

mat, a pillow, and two sheets. apon a large board composed joined together by crossse it from the floor. Shortke myself are obliged to sleep ess during the first fortnight , but the regulation, it should only to male prisoners besixteen and sixty. My own is one of distinct discomfort. fness in the morning; but it iently marked to deprive me of nount of sleep. When it is prison is intended as a place not of reward, there appears for complaint in this temporice. The criminals have no the thousands who during the rms spent their days on the and their nights on the Thames

nes stated by sentimental peoa prisoner to clean, scrub. is to degrade his better inld, however, be a problem of ing difficulty to suggest an manual labor forbidden. minal !" "Lift him out of himhis better instincts!" "Make tizen!" These are a few of They look well as planks latform. They sound well on siastic visionaries. But they al virtue-practicability. They by the criminals themselves who are conversant with the arities of criminals. They are gh to a mere/Englishman; but practical politics" only to a There may, of course, be a hundred worthy of better abolish manual labor for the his interests would be folly. need to increase both the severity. In prison the Britrubs his own floor; in freedom ife do it.

proved beyond dispute that more precarious, no time in essential for governments to an the time when old instituworthless in themselves) are to alteration and improveone great lesson of European the eighteenth century, when despots attempted, with the tions and the very worst resweeping reforms upon their tries in (what they considered rests of the people. Humanibenovelent despots of the ry, and slum misery the instiey set themselves to uproot. ans a necessary institution. ecognize this, but they do not times, the delicacy of the task undertaking. They set about way. It is a task which can lished gradually. As in deeless house, the work must be he top, lest the whole edifice le ears of the workers. Prison warks which defend the worknes while they work, and it

HUNTING AND FISHING, HERE AND ELSEWHERE

THE VICTORIA COLONIST

FISHERMAN

When the weather is warm and the water low and clear should be a good time for those who are used to the wet fly only to experiment in the use of the dry fly. The following extract from an article in Recreation describes graphically the success of a convert to the dry fly on waters similar to those we have in this country. About now on rivers like the Cowichan the fish are lying in the long smooth reaches below the deep pools where the water is clear and quiet. The average wet fly man flogs in vain, but probably a skilful use of the methods described in this article would bring better success. The writer says:

was spending the latter part of May at De' Bruce, N. Y., on the Willowemoc, and fished every day with varying success; one day taking four fish, another eight, the best day fourteen, and none over ten inches in length. All were taken in the usual manner termed "wet fly" fishing. Two flies, sometimes lifelike appearance by dancing them on the on at an angle of about 45 degrees, forming an fish, but under other circumstances the wet-

pound or two. I asked for a reason, but he could not give a good one, even to satisfy himself. Without disclosing my plan to him, I asked him to pick a fly from my collection which bore the closest resemblance to the insects the fish were feeding upon." He selected a Beaverkill and a very small queen of the waters, not very good imitations of the flies on the water, but the best either of us had. Though I wanted to be alone, I had to invite him to go with me the next evening, but he laughingly declined, saying "That time of day is too precious to spend on such a fruitless pool." earnestness, however, for he finally said he might get to the pool before dark, to see what success I had met with.

Not having the material nor the ability to make over the flies selected into the proper form, it became necessary to "doctor" them so they would approximate the shape of the three, were used, and every effort was bent English fly. The flies I had were of the regu-

THE EVOLUTION OF A DRY FLY jumped that way; that he had tried them there the leader. For a moment I was not certain for years but never got a fish over eight inches; whether the fly I was looking at was mine or and had seen fish jump that would weigh a a natural insect. As I watched it, it floated smoothly along and as smoothly slipped into a little round hole which opened in the water below it! Instinctively I lifted the tip of the rod, which action seemingly had the effect of a signal for every trout in the stream to leap at once. However, it was only the one which had been struck. It was out of the water a half-dozen times in as many seconds, and seemingly in every corner of the pool at once. This was most surprising to me, as I had never before we hooked a rainbow trout. I did not know where to look for it next, and must confess that the strength of my tackle alone saved He must have been impressed by my the fish. But I was soon brought to my senses by sundry exclamations and advice delivered by my entomologist friend, who had stolen down to see what I was doing. The fish was about lifeless when I netted it, and I promptly complied with the request to "Bring him over and let me see him." But on the way I stepped on a firm, flat black stone, which proved to be a hole, and down I went toward giving them what I thought to be a lar patterns, with the hackle and wings tied into four feet of water. No, I didn't lose my

