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JUNE, 1916

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"FISHERMAN'S LUCK"

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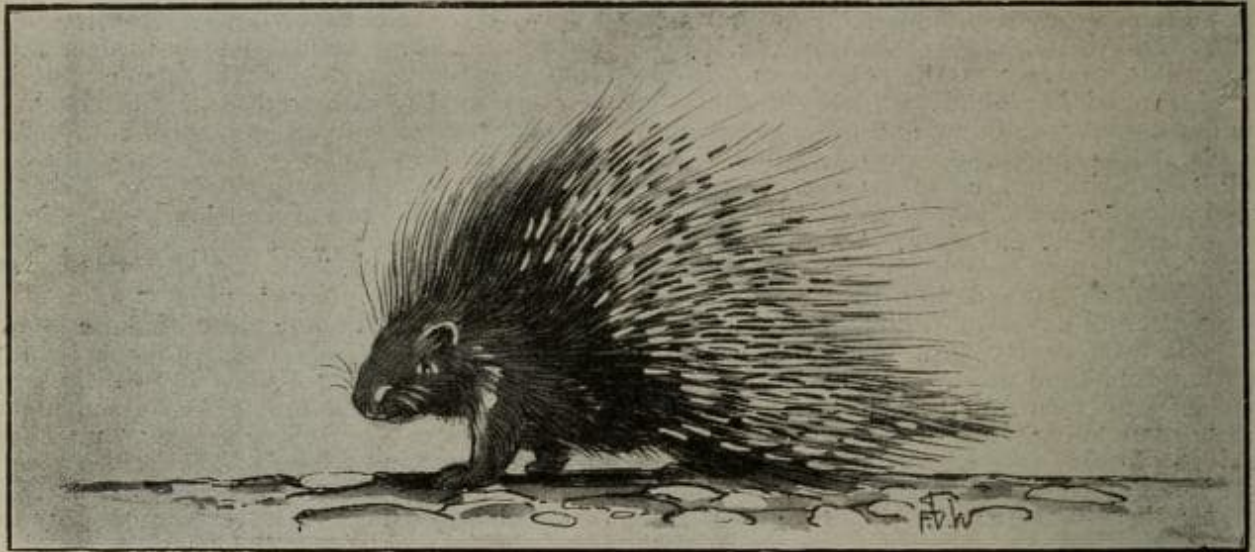
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real Christian act to go up there and spend the afternoon finishing that woodpile and with Jones' consent he was away after promising not to say a word about the big trout—the something that Jones had hidden under his coat at the pool while Miss Cheney fitted up her tackle.

The remaining two weeks passed pleasantly enough, and were gone all too soon. Fair weather or foul the three sportsmen

always found something to interest and amuse them, and when it was all over and they had arrived back in the busy city they had something to dream of for another ten months of the things that old Nature has for us if we will but go and look for them.

What's that? Did he deliver the pictures? To be sure he did, and personally too, but he *did not* tell the young lady about smuggling that big fish back to camp.



