

ROD AND GUN IN CANADA

DEVOTED
TO
THE
FISHING
GAME AND
FOREST
INTERESTS
OF
CANADA.

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FISHING IN A GREAT LONE LAND.

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Illustrations by the Author.

(CONTINUED)

The fish in the river are of a much darker color than those in the lake. Instead of the silversheen which those of the lake show, the river fish are of a dark golden yellow, and some of a purplish cast. As fighters, I have not been able to detect any difference between the fish of the lake (Superior) and those of the rivers. The good fight of one large trout is so much like that of another that to name every one would be simply a constant repetition of fish stories. I will give a short account of one, and this must do for many very similar ones.

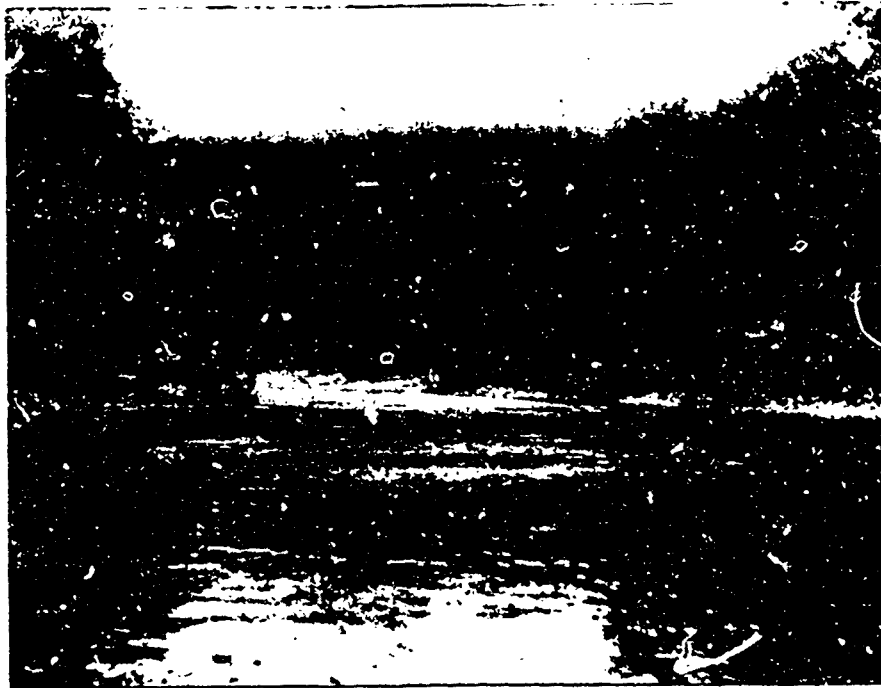
Fishing in a small side pool near my camp on the river one evening, I was standing on a smooth rock, shaped like a turtle's back, when a fish rushed at and took one of my flies. Tom was so near the fish that he saw him plainly; "Holy Kit," he said, "did you see him? he's a whopper." I did not; the shade of light was not favorable to my seeing him. As soon as I struck him, he went to the bottom and sulked, and stayed there for several minutes, after a little urging he made a bolt out into the stream, which here was very swift and deep. I could not follow and he ran out about thirty yards of line, when, luckily for me, he sulked again. I now had to cross the river, and in order to do so had to back up, and let out still

more line, until I reached a ford shallow enough to wade. As it was I had to cross where it was deep and swift, and Tom and I fastened on to each other till we got across. I don't think I had more than a dozen turns of line left on my reel. The fish still sulking I reeled in quickly; he soon started off again, but now I had him in good water. How he fought! He leaped clean out of the water time and again; ran up-stream and down-stream, and to make matters more interesting, it commenced to rain; however, I had a firm hold of him, and my tackle held. I played him completely out. When he turned on his

side, done, Tom scooped him out. He was a grand fish, but I was a bit disappointed in his weight; in the water I had guessed him at 5 lb.; put on the balance he weighed 4½ lb. I hurried and changed my wet clothes for dry ones, while Tom hurried up a cup of black tea (our substitute in camp for whisky). No man can do as much wading or stand as much exposure on whisky as he can on black tea.

On one of my trips up Steel River I camped

on Mountain Lake just where it empties into the river. After supper, Tom and I were chatting over our camp-fire, when we saw a birch-bark, with two men, heading for the shore, just where we were camped; they were two prospectors, Duncan McIntyre and Scotty Parker; they pitched their camp close by ours. These men had for years hunted for hidden wealth in the rocks in this great waste country; Duncan has made two what are called



Steel River, Telford Pool—looking down