ing seen everything rigged up to my satisfaction, I went to camp to fortify the inner man before returning to take up my position for the night.

My wife, who generally accompanies me on my tiger trips, came with me, and having traveled as far as the base of a hil! that ran along between my camp and the kill on one of my elephants, we were soon on the spot and settled down on our somewhat rickety perch. It was now about five o'clock, and the evening promised to be fine and clear, but as the moon rose a storm came on, and the thick black clouds that filled the sky left us in almost Egyptian darkness. It was a curious situation; the loneliness of the jungle, the feeling that a tiger was near at hand, the inky blackness of the sky, and the thunder roaring amongst the hills made the night one of the weirdest in my experiences, and one which I shall never forget.

> The nullah in which the kill was lying ran out of a horseshoe ridge, and although quite 20 feet deep where we were situated, it shallowed rapidly in the direction of the ridge, and about a dozen yards higher up it was no more than 3 feet or 4 feet. I was seated on the end of the charpoy overhanging the bush, and immediately above the kill, whilst my wife sat behind me on the end that was resting on the path, from which the ground sloped sharply

About nine o'clock I heard the tiger come up to the kill, crunching the stones under his feet and sniffing loudly as he walked along; this continued for some little time, and I warned my wife, by a nudge of my elbow, to keep quiet. For about ten minutes all was still and I could hear nothing, when suddenly we heard the tiger approaching by the path on which the charpoy was actually resting. He had, of course, winded us, and began sniffing loudly again, and seemed to come so close that I felt I could have touched him with my rifle. He had evidently suspected something when he was down in the nullah, and had come up to reconnoitre, and having approached as near as possible, retired. As soon as I heard the tiger coming along the path I slewed round and rested my rifle on my wife's knees, and although the tiger must have come within a couple of yards of us, absolutely nothing could be seen, not even the luminous eyes that sportsmen mention, so intense was the darkness at the time, and under the circumstances could not fire. There was another pause, and then the tiger was heard again, this time on the other side, sniffing as loudly at us and coming as unpleasantly close as before. However, he again retired, and nothing more was heard for some time. Still unsatisfied, he made yet a third reconnaissance, this time more noisily, by the slope in the rear of my wife, and stones displaced by his feet rolled down on to our charpoy. Again the snorting and sniffing ceased, and all was quiet. My wife then asked me in a whisper whether I thought we were safe, as I was unable to fire. I said I thought the tiger, having winded us, was sniffing round out of inquisitiveness. No has attained perfection, then his decline bedoubt he was very hungry and anxious to get gins."

gave vent to a series of roars just above us,

did not like the situation at all. There we

was too dark to fire. We were, in fact, abso-

latter, I thought I should be fairly safe. Hav- off a couple more shots in quick succession. We were now really in a very dangerous situation-between the devil and the deep sea as we were down in the nullah between the tigress and her kill. However, having gained the opposite / nk, I hauled my wife up and whilst I followed, holding the put her in fr te so as to expose the light in antern bel ection of the attack, for there the probab. was little doubt the tigress was coming up behind. In this way, with many a backward glance, we reached the watershed of the range in safety, and descended to the foot of the hill. We found our elephant waiting for us, afte having had about as unpleasant an hour as ever remember in all my experience.

