

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1891.

SKILL AGAINST CUNNING

A FLASH OF VERMILION AND THE FUN BEGINS.

How to Tempt the Wary Trout—The Necessary Outfit and Its Cost—A \$35 Four-and-a-half Ounce Rod—Pen Pictures of an Expert's Experiences.

Every angler worthy of the title will soon get his rods and tackle ready, and is impatiently awaiting the day when he can lawfully match his skill against the wariest and gamiest fish that ever snapped a lance-wood tip. He has made sure that every



"HE SHOOK THE LINE AS A TERRIER DOES A RAT."

runner and ferrule is securely attached to the rod, and also satisfied himself that his new reel can be properly secured to its place on the butt. He has also examined the contents of his fly hook, in which there should be a small file, in view of the fact that a hook may need sharpening, some waxed silk, to use for splicing in case of a break-down, and half a dozen No. 5 Aberdeen hooks, which will be useful in places where fly casting is impossible. In connection with the latter, it is necessary to have some small split shot and a few twelve-inch single snell leaders. In addition to these articles all that is needful to make the outfit complete are the following flies.

The Coachman, Professor, Abbey, Grizzly King, Brown Hen, Cow Dung, Black Gnat, Queen of the Water, Great

Dan, Cahill, Bright Fox, Dark Fox and Imbrie.

The enthusiastic angler will add to this list many other varieties, which are practically useless except to be admired by himself and friends for their artistic beauty. The list above given, if used properly and according to the season of the year will answer every purpose.

When selecting a fly a good rule to bear in mind is to choose a brilliant one on a dark day, and vice versa. It is also well to notice the live fly that may be seen hovering over and dropping into the water, with a view to selecting from one's book as near an imitation of it as possible. Apropos of this one day last spring a friend and myself had been whipping a stream half the afternoon and with the most discouraging results. Still every indication went to show that we were passing plenty of trout and from time to time we were aggravated beyond measure by the sight of magnificent fellows breaking water ahead of us. But our most seductive twists of the wrist, although causing the flies to make a semicircle before taking a straight course, failed to induce a rise. After conscientiously whipping an unusually likely looking pool with no bet-



"IT WAS A GOOD TEN MINUTES BEFORE HE WAS BROUGHT WITHIN DISTANCE."

ter result, we sat down on the bank to talk it over and smoke a pipe. Our attention was attracted by the violent fluttering of a large blackfly or miller which had fallen into the water and was making fruitless attempts to escape, when suddenly a glistening flash of silver and vermilion struck the air and down he went in close company with a two pounder. More disgusted men

than we were would have been hard to find. For we had faithfully fished that very pool not more than five minutes before with the above given result. But it suggested an idea. I selected a fly that, so far as I could judge, was a fac simile of the victim of this tragedy, and substituting it for the one I had been using as stretcher, and after waiting a few moments to let everything get quiet again. I made a long cast dropping the flies away down near the lower end of the pool, and drawing them carefully up toward the place where the trout had just "broke" water. They reached this spot, but passed over it without interference, and I was about to make another



"A FLASH OF GLISTENING SILVER AND VERMILION STRUCK THE AIR."

cast, when above them in mid-air appeared the graceful outline of a leaping trout, followed by a splash as he reached the water, a mighty tug at my line and that peculiar tingling of the nerves familiar to every fisherman. I struck with a force that caused my seven-ounce split bamboo to snap ominously. But it stood the strain. It must have both surprised and hurt the trout, for it raised to the surface again, and went straight up in the air some two feet. And then the music of the reel commenced. It was a great fight—delicate tackle matched against rage and cunning—and it was a good ten minutes before he was sufficiently tamed to be brought within netting distance. His weight was a trifle over two pounds and a half, and in his honor I must say that I have taken many a larger trout with considerably less trouble. My friend attached similar flies to his leader, and from then until dark we had lively sport, making a catch of 34 trout in something less than three hours.

Speaking of big catches reminds me of an experience I had in the fall of 1889 in

the Adirondacks. We had been fishing for a week or so in the waters of Cranberry Lake, and with very indifferent success, owing to the high water caused by recent rains. On complaining to our guide of the sport he had given us he replied that if we were not afraid of some hard work in the way of making two long mountain carries, he would take us to a pond some eight miles distant, that was noted for its large trout, and whose waters would be in right condition for successful fishing. We answered that we were game for anything short of death that would insure us one good day's sport. The following day, about two hours before dusk found us seated in a canoe, wetting our lines in this pond. Our guide informed us that a peculiarity of the pond was that the trout would not rise to a fly. After casting for an hour or so "we believed his language," and in place of flies, tried worms. The change brought us fairly good success, as about every half hour one of us would take a quarter or a half pounder. But it was irksome fun, this angle-worm fishing, as our hooks were continually being bared by shiners.

