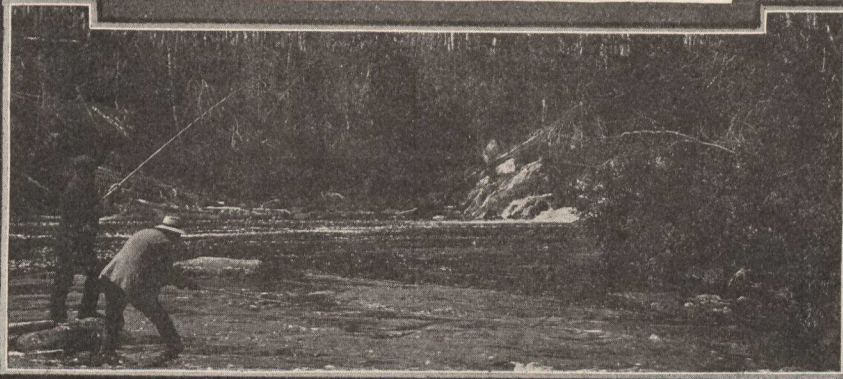


# AMID THE GRAND CASCAPEDIA'S GORGES

Landing a Salmon on Gander River, Newfoundland.



*Where the Salmon is  
King of Kings*  
By  
DOUGLAS  
WETMORE  
CLINCH



A Fishing Camp.

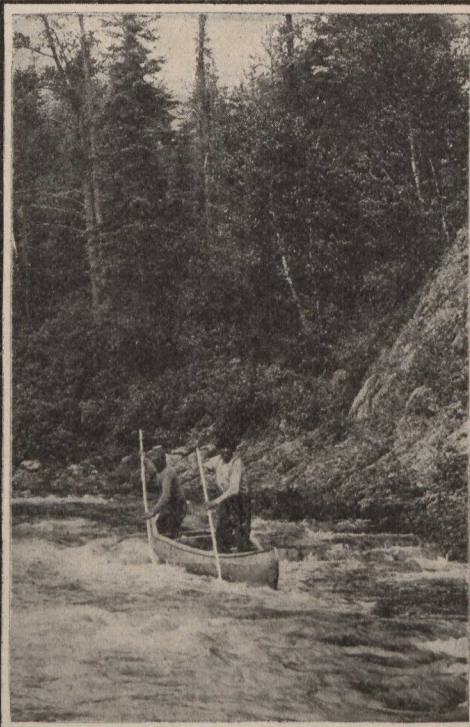
On the Nepisiguit River,  
New Brunswick.



Bonaventure River.



Another Fishing Camp.



Canoeing up the  
Miramichi River.

Of course "there's a reason." Still again we wonder why. Our morning despatches herald the birth of a mighty trust, our afternoon wires announce the "unanimous vote" of the convention. But interested, we read further. Once more we marvel at the master-stroke of a world-famous capitalist, the steel-like grip of a far-seeing "kingmaker." To the layman, the inner working of such delicate machinery is baffling. It defies the average intellect. We have long ago realised the impossibility of the Socialist ideal; all men are not equal, intellectually. Granting such is the case, that the Almighty must be justified in His choice of those whose responsibility vouches for their immense holdings of this world's goods, how many of us connect, in our reasoning, the vacation of the millionaire with his later movements before the public eye. It may involve the ride home from watching a morning "work-out," a tramp through a southern "cover," the rush of spray over a "lee-rail," or the "strike" of a tarpon or tuna. But in many cases the "north woods" can justly claim her share, for the ripple of the salmon pool, the call of barren lake or hardwood ridge can not be gainsaid, and of these the salmon is king and the king of kings means Eastern Canada, and the reason.

And of these salmon rivers none is more famous than the Grand Cascapedia, famous for its monarch fish, whose record battles have contributed their modest share to that still more modest reason.

To those to whom the perfume and the sighing of the spruce means nothing, to whom the white shore and clear water of a lake or laughing brook, springing into life as it were beneath the glory of an August sunrise—for truly does not the very word sunrise in its lispings bespeak but certainty to the analytical optimist—are mere blotches, the Eden-like charm of the north woods is a waste of time. But the great majority it satisfies when all else fails, and the most satisfying of its charms is the evening fishing.

It is perhaps in order to relate the experience

of one to whom such fishing was the most gratifying potency. Not long since he has passed to the camp fires of the Happy Hunting Grounds.

On a certain Wednesday a few years ago he left camp in company with a life-long friend. Each man with his two boatmen worked their way up river towards the Escuminac Falls. Two days previous the record of one 45, one 42, and two 29-pound fish, caught by a single rod with fly in one day, had been established and which is considered the Atlantic record for such fishing.

But that evening was steeped in such sport which made up all it lacked in volume. On the way up river two salmon were hooked, one on the "Peter Cool Pool," which broke the hook, and another at "The Ledge," which was landed, causing the head boatman to remark, "We will show you a fish on the Big Curley to-night."

We are all more or less children when the Great Mother has spelled out for us the sign-boards of the forest. Does not the very word "Big Curley" suggest for us more infinite possibilities than the most vivid fairy tales of our youth? To sit waiting for the sun to sink so we may cast no shadow over the clear, placid pool, seems like eternity.

Our guides occupy the highest pinnacles of our minds, and, as the forest changes from an outline of dark green to a shapeless mass, as the gleam of the river assumes an oil-like appearance, gliding noiselessly away in the direction of which we are sure there is a rock in the daytime, and the steady roar of the rapids beats upon our ears, we feel that Scott knew something about the subject when he spoke of "The land of mountain and of flood." But then, we are here to fish.

Slowly the expert angler begins to play out the ever-lengthening cast, and, as the western horizon turns red for the second time, a mighty fish strikes and is hooked. All six of that party—there are two canoes—are hardened campaigners, and yet, as the thirty-pound salmon shoots down stream through rapids swirling a full twenty miles an hour, and the two tight-lipped men guide the canoe through