

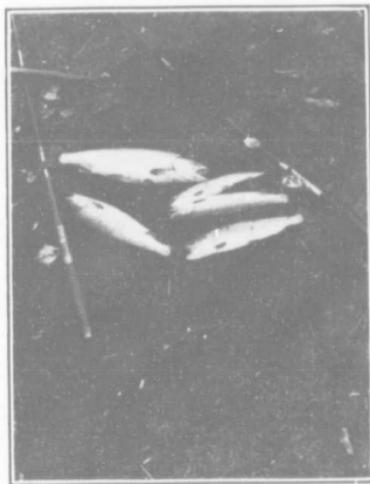
miles long, others wee bit shelters from the wind and the wave. In turn fill all these waters with every manner of invertebrate, with all the edible shell fish, with all the good food fishes, add the harmless sharks and the big soft devil fishes (dangerous only in magazine stories), add the seal and the sea lion. Literally spatter the water



**A Haunt of the Wild Duck**

with black dots: these are the innumerable flocks of sea fowl, the ducks of all the breeds, the brant, the geese and swans in days just gone by, add the plover and the snipe. Enliven the little clearings

amid the great forests where Man has wrested a few acres from the giant vegetables, with quail and grouse, with lordly pheasant. Into this scene of primeval beauty pour a shining, crowding, leaping host of salmon that no man may number—then you may have a conception of the bays and coves, the shores and benches, the hills and mountain tops, and the waters of this Nature blessed part of Vancouver Island.



**The Harvest of the Waters—Steelhead and Cutthroat Trout From Sooke River**

“At times the plunging blackfish, the so-called ‘whale killer,’ rolls in from the Straits of Fuca, filling the air with the roar of its vapourous exhaust. Up leap the mallard and the teal, the widgeon, pintail and bluebill, buffleheads spatter away, canvassback

and red head, coarse surf ducks and myriad divers mark the huge mammal’s course by their leaping, while in the clearing alongside