

FISHING. - No II.

Why Jack, after all our good resolutions we are not in bed yet, and yet I have a sort of an idea that I have not been awake for the last two hours; oh, the seductiveness of that arm chair, what has it not to answer for!—I am in a fair quandary; fire out down here, and lamp following suit, upsetting the olfactory nerves in the process; and therefore the question arises Shakesperianly, "Whether it is better to suffer the ills I know of—in the shape of no fire, and no light—than to risk those I know not of, in the manner in which the partner of my joys and sorrows will casually remark "What's the time?" "Where have you been?" Fishing tackle! Fishing season commences to-morrow? Good, very good. Any excuse is better than none—"I always understood that fishermen were noted for the very broad statements they could make, but I hardly thought it was necessary to practice in the bosom of one's own family." No, I think, Jack my boy, we will stay here in our Sanctum till daylight doth appear. Now what to do till then? Let me revive the subject of my dreams, and try to sketch some anglers I have met? Let us see if any of the types are recognizable—Now, Jack, you mustn't jump up like that, I'm not going to tread on any one's corns.

In those days of waning March, fish tales, and those who endorse them, once more come to the front. The tales, the same as the men, are of all sorts and conditions, still I consider the latter the nobler beast, so I will give his idiosyncrasies first. All these anglers that I am going to put before you, are different men, but represent the several species of the *genus* angler. To-night in that two hours nap, how vividly did these several types crowd before me, so that I could even locate the circumstances under which I met each one. In my dream I was handling my old fly book in which each fly, could it speak, could tell a tale.—a fish tale,—but I could not be satisfied with writing a tale, without giving a whole chapter of successes and accidents in relation to each individual fly. But to return to our Typical Anglers:—I think the pride of place should be given to the "Elaborate." Now this is a man never lost sight of; A man who never allows himself to be lost sight of. He has three great motives in life, first, to try and be a credit to his tailor, secondly, to be a delight to his fishing tackle maker, and thirdly, to worry the fish till they profit by so much free education, and become uncatchable. Meeting this man in the morning before going to the waterside, he will show the latest patents in winches, the gaudiest of all gaudy flies. The waiters at the hotel stare with open mouth at his mackintosh, and that fishing jacket,—oh, that jacket!—is the wonder of all the small boys in the district, who can never make up their minds where the pockets end, and the jacket begins. His fly book contains as a rule sufficient to stock an ordinary sized shop, and consequently is of no use to him, even when he doesn't leave it at home.

The beginner has a wholesome awe of him, till he finds out that he is not all that fancy painted him, and that even he, the immaculate, is after all but pure clay as regards his knowledge of fishing. What does this Elaborate Angler amount to? Summed up it comes to this,

He puts on his fine day suit, when nature prefers that it should rain.

His patent winch won't work.

His new-fangled landing net is a fraud. His flybook has been lent at home, which really saves him a lot of trouble, because he has not to make up his mind what fly to put on. Still the Elaborate Angler does get pleasure, whether he catches a fish or not; he takes pleasure in his preparations, and though we may smile at him, still we have no right to say he is of no use in the community. Far otherwise; is he not of use for trade?

Now I come to the "rough and ready" angler, who certainly is a great contrast to the foregoing. There is no doubt but that this type is far ahead of the other; he has a supreme contempt for a plethoric flybook and an utter distaste for anything in the shape of a waterproof, which distaste has often led to rheumatism and

kindred ills, contenting himself with the covering of a rough shooting jacket. As he grows older he would in his heart like to take to lighter rods, but no, pride will not allow him, and for the same reason that old shootists (pardon the word) will not tackle 20 bore guns, so these old fishermen will not accept a light rod. If ever there was a Tory pure and simple, it is this "rough and ready angler." He believes in nothing new! He claims, and he can prove, that he has done all that was necessary with the tackle he has, and as a sportsman he says "Why get anything better?" "I can catch as many fish as I want, what is the good of trying to beat the record?" This is the man who in his boyhood fished with the proverbial bent pin attached to a piece of cotton. He is a thorough sportsman, and commencing as a boy has studied the habits of his prey, and naturally enough success has caused him to have a supreme contempt for any elaboration.

The "literary" angler has all the books relating to his craft. He is as a rule a sportsman, and when out of luck can while away an hour or so in the nearest old church, about which he is sure to know something. He is generally a keen angler, but when the day is over he will be just as happy conversing on the literary side of his art, as in bringing fish to bank.

For a boon companion give me the "travelling" angler. He would not give a "thank you" for a day's fishing close at home. He must be on the move, but what materials he gathers for good tales! He has had some strange bedfellows, and sometimes strange beds, in his travels.

The "dilletante" fisherman is a common type, and a general nuisance; he prefers a pic-nic by the lakes on a fine day to the best of sport with a fresh breeze ruffling up the lake. When you get him into a boat, his first attempt at a throw will result in his line getting entangled with yours. He treats the whole thing as a joke, and lights a cigarette while you are spoiling your nails and temper in clearing the lines.

Then there is the discontented angler; nothing satisfies him. rivers not right, the day is either too dark, or too bright, his boot-pinch him, his sandwiches have no mustard; and yet he goes on in this curious frame of mind, season after season, till he becomes surprised that he is not discontented that his life has not come to an end.

Now, Jack, it's time to make the coffee and get ready to start, giving all these different types free permission to enjoy this, our opening day, as they severally wish. WALTER LEIGH.

"HAVE you any occupation? Do you do any work?" the magistrate asked the prisoner, who was charged with vagrancy.

"Yes, yor worship, I am an actor."

"Ah, well, then pou don't work, you play."

"Yes, your worship: you only see me on the stage. You should see me when I'm trying to collect my salary."

The magistrate entered "day labourer" against the prisoner's name, and gave him an honourable discharge.

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