation, and the chil and brought up in years ago was a w behaviour is only former class of litt same instincts a frankly displayed b all the same the w and loving, quick to atone, sensitive with forgiveness, a inborn and unswer play. The conven not amount to very ply a matter of env

But speaking amusing to watch play of some child a beach on a sunny example. Coming a high-water mark of little boys and g of a prim, neatly u the maid, and each wooden spade in the little brightly painte little girls are dress probably, and wide boys in Holland tu sailor hats, and the are "kidd precisely and ankle-strap sl round face has exa of innocence and mi ty. Under the sha group stops, and ea tie girl immediately her little spade, an little pails, directly u

It is as pretty a to see, quite as pret well rehearsed as an upon the stage. Co from the other dire lovely boys and gir walking quite so c named little lads ar constant reminders or the mother, who charge of them. Th mark has no attract boys alike they pref the incoming waves miscalculated step much the better. T uniformity and they they don't very clos for some reason or spades and bright li and girl had a pair, but they did not use They were employ afire" or "choo-choo spade and a much-d to be taken to the at last this little gro is only for an insta dropped indifferently that nice, harmless, was long ago tabooe ups," and little boys many a shout and la ment seek the water stones as far as the to venture out on a to take off their su wade. By and bye, terval, and if their m exclusiveness are not the first group of boy venturesome little on is no difference in th

As regards the at dren toward their eld in many cases it leav and speaking of this English novelist rece "The English nurs commended thus far, quality of the parents, gives a child a kingd like all young rulers, power and independ child living with th his tastes, his little c around him. He haschievous instincts an noisy pastimes. This gentleness and self-c contact with his pare know the child bette from the governess or