

1. Wool or seal fur, ribbed with silver twist.

Tail—Two Indian Crow feathers.  
(3) Wings—Indian Bustard.

Hackle—Red (undyed) game cock hackle.

Body—Yellow floss silk, ribbed with gold tinsel, and red game cock carried down the body.

Tail—Red worsted.

The wings should be doubled and laid on flat over the bodies. These patterns have been well tested by friends as well as by me, and no angling "family" should be without them.

My time being limited, I was only able to have two good days when the fishing was at its best last season.

The first of these days was on the lake some time during the latter part of May. A learned judge, who was in town to administer the law during the assizes, suggested that we should have a day's fishing together before he left the town, a suggestion which I am glad to say, I was able to act upon. It was a lovely day, more like summer than spring, but rather bright for good fishing. We determined to try our luck at a part of the lake about five miles from the town where, it had been reported several heavy baskets had recently been made.

Anglers are not famed for strict veracity, and I fear the Nelson Waitonians are no exception to the rule; but in spite of our being perfectly aware of that fact, we decided to give the place a trial, for the day was fair and the scenery up the lake magnificent.

Our progress up the lake was somewhat retarded by a head wind, consequently we did not arrive at our destination until lunch time.

About two o'clock we set to work, but the fish rose slowly and half-heartedly, and by 4 o'clock our baskets were light. My companion suggested a change of scene, so we hoisted our sail and had a glorious run before a spanking breeze, nor did we stop until we had passed the town.

Just below the Railway Company's wharf, we saw some fish rising, so we hid us there and cast over the disappearing bubbles. A quick splash and a gleam of silver gladdened our falling hopes, and presently we had the net under a beauty. More fish began to rise; whenever it was possible we would row within reach of the rising fish, casting over them as quickly as we were able, so as to attract their attention before they sank down into the depths; if we were sharp enough we invariably met with success.

The sun was now low down in the heavens, and the fish began to rise as if they meant business. We had only light rods, and as the fish were above the average size of the lake trout, we, perhaps, wasted more time than we ought to have done in landing our fish. For about an hour and a half the sun waxed fast and furious, then the rises diminished. My companion seemed tired, and I was horribly hungry, so we decided to return home. On our way back the fish began to move again, and we picked up one or two stragglers before we reached the boat house.

We gave a few of the fish away to a less successful brother angler, who was returning home with us. The church bells recalled to us the lamentable fact that we had profaned the Sabbath (an event of frequent occurrence in Nelson, I fear), so we stole home through the bye-ways for fear of meeting the faithful on their way to their various conventicles.

Our bag still contained close on thirty fish, weighing 37 pounds, about as pretty a basketful as any reasonable angler could wish to have.

We presented some the spoil to the Presbyterian minister in order to assuage our guilty conscience.

The other day we referred to was on the river, later in the year, about the end of August. The lake begins to rise during April, owing to the melting snows, is at its zenith in July, and begins to fall gradually from August until winter sets in. The best sport in the river is obtained when the water is falling, September being, as a rule, the best month.

The railway runs alongside the river to Robson, where the Kootenai joins the Columbia river, a distance of about twenty-two miles.

Good fishing may be had at almost any point on the river, though, of course, some parts are better than others. Many of the most likely "working" pools are never fished owing partly to the difficulty of access, partly to the local indifference to trying unknown water when good sport may be made sure of in well known portions of the river.

As there were ladies in our party, we decided to try a portion of the river near to where there is now a station (Slocan Junction) as being easy of access, and not too much frequented by anglers.

Slocan Junction is about sixteen miles from Nelson; it is only a few minutes' walk from a place where the river expands into a small lake, known locally as Ward's Crossing, a favorite and excellent angling station, but a little too popular with anglers for my fancy.

