

HUNTING AND FISHING, HERE AND ELSEWHERE

FISHING RESORTS HANDY TO VICTORIA

(By Richard L. Pocock.)

I.—A Day at Riverside, Cowichan Lake

The name Cowichan is a name for Victoria's anglers to conjure with. When visitors to the city call at the Colonist office to get posted as to the best place to go within easy reach of Victoria to get good trout-fishing, Cowichan River and Lake naturally come first to the mind. To attempt in a short article to do complete justice to this district as a resort for anglers appears to the writer a hopeless task, and he offers at starting an apology to the many good sportsmen who doubtless know the charms and resources of the river as well or better than he does, for any shortcomings in an attempt to describe the magnificent sport that this river still affords regularly to those who know it. The chief object of the series of articles which it is hoped to publish week by week under the above heading, is to be of some assistance to present and prospective visitors to the city in letting them know a little definitely about some of the best resorts for anglers which can be reached without difficulty or delay in a week-end outing or less from Victoria.

Any information given, though it has no pretence of being exhaustive, may be relied on as accurate, as no place will be described which has not been personally visited and tested by the writer. As the best means to this end the writer has adopted the method of describing an actual sample trip to each place. Here goes for Riverside, Cowichan Lake:

This is a trip which requires at least three days in order to sample the sport at all satisfactorily, and the angler "with it in his blood" will assuredly never be content with so short a time once he gets there. Personally, we had to make it in three days only the last time we were there, and this was how we worked it. Leaving town by the Esquimalt & Nanaimo Railway by the morning train at 9 o'clock, a two-hour's journey over a most picturesque route with ever-changing scenery of lake, sea, mountain and forest, brought us to the prosperous little agricultural town of Duncan, in the Cowichan valley. Arrived here, we mounted the bicycles we had brought with us on the train, for a twenty-mile spin over a road, good for most of the way and rideable all the way, to the outlet of the lake. Being enthusiastic and feeling vigorous, we took the wheels, but this is by no means a necessity on this trip. A stage connects with the train from Victoria every day in the summer, and return tickets for the whole journey by rail and stage can be bought from the E. & N. booking offices before starting. The plutocrat can take an automobile from Duncan or all the way from Victoria, if he so prefer. The stage takes four hours to make the trip from Duncan to the lake, there or thereabouts; on a wheel, without hurrying, we took three hours, which is a liberal allowance of time and included ten minutes by the wayside for a sandwich and an orange.

The ride or drive over this country road is alone worth the trip, even if there were no trout-fishing at the end of it. For the first few miles one is passing prosperous-looking farms and comfortable and even luxurious farmhouses, where later in the year the lucky owners and their friends enjoy some of the best pheasant shooting that the Island

affords. Passing further up the valley into the heart of Vancouver Island, the road leads into dense forest growth, and the stranger can marvel at the size and number of the forest giants seen close at hand. At some point or other on the road as likely as not a deer will be seen, for these animals are common everywhere in the district; on this particular occasion we almost ran one down as we came silently round a corner on the wheels. The shelter of the dense forest makes for cool riding, a consideration in the summer months. On the way there was plenty to give joy to

but never bad enough to make it unfit to ride, though there are hills on the way that most will walk, as we did. For the greater part of the way the road is some distance from the river, but, when within a few miles of the lake, the angler gets a glimpse of likely-looking trout water to whet his appetite. Suddenly emerging from the woods the sight of the picturesque Riverside Hotel, standing back a little from the main road, meant the end of a longish but by no means tedious ride, which in itself was a pleasure trip well worth the journey from town. Here we found a warm

boat down until a likely stretch of water is reached, and then cast out the anchor and fish awhile, admiring the beauties of the landscape and spying out the land, but it was not until we returned to the river about four in the afternoon that we made the acquaintance of our first fish. Trying the pool just above the hotel with a Jock Scot at point and a March Brown as dropper, two fish were landed at once for first blood, and the same flies accounted for two or three more before it was time to return for supper. After supper we made the acquaintance of some of the

