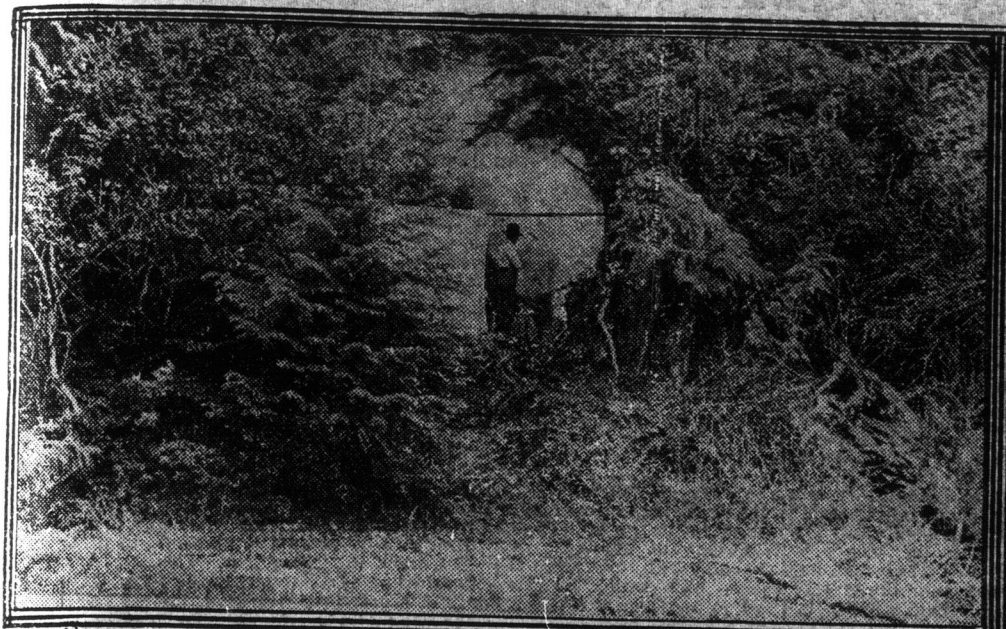


HUNTING AND FISHING, HERE AND ELSEWHERE



CAMP SCENE AT BAMFIELD

TROUT-FISHING WITH SALMON FLIES

(By Richard L. Pocock.)



GOOD trout-fishing is reported just now at Campbell River, and the trout are said to be taking quite large salmon-flies in preference to anything else, in fact, a local dealer has received a large order for these flies, and the anglers who sent the order report that there is nothing doing with the ordinary run of trout flies, but that they are making good catches with Silver Doctors and Jack Scotts. It is interesting to try and find an explanation for this, and I think it is to be found in the fact that there is a dearth of natural fly, and that the trout have to depend mostly on bottom food. A salmon-fly admittedly resembles no known insect; what the fish take it for exactly is a matter more or less of conjecture, but it probably attracts more by its brightness than its resemblance to any form of food known to the fish that are killed by its use.

Bottom-feeding trout cannot be made to rise at small flies, and for the greater part of the open-trout season, the trout which run up the island rivers, are undoubtedly feeding mostly on the bottom. I generally make a point of opening the first trout I catch in a day's fishing. Many a lesson can be learnt in this way, particularly in new waters. It is very seldom that you will find anything in the nature of an insect in a sea-trout caught in the "salt-chuck," though fishing in the current at the mouth of the river I have found them to be full at times of the big black-winged ants which were being washed down from the higher waters by a fresh, and on these occasions have had good sport by putting an artificial black ant on the cast.

When, however, you find that you are on a stretch of water where you know that there are trout, and you find that all the ordinary patterns of trout flies are in vain, it will sometimes pay to try a salmon fly of not too large a size in preference to using bait to catch the bottom-feeding fish.

