

HUNTING AND FISHING, HERE AND ELSEWHERE

LITTLE STORIES

(By Richard L. Pocock)

A rather disgruntled sportsman, a real sportsman this, who disdained to use anything but the artificial fly for trout-fishing, was returning home after an unsuccessful attempt to make a basket of trout. As he neared the railway station he met a party whom at first sight he mistook for a brother sportsman. The party of the second part, being of an exultant state of mind, opened the conversation with the usual question—"What luck?"

"None at all," was the answer; "caught nothing but two little ones too small to keep." "Oh!" replied the other, "I had fine sport; I caught twenty-two."

The party of the first part looked the party of the second part up and down; he had no creel, his pockets did not bulge, there seemed to be nowhere on his person where he could have concealed his catch, so the question was hazarded: "Where are they?" At this a small sandwich tin was produced which had been carried out of sight under the arm of the "sportsman." "In here!" said he. And yet they blame the cat fish for devouring the small fry of the trout!

It is never well to belittle the catch of another man. Two anglers started out amicably for the banks of the Cowichan river. One of them was of rather a jealous disposition and did not like to play second parts. Unfortunately for his peace of mind, the other man caught the first fish before he himself had been lucky enough to get a rise. "Pooh!" said he, on seeing the fish, "a mere sprat, too small to keep; put it back."

They drifted apart, but met later in the day for lunch, when the jealous individual recounted in triumph that he had just landed a "fine" fish a little below, which he had left on a rock, as he intended to go back that way. They strolled back together to see the fish, when a sudden exclamation from the proud angler caused his friend to look up in time to see an ordinary crow of by no means gigantic proportions, carrying off comfortably in his beak the "fine" fish which had been left on the rock. (This is an instance in point of the way the size of trout grows sometimes in the eyes of the captor.)

The above stories are not my own invention, though I may be a bit of a liar myself. I heard them told in the train. There was another listener and, of course, he had to go one better. Here is his effort to win the kettle. "That's nothing," quotha, "to what happened to me the other day when I was fishing the S pool. I was having pretty good sport that day and had just landed a beauty of about a pound, certainly not less than three-quarters of a pound, and I left him on the rocky bank behind me while I cast for another, which I hooked after a few casts, and duly landed; as I looked round for the first one to lay this thing by his side, what was my astonishment to see nothing but his tail sticking out of the mouth of a large snake! Eh, what? No, I never take a flask out with me when I go fishing. What's the joke?"

I suppose if I were to tell my own yarn now of the trout and the otter, I should not be believed, so I will plagiarize from the immortal Kipling for once and say "That is another story," and reserve it for a future occasion, when I am dealing strictly with the truth only, and nothing but the truth. It is always a hard matter to tell a true fish story and get it believed; ever since the day of Jonah, whose fish found it such an easy matter to swallow him, but whose fish story everyone else has found it so hard to swallow since, the writer or talker on angling topics has found it hard to get people to take him seriously, and yet truth is stranger than fiction, even in fish stories.

Some very fair baskets were made last week-end in different waters; the best heard of came from Sooke river, where an angler was lucky enough to catch a run of sea-trout after the rain of the night before, and landed seven with the artificial fly, not one of which was less than a pound-and-a-half in weight. Another local angler had nine nice ones, averaging three-quarters of a pound each at the mouth of the Cowichan; Shawngin yielded a fair share, while some very fair catches were made in the stream running out of the lake. I do not quite understand the position of the lake fisherman who calls a man who fishes by fair means in this outlet a poacher. If the idea is, since the fish ladders were put in, to

stop fishing in the stream, why still fish the lake? I am entirely unprejudiced in the matter, as I have no desire to fish the stream myself, preferring a river where there is more elbow room; but it certainly seems to me that the lake fisherman who gound-baits for trout, as I am told many of them do, thus helping the trout to acquire and keep degenerate habits, and then fishes for them on the bottom with worms, is a great deal more like a poacher than the man who has the skill and patience to kill a brace or two on the stream with artificial fly or spoon.