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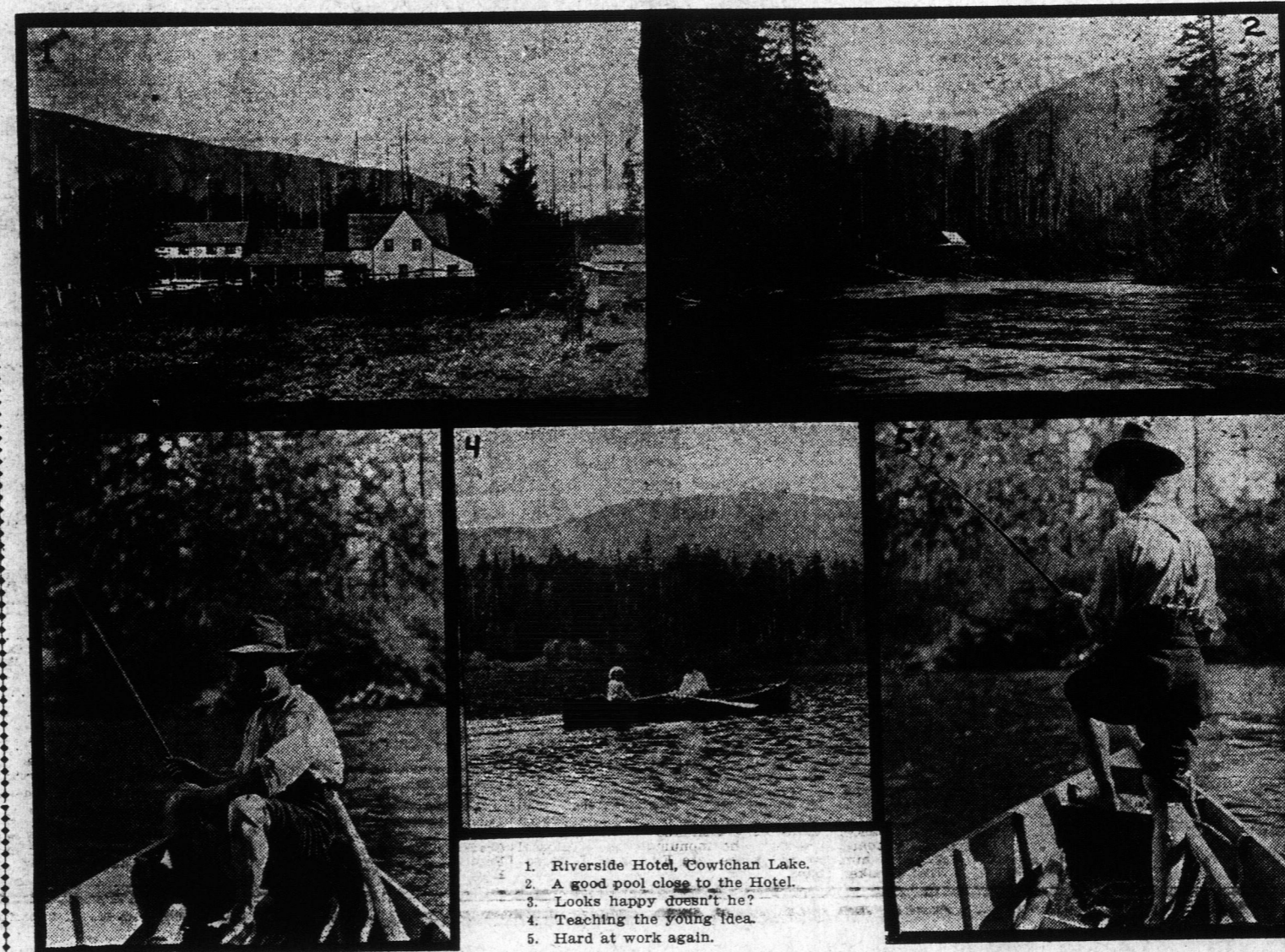
Lunchtime arrived in due course, and we both did full justice to the good fare sent with us by our careful hostess, and after that a little snooze beneath a shady tree. So far the going had been easy, and we had had ample opportunity to enjoy to the full the lazy delights of a fisherman's holiday; the next thing was to get back, and here was where the "strenuous life" part of it came in. Those who have had no experience of polling a boat or canoe are advised to take a guide with them on a trip of this kind to do the hard work; but the old hand likes to do all the work himself. Alternately rowing, polling, pushing, and pulling up by the branches protruding from the river bank, we worked our way slowly but surely up the river again, anchoring once more at the likely spots and steadily increasing the total of the catch, until finally we came to our last stop at the first riffle below the hotel. From about seven in the evening until dark we were kept busy striking and landing fish; there was a big hatch of fly on the water, and the trout were rising greedily. Hungry and happy, we pulled up anchor for the last time for the day and rowed the few yards back to the hotel to find, not the cold remains which we expected hours after the regular meal hour, but a first-class hot dinner kept waiting for us; and didn't we just do justice to it! This was the finish to one of the most delightful day's outings I have ever enjoyed in the country.

