

nothing, not even getting a bite, and not throw his line near that of his more fortunate neighbor. The Professor, though we all loved him, was not a hero, at least in this respect, for even the good tempered John mildly remonstrated when after several times, on feeling a tug of what he thought was a fish, he would pull it up and find the Professor's line lovingly entwined around his own.

Brook trout are slippery creatures and have a habit of being pulled out of the water and dropping off the hook on to the sloping bank of the stream, or amongst the slippery stones of the rapids. More skill is often required to secure a fish so caught than to catch it, and Harry fairly giggled with delight as he watched the Professor striving to grasp a floundering fish, especially as the result of the struggle was the escape of the fish and a monosyllable expletive from the Professor. So often did this occur that Harry felt constrained to remark:

"I say, Professor, I won't take you out fishing any more just for the sake of your soul."

But the sun has mounted high in the heavens and the internal economies of the fishermen proclaim that it is time for dinner, so they cooked some of their fish, made the tea and sat them down to eat beside the tinkling falls, and these are the moments that make the happiness of life. The cares of business cannot reach one here. Stocks may rise and stocks may fall, the whole business fabric of the world may go smash, but the effects can not touch one. The physical discomforts of such a trip give but a zest to the enjoyment of such a day, and with such surroundings the very act of living is a pleasure.

Even the Professor forgot to be pedantic and laughed heartily with Harry over his mishap on the way. And then the pipe and sleeta upon the smoot, warm, sloping rocks, when a man is lulled to sleep by the monotonous music of the waterfall and rustling of the summer wind amongst the poplar leaves. Those who have experienced it, know it, and to them these words may perchance recall familiar scenes of summers past and gone, but to those who never have tasted of such joys, they beckon and bid them come and taste and see what a goodly thing it is. The happiest moments of a man's life can be spent in the primeval forest "far from the madding crowd," where nature reigns supreme and man is but another unit of the whole.

"Excuse me, Mr. Sportsman," said Harry. "Those are beautiful sentiments, but can you lend us a match?"

"Dear me," exclaimed Mr. Sportsman, "I must have been dreaming.

Harry, you young sealawag, is there no poetry in you at all?"

"I don't know about poetry," said Harry, "but I know that there are lots of trout in me."

Mr. Sportsman sighed, and looked at his watch, then jumped up saying: "It is getting late. There is a pool about a mile further up I am bound to try. Who will come with me?"

John volunteered at once, but the Professor was persuaded by Harry to stay where he was, and "cease playing the mouse," and so they parted for a while. Mr. Sportsman fished up stream until the sun's declining rays warned him that it was time to retrace his steps. He and John picked up the Professor on their way back, and it was a joyful Professor they found, for as luck would have it, he had caught the biggest fish of all. Harry swore that it was a fluke, and that if it had not been for him, the Professor would not only have lost the fish, but would have lost his hook and line as well, but for all that the glory belonged to the learned man from the south, and all were glad to accord to him the honor due, so that our beloved Professor swelled with pride and was ready at any moment to give Mr. Sportsman a few hints on the art of catching trout much to Mr. Sportsman's disgust and to the amusement of John and Harry, who fairly chuckled at the idea of the Dictator, mildly accepting dictation, the Sartor Resartus re-enacted.

So they sought their camping ground, all fairly laden with the spoils of the creek. Harry objected to carrying anything, seeing that he had caught nothing, but his objections were overruled, and he compromised by carrying the Professor's catch. A short cut made their return journey easier, and they reached the camp in time to cook their tea and start for home before the sun had set. The paddle home seemed short and easy, for conversation flowed freely. There were incidents enough connected with the trip to afford matter for conversation for a week. The Professor never forgot his big fish, nor did he allow anyone else to forget it. And today, if perchance those who read these lines should meet him, they too will learn that he, with his own right hand, landed the largest fish of all! And he will bear witness that such a trip, with all its miseries, and all its discomforts is well worth the making, and that after all, the true sportsman fares better, in places more or less inaccessible than when following the beaten track for such is the region of Temiskaming, comparatively untried, and hence full of piscatorial possibilities.

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An ardent angler is naturally a good correspondent. He is always willing to drop a line.

## ANGLING IN KOOTENAY

By W. F. B.

The fishing in British Columbia has already obtained a world-wide reputation. For the fortunate angler who has the time and money to spare there is no country in the world where he can better exercise his piscatorial proclivities to their fullest extent.

The best of the rivers on Vancouver Island are a little difficult of access and entail camping out, a most delightful mode of enjoying sport when

There are few rivers in which first class sport can be had within a short distance to comfortable hotels, but there is one place where the working-man can enjoy the best of fishing within an hour's journey of his place of business, nay, at times, within a stone's throw of it.

This angler's paradise for the sons of toil may be found at Nelson, a prosperous little city in West Kootenay, numbering some four thousand souls. Nelson is situated on the north shore of the west arm of Kootenay lake. A more picturesque place can hardly be imagined, all round are wooded hills, rocky crags, and in the background snow-capped mountains towering above all. Nelson is the principal supply town for the rich mining district of Kootenay, and the wants of the angler are not forgotten by the local tradesmen.

About two miles below the town the lake narrows into the Kootenay river, forming an enormous body of water with occasional waterfalls, the largest of which, the Bonnington falls, are utilised by an electrical power company to supply the neighboring city of Rossland with electric light.

From the beginning of the fishing season (March 15th) up to about the middle of June, the fishing all over the lake is very good, and in particular, on the reach between Nelson and the river. The trout belong to the variety of Salmonidae, known as the Salmo Purpuratus; they are very game fish, averaging in size from half a pound to six or seven pounds. Much larger fish may be caught by trolling with live bait or an artificial minnow or spoon, but as a sportsman, I can only write for sportsmen, and for us the only lawful lure is the fly.

As a rule small flies are more deadly than large flies. There are times when the little dry-flies, made for the old country chalk streams, make large baskets, while the larger patterns draw blanks. On the whole, however, a fly dressed on a No. 7 hook, new standard, English size, will be found the best all-round size to use.

During two years' experience of the tastes of the Kootenay trout, I have found three patterns of flies very successful, and for the benefit of those who dress their own flies, I will give these patterns in detail:—

(1) Wings—Summer Duck.

Hackle—Blue hen hackle, dyed a golden olive.

Body—Olive pig's wool or seal fur, ribbed with gold tinsel.

Tail—Scarlet Ibis.

(2) Wings—Bronze mallard.

Hackle—White cock dyed dark claret.

Body—Mixed dark blue and claret