

# HUNTING AND FISHING, HERE AND ELSEWHERE

## RIVERSIDE GOSSIP

By Richard L. Pocock.

Trout fishermen who celebrated the opening of the season have nothing to complain of; although no particularly big bags were made, very few came home "clean." Some good baskets of trout, numerically speaking, were made by bait fishermen in the various lakes and streams adjacent to the city, while the more particular anglers who stick consistently to the use of the artificial fly only, mostly did as well as could be expected considering the turn the weather took at the opening weekend and the chilliness of the atmosphere.

Some very fair success has been had with steelheads, in various parts of the Cowichan river, and some good trout have been landed lately in the early mornings, though the season has as yet been a little chilly for the best success with the fly. Most of the smaller waters of the district have yielded up quite a fair number of trout, however, and those who have gone out have returned well satisfied.

The most remarkable thing about the opening of the season was perhaps the unusually large number of anglers who went out to try their luck. No less than seventy-two were counted along the banks of one stream alone the first Sunday.

Considering the growing popularity of the sport and the ever-increasing number of anglers continually coming to make their home in this city, it is to be hoped that the provincial authorities will show an equal zeal in the duty of protecting and improving our trout waters as in that of protecting the game. To many the contemplative man's recreation is a greater attraction than the more boisterous and obtrusive sport of shooting, and there is no good reason why the angler's interests should not be safeguarded just as rigorously as those of the gunner.

Those who preferred to take their chances with the grise and salmon had very fair sport, and it was a happy and contented bunch of sportsmen which returned to the labors of city life after the week-end holiday.

By the way, the Indians were still banging away at the ducks at the mouth of the Cowichan some weeks after the end of the shooting season, not necessarily killing many good ducks, but helping to make them wild and less likely to return to the same haunts next season. It is well known that wild fowl are more affected than any other class of game by being continually blazed at, and more likely to desert their usual resorts for more peaceful surroundings when they can find them. It is not so much the large numbers of ducks killed on the coast which is gradually but surely making them more and more scarce, but the enormous amount of ammunition fired at them, often at impossible ranges, which makes them shy and causes them to seek new feeding grounds.

It seems a pity that more people do not seem to be aware of the excellent salmon spring to be obtained in early spring for trolling salmon. The "spring" is the most sporting of all our varieties of salmon, and it is at this time of year that they are at their best, from a sporting point of view. In the spring the water is colder near shore than in the autumn; whether this is the explanation of it or not, the fact appears clear to the writer that the fighting qualities of the spring salmon caught in

the spring are away ahead of those of any of the salmon which are caught in the fall of the year.

Early morning and evening seem to be the best times to fish for "springs," irrespective of the state of the tide, and the best success will be found by keeping fairly close to shore where the water begins to deepen, the supposition being that the salmon are cruising close to the shore in pursuit of the small fry on which they prey.

On three successive outings this year the writer has had at least one good salmon each time, and on the last occasion hooked three, landing two and losing the other after a struggle of a quarter of an hour with the fish of his life. The same tackle exactly does for both grise and salmon, except that it seems necessary to fish with a fairly heavy spoon than will take even a small grise; a Stewart being as good as any.

Quail are getting more and more common on the vacant lots in town. The other day six spent the whole day on the lot next to Maynard's auction rooms on Broad street; in James Bay they are thick in several parts, notably on Boyd street, Simcoe street, and even as near the centre of the town as Menzies street, only a few blocks from the Government buildings.

Talking of artificial flies, I saw two youths the other day who had just come down with a good basket of nice trout from Cowichan Lake. I myself had been trying the river at Duncan without much success, so enquired out of curiosity what fly they had caught the trout with. Jock Scot was the answer, and a yellow fly the name of which had escaped their memory. A few moments later one of them bemoaned the fact that he could not get a shoe-shine up there before going back to town, and in an unguarded moment let slip the remark that he had made his boots dirty digging worms. I fancy that gave the clue to the particular variety of fly used which has accounted for a good many of the early spring fish, and the name of which he was for the moment unable to recall.