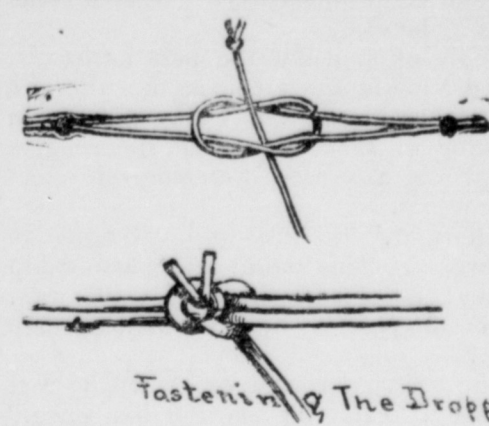
Just before dark, more out of revenge than any hope of bettering my luck, I attached another hook to my leader, about twelve inches above the first, and to it fixed a three and a half inch shiner that I had just caught, hooking it through both lips. I argued with my friend that this would do no harm, and it might be an advantage, as it would keep the worm-bait moving. The water was about twelve feet deep, and as the baits slowly sank I could feel the minnow playing. I judged it had



"HE RELAXED HIS GRASP ON THE MINNOW."

reached within a few feet of the bottom, when in a strong, steady, business-like manner it started away from the boat. At first I supposed it was the minnow at work, but after playing out foot after foot of line I began to think that it must be a larger fish than a minnow that was now at the other end of my line. About the same

time I realized the fact that only a very large trout would tackle so large a minnow, and my excitement grew apace. About 30 feet of line ran out steadily and then stopped. I was aware that the bait would have to be swallowed before the hook could get in its deadly work and immediately thought of the way a pickerel will stop in order to turn a bait in his mouth so as to swallow it head first, and I waited for a like manœuvre from my trout. I was not, however, quite prepared for what happened. Suddenly the rod was almost jerked from my grasp. The line cut the water with a z-i-p and the reel buzzed furiously. Then I struck, and struck so hard that nothing in the world



"Fastening of The Dropper"

saved the rod but the length of line that was between it and the trout. It was like striking the bottom of the lake. The fish started straight for the boat at such a rate of speed that my multiplier was inadequate and I was obliged to take in line hand over hand. In spite of my utmost endeavors, under the boat he went; then with unabated strength took a course astern of us, quickly using up the unreeling line that had accumulated in the bottom of the boat. Soon the reel sang out again until but a few feet of line remained, and I began snubbing him. On feeling this resistance he made one grand effort for liberty. He shot into the air and shook the line as a terrier does a rat. After the splash I still felt his weight from the end of my rod. Back towards us he came, but now more slowly. By keeping a taut line, I brought him alongside of the boat just as his open jaws appeared above the surface of the water. Except for the barely perceptible motion of his tail, he was motionless. Having no landing net, I undertook to lift him into the boat with the line. I had raised him half out of the water, when his grip on the minnow relaxed, and hook, minnow and all came up from the depths of his bosom, leaving the trout free. I dropped the line with a baffled groan. But mark you what followed. While yet the trout and mutilated minnow were at the surface, this fresh water shark used the last bit of his remaining strength to open his jaws and shut them once more on the juicy morsel which had just escaped him.

This time there was no fight and as the hook had luckily attached itself to his jaw, I easily raised him into the boat. He tipped the scales at three pounds and ten ounces.

The following suggestions may be of service to the amateur angler. When possible face the sun, otherwise long before the hook reaches the water your shadow will have dispersed the fish. If the banks of the stream are boggy, be careful not to jar the ground, which would have the same disastrous effect. Likewise see that overhanging bushes are not disturbed. If using bait, the leader should be but twelve inches long, for in order to reach some pools difficult of access the line must be reeled in to that length. The most attractive bait is a red angle-worm, not too large, and looped on the hook in such a way as to leave plenty of wiggling ends.