I have said nothing of the fishing in the lake, as this is properly a subject for a story of its own. Others who left town at the same time as ourselves came back with boxes of big ones caught by trolling in the headwaters. There is a variety of sport to be obtained in this district; personally, I do not care for trolling when I can get fly-fishing, but for those who prefer to troll for the monsters, there is plenty of opportunity in this lake, which is famous for big ones.

Next morning, having a basketful each to take down with us, we took it easy until it was time to mount the wheels, and arrived in Duncan in plenty of time to catch the train for town, after a pleasant ride of about two and a half hours, the return journey taking less time owing to the grade into the lake being more uphill than down.

The cost of such a trip as this is very small, the accommodation all that a sportsman wants, and the charges reasonable.

It is quite out of the power of the writer or of the camera fiend to convey adequately all the delights of a fishing trip on the Cowichan, all the little adventures, the big and little successes, and the little contretemps would fill many pages, while the camera has no power to portray the lovely tints of the Nature pictures continually unfolded to the view of the "contemplative angler," gliding swiftly between the banks of the Cowichan, one of the loveliest rivers of Canada, or any other country for that matter.



1. Riverside Hotel, Cowichan Lake.
2. A good pool close to the hotel.
3. Looks happy doesn't he?
4. Teaching the young idea.
5. Hard at work again.

the soul of the Nature-lover; the dogwood trees were out in all their glory, the foliage everywhere was in its freshest coat of early summer green, the grouse were hoo-hooing love words in bird language to their mates, reminding them of the young broods soon to appear and reward them for their patient tending of nest and eggs; here and again a quail would mount a log and let out his cheery call, or a cock pheasant would crow defiance from the shelter of some patch of uncleared farming land.

In some parts the road is a little rough,

welcome, and, though long past the regular lunch hour, were soon seated at a well-laden table. After bolting a hasty meal, not because we had to, but because of an impatience which all anglers will understand, we found a boat ready for us at the water's edge less than twenty yards from the back of the hotel, which reminded one by its picturesqueness of some Old Country riverside inn, and took the Englishman's thoughts back to Father Thames.

Having been told that the best time for fly fishing was later in the evening, we decided to spend the earlier hours of the afternoon

residents of the district, most hospitable people and good sportsmen, willing and anxious to give us all the information in their power to help us to a successful day on the morrow.

Acting on the advice of an expert resident fisherman, we were up bright and early in the morning, and, after an ample breakfast, started down the river in the boat, taking care to be provided with a good anchor and a generous length of strong rope, for the Cowichan is swift and strong. The plan is at this time of year, before the water is sufficiently low to allow of wading in many places, to let the

TREASURE HUNT TALES

Tales of hidden hoards of pirates and of treasure cargoes stored far beneath the waves in sunken galleons have in all ages had a peculiar fascination for men, and many a life has been lost and many a dollar expended in the search for wealth that never existed. It has remained, however, for men of the twentieth century to place treasure-hunting on a sound business basis, and to equip it with the machinery necessary to its success. Within a few weeks the greatest treasure hunt ever organized will begin in the Bay of Vigo, where it is estimated that within a comparatively small area minted gold and silver to the value of between twenty and thirty million pounds sterling lie.