No wonder the reporters of the daily press find it hard to chronicle a fish story without first making mention of the name Ananias!

I hear that one or two very fine, big trout have been caught in Shawigan Lake this year, and also at least one grise was reported, the inference being that the work done last year on the outlet to make it possible for fish to get up from the sea is successful in its object. I am told that the Dominion Government is going to let us have some trout fry for turning out in this lake and also very possibly some steelhead fry.

## TWO TRUE FISH YARNS

We were in that unmapped country of Northwestern Quebec. The only human beings we had met in two weeks' travel were some Tete a Brule Indian trappers, and a Montanais caribou hunter and his squaw; but we needed no company outside of ourselves. Our party consisted of three white men and six Montanais Indians. The red men had named me Bonhomme chez nous, which I am told was a compliment, but from the manner

the Indians had of clipping their words and my little knowledge of French, I thought they had named me "Bum Canoe," which did not strike me as being any too flattering, even from Indians.

Ever since we had hit the river the three white men of the party found no difficulty in supplying nine hungry men with all the trout that they could eat, and the fish were none of your fingerlings either, but good, husky, red-bellied fellows, such as you seldom see outside of a picture book or in your dreams. We had just made a rough portage and landed our goods and canoes on a rocky ledge, below some roaring falls. Joe Nipton, a one-eyed Indian, who looked like a Malay pirate and who wielded the bow paddle in my canoe, launched the light craft in the dark rapid water below the falls and motioned for me to get aboard; then he anchored the canoe in the swift waters by skillfully jamming his paddle blade against a rock on the bottom, and waited for me to cast my flies. I did so with the monotonous success which had followed us all along this beautiful river.

Growing weary of the sport, I began idly to play with the flies, and while my leader was hanging over the sides of the canoe I made a discovery which suggested some fun. Addressing the chief of the Indians and imitating to the best of my ability his broken English, I drew myself up, struck my chest and cried, "Bum Canoe, him big medicine, what? He know all ze fish by zer names. Zey answer to zer names! Ze trout down here, him name Monsieur Gaston." Then taking the leader in my two hands and dangling it over the water, I exclaimed: "Jump, Jean Batiste, jump, boy!" but there was nothing doing; when, however, I cried: "Jump, Gaston, jump!" to the utter bewilderment of the red men and obedient to my command, a trout leaped from the water. Again dangling the fly over the water, I said, coaxingly: "Alphonse, Alphonse! Jump!" but no trout rose at my request.

"Zer," said I, "you see he not answer to ze name of Jean Batiste or Alphonse." But when I again called "Gaston" the trout jumped clear of the water. This was repeated a number of times, somewhat to the awe of the red men, but greatly to their delight. The explanation of the trick is simple.

I had noticed a good sized trout leap for my fly, while the leader was dangling over the side of the canoe, and when I lifted the fly a few inches higher the fish did not rise. So when I called Gaston, I allowed the fly to dangle near the surface of the water, but when I called Alphonse or Jean Batiste, I took care to elevate the fly a little higher and the trout did not rise.

Of course, one cannot play in this manner with trout upon a stream that has been frequented by fishermen, for in such a stream even the baby trout will scuttle away and hide at the approach of a canoe.

A few seasons ago a well-known newspaper man, who is also a celebrated fisherman, brought his bride with him to visit at my permanent camp, "Wild Lands," on Big Tink Pond, Pike County, Pennsylvania. The season was late and the bass had ceased to bite, but the pickerel were very hungry. My guest and his brand new wife occupied one boat, while their host and hostess occupied a neighboring one.

"My dear," said my guest, addressing his wife in a superior manner, "you don't let your fish run long enough. You don't give them time to swallow the bait before you strike them."

"Well," replied his better half, "if you know so much about it, you better tell me when to strike; I've got a bite now."