If the sea-trout are going to run up that stream, fair rod fishing is not going to do any harm; they will not stay long in it on their way up, it is too small, and they are more likely to fall victims to the worm of the "family" fisherman after arrival in one or other of the lakes than to the lure of the enthusiast who risks his tackle in the bush along the banks of the stream.

SOME SPOON TALK FOR EARLY SPRING

About one fisherman in fifty understands how to use a spoon in rod fishing such as one meets in ordinary mountain streams where trout are found.

If handled rightly, a spoon affords as good sport and as clean, from the sportsman's point of view, as fly fishing, the only difference being that a bit heavier rod is needed, backed by knowledge of fish habits in the early spring.

The rod should be about eight ounces, fairly stiff and with good "backbone," for casting the weight of spoon and three buckshot required to sink it in swift water.

The proper handling of a spoon is something one learns only by experience and the best any man can do is to point the way to get the experience, which I will do the best I can.

Higher Public Conscience

"Only as a higher public conscience in this regard is created can many reforms of great promise of benefit to the community be inaugurated."

The lecturer spoke of Glasgow as an illustration of a city receiving great economic benefits from reforms made possible by the high moral standards of its average citizens. He said that, as we partook of our Anglo-Saxon civilization, one of the greatest of the world had ever seen, each man received greater benefits from his race than he could do for himself and greater than he could repay. Service for the public good was not only benevolent, it was simply justice.

In the face of these obligations the unjust and the dangerous classes were the poor and the wealthy shirkers. "We compel men to pay taxes and this is not highway robbery on the part of the public, but a demand of social justice. Even the bachelors have to pay the school tax, and they should pay more than they do. They haven't the burdens to carry that a man with a family has."

"The tramp receives benefits for which he makes no return. If a man commits crime against the public well he is still worse, for in this aspect crime is doubly criminal."

"Prof. Godkin, in an article entitled, 'Who Will Pay the Bills of Socialism?' says that the total estimated wealth of the United States in 1890 would amount to only \$1,000 a head, or \$5,000 for an average family of five. The interest on this equalled \$300. If the income of the people amounted to six per cent on capital it meant \$300 more for each man, making a total of \$600 income for the average family. These figures showed how great was the diminution of national wealth through thriftlessness and crime and that the person with a salary of \$1,000 or more was an especially favored citizen in the community and therefore under increased social debt."

"The consideration of the rights of men leads us to the same conclusions. If we ask ourselves if the boys in the slums have a right to an opportunity to acquire a high school or university education, an affirmative is the only answer. This many of them are not getting. Our public school system is a clumsy attempt at social justice."

"In conclusion," said the speaker, "the man of independent income who lives without any sense of responsibility in regard to the social, municipal and political problems of his community, must be numbered among the dangerous classes. He is a man who has received his pay in advance and, to use Robert Louis Stevenson's phrase, 'he is his own paymaster on parole.' The rest of his fortune besides what he chooses to himself as salary to be used as he pleases, is not his, for he has not earned it; he holds it in trust for the rest of mankind."

The chairman extended a hearty vote of thanks to the speaker, to which Dr. Andrews made a witty reply, and the gathering was brought to a close with the singing of the national anthem.

To begin with, let your line and reel be the same you use in the summer for flies.

The kind of spoon is largely a matter of personal taste, as I have proved to my own satisfaction, by using all kinds, both single and double, nickel, copper and brass, or combination of these metals, such as the manufacturers put on the market. They all have good points, but none of them suit me as they come from the factory, so I have produced a new combination of my own with which I get better results than anything else. This spoon I will describe in detail further along after I tell you how to use a spoon in actual fishing.

You should fish downstream always, and cast across the current, never further upstream than a right angle with your own position, because your spoon sinks with the current, and if it should lodge behind a rock above you there is no way to get it unfastened unless you can walk back upstream far enough to get an up-stream pull on it and even then it may be so jammed by the water that you will lose your tackle, therefore avoid this trouble by fishing downstream. Cast well out across the current, let your spoon sink so it just clears the bottom and let it travel all the time in current enough to revolve the spoon rapidly.

