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In writing of the fishing of Vancouver Island, the Cowichan River comes naturally first 'to mind. its fame having traveled far, and its beauties charmed many a visiting angler, while for many years it has been the stand-by of Victoria anglers, through being within such easy distance of the city.

From early spring until late fall the Cowichan yields good sport, from the run of the steelheads and the first sea trout until the end of the season when the river is full of dogsalmon and the trout are gorging on their spawn.

When the middle reaches of the river are oo high to fish, good baskets of trout may be made near the mouth in the tidal water; teelheads can be caught in the deep pools of the upper reaches, while later on the cohoes and spring salmon will take the angler's fly or minnow.

The man who is not satisfied with sport such as the Cowichan River can afford is hard to please indeed. The ideal way to enjoy the river to the full is to work down it by canoe; such a trip as this affords the tourist, be he angler or be he not, a unique opportunity to experience a delightful outing which is quite out of the ordinary routine of sight-seeing or out-of-door amusements.

Most of us have felt a thrill when reading of the daring deeds of Canadian voyageurs shooting the rapids of some broken stream, rushing and leaping through the virgin forests. Here is the chance to enjoy the deeper thrills of actual experience almost at our very doors, and yet in a setting of scenery as perfectly wild, natural and unspoilt by civilization as though we had left the dust and noise of city life days and weeks behind us. Riffle and rapid, deep quiet pool and tumbling fall, wide open stretch fringed with clean, bright gravel bars, and narrow, rock-walled canyonhere is a panorama of ever-changing pictures affording never-ending delight.

The crystal-clear water, running now be-tween banks clothed with foliage of every shade of green and carpeted with moss and fern, now between cool, moist walls of rock, clothed with masses of wild maiden-hair, and anon in a wilder bed of shining pebbles, passing on its way many a fair dogwood tree gleaming in its bridal veil of white blossoms against the dark green background of pine and hemlock and cedar ,sings as it runs a song of merriment, lightheartedness, and joy to charm away the care of the traveler or the weary city worker,

Two hours in the train from Victoria through varied scenery of forest and lake. mountain and fiord, brings one to the little town of Duncan, the centre of a fertile farming district, where can be hired the Indians for the trip, who, with their canoes, are despatched ahead of the party to the headwaters of the river, where it leaves the lake. So long as care is taken to hire experienced Indians and to see that they take good, big canoes, there need be no thought of danger, nor need it be deemed at all necessary to leave the ladies of the party at home, for they can participate in and add to the enjoyment of the outing without danger or discomfort.

A twenty-two mile drive in horse stage of

of the big moose of Great Lake region. Most of these wonderful stories have their foundation in fact, and when I heard, in a previous season, a marvelous tale concerning the big moose of Great Lake region, I decided to do what I could in the way of securing him. Whether I got the big bull or not I will let my readers decide for themselves

bou or moose, I had heard, on a previous trip

after they have read my story. As the next hunting season drew near I kept the mail busy with letters to my friend, whom I shall call "L", regarding a proposed trip to the neighborhood of the big lakes near the upper portion of Shelburne County, Nova Scotia.

. At last after several days on train and steamer I jumped off at the little station, to be greeted by my friend and hunting companion. With him was old Jim McKay. When his eyes fell on me his face beamed and ,after shaking hands with me, he said: "Well, well, noo Jock, I'm verra glad to see ye!" In reply to my questions as to the prospects of a good hunt, he replied: "Weel, mon, I ha' na doot that ye'll manage to get a muckle sport, ye ken the groon's alrecht!" I then told him of our proposed direction, and his quaint answer "Ye're a guid mon and hae the proper. spirit; it's a muckle shame there's na Scotch in ye!" He would have talked longer but as I was in haste to get to the woods I bade him good-by and jumped into the vehicle that was waiting to convey me to my friend's house, where I could unpack my trunk and transfer my dunnage to pack sacks-sacks which were then to be placed aboard the ox team for the first portion of our journey up the usual tote

road. I will not go into details of the first few days of incessant paddling and portaging around bad rapids with frequent stops to fish as well as to camp during the evening.

Early in the morning on the fourth day we heard a cow call, towards the east, evidently about a mile away from the river. We also saw numerous good moose signs and the same were quite fresh.

By this time the scenery had become more and more wild as well as beautiful and finally as we turned a bend in the river we saw before us the entrance to the lake, "a Sportsman's Paradise."

