

HUNTING AND FISHING, HERE AND ELSEWHERE

FISHING RESORTS HANDY TO VICTORIA

II.—Cowichan Bay
(By Richard L. Pocock)

The safest place I know of for an all-prise and no-black fishing resort within easy reach of town for any time of the year when either trout, or salmon, or both, are in season, is Cowichan Bay. I have fished there every month of the year from February to October inclusive, and have never yet had a blank day and very seldom a poor one. The two specialties of this place are large sea-trout and spring salmon. From the latter end of May until the run of the cohoes in the early fall there are plenty of sea-trout to be caught in the bay if you go the right way about it. At times fly-fishing is good in the lower (tidal) reaches of the river which here enters the sea, especially at high tide, but it is never such a sure thing as the capture of the trout in the salt chuck with a little spoon.

In February and March there is very good fishing for spring salmon and grise here, the salmon caught at this time of year seeming to be much more lively for some reason than those which run in the fall and playing at or near the surface instead of doing quite so much sulking in the depths.

Any description of the fishing in this beautiful bay naturally falls under two heads—salmon fishing and trout fishing. The salmon-trotting in the fall needs no very lengthy description, as, of course, at that season of the fisherman's year salmon are to be caught almost anywhere on the coast, so that it is not necessary to go so far from town merely to get good sport with the cohoes. It is however a noted place for the capture of heavy "spring" salmon, which run up the Cowichan River in great numbers, not quite such large fish as are caught at Campbell River and other well-known resorts further afield, but still more or less frequently caught of a weight of over thirty pounds, thirty-eight pounds being the top-notch last fall, so far as my information goes. The one thing necessary to success with these fall monsters is an early rise, as, after the sun is well up, they seem to absolutely refuse to bite at a spoon. In the spring or rather late winter, however, it does not seem to be so necessary to fear oneself from the warm blankets in the semi-darkness, though, taken as a general rule, morning and evening are the best times to try for "springs."

The sea-trout fishing is at its best just at the time of year when the hot sun on the low water of the rivers makes it imperative for the river angler to catch his fish either in the early morn or else as the sun is sinking to rest, as, speaking generally, it is waste of time to cast flies over the river in the heat of the summer day.

As the best way of getting the stranger within our gates a good idea of the sport he may expect to get here with the trout at this season of the year, here is an account of a trip taken a few days previous to publication.

On June 6th of this year I with my trusty bike boarded the three p.m. train at the E. & N. depot for Cowichan Station, where I arrived at about a quarter to five. Mounting the wheel at the station, a fifteen minute ride over an excellent road took me to the hotel at Cowichan Bay overlooking the water. The sight of the water made the fisherman in me much too impatient to wait for six o'clock supper, so, pocketing some light refreshment, I walked the few steps from the hotel to the boathouse run in connection and a few minutes past five o'clock was on the water. Having an idea to try fly-fishing in the river, as the tide was high enough to enable me to row up its tidal reaches, I started across the bay and made my way up the furthest and largest fork of the delta; unfortunately I had forgotten to see that there was an anchor and a good length of rope in the boat, so that I was handicapped by the strength of the current, which bore me downstream rapidly whenever I stopped for a few casts. There were fish in the river, and I managed to catch one of about half-a-pound in weight and rose and missed one or two others (bigger ones, of course) before returning home for a late dinner. Two men in the boat, one rowing and the other fishing, would, I am convinced, have done better, as several good fish were rising at the tail of every pool.

Next morning I was up soon after the sun, though I may say here for the comfort of the sportsman who loves his beauty sleep, that, as events proved, such an early rise was quite unnecessary to the making of a good catch. The tide was on the ebb, and was already so far out that I judged it advisable not to try and repeat the tactics of the evening before, but to try my luck in the salt water at the river mouth. It was not long before I was into my first fish, hooked on a small Wilson spoon, which proved after a few minutes of excitement to be a nice fat grise of about three pounds. A few minutes after, the second came into the landing net (a large one, by the way, as a small net is a snare and a delusion in this game), a fine fresh run sea-trout of as nearly as possible two pounds weight with the sea lice on him. Not such a bad beginning. Before adjourning for breakfast there were four nice fish in the boat—all large.

