

orth of San Francisco, m land. The engines vessel floated off. that she was making the captain decided to daylight, when it was might return to San in steam. When day disappeared, but all p was dashed by the ak through which the an the pumps could gradually began to re ordered out. The women and children out a number of men and seized it, leaving to perish.

ds was Mr. Griffiths, oom. During the ex- striking of the ship ear. He approached es, but he was in such that he could scarcely ast bade him begone. aware of the presence who prudently kept

off it was seen that a her for several more ss Morris, begging her he would pick her up. d if you stay," he ed than go with you."

ed to the men to re- sising fired a shot from example was followed shots did not take ef- rowed rapidly toward ble boat left the ship y-four passengers on been prevailed upon r ladies, and had been rth was among those d. The steamer was their feet when a fish- and took them all off. ast man to leave his reed to enter the fish- ers, who declared that perish with his ship him. There were ism on this occasion, y their coolness and ne some specimens of

was leaving the wreck was overloaded. Capt. rn on board and take d by another boat, but Wilcox, a passenger, and declaring that he d hold on to the boat's They had gone but a ve fellow released his saying, "Go ahead, oon as you are," sank ace. The water was he was watched for owly to his doom, his e his head, but mak- e. He was not seen her colored man were re lost by the sinking e mails, the passen- Laura Morris' two big went down with the on after the last boat

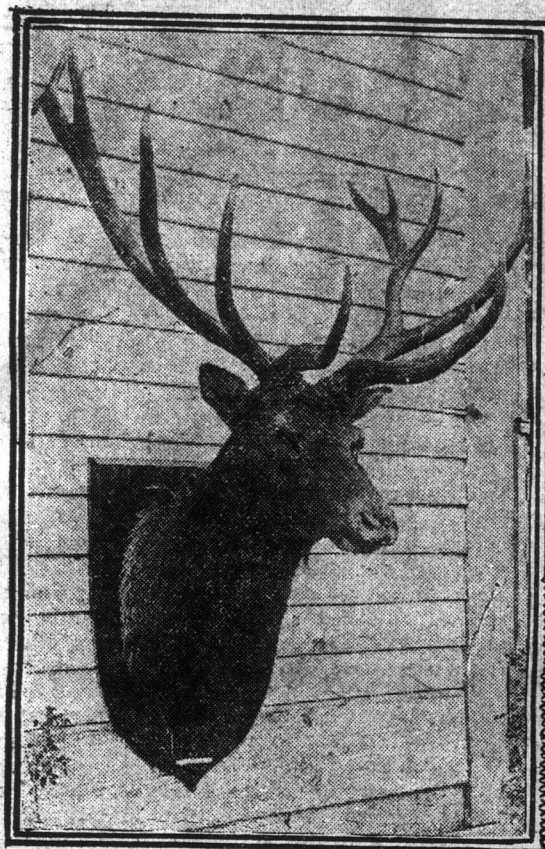
each the shore he to whom he had been waiting him. Grif- having been rebuffed the indignant passen- ted, made no demon- th and Miss Morris

e of the bluff which e Point Reyes was t of the women and ed up the side; but ne thing of an athlete, who was strong and ver and experienced e bluff there was a y passengers were other farm produce, aused a famine. A Francisco and relief to the scene of the eople went overland San Rafael, a small th and Miss Morris leaving the girl sent her:

in Francisco; e home. The steamer Point Reyes. "LAURA."

d the first intimation of the whereabouts of been missed, and it ad eloped with Grif- had taken had not dispatch that an- g was received.

our hours after the o was restored to her e following day Mr. ver. It was "Yes," e San Francisco, and



HEAD OF ELK SHOT IN ALBERNI DISTRICT



NCE come to Alberni and you will always want to return to it. So have always said the old-time residents of this attractive district, and so echo invariably those who have visited and settled there in later years. And, if this be true of the ordinary man, even more so should it hold good with the sportsman who once has experienced the wealth and variety of sport which he finds here ready to his hand. Even in these more modern days there is a romance about Alberni which seems peculiar to the place and inseparable from it, and the recent development of the policy of our great railroad in starting an extension of its Island line to tap the great natural resources of the district has been responsible for more than one romantic little tale in real life. For many years a contented little settlement of farmers with a few hardy prospectors among them, who had the courage to face hard times and hope for better, have lived a life of simplicity, clearing a little land and living on it, staking a few mineral claims and making shift to do the necessary assessments to hold them, looking forward perhaps in not a few cases to a time never too far distant in their confident imaginations when they would be able to make the raise necessary for a trip home to the old country for another look at the old folks—a simple, kindly little community, cheerful, self-confident, mutually helpful and hospitable to a degree to the stranger sojourning awhile within their gates.

