

ANGLING.

NOTES ON JULY ANGLING.

TO anglers living east of the Rocky Mountains and north of the latitude of Virginia, the month of July ushers in enjoyable days for angling upon mountain streams and lakes. Many are the waters and numerous the species of fish that now await the fisherman's lures, be they of living or dead things, or so fashioned as to look like nothing existent in the air, on land or in the water, for, strange to say, these nondescripts are often the most killing.

July is the month when the brook trout (red-spotted and native) are at their best. The ice water has all run out of the streams; insect life is now appearing within and over the waters and falling from overhanging alders; an occasional thunderstorm fills the banks, surface food is drifting down the current, and the trout, but now thoroughly recovered from their ice-bound hibernations, are on the forage for their daily bread, alert, keen-sighted and rampant in dashes and leaps, a fit fighter each on a four-ounce rod and gossamer leader.

TROUT are, I think, by far more game in the month of July than at any other season. In April and May the spring brooks still retain a remnant of their wintry character, and this, I think, affects the trout very much as a damp, chilly day does a man; he does not feel the atmospheric cold, but is chilled to the bone. I have taken a trout on a mild spring day in April, and as I lifted it from the water it was lifeless as a winter leaf, and gave neither a flap of the tail nor an upheaval of the gill cover.

The angling tourist in July will frequently meet with rainbow trout that have been planted in the waters east of the Rocky Mountains. This fish is the most game of all the trout family, frequently leaping from the water when hooked, and showing superior vigor of dash and resistance. It is fished for with the same lures as are used for the red-spotted fish, but has no objection to the coarsest of natural baits, provided they are fresh when offered.

On the Pacific coast the rainbows are found in their prime in many waters, notably the St. Cloud River in California and the Willamette in Oregon, and in the latter the fish run very large and are fierce, acrobatic fighters. In the St. Cloud River, from whence our Eastern stock was taken, the rainbow is only of moderate size and does not equal the planted Eastern fish in game qualities, which are very prominent in this fish when found in the Au Sable Rivers

of Michigan and New York. The angler who seeks the rainbow will require only the regular stock of standard flies in his book.

WE have with us an imported trout known as the German or brown trout, over which "much to do" has been made, I think, without good angling reasons for it. It is known as "the Dutchman" in some sections, and because of its rapid growth and large size, is much sought by those who want big fish on strong hand-over-hand haul-in tackle. It is the trout of Izaak Walton's laudation. The brown trout can be taken with any of the standard trout flies, and is found in many waters east of the Mississippi, notably the Beaverkill in Sullivan County, N. Y., where it grows to a large size. It is in its prime in the month of July.

July is a fair month for grayling fishing, although, being a spring spawner, the grayling is in its best condition later in the season. This fish is rapidly disappearing, and our fish culturists have not discovered, as yet, the proper method of hatching them artificially. There is no difficulty in fertilizing the ova, but the young fish die very early.

WHILE the grayling of Michigan is disappearing, apparently being destroyed by the trout, those of Montana waters do not seem to be affected by the same cause, as they live and thrive in streams swarming with the black-spotted trout (*Salmo Clarkii*) and the Rocky Mountain whitefish. During an outing in 1896 I fished the Gallatin River, Montana, and took with a fly 125 grayling, whitefish and trout, and did not cover a stretch of water more than fifty feet in length. Frequently I caught on the one and the same cast, a trout, a grayling and a whitefish. Needless to say, our big score was one of record only, and the pan cooked but few of the catch, the balance going their way rejoicing through the pools.

A few grayling can yet be caught in the Au Sable River above the town of Grayling, Mich., and in the Manistee River on the western side of the State and in a few other waters, but not many years will pass before the Michigan grayling will become extinct.

The Montana grayling is a tougher fish, and can be found in its greatest vigor in the Madison, Jefferson and Gallatin Rivers of Montana. The best locality, I think, is about fifteen miles above the junction of these three rivers, which form the head waters of the Missouri.

