

moist river-bank and shady hedge-row, gather those jewels of nature, the wild flowers. However, each one to his taste. Mine is to go fishing, and my purpose here is to set down, shortly, the story of a day spent after trout, in the hope that some of those worried by daily cares may be moved to follow in my steps.

It happened that, one day towards the end of May, a friend and I were moved to go fishing. Ever since the melting snow had begun to reveal again the brown earth, that impulse had been struggling in our breasts; restrained only by a better judgment which said we must bide our time. At last our patience was rewarded, and a day came on which we felt we might cast a fly without being considered harmless madmen by those who saw us.

The sun had not long risen when we started for Big Pond, some eight miles from Souris. The wind was blowing strong from the north east,—no desirable quarter as all anglers know—however, better an east wind than none at all. When the shores of the Pond came in sight it needed but one glance to show that the trout were in from the sea. All over the lake we could see the widening rings and little dimples which betokened rising fish. Hope was strong as we put our rods together and made the initial casts; but gradually our spirits sank till soon they were at zero. Though the trout were rising all around, they deigned not to notice our flies. Time after time did we cast into the whirl left by a rising fish but it was vain, he would have none of us. We eyed each other with blank looks. Here was a sad case—fish all about and not one would rise to our flies—something must be done.

There is no better rule for the angler than that which tells him to fish with imitation of the fly on the water. Both of us appreciated the soundness of this advice, but neither saw a way to find out the fly on which the trout were feeding, unless we received a sudden gift of wings on which to pursue them.

At last however, I happened to look down, and there on the bank saw a number of brownish yellow flies buzzing about. A gust of wind swept some of them into the water, and away from the shore. As I watched them half unconsciously, one after another they disappeared in response to an urgent invitation