Top fishing will catch an eager fish once in a while, but the majority of strikes are made within a foot of the bottom, because in the early spring, which is the proper spoon fishing time, the fish are not surface feeding, but live on the larvae of insects that are attached to the rocks on the bottom, and they also are continual on the lookout for grubs and earthworms that fall in or are washed in to the stream by spring rains and the general loosening of the soil.

For this reason also the fish are found in the deep eddies alongside the current where it plunges into the head of a pool and not in the riffles. The fishing, therefore, should be done mostly at the upper ends of the deep pools or in any deep water where some eddy forms, so that all the drift of the stream concentrates in one feeding ground. The fish will hover around this feeding ground, so your spoon should be handled in such a way that it drifts down with the current and then swings into this eddy, about as the natural food drifts. Handled in this way, deep down towards the bottom, your spoon becomes the most deadly spring lure there is, and a strange but true thing about spoon fishing in this way is the fact that the biggest fish in the

pool nearly always strikes first, and if not first, then almost invariably within the first three strikes; so you can tell almost to a certainty the size of fish the stream affords, and can thus skim the cream of the pools by leaving for new grounds as soon as you catch a small one out of any pool, because if a large one was left he would beat the little fellows to the spoon every time.

I sometimes set the limit at a foot, and never take anything less than that length from a pool, by watching my catch and going away as soon as they get near the twelve-inch mark. Now, some detailed information in regard to the spoon and how to fix it up so it will kill:

After a trial of all kinds of spoons, I have settled on and used for years a spoon known as the "Al. Wilson No. 2" silver outside and copper inside. There are a number of similar spoons, but the Al. Wilson, No. 2 size, as above, I find gives the best all-round results on early spring trout fishing, but it must not be used as it comes from the factory. This spoon is made in San Francisco, I think, and has two hooks hung directly to the ring on the stem, as it comes from the stores. These hooks I cut off, and substitute a single gut hook, which I have re-tied so the gut is only one-half the original length. This places a single gut hook about four inches below the spoon, and I bait this hook with a piece of white bacon, one-fourth inch square at one end, two inches long, and cut wedge-shaped from one end to the other. This, when whirled by the spoon, makes a splendid "mjnnow," and is very attractive to a large trout—in fact so much so that they will rush thirty or forty feet to strike it savagely, and its position, four inches below the spoon, gives ample room for a big fish to strike it clear of the spoon, and big ones (up to three feet long) are what I am after in this early spring spoon fishing, and I don't want anything less than a foot long. This rig gets them every time, and you will find it will kill more big fish than anything you can use at any time of the year. My record is a sixteen-pound rainbow, measuring thirty-four inches in length, and I have killed a good many within two inches of this length. Any fisherman should be able to rig his tackle himself with these instructions, and he will get more early spring big-fishing with it than with any rig I have found in years of experience.—El Comancho in Outdoor Life.

Prof. Andrews on Citizenship

(St. John Telegraph)

Doubtless the fact that there were many other attractions last evening kept many members of the Canadian Club from attending the lecture given in the assembly rooms of Keith's theatre when Dr. Andrews, of Mount Allison, delivered a most interesting lecture on "The Economic Value of a Good Citizen."

The speaker dealt with the commercial and social problems, the effect of intemperance on the nation, corruption in elections and the duty of citizens in contributing to the common cause of humanity. The speaker's remarks were frequently applauded and at the close of his address he was tendered a hearty vote of thanks. Miles E. Agar, vice-president, presided.

In opening his address, Dr. Andrews said: "Man is a social animal. He moves in flocks and obeys the law of the herd. The gregarious habit is demanded by many necessities of his nature. Those qualities which are the highest and of most importance in human character are developed in the association of others."

"Civilization progresses through a division of labor and thus the highest good comes to all. The sense of justice is a social grace, so also are courtesy, sympathy and brotherliness. Language, one of the most powerful of educative characters in his social life, is a social instrument. A hermit is in danger of being dehumanized, therefore we find men gathered in communities bound together by undeniable bonds of dependence and obligation."

Each Nation a Partnership

"Every nation is a partnership in which men are willing to receive the benefits and in which they should be willing to acknowledge the corresponding obligations. Both the burdens and the benefits of the social relations are necessary to make him a normal specimen of his race."

