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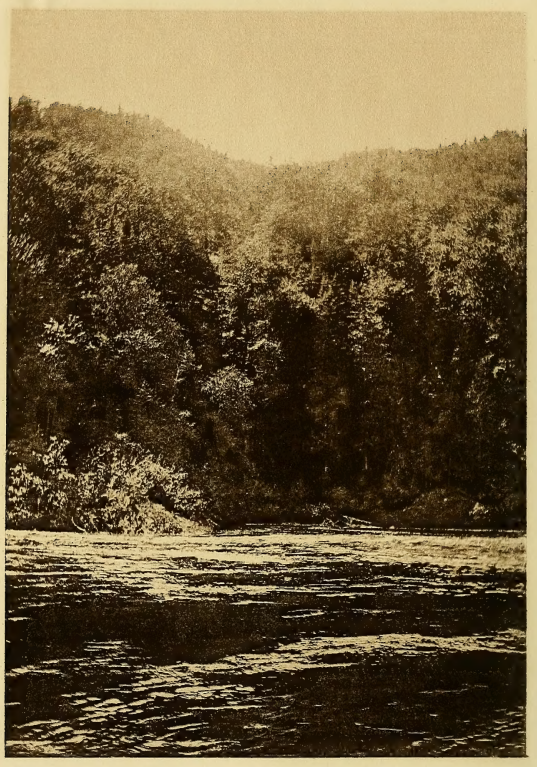
SALMON-FISHING ON THE GRAND CASCAPEDIA



SALMON-FISHING ON THE GRAND CASCAPEDIA

EDMUND W. PAUL

A FAVORITE PLACE

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION

A Favorite Place

SALMON-FISHING ON THE GRAND CASCAPEDIA

BY

EDMUND W. DAVIS

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE DISTRIBUTION
1904

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TO MY WIFE

WHOSE GENTLENESS AND SWEET MANNER
ADD CHARM TO THE CAMP

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SALMON-FISHING

SALMON-FISHING ON THE GRAND CASCAPEDIA

I HAVE been asked so many times to write my experience as regards salmon-fishing that perhaps these few lines may be of benefit to friends who are learning the grand art, and of some interest to those who are already accomplished in it—for an art it surely is.

I advise all who intend taking up salmon-fishing to read Dr. Weir Mitchell's book, "When All the Woods Are Green." It is a delightful story, and has a chapter or two on salmon-killing. But as all of us may not have a companion so charming on our fishing trips as the hero of this book, we will content ourselves here with the killing of the fish. The part of the book which appeals to me most strongly is the dedication:

> THE FRIEND OF MANY YEARS,—
> THE COMPANION OF MANY SUMMERS.

Who but a lover of nature and a keen sportsman would have thought of the few words so lovingly

expressed—"The Companion of Many Summers"! Surely they must have reminded him of the days and nights they had passed together on some grand old river in the forests of Canada—the shooting of the rapids, the camp-fires at night, the life in the woods, all of which go to make up that indescribable something which all true sportsmen love. I have often thought, as I stood by my camp-fire and gazed at the stars through the clear atmosphere of the Northern skies, how few persons there are who know the great happiness there is in the solitude of a life in the wilderness. Here one sees the swift, icy brooks tumbling down from the lakes which lie amid the green-clad hills stretching far away to the north—the little brooks which are torrents in spring, and go to make up the mighty Cascapedia, far-famed for its lordly salmon. They, too, love the river; for do they not come each year and go far to the head waters to seek the quiet pools whose banks are lined with the sweet-scented linnæa, where undisturbed they can whisper to each other their tales of love?

I remember one day, as I was going up the river to take my turn at certain pools, I saw the doctor sitting in his canoe, reading a book. As I approached him he shouted: "Hello, Davis! Any luck?" I told him I had not fished, but was on my way to Middle Camp. "I hope you have had some sport?"

"No," he replied; "it is too clear. Am waiting till later in the day. But what does it matter? Is it not grand out on the river? Look at the leaves on the trees — how they glisten! What beautiful shades! One never gets tired here; there is so much to see. How peaceful and restful it all seems!" And he, though getting no salmon, was content passing his time in studying the life of the forest and the different objects about him, all of which help to form the true angler. My advice to all is to follow in his footsteps.

THE RIVER

FAR away in the wilderness of Quebec lies a still and placid sheet of water whose surface is often disturbed by salmon fortunate in having reached this quiet and peaceful resting-place. A stream named the Lake Branch flows from this lake a distance of eighteen miles before joining its companion (the Salmon Branch), whose source is many miles farther north. The meeting of these two waters is the beginning of the Cascapedia, but as it rushes onward to the sea many cold little brooks add their tribute. At the junction of these branches is the celebrated pool called "The Forks"; here, in July, one can usually see many salmon resting. From this same pool, after two o'clock in the day, I beached fourteen fish, keeping only five of the largest: the rest, after my man had removed the hook, were held under water with their heads up-stream until they were able to resist the current; then a slight poke in the side sent them darting away as lively as when rushing

for the fly. These salmon were from sixteen to thirty-five pounds in weight.

A short distance below "The Forks" the river forms another good pool where one is sure of many rises. "Lazy Bogan" — perhaps the most famous part of the river — is a narrow stretch flowing through a flat country, and a fine place for salmon. One day on this water, casting from the shore, I took thirteen fish, returning seven. But I do not consider it much sport to kill salmon in these pools. The river is narrow; it is their breeding-ground: and here they should be left undisturbed.

The Cascapedia Club, which controls the rights with the exception of about fifteen miles from the mouth, now very wisely prohibits fishing on this part, keeping it entirely for breeding purposes. After leaving Lazy Bogan the country becomes more interesting, and as you approach Indian Falls the river, running swiftly, forms large, deep pools; huge mountains rising from the water's edge make the scenery most picturesque. There is a bit of danger while running the falls, owing to the many sunken rocks just below the surface whose tops are invisible; but with good canoemen one usually passes in safety. From the falls down to the settlement is one continuous panorama of beautiful scenes; and the river, having such a tremendous drop from its source to the mouth, is

one of the swiftest and most interesting in all Canada to the angler.

