

# Wet Fly Fishing for Brown Trout in New Zealand

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No. I.

**W**ET fly fishing is fairly well understood by most of those with a few years' experience, but the point that is generally mistaken is that a great variety of flies is needed, and to follow by close imitation the variety of flies that appear on the water at different seasons of the year. This, in practice, will be found to be not only unnecessary but as causing great loss of time in fishing by the constant changing of fly in search of the taking one, besides the inconvenience of carrying about an accumulation of unnecessary flies. These are more or less subject by long keeping to be deteriorated by the action of moths, drying of the tying wax, and in the case of flies tied on gut, by the weakening of the gut by time—gut cannot be too fresh. It would be a great mistake, however, to assume that any sort, colour, or size of fly would give satisfactory results. Three colours are sufficient—dun brown, black, red—the prominent colours of natural water flies, but these and the size of fly require to be carefully adapted to the condition of the water, whether low and clear, fairly full, or well tinged by rain water. Also, the size of fly used should be adapted to the state of the water and weather and to the time of day. Thus when the water is clear and low and the weather bright, black flies of moderate or small size will generally be found most killing. With these, as a second or third fly, the dun colour is generally satisfactory. When the water is fairly tinted the dun coloured flies are generally most suitable, and with these may be used, as a second or third fly, a black, particularly if there are bright gleams of sun now and then. The red flies are only suitable when the water is discoloured, when from their colour they are more easily seen by the trout, and may be used with a dun as a second or third fly. Keeping in view the state of the water, the force of the wind requires to be considered. If there is only a slight air the smaller flies will be suitable, if a strong breeze or half gale, the larger sizes and heavier gut will be desirable, and this grading of size to the state of the wind is particularly necessary in fishing lakes, which in calm weather are almost smooth, while in a strong wind they may be in waves. In the fading light of evening, either on river or lake, a rather larger fly may be used than would be judicious in full light. To get the winged flies of the three colours named they may be made, the black, with wings of grouse feather, with a turn of black hackle under the shoulder, two or three strands of the hackle for tail, and body of dark brown silk; the dun, with wings of woodcock feather, a turn of brown partridge hackle under the shoulder, two or three strands of the hackle for tail, and body of hare's ear—this fly is best tied (not ribbed) with yellow silk; the red, with wings of mottled teal feather, a turn of red hackle under the shoulder, two or three strands of the hackle for tail, and body of bright yellow floss silk. In addition to these, for use chiefly when the trout are becoming less eager from better feeding as the season advances, are two spider flies without wings—dun and black. The dun is made from the brown hackle of the partridge, about one eighth to one quarter of an inch longer than the hook in proportion to the size of fly, and with two or three strands of the hackle for tail, body of hare's ear. This fly is best tied (not ribbed) with yellow silk. The black is made from a black hackle about one eighth to one quarter of an inch longer than the hook in proportion to size of fly, and with two or three strands of the hackle

for tail, body of dark hare's ear. This fly may be tied (not ribbed) with brown silk. These spiders are intended in every case to be used as end flies, where they are frequently taken under water without any visible rise by large trout. The tails on all the flies help to obscure the bend of the hook. Four sizes of hooks are generally sufficient for ordinary use. I give Limerick hook sizes to guide as they are well known, but do not recommend the hooks for dressing flies on as they are defective in shape. The hooks are of sizes equivalent to Limerick Nos. 13, 11, 9, & 8. For these sizes I would advise the "Hamilton" hooks, manufactured for the writer by Messrs Hardy Bros, fishing tackle manufacturers, Abwick, England, and for larger sizes those of Messrs Hardy's own pattern which are very superior in shape to any other large sizes on the market. The "Hamilton" hooks are made both "down-eyed" and with tapered shanks. The advantage claimed is that in flies of a given size these hooks penetrate deeper and take a larger hold than other makes of hooks of the same size, and so fewer trout are lost after hooking than is the case with the ordinary shapes. Careful experiments, made by the writer, extending over a long series of years and under exactly identical conditions, gave thirteen per cent more trout landed after hooking than with the ordinary shapes of hooks in use. This means that thirteen per cent less of fish were lost while being played. The greatest advantage is when small flies are being used, and perhaps the most generally useful sizes of the "Hamilton" hooks are Nos. 11 and 9.

Mr Hamilton has no pecuniary interest in the sale of these hooks.—Ed. "Graphic."