"That nation is richest which develops the largest amount of social well being. That man is the wealthiest who has made the outlook of his intellect, the range of his sympathy, the effectiveness of his powers, the worthiness of his ideals and the happy exercise of his faculties on account of his accumulated resources of character and wealth the greatest influence over the lives of his fellows."

"It is my purpose to show to how great an extent the common well of a nation depends on the diffusion of moral power among its motives."

"The value of a gold coin or a piece of land is a gift from the community, either of these cut off from market relation becomes valueless, and so it happens that the multiplex commercial activities of men, their hungers and thirsts, etc., conspire to give value to every street front and every distant farm."

Honest Man the Corner Stone

"The basis of all such organizations depends therefore on this, that men shall drop the primeval warfare of the savage and shall

show public spirit enough to see their own advantage in the advantage of others. The honest man is the corner stone of commerce. The honest men, doing an honest day's work, fulfilling all their obligations, whose word can be depended upon, create a public sentiment which gives steadiness and solidity to the world of business. They are the silent partners in business enterprise, and their sobriety, industry, intelligence and good will are assets on which the business firms can count. No hermit can amass a fortune, a millionaire is possible only when it is possible for one man to farm a million lives. Honest men perform a great public service, and when, through disability, they are in need in their last days, a pension is not a charity, but a reward for such public service."

"What effect has intemperance on the economic value of a citizen? The scientific laboratories in Germany and the United States are giving a scientific answer to this question. The moderate use of alcohol reduces muscular power, the rate of doing work, the rate of improvement in tasks being learned, and the dose repeated day after day has a cumulative evil effect which is the greater the more complex the activities involved."

"The unassailable figures of life insurance companies show there is a reduction of life power and therefore a diminution of the rate and length of time of production. The well known effect of alcohol to decrease the general reliability, morality and purchasing power of men is also a well known fact."

"This matter is being studied by the boards of trade of the Maritime Provinces. The question may well be asked, When large corporations are putting in force a prohibitory law so far as their own employees are concerned on account of loss of property and time through drip, should not a nation as a business partnership ask the question whether it can stand the economic waste this habit occasions among its citizens?"

Yearly Drink Bill

"We spend annually \$76,800,000 for liquor and our national and provincial revenues from that source amount to \$16,500,000, leaving a difference of \$60,300,000. Money spent for liquor is still in circulation and plays its part, but if the same money is spent for tools, clothing, buildings, etc., the money is still in circulation and, besides, the nation has something to show for the expenditure."

"The economic loss through political corruption and the use of campaign funds in the bribing of voters destroys the most valuable thing in a democracy, namely, the sense of responsibility on the part of the average citizen. When political committees spend money thus they are guilty of defrauding the honest and incorruptible voter of his influence in our electoral contests. The necessity for large campaign funds has led to the rake-off in public contracts and public works cost more than they should."

Menu of "Canadian Camp"

Puree of kangaroo, boiled salt horse, mink soup, filet of cinnamon beef, grilled whale blubber, boa-constrictor cutlets—such are the items upon the menu of the Club of Queer Appetites which meets in New York City at intervals and eats a hearty meal—and enjoys it!

While seated around a camp fire in the north of Canada eight years ago a group of sportsmen, smacking their lips over the unusual dish of baked musquash, conceived the idea of holding a dinner in New York City every year at which there should be served the rarest and oldest dishes that hunters could gather from the four corners of the earth. These men, who had hunted in forests far and wide, agreed that some of the best and most appetizing food they had ever eaten was that which laymen considered hors d'oeuvre as well as out of the question, but which they knew, from camp experience in strange countries, to be just the opposite. In the group of sportsmen were Dr. G. Lenox Curtis, who has had twenty years of hunting experience in Canada and Mexico; Dr. Robert S. Morris, who has made many expeditions into Labrador and the Hudson Bay country, and Leander T. Chamberlain, the African traveller.