The Cascapedia Club-house, situated on a knoll surrounded by mountains, is most charmingly located. From the piazza there is a delightful view of the country, and salmon may be seen leaping in the pools below. Opposite is the Escuminac, a small river flowing into the Cascapedia. Formerly it contained many salmon, but saw-mills, nets, and spears have done their work of extermination, and now it is impossible for a fish to run up the stream, owing to a dam having been built across.

Eight miles above the club-house is a three-rod station, and at sixteen miles accommodation for two; so the few members are not crowded in their fishing. From the club-house to the second station is one wild, magnificent sight: high mountains, long stretches of swiftly running water terminating in dark pools, the rapids, and the sweet little flowers nestling at the water's edge, make a picture of loveliness which is most beautiful and dear to the angler.

Among the few fishing lodges scattered along the banks of the remaining part of the river is the Princess Louise Cottage, now owned by Mr. Barnes, of Boston, who controls some very good water, including a part of the celebrated Princess Pool. The river is well guarded, and if protection

Running down from Lazy Bogan

is continued the number of salmon should increase yearly. May their numbers never be less!

For thirteen summers the Grand Cascapedia has been my home. Each year it grows dearer and dearer, and my only thought during the long winter months shall always be, "Will spring ever come, so that I may again visit this restful home in the Northern woods?" Such a beautiful country is not an accident. God must have created this wonderful wilderness, where all is happiness, where all is peace.

THE ROD

A TAPERING piece of wood as delicate in appearance and bending as easily as some tall, slight reed gently swayed by the winds. No wonder we love to caress and fondle it, for has it not proved a stanch and true friend on many trying occasions?

In selecting a rod, please bear in mind that I am suggesting one for Canadian rivers only. For fishing the waters of Ireland and Scotland a longer and stiffer rod is required, as I believe most of the casting is from the shore; but not having had any personal experience on these rivers, I am not prepared to offer any advice. For my own fishing I prefer fifteen feet of the best greenheart, spliced at the centre only. The tip should be a little stiffer and the butt a trifle smaller than one usually sees in a salmon-rod. If the rod is properly made it will bend like a piece of steel from butt to tip while playing the salmon. Notice how beautifully it bends backward and forward when you make the cast — no doubling of the tip, only a slight curve as the line is thrown back; then, by a quick and gentle turn of the wrists, it springs for-

Killing a Salmon at Lazy Bogan

ward, sending the line straight as an arrow, while the fly, falling softly, alights like a snowflake on the water. With a rod of this description one can lift his line much easier, with less exertion, and has better control. Dalzell, of St. John, New Brunswick, is a good workman, and turns these rods out well. Of course there is difference of opinion; but I have had greater pleasure with a rod of this kind than with many another I have tried. When the water is high and one is not obliged to be too particular as regards his casts, almost any rod will answer; but in low, clear water, when the wily old kings are shy and it is hard to entice them, then the best weapon is required. Some prefer a light rod and others a heavy one, but the principle should be the same in both.

The Forrest rod, made in Scotland, is very popular among American anglers, although I find it too supple at the tip and too stiff at the butt. The split bamboo has found favor in the eyes of many, but my experience with it has not been satisfactory. I know a little woman — and a clever angler, too — who may be seen every year, during the months of June and July, casting her fly as gracefully and killing her fish as quickly with her little cane rod as any old veteran of the sport, and I am told this same rod has to its credit a hundred or more salmon. Of course, nothing pleases this little lady but the split bamboo.

THE REEL

THIS piece of workmanship is dear to all anglers; for does it not day after day merrily sing its melodious songs? And the louder it sings the sweeter its notes, for we know then that its welcome voice will soon cease, having lulled to sleep one of the wakeful spirits of the deep.

One cannot be too particular concerning the reel. It should be large enough to hold seventy yards of good, strong bass-line and fifty yards of salmon-line, which must be spliced with the bass-line.

I use the Vom Hofe[1] reels only, as I have always found them to keep in excellent running order, and in many years of fishing I have never had an over-run. Should a salmon, rushing down the rapids, suddenly stop, and an over-run take place, good-by, Mr. Salmon! If he is seized again with the same desire to continue his mad career, one good feature about the reel is, you can alter the tension of the drag; and when small flies are used

[1] Edward Vom Hofe, Fulton Street, New York.

it is better to do this, for with a lighter tension the fly is less liable to pull out, and that would be disappointing.

The reel should be held by a plate fastened to the rod not more than six or six and a half inches from the lower end of the butt. If it is placed any higher, one would be obliged to reach farther to grasp the rod above the reel. This would naturally cause the body to bend forward, making an awkward position for the angler and at the same time tiring the right arm. The reel, when casting, should be beneath the rod, with the handle to the left, for in this position it balances the rod better; but when playing the fish always reverse the position, bringing the reel on top of the rod, with the handle to the right.

There are many good salmon-reels of different makes and of a much cheaper grade than the one above mentioned. As I see many anglers using them, they evidently answer the purpose; but not having tried any, I can only vouch for the Vom Hofe. One should always have the reel well filled, as it runs much better; and do not fail occasionally to put a drop or two of oil on the bearing; by so doing the reel will last longer and give better satisfaction. Above all things, keep the reel clean; a dirty reel reflects upon the angler as a rusty gun on the sportsman.

THE LINE

THE line should be, as I have just said, one hundred and twenty yards in total length. One may use the whole salmon-line, but this is unnecessary, as the one for bass does just as well to help fill up the reel; besides, it has not so much resistance in the water. When the river is high, any dark-colored salmon-line of medium size will do, either tapered or not, as one prefers. My experience has been that both cast equally well. In low, clear water I am confident one will be more successful using a small black line, as it attracts less attention than one of lighter color, and is not so apt to disturb the fish. This is a much-disputed question among anglers, but as I have been very successful with the small black line, I certainly should advise its use. It is rather difficult to see while playing the fish as they dart toward the shore in the shade of the trees, and especially when fishing at night; but one should be able to forgive this fault if it brings better success.