The fly leader is nine feet long, single snell, and composed of three sections. After attaching the stretcher or tail-fly, slip apart the loops that join the first two sections, counting from the stretcher, and place through them the loop on the snell of your fly. After pulling the leader loops together, it will be found that the knot on the fly-snell will prevent it from slipping. Neither will there be any danger of cracking the dry snell. When wading a stream, a light-handed landing net is slung over the shoulder by a rubber band of sufficient length to allow the net to hang on the right hip. Here it is convenient to the hand, and will easily stretch to the water and return to its former position on being released.

To really enjoy trout fishing a man must have strong but delicate tackle. Unless his rod is light and springy, and his line runs easily and smoothly, he can spend his time more pleasantly and profitably by angling for catfish after dark, or snarling suckers in the broiling sun.

A good outfit, including a \$6 seven-ounce split bamboo rod, high hip rubber boots, and an ordinary canvass hunting jacket, which is particularly useful on account of its many pockets, will cost in the neighborhood of \$25.

A lawyer who had taken some offence at a brother in the same profession once wrote in his opponent's hat the significant word "rascal." The owner of the hat, on discovering what had been done, entered a complaint in the court against the offender, "who," he said, "had not only taken his hat, but had written his own name in it."

Doctor (who has been sent for at 2 a. m.)—"Madam, pray send at once for the clergyman, and if you want to make your will, for the lawyer." Madam (horrified)—"Good gracious, is it so dangerous, doctor?" Doctor—"Not a bit of it; but I don't want to be the only one who has been disturbed in his sleep for nothing."

SCHOOL SUITS FOR CHILDREN

that will wear—tough as leather, and as pretty as a fashion plate. Something that won't wear out at the knees the first week,



\$6.00, \$6.25, \$6.50.

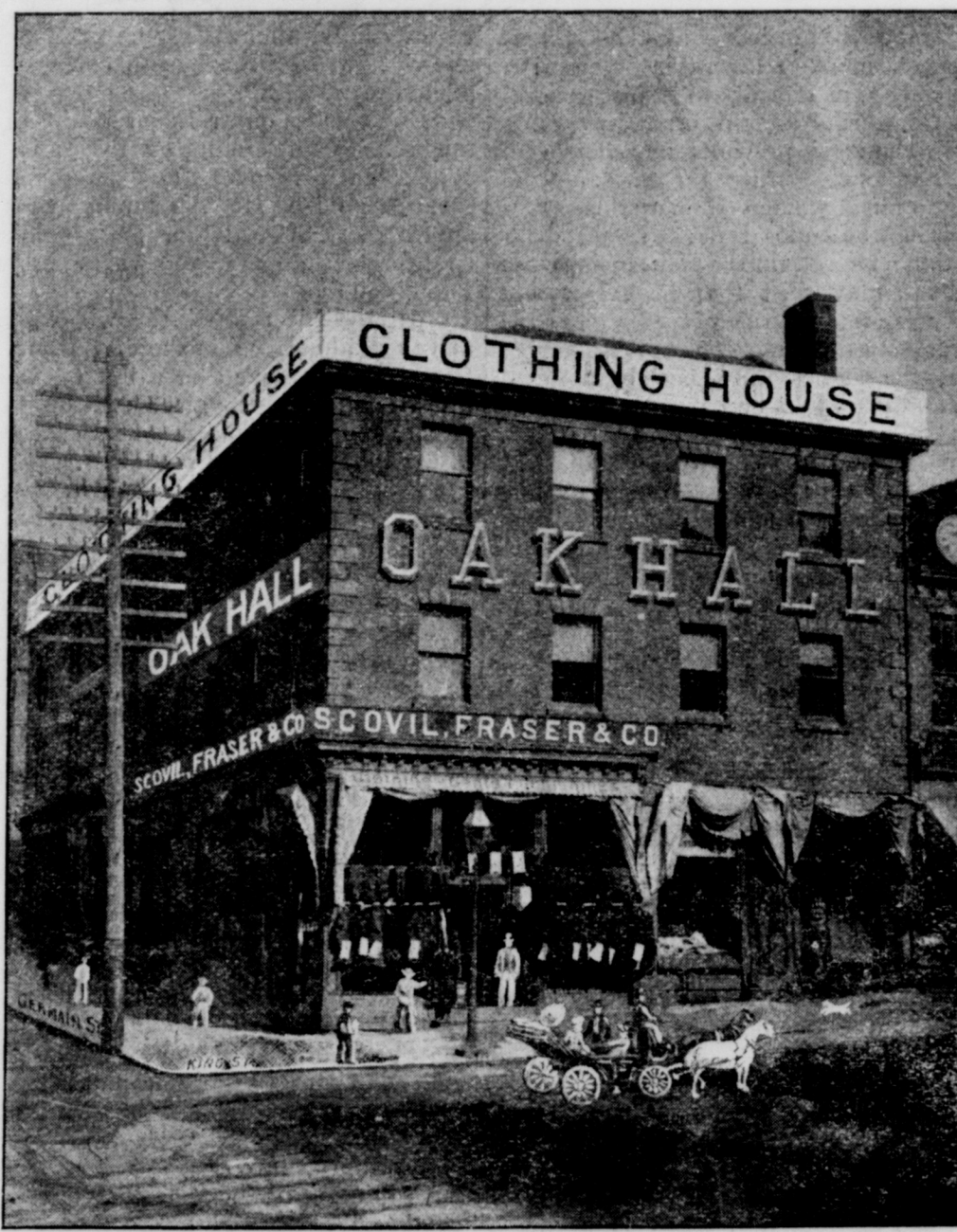
It will be to your advantage to call and see these goods now.