For years "the valley" has slumbered on ideally pastoral and peaceful, not taking life too seriously, enjoying the good things that Nature has sent them, and not paying too much attention to the hardships inseparable from the life of pioneer farmers in a country that it takes hard work to conquer; working a little, hunting a little, hopeful always of the prosperous times that were bound to come to such a naturally beautiful spot so situated, and enjoying the social amusements which, though not so pretentious perhaps as those of a large city, were entered into with a zest and natural thoroughness lacking in places where life savors more of artificiality.

Then came the news that the railroad was coming into Alberni, a place where there are living boys and girls of quite ripe age who had never even seen a railway train, and at once romance began to evolve her tales in real life. Men who were familiar with rifle and trap, and knew the woods like a book through their occupation of hunting and prospecting, can now be met touring the roads in the latest styles of automobile, clad in fashionable attire, and with the diamond of opulence on their fingers, having turned their knowledge of the woods to account by staking the wonderfully fine timber and selling it to the capitalists who were only too eager to buy.

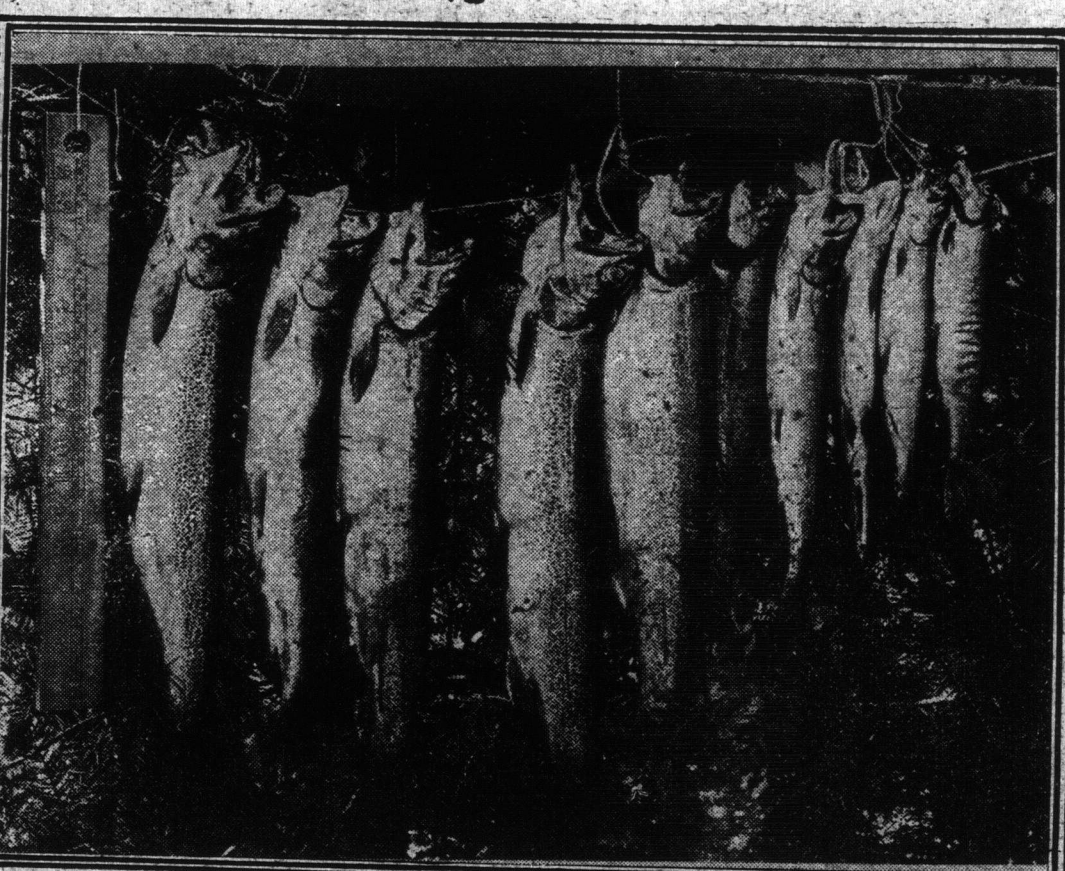
Others again have realized their dream of years and left to spend their declining days in the country of their birth. They may stay, but it is doubtful; some of them will be sure to return. There is a charm about the valley that will be ever calling.

