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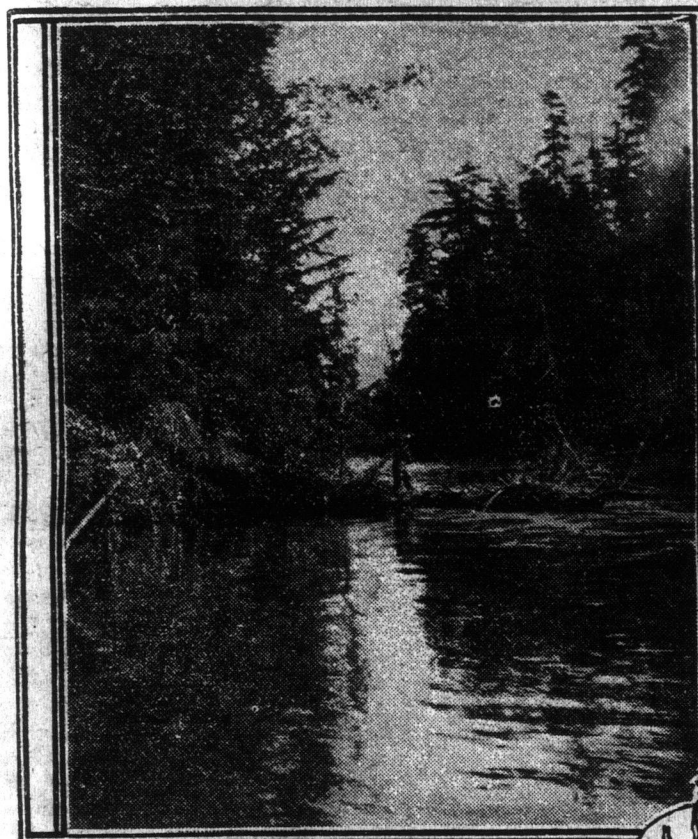
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cried out loudly to White-
1603 orders were issued
ies to send each a certain
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alous end. The war con-
counter-raid, chiefly to the
ench. Frontenac again
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fortunately had too much
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Ryswick brought a truce
By that time even the
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o an end in 1702, and the
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could induce the colonies
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and at last the colonies
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for help. Queen Anne
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e colonial contingent, wash
fleet came not; for the
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nistry. In the following
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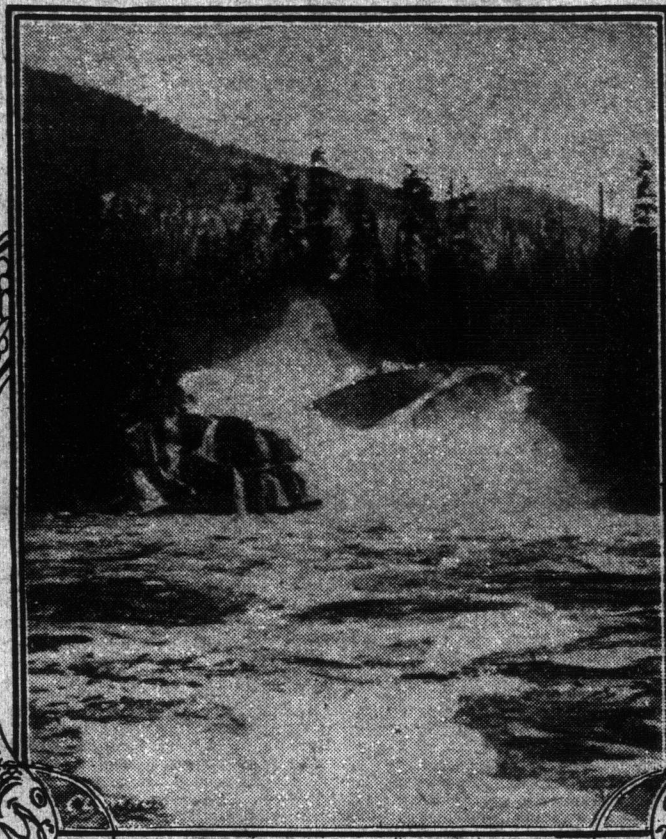
rect secured Acadia nom-
but the French still pur-
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The colonies raved and
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essive regulation; and the
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and the fact was no secret
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lled the New Englanders
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The colonies were frant-
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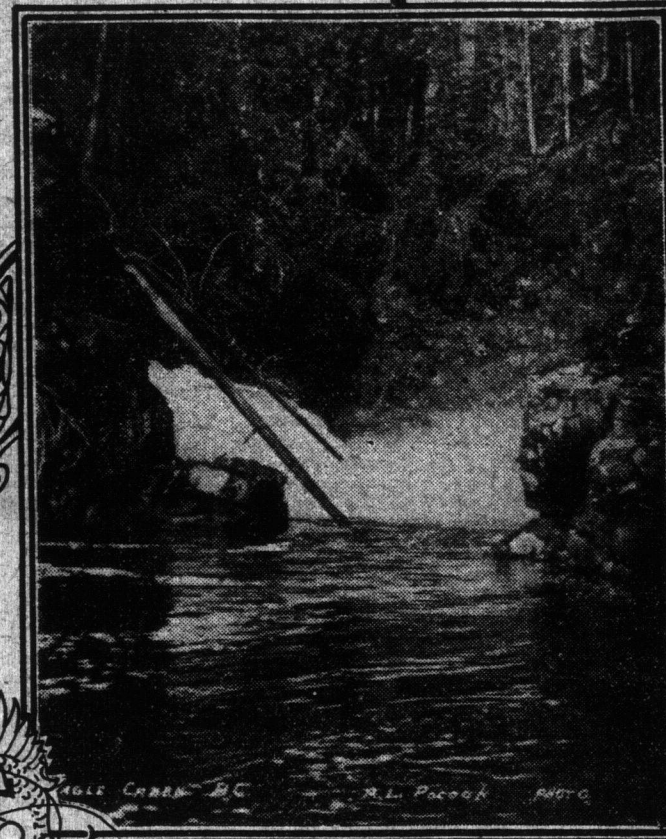
Fishing Facts & Fancies