Upon their return to New York these men, acting with G. D. O. Roberts, the late W. H. Drummond, M. T. Bogert, Ernest Thompson Seton, and others interested in the world of hunting, organized "The Canadian Camp," and with three hundred and fifty sportsmen from all over the globe in attendance, held their first dinner in Madison Square Garden. At present there are one thousand members who sit down to the "Camp's" dinners, which have been made semi-annual.

A glance over the menus that have been provided for these various camp-fire feasts discloses what is undoubtedly as weird a collection of seemingly impossible dishes as could be conjured up. Fried alligator, baked skunks, boa-constrictor fricassee, fried rattlesnake, roasted Amazon monkey, broiled Pacific Ocean whale, grilled whale blubber, baked Winnipeg porcupine, field-mouse stew, and roast catala have been among the pieces de resistance. Despite the fact that doubt has sometimes been expressed as to the authenticity of these dishes, it is stated positively by the officers of the organization that the food served is always genuine. And when it is chronicled that on the directing board of the organization there appear such names as Henry van Dyke, Cy. Warrman, Lieutenant-General Nelson A. Miles, Admiral Dewey, Rear-Admiral Evans, Earl Grey, Sir Louis Jette, L. F. Brown, Robert E. Peary, Robert Bell and the Earl of Minto, and that many well known sportsmen and physicians are among those who belong to the "Camp," the serious foundation of the organization is made evident.

Huntsmen in Africa discovered that fried rattlesnake was just as edible as frogs' legs, and that baked monkey meat tasted like wild goose. Arctic explorers found that whale meat

properly cooked, was as good as the best tenderloin. Porcupine meat, it was learned, was not unlike veal; and from these discoveries there resulted the similar elaborated dishes that were served at the "Camp's" dinners. It is interesting to note that Persian-lamb stew was first served at a "Camp" banquet six years ago, and has been introduced into several metropolitan hotels within the last year.

Roast catala (a cross between a buffalo and a cow), provided by Col. C. J. Jones, was served, for the first time in public, at the banquet in February, 1906. Filet of Bornean rhinoceros, the gift of Prince Henry of Prussia, was served at the dinner held in March, 1905. Newfoundland sea flippers, presented by Justice W. J. Carroll, of the Supreme Court, St. John's, and tiger steaks, sent by Prince Louis of Battenberg by special messenger from H. M. S. Prince of Wales, were eaten at the November, 1907, feast. At the latter, also, coffee from the Roosevelt (for one year within 492 miles of the North Pole), presented by Commander Peary, was served. Boa-constrictor cutlets, furnished by Colonel Battenberg, were among the dishes at the dinners during the last two years.

Mr. Roosevelt, who has shown considerable interest in the "Camp," has promised to send it some elephant meat from Africa, and Commander Peary promised that he would see to it that the organization is provided with musk-ox for one of its future spreads.

One of the most peculiar vegetable dishes served at the banquets has been Mexican cactus. Dr. Curtis, who is president of the plant "Camp," discovered a species of that contained while in Mexico two years ago that contained an albuminous fluid that was both tasty and healthful. This plant has been partaken of by two of the dinners. Dr. Curtis is authority for the statement that he has frequently served the muskrat and beaver in his home, and that his family have found the meat just as palatable as have the sportsmen. "Almost everything is edible," he says, "and a lot of the things that are supposed not to be are in reality the most appetizing of all."

Aside from the mentioned pieces de resistance that have graced the "Camp's" banquet tables there have been numerous other dishes which the sportsmen have considered not at all unusual, but which a man accustomed to the everyday table-d'hotel life would regard as peculiar, to say the least. Among these hors-d'oeuvre, as they might respectfully be termed, here have appeared such preparations as mountain lamb (with horns) a la Edward VII., puree of kangaroo, boiled salt horse in campers' style, puree of Indiana raccoon, Lake Champlain frost fish, roast Kentucky wild turkey, mink soup, escalopes of black sea bass, filet of cinnamon bear, roast Japanese Okitoduck, lumber-camp cheese, Newfoundland rabbit pie, spitted Vancouver Island banded pigeons, Lake Maitindale trout, wild lily bulbs, wild celery, and Indian turnips.