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Early next morning I went back to inspec the ground which had been the dark theatr of our adventures, and found that the kill ha been entirely devoured during the night, and by the pug marks discovered we had been visited by a large tigress and two fair-sized cubs. This accounted for the persistency with which she attempted and finally succeeded in getting rid of us. From the appearance of the remains of the carcase the next morning it was evident the happy family were not long in getting to work as soon as all was reported clear for action. So they got their dinner after all, and probaby without ever appreciating the kindness of the moon in playing the part of the ideal chaperon .- E. A. Bown, in The Field.

SIR THEODORE MARTIN

Sir Theodore Martin, whose illness has been causing no little anxiety to his numerous friends, is, without doubt, one of the most remarkable old men now among us. A great friend of the late Queen Victoria, his "Life of the Prince Consort" is a classic among biographies. Sir Theodore has known most of the great literary lights of the Victorian era, including Dickens and Thackeray, and he is, perhaps naturally, of the opinion that present-day literature is much inferior to the work of the giants of the past. In spite of his great age, Sir Theodore takes a keen interest in men and things, and he is apt to be a little pessimistic about the trend of the times. "Men with brass mouths and iron lungs command undivided attention today," he said some time ago. "Haste, hustle, noise . . . have for a time dulled the fair mirror of English life. But it will pass." The last short sentence is eloquent of the man. In his long and busy career he has learnt the grand lesson that everything ultimately makes for progress, and although things may look black for a time, good is bound to come in the end.

Sir Theodore Martin is a firm believer in hard work as a promoter of happiness. When he was a young man it was no uncommon thing for him to work for sixteen hours a day, and he has stated that work is the true "elixir of life." "The busiest man is the happiest man," is a favorite motto of his and in a speech he made on his ninety-second birthday he said, "Excellence in any art or profession is only attained by hard and persistent work. Never believe that you are perfect. When a man imagines, even after years of striving, that he



water-always keeping them in motion. Sometimes the fly would be taken immediately, more often after it had been sawed up and down and across the stream. Sometimes the trout took the dropper fly, more often the stretcher. The fish I caught seemed to like a fly that was offered under the water. And they were always small fish.

Directly in front of the house at which I was stopping the large stream is met by a smaller one called the Mongaup. At the junction is a very long pool, and each evening it was alive with trout up to fifteen inches in length, feeding on the ephemeridae which were hatching by the hundreds. I fished this pool carefully every day for an hour or two before sundown; and tried every fly I had, but all to no purpose. The moment my fies touched the

acute angle where they were fastened at the head. I began by tying a piece of silk thread about the body close up to where the wings were joined, then forcing the latter into an upright position, passed an end of the silk around each wing, securing them by a double turn about the head of the fly. The hackle could not be treated this way, but by running the fingers along the body from the tail to the head, the light, hairlike feather was made to stand out quite straight, making a very presentable dry fly. It floated very nicely when tried in a glass of water, and to improve this quality I tried, in lieu of the liquid paraffine, some melted shavings from a paraffine candle —and promptly ruined the fly! Vaseline had the same effect. I tried olive oil, obtained from

ting I got would have provoked some profanity. I now prepared to go back to the house, but the old gentleman suggested that I try for another fish. However, I felt I had bungled so badly that I would rather rest on my laurels than to exhibit my awkwardness again before such a keen judge. But there was to be no escape; my friend insisted, and so, using the same fly with a little more "hair oil" on it; I cast once again. The very first cast was a duplicate of the previous killing one, and I was fast to another good trout. I handled my fish in better fashion this time, and my friend helped me out by netting it. Another rainbow trout-thirteen inches long. Two

up.