After breakfast the sport improved; the lower the tide, the faster the fish seemed to bite, the schools of small fry could be seen leaping as the big cannibals made a rush at them and every fish caught disgorged several of the younger generations of its race. From nine thirty till two thirty, when operations were suspended, there was a succession of battles every few minutes with heavy fish in the pink

of condition, the total catch when the rod was laid aside for the camera being twenty-one fish, of which four were grise and the rest trout; the heaviest weighed three pounds and a half, and the average, if three distinctly smaller than the others, were eliminated, going as near as "demmit" two pounds.

I stopped fishing at least two hours sooner than was necessary in order to catch the afternoon train at five o'clock back to town, having as many fish as I could carry with convenience and more than I could carry with comfort. This I regard as by no means an extraordinary catch for this place at this time of year

senses at full stretch all the time. The bag is quite satisfactory considering the bright weather for the duck only come low when it blows or rains, and consists of mallard and teal and a slightly larger variety known here as the spectacled teal, which, I believe, is never seen in England. This duck is slightly larger than the common teal, with a green head and a green stripe from the back of the neck to the throat, which latter looks like burnished copper. The long, pointed feathers which grow from the back and fall over the ends of the wings and the base of the tail are also very beautiful, being shaded from brown to black. Altogether it

the unsuspecting duck. When he gets as close as he dare he discharges his piece of artillery, and then has a busy time gathering the slain. They often pick up about thirty birds, and, as they sell these in the market for 6d or 9d each, according to size and condition, and as the powder, etc., cannot cost more than 4d per charge, this must be a very lucrative, albeit rather cold, calling.—Pompey, in The Field.

THE SPORTSMAN AND THE SHOTGUN

A bill before the legislature at Albany made it a felony to sell to private individuals arms

deer hunting, or the one who dynamites fish. No true sportsman, no matter who he is, will hunt with a silencer or carry one into the woods.—The Outing Magazine.

USS OF PONGEE

Pongee is popular for all sorts of costumes, from the simplest princess walking dress to the visiting frock made elaborate by a wealth of embroidery. There are many weaves and qualities of pongee, but in buying a frock for hard wear, it will pay to buy a really good quality, firm, a trifle heavy, and preferably smooth of surface. Some of the rough pongees are very good looking, but they do show dirt shockingly; and while there are some lovely lustrous pongees in very light weight, these are suited only to the more elaborate frocks. The cheaper grades of the thin pongee are not particularly practical for frocks of any type.

Among the rough surface pongees this season there are some new things on corded order and these are being much used. As we have intimated, they catch the dirt more readily than a smooth, firm tussor, but on the other hand they do not show soil so badly as the more familiar type of rough pongee whose roughness appears only at intervals in the weave.

All the lovely colors are introduced into the pongees, but the natural tone is still first favorite and has the advantage of looking cooler than almost any other shade. It cleanses well, too, and though it soils easily it seems to have a way of soiling all over alike so that it is not soon unsightly. A princess travelling frock and coat or coat and skirt of such material will be a boon to any woman during the summer, and the tailors say that many of their customers are ordering a princess, a coat and a separate skirt of one pongee, the coat doing duty for both skirt and princess, and the latter being replaced by skirt and sheer blouse for very hot days or informal wear. White pongee, the oyster white in particular, is being used in Paris. A plain skirt of pongee mounted upon a blouse of net matching the silk in color and braided all over in self-color soutache braid, and a coat of the pongee embroidered in soutache make an attractive costume. Beautiful trimmings are to be had in the natural pongee tones, embroidered nets, laces, handsomely embroidered silk bands and motifs, etc., so that where hand braiding or hand embroidery is too difficult of achievement excellent effects may be obtained without hand-work.

The guimpe of the natural tone pongee usually carries the color of the silk up to the throat, but if the dead tone is too unbecoming there are pretty fine laces which have white foundation run with threads of pongee color, and there are nets too which combine these shades with white. An all white guimpe is never entirely successful with the natural tone pongee, and in that fact lies a problem, for there is nothing so becoming next a warm flushed face as cream or white. The French dressmakers, however, are using much ecru net for guimpes and undersleeves even where the cream would be admissible, and they say that this tone softens the complexion and is more flattering to it than white.

Black pongee coats are in demand for general use, replacing the once loved and practical taffeta coats, and many smart models in the black pongee are offered by the high class houses, while of natural color pongee coats there is no end. These last range from the cheapest and sleaziest of garments resembling the much abused linen duster, to the smartest and most serviceable of dust coats fashioned from firm, soft pongee of good quality, well tailored, and the elaborately embroidered or braided garments for dressy wear. Spot proof pongees on the motor order make excellent summer dust coats for traveling or motoring.

