

... WITH THE CANADIANS ON VIMY RIDGE ...

Putting A Salmon River On The Map

THE map referred to is a map of some importance, for salmon is the big game of the fisherman, and brings in search of it sportsmen from all over the world with big two-handed rods and large noisy reels and (what Canada much desires) a deep purse for camps, guides and outfit. Harry Allen, President of the New Brunswick Guides Association, has known the Cains River as one of the best trout streams in the Province of New Brunswick, and salmon were frequently caught twenty miles up from the junction with the better known Miramichi, but he believed that if the right kind of fishermen got there, they would find salmon all the length of at least eighty miles.

The investigation was made a short time ago by a party of sporting writers and editors from the United States. Maximilian Foster, a salmon fisherman of twenty years standing, who knows New Brunswick and Newfoundland like a book, and writes for the "Saturday Evening Post"; Hughie Fullerton, of the Chicago "Examiner"; Jack Lait, of the Chicago "Herald"; Grantland Rice and W. O. McGeehan, of the New York "Tribune"; and L. O. Armstrong, of the Bureau of Commercial Economics, Washington, D.C., an old campaigner who has hunted and fished in the Canadian woods for over fifty years, and A. O. Seymour, General Tourist Agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway, an ardent fisherman.

When they arrived at Fredericton, all the local fishermen were pessimistic. "If there are salmon in the Cains," they said, "you have come at the wrong time. They went out with the ice and are now at sea. Better go home and come back in a month." It was cold and raining, the worst kind of weather for flyfishing, but nothing daunted, they set out.

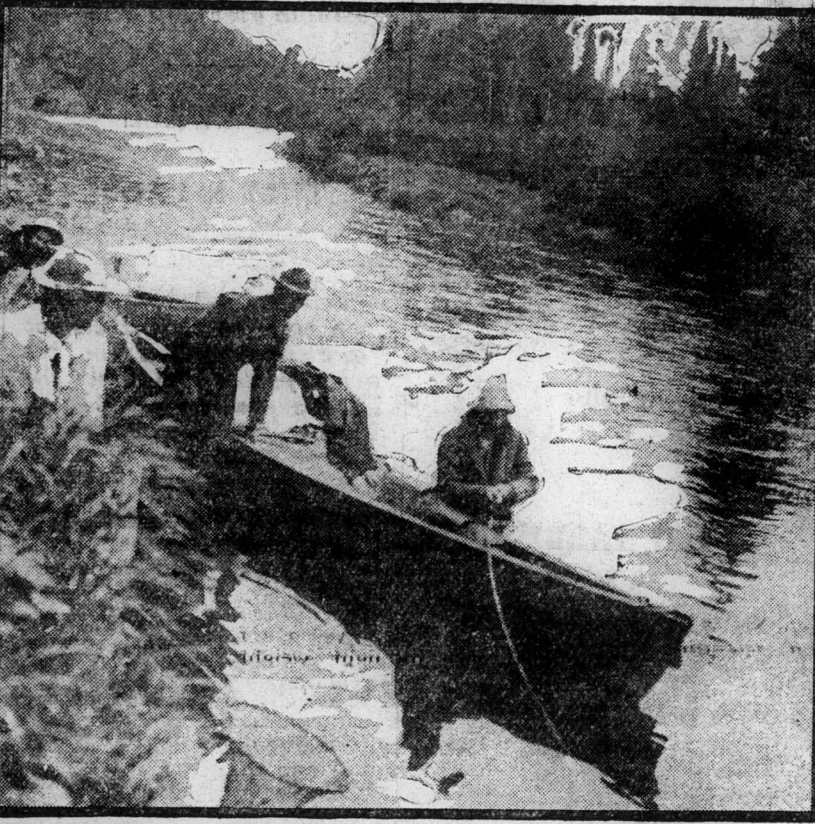
With eight fishermen, one movie picture operator from the Essanay Company of Chicago, and nine guides, the fleet started out near the head of the Cains River, fishing the pools as they went down. The first day they struck only trout, but from the second day onwards the movie man was busy. Twice he had to choose between two fishermen who had hooked their salmon at the same time. Maximilian Foster had a basket of thirteen, ranging from seven to eighteen pounds. The largest measured forty-two-and-a-half inches, which means that if it had been taken in the fall it would have weighed forty-two-and-a-half pounds. Every member of the party had what he came for, thanks to Silver Doctor and Pharmachene Pelle, the two flies that the Cains River salmon seem to like. In one pool seven beauties, weighing between then sixty-eight pounds, were taken out in two hours, and it was only dark and lack of time that closed the sport. Result, eight happy fishermen, one happy movie man, and one supremely proud Harry Allen, who saw that his claims were justified and that Cains River could take its place for salmon besides the hitherto more famous waters of the Miramichi and the Restigouche.