POWELL RIVER ABOVE THE FALLS



CLOWHOM RIVER FALLING INTO SEA



ALWAYS GOOD FOR SOME BIG ONES

BY
L. KODOCK

FLY-FISHING FOR BRITISH COLUMBIA SALMON



FALLACY that has once gained credence is a hard thing to eradicate; it is so very much easier to create a false impression than to remove it.

Years ago, the story goes, a high official from the Old Country lost to the British flag a large slice of choice territory below the boundary line, through which the great Columbia river flows, by reporting the country to be no good, for no better reason than that the salmon in the waters would not take his fly.

Today British Columbia salmon are known the world over, but, paradoxical as it may sound, very little is known generally about British Columbia salmon.

In England, Scotland and Ireland, not forgetting little Wales, a salmon is a salmon and nothing more; he is regular in his habits, his ways are well known, and there is very little mystery about him compared with the salmon of our Pacific coast. True it is that it is still a subject of debate among Old Country fishermen as to what it really is that a salmon takes the bundle of feathers and tinsel for that is presented to his notice under the name of a salmon fly; it certainly resembles no insect known to British entomologists, but most of them are content to know that take it he will when so disposed, and that when not so disposed they may fish till their arms ache and his lordship will not even condescend to notice it. Also that when he does take it the resultant sport is such as to make it well worth while to endure the disappointment of many a blank day.

In British Columbia it is different; a salmon is not merely a salmon; he may be a sock-eye, a coho, a spring, tyeo or chinook, a lowly dog-salmon, or even a humpback; and if he be a steelhead we doubt if he is quite sure himself whether he be a salmon or a trout.

Now all these different sorts of salmon were for many years enshrouded in mystery; but one thing was known for certain about them by the canners—that every year about the same time they ran to the rivers from the sea in countless multitudes, and that the sock-eyes were the most numerous and the most valuable fish for preservation in tin.

It seems to be an established fact even now, that it is vain to try to tempt the sock-eye with the artificial lure; hence doubtless the decision was strengthened that the B. C. salmon will not take a fly.

Of later years the scientists have studied our fish more closely, and can tell us many interesting things about them, though, as far as we know, many of their peculiarities are still surrounded with mystery. Why is it that there is a big run regularly every fourth year? Why is it that the yearly run invariably means that our creek beds are full and banks covered with rotting and rotten dead and dying salmon of different species? Must their lives be ever limited to a span of four years? Must they, like the butterfly, lay their eggs and die? What brings each salmon that survives unerringly back to the stream in which it was hatched, as seems now to be a proven fact? There is still much mystery surrounding our salmon's ways of life and the laws by which it is bound, and it has many inexplicable peculiarities. Among them is one which stands out prominently, and that is that, though certain sorts of salmon run up practically every coast stream big enough to hold fish, other sorts run up certain rivers only.

