

rattled the spearman and he made a fierce random jab. A yell, a splash, some sultry talk, and he pulled his soaked leg out of the hole and limped grunting about on the ice, while I secured the spear and remarked, "Well, you *are* a clever duck!"

"I druv the blank thing into me foot," he howled; and, sure enough, he had punched a hole through boot and skin. When I got the spear and tried to see below, I found matters had changed. The erstwhile transparent water seemed whitish, and soon I could see naught but the soapy-looking surface.

A thump at the door and a voice outside saying, "Vataire got milky; dere no more feesh to-day!" warned us that the fun was over. As we snapped on our skates, the unlucky one whispered: "You tell about my foot an' I'll make it hot for you!" This is the first I've said about it.

The fishing with hook and line is sportsmanlike enough to qualify as a legitimate amusement, and is by far the most popular with the good souls and true who love an outing for its own sake, and would take fish, or take cold, with pleasure, providing a certain amount of fun was attached to the business.

In this method of winter fishing, baited hooks, attached to lines of suitable length, are passed through small holes cut in the ice, the upper ends of the lines being either held in the hands of the fisherman, or affixed to what are termed "tip-ups." When these tip-ups are used, they allow one man to attend to as many lines as he pleases, and to skate or slide about, or watch the indicators from beside a bonfire or from a warm shanty, as may be preferred.

There are various styles of tip-ups. Some are so