

Field Sports at Home and Abroad

TROUT FISHING OPENED MARCH 25

Piscator—You know, Gentlemen, it is an easy thing to scoff at any art or recreation; a little wit mixed with ill nature, confidence, and malice, will do it; but though they often venture boldly, yet they are often caught, even in their own trap, according to that of Lucian, the father of the family of Scoffers:

Lucian, well skilled in scoffing, this hath writ, Friend, that's your folly, which you think your wit:

This you vent oft, void both of wit and fear, Meaning another, when yourself you jeer. If to this you add what Solomon says of Scoffers, that they are an abomination to mankind, let him that thinks fit scoff on, and be a Scoff still; but I account them enemies to me and all that love Virtue and Angling.

And for you that have heard many grave, serious men pity Anglers; let me tell you, Sir, there be many men that are by others taken to be serious and grave men, whom we condemn and pity. Men that are taken to be grave, because nature hath made them of a sour complexion; money-getting men, men that spend all their time, first in getting, and next, in anxious care to keep it; men that are condemned to be rich, and then always busy or discontented; for those poor rich-men, we Anglers pity them perfectly, and stand in no need to borrow their thoughts to think ourselves so happy. No, no, Sir, we enjoy a contentedness above the reach of such dispositions, and as the learned and ingenious Montaigne says, like himself, freely, "When my Cat and I entertain each other with mutual apish tricks, as playing with a garter, who knows but that I make my Cat more sport than she makes me? Shall I conclude her to be simple, that has her time to begin or refuse, to play as freely as I myself have? Nay, who knows but that it is a defect of my not understanding her language, for doubtless Cats talk and reason with one another, that we agree no better; and who knows but that she pities me for being no wiser than to play with her, and laughs and censures my folly, for making sport for her, when we two play together?"

Thus freely speaks Montaigne concerning Cats; and I hope I may take as great a liberty to blame any man, and laugh at him too, let him be never so grave, that hath not heard what Anglers can say in the justification of their Art and Recreation; which I may again tell you, is so full of pleasure, that we need not borrow their thoughts, to think ourselves happy.—I. Walton.

Let me live harmlessly, and near the brink Of Trent or Avon have a dwelling-place; Where I may see my quill, or cork, down sink With eager bite of Perch, or Bleak, or Dace; And on the world and my Creator think: Whilst some men strive ill-gotten goods to embrace; And other spend their time in base excess Of wine, or worse, in war and wantonness.

Let them list, these pastimes still pursue, And on such pleasing fancies feed their fill; So the fields and meadows green may view, And daily by fresh rivers walk at will, Among the daisies and the violets blue, Red hyacinth, and yellow daffodil, Purple Narcissus like the morning rays, Pale gander-grass, and azure culver-keys.

I count it higher pleasure to behold The stately compass of the lofty sky; And in the midst thereof, like burning gold, The flaming chariot of the world's great eye: The watery cloud that in the air up-rolls'd With sundry kinds of painted colors fly; And fair Aurora, lifting up her head, Still blushing, rise from old Tithonus' bed.

The hills and mountains raised from the plains, The plains extended level with the ground, The grounds divided into sundry veins, The veins inclos'd with rivers running round; These rivers making way through nature's chains,

With headlong course, into the sea profound; The raging sea, beneath the valleys low, Where lakes, and rills, and rivulets do flow: The lofty woods, the forests wide and long, Adorned with leaves and branches fresh and green,

In whose cool bowers the birds with many a song, Do welcome with their quire the summer's Queen;

The meadows fair, where Flora's gifts, among Are intermixt, with verdant grass between; The silver-scaled fish that softly swim Within the sweet brook's crystal, watery stream.

All these, and many more of his creation, To set the heavens, the Angler oft doth see;

Taking therein no little delectation, To think how strange, how wonderful they be; Framing thereof an inward contemplation To set his heart from other fancies free; And whilst he looks on these with joyful eye, His mind is rapt above the starry sky.

SOME RECORD TROUT FROM THE BRITISH ISLES

44lb. Buckland record sea trout this weight, caught in November, 1868, by Hon. Charles Ellis, on Tweed.

40lb. Bull trout, on Coquet, near Newcastle, by Mr. Taylor, Broomhill, 1902.

39½lb. Salmo tereos, Brandenpool of River Awe, by angler using fly, 1866. Verified by Stewart in "Practical Angler."

