



SUMMER PHENOMENA.

NO. II.—THE FISHER.

Another summer phenomenon is the fisher. A fisher setting forth to fish in a temperate climate, like that of the old sod, is a sight reasonably enjoyable, capable of being understood. But a sane man setting out on a fishing excursion, and stumping it cheerily with rod and basket for several miles under the burning rays of a Canadian summer sun, when that sun has a tropical fit on, all for the pleasure of sitting out the day on the banks of a turbid, ill-smelling stream like the Don, in the vain hope of landing a catfish or so—this, also, is one of the mysteries of life.

But from boyhood's hour 'twas ever thus. There is a sound of pine-splitting by night. A light flashes wildly to and fro in the back yard, and gleams through the chinks of the woodshed and summer kitchen. The astonished stars look down and behold the figure of a man darting out and in, and hither and thither, on purpose strong intent. The dozing echoes of the neighborhood are wakened by the rattle of stove lids, the rush of the water tap, and the sarcastic, sullen "humph" of the stove, as the tea-kettle is dumped firmly into its place. So the fire is laid ready, the larder inspected, and now the figure once more emerges to take a final view of the symptoms and probabilities for to-morrow. He lifts his eyes and consults the oracle. The small steel finger points to HEAT!

HEAT! is the electric word flashed from horizon to horizon! HEAT! laugh the celestial will-o'-wisp that play hide-and-seek in the cloud that smoulders above the pine grove on the mountain. HEAT! shrieks the bullfrog in ceaseless contralto monotone, as he sits with distended waistcoat on the margin of his native pool. HEAT! chirrups the cricket from his corner in the garden. HEAT, Oh, HEAT! moan the children, as they toss and turn in bed. And HEAT! says our observer briskly, as he locks the door and turns in for a few hours; for it is midsummer, to-morrow is a holiday, and he is bound to go afishing.

To-morrow dawns, radiant, cloudless, hot. Phœbus has been firing up extra for this day, and the result is a fierce, horizontal downpour of blinding rays. Ah! what a day to "tak' the road in!"

On such a day Erebus is god of the domestic interior. Every housewife's Venetians are hermetically closed, blinds are drawn down, doors shut, fires tabooed; female forms in cool *deshabille* rock softly in parlor glooms, fans call up zephyrs from unseen Adolian deeps, there is ice in the cellar and cool, crisp lettuce on the table. Phœbus has laid hot siege to the house, but Erebus, with feminine aid, successfully holds the fort. But not all the delicious fascinations of the darkened rooms could tempt that man to stay, not all the arrows of the sun-god could appal him; when he's made up his mind to go fishing he'll go.

He is getting ready this very moment; the house has been ransacked in every corner for a certain fish-hook, which is finally discovered

stuck fast in the hem of his linen duster, after which he sits on the back door stoop and perspires over a last year's snarl in the line. Then he suddenly produces a flask, which he mysteriously hides from the children, stowing it away in the bottom of the basket, which he has packed with lunch. Without another word he dons his helmet, shoulders his rod and basket, and, to the relief of the limp household, disappears by the front door, which, as it opens to let him through, admits a blast of hot air as if from the mouth of a burning, fiery furnace. A glad sigh escapes the household bosom. He is gone! There need be no cooking to-day, no broiling over a hot fire, no getting up the usual dinner, nothing but a light, cold lunch—bread and butter, fruits and milk. Ah! how delicious! What a mercy men sometimes go afishing!

Meantime the fisher is well under way. He has met several acquaintances, all of whom have informed him that it is "a hot day," evidently under the impression that he is unaware of the fact. His helmet is made of the pith of the palm, but not even the pith of that tropical peculiarity can exclude the rays of this Canadian sun; it has grown hot, it burns, it feels like a hat of firebrick; the perspiration trickles down his cheeks, his nose ripens like a tomato, he bares his head, and for a space he walks under the shade of a few scant poplars by the way. His friends who meet him in this extremity enquire sarcastically if it is hot enough for him—he feels irritable—fills his hat full of grass, and, resuming it, pursues the even tenor of the remaining two miles. Not quite even though—the course of the true love of fishing never did run smooth. There are stopping places by the way where men enter to rest and wipe their heated brows, and if on each of these occasions he saw a man—why, *honi soit*, etc.