ined in an efficient condition

which all movement ought to lly the lenient prison. But the be attained at the coming of when only the lenient prison is esent a much harder and more of prisoners is needed, for this ne when society is being gradtically evolutionized. At such n progress humanitarianism is only those that give, not those there is a ruffianly minority in society, composed of men who ate kindness at its true value. ociety is in duty bound to pro-

my object throughout this arti-thful, unbiassed account of the of prison life, together with of the danger that exists so erning classes and public gen-ir opinions of it from unrelisted sources. No practical sysform can be safely attempted if anwhile exercising that wholeover the millions which is the of its existence. The work of en rendered trebly difficult by of the sentimentalists, which minds, and lead them, in the pointment which ensues, to on and anarchy for relief. It impossible if the sufferers ue state of affairs before sol upon a remedy.

uncan's Rivals Withdraw

en of the Fine Arts Society of go, have tried dancing in their ot like it. So they have given the grass tickled their feet, als their giggles upset the or-

k night. A man was riding a lamp. He came to a crossnot know which way to turn. ocket for a match. He found ing to the top of the pole, he carefully and in the ensuing

Wet Paint.

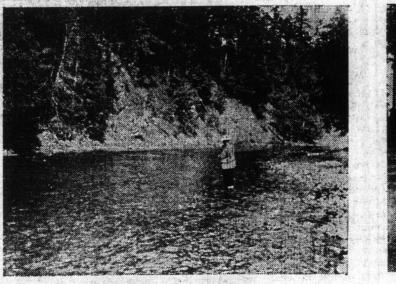
water all rising ceased, to recommence immediately they were taken off. It was exasperating and indeed a poor compliment to my ability. I carried in my fly book, among some others, a clipping taken from an English fishing paper," describing the "dry fly" cast and to fish it, and I read and re-read it very carefully. Two essential points the writer dwelt upon, and I felt certain success depended upon my ability to execute them properly. The first was, a single fly should be cast lightly upon the water "above" a rising fish, and allowed to "float" down over him-and the other, in the language of the Englishman, was to the effect that, "there must be absolutely no drag upon the fly: i.e., the line and leader must be above and up stream from the fly, so the current could not exert a pull on them, and in consequence carry the fly down stream at an unnatural pace. Pay no attention to any belly or looseness of the cast (leader) provided the same be up stream." In other words, the leader and line offering a greater resistance, they were carried down more rapidly by the current, and by exerting a drag on the fly submerged it, thus defeating the object of "floating the fly." To obviate this to some extent he advised rubbing the line and leader very lightly with deer-fat, and using an application of liquid paraffine on the

hackle of the fly. If these things were helpful to a man who knew how to cast a dry fly, I felt I was in a. bad way. I realized, of course, that there might be such a thing as deer-fat-but where was it to be found? And I might as well have sought the philosopher's stone, as to look for 'liquid" paraffine in Sullivan county. No. one had ever even heard of it. Furthermore, by no stretch of the imagination could any fly that I had be said to resemble the Eng-lishman's description of a "dry fly." Aside from the fact that they were not imitations of the natural insects, the material difference was that the hackle and wings of the English fly were tied at right angles to the body-the wings being upright and open, and the hackle. standing almost straight out. (Flies made in this manner will float well and last for many casts without an application of the paraffine.) Counsel was taken of a gentleman stopping at the same house who fished with flies only said it was useless to try the trout when they ticed that it did not appear to be attached to the nullah, and, on account of the depth of the a stealthy tread behind me, so I promptly fired and was somewhat of an entomologist. He

the dining room table, and while thicken, it came off the fly and left a scum on the water, which did not seem desirable. (I have since learned that paraffine will do the same unless applied very lightly). I had determined, after preparing another fly or two, to use them as they were, when it occurred to me that if I could grease the ferrules of my rod by rubbing them in my hair, enough oil might be similarly obtained to rub on the hackles. My scalp yielded the exact thing; a very small quantity to be sure, but I am convinced this was one reason my dry fly floated. When I placed the fly on the water in the glass, it stood right up on its "hind legs," and for a long time. Very little did I sleep that night. Like the