I have seen salmon killed late in the season with a line almost white and large enough to kill a codfish. This will sometimes happen, but I am quite sure the person who accomplished the feat was born under a lucky star. I beg my friends not to try it; it is not clean fishing, it is not correct fishing. I have also seen a person fishing salmon with a book in one hand, an umbrella over the shoulders, and the rod resting on the knees, evidently waiting for a nibble; strange to say, the nibble came, the salmon was hooked and killed. This happened in one of my best pools, and previous to the landing of this eccentric fish the pool had been whipped by a person well up in the art without any result. It only goes to show that sometimes salmon have whims, like ourselves: you coax them, and they won't; let them alone, and they will.

THE FLIES

THESE beautiful specimens of craftsman's art, composed of feathers brought from the jungles of India and the deep forests of the tropics, are no doubt the most important part of our outfit. How seductive these little feathers, both gaudy and sombre, must be as they are drawn across the pool to lead to destruction the wise old fellows resting so quietly beneath! Indeed, they are equally seductive to us — for do we not, as we are about to leave the shop (having said good-by to them), hesitate, and return to gaze fondly again upon their beauty? We buy more, when we do not need them; like the salmon, we have gazed once too often and are taken at last. This fate always happens to me — and I suppose I shall continue, year after year, to be led astray by the spell of these fascinating and hypnotic allurements.

When buying your flies, be sure that the point of the hook is nearly upright. If it inclines too much toward the shank, as many do, and especially the No. 4 and No. 6 double, it will not hook

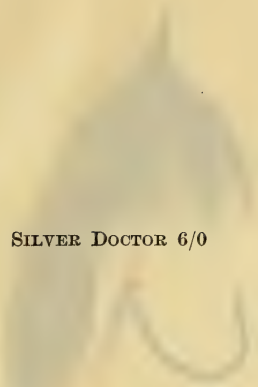
the fish as well, and is more liable to tear out. It is a good plan to bend the small-size hooks a little so the points will turn out; I find by so doing fewer fish are lost.

The flies made by Forrest & Sons, Kelso, Scotland, are generally used, and it is best to import them direct from their house. They are beautifully tied, and we seldom hear of the hook pulling out. I have seen this happen, but not often; in one instance, when a friend of mine was playing a very large fish, the line suddenly came back with only the loop attached to the leader. It would be very annoying to have it occur just as you are playing the largest salmon you have ever seen; but sometimes accidents will happen, however careful one may be. Always examine closely the loop before attaching the fly to the leader, especially if the fly has been used for some time, for by continued use the loop becomes frail and the fish is apt to break away. I have taken many fish which would have been lost had I not first carefully examined my leader and fly. It is a very simple thing to do, and requires only a little time; yet how many anglers there are who neglect to take this precaution, but leave the work for others!

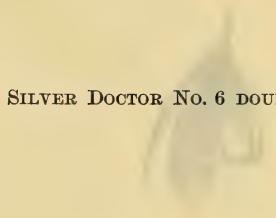
The flies generally used are the Jock Scott, Silver Gray, Silver Doctor, Black Dose, Dusty Miller, and Silver Jock Scott.[1] These are the standard

[1] The lower part of the body of the Silver Jock Scott is covered with silver tinsel; otherwise the Jock Scott and the Silver Jock Scott are identical.

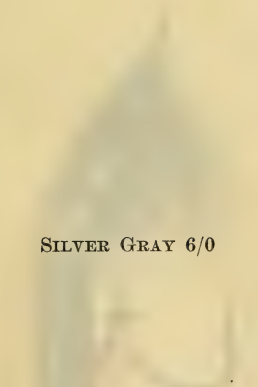
flies, and are good on all Canadian waters. There are innumerable varieties, but the above are quite necessary for one's outfit. It is well to have a large assortment, because when the water is low salmon will very seldom in the daytime take the same fly which they will rise to when the river is high and muddy; so one should always have on hand different sizes of the above. I have had very little success with those smaller than No. 6 double. Although I have taken salmon with No. 8, I do not consider them practical; they tear out easily and only hurt and lose fish. I am now referring to the Cascapedia, where the salmon run very large. On rivers where the fish are smaller the No. 8 double is used successfully; but I believe the No. 6 to be quite small enough, if properly landed in the pool. My observation has convinced me that a medium-sized fly when cast by an expert angler is more killing than a smaller fly cast by the same person. To illustrate my theory: Many years ago I was fishing a famous pool on the Cascapedia; it was late in the season; as the water was low and clear, I used a very small fly. I noticed that one of the canoemen was watching my casts most intently, and as I kept pegging away until nearly exhausted, without any success, he finally remarked: "I think that if you use a larger fly and cast it better, you will get a fish." This remark made me a little weary, because I thought I was doing splendidly, and to be con-



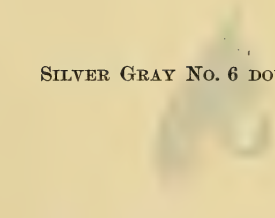
Silver Doctor 6/0



Silver Doctor No. 6 double



Silver Gray 6/0



Silver Gray No. 6 double

Note

The flies on the following plates are not facsimiles of the samples, inasmuch as they show different tints at the end of some of the feathers. This is owing to mechanical difficulties of the three-color process, and cannot, I am told, be avoided. Otherwise they are good representations. The Harrison fly should be gray instead of a brownish color.

sidered a duffer, as he evidently thought me, was most humiliating. I immediately handed the rod to him, and said: "Now show me what you can do."

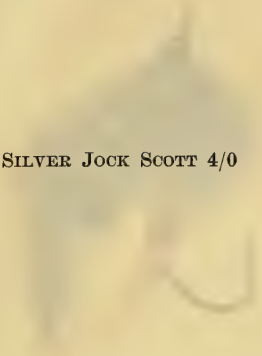
His eyes brightened, his lips parted, and the most satisfied grin I have ever seen appeared on his face. He at once cut off the fly as well as the loop at the end of the leader, pulled from his hat a fly,— one of his own make, a little larger but of the same pattern I had been using,— and fastened it to the leader by a process which I had not then learned, but will explain later. Before casting he allowed the line to drift down the river until it had straightened itself; then up went his arms, the rod bending gently backward and throwing the line in a perfect curve, when suddenly, with a quick turn of the wrists, the rod sprang forward, sending the fly diagonally across the pool. It fell so softly that it hardly touched the water — then a whirl, a splash, a strike. "I 've got him!" he shouted. "I told you so! Take the rod," he said.

