

Bridge. After fishing for a while I wandered up stream—or rather bay—and cast at a gap in the eel grass. Like a flash a big trout went up into the air. He missed the fly but got it a second afterwards and then—oh ye gods! The tip straightened out like a part of the line, the reel went click, click, as he made his first wild rush, and I felt in my wrist that tingle, a little of which—perhaps not more than three hours a year shows a fellow that life is really worth living, and gets him up for his work again. First I gained line then he did, but at last he tired, and I drew him on the sand. I had seen larger fish and caught larger, but most of them were fresh water; and how can one compare those flabby things with the silvery sea-trout with firm red flesh and enough fight for any bull-dog.

Below Dingwell's mill at the head of the Bay the channel, almost empty when the tide is out, at the full overflows the adjacent hay-covered land to a depth of about a foot. Here on a little point my chum had the greatest run of luck I ever saw. One, two, and often three fish rose at every cast. To get a lively fellow on a string—we had forgotten the creels—without using a net and while standing almost up to the knees in hay and water, is by no means an easy task. However, if an occasional one did get away there were lots more where that came from. Getting excited he rushed those trout out of the water in a way that was marvellous to me who am of a somewhat cautious temperament.

Talking about rushing fish it can be done in various ways and in various degrees. On one occasion we were trying our luck near the bridge with a native fishing about fifty yards above us. Suddenly we heard a shout of "Look out? Can't you see where the thing's hauling me?" He was within five yards of us, coming like a locomotive with his rod held at right angles to himself, The poor "thing" hardly touched the water but trailed out behind like the tail of a kite. We had not the presence of mind to move, so the man turned inland, and the way the fish jumped over the stones was marvellous to see.

One afternoon about two o'clock I was lying on the wharf lazily casting into a ripple. It was fearfully hot and the sun was simply broiling me. I cannot say that I expected to catch