This is not the only country where on occasion salmon flies will do better than trout flies for catching trout. In Cape Colony, for instance, where trout have been successfully acclimatized, the usual trout flies will kill at times, but at other times the salmon fly will do better, and even in the Old Country, the home of educated trout, there are plenty of waters where the trout have acquired the depraved taste, as the anglers there regard it, of bottom-feeding, and where similar strong measures have to be adopted by the angler who wants to catch any with the fly-rod.

THE LETTER OF THE LAW

Undoubtedly there never was a piece of legislation passed yet which gave unqualified satisfaction to everyone; nevertheless, it behooves everyone to respect the law when once it is passed. Nobody claims that the recent action of the Government in closing the season for bird-shooting until October is an absolutely perfect way of solving the problem of the admittedly growing scarcity of blue grouse, but it seems to be the opinion of the majority that it was the best temporary expedient that could be devised for preserving a fair amount of grouse-shooting for Island sportsmen.

It is manifestly impossible for the Government to give an absolutely adequate protection to the game of such a big country as this, and they naturally depend a great deal on the loyal co-operation of sportsmen to aid in protecting their own common interests.

THE ETIQUETTE OF THE WOODS

There is an etiquette of the woods which every true woodsman and every true sportsman knows by instinct and respects, but, unfortunately, there are others who frequent the woods who seem to have no thought for other people, but only for their own immediate pleasure. Picnickers are great offenders in this respect. They think it great fun to light a fire in the woods and boil their tea, but when their fun is coming to an end, they are apt to be careless in such matters as seeing that their fire is totally extinguished before leaving it. Forest fires owe their origin to various causes, of course, but there is fairly good rea-

son to believe that the greater number of them are due to the carelessness of campers in not making sure that their fire will not be a source of danger after they have left it.

Apart from the loss and danger of such fires to the public in general, sportsmen have a special interest in doing all in their power to prevent them, as the game suffers severely. Deer and other wild animals may be able for the most part to take care of themselves when a great fire is raging and coursing through the country, but the grouse are destroyed in numbers, as can be vouched for by eye-witnesses who have seen them fly straight into the flames as a moth into a candle.

OUR FRIEND THE REDMAN

A few weeks ago in this page, I made a few remarks in defence of the Indian who is often too apt to be blamed for offences that cannot be fairly laid to his door. I believe in fair play to all, and, though the remarks called forth some criticism, I see no reason to take back what I said, but at the same time I see no reason why the Indians should be allowed to do as they like in the matter of slaughtering fish and game, and, if the reports that they have been shooting ducks out of season at Cowichan, and that complaints of their using dynamite to kill trout in the river are taken no notice of when brought to the attention of the authorities are true, then I must say I do not wonder at the dissatisfaction that has been expressed, and the sooner steps are taken to make them answerable to the law, as in other districts, the better.

THE DETERIORATION OF THE ISLAND PHEASANTS

A good many sportsmen have remarked to me on the small size of the pheasants on Vancouver Island, and have given their opinion that they have been, and still are, deteriorating. From my observation (I weighed every cock pheasant I shot on the island last season), they certainly are quite a lot smaller than the average run of Chinese ring-necked pheasants in their native country, with which I had a fairly extensive acquaintance during a three years' sojourn in the interior of China proper. By the way, I have heard the pheasants here called by several people English pheasants, but although there are in England nowadays large numbers of the ring-necked birds, the old English pheasant is a very different bird, and an even better one than the ring-necked importation, though as a matter of fact neither of them were originally native to England.

Our ring-necked birds are identical with the common pheasant of central China; the Mongolian pheasant is a differently marked bird altogether, and although I heard of Mongolian pheasants being common between here and Nanaimo, I have never yet seen one nor have I heard of their importation.