"No, thanks; you play him," I replied. His contented little grin at once changed into one of the most fiendish. There was a fierce struggle, the fish was killed in a short time, and as he turned toward me the little grin reappeared, so I knew he was happy. I was humiliated, but it really gave me greater pleasure to see him hook and kill that fish than to have accomplished the feat myself. His knowledge of the manner in which to place the

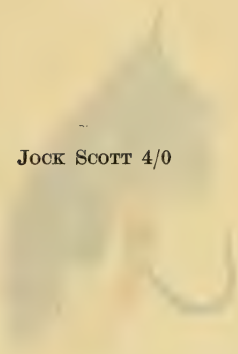
fly so as to tempt the fish was what gave him success, and such knowledge can be acquired only by close observation.

Here are the names and sizes of the flies I always try to have with me.

QUANTITY	NO.	NAME
3	6/0	Silver Gray, Single Hook
3	5/0	" " " "
3	4/0	" " " "
3	3/0	" " " "
3	2/0	" " " "
3	1/0	" " " "
3	1	" " " "
6	1/0	Black Dose " "
6	1	" " " "
3	5/0	Steuart " "
3	4/0	" " "
3	1/0	Dusty Miller " "
3	1	" " " "
3	3/0	Jock Scott " "
3	2/0	" " " "
3	1/0	" " " "
3	4/0	Silver Jock Scott, Single Hook
3	2/0	" " " " "
3	1/0	" " " " "
6	3	Silver Gray, Double Hook
6	4	" " " "
6	6	" " " "
6	3	Dusty Miller " "
6	4	" " " "
6	6	" " " "
6	3	Jock Scott " "
6	4	" " " "
6	6	" " " "
6	2	Black Dose " "
6	3	" " " "
6	4	" " " "
6	6	" " " "
6	4	Tim Fly " "
6	6	" " " "



Silver Jock Scott 4/0



Jock Scott 4/0

Black Dose 2/0

Dusty Miller 1/0

I have never been very successful with the Silver Doctor, although my friends have taken many fish with it; I suppose the reason is, I seldom use it, preferring the Silver Gray. I have killed some fish at night with a Silver Doctor, when the river was very muddy and high, as well as when it was low and clear; but the Silver Gray I consider a much more killing fly. I have found a 4/0 white fly with a silver body, a golden pheasant's crest feather for the crest and tail, and a very small feather of the jungle-cock added to the wing, to be a good one at night. It is called the Steuart. The Tim fly, Nos. 4 and 6 double, with silver tinsel on black body, dark brown wings, a small feather of the jungle-cock, and the tail a crest feather of the golden pheasant, is excellent for low water.

The above were made according to my own idea, and may be obtained from Forrest & Sons. The Nepisiguit Gray, No. 4 double, did good work for one season — since then I have never taken a fish with it; the Brown and Black Fairies are used by many: and so I might add a number of varieties; however, I shall leave them for the angler to discover as he progresses in the art.

There are always a few feathers, a little wax, and some black and white thread in my fly-book, because I like to try to imitate the flies which I see floating down the river. By roughly adding a few feathers to the body of some worn-out Forrest I

am able to make a rough imitation, and with a nondescript of this kind I have had good sport. Then again, there is satisfaction in knowing they will take one of your own make. It is amusing, and for me it adds much to the pleasure of fishing.

One of my canoemen, James Harrison, whom I consider an expert at salmon-fishing, ties good flies. They are so successful that he has had many orders. With one of his Silver Grays I killed thirteen fish from twenty to thirty-five pounds. One day when Harrison and I were fishing at the Crib, the pool seemed alive with salmon, and although none would take the fly, they would rush savagely forward at a small Black Dose, turning as quickly as they came. Finally Harrison took a fly from his pocket — one of his own make, a Black Dose, No. 1 single. It seemed rather large for the condition of the water, and looked more like a good-sized bug. It was put on and cast forth. Two salmon started for it, one about forty pounds and the other, as it proved, of twenty-two, which was hooked and killed. The next cast gave us one of thirty-eight pounds. We were much surprised at the result, because we thought the water too low and clear for so large a fly. This again proves that it is not always the small fly they wish. My experiences of this kind have convinced me that the No. 8 double had best be discarded. It would be impossible to enumerate all the different va-

*Steuart 4/0

Harrison 3/0

Tim Fly No. 6 double

Black Dose No. 4 double

*Steuart No. 3 double

Brown Fairy No. 8 double

* These flies should have had silver bodies.

rieties. Let the beginner take those I have mentioned, and I am quite sure they will be all that he needs.

Large flies are not always necessary early in the season, because sometimes the river, although high at this time, is quite clear, and then medium sizes are better. I cannot, of course, tell my readers the best sizes to use; they should vary as the condition of the river changes. During the first part of June there is generally a freshet. As the water begins to fall, but still remains muddy, then use the No. 5/0 Silver Gray, and your heart's desire will be gratified.

From eight-thirty in the evening until nine-fifteen, always use the large sizes — from 5/0 to 3/0 Silver Gray or Silver Doctor. This applies to July as well as June fishing. There seems to be a certain time between eight-thirty and nine o'clock when these game fish appear to be in a state of frenzy, rushing eagerly for the fly. Why they prefer this time of night, when all nature seems slumbering, is a mystery to me. Often during these few minutes, which my canoeman has appropriately named the "magic spell,"[1] I have had grand sport; but I have never hooked a salmon later than nine-twenty, and now always stop fishing before that time, as the darkness coming on detracts so much from the pleasure.

[1] The "magic spell" begins about the middle of June.