college oarsman who is to go out on the morrow and pull four miles for the honor of his Alma Mater. I did a deal of mental rehearsing when I should have slept. The morning sun rose on one of those days that make a man want to shout for the sheer joy of livingif he has nothing to worry him-but to me it was just a good day for fishing, with no sign of rain. Starting off early, I played at fishing and dilly-dallied all day, arriving at the battleground about a half-hour before sundown, and there, upon a rock at the head of the pool, sat a boy "dredging" my private aquarium with a worm! A bit of chocolate lured him away, and we sat together on the bank waiting for the rise to begin. In a few moments a delicate little yellow May fly fell on the surface of the pool, and was snatched immediately. Soon others came, and went the same way. 1

began my preparations with many misgivings as I gazed on the same imitation I held in my hand. However, I tried on the Number 10 Beaverkill which I had kept carefully dry, and looked out for the best place to cast from. 1 had to cast across stream, as the fish were all on one side, and if a cast were made directly upstream the leader would have had to precede the fly coming down, and so feighten the fish. As I began my preliminary casts in order to lengthen the line my teeth actually chattered. By this time the fish were rising everywhere, and as the line lengthened to about 25 feet, I dropped the fly on the water. I was amazed at the lightness with which it fell and the easy way it floated. To me, used to dragging flies across the water, it seemed too life-



A Good Pool on the Cowichan

more casts, each as successful as the others, at his kill, but, having discovered our preswound up the most exciting half-hour I had ence, would not go to it. ever had on a stream. Four fish, respectively I thought perhaps the moon would appear fourteen, thirteen and twelve inches long, in and enable me to get a shot, so we decided to thirty minutes (three rainbow trout and one sit tight. Shortly afterwards, however, the native), and never before had I taken a trout tigress, as she turned out to be, with two cubs,

IN THE HOUR OF DANGER

One evening I was encamped at a spot rage at not being able to get at her prey. One spring, and she could have been on us, and it where the River Jumna cuts through a range of hills called the Sewaliks, when information lutely helpless, so I took the ball cartridges was brought in that a tiger had killed a bullock in rather a weird and unfrequented part out of the smooth bore I was using and popped in a couple of shot cartridges, which I fired in of the jungle about two miles from my camp. the air with the hope of scaring the tigress, I immediately went out to ascertain the truth who was still roaring furiously; we were, in of the report and, if possible, to have a look fact, trying to bluff-one another. The effect at the kill, and found it lying in a nullah on one side of which was a sheer bank cf about was instantaneous, for the roaring immediately 20 feet high, and, as there was no tree any- ceased, so I lighted a hurricane lantern I had with me, and, having reloaded with shot, cartwhere suitable for a machan, I got a charpoy (native bed) and fixed it up with two legs on the top of the bank and the other two resting on a thick bush growing out of the steep bank less, and while it floated down slowly I no- whilst the front were directly overhanging, were no sooner there than I heard distinctly



Koksilah, B. C.: A Noted Sportsmen's Resort

A ROCKEFELLER STORY

Of the many stories that are in circulation about Mr. Rockefeller here is one which is not only absolutely authentic, but which throws a curious light upon the character of the famous millionaire. Many years ago Mr. and certainly within fifteen yards. My wife Rockefeller was a elerk in a Chicago house, at a salary of two pounds a week. He had an were, face to face with a tigress roaring with ailment which required a simple and harmless operation. He went to a surgeon of high repute in Cleveland, and arranged to pay so much a month. Not long ago the old complaint manifested itself again, and Mr. Rockefeller sent for the doctor of his youth. When the examination was over, he remarked, "I won't keep you waiting for your money this time. Things have changed with me." "Oh," said the other, "I am out of practice; I wish no fee." Mr. Rockefeller stepped to his desk, placed bills to the amount of $\pounds 250$ in ridges, we commenced our fetirement. We an envelope and handed them over to the surgeon with the remark, "Well, if you don't want walked along the edge of the nullah to a spot to take a fee, perhaps you will kindly give where it was shallow enough to get down, and these to some poor young doctor of your acquaintance."

that measured over eleven inches!