The size of the birds here appears to vary quite a lot in different districts, but there seems good reason to believe that they are in the majority of districts deteriorating in size, and I think it very possible that the explanation of this is that in these districts where it is most noticeable, they have received such a severe raking over that the preponderance of the protected fens over the unprotected coasts has become too great. This would not only tend to cause deterioration in the breed, but would also tend to increase the preponderance in the number of hen birds, as the laws of propagation in birds, as in other forms of animal life, seem to favor the continuation of the stronger sex; so that, where the number of cock-birds is less than the proper proportion to the number of hens, the birds hatched from a setting of eggs are apt to consist in an unduly large proportion of hens.

For this reason it is at least debatable whether it is advisable to continue the present arrangement of allowing the shooting of cock-birds for three months and keeping the hens protected all the year round, and whether it would not be better to allow the shooting of hens during a short period.

Out at Saanich the year before last, during a day's drive through the country, I saw numbers of pheasants in the fields, and counted quite thirty hen birds to one cock.

The stock would undoubtedly be improved by shooting off the old hens and thus giving the young ones a chance to breed. In China, in a district where I had the shooting practically to myself, I killed almost an equal number of cocks and hens, which to my mind goes to show the true balance of the sexes kept by Nature, and there a two-pound cock pheasant would have been a freak, while here it appears now to be about the average.

AFTER THE HUNT WAS OVER

Last night I rode in a valley where the season was never closed. To a valley of game in profusion, where game warden never imposed. There were guides waiting there by the thousands with their checks all written out. To advance to some guide for his services—and I was the only scout.

In this valley were acres of blue-stem—the horses and pack-mules were fat. The tents didn't leak, the fires were full—now imagine a picture like that! Round the camp-fires were ballet-girls, dancers; they danced till the fire went out. Each seeking a guide for a sweetheart—and I was the only scout.

In this valley were plenty of tables, and everyone sat on a chair. We all ate our supper together from dishes of china-ware. There was fruit, and pudding, and peaches, and the champagne ran from a spout. It was labeled "For Hunting Guides Only"—and I was the only scout.

In this valley were rivers of fishes—we caught them already dressed. The guides didn't ask any questions and we always took mornings for rest. They were trading plantations for bearskins, and Standard Oil stocks for trout. Each guide got a farm for Christmas—and I was the only scout.

But I woke up quite feverish this morning (you see I had just come to town).

I had left all the guides at the station and with others I had started the rounds. My room was a four-by-seven and barred so I could not get out.

I heard a judge call for the unruly guides—and I was the only scout.

—J. W. Warner in Outdoor Life.

CHUB FISHING IN ENGLAND

In hot weather one can expect pretty confidently to find chub in suitable position for taking the fly, and one will seldom be disappointed in that respect at any rate. In the matter of catching them, of course, there is by no means so much certainty, but with an ordinary amount of luck a fair basket ought to be the result of hard work on almost any sunny day.

The ideal chub river is sluggish but clear, well lined with old willows, garnished in corners with water-lilies, and by no means innocent of snags. Plenty of weeds, too, seem to suit the convenience and disposition of the fish. The fewer the boats which disturb the water's serenity the better for fishing; boats have a marked effect on the habits of chub, and when numerous make them chary of coming to the surface. The Thames, for instance, is not now a good river for chub fishing with the fly, because, though the fish are plentiful enough, they are seldom to be seen near the surface, except very early in the morning or at dusk, and unless they are near the surface the fly is not a profitable lure. Still, even on the Thames an angler who is up with the lark can do very well in warm weather. In the topmost reaches where there is little or no

traffic Thames chub will rise cheerfully all day, which shows that their natural disposition is the same in this river as in others. By far the best fun is to be got out of chub by stalking each individual fish. In a clear river, when the light is good, it is not at all difficult to spot one's quarry lying rather like a log on the surface, but approaching him is a harder matter. The angler should always remember that the chances of mutual recognition between him and the fish are about equal, and he should pursue his way along the bank with the utmost caution, reconnoitring every yard of water in front of him before making any movement. Sometimes, when the light is a little awkward, a prolonged scrutiny will reveal a fish which was invisible to the first glance. One's eyes adapt themselves to the special needs of a case, and are able to make out more when the process is complete.

