

How to Angle —For Trout.

Volumes have been written with the trout as the subject. The natural history of the fish, the ways of luring him, and lastly, his preparation for the table, have been decanted upon until it seems as though nothing is left to be said. And still, as the spring days come around again the inspiration is renewed and more trout literature is put upon the world. To those who have been initiated into the art and mystery of trout fishing and are endowed with the proper temperament, there is no other kind of angling which is so engrossing or fascinating. The black bass runs much larger and perhaps puts up a harder fight, ounce for ounce, but its capture does not seem to secure such an ardent and enthusiastic following as that of trout. The period of trout fishing is in itself an allurements, coming as it does after the long winter dreariness, grass turning green the shrubs and trees budding and the returning song birds calling and twittering on every side. It is then that the fever waxes in the blood. The rods and tackle are dug out of winter quarters and overlooked; the devotees of the trout cult foregather and exchange tales of past successes. What matters if the size and numbers of the 'takes' are a bit exaggerated now and then? Is anybody hurt? Does not each tolerantly make due allowance for his brother's poetic license? And is it not all poetry?

But there are certain hard facts connected with trout fishing, as with all things else. Most of the trout literature deals in balmy spring days, gentle southerly winds with light cloudy skies—days on which the fish are only too eager to be caught and the mastodon of the stream is a victim of the angler's skill, and the aforesaid, angler is able easily to cast his fly most skillfully into all the likely places and always goes home with a well filled basket. The actualities of a day's trout fishing are sometimes a trifle different. There are occasions when the day varies slightly from the ideal one of the trout poets. Sometimes the gray morning turns into a day on which the sun shines brightly and the wind blows persistently from the wrong quarter. The fish refuse to rise to the fly or take the humble worm. You tramp along the stream, stumble through the bog and underbrush and mayhap tear a hole in your waders and drag about a wet foot which later on weighs a ton or thereabout. Possibly your leader catches on a thorn bush, in some mysterious way, entirely out of the direction of your cast, and must be yanked and broken to free it; or the tip snaps, involving a long walk back to somewhere to get the spare one. The most likely pools yield no sign of trout, but you persist with a sort of desperation, recalling tales which you have heard and read of good catches made after similar experiences, although you cannot quite recall the like as ever having happened to you. Your better judgment tells you to quit and go home, but, no, you go on doggedly and perhaps eventually you secure an unsophisticated fingerling which you heartlessly keep 'for luck.' This gives you some encouragement; you think the spell may now be broken and with renewed enthusiasm you plod on further from your base of supplies. You become tired and careless at last and make little effort to screen yourself from the view of the wary fish; you do not keep your hook well baited and generally fish in such a way that no trout not afflicted with paresis would consider you for a moment as a serious proposition. At length you reluctantly reel up your line, unjoin your rod and depart. The next day—'What luck?' is the enquiry from various conferees of the gentle art. Even the most notoriously unskillful and unlucky of these listens to your tale of the day with a look which implies disparagement of your skill. You wish you hadn't gone fishing. You are not superstitious, but for the time you are half ready to believe in 'hoodoos.' Your piscatorial enthusiasm suffers a temporary eclipse.

But all this doesn't last—a little later and you are on the banks of the stream again under entirely different conditions from the day of your discouragement. The wind is right, the sun is veiled behind a warm gray cloud, there is that nameless something in the atmosphere—almost a taste of perfume, which to the true angler says 'fish'—that is unmistakable and never deceives him. There are at most but two or three such days in each spring, but the fisherman knows when they come and unhappy is he who is then tied to his desk or shop.

On such a day as this, the stream is ap

proached. It is not 'stocked' water, replenished each year with thousands of fry to replace the fish taken by some club of owners where the trout are tame enough to come at a whistle, but it is a natural trout stream with trout in it, which cannot be said of all so-called trout brooks, for many of the best natural waters have been depleted in various ways—by poachers with nets, by 'lining,' otter, minks and the destruction of spawn by eels and other fish. Many streams where once excellent fishing could be found have been ruined by the erection on their banks of portable sawmills whereby the water becomes filled with sawdust. No trout can exist in them and when once depleted the increase later on is very slow.

