

MASSACHUSETTS FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.—Between forty-five and fifty members attended the regular monthly meeting of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association at the Tremont House, Boston, last Wednesday (Nov. 3) and passed a pleasant and also profitable evening. The membership list was increased by two, and four proposals were referred over till the next meeting. Committee reports showed that since Aug. 1 there had been some fourteen or fifteen prosecutions of the fish and game laws made, some of which had been settled and some appealed (but one only being lost), and that there were before the Association about eight or nine complaints, which on account of the depleted treasury it had not seemed advisable to undertake without express authority. A number of members spoke on the necessity of responding to appeals for help, and it being decided upon to open a subscription list for defraying expenses, between \$150 and \$200 was subscribed and paid to the treasurer during the evening, and a committee was appointed to solicit subscriptions from others who were not present.

THE "CAMPS."—Many must have regretted the close of the delightful series of sketches in FOREST AND STREAM entitled "Sam Lovel's Camps," descriptive of wood and water life in early spring. These will be glad to learn that Sam has been camping again this fall, and his friends are to get the benefit of his observations from the same gifted pen that reported the spring experience, and in the columns of the same interesting weekly. The author evidently has watched outdoor phenomena with keen and sympathetic eyes, and in point of style he is perhaps the best contributor FOREST AND STREAM has had in recent years. In the use of the Yankee dialect some of the *habitus* of Sam's camp and Uncle Lisha's shop rival Hosea Bigelow himself. We think we cannot be mistaken in attributing these sketches to the author of the graceful little essays on "Hunting Without a Gun," which appeared in FOREST AND STREAM two or three years ago.—*Syracuse (N. Y.) Standard, Nov. 3.*

TOLEDO, Ohio.—During the past season one of the guests entertained by the Cedar Point Club, of Toledo, was Frank H. Ellis, and in recognition of the club's hospitality they have received from Mr. Ellis a very fine and costly present, in the shape of a "fire place outfit," for their club house. The set consists of a crane, andirons, tongs, fire shovel, poker and water kettle. The material is iron and the designs very appropriate. The andirons are in the shape of a duck, head and neck, web-feet and wings, and the workmanship is admirable. The water kettle is a duck, the body of copper trimmed with iron. The mouth or spout is the head of a duck with wings and feet of iron, and on the side is the Cedar Point Club monogram. The designs of the rest of the set are made to correspond, and the workmanship is ingenious. The cost was \$1,000, including the duty. The set was made in Paris.

THE "BLUE PLOVER."—(See FOREST AND STREAM Nov. 4, 1886.) If "Jack Snipe" will refer to Baird, Brewer and Ridgway's "History of North American Water Birds," Vol. I., p. 212, he will find a good description of his "blue plover" as the young of the "knot" or "robin snipe" (*Tringa canutus*). The name is common on the New England coast between Boston and Portland, where the adult bird is always called "redbreast".—*JOHN MURDOCH (U. S. National Museum, Nov. 6).*

MINNESOTA.—Swanville, 123 miles from St. Paul, affords good grouse shooting. I went out two days and made a good bag. Ducks are abundant and there are black and gray squirrels in fair numbers. Board may be had at the hotel for \$5 per week. There are deer to be had here later in the season, and bruin has also paid the penalty time and again hereabouts. One sportsman made a bag of over one hundred geese in about ten days' time in the fields.—*DELL.*

PHEASANTS FOR TUXEDO PARK.—Messrs. Reiche & Bros. received last week a consignment of 250 European pheasants for Mr. Lorillard's preserves at Tuxedo Park, Orange county, New York. The birds came from Bohemia and Silesia.

### Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

### CENTRAL LAKE, MICH.

CONTINUING his account of the adventures of five anglers "In Northern Michigan" (see last issue) our correspondent "Dick" writes of their camp on Island No. 2, in Central Lake: On entering Central Lake, three small heavily-timbered islands met our delighted gaze, and according to directions we pulled for the middle one which is called "No. 2." It is about 100yds. wide and 200yds. long, covered with grass, trees and bushes, and about midway on the east side is the landing and a clean grassy space about sixty feet long by forty feet wide, for pitching tents. The island is owned by Mr. Frank Lewis, of the Lewis House, a summer resort on the narrow neck of land between the upper end of Torch Lake and Lake Michigan. Mr. Lewis once built a small house on the island for the purpose of entertaining tourist fishermen, but the location was so far in the wilderness that sportsmen didn't frequent it much, and consequently Mr. Lewis had the house removed. He improved the island by clearing out the underbrush and planting angle worms. The worms thrived wonderfully, and fishermen now come to the island from points a half dozen miles away for bait. Island No. 2 is situated a mile from the foot of the lake, a quarter of a mile from the east shore and a little more than that from the west shore. There is good fishing for bass, pickerel or sunfish within a hundred yards of the landing; there is an abundance of shade trees and the underbrush has been partially cut away to give access to the breezes, which keep the festive mosquito away until evening. The only disadvantage of the island is lack of fuel and drinking water, but on the east shore of the lake directly opposite our landing is a spring of pure cold water and near by an abundance of fuel. So taking it all in all we think it an excellent camping ground. We circumvented the mosquitoes, at length, and this is

how we did it. We banked the tent with sand on all sides, and pinning back the flap pinned a mosquito bar over the orifice, letting it trail on the ground enough to be well sanded from the inside of the tent. When ready to go into the tent we would brush out what mosquitoes we could, and then after fastening the net from the inside so that none could return, we took candles and caught and killed all that remained. It only required a few minutes each evening and was a perfect success. We could then pass the evenings comfortably.

Monday morning there was a nice breeze from the southwest, and Jack, Paul and Frank went fishing. They came in for breakfast singing and shouting, which we knew meant good luck; they had captured sixteen fine bass, weighing in the aggregate 46lbs.

Visiting Bellaire for some needed articles, Jack and I decided to try the Cedar for trout. We struck the river at the bridge, which is a little more than half a mile from its mouth. Jack fished down stream and I up, agreeing to start for the boat at 3. Cedar River is a cold, dark, swift-running stream, and so brushy and full of fallen trees that it only admits of bait-fishing. It is about 30ft. wide, and the banks are such a tangle of cedar as to be almost impassable; in fact, they are impassable to any one save a trout fisherman. The banks in some places are high, but are mostly low and swampy. The mosquitoes, black flies, deer flies and "no-see-ums" are a "power in the land," and it is a plucky fisherman who holds out for a six-hours' fish. We tried all the different "dopes" we could hear of, but didn't find anything that did very much good. Oil of tar we considered the best, but it is rather disagreeable, and will tan a person black as an Indian.

When I reached the boat Jack showed me 27 trout, all good average and the largest weighing 15oz., Dick 24 and the largest weighing 13oz. Henry, our cook, proved a character; a regular encyclopaedia of gossip and information. He could not be within hearing of any discussion without taking a hand, and would leave his work at any time to inflict us with his eloquence. His ears were always open to hear a question asked and his tongue always ready to volunteer a reply.

Each day of our stay on the island was as lovely as could be and each day's fishing brought all the fish we could use—more we did not want. Each day two or three would go to Cedar River after trout, so we always had at least one mess of trout per day. After ten days on our island Frank's leave of absence being about over he regretfully took his departure. Four days later Paul bade us good bye and a week later Jack, Bob and I said farewell to our island home, and jumping into our boats pulled out for the head of Intermediate River. The ride down the river that morning was most charming and will long dwell in my memory as an hour of unalloyed happiness. We reached Anderson's for dinner and caught the Queen on her down trip, arriving in Elk Rapids for supper. Next day we went over to Traverse City, where we staid a week, fishing in the lakes in the vicinity and trouting in the Boardman River. While at Traverse Jack caught the "king trout" of the trip; it weighed just 2lbs. and was said to be the largest caught that season, although they have been captured in the Boardman weighing as high as 5lbs. *DICK.*

### THE ALBANY FLY-CASTING.

ALBANY, N. Y., Nov. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The first annual fly-casting tournament of the Fly-Casting Association of Albany, N. Y., took place to-day. It would be hard to select a worse day. The wind blew from the north, south, east and west. Snow flew and the water was choppy. Taking all in all it was a grand success. There were about seventy-five fly-fishermen present and it was held on Washington Park Lake. The judges were: Messrs. Dean Sage, Wm. Kirk, Wm. G. Carr, James H. Manning. I inclose a score which explains itself:

	Length of rod.	Distance in feet.	Delicacy.	Accuracy.	T <sup>1</sup>
H. R. Sweny.....	11.0	59	22 1/2	2 1/2	25
T. W. Olcott.....	11.6	52	17 1/2	5	22 1/2
W. D. Frothingham.....	10.6	57	20	2 1/2	25
Fred K. Wood.....	10.4	59	12 1/2	10	20
Howard Paddock.....	11.6	74	12 1/2	2 1/2	15
W. W. Hill.....	11.6	67	17 1/2	....	17 1/2
Dr. H. L. Whitbeck.....	11.0	56	20	....	20
George Brooks.....	11.6	66	10	7 1/2	17 1/2
Frank Tyler.....	10.6	64	7 1/2	5	12 1/2
P. M. Luffman.....	11.6	71	12 1/2	5	17 1/2
B. F. Reese.....	10.6	60	5	....	5
M. Stark.....	10.4	58	....	5	5
Wm. G. Paddock.....	11.6	63	7 1/2	2 1/2	10
Dayton Ball.....	11.0	58	12 1/2	2 1/2	15

The prizes for longest casts were won as follows: First, Howard Paddock, 72ft. (Spalding rod); second, Fred K. Wood, 69ft. (Nichols rod); third, P. M. Luffman, 69ft. (4 dozen Scotch bass flies); fourth, W. W. Hill, 67ft. (50yds. enamel line). Wood and Luffman tied on 69ft. and in casting off Wood made 74ft. and Luffman 71ft.

The prizes for accuracy and delicacy were as follows: First, H. R. Sweny (automatic reel); second, T. W. Olcott (Bray fly-book); third, F. K. Wood (50yds. enamel line); fourth, W. D. Frothingham (4 dozen trout flies).

It is expected that the association will grow considerably and another year will make a better show. *W. G. PADDOCK.*

ANOTHER CRITIC ON A CRITIC.—The critic, so severely criticized by "Awasoose" and others in the last number of your paper, would evidently subject the editor to his own limitations. He fails to recognize the fact ever present to the inner consciousness of so many thousand lovers of nature, albeit overworked and heavy laden with the cares of life, that the FOREST AND STREAM, under its present editorial management, is a sovereign balm for the sick and wearied soul. Let your correspondent pass his leisure in the study of statistical reports, the bigger and mustier the better, and may he find such solace healthful and entertaining, for so shall he exercise one among the many glorious privileges of American citizenship, but let him not too strongly condemn the preference of those who choose rather the dash of waves, the forest odors that ever float in upon our souls with the advent of our favorite journal in the green cover, on which sitteth the semblance of a sportsman who loveth nature for herself, and who telleth his bosom friend, not how many fish his creel contains, but how he caught them.—*KELPTE.*

### NUMBERING FISH HOOKS.

THERE has been a movement in England, headed by the *Fishing Gazette*, and backed by Mr. Cholmondeley-Pennell, to reform the numbering of fish hooks and to get the different makers to unite on a common system. One maker acknowledges to three modes of numbering, as follows: "Our sneck bend hooks commence at 000; round, Kirby and Limerick bends at 00; Sproat's and Pennell's bends at No. 1," and adds that the No. 1 of the various shapes are about equal in size but does not say how nearly they approximate. It seems that the Redditch No. 1 hook is the No. 12 under the Kendal system, while the No. 6 becomes No. 7 and the No. 10 becomes No. 3, etc. Surely here is a chance for reformation, but the day of accomplishment seems distant.

It was proposed to have all hooks number upward from the smallest, thus: 000, 00, 0, 1, 2, 3, etc., up to the largest sizes. This method will allow of additions at either end, should larger or smaller hooks be made, and would soon become familiar. It is already in use by one firm, and perhaps professional rivalry prevents others from adopting it. Certain it is that in answer to circulars sent out by the *Fishing Gazette* to the principal makers of hooks, seven firms replied, and six of these say that it would be "impossible" for them to make the change. This is what might be expected from men engaged in any business in which they have sale for their goods to those who are familiar with their labels, and what more do they want? Anglers and fishermen must have hooks and will buy them if there are no numbers at all on the packages, as they could select what they want by the eye, but the more intelligent anglers desire that all hooks of one size shall bear the same number. As one of them puts it: "Imagine for a moment all the gunmakers in England numbering the bores of guns each according to his own particular fancy."