A fish spotted, the fly must be put over him, and here it is well to keep the rod as low as possible, especially if, as often happens, the chub is close to one's own bank and no great way off. Many a chub has been alarmed by a waving rod after the angler had with great care and pains got safely to within casting distance. If the approach has been performed satisfactorily, and the rod has not alarmed the fish, a well-placed fly ought to provoke a rise. In favorable light the whole process of the chub's opening its mouth and taking the fly into it can be watched, but when the light is not so good or the fish is a long way off it is well to draw the fly along in the water very slowly. A swirl will denote that the fish has turned after it, a wave, that it is pursuing it, and a check on the line that it has taken it. The angler may then tighten gently on the line firmly, and his fish will be hooked. One ought never to be in a hurry with chub, since they take slowly and do not quickly relinquish a fly as a trout does. Plenty of time should be given also if the angler is using a dry fly (the proceedings described refer more to fishing wet), but the mode of approach, etc., is the same. Ordinarily speaking, the wet fly is perhaps more likely to catch chub which are not definitely rising, but only basking, as they are really taking. The nature of the fly matters little as a rule, so long as it is a pretty big one: alder, zulu, red tag, coachman, black gnat, palmers of different kinds—such a variety, in sizes ranging from 1-2 in. up to 1-4 in., ought to kill chub anywhere and everywhere. A small tag of white kid is a valuable addition to each fly. The rod should be a powerful one, as long casts are often required, more often probably than in any other kind of fly fishing except salmon fishing.

The strength of gut wanted depends on circumstances. On fine gut a chub makes a very good fight indeed, so it is far more sporting to use it, if it can be done safely. But where snags, lily-pads, and other obstructions are plentiful fine gut would only mean breakages. Moreover, the biggest chub of all, from 4 lb. upwards, have a habit of lying in some spot close to roots or weeds and of plunging straight into them the moment they feel the hook. One can no more stop a 5 lb. chub going full speed ahead than one could stop a trout of the same weight; but with stout gut there might be some small chance of getting it to come out from its lair by keeping on a steady strain, or even of taking it by surprise and turning it before the rush begins. Therefore stout gut has its merits. Unless they are much fished for, chub are by no means shy, so that question need not be considered in making the choice.—The Field.

COLONIAL FAUNA AT THE WHITE CITY

In arranging their exhibits in the various courts some of the representatives of the colonies have given a prominent place to the

fauna, not so much from a natural history point of view, as to show the opportunities for sport and the commercial value of the pelts. In this respect Canada is an easy first. Among the set pieces in this court is one in which live beavers are introduced. The painted background shows a long stretch of river, bordered to the water's edge by pine forests. At the foot of this scene is a dam on which are stuffed beavers, and in front is a tank in three compartments, containing four living examples of the Canadian beaver. Eight were imported, but the number has been reduced to four by one old male, now kept out of mischief in a compartment by himself. Round the arcades are fine heads of wapiti, moose, caribou, mule deer, and mountain sheep; and on the cases containing a marvelous display of furs are mounted examples of the glutton, beaver, bear, fisher marten, and lynx.

An attempt to give a comprehensive view of the fauna is very successful. The "cloth" at the back represents settlers breaking up land for wheat, a large area in standing corn, the settler's first log-hut, and the house of a prosperous farmer, while cattle and horses suggest the stock on a prosperous ranch. In the foreground stand mounted examples of the wild fauna. These include black bears, lynx, caribou, one of the last bison killed in Southern Canada, a wood bison from the large herd on the banks of the Peace River, 1,000 miles north of the United States boundary, pronghorn antelopes, musk oxen, moose, timber wolves and coyotes, mountain sheep and goats, and polar bears. Among the smaller beasts are foxes, otters, fisher martens, gophers, and squirrels. A good collection of geese, ducks, and shore birds is also shown here. The whole is a great attraction to the court, and its popularity with the general public rivals that of the beavers, for before both there is always a large crowd.