We arrived at the river side about 11 a.m. The heat was intense, but the mosquitos were painfully active, so there was nothing for it but to light a fire in order to defend the ladies from the ravages of these persistent insects. One of our party in a well-meaning, but mistaken, manner, suggested cigarettes, but as the ladies were rather shy of each other, the advance was indignantly repelled. It was too hot to fish, so we had early lunch, then sought a place of shade, where I dressed a few flies, rather larger than those I ordinarily used, for the evening's fishing.

One of the party who had been prospecting for a more inviting camping ground, came and offered to lead us to a veritable fairy dell, if only we were prepared to do a little climbing. We shouldered our basket of provender and scrambled over fallen timber and rocks for some 300 yards, until we came to a little hollow just at the edge of the forest bordering the river bank.

Fortune had, indeed, favored our prospector in selecting a camping site. Imagine a level patch of moss-carpeted ground, about fifteen yards square, arched over by enormous pine trees, the air laden with the scent of the syringa blossom mingled with the incense-like odor of the resinous pine. In the back-ground a dense black forest, impenetrable almost on account of the thick undergrowth, and in the foreground a marvellous scene. The mighty river falling down, through a chasm of huge jagged rock, some forty feet, sending up showers of spray that seemed to be transformed by the suns into myriads of jewels, then forming into a fierce rapid, churning its waters into thick white foam, here and there dashing upwards

almost backwards, with great violence, as if protesting against the presence of the enormous boulders in its bed, impeding its headlong course.

On the further shore a gigantic rock bounded the waters in, crowned on its summit with cedars; beyond that a vast undulating park-like forest, and in the far distance, the mountains towering above everything.

We were sufficiently far from the falls not to be troubled with the roar of the falling water in the distance, and the fact that the chasm came between us and the falls produced a sonorous effect, not unlike the pedal notes of a cathedral organ.

"Sing," we unanimously cried, to one whose glorious contralto voice was well known in the leading cities of the old world; "sing us the song of love and death of Isolde," cried one; "but sing us some song that shall be grand in its simplicity, something that will appeal to us all." We listened and waited; presently she began the old Scotch song, "The Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond," softly at first, then swelling out, ending with a diminuendo, with a rare skill and pathos, the exquisite organ of her voice blending with the diapasons of the troubled water. The singer ended and a hush came over the erstwhile merry party; we all saw visions of the past rising in our fancies, and we were sad, for we were pilgrims from a far land, and had loved ones, friends and homes thousands of miles behind us.

I felt lumps rising in my throat, and not liking to make a fool of myself before women, sauntered away with my rod, under the pretence of fishing. Even by the river brink, above the thunder of the falls, I could hear the singer; it was "Farewell to Loch Aber" now, the tune the piper had played as our train was moving out of Banchory station at the end of our farewell visit to Dee-side, before leaving the old country. I could stand it no longer, so scrambled over rocks hastily toward the waterfall, barking my shins unmercifully against a rock in so doing.

Just below the falls a man was fishing with some sort of bait; as I watched he pulled out a splendid trout, and I awoke from my reverie.

In spite of the heat, I fished steadily for about an hour, catching one or two fair sized fish. Then some one came and dragged me away for, possibly, some other refreshment—not unwillingly—and we rested and waited for the sun to decline. A party of men had invaded our sanctuary and had begun to erect a tent, evidently intending to stay there for a few days. Four of them started to fish, and we walked down to the river to watch them. I noticed one or two good fish rise about twenty yards, at least, from the shore, right at the edge of the rough water. The sun was now off the river at that particular place, so I determined to try and cast over the rising fish. This was none too easy to do, for the rocks behind made over-head casting impossible, and the constantly changing eddies and currents made "Spey" casting difficult. (For the benefit of the Sassenach, I should state that by the "Spey" cast is meant a method of throwing the fly without taking the fly out of the water, a feat which takes a lot of practice to accomplish.) Sometimes I would succeed, and sometimes my line would cause me to expostulate in a peevish tongue; but nearly every time that I succeeded in getting out a long line I