(To be continued.)

Some directions that are more easily remembered than the usual examples are given from a recent volume. "The Civic's Rules of Conduct."

"When in the street with a lady, a gentleman should not light a cigarette unless the lady does."

"When you step on a lady's toes, make some off-hand remark about her feet being too small to be seen. This is older than the cave-dwellers, but it still works."

"Don't forget to tell her that she's not like other girls. It always works, whether you spring it on the belle of the village, the girl with a hare lip, or the bearded lady at the circus."

"If you use the same solitaire for the second engagement, don't refer to it as killing two birds with one stone."

"At week-end bridge parties no really nice girl will cheat on the Sabbath day."

"Don't marry for money, but never let money stand between a girl and her happiness."

"It is not good form to congratulate a girl friend upon her engagement. Simply remark: 'So you landed Jim at last.'"

"When at a wedding breakfast try to remember that you will probably have other opportunities of drinking champagne."

"The chief duty of the best man is to prevent the groom from escaping before the ceremony."

"In taking soup try not to give others the impression that the plumbing is out of order."

"On returning from the altar be careful not to step on the bride's train. There's enough trouble ahead without that."

"Those who live in glass houses should be polite to reporters."

"The father gives the bride away, but the small brother would like to."

## DYING IN CONSUMPTION.

**Alice Sycamore, Invercargill  
Coughing Up Her Life Blood,  
Heart Disease and Dropsy  
Her Death Looked for Daily  
— Another Life Saved  
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.**

"Till the day I die, I'll praise Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They saved my life after the cleverest doctors told me that I had Consumption, and that there was no cure for me," said Miss Alice Sycamore, 122 Crown-street, Invercargill.

"It was while I was down in Christchurch with my friend, Mrs. Parkin, that I first began to fall," said Miss Sycamore. "I was only a slip of a girl of 15. Everyone told me how deadly pale I looked. Even my lips lost their colour. All my blood turned to water. When I held my hands up to the light you could almost see through them. When I let them fall by my side they swelled as if I had dropsy in them. That shows what a vile state my blood was in. My feet were always cold and clammy. My flesh got flabby, and soon I got dreadfully thin. My cheeks fell in, and my eyes grew large and staring, as if they were going to bulge out of my head. If I did a hand's turn it left me all of a tremble. Sometimes I had not the strength of a kitten. I soon got too weak to be any help about the house. If I shook the tablecloth, my heart jumped and fluttered for the next hour. I just hated the thought of having to do anything. I could never get that weary feeling out of my bones. I was always tired, and my back never did ache. I wanted to lie down all day long. Nothing had any interest for me. I didn't want to see my girl friends. They might well have thought that I had grown bad tempered and irritable—but they all knew how ill I was. Sometimes I lost hear, and thought I would be better off in my grave."

"The doctor said that I ought to go for a walk in the sunshine every day—but sometimes I had hardly the strength to put one foot before the other. As soon as I roused myself to do anything, the blood made one sudden rush to my head, and my brain whirled round and round. My knees gave way, and I dropped in a dead faint. Many a time I had to be carried home. Once I was driven nine miles over a rough road to my brother's at Forest Hill, Winton, and the continual jolting started me spitting blood. At the end of the drive I fainted. For 48 hours I lay in a trance—as cold as ice. The doctor could not bring me to my senses for two days. I was as stiff and rigid as iron. When I came round I was weaker than ever, and my memory was gone. Everyone said I was in Consumption."

"My lungs were so weak that a few steps made me gasp for breath. Any little excitement sent me into hysterics. My nerves were in such a state that often the tears ran down my cheeks with neuralgia. Terrible splitting headaches nearly drove me mad. In fact, my whole health failed. Every part of my body was in pain. My breath got very foul, and I lost all my taste for food. My teeth were to blame for a good deal of it, for they were in a bad state. My stomach turned against everything. The tiniest piece of meat gave me frightful pains under the breast bone. I dreaded meal-times. My appetite was faddy. Sometimes I could not eat a bite—and at other times I would have given worlds for something or other that wasn't on the table. I hardly ate enough to keep body and soul together. Every day I got thinner and weaker."

"Doctor after doctor told mother there was absolutely no hope for me," added Miss Sycamore. "They said that, sooner or later, I would fill a Consumptive's grave. At last, my long struggle for life seemed coming to an end—for deadly Dropsy set in. My legs and body swelled up with water. I could not even close my eyes with the swelling. I had to sleep with them staring wide open. During my Decline I had got terribly thin and frail—but the Dropsy spread so quickly that I soon weighed 112 lbs. I was a terrible sight to see."