THE LEADERS, OR CASTS

THE leaders — or casts, as they are called by many — should be nine feet in length for early fishing, and made of heavy, strong gut; for at this season of the year, the river being high, the current is much swifter, and greater force is required while playing the fish: therefore the heavier leader is the best. Later in the season, when the river falls and the water is very clear, I should advise the use of leaders twelve feet long and of a much smaller-sized gut. They should lift when dry four pounds, and it is always best to test one before fastening it to the line. I consider the stained leaders preferable, as they attract less attention One should constantly examine them, for they frequently become knotted when cast against the wind, and should this occur they are apt to break at the knots. This happened to a friend of mine when he had the fish almost within reach of the gaff.

In attaching the fly to the leader, hold the fly be-

tween the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, with the curve of the hook downward. Cut off the loop of the leader and tie a single knot at the end. Put the knotted end of the leader up through the loop on the hook, turning it to the right. Bend it around the loop on the hook, putting the knot between the leader and top of the loop. Then draw the leader tight, and the knot will prevent the end pulling through. A fly fastened in this manner rests better upon the water, there is less resistance, and in my opinion it will add many more fish to our score than when fastened in the usual way — with the loop. Of course, there are times when salmon will take almost anything; but when the water is clear, and you are fishing some quiet, shallow pool, then the finest leaders and the most delicate little knots are necessary. In fastening the leader to the line, the end of the line is put through the loop at the other end of the leader, and brought around in the same manner as when attaching the fly. A knot at the end of the line is unnecessary, as it will hold without one, but on the leader it is indispensable. It is always well to put our leaders in water just before they are used. This will soften them and prevent breaking while handling, for they are somewhat brittle when dry. It will also take out the kinks. Warm water may be used, but never hot. Sometimes they become frayed; by going over them briskly

with a soft piece of rubber all the roughness will be removed.

When the fishing is over for the season the leaders should be wrapped in oiled silk and placed in tin or wooden boxes. This will keep them in good condition for the following year.

THE CLOTHES

ON my first visit to the Cascapedia I stopped a few days in St. John, and while there met a celebrated angler. I thought it best to consult him with regard to my outfit, so I asked him to come and see if mine was complete.

I had two suits of a light-colored homespun, and one of a very bright plaid. These suits seemed to me to be just the thing. Perhaps the plaid *was* a little startling, but I did not consider it so much so as to scare the salmon out of the river. But when he saw my "togs," he threw up his hands in horror and said: "If you expect to kill any fish, you will be disappointed. Why, they will see you a mile away. This rig is altogether too bright. You should have a dark suit; even black is better than what you have."

"What can I do?" I exclaimed: "I have no other clothes."

We finally decided to go to a shop where they sold ready-made clothing, and after trying on, it

seemed to me, every suit in sight, we decided upon a black cutaway coat and waistcoat; and as there were no trousers of the same pattern, I selected a beautiful pair of black with white stripes.

"Now," said he, "you are all right." Whether he had any interest in that shop, my readers shall decide; I was a novice, and had never killed a Cascapedia salmon. What did I care whether I fished in a cutaway or a nightgown!

On our arrival at the river, imagine my astonishment when my canoeman told me that the loud, startling plaid clothes were just the thing. Perhaps he had an eye for the cutaway; I am sure that he had, for before I left he got it.

Any color will do, although I should not advise fishing in one's shirt-sleeves, at least if the shirt be white and you are on a pool where the salmon can see you — as I once saw a man doing in a white jersey, white duck trousers, and a white hat. I asked him if he had had any sport. "Not a fish since I have been on the river!" he replied. Yet he continued to wear that white suit just the same.

Salmon are accustomed to seeing dark objects floating down the river, such as logs, branches of trees, etc.; therefore I should recommend clothes as similar in color as possible. The Lovat mixture is an excellent cloth for a suit, with cap to match. When the river is high it does not matter, but at

low water one cannot be too careful. I always have a rubber bag in the canoe large enough to hold a rubber coat, boots, a light jersey, a light-weight overcoat, and a pair of socks. It occupies but little space, and when one of those sudden showers comes out of the clear sky these articles are more useful there than at home.

A most necessary article is an ounce vial of the oil of citronella. One or two drops rubbed on the hands and face will keep away the whole company of flies and midges. I never knew this until last year, and it is well worth knowing.

THE CASTING

THIS is the most interesting part of the sport — not perhaps the most exciting, nor the part one loves the best, but it is the part which requires the greatest skill and upon which depends your success.

How indifferent you try to appear when some one says, "Why, how well you cast!" You always reply, "Oh, no; do you think so?" when you really think you do, and all the time you are swelling with pride. You are trying not to grin, but you do, and your cheeks are getting red and you are the happiest person in the world because you have been told *you cast a good line.*

A friend of mine was having very poor sport. He was sitting in his canoe, casting a most wretched line, and looking so dejected that I was quite sure if it continued he would not have any luck and might wish to return to camp. As he was to join me at luncheon up the river, and we were to have the afternoon's fishing, it would have been most annoying to have him spoil the day's

sport by returning. "What can I do to keep him interested?" A happy thought struck me: "Tell him he casts well."

"How well you cast!" I shouted. "We all noticed it coming up the river."

"Oh, no; really?"

Up he jumped, threw out his chest, and as I turned a bend in the river, the last thing I saw was that rod going through the air a hundred casts to the minute, and I heard a voice crying out:

"Do not be late for luncheon. You know we are to fish early this afternoon!" He has since become a good fisherman, and we have had many laughs over the incident.

I once told a young woman who was fishing on our river that she cast a good fly. I really believe that she would have embraced me had I not changed the subject. We all like to be praised, and what pleases us more than to be told we are expert anglers?

The learner should remember that it is just as easy to make his casts gracefully as awkwardly. How few anglers there are who, although they are able to make the fly alight fairly well, do it in a graceful and pretty way! It looks very simple, but the little trick puzzles most of us at first, and when once you have acquired the knack of turning the wrists at the right moment, you have accomplished that in which the majority of anglers have

failed, and with which I have been struggling for the past twenty years. Very little force is needed — not nearly so much, even in very long casts, is needed as one would imagine. I have seen a salmon-angler, who should have known better, use as much force in casting a line thirty feet as he would in casting sixty feet; yet he cannot understand why in the short cast his fly sometimes jumps backward and lands five feet this side of the spot intended, and why, in the backward cast, the tip of his rod hits Bill on top of the head as he sits in the bow of the canoe, unconscious of any danger, looking for logs coming down the river. But Bill certainly knew his man the next trip, for I saw him lying flat on his stomach, ducking his head on the back cast, bobbing it up on the forward, "An eye up-stream for those derned logs," as he expressed it, the other on the "strong man." "Quite a busy day," he remarked to my canoeman, as we were passing, "and lucky it 's cold! No strikes yet, but I guess some one will get one before we get through!"