Alberni is a lovely spot, attractive to all who have any appreciation at all for the grandeur and beauties of Nature, but more especially so to the lover of outdoor sport; for here, more than almost any other place on this Island can he find variety of sport, or abundance of opportunity to enjoy his favorite branch of it, whatever it may be.

The geographical situation of Alberni is such as to give it a great advantage over other resorts on the Island for the sportsman; being at the head of an arm of the sea that almost cuts the Island in two, it affords the opportunity for the enjoyment of a great variety of sport by land and sea, lake and river, mountain and valley, the bag embracing elk, bear, deer, panther, wolf, grouse, three sorts, including ptarmigan in the high hills, pheasants, snipe, geese, and ducks of a multitude of varieties, while the trout of the rivers and lakes are unsurpassed anywhere for size and numbers, and it is one of the few places where it is possible to catch with rod and line by trolling in the salt water adjacent to the townsite the mighty tyee salmon, the largest variety that

Sport in Alberni

BY RICHARD L. POCKOCK



CAUGHT BEFORE BREAKFAST AT ALBERNI

runs up the British Columbia rivers. For this alone it is worth a visit from any enthusiastic angler, if for nothing else, as, unlike the better known, because better advertised, fishing grounds at Campbell river the fishing is carried on in quiet water untroubled by heavy tide rips which prevent fishing except at certain stages of the tide.

In the wide valley the pheasants, introduced some years ago, are rapidly increasing in numbers, while no difficulty will be experienced in finding some resident who will be only too glad to guide you to the best grounds for grouse and deer and bear, while if you are willing to go a little further afield there should be no difficulty in procuring a head of the Vancouver Island elk or wapiti, bands of which roam the Island, though unknown in the ranges of the Mainland coast. Black bear are numerous and can be shot either in the spring when they come out of their dens in the Beaufort range and their hides are at their best, or in the fall, when they come down to the creeks to feed their full on the salmon crowding up every creek that empties into the Alberni canal, as the narrow arm of the sea is called that runs many miles from the ocean to the settlement. Deer, of course, are legion here as elsewhere on the coast, while should the sportsman contemplate a trip down the canal in winter time, he would do well to take with him a few traps, and he may be rewarded with a skin or two of mink or marten or otter to add to his trophies and delight his lady friends.

The flats at the head of the canal have afforded the writer many an enjoyable day's shooting of mallard and widgeon and teal, while it was here that he achieved his heart's desire in the way of wild-fowl shooting by bringing to bag his first big Canadian goose. Some of the varieties of ducks are fishy and unfit for the table, but here is one of the best places not too remote from the beaten track for shooting the sorts of ducks that are never fishy—teal and widgeon and pintail. Mallards come in winter in big numbers, but the mallard is apt to be a bad offender in this respect when the salmon are dying and rotting in the sloughs and creeks.

For the wild-fowler, a trip down the canal, stopping at the different river mouths will afford exceptionally good sport, and he should have no difficulty in making a heavy bag flight-shooting near his camps, while the angler in due season can cast his line on many waters where the trout as yet are in their first innocence of the wiles of angling man.

The sportsman who pays a visit to Alberni need have no fear that he will have to rough it overmuch; though as yet it is a small place, he will find up-to-date accommodation in either the old or new town, and the hunting grounds are right there at the doors almost. The roads in the valley are good, while the main road from Nanaimo is one of the best in the country and runs through some magnificent forest scenery and timber that is a fair sample of the pick of the Island. The drive from Nanaimo has been described by several writers who have exhausted all the superlatives. At present by the overland route Alberni is within a day by train and motor-car from Victoria, by sea about a day also; when the rails are laid sportsmen from Vancouver or Victoria will be able to breakfast in their homes and enjoy the evening rise in the Al-

berni waters and have the trout they catch served for their evening meal in a first-class Alberni hotel.

(To be continued next week, when full particulars will be given of the various waters to be fished at Alberni and details concerning accessibility, size of fish, best time of year, etc., in the different lakes and streams.)

IN LOCAL WATERS

Several anglers have proved the truth of the remarks in our article of a week or two ago concerning sea-trout taking the fly in salt water and not merely after they have run up the rivers, by making good catches in likely spots in the vicinity.

At least two excellent baskets were made lately on the Gorge with fly, two fish of over three pounds weight each being included

ing trout with bait in colored water as a violin solo is to a gramophone concert.

Shawnigan Lake gave one angler a good basket of seventeen good-sized fish one day last week, and doubtless others that we did not hear of were equally successful.