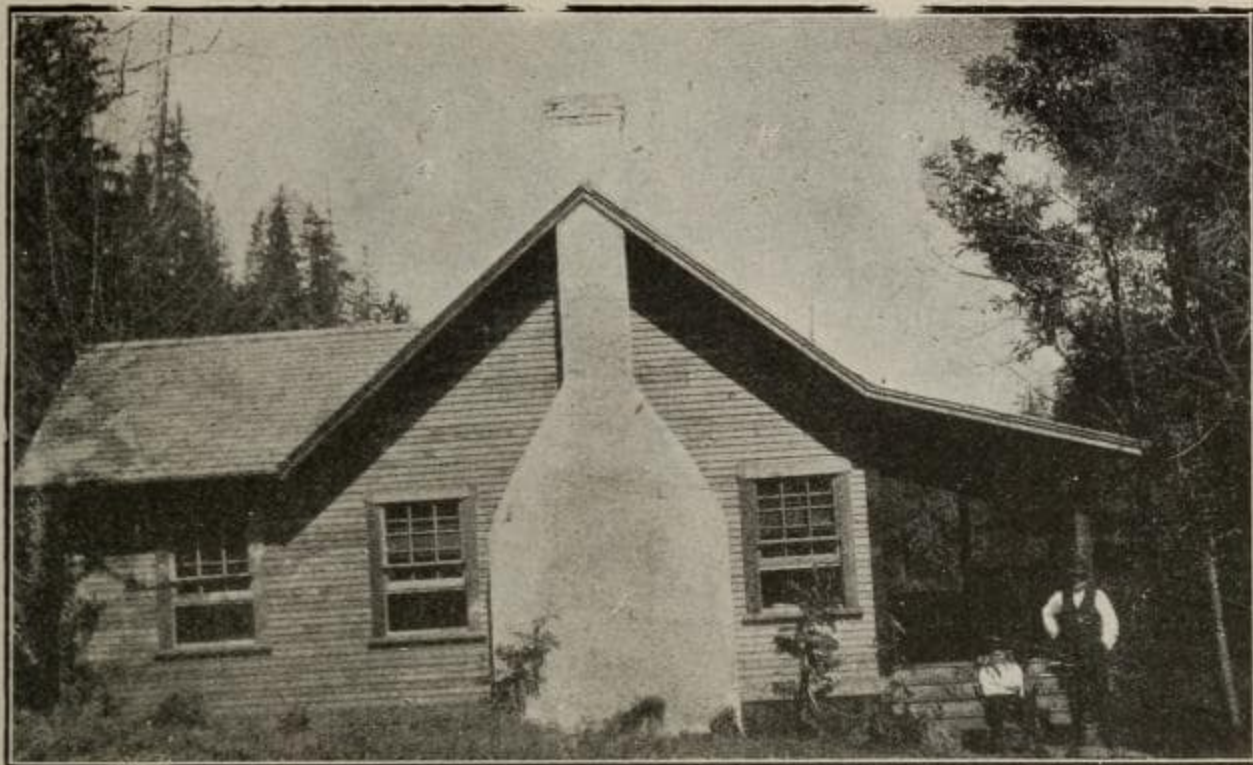
TROUT FISHING ON THE STAVE RIVER, B.C.

P. E. Bucke

THE sun rose bright on the morning of the 8th of October (1915) when I took the C. P. R. train from the Vancouver station with my friend G. Clayton Leonard, a retired merchant who had made a fortune outside of his regular business in extensive speculations in land and mining properties in the province of British Columbia. Our destination was the Stave River which crosses the railway track thirty-six miles up the line from Vancouver passing the Coquitlam the Pit and several other minor streams. The railroad strikes the Fraser shortly after leaving the Pit meadows which are so celebrated for the sport they afford in the shooting season for English pheasants, ducks and snipe. After striking the great Fraser we kept along its bank until we reached Ruskin station situated on the mouth of the Stave as it pours its waters into the larger stream. Here we disembarked and securing the assistance of a native to carry our impedimenta we started along the motor road that leads up the Stave river to Mission junction. I must here say in parenthesis that if Ontario had the excellent roads that are to be found in British Columbia, so beautifully graded and rolled, they would add much to the comfort and prosperity of the agricultural classes.

As the local train to the electrical power company some eight miles up the river had passed we had to walk a couple of miles through the woods to Mr. Leonard's lodge. I must say although I had been to a good many places in this lovely province of streams and mountains the view from his front verandah was wild and beautiful in the extreme. His lodge is twenty-five by thirty feet with a projection. It is built of fir and lined inside with cedar; the outside walls painted white with buff trimmings, the roof red which makes a fine contrast to the noble evergreens that stand around it. The living room had a huge fire place in it that would take a four foot backlog with room to spare. The chimney and hearth were built of pressed brick, the mantle piece was as high as one's head and on either side of the opening a crane was hung, more for ornament I suppose than for use. It was a picture to see the flames leap to the chimney and a pleasing sound to hear the fire crackle on the hearth.