You should be able to cast equally well from either shoulder, without changing the position of the hands upon the rod. The right usually grasps the rod above the reel, with the left below. This is the position of nearly all anglers when casting from the right shoulder, whether the line is thrown in a direction diagonally to the right, straight away,

Limestone Pool

or diagonally to the left; but when a cast is made from the left shoulder diagonally to the right, most salmon-anglers reverse the places of their hands. This is not at all necessary. And as it is more artistic to bend the rod toward the left shoulder and to make the cast with one's hands unchanged, why not cultivate the skill that charms—and what has more charm than the casting of a fly? Of course, I do not intend that one should continue throughout the day casting with his hands in the same position in which he began in the morning; but I do think it better to continue to cast from either shoulder as long as you can without fatiguing yourself or reversing the places of the hands. You will be surprised to find how interested you will become in this style of casting, and you will see a wonderful improvement in the alighting of the fly upon the pool. If you have not already accomplished this little feat, try it and see.

Do not attempt to learn the art of casting for salmon upon the grass. We are not going bass-fishing to see how far we are able to throw the bait. We are going to try to capture one of the most beautiful specimens of Nature's creation, and with such a prize before us let us obtain it in a worthy manner. If you begin with the grass practice, your only thought when arriving at the river will be to see how far you can throw the fly; so instead of trying, as I have seen many do, to ruin the line or

break the tips casting for the wily toad upon the lawn, we will go to the bank of some swiftly running stream to practise to our heart's content the art which all true anglers love — the casting of the fly.

As most of our fishing will be done from canoes, we should begin our practice in the method by which we intend to kill our fish; and when one has become proficient in the art of casting the fly from the canoe, it will be easier to accomplish the feat upon land. Casting from the canoe is less difficult than from the bank or beach of the river, because one usually has a clear space in which to make the cast, and should the fly, when thrown back preparatory to the forward cast, strike the water, as it sometimes does, nothing more serious is likely to happen than marring the beauty of the cast; but when casting from the land one should be more careful, for if the fly touches any obstruction it is liable to become fastened, and the result is usually a broken tip or hook. To touch either the water from the canoe, or any obstruction when fishing from bank or beach, is, of course, bad form, and pardonable only when a very heavy wind is blowing against one's back. Even in the canoe, do not fail to look behind you to see if there are any trees on the banks, or rocks projecting above the water, which might cause trouble; for it would be most annoying to find our fly fastened to a

branch, or to have the point of our hook broken just as we are about to send it forth with the expectation of hooking a big fish.

I have had this experience, and to my sorrow. A large salmon had been reported lying at the lower end of a rather narrow and still pool, situated some distance up the river. Two cliffs, nearly perpendicular, on which grew a few scattered trees, rose majestically on either side of this wild, weird place, the overhanging branches and the slow current of the water making the casting most difficult. However, having heard the tale of this wonderful fish, of course I was all excitement and eager to know if the guard from up the river had reported correctly. So William, James, and I, keen for a new experience, started the next morning up the Cascapedia. Arriving at the pool, we stealthily climbed the cliff, and, lying on our stomachs, crawled to the edge. Carefully peeping over, we looked down into the depths of that deep, quiet pool, and saw an enormous salmon about four feet under water, and to all appearances resting quietly upon a projecting ledge. He was so large that James made his usual exclamation, "Perfectly scand'lous!" This time the guard had not exaggerated the size of the fish. We hurried to the beach, jumped into the canoe, and started for the pool, with visions of great happiness before us. I told William to place the canoe in a position that would enable me to reach the

salmon with the first cast, and to be quite sure that we were far enough away not to be seen. My idea was that by placing the fly directly over the salmon at first, I should be more successful than if I whipped the water, increasing the length of line with each cast; that method, as the pool was so still, I thought would be more likely to frighten him. My men placed the canoe in position, and after waiting until all was quiet I began getting out my line by casting to the left, and, when the required length was reached, lifted it easily and sent it quickly backward, to go forth again, as I intended, as quietly and swiftly as it came. I imagine my fly falling softly on the water; I see a huge salmon rise to it and rush down the rapids. At last my dream is realized! Oh, what joy, what rapture! And to feel myself racing down the river on top of the tumbling seas, with this huge fish occasionally throwing himself clear of the water in his effort to dislodge the hook, while James and William are paddling for life, is a sensation which makes every nerve in my body tingle with excitement. Suddenly the salmon stops. Shouting to the men to back water, I commence to reel up the slack. "Go on!" I cry. "He is off again! Hold on there, James; he is up-stream now! No, by Jove! he is going down-stream again!" And away we go, rushing down the river after him, trusting to find some quiet spot where we hope safely to land the

king of the river. Suddenly I am awakened from my sweet delirium by feeling a tug at the end of my line somewhere up the river, and hearing the breaking of branches, I quickly turn about, and, to my horror, discover the fly fastened to a limb of an overhanging tree, and the tip of my rod broken and dangling above. My happy vision has passed away, and I awaken to the realization that it is always best to look up-stream before casting.