Here and there in the distance were several flocks of ducks, quite a few asleep on the rocks, ile out in the lake were many small islands thickly wooded and having small sand banks in the shadows of whose shores we could see the trout jumping every now and then after flies and bugs, It was indeed a sight such as would delight the heart of any sportsman and lover of nature.

We had hardly entered the big lake when we saw approaching on the western side a small hunting canoe and upon closer observation found it to contain two Indians John Globe and Louis Francis. We slowly paddled over and they greeted us with their customary "Bou jou! How you come, eh? By river? We see good moose sign on de west side of lak', mebbe you git dat big feller. We go down Walbi Lak' for still hunt; dat one good place-must go now. Bou jou!" With this they paddled off, not even deigning to look back.

ice, but by ten minutes we had reached the eastern' side of the lake and quietly disemmarked. A short distance from the shore was a thick spruce covert, and here we decided to remain hidden and to give our call, as we could see the big swamp at the end as well as on the sides.

After listening a few minutes, "L." gave his long, hoarse call three times, and then we waited. I was just going to ask him if he had heard a noise on our right when he said: "Lis-ten!-hear that?" Sure enough from the swamp on our right came a loud, "Bwah! Bwah! Bwah!" It sounded like a large goose and would have fooled any novice, but when you have once heard a moose call you never forget it. In a few minutes he let out his "Bwah! Bwah! Bwah!" as if requesting an answer from the supposed cow. As he was by this time fairly close, we dared not call again, so simply used the only alternative, namely, to wait. In about an hour a slight wind sprang up and we immediately made tracks for our cance for fear he should get wind of us and clear out of the locality altogether.

We quietly paddled across the lake and, after eating a good breakfast, we took down our tent and moved our outfit about a mile further down the like, so as not to disturb the

We spent the day in cruising around the We spent the day in cruising around the doing any shooting whatever, although we raised flocks of black ducks at every bend in the lake and river. As we had great sport with our rods we contented ourselves with a generous catch of the speckled beauties. That night it rained, but towards midnight the wind changed to northwest and at dawn it was cold as ice. I was awakened by hearing "L." whisper in my ear, "Come on, get out; it's a fine morning to call. We'll get that big 'cuss' to-

day." We again made our voyage across the lake and took our station, "L." on top of a handy rock and myself concealed on his left.

Again "L." gave his call, and in five seconds we had an answer, the same deep bark; in fact it was the deepest tone I have ever heard, and my friend exclaimed, "By Gosh, that must be some old grandfather. I'll bet he has a pair of horns on him like a chandelier!" I felt sure then I would get a crack at something that day. In another few minutes he gave a couple of

short barks and "L." motioned me to be ready any second. Fortunately there was absolute-ly no wind. You could not have smelt a Gloucester Banker sixty feet away. I lit a safety match, but not a breath was stirring, and to make matters still better, the sun was just rising over the tops of the green woods directly in front of us.

Once-more "L." called, putting his horn close to the ground and giving a low, whining sound with a decided gurgle on the end, and as he threw down his horn he looked at me and said, "I did the best I could on that call." The next second he whispered excitedly, "By Jove, look out! Here he comes!"

At first I did not see him, as he was sneaking down along the edge of the spruce thickets, stopping every now and then to try and get sight of us; but on he came until he got within about ninety yards, then crossed over in front of us. "L." gave me the signal for first shot. and I put my big 45.70 up and drew a bead on his shoulder and fired. He, however, did not jump at the shot, and I thought I had missed him, and gave him another. "Shoot lower!" velled my companion, and once more I fired, aiming about six inches lower. Then he reared up on his hind legs and turned to go back from where he came, but I hit him once again. He ran a short distance, then made a final plunge, and after a few kicks he was ours. We ran quickly to where he law and then we saw what a wonderfully fine specimen he was. I counted twenty points, the shovels of the horns being fourteen inches wide and the antlers having a maximum spread of fifty-two inches ,both being very even. We immediately commenced skinning the head and quartering him. It took us three days to get him to the last lake, after continuous hard packing and portaging and canoeing, where, with the help of a team of oxen, we brought the outfit and our moose to the little village of Clyde. We both felt proud of our victory, and as we were unloading who should congratulate us but old Mac. "Mon! mon! ye hae the recht kind noo, an' how did ye manage tae get sic a big yin? My boy, I hae the utmost respec' for your hunting qualities an am verra porud o'. ye. It's a muckle shame ther's nae Scotch in ye! After shaking hands with the old chap and the usual backwoods gentlemen at the little cross-roads store, I made my preparations for the homeward trip. This had been better than all my previous trips, and as the great head hangs on my wall I ask myself, "Did I get the, right one this time?" Let my readers answer. I, at least, am satisfied .- J. S. Gustine, jr., in Red and Gun.