"At this point I was 12 years. Every month I got weaker. At last I was too weak to be taken upstairs. I had lost all hope of ever getting better—but mother got it into her head that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills would cure me, even if the doctors couldn't. The first two or three boxes gave me a wonderful appetite, and made me stronger. It was three or four weeks, however, before the Dropsy began to go down. After that I took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills regularly after each meal, and the Dropsy went down 2st 9lb in three months. It took ten boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to work the water out of my blood. I am now a strong, healthy woman—and I have been so ever since Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved me from the grave."

Miss Sycamore's case is, indeed, a miracle. It baffled doctor after doctor. In the end, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured her just as they cure all diseases that are caused by bad blood. In fact, they actually make new blood. They do just that one thing—

but they do it well. They don't act on the bowels. They don't bother with "nervous symptoms." They don't cure any disease that isn't caused originally by bad blood. But that is the cause of all common ailments, such as anaemia, decline, general weakness, backache, headache, indigestion, rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatitis, partial paralysis, and locomotor ataxia. If offered a substitute, send for the genuine to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Wellington—3/ a box, six boxes 16/6, post free.

## Smoking to Excess.

Smoking, like everything else, is harmless enough so long as it is kept within commonsense bounds. "If my sons will refrain from smoking till they are five and twenty, they can do what they like afterwards," said a man who was certain that the boy who could exercise self-control to please his father during the early manhood might be safely left to his own devices when he attained years of discretion.

Also, although people of mature age do oversmoke at times, it is the young-smoker, the man—and the girl sometimes, too—who has just tasted the unsatisfying solace of the cigarette who is most apt to succumb to the imprudence of smoking to excess. It is in youth that oversmoking works its greatest harm. During the period of growth the energy which is essential for proper development cannot be in any way diminished without lasting harm to a boy's physical and intellectual powers.

Even in adults, oversmoking induces a lethargic habit of mind which is due to diminished energy and capacity for work, the effect of nicotine upon the brain cells.

In excess, nicotine is a nerve poison, a narcotic which diminishes the activity of the higher nerve centres. Men and women who smoke to excess will find that their capacity for doing good, useful satisfying work is diminished. They lose the power of concentration, but they will refuse to believe that intellectual dulness can possibly result from a few harmless cigarettes.

"A few cigarettes" may mean any thing from half-a-dozen to forty or fifty in the day, and, like all drugs, tobacco affects some people more seriously than others. The nervous, highly-strung individual is more susceptible, and suffers more from the evil effects of oversmoking.

Everybody knows that excessive smoking "upsets" the digestion, and as the proper digestion and assimilation of the food we eat is the foundation of health, the whole tone of life's activities is lowered by over-smoking.

The constant stimulation of the salivary glands in the mouth, the continual swallowing of saliva laden with tobacco juice, the deterioration of the teeth, all go to produce the dyspepsia which is one of the first punishments of over-smoking.

"I have no appetite," declares the smoker, who takes a cigarette instead of his dinner. He smokes before rising out of bed, and can eat no breakfast. His incessant smoking all day long is the true explanation of his lack of appetite.

"Smoker's heart" is the term given to the poisonous effect of tobacco upon that organ. Nicotine directly interferes with the heart's action, and encloses, irregular pulse, palpitation, fainting attacks and breathlessness are some of the more unpleasant effects of over-smoking.

Dizziness of vision and headache are early symptoms of smoking to excess, and many of the young men who attend doctors and dispensaries for "bad eyes" are simply the unconscious victims of nicotine poisoning.

They have but to stop smoking for a week or two for their mysterious eye symptoms to vanish—temporarily, at least—for oversmoking is a pernicious vice, and the mere fact that a man or woman smokes to excess is an evidence of weakness of will.

It becomes more difficult to give up the habit of oversmoking the longer it is continued. The intense yearning for a smoke is on a parallel with the dipsomaniac's desire for alcohol, the morphia slave's craving for a dose of opium, or the cocaine addict's desire for a "fix."

The tobacco habit is certainly a lead serious, in that the moral sense does not suffer to the same extent, but the physical effects are almost as bad when oversmoking is carried to a great extent.