We are in hearty sympathy with this movement, for it affects America as much as it does England, and we are sorry to see the trade so conservative, to put it mildly. It strikes us that the claim of the makers that a new system of numbering is "impossible," merely means that they are indifferent to this proposed reform, because it would cause them some slight trouble. A way out of this difficulty would be to adopt some uniform system for labeling hooks, and then for convenience add below the numbers, in parenthesis, "Old numbers.—" Within a few years the new system would gradually come into use and the old ones would die. The adoption of a standard for reel plates by the National Rod and Reel Association in this country has worked well. Most all reels now conform to it and only a few rural makers adhere to their individual standard. Let the hook makers meet and agree to adopt a uniform standard and to use double labels as long as may be necessary, and anglers the world over will feel grateful.

### WHITE PERCH WITH THE FLY.

THE letter in FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 4 in regard to the white perch as a game fish was something of a surprise to me. Not as regards the qualities of the fish, but that a gentleman of Mr. Mother's reputation should have just discovered them. As I have caught white perch with the fly for years, I may be able to give a little information to others who may not have tried taking them in that manner.

White perch in this section of the country generally take the fly best in the latter half of June and first part of July, from a half hour before sunset until dark, when they naturally are swimming near the surface to take the "bass flies," as we call them here, which, on calm, warm evenings, swarm about the ponds. This year was an exception. I did not once get perch enough for a mess until almost the last of July, when for a few days they took the fly very freely. I then, one evening between 6 o'clock and 7:30, caught fifty white perch, and a few days later took forty more within the same length of time, an average of one fish every two minutes for the full time of fishing.

I used three flies on a 6ft. leader and on one of these evenings I took three perch at a time seven times in succession. As they most always swim in schools, it is very often the case that before one can be reeled in the other flies will be taken. As I have made all the flies I have used for years for trout, black bass and white perch, I have experimented a good deal as regards color, and will unhesitatingly say that, for white perch fishing in this part of the country, the two flies which are most taking are the red-bib and a fly made of red, yellow and white. I make it as follows: White body ribbed with gold, wings red and yellow mixed, yellow hackle and red or yellow tail. No doubt the Parmacheene-belle, which combines about the same colors, would do as well. I use a No. 5 or 6 Sproat hook.

There was one thing in Mr. Mother's letter which particularly interested me. He speaks of his white perch throwing himself out of the water. I have only caught them in lakes and ponds in this part of Massachusetts and just across the line in Rhode Island. In fact almost entirely in our Watuppa Lakes, near the city, but I have never, out of many hundreds caught, seen one jump out of water and never heard of one doing so before. I had considered it here an almost infallible sign in hooking a fish whether it was a perch or small black bass, by noticing that where it was a very rare case to reel in a black bass without its breaking water a white perch never did. It is only one more proof of the difference in the habits of the same fish in different sections of the country. *O. E. BORDEN.*

FALL RIVER, Mass., Nov. 8.

MINNESOTA.—Sauk Center, Minn., Oct. 27.—Gray Eagle, Minn., is a good resort for those who like to cast a fly or cast a minnow. On the Little Falls & Dakota Railway, 135 miles from St. Paul, northeast. The route is via N. P. R. R., from St. Paul to Little Falls. It has some of the finest fishing in this State; pike, pickerel, bass, etc., are easily brought up by a "grub" worm or minnow. The lake is a beautiful sheet of water one mile from town; board may be had for \$4 or \$5 per week at the Fuller House.—*DELL.*

FORT WAYNE, Ind., Oct. 28.—I have just seen 76 black bass, 7 of which were small-mouths, also 6 pike, all caught in two days fishing by Messrs. Moritz and Hayden, of this city, at West Lakes, 32 miles north of here. Live minnow used as bait.—*J. P. H.*