

Field Sports at Home and Abroad

WHERE TO GO FOR THE VISITING FISHERMAN

Prospect Lake

Prospect Lake is about eight miles distant from Victoria by road, and there is a choice of three roads leading to it.

The trout of Prospect Lake are celebrated for their qualities both as sport providers and as table delicacies, and the usual catch averages well in size, although the lake is not more than half-a-mile in extreme width. Tradition even tells of mighty four-pound monsters, though from half-a-pound to a pound-and-a-half is more like the usual size caught. In spite of having been hard fished for years, the stock of trout in this lake holds its own well, as is proved by the good catches which were made there last season not only by bait fishermen, but also by the devotees of the fly rod.

As in all fishing there are good days and bad days in all waters; the uncertainty of the game is one of its chief charms, but, speaking generally, the fly-fisherman can enjoy good sport at Prospect Lake as soon as the warm weather begins and the natural insects begin to be hatched out. There is an abundance of this kind of food here and the fish rise well in the evenings and mornings in the bays and at the edges of the water-lily patches, one of the best places for the use of the fly being on the bar which runs out into the centre of the lake opposite the little island.

The most usual and popular way of fishing here is by trolling with a spoon bait, the exact method being to use a large salmon spoon (the larger the better apparently) with a worm-baited hook a foot or more behind it; by slowly rowing, the big spoon is made to attract the fish from the unknown and mysterious depths of the lake, and, doubtless first attracted by nothing but curiosity, the fish, on rising to inspect the reflector, catches sight of the worm behind it, and is thus lured to its doom.

The fly-fisherman need not, however, jump to the conclusion that this is a bait-fisherman's haunt pure and simple. The observation of residents at the lake side would go to prove that the most natural food of the fish in the summer time is the insect life which is on the surface in myriads of a summer evening. A small fly on a light cast will bring results which will be surprising to the uninitiated.

There are plenty of good suitable boats for hire on the lake at a reasonable rate. Fishing from the bank is practically out of the question.

The drive or ride from Victoria is as picturesque as are all such on Vancouver Island. Though in places some of the roads might be better, they are never bad enough to discourage the angling bicyclist. Apart from its attractions as an angling resort, the trip to Prospect Lake will afford a delightful picnic for the whole family.

FISHING AT ALBERNI

The extension of the C. P. R. to Alberni has put within easy reach of visiting and resident anglers a vast new field for the exercise of their favorite sport.

By the kind assistance of some of the old residents who have a wide experience of the fishing in the district of Alberni we are able to give all the details necessary of the different waters in the neighborhood to enable a fisherman to plan a campaign extended or otherwise.

In the first place, let it be understood that splendid fly-fishing can be had in any one of the numerous streams in the valley near Alberni, so that the angler whose time is limited and who cannot stray far from headquarters need have no fear of blank days or overcrowded water; if there is any crowd, it will be a crowd of fish, not of anglers. For those who have the time and inclination to stray further afield the following places can be highly recommended:

Great Central Lake

The distance from Alberni to Great Central Lake is ten miles; the sportsman can drive right through all the way to the lake from the town. At the lake end of the road there is a cabin in which visitors can camp. There is a gasoline launch there and a canoe owned by the discoverer and locator of the famous Big Interior mine, a vast deposit of copper ore. The lake is about twenty-one miles long and averages a mile in width. At the head of the lake is another cabin belonging to the same owner. Two small streams run into the lake the head, but they are not navigable.

In the lake are trout, and plenty of them, from one to three pounds in weight. The best time for fishing this water is in June and July, and the flies that have been proved to be the best killers are: March Brown, Black Zulu, Brown Hackle, Coachman, and Silver Doctor. There is splendid trolling in the lake and also good fly-fishing in the two streams at the head as well as at the outlet.

Sproat Lake

The distance of this lake from Alberni is six miles over a good road, and there are several old houses on the shores where tourists can make camp. This lake, the Lake Lucerne, as it has been called, of Vancouver Island, is thirteen miles long, with numerous arms. There is splendid trolling in this water as well as good fly-fishing, the trout running in weight from one to nine pounds and being of two varieties, large white-fleshed lake trout and also the sea trout, which run up all the Island rivers wherever possible. There is a

canoe on this lake for hire. The fly-fishing at the outlet is particularly good, and the same flies will kill as on Great Central.