On the river bank he sits patiently for hours, with his rod aloft and his line in the water. If the fish don't bite, the mosquitoes do; their favorite point of attack is his nose; they, singing, whirl round and dart at it like moths at a candle, a proceeding which, to judge from his ejaculations, is anything but conducive to morality. Ah! a bite at last! At last—ho lands—a catfish—a very juvenile catfish; but he feels now that he has not lived in vain. He can eat a bit of lunch now, and in order to do this in comfort, he gets up and walks another quarter of a mile in search of a tree under the shadow of which he may sit in peace. As he munches and gazes on that catfish he is a boy once more, and, by the way, that reminds him of the flask!

Here we fain would leave the fisher, but we cannot, for, see! the helmet slips lower and still lower down over his face—he falls asleep and dreams of home and mother. He hears a low whistle—he leaves the meal unfinished—he seizes his school-bag, and whistling loudly with an air of indifference, he saunters slowly off—no, not to school—but—over the garden wall, across the fields, through a gap in the hedge, and ho! we are off for a good day's fishing! There are two of them now—they fish, they wade, they swim, they make a day of it, and finally go home by the way of the old farmer's orchard. Oh! the golden, luscious apples, honey-sweets, hanging ripe and tempting low over the fence! How these shrewd translators of the story of the fall understood the boy nature in man when they describe him as unable to resist the temptation of an apple! Their hats are full—they are busy filling their pockets, when, hark! a shot! it is the farmer's blunderbuss!—ah!—oh! He starts up—a blinding flash bewilders him, the thunder rattles overhead, he is drenched to the skin. He looks around; there are the rod, the basket, and—the catfish! Alas! life's dream is o'er! He is a boy no longer—youth has fled—he is an elderly, sensible, married man.

And what will she say? How will she quiz him on his big haul of fish, his drenched attire, his blistered nose, his three mile walk home in the rain? Oh, yes! SHE will be sitting in the doorway, fresh, bright and comfortable, enjoying the clearness after the rain, and will salute him from the balcony with a "Well, dear! how did you enjoy yourself? Got a basket of fish?"

And yet women may not vote!

JAY KAYELLE.

A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS, opium, morphine, and kindred habits. Valuable treatise sent free. The medicine may be given in a cup of tea or coffee, and without the knowledge of the person taking it, if so desired. Send 3c. stamp for full particulars and testimonials. Address—M. V. LUBON, Agency, 47 Wellington Street East, Toronto, Canada.

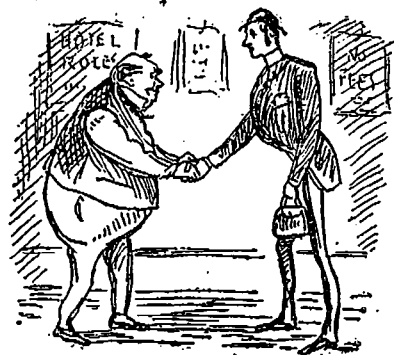
GRIP'S AMBASSADOR ON HIS TRAVELS.

(Continued.)

II.—LONDON—MR. BURNAND—"PUNCH," ETC.

LONDON, ENGL., Aug. 1, 1885.

DEAR OLD GRIP.—Acting on your instructions not to do anything by halves, but to keep up the credit of GRIP, I "put up" at one of the best hotels in this vast metropolis, and very comfortable everything is, I assure you, and as different from an American or Canadian hotel as chalk from gunpowder. No supercilious, paste-diamonded clerk to patronize the visitor; no darkey waiters; no shoddy aristocracy boarding here, and fancying they are doing the grand by living at an hotel; nothing of this; all quiet, orderly and comfortable. I haven't seen my bill yet, but, as you are so generously paying the expenses of my trip abroad, I am not anxious about it.



My landlord soon found out who I was, and he can't make too much of me; he seems to think nothing good enough for me—but doubtless the beggar knows who is footing my bills. He has had a brass plate screwed on over my bed-room door (it is the fashion here to put the names of the tremendous swells who have occupied rooms in an hotel, over the doors of those rooms) and on the plate is the legend:—

"CORRIE FITZ-RAVEN SWIZ,
"GRIP'S" AMBASSADOR-EXTRAORDINARY."

Immediately underneath this are the names of His Grace the Duke of Wellington, George IV., and other lesser fry.

I had not been here twenty-four hours before I received a visit from Mr. F. C. Burnand, editor of *Punch*. He is the wittiest man in Europe (or England, at any rate) and all London goes into convulsions of laughter over his paper.

He was ushered into my apartment and at once extended his hand and gave me a cordial grasp.

"I like to get a good Grip once in a while," he said, "ha, ha, ha! ho, ho, ho! d'ye see the joke? Grip, you know: name of your