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THE BEAUTIFUL GODBOUT.

The river known by this name enters the sea on the north shore of the Lower St. Lawrence, almost opposite Metis. We have had the pleasure of making two visits to it. Godbout Bay, like many other localities on that coast—where some good clear-water rivers flow into the sea—is, terrestrially speaking, composed of sand, mixed with decayed vegetable substances, which make excellent soil for the inhabitants to produce potatoes, &c. Indeed, Mr. N. A. Comeau, the resident guardian, has cultivated a good garden behind his residence. The river has always had the reputation of being good for salmon. On it, in 1875, the latter gentleman, in surface fishing, made the largest score of salmon ever killed by a single man in the world. This has already appeared in *Forest and Stream*, we nevertheless, give it here, as some of our readers may not have seen it. It is too good to be lost:—

COMEAU'S Salmon score on the Godbout:

Date.	Fish.	Weight.
July 8.....	7	80
" 9.....	57	634
" 10.....	25	282
" 11.....	34	361
" 13.....	40	428
" 14.....	25	253
" 15.....	16	172
" 16.....	37	394
" 17.....	16	186
" 18.....	28	286
" 20.....	27	273
" 21.....	13	124
" 22.....	20	198
" 23.....	6	63
" 24.....	3	30
" 27.....	3	33
" 28.....	2	19
" 31.....	1	26
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	360	3842
Grilse.....	5	19
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	365	3861

Nature has formed the rocky portion of the Godbout to allow its waters to fall gradually in some places, making excellent salmon rests, which are easily reached by an expert angler. A nervous man may, however, avoid approaching these lodges, from fear of falling into the rapid stream. But these places are familiar to the gentlemen who of late years fish the river. Each pool has its name, and several of the difficult places are now reached by means of platforms, which are annually fixed by the guardian. Allan Gilmour, Esq., of Ottawa, is the leasee of this river. In order to improve it, he, with excellent foresight, purchased the land on each side as far as the upper pool. He is thus secured against encroachment or poaching. A short distance up, on the left side, stands the pretty building called the "Camp," where the anglers reside during the season. It has several comfortable bedrooms, and a dining-room; the kitchen and other out-houses are adjacent. Mr. Gilmour has evidently expended a large amount of money on the improvement of this river. There are shaded paths leading to the pools, and where the river has to be crossed, a contrivance consisting of two boats on a sliding rope, is always at hand. In narrow passages in the pathway, iron railings are fixed into the rock on the river side, to prevent persons from tumbling into it. In several places along the path, pure spring water trickles from the rock. At each of these springs, a glass or tin mug is placed for the accommodation of the angler when passing by. This river was the favorite summer resort of the late Rev. Dr. Adamson, who was extremely fond of fishing. The little cabin which for many seasons was occupied by the reverend gentleman, still stands near Mr. Gilmour's "Camp," and by order of the latter, it is annually repaired, in commemoration of the angler.