Having anchored the canoe a sufficient distance from the shore to avoid all obstructions, let the beginner stand about midships, with feet well apart, and the right foot a little in advance of the left. In this position he can balance himself easily, and prevent the boat from wabbling, which should be avoided when fishing a still pool, for the ripples produced by the motion of the canoe are liable to disturb the fish. Pull the line from the reel until there are about twenty feet from the tip of the rod to the end of the leader; let the current take it out until nearly taut; then, with the right hand grasping the rod above the reel, and the left in an easy position below, raise both until the right hand is almost opposite the middle of the breast. Bending the wrists slightly forward will bring the rod to an angle of about forty-five degrees—the position in which you begin to make the cast. To make the cast, commence drawing the line by raising the rod slowly backward toward the right shoulder, in-

creasing the speed until nearly all the leader is visible. By this time your right arm and rod are nearly perpendicular; then by a slight lifting motion of the arms and a quick turn of the wrists the rod will spring back, lifting the line and sending it backward without causing the slightest disturbance in the water. To prevent the line running from the reel when lifting for the cast, hold it with the first finger only of the right hand. Some anglers press the line against the rod with all four fingers. This is not a good way, because when the line is released it leaves only the thumb to grasp the rod. When you lift the line for a very long cast it is impossible to see the leader, but a little more speed and a higher elevation of the arms will send the line back in the proper way. In making the forward cast the lifting motion is omitted; but as you spring the rod forward, gently lower it, and the fly will alight softly on the pool. Remember to allow sufficient time for your line to straighten behind you before making the forward cast, otherwise the fly is liable to be snapped off. One should begin with a short line, gradually increasing the length as he improves in his casting. When once you have commenced to draw the line toward you, keep it coming; do not stop to lower the rod, as is the custom with many anglers, in order to get more force to switch the line out. The lowering of the rod sinks the

line, makes the cast more difficult, and is apt to break the tip as you lift the line from the water. Remember also to stop the rod when the right arm is nearly perpendicular; for should you cultivate the habit of the "strong man," and throw the rod well back, Bill might become uneasy again. Besides, the lowering of the tip pulls the line down, and causes the fly to hit the water. Do not bend the body forward, but stand erect, and make the cast simply with the arms. It is not a graceful sight to see a person bending over and poking out his rod, with the idea that it is helping him to make a longer cast. I cannot understand why it is done, unless one thinks more power is given; on the contrary, the speed of the fly is lessened. Bending in such a manner is imitating the gyrations of a sandpiper; it makes the boat wabble: and this, as I have already stated, is a grave fault. The canoemen also dislike it, for they are expecting at any moment to be plunged into the cold river.

When casting a long line hold the rod very high, and stop it suddenly when it comes to the perpendicular. This sudden check bends the rod, causing the line to be sent quickly backward. By the same motion of the rod as in the backward cast, the long line is thrown prettily forward. When you have had lots of practice, and have conquered this easy, yet seemingly difficult, manner

of casting, you may then add the fly and go forth to capture your coveted prize. I consider the stopping of the rod when nearly perpendicular to be an expert's way of casting for salmon. Of course there are many ways of getting a fly out without endangering one's eyes, but the above appeals to me more than any other.

THE FISHING

IN starting for the day's fishing, do not forget any of the articles which are necessary for the sport. I once forgot my fly-book and my canoeman his gaff —a most remarkable thing to do; but it really happened, and caused us much annoyance.

On the Cascapedia I should advise having a gaff at each end of the canoe, for in certain parts of the river it is impossible to beach a fish, and there are some rough places where both canoemen should be ready. When approaching a pool, keep well toward the bank, and insist upon the canoemen reversing the position of their poles, for should they use them with the sockets[1] down, the sound produced by the steel striking the stones would be more likely to frighten the fish. Having got well past, paddle toward the middle of the river, and, while the current is taking the canoe toward the pool, gradually stop its progress by gently dropping the killick.[2] Then pay out rope enough to

[1] A small steel cap placed over one end of the pole to prevent its slipping when it strikes the bottom.

[2] A weight used for an anchor; for salmon-fishing it should be covered with lead to prevent any noise when it touches the bottom.

bring the canoe into a proper position for casting, but do not anchor in the middle of the pool; it frightens and drives away the fish. When possible, try from the side; and if you are not successful, changing to the other side will sometimes cause the salmon to rise. I suppose it is the drawing of the fly across the current in a different way which attracts them. Having anchored, wait a few minutes before attempting to cast, until the salmon have become accustomed to the canoe, for I am sure it distracts their attention from the fly. After a while they get used to its presence and do not mind it. My own experience proves that one will have better success by waiting a little, especially if the water be clear. Even in a rough pool it is better to wait; but of course if the river be muddy it does not make any difference. During this time of delay I always look down into the depths of the dear old river to see if any of the inhabitants have discovered me poaching. Once I thought a salmon did see me, for I saw the fish plainly, and the water being so clear, I supposed, of course, that we were observed. My alarm was unnecessary, for as I dropped the fly over him and moved it backward and forward, the salmon rose, seized the fly, and away he went. Had I begun to cast as soon as the canoe was in position, I do not believe I should have been successful. No; when a salmon is as near the canoe as this, do not keep

casting for him. Drop the fly lightly above, and draw it to the right, to the left, then up-stream; if these motions do not tempt him, try dangling it just over the salmon. If he still refuses to rise, take the fly away and rest him a little. At the next attempt try another size or a different kind if you prefer. Keep trying as long as he appears motionless, for he may wake up and get angry after a while, and seize the fly; but should he sidle off a little you may know it is useless trying to tempt him. I have never known salmon to rise after moving away in this manner. I suppose, having discovered us, they are frightened.

In fishing a pool, try to have the sun in front of you, or shining sideways on the water. If the rays fall upon your back, the moving shadows of your arms are sure to alarm the fish. Even in muddy water salmon will rise better when the sun is in one's face.

Nine o'clock is early enough to commence, but as the season advances you should go out a little earlier. In July be up with the lark if you wish any sport, for the best fishing is from 5:30 until 7 A.M. Until late in June one can fish throughout the day, but after that until the close of the season early morning and late evening are the proper times. I consider the evening really the best time of all. With the canoe in position, cast the twenty feet of line diagonally to the right, being most careful to

have the fly and leader fall upon the water in a straight line. Keeping the tip two or three feet above the surface, move the rod slowly to the left with little short, quick jerks until the fly is below the stern of the canoe, not forgetting to hold the line with the first finger of the right hand. Make the next cast to the left; bring the fly across the current in the same manner to the right. If this method will not induce a rise, instead of allowing the fly to move across the current, draw it up the stream to the right as soon as it alights, keeping it on the surface. Draw to the left, and back again to the right. Try this a few times before increasing the length of the line, for salmon will often take the fly drawn in this manner, when all other attempts have failed. You can draw the fly with any length of line you are able to cast, but unless you are proficient in this way of fishing, the leader and a good part of the line will remain in the water.