35lb. Netted in Co. Antrim, and vouched for by local resident, but no details given.

32lb. Killed in 1854, in Killarney, by sub-inspector of R. I. C.

31lb. Sea trout, Dough Neagh, October, 1907.

30lb. Lough Neagh, brown trout, said to have been cooked at Brook's Club, London, 1832.

30lb. Caught with worm by fisherman from boat in Stennes Water, Orkney, 1902.

29lb. Killed in Lough Derg, by Pepper, officer of R. I. C. Now in possession of Mr. D. Hibbert, Wood Park, Mount Shannon, Co. Clare.

29lb. Loch Stennes, 1880. Was exhibited at London Aquarium. Another from same water, brown trout, caught with worm on night-line, March, 1907. Vouched for by Mr. P. D. Malloch, who mounted it.

27½lb. Two—one caught on fly in Tay, September, 1842, by Col. Dobiggin; and the other caught by Dr. Olmond, on fly, at Inver, October, 1869. (This last is supposed to have been a bull trout.)

27lb. In Lord Normandy's water, Hampshire Avon, 1889; sent as present to the Speaker.

26lb. June, 1893, Belvedere Lake, Ireland; also 1894, Lough Ennel, caught by B. W. Mears, on spoon, exhibited at Earl's Court, 1905; also, 1870, caught by late Alfred Jardine, in Galway River, by spinning a bleak; supposed to be a bull trout; skeleton preserved at Tring Museum.

25lb. In brook 10ft. wide at back of Castle Street, Salisbury, 1882; also bull trout, Coquet, Newcastle, in 1902.

24½lb. Brown trout, Sandstell Fishery, at mouth of Tweed, July, 1840; 3ft. in length.

24lb. Bull trout, from Grimersta, Isle of Lewis.

23lb. 702. Pennell tells of Thames trout sent to London by Sir Home Popham, from preserves at Hungerford.

23lb. Thames trout, caught by spinning at Shepperton Weir; vouched for by Pennell. Also one netted out of private lake in Norfolk by village parson and squire, February, 1908.

22½lb. Taken in eel trap in River Nene, below Northampton, 1879.

22lb. Lough Derg, on spoon, by late Philip Reed, at Mount Shannon.

21lb. Several—one in River Exe; one in Thames at Laleham; another at Sapperton, 1812; another in Thame, tributary of Trent, at Drayton Manor, portrait in possession of Peel family; another from Ballinderry River, Ireland, preserved at Creagh Rectory; one, 1904, Loch Rannoch, by lady.

20lb. 1302. Brown trout from Shannon; exhibited at Earl's Court, 1905.

19½lb. Brown trout, Killarney, 1907. Verified by Mr. P. D. Malloch.

19lb. Salmo tereos, by late Alfred Jardine.

18½lb. J. Watson Lyall, Loch Rannoch, Perthshire; also one in Killarney, caught by T. Elliott, April, 1907.

18lb. New River, Hornsey, caught by J. Briggs, with worm, August, 1907. Also sea trout, exhibited at London Aquarium, 1892, certified as caught in 1889.

17½lb. Loch Rannoch, caught by David Cox, of Lochie.

17lb. 402. Lake Killarney, Muckross, 1907; also one netted in Thames at Isleworth, 1887.

17lb. Several—one in Driffild Beck, near Hull, certified by Pennell; one in Loch Rannoch, caught by James Elliott; and one found dead in Test, at Romsey, December, 1905; also, River Thames, Reading, 1880.

16½lb. Kennet, at Newbury, May 12, 1885; also Thames, at Laleham, in 1882; by John Harris, Lincoln Arms, Weybridge; also one at Reading, caught with live bait at mouth of Kennet; presented to late Queen, and cast exhibited at Earl's Court, 1905.

SPORT IN THE YELLOWHEAD PASS

Few districts in the Dominion of Canada that are not far removed from the beaten track can offer such opportunities to the sportsman as the wild country around the Yellowhead Pass, the rugged territory in the midst of the Rocky Mountains on the eastern border of British Columbia. During the past summer I spent several weeks in this district, and shot a variety of game, both furred and feathered. This country has not been much frequented by the white hunter hitherto, owing to the difficulty of access. To gain the pass it was necessary to embark upon a tedious pack-train journey from Edmonton. The going, however, is so bad that few attempt the journey, the pack trail being of the worst description, and so badly neglected that we found it littered with rocks and dead fall piled to a height of several feet, rendering it well-nigh impassable to the horses. Indeed, progress at the rate of twelve miles a day of ten hours was reckoned fast traveling. This state of affairs, however, is now becoming a thing of the past, for the Grand Trunk Pacific railway is being pushed through this pass, and as it should reach Tete Jaune Cache next autumn, the adjacent country should be accessible next summer by railway.