MAKING A FIVE

It was just the other day that a lawyer at Osgoode Hall slapped his knee and chortled to himself.

"I was just thinking," he said, "of what Pat Ferguson (that's W. N.) said to old Judge Ferguson one day.

"Pat was arguing a matter before the judge, and the judge was following him and was reading the papers which they say were in Pat's own handwriting. The case was full of figures and almost every time the judge would read out an amount Pat would have to correct him. The judge stumbled along, making the best he could of the figures, but at last he stumbled again.

"What's this—a five or an eight?" he demanded of Pat.

"It's a five, my Lord."

"Can't you make a five better than that?" demanded His Lordship, angrily.

"Pat looked at the angry judge with a twinkle in his eye and a smile playing about his mouth.

"I find it very hard to make a five some days, my Lord," he answered.

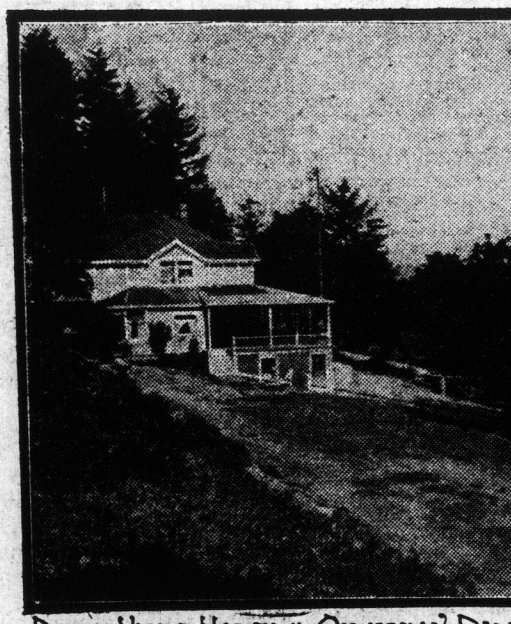
"But that was years ago,"—Saturday Night.

NOT THE APPIAN WAY

At a pageant recently given in Shropshire commemorating Britain at the time of the Roman occupation, a young woman spoke to a tall, burly, and shivering man whose Roman toga hardly protected him from a raw, penetrating east wind.

"Are you Appius Claudius?" she asked, eagerly.

"Me, miss?" he replied. "Me 'appy as Claudius? Oh, no, miss; I'm un'appy as 'ell!" —Harper's Weekly.



BUENA VISTA HOTEL, COWICHAN BAY

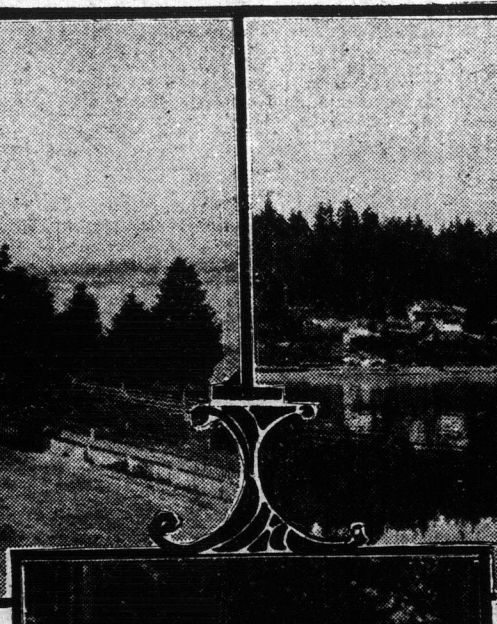
and I am sure that other anglers trying the water will have no difficulty in equalling it. Rigs can be hired to drive from the station to the bay by those who do not care for bicycling or walking, and it is quite possible to enjoy excellent fishing there in one day between trains.

FLIGHT SHOOTING AT NANKING

Before giving any description of this, very sporting and difficult, but most enjoyable of all the many forms of sport which one can indulge in here, it is necessary to explain that Nanking is surrounded by twenty-four miles of fortified wall at least sixty feet high, and wide enough at the top for five men to march abreast. This wall is built close up to a series of bluffs on the river side, and it is on the tops of these bluffs that we take our places. At 6:15, for the duck are punctual to the minute, we are all in line, the commissioner on the right, then the Consul, then myself, and next the two naval instructors. In front of us we look down a steep bank covered with short grass as far as the wall and when you can drop your duck on to this bank it is easy to pick them up; but if they carry on over one's head they drop into thick covert, and then the fun begins, and one's difficulties are increased a hundredfold by the failing light.