For instance, the sock-eye runs up some of our rivers, but is never known to enter others, for no obvious reason. Campbell river is famous throughout the world where fishermen do congregate for its enormous tyeo salmon. The same giant among the salmon species can be caught with equal facility in the Albernia canal and several other places on the Vancouver Island coasts, but we have never seen it at the mouths of many other streams, crowded though they were with cohoes, dog-salmon and humpbacks. The professional fisherman can

tell you what kinds of salmon run up any particular river in the district in which he operates.

It may be conceded then, that as the salmon differ in species and differ in habits, it may well be that, though a certain bait is useless to catch some kinds which do not appear to feed at all while running to the spawning grounds, it may nevertheless prove the undoing of others which equally certainly do so feed.

Now, it is well known that, when the autumn salmon run is on, anyone who can and will handle a boat, can catch them to his heart's content by trolling with a spoon-bait almost anywhere on the coast, and, as the salmon-trolling affords amusement and excitement to a numerous body of folk who otherwise never trouble to go a-fishing, and could not or would not cast a fly on a river, this general indulgence in spoon-fishing and the glowing accounts that have often been written of it have helped to strengthen the erroneous impression among sportsmen both in and out of the country that the B. C. salmon cannot be caught with the artificial fly.

The enthusiastic angler who is always ready to go to the utmost pains to obtain the best sport knows that the sport afforded by a salmon hooked with the fly in a rapid river is sport royal indeed, and to him the hauling in of the king of game fish at the end of a hand-line is pure sacrifice. John Bull is a sportsman first, last and all the time, and, if we wonder sometimes that he does not oftener come this way to try his luck and skill, we must, I think, find the explanation in the fact of his having been impressed with the idea that the salmon-fishing of this favored country can only be carried on by rowing a boat and trailing a spoon behind it.

Let him but know the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth about our salmon, and I think he will be only too willing in many cases to forego the rental of some expensive river-beat in Scotland or Norway and come a little further to "The Orchard of the Empire," so little further in these days of rapid transit and luxurious travel, where he can enjoy his favorite sport to his heart's content without fee or licence and vary it if he feel so inclined with the collection of some magnificent trophies of his skill with the rifle.

Unfortunately, some of his own brother anglers have unconsciously helped to foster the old error.

I have read in the London "Field," the English "country gentleman's newspaper," an account of salmon-fishing in British Columbia which, though highly appreciative and very true so far as it went, did not give by any means the information or impression that would be most likely to attract the fly-fishing enthusiast. The writer, to my certain knowledge, for I acted as his guide during his short stay on our coast, confined his attentions as far as the salmon went to trolling with a spoon in the sea some few miles from Vancouver, and prided himself on his luck and skill in landing many salmon on a lightish rod, but with a reel-line almost unlimited in length, which gave the cohoes he caught hardly a sporting chance in the open sea. He, for one, was all ignorant and innocent of the fact that even nearer town he could have landed cohoes, steelheads, and perhaps too a spring salmon (best of all) with the fly, not in such great numbers perhaps, but in a manner much more sport-giving and attractive to read about by his brother anglers at home.

Ask an Old Country fisherman whether he would rather hook, play, and bring to gaff one tenpounder in a stream where he had to fight it to a finish, following, holding, stumbling over boulders, downstream and upstream, steering his fish past snags and jagged rocks, through pool and riffle, surmounting a hundred and one obstacles with his heart continually in his mouth, until at last by skilful manoeuvring and a combination of good judgment, nerve and endurance he finally scores a successful kill; or whether he would prefer to capture a sackful of twenty-pounders in the open sea with nothing to do but keep a taut line while the fish were themselves out with their struggles. I have no doubt of what his

answer would be, and I also have no doubt that more fishermen would be attracted to our salmon rivers, and very welcome would they all be, had not the false report once got abroad that our salmon will not take a fly.

They will, and do, though not in all rivers. Cohoes and spring salmon can both be taken by fly-fishing by those who are willing to take the same trouble as they would expect to take to capture the Atlantic salmon.

If you want to catch a boat-load, take a spoon and troll in the "salt-chuck." Should you, however, be looking for the best sport, come to Victoria and get posted by some of our veteran anglers, who know the streams, and who know the seasons when the salmon can be, and regularly are, taken by our best and most enthusiastic fishermen on the artificial fly.

It is the bait fisherman brags the most of his heavy baskets, the worthier and more sport-loving fly-fisherman wags a less noisy tongue, and so once more it is that less is heard and generally known about fly-fishing for British Columbia salmon than is the actual truth.