But to return to our fishing. It is too early in the season to hope for much success with the fly, and besides bait fishing with a fly rod and fine tackle is 'sporty' enough for most of us. Also very few streams can be fished effectively with the artificial fly. Underbrush, trees, leaving no room for a proper cast, an adverse wind at the most likely spots when the fly cannot be placed where it is wanted, all tell against its use in most waters in the United States. In England, where the streams flow through cleared meadows, readily approachable and where there is little or no undergrowth or natural forests, the fly can be used to great advantage. Also there are preserves in America where the conditions are similar, but in most of our streams, where the fishing is free or partly so, the natural conditions are greatly against an effective use of the artificial fly. This may be piscatorial heresy, but it is a fact nevertheless. To some of the Maine or Adirondack lakes these remarks of course do not apply, but they do to the ordinary brook or small stream fishing, accessible in two or three hours from most of our large cities.

The humble angle worm is a killing bait in all waters. A fly rod can be used just the same and casting resorted to when there is sufficient room. In most cases no sinker is necessary, but there is one cardinal, positive rule—you must as far as possible, at however much personal discomfort and inconvenience, keep out of sight of the fish, for if they see you they will not take your lure.

If the stream flows through a meadow, with no intervening bushes or shelter, you must creep on your hands and knees until you are near enough to cast, and you must be very gentle about the cast and make as few contortions as possible. Don't march up to the water as if you expected the trout to be paralyzed with admiration at your outfit and general style. Begin to be cautious when within fifty feet of the brink especially if there is little shelter. You may not look so much like a sporting picture, 'snooping' through a bog, as you would posing gracefully by the edge of the water and gallantly brandishing your rod in an exhibition cast, but you will catch more trout. Face the sun if there is any, for the fish will flee from your shadow or that of the rod. Cast with the wind if you can, your bait will fall more naturally and you can cast much further. Cross the stream to take advantage of the wind, if necessary. Spare yourself no pains if you want trout. To be lazy or careless means a light basket. In rapid running water you may be able to wade and let your line run out to some distance ahead, also in such water the fish are not so likely to see you, but bear in mind all the time that you are in pursuit of the most wary of fish and must stalk them as the hunter stalks the deer.

Where the stream flows through woods undergrowth and alder swamps your difficulties are infinitely increased, for you can not in many cases wade or cast. There is constant risk of your line being caught by innumerable twigs which reach their pestering claws for it on every hand. But in such places lurk the largest fish and he who has the skill and patience to get his hook into the water catches them. On this particular day mind you. You will more than likely lose your leader, or part of it, more than once and you may be tempted to utter cuss words—but remember the proverb, 'Swearers catch no fish,' at and rate try to keep your temper; you will do better fishing. Don't stay too long at any particular spot, for trout become very shy after a few casts. Give the place a rest for an hour or so and come back and see what happens. Fish up or down the stream as best suits the method of approach, and the direction of the wind. Sit down and rest now and then. Fill

up your pipe if you smoke—and most anglers do. Look about at the landscape and give thanks that you are on earth to day and are an angler, or at least try to be one. Make resolutions to be a better man and to be more moderate than you have some time been in your stories of your prowess in the piscatorial art. Then you can have another try at the stream.

Remember that the finer and more delicate your tackle the better your chances with so shy a fish as trout. A six foot leader of fine gut will be long enough—four feet will generally answer. Use a good six ounce rod. On the whole nothing is better than split bamboo. Carry plenty of hooks and two or three spare leaders, sometimes a sinker is useful. Keep half a dozen adjustable ones in your pocket. They can readily be put on or removed.