Mr. J. watched the line critically for some time, then gave the command.

"I've got him," exclaimed his wife, as her rod began to bend in a semi-circle.

"And so have I got one," exclaimed Mr. J. excitedly, and forgetting his pupil he devoted his whole attention to his own line.

When the little lady began to reel in her sliver thread her husband became very much excited; and although a seasoned and experienced fisherman, he was evidently puzzled over the action of his fish. At length he shouted, "Hold on, hold on a minute! Hold on a minute, please. I think, dear, that you are all snarled up with my line." Then both parties began talking at once, at the same time reeling in their lines. But when the time came for landing the fish, it was plain to be seen that their lines were not snarled, and there was only one fish.

## A BEAR STORY FROM BRITISH COLUMBIA

The record bear of British Columbia is a big grizzly to be found over on Ramsay's Arm. Several thrilling tales about this frightful quadruped are in circulation among the Indians and half-breeds of the Pacific Coast country. His ferocity and mastodon size are said to exceed all authenticated bear records. He feeds anywhere from the Coast Range to the ocean, and the Indians always give him a wide berth. Their imaginations have converted his remarkable physical prowess into a supernatural power, not without the suspicion of a purpose to shield their own timidity. The grizzly are not pre-eminent bear hunters, and no tyce could, if he would, secure a half-dozen bucks to volunteer to make a rug out of the Ramsay Arm pelage. The grizzly does not venture into that country alone, and when he goes there to get "mowich," it is only in a strong hunting party.

No doubt a great many acts of which he is entirely innocent have been attributed to "Meerhique," as the beast is known in the Indian language. Some for which he is responsible are grossly exaggerated, and other attributed to him are preposterous. Now it may be true that a Chilcoten Indian did guide a couple of sportsmen from the Fraser river, over the mountains to Ramsay's Arm, and that, when out looking for signs, he found his bear making

a breakfast of the decaying bodies of spawned-out salmon which had floated ashore after the usual summer run from the salt sea, and that he attempted to end bruin's career by aiming a bullet at his brain. A bad shot was followed by a charge of such ferocious and noisy demonstration that fear atrophied the poor Indian on the spot. Meerhique seized the rifle and broke it over the hunter's head, felling him like a tree, and then wheeled and disappeared in the dense undergrowth.

Bears are generally supposed to appease their wrath in a horrible mutilation of their unwary victims, chewing the head into a tooth-brush or rending the limbs from the body, but Meerhique is far-sighted and crafty, and the victim of his attack wandered home with a cracked pate minus a sound mind—"possessed of the devil" the remainder of his days—and a living example of the vengeance of Meerhique's aroused anger.

A Lillooet Indian from the ranchee at the foot of Mission mountain came to a violent death on Ramsay's Arm. This swish enjoyed local celebrity as a spearsman, and Meerhique, so the story goes, found him perched on a rock watching for salmon, stalked the fisherman, and with one sweep of his great paw sent him to the bottom of the river with his head crushed into pulp.

Other interesting stories of this remarkable specimen of *ursus horribilis* may be picked up on the Coast Range, through the Cascades, and even over on the Fraser and Bridge rivers, interesting enough to relate as bear stories, but not well enough authenticated for serious publication. However, in a trip up into the interior of British Columbia, I fell in with a timber cruiser of Vancouver, who had knocked about Ramsay's Arm considerably on the lookout for good stamptage for the lumber market, and had run across several stories of the career of the giant bear. He told me that he had seen his claw marks on trees measuring fifteen feet from the ground on which he stood when sharpening his claws. This single statement from a truthful man is sufficient evidence that the bear is a regular monster. The big grizzly which Mrs. Noel, the famous woman hunter of Lillooet, B. C., killed, measured three inches under ten feet from tip of nose to tip of tail, and this was considered a record bear, and judging from reliable information, the latter's height must have fallen far short of the Ramsay Arm bear's towering stature.—Recreation.