SEA-TROUT FISHING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

British Columbia angling is proverbial, of course, its wealth of game fish being little short of phenomenal; every little mountain creek will yield the explorer or prospector his dish of brook trout should he care to take the little necessary trouble to obtain it; his tackle need not be of the finest nor need his skill. The writer has fished more than one lake and more than one river in this favored province, where the sport became monotonous through the too easy capture of the fish indeed it was precisely owing to this very satiety and monotony that he first made the acquaintance of Salmo canadensis and immaculatus, the sea-trout of our B. C. littoral, the cousin of the Scotsman's sea-trout, the white trout of old Erin's anglers and the sewin, beloved of Taffy's heart.

We have heard it said that the trout of Vancouver Island are all of the same variety, and all originally ran up from the sea. With those who hold this opinion we have no wish to argue. We are content to quote from Mr. Louis Rhead's delightful book on the American brook-trout. In this work he alludes to "the sea-trout of British America" as "a purely marine fish, ranging coastwise from Maine to Alaska, feeding alongshore, spawning in the estuaries at the head of the tide, and seldom running up more than a mile or two into the fresh-water streams."

This is the fish we recognize and know, and a gamier fish or one that can weight for weight give more sport we have yet to meet, and we know the brown trout of England, the brook-trout of our mountain streams, the rainbows of the Kootenay, the Dolly Vardens and the grayling. We have caught trout against time in the Kootenay, the Moyie, the St. Mary's, and numerous other rivers of both the Interior and the coast; and for our part we give the palm for fighting qualities to the sea-trout of the coast, to our mind the handsomest fish of them all, with his silver sides, light yellow fins and transparent green back; and thus it was that we first made his acquaintance.

We were camped for a month's outing at the mouth of a short coast river draining a large lake; at the lake's outlet was a huge logjam and a few hundred yards below was a mighty waterfall up which no fish that swims could ever make its way. Anywhere on that river between the log-jams and the top of the falls, where it was possible to get a line out on the water to catch trout was easy as the proverbial fall from a log, so that to make a catch of fifty or sixty speckled trout in an afternoon and evening on that river was nothing to boast of but they averaged small, and as the baskets grew heavier the sport grew more tame, and we began to hanker after something not quite so easy. To fish the lake was out of the question without a boat, which we had not.

Now, we had been told about the trout-fishing on this river, and so far as it went our

information had turned out abundantly accurate, but—we had been told it was no use fishing below the falls. Now, luckily for us in this case, there is a good deal of the unbelievable Jew about us, and having sickened of the monotonous slaying of troutlets to be shipped in bulk by steamer for the delectation of friends in town, it occurred to us to try the tidal water at the river mouth. A Parmacheene Belle at point and a March brown dropper were cast all too carelessly on the current, and in a moment we were having the surprise-party of our life, and were making the acquaintance of a very different kind of fish. At the second cast, if memory serves, two fish were hooked, and all the morning, as the tide rose, the sport was fast and furious, all the fish landed being good ones, averaging about two pounds and ranging in weight from one pound up to four or a little over.

We had made a discovery; sea-trout were there in plenty and would take a fly freely; and having taken it would put up a fight that no fish need be ashamed of, and which, allowing weight for weight, would put the lordly salmon to shame.

Since then, in many summer trips along the coast in row-boat or canoe, we have caught many such trout at the mouth of many a stream, and have noticed that, apart from their ocean habitat, in habits and behavior they follow very closely their fresh-water cousins. There are times when river trout will not take a fly, be the angler never so skilful. So it is with sea-trout. At other times they will take it as boldly and greedily as an angling man can desire. There are other (fewer) times when a river trout will not take a spinning bait presented to his notice by a painstaking fisherman who takes the trouble not to shew himself. Precisely the same with sea-trout. If they will take anything they will take a small spoon or other spinning-bait, but sooner or later the fly-fisherman's day will come, for sooner or later they, like all other varieties of trout, will rise to a fly, especially in a swift river-current. But mark well that it is not merely in the current of the river mouth or when they have run well up into fresh water that they are to be caught on the artificial fly. Go up any of the coast inlets, and enter any little sheltered bay with shallow shores where the long sea-grass grows. Put on a little spoon and row or paddle round the bay, keeping as close as possible to the edge of the green weed. Before long, if the season be right, you will probably strike your first trout, and then prythee, if you be a sportsman, put back your spoon into your pocket and bring out your fly-book. Search the edge of the sea-grass and even in amongst it carefully and systematically, moving the boat as gently as possible and disturbing the water no more than you must.