and much talk we decided that July sixteenth would see us on our way to this promised land of scenic beauty, fish and game. More discussions were necessary before we had decided on the contents of our packs, which must contain blankets, food, fishing tackle, photographic outfits, and lest we forget mosquito netting. At last all arrangements were complete, the morning of July 16th saw us leaving Vancouver eastbound via C. P. R. We had chosen the hottest day of the year for a start, and the further we got from the coast. the higher went the mercury until arriving at Lytton, our jumping off place, in the early evening we found the glass registering 102 in the shade, the difficulty being to find the shade.

Lytton is perched on the banks of the Fraser at the confluence of it and the Thompson River, and from a distance is most picturesque. Early next morning we boarded the stage, and started up the North Canyon of the Fraser.

A sad occurrence marred the day's pleasure to a certain extent. At breakfast it was found that there was not enough porridge to go round and I was the victim.

On leaving Lytton the road dashes down a steep incline overhanging the river, crosses the mouth of the Thompson on a spindling legged bridge of considerable height, up again to the bank of the Fraser, and turns into the woods only to emerge again on the river's bank at a greater height. In and out it winds always climbing higher until finally you find yourself running along a shelf on the mountain side overhanging the river several hun-dred feet below. Rounding sharp bluffs, dashing down steep inclines, across deep ravines, up hill sides, generally with the cliff towering over you and always with the river a raging torrent far below, makes this forty-seven miles a trip long to be remembered, especially when considering the magnificent panorama of river and mountain ever in view which entices one's attention from the dangers of the road. We arrived the same evening at the town of Lillooet, a beautiful little hamlet nestling in the valley and boasting well kept gardens and lawns, which, with the flowing river and towering mountains made a picture delight-ing the artistic soul of one of our party and appreciated by all. Next morning we had a taste of packing, walking from Lillooet through the Cayoosh Pass to the foot of Seaton Lake. The thermometer registered ninety-eight in the shade as we passed through a long defile with the sun pouring down upon us and reflecting from the rock walls on all sides. The road bed was so hot that our feet suffered considerably, and all three hurriedly divested ourselves of the packs on arriving at a suitable camping spot at the outlet of Seaton Lake. After bathing we were able to look around with more appreciation at the beauties surrounding us. To the east the pass twisted through tremendous sheer walls of rock. It was ideal-the kind you read of but seldom see. To the west lay twenty miles of lake with huge surrounding mountain walls, their snow capped tops mirrored in the clear waters beneath. When sunset came the riot of color presented was gorgeous beyond description, later toning down into the most wonderful tints. Morning saw us aboard a small steamer, not speeding up the lake, but waddling along rather importantly with plenty of time to gaze at the surrounding hill tops and speculate as to the most likely places for deer or big horn which are plentiful. For these we were too early but we were so pleased with what we had seen so far that we were already talking of our next trip. Reaching the head of the lake just about noon, we made the acquaintance of Paul, an Indian, who undertook to show us a good camping ground on Anderson Lake, about one and a half miles away, and to take us up the lake next day. Anderson Lake proved, if possible, more beautiful than Seaton. A fine stream runs out of it, and the prospects for a big catch of fish looked bright. We were, however, a lit-tle early for fly fishing only taking a few fish but trolling in the evening was good. Paul and his dugout were on hand early next morning and off we started up the lake. Crossing the mouth of Three Mile Creek, a trout struck carrying off our troll. It was an ideal spot for fishing, but as we had decided on Roaring and McGillivray Creeks we hurried on. At Roaring Creek the sport was good and we soon landed some very fine trout both of the rainbow and silver variety. They were soon in the pan and provided a most enjoyable luncheon. We then paddled on to McGillivray Creek, and after fixing up our tent for the night again tackled the fishing. This creek, by the way, is a mountain torrent rushing out well into the lake. A short distance back it tumbles down several hundred feet through a narrow canyon in a series of splendid cataracts. At the mouth of the creek the fishing proved excellent both with fly and troll. We made a good catch both as to size and number. The water being ice-cold the trout were as game as could be wished for, giving us many an exciting fight in which we were sometimes only second best. From hereon mosquitoes bothered us some at nights but we suffered more from fear of them than actually, and developed our powers of ingenuity in providing means of protection. Next in. From the Springs it is only a few miles