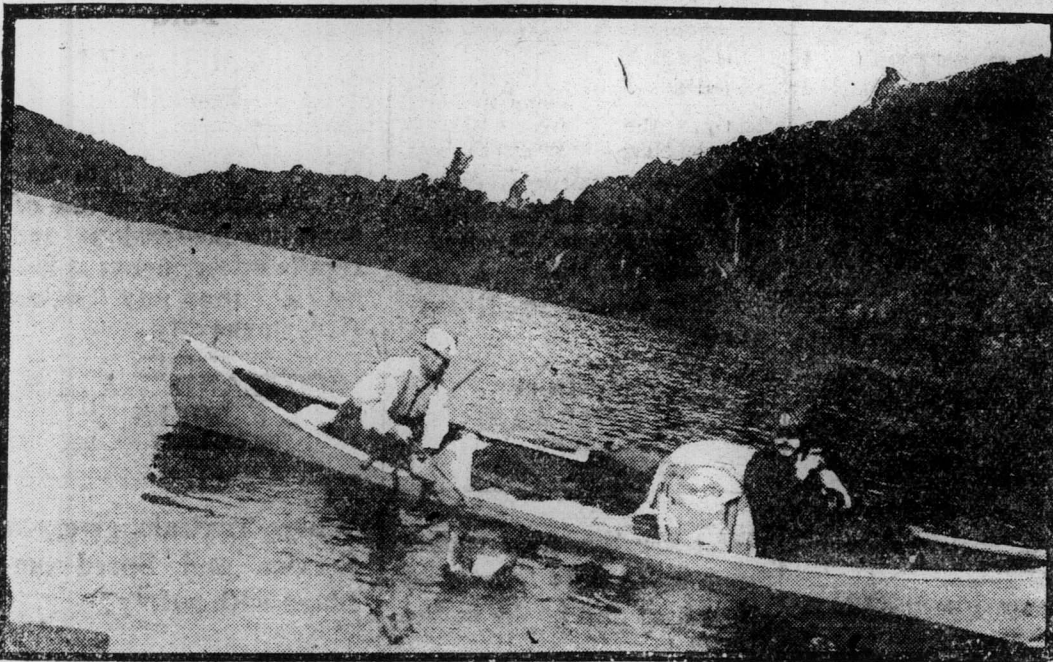
Canadian Official Photo from the Western Front.—H. M. Pigeon Service.—The bird leaving the trench with a message.
—Photo by courtesy of C. P. R.



Canadian Official Photo from the Western Front.—The railroad station at Farbus captured by the Canadians.
—Photo by courtesy of C. P. R.



Canadian Official Photo from the Western Front.—Machine guns captured by the Canadians in the fighting for Vimy Ridge.
—Photo by courtesy of C. P. R.



Fishing in New Brunswick.



Official Photo Taken on the Western Front.—A scene on the road to the trenches.
—Photo by courtesy of C. P. R.



Canadian Official Photo from the Western Front.—The Germans totally wrecked every building in the Village of Hancourt before being driven out by the Canadians.
—Photo by courtesy of C. P. R.



Canadian Official Photo from the Western Front.—Taking back a German captured gun.
—Photo by courtesy of C. P. R.