McCoy Lake

This is a small, muddy and marshy lake about four miles from Alberni, but capable of yielding good sport within easy distance from home, as the trout in it average one-and-a-half pounds in weight, though, as the water grows warm in the summer months, the fish get rather soft; there is a raft here to fish from, and the flies recommended for the other water will be found equally satisfactory here.

Bainbridge and Cox's Lakes

Two small lakes four and three miles respectively from the town, appeal more especially to the bait fishermen; as though they contain plenty of good trout, from half-a-pound to a pound-and-a-half in weight, they are mostly taken with bait, the best time to fish them being in March, as the fish get too soft to be at their best in the warm weather; rafts to fish from will be found on both.

An outing on either of the two first mentioned lakes can hardly be beaten for good, all-round sport and for picturesqueness and beauty of natural surroundings.

As a change from inland and lake, travel the sportsman should not omit a trip down the salt-water canal, which can be made either in row-boats or by gasoline launch.

About three miles from the Port Alberni wharf, on the right hand side going down the canal is Cous Creek, which affords fairly good fishing with either fly or bait; the best time for the sea trout here is in the fall, but smaller fish can be caught in plenty all through the

is Cameron Lake, which is about four miles long and affords excellent trout-fishing in the summer. Sport is also good on Cameron River, flowing into the head of the lake, as well as in the Little Qualicum, which runs out of it.

FINED FOR ILLEGAL SHOOTING

On March 18, in the police court at Duncan, Alec Mullock, an Indian was fined \$75 by Mr. F. H. Maitland-Dougall, J.P., for having three does in his possession out of season. Information was laid by Deputy Game Warden R. Gidley, who caught the defendant with the does on a rig coming out from the old Silver Mine trail.

A FEW TALL ONES FROM "FIELD AND STREAM"

Dr. G. A. Still, chief surgeon of the A.S.O. hospital and owner of the White Oak Kennels, Saturday last got the surprise of his life. He was just ready to give his large pack of beagle hounds a workout, when his flunky, Doggie Hanna, came running in greatly excited, saying there were a million ducks on the pond. Dr. Still grabbed his gun and made for the pond. The first shot he got two and then bagged one more. Now the surprise: Around the neck of one mallard duck was wired a small cylinder, and in this cylinder was a small bottle with a note and five gold nuggets. The

tion was attracted by a flock of pelicans wading in the shallow water beyond the end of the range. A discussion arose as to the distance, and whether they could be frightened away by dropping a bullet in their midst.

A shot was fired from a "Krag" sighted at 1,500 yards, which fell short. With mock deliberation I set my sight at 1,700 yards, took four points windage, and fired—killing one of the birds.

Several of the squad sank upon the ground with a request to be carried from the field, while I stood in open-mouthed amazement and watched the white speck upon the water give a few flutters of its wings, while the rest of the flock rose and flew farther up the beach.

Someone remarks that 1,700 yards is a long way to see a pelican. But upon a clear day those great white birds, with the muddy waters of San Pablo Bay as a background, loom up like the proverbial "pewter dollar in a mud hole."—James S. Wilson, Solon, Iowa.

RECORD BAGS

King George and the Kaiser are not the only nifty little hunters, as the following statistics furnished by Mr. Charles Askins will prove:

"Elephants—Sir Samuel Baker, in Ceylon, fourteen in one day; thirty-one in five days. These were shot with a double four-bore rifle weighing twenty-one pounds; load, sixteen drams of powder and a bullet weighing a quarter of a pound.

"Bengal tigers—Four were killed in forty seconds by W. H. Collins near Ootacamund,



summer; there is an old cabin about a mile up the creek.

Six miles or so from here, on the other side of the canal, is China Creek, where trout will be found fairly numerous and easiest taken in June, July and August. The banks are thickly wooded, so the angler who wants fish must be prepared to wade. A good place to camp is at the Duke of York mineral claim (deserted placer diggings).