Phenomenal success—in tales—is credited to the small boy with a stick and a string, but in cases where some truth may lurk in the legend you will generally find that the small boy had special knowledge of some choice pool and fished it very warily. You hear nothing of his bad luck days, but you may be sure he had them. Fine tackle does not of itself take fish, but it helps every time.

If you use angleworms see that your hook is well and freshly baited. Use a whole worm each time and let the ends dangle above and below the hook. As soon as it ceases to wiggle, rebait, for the trout will not touch a stale worm. The belly fin of the trout, next the tail, is often very killing, especially in waters that will admit of casting, where it can be used like the artificial fly and has the advantage of lasting a long time without renewal.

Each stretch of the stream has its own peculiarities which must be observed as separate problems. Consider the best methods of approach and where the fish probably are, but you will frequently take fish where you least expect to, and fail in the most likely looking spots. Care, pati-

ence and perhaps a certain natural instinct distinguish the angler who habitually fills his creel from him whose 'luck' is generally bad or mediocre.

Don't be a hog, if the fates happen to be good to you and the trout bite freely. You don't want more than eighteen or twenty—if you are lucky enough to get as many. You cannot eat them all yourself and it is the fishmonger's business, not yours, to supply your friends. Don't keep fingerlings and don't try to make the record catch of the season. Later on you will very likely make some wild statements about the day's sport, but at the brookside be merciful. This caution is, however, very probably needless, for trout fishing is apt to be extremely uncertain.

Lastly, don't go fishing on Sunday.

The Home Soil.

The virtues of the home soil are always in the best writing. The living author is the last man in the world who can afford to be without a country.

The books which are sold generation after generation are those written when the authors were on their own ground, breathing the air of their own country and learning the secrets of human nature from their own neighbors.

Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress' was the work of a man who had hardly been out of his native county, and the scenic setting for it is to be found to-day among the hills of Bedfordshire.

'Don Quixote' had the breath of life which came from close contact with Spanish soil, and the world is never weary of reading this great work of Cervantes.

Izaak Walton wrote the 'Complete Angler' for all time in rambling among the trout streams of his own shire.

Irving, Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Lowell and Holmes did their best work when they were on their own ground, where they were pulsating with American feeling and purpose.

It is not necessary for writers to go far

afield for their subjects and their inspiration. They do not require the education of travel, nor ought they to wander over the face of the earth like artists with sketch-books. Let them write about what lies nearest to them—their own country and people.

A WARNING TO ALL.