In fishing trout streams directly communicating with the sea occasional blanks must be expected, as the fish are migratory. Experienced sea-trout anglers understand this. It does not follow because you have one blank day that the river is no good; try again and you may strike a fresh run; if you do not have your hands full then and your basket also it will not be the fault of the river.

Just about this time brother angler in the Old Country is enjoying the May-fly season, that short period in each year when every fisherman that possibly can puts business cares aside and hies him to his favorite river-side, confident that if there is only a normal hatch of this insect beloved of fishermen he will enjoy the best of sport as long as the hatch lasts. Great Britain is the country of educated trout, where the angler of the "chuck and chance" school has but a poor chance of carrying home a weighty creel; but at the time that this insect comes to live his all too short allotted span in a dangerous world, the fish seem so greedily for the succulent morsels that all caution is forgotten, and the monster that no bait of any kind would stir before hurls himself in undignified haste at the tempting tid-bit that none of his tribe are able to resist.

The May-fly season supplies pleasures to the Old Country angler which he can obtain in their fulness at no other time. Nature is at her best in her mantle of green and gold, and if the fish will not rise when this fly is on the water, it is because there are no fish to rise.

How about the bass in Langford Lake? Reports come in from time to time of anglers visiting this lake and making good catches of this fish. We were under the impression that we had been asked not to disturb them for a few years yet, to give them a chance to multiply. If this is so, it would be well for all to know it, as some anglers seem to think that they are at liberty to take them, while others are under the impression that they are not.



PTARMIGAN ON MOUNTAIN SIDE NEAR ALBERNI

in one catch. The man who catches the tide right there catches fish also.

The Cowichan is still rather high for the best trout fishing, but the angler who takes sufficient trouble and does not mind deep wading with an occasional detour through the bush can pick out some good fish here and there. Two sportsmen who came down the river a day or two ago made good baskets on the way.

Bicycling along the road to Sahtiam, many broods of healthy young pheasants were seen and some grouse also. This promises to be a banner year for pheasants, and quail are reported as numerous everywhere.

The early bird catches the worm! Good for the early bird. But what price the early trout when the poor worm has a pot-hunter's hook buried in it?

Worming in colored water and worming in a shallow stream clear as glass are very different. Any one can catch trout with a worm in water that is discolored, but it requires a good deal more skill than the majority of bait fishermen possess to successfully fish for trout with worm under the latter conditions.

Some twenty years or so of fishing whenever the chance presented itself has induced the belief that a trout will take a nice, bright, well-scoured worm whenever it can be brought to its notice without the fisherman bringing himself also to the fish's notice at the same time. Thus it comes about that we are told that the trout are turning their attention from the worm when the rivers are clearing and the worm fishermen are not sufficiently skillful to put their bait before the fish without first calling attention to their own presence. As the water clears, it naturally becomes more suitable for surface feeding, and, as a corollary, fly-fishing. Catching trout in crystal-clear water with a fly, or anything else, is to catch-

boot. I have seen lumbermen's calks used with great success, and indeed they are as serviceable as nails if properly put in. The angler should wade the stream clad in his rough woolen clothes, as frequently he will have a mile or two of water to cover, and to walk the banks in rubber wading trousers is not to be considered.—Forest and Stream.

A Gentle Hint

As an example of "a gentle hint," the following story, told by Senator Fulton at his annual Oregon salmon dinner in Washington, can hardly be surpassed:

"In Astoria," he said, "there used to be an old fisherman who brought me the first of every month a splendid salmon from his master. I always gave the messenger a tip.

"But one morning I was busy, and when the old man brought the fish I thanked him hurriedly, and forgetting his tip bent over my desk again. He hesitated a moment, then cleared his throat, and said:

"Senator, would ye be so kind as to put it in writin' that ye didn't give me no tip this time, or my wife'll think I've went and spent it on rum."—The Fishing Gazette.