WHAT'S DOING FOR THE SPORTS-MAN? March 25-Opening of the trout-fishing

Shooting season has now closed for everything on the mainland. On Vancouver Island and adjacent islands you may still shoot geese, if you can get them. Brant geese are plentiful on the shores of Vancouver Island. Decoys are almost an absolute necessity, also a special knowledge of their haunts. Comox and Denman Island, the best known resorts for brant-shooters. Sooke, Sidney, James Island, other well-known resorts. Discovery Island sometimes affords good sport in the migrating season, a little later, while Rocky Point and similar places in the time of migration. Honkers are to be had by the persevering and lucky sportsman, but, except in a few favored localities, the man who gets honkers on the coast certainly earns them and is a friend of fortune.

Grilse, a term used roughly here for immature salmon, are now to be caught in considerable numbers by trolling in salt water-estuaries and inlets. The best known place for this fishing is Saanich Inlet, reached most easily by E. & N. Railway, 17-Mile Post Station. Boats for hire are few and should be arranged for beforehand. Sport depends a good deal on tide, a long run-out in the day generally meaning poor sport. High and flooding tides better than low and ebb.

Tackle used commonly, ordinary trolling tackle, the finer the better for good sport, with any small spoon or minnow, the local favorite now in fashion being a small Stewart spoon.

Spring Salmon are now running and may be caught in similar places with similar tackle; usually it pays to fish rather deep for springs, especially at this time of year. A deadly bait is a herring rigged with a single hook at the tail so as to give it a "wobbling" motion when trailed behind a boat.

N.B.-The "winter" springs give far better sport when hooked than the summer variety, but are not quite so numerous, or if so, not so readily caught.

Saanich Arm, Cowichan Bay and Genoa Bay, some of the best places, being sheltered water, but "springs" are found now round the shores of almost any inlet and near the kelp-beds.

Steelheads now running to the rivers, may be caught with salmon fly (favorite patterns here, Jock Scott and Silver Doctor), fished deep. Spoons and Devon minnows give good results. Best-known places handy to Victoria-Sooke River, reached by stage; Cowichan and Koksilah Rivers, by E. & N. Railway.

day proved very windy, and we had a pretty strenuous few hours in the canoe before reaching the head of the lake. . There we picked up a half-breed farmer who drove us across the divide and down to the Birkenhead Hatchery, a distance of twenty-two miles, where we duly landed after a rough passage, stopping over night on the way at a farm house. En route we passed some very promising streams, such as Pool Creek and Black Water. Birkenhead River is another beautiful stream. We stopped here over night and enjoyed some good sport although catching no large fish. Those in charge of the Dominion Government Hatchery here treated us most hospitably. From this point we again employed Shank's mare to carry our packs to the Pemberton Indian Rancheree where we obtained an Indian and a small dugout. The Indian's klootch had to come along too, so in all we had a good load for a small boat. A short run down stream brought us down on Lillooet Lake-a large expense of dull green water. Rugged ranges with high snow -capped peaks rise on either side with glaciers showing here and there. Down the lake we paddled for many hours stopping for luncheon on the way. Arriving at the foot of the lake we were obliged to run a very swift rapid of about a mile. Dangerous enough to be exciting at any time, striking a rock with an overloaded canoe makes it doubly so, and such was our experience. In the second shoot we bumped, shipped water but passed safely along doing the mile in less than four minutes without paddling. This brought us into Tenas Lake, and six miles further down the Lillooet River runs out a roaring, seething torrent continuing for thirty miles until it empties into Harrison Lake. Landing close to where the river runs out we climbed to a roadway a few hundred feet up the bluff. Finding no horses available, the Indians being away, we had to start out on foot again. Camping on the way we came next day to Skookum Chuck Indian Reserve, where we obtained a team which carried us to Port Douglas, eighteen miles further, arriving at noon the following day. All the way the mountains and river provided ever changing and interesting scenes. At Douglas we camped two days awaiting the chances of a boat down Harrison Lake. At last we obtained a large dugout with a gasoline engine, which, after much coughing and misfiring, landed us at Harrison Hot Springs. The trip down the Harrison Lake is exceptionally interesting, the mountains rise in splendid formation to a great height on all sides, while near the upper end many fine trout streams come tumbling to the railroad, which we reached after travelling exactly two hundred miles from the time of leaving it at Lytton twelve days ear-lier.—Keith Wright in Rod and Gun.