In the golden age of Spain's history she drew from her mines in the West Indies gold and silver worth more than £9,000,000 a year. In 1702 a fleet of galleons brought home the accumulated treasure of three years, amounting to some £28,000,000, together with precious merchandise almost equally valuable. Arrived safely at Vigo, the seventeen Spanish galleons were attacked by the combined British and Dutch fleets, under Admiral Sir George Rooke. The galleons, which were men-of-war, carrying from twenty to forty guns apiece, were assisted in the engagement by 21 French ships of the line. The others were much stronger, and gained an overwhelming victory. It was to save the treasure falling into their hands that the galleons were sunk. It is proved beyond doubt that only a very small part of the treasure belonging to the king was landed before the battle; contemporary official documents show it to have been £2,081,416 and the allies secured as booty no more than £434,785. Some of this gold and silver was adapted to the national currency in England, and a number of commemorative medals also were struck from the captured gold by order of Queen Anne.

Almost as soon as the battle ended attempts were made by the Spanish government to recover the treasure. They were unsuccessful, and later the government began to grant special charters to private companies. A succession of attempts was made, the government at first demanding as much as 95 per cent of all treasure that might be raised from the bay. In 1728 a wealthy Frenchman, Alexandre Goubert, almost succeeded in bringing one of the sunken vessels on shore, but it proved to be a French warship that had been sunk during the battle of Vigo. An English expedition, under William Evans, worked for a year from the end of 1825, and succeeded with a primitive diving bell in rescuing small amounts of silver, cannons, balls and other objects. The American Vigo Company followed, after an interval of years, and succeeded in lifting one of the ships, which, however, went to pieces before it reached the surface, as it had not been properly strengthened.

No other concessions were granted until the present concessionaries appeared on the scene, and secured from the Spanish government the sole right of working in Vigo Bay until 1915. The Spanish government is to receive twenty per cent of the value of the objects recovered. Dr. C. L. Iberti is at the head of the enterprise. The general cargo brought home by the transport included pearls, emeralds and amethysts, amber and precious woods from the South American forests. It is known that there were numerous works of art in gold, silver and bronze, to say nothing of 1,541 cannons, and innumerable articles of value belonging to officers and seamen.

When, in a few weeks' time, work is begun in Vigo Bay, attempts will first be made on the Santa Cruz, one of the largest of the galleons, which carried thirty-four guns.

a kind of camera, provided with mechanical arms, and containing powerful lenses. The system of lenses and reflectors is so arranged that objects surrounding the base may be seen from above to a distance of about 2,000 square yards. The hydroscope is provided also with electric lamps of great power.

Another of the clever Italian's inventions is a submarine boat, which was used by the Japanese to raise the sunken Russian warships at Port Arthur. It is shaped like a torpedo, and is screw-driven; it is also fitted with wheels, and can move along the sea bed; it can rest immovably in the water at any depth, and has mechanical arms which may be worked with a precision almost equal to that of human hands. Among the other inventions are the elevators, consisting of cylinders made of rubbered canvas, into which compressed air is pumped. Each cylinder is capable of raising forty tons out of the water, so that it is only a question of multiplying the number of cylinders, whatever the weight may be. The elevator has mechanical arms to embrace the hull which is to be salvaged, or cables may be passed beneath a keel when the wreck is weak.

The bed of Vigo Bay has already been examined with the hydroscope, and the ships, which for more than two centuries had rested peacefully in the depth of the ocean, have been located. By way of experiment several cannons were raised to the surface, and a quantity of wood was recovered, so well preserved as to resemble stone. The wood of which the sunken galleons were built is, alone a treasure that would repay years of work spent on its recovery.

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PROTECTING BUFFALO

Numerous complaints have come in from time to time from the Far North that the wood buffalo, the only wild specimens on the North American continent, are being killed by Indians and by timber wolves. The taking or killing of these animals is prohibited by the Dominion Government, who realizing the depredations likely to be committed by wolves if the latter are allowed to become too numerous in the buffalo country, have offered a bounty of \$20 on each timber wolf pelt. Strange to say, this generous amount has not had by any means the result expected of bringing in increased quantities of wolf skins by the Indians, a reason for which is offered by Superintendent Routledge in his report. Superintendent Routledge was last year sent out from the Mounted Police headquarters with instructions to investigate thoroughly the reports of depletion of the herd, and to take the necessary action to punish the offenders.