Granite Creek is about ten miles down the canal; it is a small mountain-stream containing brook trout, and the best month to fish it is July. The fishing in these three creeks is particularly good, owing to the low temperature of the water coming down from the high mountains.

Nahmint River

is on the right hand side of the canal going down to the ocean and about twelve miles down; the river, which is about nine miles long, is the outlet of a lake of the same name. The fishing in both the river and the lake is hard to beat, and this water has never been fished much owing to the comparatively long distance from a settlement. The big Tyee salmon run up this river and can be freely caught by trolling near the mouth in September.

Coho salmon run up most of the rivers mentioned; fly-fishing for salmon has not been practiced very much here, but they are known to have been caught on the fly, so that probably experienced anglers who properly understand this branch of the sport would be able to successfully fly-fish for salmon; those who are content with trolling can expect all the sport they could ever dream of and must be prepared to try conclusions with the monsters of the tribe, as the Alberni Canal is one of the places where the biggest sort of British Columbia salmon run, fish frequently being caught sixty pounds and over in weight. On the road into Alberni the only lake of any size

note was dated St. Michael, Alaska, June 4, 1903, and signed by R. E. Flynn. The strange part of it is Mr. Flynn was operated on there for a fracture of the skull by Dr. Still, who trephined his skull, using a silver quarter to plug the hole. When Dr. Still was doing the operation his assistant remarked, "You are out swer was that he would be paid some day. The twenty-five cents and your fee," but his answer was that he would be paid some day. The doctor has had his nuggets made into a scarf pin.—W. D. Bledsoe, New York City.

Not long ago while fishing on a river in Oregon I had a rather queer experience with a goose. I was sitting on the bank of a stream fishing when I heard the honk! honk! of a stray goose coming up the stream. I observed that it was coming directly toward me and flying low. Wishing for my shotgun, which I had left at camp, I pulled my pole back over my shoulder and waited for the goose. On he came and just as he got opposite me and a little ways overhead I struck with all my might with the pole. I struck under his long neck several feet with the pole but not with the line, which struck him sharply on the neck. The big sinker on the end of the line turned over several times and entwined his neck with the stout line and I proudly hauled Mr. Gander down from his northward flight. I know there is many a hunter that has hauled an old gander down with a shotgun and a charge of shot, but I doubt whether there is any besides myself that can say they pulled one down with a fish line.—Lans Leneve, Coquille, Ore.

While on the naval target range at Mare Island Navy Yard an incident occurred of the variety one has so much trouble to make people "swallow."

The members of the "firing squad" were standing about the shooting stand, waiting for the target to be set up, when someone's atten-

India, in 1903. The rifle used was a 400 bore. "Lions—Seven killed in two minutes in West Africa in 1909. Rifle a 600 bore, double barrel. Nine cartridges were used.

"I have found few definite records of American game shooting. Buffalo B.I. is said to have killed over a hundred buffalo in one day. In, I think, the American Field of a date about twenty years since, some hunter reported killing eight antelope from one flock as it ran past him. I have no doubt but that this has been exceeded many times. I have been told that one market hunter in Southern Illinois, in an early day, using a muzzle-loading rifle, killing one hundred and seventy-five deer in one month. He still hunted, using a dog to track the animals, the beast trailing without sound directly in front of his master. The saddles of these deer alone were saved together with the hides—the saddles selling in St. Louis for about two dollars apiece.

"The English record on grouse is something over one thousand birds in a day, made by Lord Walsingham. Since 1900 the Durveys, of New York, who took the shooting rented in Scotland by the late W. C. Whitney, killed over a thousand grouse a day for several successive days.

"How many prairie chickens have been killed in a day by one man will never be known. The best work, or the worst as you may put it, was that of Francke, two hundred and fifty.

"The English record on partridges is something over seven hundred brace, made by the Maharajah of something or other—I have forgotten his exact title, as well as the exact number of birds he killed—also I have forgotten where to look for it now.