The cod and salmon fisheries are illustrated side by side from an industrial point of view. Backed by a good picture of a typical harbor in Nova Scotia, with a fleet of fishing boats, a number of cod are shown, at a lower level, as if swimming on the "banks"; and immediately adjoining is an exhibit of salmon, in which the same plan is adopted, the canvas in this case representing a scene in British Columbia.

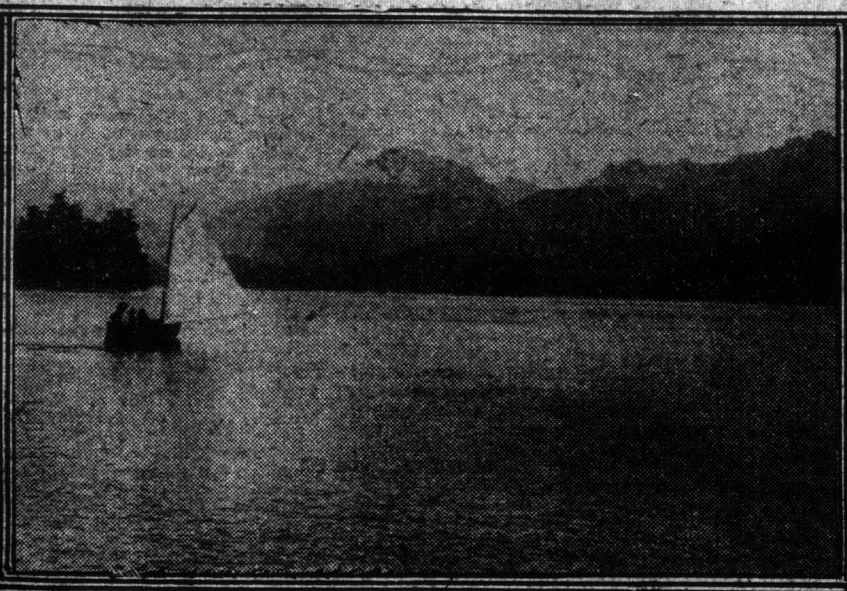
New Zealand comes next in point of importance, though in this case all the animals are introductions from Europe.—The Field.

Of course, no true sportsman ever keeps any trout he cannot use. Only the "fish-hog" does that. A trout caught on a fly is seldom injured, and if returned immediately to the water will dart away, all the happier, it may be, for his recent tug of war. He suffers little or no pain in the tough cartilages about his mouth and gills (a fact I have demonstrated by hooking the same fish twice, both marks plainly showing on him when taken) and the new kind of exercise and experience he gets at the end of the line, and his momentary association with human beings, constitute for him a valuable asset, perhaps to be retailed in the form of reminiscence throughout old age. But to fling him into a canoe, to gasp and die and be thrown away, that is a different matter. That is a worse crime than stealing a man's lunch or his last dry undershirt, or even his whiskey.

In the first place, kill your trout the moment you take him out of the water—that is, if you mean to eat him. If he is too big, or if you already have enough, put him back with all expedition and let him swim away. Even if he does warn the other trout and spoil the fishing in that pool, there are more pools, and then it is likely you have fished enough in this one anyway. Come back next year and have another battle with him. He will be bigger and know better what to do, then. Perhaps it will be his turn to win.—Outing.

While my friend was waiting to proceed, considerable uproar across the street attracted his attention, and he asked the proprietor of the inn if he could vouchsafe an explanation. The landlord replied, "You must be a stranger to these parts, I reckon. The noise you hear is made by steelhead trout going up the river to their spawning beds. The river at this season is alive with fish; there are millions in the run."

Albeit my friend's destination was some eighteen miles further by stage, he could not resist the temptation to remain over one day at least. In answer to my query, "Did you have good luck?" he replied, "I could have filled a wash tub, they came so fast.—From Forest and Stream.



BARCLAY SOUND—TYEE SALMON TROLLING