Captain Lewis Bayly, C.V.O., who has just been promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral, saw service in the Ashantee war. He also took part, says the Pall Mall Gazette, in a decidedly exciting little expedition up the Congo River in search of pirates in 1875. A training vessel, the Geraldine, had stranded whilst going upstream, and the enterprising pirates of the place attacked and robbed her and killed a few of the men who attempted to defend her. It became necessary to reason with those pirates, so the Encounter and the Spiteful and other boats explored the creeks. In one town, deserted, up the Lucilla Creek, they came on some of the plunder and razed a stronghold or two. The gunboats went some seventy miles up the river, and then received the solemn thanks of seven kings, who may or may not have been near relations of the freebooters, for having cleared the river for legitimate trade. By the way, Sir Percy Scott won his step in the same affair.

## First War Balloons

In these days, when Germans believe that their Zeppelin dirigible is destined to make their motto "Deutschland uber alles," a reality, it is reassuring to remember that balloons have aforesaid been used in war. The war balloon came of the fecund mother of inventions. It was the second year of the republic. The battle-gage of a king's head which she had chucked down to all Europe had found Europe somewhat haltingly responsive, when it came to business. But the armies were converging on Paris, and the Committee of National Defence was put to its trumps in the big game it had to play. The circumstances suggested all sorts of new-fangled devices. Presently, a scientist found himself the father of the motion of a war balloon.

He was Monge. Monge, after the eclectic method of the time, had been put at the head of the navy. Perhaps that may have helped him to the consideration of an airship. He talked over his idea with Berthollet, Fourcroy, and other congenial spirits. They called in Guyton de Morveau. De Morveau had been Advocate General in the Dijon Parliament. A born Burgundian, he was an enthusiastic believer in aerostatics. He had made several ascents himself only a few years before. All these men, in fact, were contemporaries of Pilatre de Rozier and the Montgolfiers, and had all witnessed the experiments of Charles and Robert and De Blanchard, balloonists of a later school. Monge's notion was thus pretty well assured of a favorable consideration. The sub-committee to whom it was referred decided for it unanimously. In June of 1793 experiments were begun with an old balloon, which had been put away somewhere in Paris, and so encour-

aging did these prove that in the October following the Chateau and Park of Fouquet's old Meudon were requisitioned, and there—where it is now—a school for aeronauts and a workshop combined were formally established. The heads of their department were Coutelle, Conte, and Lhomond. Coutelle was a pupil of Charles. He had been an abbe, au petit collet, whom the Revolution had inspired with other views of life. Conte was a practical chemist; Lhomond was Coutelle's second in command.

The last week in October, 1793, saw the construction of the first war balloon begun and finished. The inflation was another matter. There was no convenient gasometer. The sulphuric acid product was not to be had, all sulphur being required for the powder factories. But Conte had invented a process of producing hydrogen from the decomposition of water—a complicated and tedious process that made the inflation of L'Entreprenant a matter of six and thirty hours, and this was perforce adopted. Altogether, the initial expenses were heavy. When L'Entreprenant made its first ascent at Meudon it had cost all £2,000, and carried but two aeronauts at that.

There it was, however, and it was proposed to give the Army of the North the immediate benefit of the new idea. The Army of the North was not prepared to give the new idea a very favorable reception. "We do not want balloons," wrote Duquesnoy, the civil commissioner; "we want battalions." Your Conte has the air of a farceur. Conte came back somewhat disgusted. The Government decided to postpone active aeronautical proceedings. In point of fact, Coutelle had discovered that for making and transmitting observations the free balloon was unsuitable; the captive bal-

loon was indicated. L'Entreprenant was fitted with guide ropes; instructions were flagged to the balloon company below as to elevation and direction, and the result of observations was sent down, on paper, in little bags of sand. In devising this elaborately primitive arrangement it never seems to have occurred to anybody that flagging might as well do the whole.