Candlefish

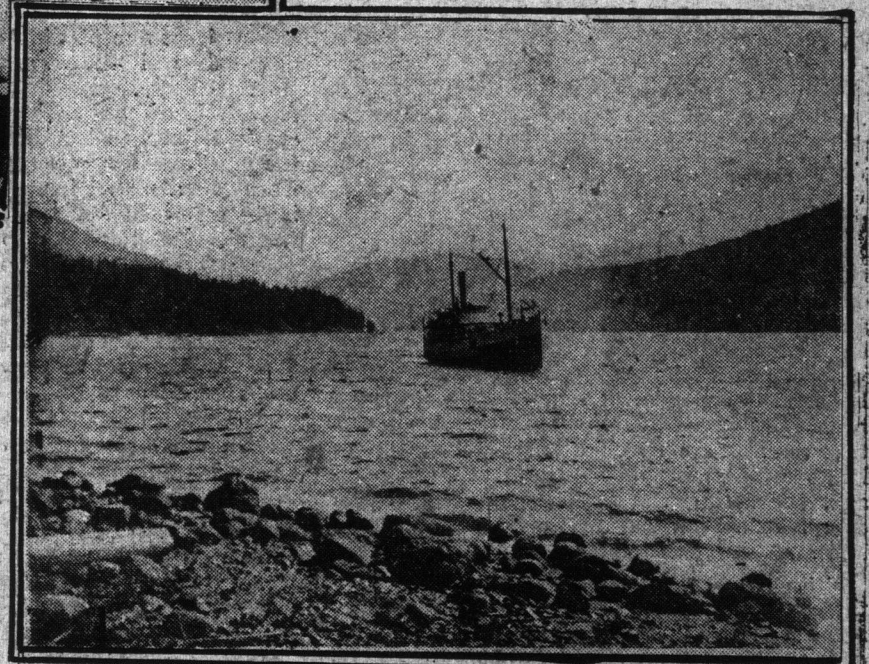
The candlefish is about the size of a smelt and so fat that when dried and lighted it throws off a blaze of sufficient power to be used for illuminating purposes. Before the advent of the white man and his candles these fish were used by the Alaskan natives for that purpose.

The Indians claim that candlefish possess valuable medicinal qualities, and candlefish oil is used by them as a universal cure for consumption. Hundreds of pounds of these fish are buried and left in the ground until they begin to decompose, then they are uncovered and dumped into a wooden receptacle, a hollowed-out log or more often a dugout canoe that has passed its usefulness as a craft. Water is then added and the putrid mass is brought to a boiling point and kept simmering by plunging into it boulders that have been heated. The oil is thus gradually tried out, and after it has gathered on the surface, thick and clear, it is drawn off and placed in large wooden receptacles. A consumptive patient is so liberally dosed with this oil that it is doubtful if he could absorb any more were he submerged in it. He drinks it by the pint and is bathed in it several times a day. To meet one of these dirty, sickly, greasy Indians is one of the most repulsive sights imaginable. Nevertheless persons in a position to know, say that after several weeks of this treatment a native who once seemed to be in the last stages of the disease becomes as robust and looks as healthy as a perfectly strong man.—Forest and Stream.

Fish Invisible In Sleep

"That file fish is asleep," said the attendant. "How do you know?" the visitor to the aquarium asked. "But I can't see him, by the way."

"That's how I know. He, like many other fish, changes color on going off. Awake he is mottled with brown and dark olive green, a handsome, sombrely splendid object. Asleep he is a pallid grey, with darker wings and tail, a ghost of a file fish, practically invisible.



APPROACHING ALBERNI BY WATER

Will some one who knows the facts about these fish confer a favor by enlightening our ignorance on the subject?

When fishing from a boat do not leave your rod in the stern with the flies on the water when you go to attend to the anchor in the bows. This is the time that the biggest fish always choose to bite. We know this from bitter experience, having lost the whole outfit once in this way when fishing in a swift current, and have just heard of a similar misfortune falling to the lot of a brother angler in a near-by water.

FISH CUTLETS

Clothing For Anglers

As far as wearing apparel goes every angler knows that woolen underwear and clothes are the proper garments for fishing in every place and in all waters. The foot gear is most important. A pair of heavy and strong leather boots, perforated along the soles so as to allow free ingress and egress for the water, are the best, and it is unnecessary to add that the soles must have a number of soft hob nobs, which should be securely clamped in the inside of the

"Many of the weaker fish, especially in the tropics, have this ability to change from a bright to a pale, vague hue when they sleep. Thus they sleep safely. Otherwise their slumbers would end between a bigger fish's jaws. "A wonderful natural dispensation, isn't it? Suppose you were a criminal, being pursued hotly, and whenever you grew tired you could throw yourself under a tree and doze off, conscious that in your sleep no one could see you!" Philadelphia Bulletin.

Cows Milked By Fish

And now comes a Rowlesburg (Va.) farmer with a fish story that promises to give him a prominent place in the presidential group of "nature fakirs."

For a week, he says, his cows had returned from the pasture "dry." He suspected a neighbor of milking them, and hid himself behind some bushes on the bank of the river. About 3 o'clock, when the sun was hottest, the cows wandered into the stream to drink, standing with their udders touching the water. The farmer says he was astounded to discover that large fish were hanging to the udders of almost every cow, and when he drove the animals out they had been milked dry.—The Fishing Gazette.