The Alaskan or Back's grayling has doubtless given many a meal to the gold-seekers in

the territory of Alaska. This grayling is typical of the species, the dorsal fin being resplendent in colorations of great height and extending beyond the adipose or fatty fin. So strikingly beautiful is this standard or banner, that the specific name of *Signifer* (standard bearer) has been given to the fish when taken from some waters. The grayling is caught on standard trout flies, dressed on Nos. 10 and 12 sproat hooks. I had a faint conviction (if any at all) that this fish preferred the Beaver-kill fly, the body wound with silver tinsel, when properly offered to it.

AROUND Prince Edward Island, in the affluence of the Bay Chaleurs, the bays of the eastern coast of Nova Scotia and a few other localities, the sea trout commence to run in June—July, however, being the best time to lure them. These fish run from one pound to six, and fight fiercely. The standard salmon flies dressed on Nos. 4 to 8 hooks, or, as they are sometimes called, "large trout flies," are the proper feathers for them. At times, particularly in Bay Chaleurs, they literally swarm, and give great sport. In the fresh waters of Newfoundland they appear about the middle of July, and are found in great numbers.

The fishing for the so-called golden trout of Sunapee Lake is in season during July. This fish must not be confused with the typical golden trout of the Mount Whitney region, California, the aqua-bonita rainbow beauty of the Sierras. The former is a charr and the latter a pure salmon trout; the one a semi-golden trout of great size, the other a small, slender, gracefully-formed fish, wearing always an overcoat of bright orange-gold coloration. Both fish, however, take the same feathers, the dressings of which must be varied in size to suit the bulk of either fish.

July is the month when that tiger of the waters, the black bass, takes the artificial fly most greedily. Volumes have been written on the habits, qualities, idiosyncrasies and habitat of the black bass, but they can be summed up in the terse phrase of Doctor Henshall—"inch for inch, pound for pound, the gamest fish that swims."

The black bass gives the greater sport when fished for in running waters with the artificial fly, seldom, if, ever, being found in the rapids, but often in the eddies at their edges. In stream fishing, flies tied on No. 4 sproat hooks, in sober colors, notably brown turkey feathers, seem to be the most killing, but this fish will not halt at rising in proper condition of the water to flies of all tints and dressings. In

fact, I usually take the first fly that comes to hand, particularly if I intend to fish the foot of a rapid, where the water is circling in little eddies before subsiding into the pool.

THE cream of the Canadian fishing will be found in New Brunswick; along the north shore of the St. Lawrence, north of Quebec city, so far as and including the great feeders of Lake St. John, and along the marvelous north shore of Lake Superior. Greatest, perhaps, of all these Superior streams is, of course, the celebrated Nepigon, but it has many rivals. The country for miles east of it is traversed by rapid streams too numerous for present mention, and every one of these is a trout-water. Time is, of course, required for a visit to these regions, but even should the trip be deferred until the heated term, it should be richly rewarded. Three and four-pound fish are quite common in all of these remoter streams, while a pound or so heavier is always among the probabilities.

Apropos of these extensive Canadian fishing waters, it is interesting to note the progress of a great protective movement, such as that just taking form under the name of The Roberval Fish and Game Association, with that thorough sportsman, Lord Minto, the Governor-General of Canada, as its chief sponsor. This Association, through the purchase of the vast fish and game concessions of Mr. H. J. Beemer in the Lake St. John region of Quebec, has come into control of about thirty thousand square miles of hunting and fishing territory, and has begun a systematic and scientific plan of stocking its waters with salmon and other fish. Lord Minto has suggested that the preservation of the forests be also undertaken by the Association, and very likely this will be done.

With such beneficent purposes as fish, game and forest protection added to its remarkable natural advantages, it is not surprising to hear that much interest is being taken in the Association among sportsmen both in this country and Canada. In point of fact, sportsmen are beginning to realize that the salvation of game in and out of the water rests with these preserves.

WHEN THE FLY FAILS.

ALTHOUGH fly-fishing is the true angler's delight, there are conditions when one is compelled to fall back upon the bait. It may be that the natural flies are so abundant that the fish cannot be tempted; or it is too hot; or the melting snows have unduly chilled the water;

or there are mutterings of thunder, or some other conditions when the fly is not efficacious; and a few words of advice on the subject of bait may not be out of place.