The balloon company of L'Entreprenant was small in point of numbers—twenty-four rank and file and two officers, Coutelle and Lhomond; but it tried its recruits pretty high. A working knowledge of masonry, carpentry, lock-making, impressionist sketching, and pneumatic chemistry was part of what was required of the war-balloonist of those days, and this may have something to say to the fact that the establishment never saw more than two companies. The uniform was the black, with blue facings, of the engineers; a short sabre and a pair of pistols were the regulation armament.

Thus manned and equipped, L'Entreprenant was pronounced fit for service. Coutelle was ordered to Maubeuge, then beleaguered, but so loosely that the aerostat and its belongings reinforced the garrison without mishap. It took the better part of a week before Conte had built his furnaces, decomposed a sufficiency of water, and generated sufficient gas for the inflation; but at last the first war balloon duly ascended. It proved its usefulness in the first half hour. The besieged were made aware that the besiegers had more tents up than men to fill them. In the course of the day many attacks were intelligently anticipated before they occurred. Yet when Coutelle, after being the object of much bad shooting, came down, himself and his balloon undamaged, he got no particular thanks; but soldiers were against the thing. Commanders could not be got at first to appreciate the value of information sent down to them in little bags of sand. The siege of Maubeuge was raised, however, Coutelle bounced the inflated L'Entreprenant over the walls and went on to the next scene of operations. The Government, at all events, was satisfied.

## Against British Rule

Mr. Haldane's announcement that the British Army of Occupation in Egypt would be increased to the same strength as the force in South Africa, has roused the Egyptian Nationalist press to fury, and most violent articles have been published. The Moderates do not like these diatribes, and the following is the translation of an article in the Coptic organ, El Watan:

"That the organs of our Nationalist parties are hostile to the British occupation is a notorious fact which needs no reiteration or explanation. But that one of these organs should make it a sacred duty to belittle and vilify the British army on every possible occasion is a matter the motives for which are certainly not clear. 'Al-Lewa' has always proved its enmity to British rule and British policy, but its tone is sometimes considered natural in a way.

"Since the advent of the Tunisian, who is now the editor of that paper, 'Al-Lewa' has developed a particular and venomous hatred for the soldiers and officers of the British army using the most malicious and acrimonious terms in describing trifling incidents connected with its members. But in its issue of Tuesday last it actually broke the record of all its former attacks and libels. In giving publicity to an apparently fabricated incident at Mena House hotel, it pours out all its venom, and again taunts the officers of the British army, with low breeding, ill-manners, cowardice, and many another vice. Here is an extract from 'Al-Lewa' of the 10th inst., on this subject:

"We have published this letter with the object of showing the real nature of English education and English morals. It is really astounding to see these English officers show

so much pride and power in public places, while in war we hear nothing about their valour. The battlefields are witnesses of their lack of courage and endurance. How is it that they never show courage except in balls and meetings, where they indulge in luxury and pleasure? Our Egyptian officers have proved to the world their valour in the Sudan. Those who know the facts declare that had it not been for the courage and faithful service of our officers the English troops and their officers would have fallen into the hands of Dervishes, to end their days in the misery of prison and captivity, instead of living the seats of luxury. Why, then, is this false pride, why all this supercilious conceit? Now, patience has a limit, and breasts cannot bear insult beyond a certain degree. Do the English wish to make our breasts burst by these repeated insults?

"We have never heard that a great army was libelled or insulted in more vulgar terms. Yet the British government take no steps against the seditious calumniators of their officers and soldiers. 'Al-Lewa' warns England in the above extract that the patience of our Nationalists has a limit, and their breasts will one day burst, even though they had a big safety-valve in these unbridled organs of sedition and revolution. In this warning we are with the editor of 'Al-Lewa' for so long as England allows the people of Egypt to be taught that their mobs are mightier and braver than the British troops, and that the yoke of England is the most detestable on earth, these fellows will one day arrive at the limit of their patience, and their breasts will burst with a rising which England cannot easily quell.

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