automobile along a country road winding its way among the forest giants that have stood for centuries in silent majesty, passing here and there a prosperous, well kept farm, brings one to the lake of which the river forms the outlet. Here is a comfortable hotel to shelter those who must have luxurious housing even among the beauties of Nature, and here are met the Indians with their canoes ready for the run down stream back to Duncan and the railway. How long the trip will take depends on the leisure and inclination of the passenger. One day will suffice if needs must, but most will surely want to linger on the journey, halting to try the tempting pools where lurk the biggest trout and to camp and cook them at the place of capture.

Here and there it is necessary to make a short portage while the Indians let the canoes down by ropes through some stretch where it is not safe to run, but these places are few and of short distance. The fisherman will find an endless variety of likely spots and the fish he hooks will be worthy of his skill. An experienced angler who has fished many well-known streams in this and other lands, in comparing the sport on the Cowichan with that on the famous Nepigon, gives the palm to our Island stream, as yielding gamer fish. Can higher compliment be paid to any Canadian water?

In the autumn months a variety of sport may be enjoyed in the district. Black bear are common, deer are everywhere, in the lower reaches of the valley pheasants abound, while grouse are plentiful in the hills. Elk or wapiti an be had by those who are willing to take a the extra trouble and travel a little further to the wilds, and the lakes are full of trout, which can be caught either trolling or with the artificial fly.

For the sportsman, who has a week or two o spare, a sojourn in the Cowichan valley with a run down the river by canoe to end it, will be an experience that he will not forget and will often wish to repeat.

MOOSE HUNTING IN NOVA SCOTIA

Lke all hunters and sportsmen who hunt and travel the Canadian wilds and hear wonderful stories of exceptionally large deer, cari-

We paddled about three miles further up the lake and finding a sheltered spot made preparations for camping. In a short time we had our tent up and duffle unpacked, and while . "L" cooked the supper of trout, beans and tea, I got busy with the spruce bough bed.

After a short smoke and just about an hour before sundown we started towards the northern end of the lake to try a call. We had to be extremely careful to keep well along the western side, as there was absolutely no wind and sound can be heard a great distance on a clear, quiet evening. Finally "L" broke the stillness with, "Let's go ashore here and try a call," so we pushed our craft into the shallows and waded ashore.

In the moose the sense of hearing is developed to a wonderful degree and it seems possessed of marvelous powers which enable it to discriminate between innocent sounds and noises indicating danger. An absolutely calm, windless night, therefore, is required for calling. Moreover, the game is so wary that in coming to a call it will always circle around and try to come up the wind in order to get a scent of the animal or being from which the call seems to come.

We carefully selected a small mound about a hundred feet from shore, fating a small birch growth, and "L." climbed to the top, moose horn in hand. Then he gave the longdrawn call three times. All was quiet, and we waited, fairly straining our ears to catch the slightest sound. Perfect silence reigned all about us except for the melanchely hooting of a great owl close by.

We waited fully twenty minutes and then tried another. After repeated efforts, and when it had become so dark that we could not have seen our game, we decided to give it up and go back to our canoe. A short paddle brought us to the camp, where we crawled into our sleeping bags.

The next morning we were up long before dawn, and after a hasty cup of coffee made over the remaining embers, we put on jackets and moccasins and climber into our canoe for a paddle to the eastern side of the Great Lake. We certainly appreciated the short paddle. as it helped to warm us up. The lake was cov-

A HOLIDAY TRIP IN THE LILLOOET DISTRICT. B.C.

Visiting Lillooet in the spring I was so impressed with the beauty of the district and its possibilities from a sportsman's viewpoint that I immediately decided that my next furlough would be spent in further exploration. Returning to Vancouver I looked up two kinered by a thick mist which seemed as cold as dred spirits and with the help of many maps