The district is very wild in character, densely forested, with here and there vast tracts of burnt country, the dead fall of which has piled up to a height of 10ft. or 12ft., thickly interwoven with poplar and cottonwood, black, brown and grizzly bears, while part-

ridges, grouse, and prairie chicken may be found in abundance. The district will become a finer field for the sportsman ere long, owing to the action of the Dominion Government, whereby 5,000 square miles of country among the mountains on the Alberta side of the inter-provincial boundary has been taken over as a national park. This will provide a sanctuary for all kinds of game, both great and small, not only against the white man, but also against the Indian. The red man in the past has wrought sad havoc among the game all through this country, merely killing for the sake of killing, or for hides and furs. All colonies resident in the reserve have been evicted, and the same beneficial result will be seen as attended the establishment of Algonquin Park in Ontario. The game within the inclosure, multiplying unchecked, will become so abundant that it will pass the boundaries of the park and re-stock the surrounding neighborhood.

Moreover, the British Columbian and Dominion Governments, in response to the agitation of Canadian and British sportsmen, are keeping a more watchful eye on the Indians. If unmolested these red men will entirely deplete twenty or thirty square miles of the best game tract within two years. It is due to the Indian's unprincipled slaughter that the hunt for the mountain goat, sheep, caribou, and moose has become so difficult. A notable instance of this ruthless killing was brought before me—rice while on the trail. A herd of eighty deer were migrating from one part of the country to the other, and in their progress came near a small colony of Indians. Directly their tracks were observed, these natives started off in hot pursuit, rounded up the herd, and killed every one. They took just what meat they wanted, which was very little, and left the rest to rot.

The rolling country around Tete Jaune Cache, and through the Thompson Valley on the west side of the Yellowhead Pass a few years ago teemed with every kind of indigenous game. Today one has to scour thirty or forty miles and high up on the mountain sides to get a shot. The same applies to the rivers. The Indian does not fish in a legitimate manner. He constructs a trap at a likely point, where he knows from observation the fish will congregate, and catches them by the score. He will take one or two from the trap and leave the rest to perish or throw them away. Often he will not go near a trap for days, during which time it will become choked with fish, the greater part of which, having been suffocated, will be in a state of more or less advanced decomposition. Some of the white settlers in the vicinity of the best rivers have become disgusted with these tactics, and upon discovering a trap promptly smash it, lying in wait for the owner to appear on the scene, and then telling him point blank to cease such methods under threat of being thrown into the water. Such summary treatment for a time generally has the desired effect.

The hunting equipment need not be of a very elaborate description, and indeed the simpler the type of gun carried the better. For bear and moose a 33 or 35 bore is the best rifle, while for goat, sheep, deer and caribou almost any rifle will do, the Remington 22 bore being a favorite weapon. The use of an automatic rifle is prohibited in British Columbia, and as a matter of fact is not held in very high esteem by the old-time guides in the Yellowhead Pass country, at any rate. A good revolver of the heavy automatic type should be carried for use in an emergency, especially when tracking bear. So far as feathered game is concerned, any good make of shotgun will suffice, for the birds are very tame and may be approached quite close.

Caribou, deer, mountain goat, and sheep will afford plenty of exciting sport, for they require careful stalking, owing to the fact that they frequent the rugged mountain slopes well up near the timber line, and are exceedingly keen-sighted and agile. Perhaps the greatest excitement is provided by bears, both grizzly and silver-tip. The fact that the country is piled up with a maze of dead burnt trees, uprooted by the wind, and stacked criss-cross to 10ft., 12ft., or more in height, combined with the dense undergrowth, renders it an ideal haunt for such big game. Often when climbing over the dead fall you may drop unawares on a black or grizzly bear, and then it is a heavy revolver comes in handy. The latter species is especially a tough customer to meet in an awkward corner, and though the dead timber is exceedingly difficult for a hunter to climb over, a bear makes light of it. Tackling a full-grown grizzly, especially when he is wounded, calls for a certain amount of nerve, particularly at close range. To turn and run, as the experienced prospectors and guides say, is to court certain death, while a severe mauling is not unusual, if the animal is not stopped by the first shot. Many guides will tell you that it is impossible to stop a wounded bear even with a soft-nosed nickel bullet from a 30-40, and that if aimed at the head it will simply strike the frontal bone and glance off. This, however, is a fallacy, as was demonstrated to us. Our hunting guide set up the head of a grizzly after capture, posing it at the same angle as it would assume when the animal was charging, and then from forty paces he fired at it point blank. The bullet struck the nose and passed right through the skull, smashing it to pieces. No bear could have survived such a blow as that. It must be remembered, however, that a bear has remarkable vitality, and