The sun has gone down flooding the Yangtze, which is two miles away straight ahead of us, with gorgeous gold and crimson, and we are all alert for the whistle of the teal as the first flight comes over us from behind, for there are two distinct flights every evening, one going to and one returning from the river. A small gaggle of geese, about twenty, pass over the gun on the extreme left, but too far for him to do any harm to them, and they quack and chuckle derisively as they wheel to the left and then mount up into the sky. "Mark" from the Consul, and a flight of teal pass in front of me like stones hurled by a giant, but, still having my eyes on the geese, I can do nothing except make them wheel to the left, which gives the next gun a very pretty right and left as they swing over his head. And now the teal come thick and fast, and the ball is properly opened. They come straight at you, but directly they see you they turn upwards, and if you can get them as they shift in their flight so much the better for your bag, but you must be very quick.

The finest shots of the lot are those one gets at the solitary teal who were a bit late in starting and have to hustle to catch up the main flight, and it is especially pleasant to bring one of these down from the sky, for they fly even faster than the others and will carry no end of shot. Now we get a few minutes' respite, and can pick up our duck and get back before the second and largest flight commences. Here they come, and a couple of teal go past in a flash, making the air whistle as their sharp little wings cut through it. What a musical sound it is, and I shall never again hear it without thinking of the bluffs above the Nanking wall and the many good times I have had there! I think we have seen the last of the teal for tonight, and now there comes down to us from far up in the darkening sky the quiet, contented quacking of an old mallard as he shoots by at the head of his flight until he comes to the Consul, and then down he comes with a crash which splits his fat breast open. A very pretty shot, followed by a right and left equally good to see as the next flight goes over the same gun, and he takes his toll of every flight. A few minutes more and the fun is over, but while it lasts it is fast and furious, and the mixed sensations of delight, despair and fervent hope that are all crammed into twenty minutes, and succeed each other as fast as the duck come past (and that means at a very useful speed indeed), are really wonderful in their intensity, and keep all one's



One Day, One Rod, at Cowichan Bay Four Grise, the rest trout

is an exceedingly handsome bird, and I am sure it would have a very warm reception if it were introduced into England, and I see no reason why it should not thrive there as well as the common teal, given a suitable locality, as, for instance, the Tring reservoirs or the Essex marches. One can sometimes get a specimen of the pintail here, and the beautiful mandarin duck is an occasional visitor, though they are found in larger numbers further up the Yangtze, where they are not so much sought after.



A BIT OF GOOD ROAD

The Chinese have a very (to them) satisfactory method of killing duck for the market. They find a flock on the river and then approach as near as they can in a sampan. From this they lower a small punt about seven feet long and one foot wide with an enormous gongal, or muzzle loader, mounted on a tripod in the bows. This terrible weapon is loaded with about one-quarter of a pound of native powder and one and a half pounds of shot, glass, pebbles, broken nails, and screws collected from the nearest blacksmith, and, of course, the recoil is terrific, shooting the small punt back several yards when the discharge takes place. However, one man slips over the side of the sampan and puts his head up through the bottom of the punt, and then, helped by the current, paddles down on

makes for accuracy. Neither the point of silence nor the point of increased accuracy, however, will have weight with any man who has the true red blood of the sportsman in his veins. Both will undoubtedly appeal to the "game hog" or to the man who goes to the woods only to kill. True sportsmanship consists not in killing, but in putting human skill against keen animal instinct. For this reason the camera is more and more becoming the weapon of the animal and wilderness lover. To use a silencer and rob a confused animal once fired upon of the possibility of retreat is to take a mean and low advantage unworthy a real man. Give the game a chance! It is even a question whether it is fair play to use repeating arms, especially with high power ammunition.

There are other decided objections to Mr. Maxim's invention, not the least of which is the power of destruction which it offers poachers and hunters who disregard the law and kill out of season. The user of this appliance in the woods should be classed as a "game hog," and looked upon with the same contempt. His ideals of sportsmanship are no higher than those of the man who resorts to jack-lanterns in

RESTING BY THE ROADSIDE

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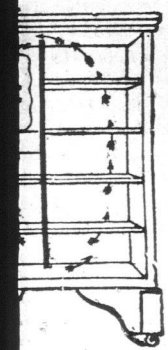
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