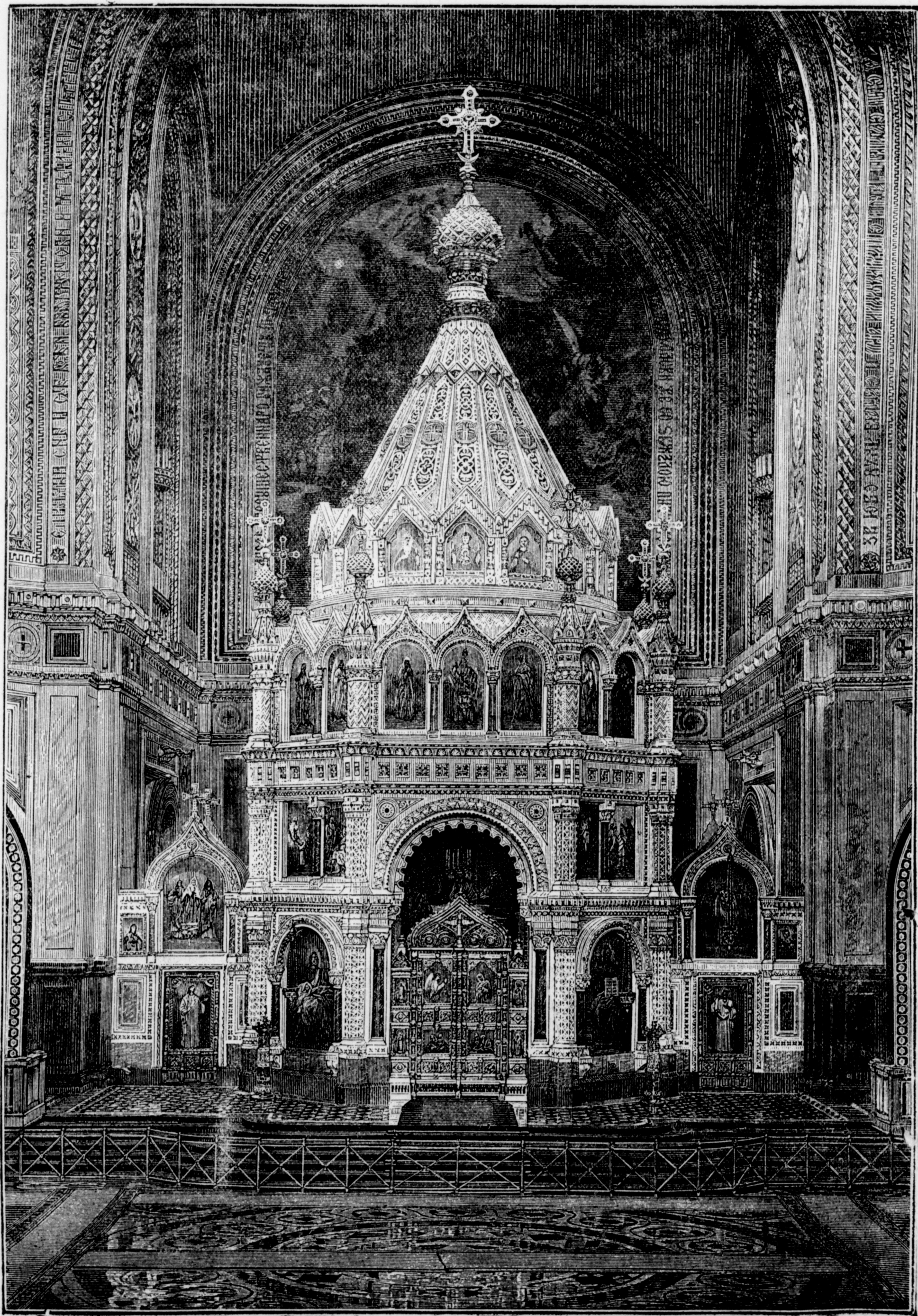
Mrs Elizabeth Berry Stopped Taking Dodd's Kidney Pills after only Trying One Box.

Not Being Cured Instantly, Was Disappointed—Three Years After Tried Dodd's Kidney Pills again Twelve Boxes Completely Cured Her.

BEAR RIVER, N. S., Apr. 30. A great number of worthy people, both in Nova Scotia and the other Maritime Provinces have in time past fallen into the error of thinking that Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure their diseases—often of long years' standing—almost instantly. They follow the directions and take Dodd's Kidney Pills regularly for the first few days, and are often disappointed if their health is not restored.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are the promptest and most speedy remedy for kidney diseases ever known on this earth and they have almost performed miracles in snatching people out of the very jaws of death, but they will not do impossibilities. No medicine ever invented will cure kidney disease like Dodd's Kidney Pills. But they want a fair chance. A doctor doesn't cure a patient of a fever in two or three visits. It takes times. So with Dodd's Kidney Pills.

The case of Mrs. Elizabeth Berry, of Bear River, published recently, is typical of hundreds of others throughout the country. Impatience to be cured, lack of perseverance in taking the medicine, foolish belief that it will cure chronic diseases in a few days—these causes are responsible for the only disappointment ever occasioned by Dodd's Kidney Pills. If they are given a fair, honest chance, Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure Kidney Disease every time. There is no question about it. They have done it a hundred thousand times before.



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