"Of American quail an Oklahoma market shooter is said to have killed two hundred in a day, but I cannot vouch for this. I do know, however, of an Illinois market shooter who killed seventy-two in an afternoon—all shot fairly upon the wing."

WHAT'S DOING FOR THE SPORTSMAN?

March 26—Opening of the trout-fishing season.

Shooting season has now closed for everything on the mainland. On Vancouver Island and adjacent islands you may still shoot geese, if you can get them.

Brant geese are plentiful on the shores of Vancouver Island. Decoys are almost an absolute necessity, also a special knowledge of their haunts. Comox and Denman Island, the best known resorts for brant-shooters. Sooke, Sidney, James Island, other well-known resorts. Discovery Island sometimes affords good sport in the migrating season, a little later, while Rocky Point and similar places in the time of migration. Honkers are to be had by the persevering and lucky sportsman, but, except in a few favored localities, the man who gets honkers on the coast certainly earns them and is a friend of fortune.

Grilse, a term used roughly here for immature salmon, are now to be caught in considerable numbers by trolling in salt water—estuaries and inlets. The best known place for this fishing is Saanich Inlet, reached most easily by E. & N. Railway, 17-Mile Post Station. Boats for hire are few and should be arranged for beforehand. Sport depends a good deal on tide, a long run-out in the day generally meaning poor sport. High and flooding tides better than low and ebb.

Tackle used commonly, ordinary trolling tackle, the finer the better for good sport, with any small spoon or minnow, the local favorite now in fashion being a small Stewart spoon.

Spring Salmon are now running and may be caught in similar places with similar tackle; usually it pays to fish rather deep for springs, especially at this time of year. A deadly bait is a herring rigged with a single hook at the tail so as to give it a "wobbling" motion when trailed behind a boat.

N.B.—The "winter" springs give far better sport when hooked than the summer variety, but are not quite so numerous, or if so, not so readily caught.

Saanich Arm, Cowichan Bay and Genoa Bay, some of the best places, being sheltered water, but "springs" are found now round the shores of almost any inlet and near the kelp-beds.

Steelheads now running to the rivers, may be caught with salmon fly (favorite patterns here, Jock Scott and Silver Doctor), fished deep. Spoons and Devon minnows give good results. Best-known places handy to Victoria—Sooke River, reached by stage; Cowichan and Koksilah Rivers, by E. & N. Railway.

N.B.—Trout-fishing for any kind of trout is illegal before March 26th, in fresh water, salt water, tidal water, still water, running water or any other old water.

And yet people wonder sometimes why game has disappeared. The wonder is rather that there is any left.—Outing.

THE SONG OF THE DYING SWAN

By Currituck's long shore we lay
And watched the east, where coming day
Spun threads of dun and ashen-grey
Along the ocean-line;
The wild-fowl flying overhead
Through leagues of misty vapor sped,
Wheeled, swerved, and then with wings out-
spread,
Slow settled on the brine.

And five, with necks stretched out and on
Marking the distant flight of swan—
As greyer grew the light and wan,
Came ship-like sailing by;
Their broad wings beat the air austere
And resonantly to the ear,
The leader's challenge sounded clear
And haughty from the sky.

Then from the reeds our guns were turned
As we their naked course discerned,
The heavy charges flashed and burned
And belched with hollow roar;
The wild-fowl rose in scattering pack,
Against the sky-line looming back,
While deep-toned echoes answered back
And rumbled round the shore.

Then paused the leader in the flight
With mortal wound; and from his height
He drifted like a snow-drift white
In stately sweep along,
A victim to the fowler's aim;
And as he set his wings and came,
Pierced through the air as some thin flame,
His liquid, dying song.

No more for him the Polar Zone,
The trackless ways with stars thick strown,
The chill air all about him blown
Like tresses of the night;
For him no more to live and be
As one with wind and sky and sea;
For him no more the strenuous, free
Far ardor of the flight.

Sweet, plaintive notes in mellowed strain,
That floated o'er the shimmering plain,
And mournful as an autumn rain,
By Currituck's lone shore;
A requiem in the dawning wan
That ever lessened, on and on,
A death-chant from the stricken swam
Of never—Nevermore.