If you see a fish rise or jump, as often you will in such a spot, manoeuvre cautiously without casting distance and put your fly carefully over the place where you saw him rise, and three times out of four he will come at you. But do not make the mistake of despising your fish because he is in salt water: use as much caution and be as quiet as if fishing in a clear river, do not merely "chuck and chance it," and you will often fill your creel with fish unexcelled for sport or table.

Should your taste demand size rather than numbers wait for a rising evening tide and calm water; then get out in the canoe and watch for the rises of the patriarchs, unmistakable from those of smaller fry, and stalk them carefully; you will find that they feed very much in the same position and that patience and a well-thrown fly will bring you not a few four-pounders and probably also an occasional six-pounder. Experto crede!

Many an evening have we spent in doing this at the creek-mouths and in the little sheltered bays at the head of our coast inlets, and been well repaid for the extra trouble and the extra patience which gave us a brace or two of "whoppers," while one chum was filling a basket of smaller ones by trolling round the bay and another was wading up the stream, vainly flogging its pools and riffles.

Given a freshet and his would likely be the better sport, as the fish run up the rising

stream and we have always found them ready risers at the start of a fresh; but after a spell of hot sunny days, when the creeks are running low and clear as crystal, and the anglers are coming home disheartened and disgusted, try the "salt-chuck"; search the shores thoroughly with fly or spoon, keeping just on the edge of the weedy patches where you see the long ribbon-like sea grass (not the kelp), and, though, perhaps, sometimes disappointed, you will often fill your basket while the river anglers are coming home empty-handed, and this with fish that in salt water or in fresh will fight to a finish and never give in until finally they meet the doom of the landing-net and the ministrations of the "priest."

One word more, if you will bear with me. Do not consider it hopeless to try a fly when you can see no sign of fish. We have caught sea-trout on fly when white-capped waves were running and again in dead colored water which gave no sign of life.

At times you will perhaps be catching fish fast when suddenly they seem to have mysteriously left the water and you try fly and spoon in vain. Watch the surface well; presently you may see a glistening grey head raised above the water, whistle and it will turn and look at you with idle curiosity, until it sinks again below the surface to continue what to it is the business of life and to you a delightful recreation, the pursuit of salmo canadensis.

HEARD AT THE RIVER-SIDE

That, although the season is late, some good sport has been enjoyed by fly fishermen lately, and that, if Old Sol will only settle down to business, the river fishing will continue to improve.

That a Tacoma bait with a worm on the hook is doubtless a deadly bait, but so is salmon-roe, and that, when trout can be taken on the artificial fly, it is more sportsmanlike to use it.

That our streams and lakes will stand any amount of fair, sportsmanlike fishing with rod and line, but that to allow seining by Orientals at the mouths of rivers, which depend for their stock of trout on sea-run fish, may be good politics, but is ruinous to the trout fishing.

That it is more satisfactory to a sportsman to bring home as a trophy a five-pounder caught on rod and line than a piece cut from a net stretched across the river-mouth.

That none of us begrudge a fellow-sportsman a good basket of fish, but that it is a willful and wicked waste to catch and kill so many fish that they become putrid before brought to town, and that smoking or salting trout is more befitting a pot-hunter than a good sportsman.

A good fish story comes from Cowichan lake. A local fly-fishing enthusiast was induced to try trolling in the waters of the lake, and has returned to town duly impressed with the size of the trout that inhabit its depths.

He rigged up his spoon and took to the oars, and had not long to wait before the rod rattled at the stern. As he grabbed it, he realized at once that there was something weighty at the other end. There was just one mad rush, and a leap into the air of a gigantic trout of an enormous estimated weight. He had little chance to reel in any slack and had perforce to give the fish the butt as the running line had rapidly come almost to the end; the first strain was, as might be supposed, severe, and dangerous to the tackle; but nothing broke, and, more or less to his relief, seeing the unexpectedly large size of the fish at the end of his comparatively light tackle, the strain suddenly relaxed, and the customary reaction to his feelings set in. He slowly began to reel in his line, but noticed it did not come in quite so easily as if the hook were bare, and his surprise may be imagined when he eventually wound in, without a struggle, a half-pound trout hooked securely at the root of the tail.

The phenomenon appeared inexplicable until a closer examination of the fish showed him that it was partially digested, and the true explanation dawned upon him. The first-hooked monster being cannibal after his kind, had swallowed head-first the last course of his last meal previous to being attracted by the fisherman's bait. This in turn he had swallowed with such open-mouthed eagerness that the hook had reached and penetrated the tail of the last victim to the monster's appetite, and the strain from the fisherman's end, so far from proving the undoing of the bully of the lake, had merely helped to relieve him of what would no doubt have been the cause of an acute attack of indigestion.