He left Fort Saskatchewan on February 2 and reached Smith's Landing on March 1. He made a careful investigation, but could not find that any buffalo had been slaughtered in the past two years. He visited the grazing grounds, and saw numerous buffalo, besides many tracks. Sergeant Field patrolled the country in a different direction, and found traces of a large herd, which he estimated at 100, but was not able to come up with them. He saw the tracks of many wolves. Sergeant McLeod also patrolled the west side of the grazing grounds, but saw no buffalo, nor could he find that any had been killed. He, as well as Sergeant Field, reported wolves very numerous.

Superintendent Routledge's report and recommendations are as follows: "The adequate protection of the remnant of the Far Northern herds is an important matter. The laws at

present on the statute book, and the wolf bounties are steps in that direction, but, when the remoteness of the grazing district is considered, the ravages by timber wolves, and the fact that small native settlements are situated at out-of-the-way places along the waterways surrounding the grazing lands on three sides, miles from principal centres, and that in several instances during the past ten years Indians have been punished by fines for killing buffalo, it will be seen that more direct supervision is necessary.

"During my stay at Smith's Landing I was unable to obtain evidence of the Indians at those places having killed buffalo during the past two years and that they have done so during the years immediately preceding that period was a matter of suspicion only. Traders and others who understand the Indian character stated that had such taken place they would likely have heard of it.

"Timber wolves are numerous, as the many tracks observed in the Upper Slave country south of Smith's Landing, and the animals seen by my party west of Salt river, serve to show, and they undoubtedly destroy many calves and young buffalo.

"The Indians stated that it is next to impossible to trap the wolves, the brutes being so wary that it is difficult to get at them with a rifle; and the results following the application of strychnine would be too serious in a game and fur country to permit its use except under very careful supervision.

"The buffalo appear to move about in small bands, and it is therefore impossible to arrive at a correct estimate of the number; but from all I could learn, I would judge there are between 250 and 300 head."

The value of the estate left by the late Sir Donald Currie, is \$1,885,260.

OUTING COMPANY PRESIDENT IS ARRESTED

Knapp Is Charged With Accepting Deposit After He Knew His Bank Was Insolvent

Binghamton, N. Y., June 7.—Charles P. Knapp, president of the Outing Publishing Company, which is now in the hands of a receiver, and in charge of the defunct bank of Knapp Brothers in Deposit, New York, was arrested Saturday morning on the complaint of Edith Crowley on a charge of accepting a deposit of \$50 after he knew the institution was insolvent.

He waived examination, and was held to answer to the grand jury. He was released under \$2,000 bail. The arrest of Mr. Knapp is the first criminal proceeding resulting from the failure on April 8th, of the Binghamton Trust Co. and Knapp Bros., private bankers, having institutions in Deposit and Calico and the Outing Publishing Company. The Binghamton Trust Co. is now in the process of liquidation by the state banking department; the two private banks of Knapp Bros. and the Outing Publishing Co. are in the hands of receivers. The Outing plant is still running under the management of the receivers. The failure of the private banks of Knapp Bros. is said to have been due to overloans to the Outing Publishing Company, and the failure of the Binghamton Trust Company is supposed to have resulted from the closing of the Knapp private banks, in which it was financially interested to some extent.

CHOLERA OUTBREAK IN ST. PETERSBURG

St. Petersburg, June 7.—The first warm days of the summer have been marked in St. Petersburg by an alarming increase of cholera. It was thought that this disease was almost stamped out in the capital, and on Wednesday there were only three cases in the municipal hospital, but today twelve diagnosed cases and five suspected cases have been taken to the hospital. The increase is ascribed to drinking the water of the River Neva without previously boiling it.

Compulsory Military Service

Special to The Evening Post. London, June 7.—The details of the new military organization have been postponed pending the reception of Lord Kitchener's report, but the principle of compulsory service is adhered to, beginning with the school cadets.

\$6000
Easy Terms

Best places in life are filled with successful men. There is no necessary to success and nothing that will pay more at the present time than good investments in real estate.

Have you heard of Wilson's advice?—"Put your eggs in one basket and watch it grow."

A Good Speculation