As it was too late when we reached the lodge to take out the boat, I sailed down to the water with my fly rod and after making a few casts succeeded in hooking a large fish. Owing however, to the obstruction of a log lying in the water I was unable to land him. I shouted



MR. LEONARD'S LODGE

to Leonard to bring the gaff the landing net or any other implement at hand but all was in vain. The evening had set in dark so we held a consultation and decided on the casting vote of one—which made two of a majority—to tie the beggar up till morning light appeared and leave him to his calm reflections. However when day broke I went to inspect my prize but found he had departed taking with him my lower fly. After a generous breakfast of buckwheat pan cakes, coffee, etc. we launched the boat and proceeded up stream towards the canyon. The fishing pool is about one thousand yards long by eight hundred in its widest part and the water enters it through a deep and dark ravine, and leaves the pool over two cataract channels as there is an island of twenty-five acres lying in the middle of the stream. In parts of the pool the water is only four feet deep, whilst in others it is forty or fifty feet. The water is of that clear bright sparkling variety so bright, soft, and pure. I do not think anything like it could be procured outside British Columbia. If such a fluid could be obtained in Ottawa, Toronto or Montreal, it would command about one dollar a gallon, and would supercede all spirituous intoxicating drinks. The pool is fenced around and guarded by mountains many hundreds of feet high clothed with cedar and the dark green foliage of the fir, interspersed with the native broad leaved maple which in this, the Autumn season is shaded from gold to scarlet, making a lively contrast and very pleasing to the eye.

I must not linger too long over the beauties of this charming sport, no pen of mine nor even the skilful brush of our celebrated artist the late esteemed Canadian painter, Craighof, could adequately describe the charms of this lovely spot.

Having provided ourselves with an adequate supply of flies, spoons, worms and minnows

of all kinds and descriptions, we made a dash up stream trailing a Tacoma spoon which glistened in the bright water and brilliant sunlight. We had not proceeded far when I was rewarded with a strike. Buzz went the reel. Leonard slackened on the oars in a few minutes and with the aid of the landing net we secured a beauty of a sea trout of about one and a half pounds.

Of all the fish in the Canadian waters there is none more beautiful than this variety, its graceful slope and silvery appearance marks it out as the dainty habitat of the salt and fresh waters of the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. Many people prefer black bass fishing and he certainly is a noble fighter but the Pacific Sea trout in my opinion takes the palm for grace and beauty.

On the way up stream we took turns about at rowing and rodding. Having caught an ample supply for domestic purposes we tied the boat at the foot of the Canyon and idled away an hour or two. It was a lovely bright day, almost hot in the sun though quite cool between the high cliffs in the shade of the woods. As the shadows began to advance we rigged up our fly tackle, and the sport of the day began. Leonard had a beautiful whipped split bamboo that must have cost a small fortune and a ten dollar reel. I could not help but admire how gracefully he laid out his flies on the water, it was a perfect picture. I had my old Kaliki that had stood me in good stead for so many days and on so many streams. It did not cut as fine an appearance as the high grade article, but it did well enough for me. I found when the evening came round there was not much difference in the catch. Amongst the fish taken were a few Dolly Vardons but the most of the bag were the sea beauties. The fish ran from three quarters of a pound to two pounds in weight. The tide waters of Prince Edward Island and the lower

provinces may produce more fish of this variety but they cannot compare in size to the British Columbia product.

There is another thing in connection with this class of fishing and that is the extensive waters for their production. The ocean and the many big streams like the Fraser and its tributaries are guarantees that rod and line will never reduce the sport of catching them as the supply seems to be practicably illimitable and they are of such a wary nature that it is difficult if not impossible to net them.

After two days of beautiful weather on the third it began to rain, the fish to a certain extent stopped biting, so I retired to the house. Not so my friend. He had a new double-barrelled hammerless which had been presented to him by some very dear friend. His name was engraved on a good plate cut into the stock. The barrels and backs were beautifully chased with hunting scenes, birds and dogs etc. The gun, case and general appliances had cost six hundred dollars and it was a real beauty. Observing some ducks fly up the Canyon the day before he was reminded that he had placed a sack of grain in some ponds on the other side of the Stave River a few hundred yards down. These ponds extended over a meadowy marsh of upwards of one thousand acres in extent. Finding the rain did not hold up Leonard decided on an early lunch. He then equipped himself in his oil-

turned to camp just as it was getting dark with a load of ducks comprised of seven mallards one pintail and three teal. He left the camp stool in the bushes so that it would be handy for another day's hunt. I was sorry I did not accompany him to see the fine work he made with his beautiful gun, but I was ill provided for such a damp afternoon.