or at the elbows the second. They don't come high and you must have 'em. The prices are \$1.25, \$2.50, \$2.75, \$3.00, \$3.25, \$3.50, \$3.75.

By name they are called: The Fifth Avenue, The Montreal, The Halifax, The Empire, and The Club. These suits are just the ticket for children from 4 to 12 years. Odd Pants are as cheap as 85c., 90c., 95c., \$1.00, \$1.15, 1.25.

Then there are Tweed Suits for Children. All the best values at \$4.00, \$4.25, 4.50, \$4.75, \$5.00, \$5.50, \$5.75. There are mixed Tweeds, colored goods, and plain Tweeds—well made to wear.

CHILDREN'S DRESS SUITS.—Nobby goods—fancy, worsted, and black—sell for prices such as \$4.50—an elegant suit that money; and at \$5.00, \$5.50, \$5.75.



BIGGER BOYS' SCHOOL SUITS

are hard to find that give entire satisfaction. But we've got them, and you can have them at \$3.50. Just think! And at \$3.75 to \$4.50, per suit. They will wear and wear, and wear well.

BOY'S STREET SUITS.—Makes him look like business, sharpens him up, gives him snap and push. They sell at \$5.75 to \$7.75. These Suits make a great transformation in any boy. They are worn by boys of 10 years of age, and up to 15 years old. They are in three pieces: coat, pants, and vest.

A GENUINE KNICKERBOCKER.—About these Knicker Suits, now we would like you to see them and have them for your boys. It is impossible not to be pleased with them. The odd pants with the suits cost \$1.00 to \$1.75.



GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHINGS, TRUNKS, VALISES, Etc., Etc.

WORKINGMEN'S TWEED SUITS. We'll just quote prices, and not go into a lengthy description of Men's goods. The prices are all the way from \$4.50 to \$7.00.

MEN'S BUSINESS SUITS, that wear well, and look well, at \$7.50 to \$14.00.

YOUNG MEN'S SUITS—tall and slim—\$7.50 to \$10.50.

MEN'S DRESS SUITS—Stylish goods, and stylish make, \$10.50 to \$16.00.

MEN'S LIGHT SUMMER SUITS, \$5.50 to \$10.50.

MEN'S BLACK DRESS SUITS. Make-up fine and materials used throughout.—\$9.50 to \$18.00, in sacks and 4-button cutaway.

GENTLEMEN'S PRINCE ALBERT SUITS, very stylish, \$18.00 to \$22.00

YOUTHS' TWEED SUITS, for every day wear, \$4.00 to \$6.00.

YOUTHS' DRESS SUITS, in Tweeds and Worsteds, \$6.50 to \$10.50.

MEN'S TWEED WORKING PANTS. Perfect in every particular. They're the finest wearing pants we ever had. They are at prices that cannot but please all—from \$1.25 to \$2.50 per pair.

MEN'S PANTS for street wear. These pants make first-class working pants, and run from \$2.75 to \$4.00.

MEN'S Dress Pants, good wearers, equal to custom made in finish and quality of goods, from \$3.75 to \$5.00. The working pants have hip and top pockets.

SCOVIL, FRASER & COMPANY,

Cor. KING and GERMAIN STREETS, SAINT JOHN, N. B.