the only way to prevent a rush is to hit him in the spine either near the shoulder or in the middle of the back. The effect of the expanding bullet smashing the vertebrae is to bring about instant paralysis of the limbs, so that he drops helpless, and may then be easily despatched. Owing to the density of the tall brush it is seldom that one can fire at a bear except at short range, and one has then necessarily to shoot straight and quickly.

So far as fishing is concerned, we had ample sport, the catch comprising for the most part rainbow and speckled trout, the "Dolly Varden" or bull trout, pike, salmon trout, and in the neighborhood of Tete Jaune Cache salmon, for these fish travel as far up the Fraser as this point to spawn on the sand bars. The country is freely intersected with creeks and mountain streams feeding the Athabasca, Miette, Moose, and Fraser rivers. The Athabasca was found to yield fine pike, many of those we caught running from 3lb. to 5lb. The best bait was an artificial minnow or gudgeon. A piece of bacon was found highly satisfactory, for the fish took this voraciously, especially if it was a bit "high." The pike here, however, show none of that fight so characteristic of the English jack, and, owing to more tasty fish being readily obtainable, they are seldom sought after for food.

The rainbow trout has a delicious flavor and is very abundant. At one sheet of water known as Trout Lake a couple of dozen, ranging from 7oz. to 20oz. in weight, were caught with two rods in less than half an hour. This lake, in fact, teems with these fish, and they were found to rise readily to the fly. The "Dolly Varden," on the other hand, refused the fly, though found to bite readily at fresh meat or bacon. The fresh bait, I may mention, comprised squirrel or chipmunk flesh, numbers of which were always around us, and were easily secured with a revolver. The big eddies on the Fraser River were the spots which yielded the primest "Dolly Varden." This is a larger fish than the rainbow trout, scaling from a pound upwards. Three which a member of the party landed aggregated 12½lb. in weight.

The Fraser River offers fine sport when the salmon are on the run, and Tete Jaune Cache is about the highest point on the river which they reach, since just above is a waterfall about 20ft. in height, which is beyond their leaping powers. They likewise failed to rise to the fly, but fell ready victims when tempted with the eye of a consort as bait. As the season advances great sport may be obtained by spearing, especially at night time, by wading out into the water and flashing to dark lantern.

Those contemplating hunting in this country would do well to secure the services of an experienced guide. There are many prospectors in the district who know the mountains and their dangers intimately, and have acquired a good knowledge of the likeliest haunts of game. These men are now, in view of the advance of the railway and an anticipated larger influx of sportsmen, giving closer attention to fitting out and accompanying parties, and in this direction their services will be found of great use, more particularly in regard to crossing the many treacherous rivers and mountain torrents, as well as the arrangements concerning provisions and packhorse transport. It is expected that when the railway has threaded the district a large centre for the outfitting of hunting parties will be established in the vicinity of Mount Robson. Certainly this would be a convenient and desirable rendezvous, as the dense forests around the foot of this mountain hold plenty of bears and other indigenous game, while the close proximity of the Fraser River ensures ample sport with rod and line. Another similar establishment is projected for Tete Jaune Cache, which will be central to the main range of the Rockies, the Mica Mountain range, the Albrede Pass, and the Thompson and Kamibops valleys. It may be mentioned in conclusion that the annual game license for general sport is £20, with restrictions as to bag for bear hunting, £5, available between January 15 and July 15; feathered game license, £10 per annum. British visitors can secure a special license of £1 per week, and for angling, £1 per annum.—F. A. Talbot in Field.