The following day Leonard took it into his head that he would take a run into the States. As time was no real object with me I decided to go along. It is a true saying one can never tell what a day will bring forth. We boarded the train and crossed the border at Mission Junction; of course Jack the dog went with us. I do not remember what particular breed he was, but he was a big animal, as large as a good sized collie with no end of a pedigree. Leonard put him in the baggage car, having passed the customs—there is no duty on thorough-bred stock going into the States—paid his fare and tied him up. Shortly after we had taken our seats in came the conductor a tall skinny looking chap. He asked in a domineering sort of voice "who owns that blooming cur in the front car?"

Leonard replied in a mild voice, "That is my dog and he is no cur". Then ensued the following dialogue:

Conductor—"He has no business here without a muzzle."

Leonard—"I have no muzzle and there is no store on this train at which to get one."

Conductor—"All right then I'll put him off."

The conductor had been talking in such a loud hectoring sort of tone that by this time all the passengers on the car became interested. I fully expected from the remarks made that if the man tried to carry out his threat there would be trouble, even the patient and long suffering Leonard began to eye his gun case in a most suspicious manner. At this moment the baggage man rushed in and produced a muzzle big enough for a week old pup. which he offered to Leonard for seventy-five cents. My friend remarked that it would not fit his dog, but the conductor said the law only claimed "the dog must wear a muzzle" so the matter was settled by tying the article with a string round the dog's neck. But the joke came in when we were leaving the train a few stations further down the line. When the baggage man was untying the dog he offered ten cents for the muzzle. My friend began to be suspicious. The whole racket we learned was a put up job between the breaksman and the conductor and before leaving the owner of the dog told him in withering tones what he thought of the performance.

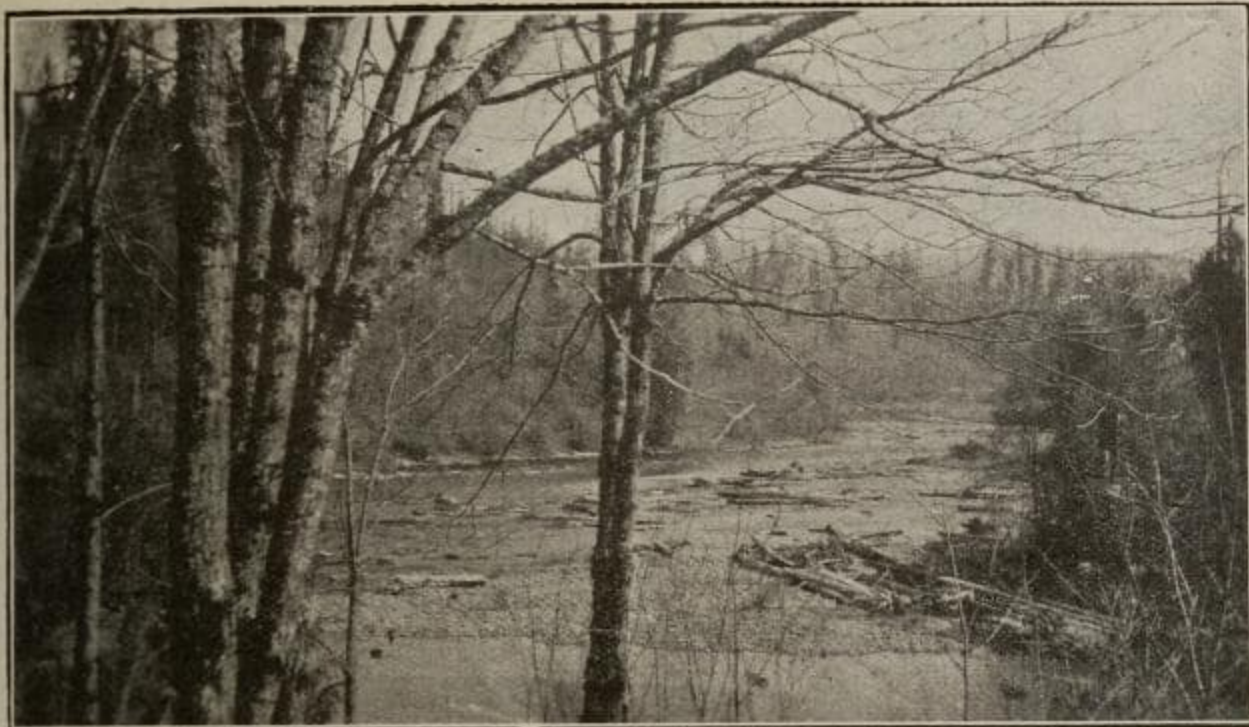
On another occasion I was up the coast of Vancouver Island with my friend Gerald, as far as Union Bay in his boat the Flying Scud. The salmon were running pretty thick and jumping lively, so we decided to cast anchor near the shore and go after them with a troll in our skiff. After catching two or three small fellows of eight or nine pounds Gerald who was holding the troll whilst I was rowing, called out:

"I've got a bite and a big fellow. I should have said he was fishing with a short stout rod with a big reel holding 150 yards of line. The fish made such a dash that the reel spun



MR. LEONARD AND HIS FISH

skin suit and high rubber boots, taking with him a light camp stool securely strapped to his back, and in this rig started for the duck ground. He had not been gone more than three quarters of an hour when I heard his gun begin to talk through the rain which indicated that his business had begun in earnest. As he walked along the trails and through the tall grass the birds rose on all hands. Bang! bang! went the gun and his special veteran, Jack, had quite a busy time. Leonard re-



UP THE CANYON

round with a "buzz," I headed the boat round and Gerald checked the fish as much as he could without snapping the line, a fairly heavy one. To our astonishment when one hundred and twenty-five yards had left the reel the fish came to a dead stand for a few seconds and then came towards us, at a fairly slow pace. Gerald took in line as fast as possible, but when we were twenty-five yards from the fish he came to a dead halt. In spite of putting a strain on the line the blooming thing would not move. There was only

one thing to do. I began to think we were fast on a sunken log. We rowed up to the spot and to our surprise found a seal weighing, I should say, at least 150 lbs., had our salmon in his mouth. By gradually pulling on the line we raised him near enough to the surface to give him a jab with the oar, when he let go his hold and we landed the fish which proved to be a Tyee (chief) salmon weighing 42 lbs. There was only a slight mark on him just back of the gill fins. The fish was quite dead as we raised him into the boat.

A NARROW ESCAPE

L. Bentzen

THERE is hardly any adult person living, who has not some time during his life been up against the real danger of losing his life through accident of some kind, whether by railroad, street car, runaway horse, or in some other of the accidents which are liable to happen to anyone living in cities.

Now, I have seen and personally had some experience in a few accidents but when I look back upon the past, I doubt if I ever were so close to kingdom come, as in an experience I had last fall on the West Coast of Vancouver Island, British Columbia, which will prove that dangers may be encountered without being a participant in the bloody battlefields of Europe.

I have a ranch located on a smaller Island adjoining Vancouver Island, and as a rule the life of a rancher is quiet and peaceful enough without much excitement outside some fishing and hunting, a sport which most of the settlers cultivate not only for the sake of the sport, but in order to replenish the larder which is a very

important factor to consider in these hard times.

A rancher, who lives a few miles north of my place called on me last November and informed me that ducks were very plentiful in a little bay half way between his place and my own property, so I decided on accepting his invitation to go duck hunting.

After a couple of days' fairly successful hunting, I decided to return home and left my friend's place at low tide, as we have to follow the seashore, there being no roads as yet around. Let me by the way state that we have to regulate our travelling according to tidewater in the country, as there are no roads and the most of the settlers have their homes facing the open Pacific Ocean.

Walking at low tide is generally good, but when high-water sets in, it is different, particularly in the late fall of the year after new and full moon, when the water rises several feet higher than under ordinary conditions, the big foaming breakers carrying along with them all