The most reliable of baits for all-round use is a plump angleworm. There is a variety of worm, which may be found by the hundred in the vicinity of stables and in old manure-piles. It is yellowish below, and is marked in alternating red and yellow rings; its odor is very offensive. Avoid this worm. Some people use it, but I have yet to take a good fish with it. The chief reason for mentioning it at all is that a party may be paid to dig worms, and as this useless worm is the easiest to obtain, it is mighty apt to be offered. The proper worm is the common garden worm, which is plentiful in rich, damp soil. Secure a generous supply—a quart will be none too many for a good day. Have them dug the evening before the start, and keep the main supply in an old bucket or box. Put in a few handfuls of moist earth, then the worms, and cover with plenty more earth, and the worms will keep in fine condition. Fill the small bait-box from the larger, as desired. Other reliable baits include natural insects—grasshoppers, flies, etc.; white grubs, found in rotten logs; larvae of bees and wasps; the eyes and belly-fins of trout; maggots, crickets, and fragments of cooked or raw meat.

ON RAPID WATERS.

IN bait fishing in rapid water, I always prefer to work down-stream. The trout lie with their heads up-stream, eagerly watching for what the water may bring, and a bait moving with the current looks natural, and, in addition, keeps the line taut and ready for instant action. A trout seldom hesitates over a bait, but either ignores it altogether or lays hold with a vim; hence one cannot well strike too soon after a nibble is felt. In case the sun casts too pronounced a shadow ahead when working directly down-stream, move along whichever bank will enable you to work across and down-stream. This, usually, can be easily managed.

Do not be grudging over the quantity of worms put upon the hook. Have a few loops, and an end or two, free to wriggle, and so increase the attractiveness of the morsel.

Always approach a stream quietly, and, when possible, in the shelter of shrubs, or other cover. You cannot be too cautious, especially when the stream has run low and is very clear. Trout are wary customers, in spite of the headlong dash of their attack upon the bait. Where

the stream runs through the open, as across a meadow, increased caution is absolutely necessary. This may appear to a novice like absurd overcaution, but it is not, as veteran anglers can attest. When wading the stream, move slowly and as silently as possible, and carefully avoid all violent and unnecessary action of the arms. Take your time, and thoroughly try every likely-looking spot before moving on. If, after taking, or pricking and losing a fish, you have reason to believe that others are near by, sit down for a smoke for ten or fifteen minutes, and give the fish time to recover from the alarm sure to be caused by the struggle of the captive.

SOME DON'TS.

DON'T run away with the idea, because you don't at once get a bite, that there are no fish in the stream. Keep quiet, and try under the banks, and near large boulders, driftwood, and the like. Don't knock stones about with your feet when wading; such sounds carry far in the water and alarm fish. Don't handle a rod as if it were a club and you had a personal grievance against the stream. Don't try to jerk the heads off your fish, and don't hoist them into the branches above you. Don't mind the troublesome insects. They will attend strictly to business. Don't act generally as if you knew there was a fool at the butt of the rod and you wanted another fool at the tip. And, above all, don't keep feeling for your flask! Spiritual consolation is a good thing, but leave the bulk of your reformation to the sermon of streams and stones. It is well preached by our best trout waters.

And lastly—and this is very important—don't try to measure your enjoyment by the tally of the fish killed. Such a proceeding will surely stamp you as a mere imitation of a genuine fisherman. Never fish merely for the sake of killing, and never kill a fish for which you do not expect to find a proper use. Unreasonable slaughter is something which a true sportsman abhors, and the moment a gentlemanly sport is dragged down to the level of mere butchery it ceases to be worthy the attention of intelligent people. Before speaking of your success, first wash your mouth with some reliable astringent, so as to talk small. A well-known authority long ago remarked that "All men are liars." As exceptions prove the rule, do your best to be an exception. The man of old knew whereof he spoke—he was something of a fisherman himself—he *knew!*