A FIGHT WITH A LION

The East African Standard (Mombasa) gives the following account, dated February 4, of the lion hunt in which Mr. George Grey, brother of Sir Edward Grey, sustained serious injuries, from which he afterwards died:

For several days the ostrich camp near Sir Alfred Pease's homestead at Athi River had been worried by lions, and as that gentleman had just arrived by the steamer Guelph, in company with his sons and Mr. Grey, the news to hand was heartily welcomed as affording most opportune sport. A party was promptly organized, consisting of Sir Alfred Pease, Mr. G. Grey, Messrs. Howard and Edward Pease, Captain Slater, Mr. Clifford, and Mr. H. H. Hill. The hunt started on Sunday morning, January 29. The plan of campaign was to divide into two parties, one consisting of Sir Alfred and Mr. Hill.

About half an hour's ride in drawing a donga Mr. Hill espied two big male lions making off about half a mile to the right, and the party of two galloped after the quarry, endeavoring to keep them in sight. Sir Alfred followed the bigger and slower animal and Mr. Hill the leader, which was some 400 or 500 yards on his left. The object of the hunters was to turn the game into a donga, thus giving time for the rest of the party to come up, hoping that Mr.



Sportsman's Calendar

MARCH

Sport for the month:

For the Angler—Trout-fishing from March 25; grilse and spring salmon-fishing.

For the Shooter—Geese and brant, which may be shot on Vancouver Island and islands adjacent thereto—BUT NOT SOLD.

March 25—Trout-fishing legally opens for salt and fresh water.

Spring salmon at their best this month.

Grey would be given the opportunity to open the shoot. That sportsman has a fine reputation for high courage, and is no novice at big game. Unfortunately, the second party had no opportunity of learning the tactics which had been agreed upon by Sir Alfred and Mr. Hill.

Mr. Grey, seeing the game, put his horse to the gallop and practically started to course the brutes. His companions were immediately alarmed at his foolish temerity, and endeavored to warn him of the terrible danger he was courting. They were doubly alarmed at seeing one of the lions preparing to charge. Mr. Hill thereupon dismounted and fired a quick shot at the biggest lion in the hope of attracting his attention from Mr. Grey. The bullet unfortunately fell short, and the lion charged Mr. Grey, who jumped off his pony and awaited the onslaught. At about 20 yards he fired and the shot went into the shoulder, but without stopping the deadly charge. He got in another shot at about five yards, hitting the brute in the mouth, breaking two of his murderous fangs, and injuring his jaw.

The lion flung his victim to the ground and commenced to worry him just like a dog would a mouse. Meanwhile Mr. H. Pease had followed Mr. Grey, and the party waved him to come up on the flank; they then covered the 300 yards between them and the lion and his victim at top speed. When some 50 yards off the lion noticed his fresh antagonists and ceased to maul Mr. Grey.

At 25 yards the party dismounted and ran in, and at this awful moment of peril Mr. Hill's rifle jammed, and he, too, was out of action. Almost simultaneously Sir Alfred and Mr. H. Pease fired, and the balls entered the lion's ribs. The thrice heavily-wounded animal then returned to his victim. The horrified relief party scarcely remember what happened during the next brief moments, further than that the lion was on top of Mr. Grey and animal and man were so mixed up that it was most difficult to distinguish the former's head from the latter's body in order to get in a deadly head-shot, which was found impossible to place until the lion was almost lifeless. During the deadly fray the other lion was distant only about 100 yards, growling and lashing his tail. In spite of the double danger threatening them, the hunters, who had only two .255 rifles, paid no attention to the second animal, being intent on relieving their comrade.

Mr. Grey's wounds were very numerous. The lion severely clawed his face and head, bit his arms, hands and thighs, and inflicted nasty wounds on his back. After being rescued from his deadly peril Mr. Grey was perfectly collected, and quietly instructed his anxious friends how they could best handle his lacerated body.

A FAVORITE

"Martha, dost thou love me?" inquired Seth of the Quaker maiden.

"Why, Seth, we are commanded to love one another," quoth the maiden.

"Ah, Martha, but dost thou feel what the world calls love?"

"I hardly know what to tell thee, Seth. I have tried to bestow my love upon all, but I have sometimes thought that thou wast getting more than thy share."—Detroit Saturday Times.

"There's no doubt," remarked a shopkeeper, "there are too many humbugs and swindlers in this town."

"That is so," agreed his companion; "you and I must leave it."

"Lend you 25 louis? A pretty idea! And suppose you were to die tomorrow?" "Sir, you insult me. I may be poor, but at least I am honest."—Rire.