I was once whipping a very swift piece of water where salmon usually rise well. This time not a fish would come to the fly, although we knew there were many of them about. After throwing as long a line as I could, I reeled in all but about twenty feet and commenced casting to the left, drawing the fly on the surface up-stream. A few casts had been made without increasing the length, when a very large fish rose, and seizing the fly, ran down the river. We landed him, returned to the same

spot, and commenced to draw the fly again, when another seized it, and off he started. I took five salmon out of this water by drawing the fly after it had been given a good trial in the usual way. Sometimes they will take the fly under water, not even a ripple appearing upon the surface. It is best to try all methods when you know they are about, but drawing the fly is the most interesting to me, and the most successful as well.

In clear water it is a good plan to drift past a pool to find out, if possible, where the salmon are lying, at the same time keeping a good distance away so as not to frighten them. By doing this you are able to place the canoe in a position to reach the salmon the first cast. Wait ten or fifteen minutes before trying, for if we have chanced to disturb them as we passed they probably have forgotten all about us by that time.

Having located the fish, anchor the canoe far enough away not to be seen, but do not make the cast until you have got out sufficient line to land the fly five or six feet to the right or left of them, as your position in the pool requires. This can be done by casting almost at right angles to the canoe until you have the required length; then, drawing the line back over the right shoulder, send it forward, making the fly and leader fall in a straight line upon the pool. If you do the trick correctly, something huge will suddenly dart from beneath

and seize the fly, the quiet and smoothly running waters will part, and away you will go, dancing merrily down the rapids, shouting with joy.

A friend and I had been fishing all the morning; it was late in the season—about July tenth. As the river was very low and clear, we had taken only one salmon; however, there was just time enough before luncheon to try another pool nearly a mile down the river. I thought we had a very good chance, although the water was quiet and very shallow, if we could land the fly correctly just above a sunken rock where two or three big fellows are usually resting. My friend wished me to make the cast; so, getting out a long line, I sent it forward, dropping the fly softly on the surface just above the rock. I had hardly commenced to draw it when an enormous shadow seized the No. 6 double Black Dose, and we were off. Out he jumped, and away he went for the rapids, we following at the best speed possible. My friend killed the salmon, which weighed thirty-nine pounds. After luncheon we took two more — twenty-five and thirty-four pounds — on the same ground.

I am sure that in low, clear water it is best, if possible, first to locate your fish. Anchor some distance from them; then, with a long line properly thrown, the game is yours. As soon as you have

hooked a salmon, turn the rod so as to bring the reel on top. This will make the line run along the rod, which is better than if it were supported by the guys alone; besides, with the reel on top, you can play your fish easily. The killick must be taken in at once; then the canoemen should paddle toward the shore most favorable for the killing, and seizing their poles with sockets up, hold the canoe in position ready for battle. If the salmon starts down the rapids, do not pursue him immediately; wait and see what he really intends to do: for often just as you are about to go down he will turn and go back to the pool. When this occurs, the cast is liable to be cut by the stones in the river-bed; this has happened to me, and I now let the fish get well away before following. When the salmon remains in the pool or in any swift water, keep below him if possible. This gives him the current and rod to contend with. Hold the rod well up, because the spring of the rod in this position will kill the fish much quicker than if held at an angle of forty-five degrees; besides, when he makes his frequent jumps, if the rod is well up you can lower it, and then you will not be shocked by a broken leader, for lowering the rod gives him line. This I consider most important, although there are many anglers who argue differently. I have seen an angler turn a thirty-five-pound salmon completely over when he jumped, and I have also

seen the same angler break two leaders in succession doing the same trick. It is safer and prettier to give them the line.

Do not hold the salmon too hard at first. When he has become a little quieter, pull as hard as you like, keeping a steady strain all the time. I always try to bring my fish to the man in the stern of the canoe. If you keep below the salmon until he is tired out, you can usually do this. Of course, it is easier to bring him to the bowman's gaff, because, being below the fish, it cannot see you as it comes toward the canoe. The latter method is unhandy, as it invariably necessitates either turning around or changing your seat.

A salmon is usually landed in from ten to twenty-five minutes. There are exceptions, of course, but with good management I think thirty minutes is time enough to land any salmon, unless he is hooked outside of the mouth. Should you come to a long stretch of swift-running water, and find the fish is bound to go down-stream, it is great sport to chase him, at the same time reeling up all the line you possibly can. When you have brought him to the surface, which you can easily do, let your men paddle a little faster and gaff the salmon in the current. It is much more exciting and requires more nerve than pulling him about in some quiet eddy until ready for the gaff. Do not allow canoemen to use it until the fish is close

to the canoe. They have a way of reaching out and gaffing at arm's length, which is a bad and dangerous thing to do, as it might cause an upset. The best place to gaff a salmon is in the shoulder, and always back of the leader. It takes a little more time, but the fish is more apt to be saved and the leader less likely to be broken. When once you have risen a salmon and he misses the fly, cast again; and if he rises two or three times more before he yields to the little trap above, you feel a bit satisfied because you think you have at last outwitted the same fish — as you suppose him to be.

This, however, is not always the case, for very often you hook an entirely different salmon from the one which rose first. I was fishing, many summers ago, near the head waters of that wild little river, the Nepisiguit, and had for my companion Mr. Spurr, of St. John, New Brunswick — and a fine salmon-angler he was. As there was a cliff about twenty feet high at the right of the pool in which we expected some sport, I suggested climbing up to see if there were any fish below. Crawling to the edge and looking over, I counted nine salmon at the head of the pool, lying side by side. Having told my friend where to cast, he threw a beautiful line, dropping the fly lightly just above the first salmon on the opposite side. The second fish rose, but did not take the fly. He cast again, when the fourth, darting down-stream,

turned and rose in about the same place in which the first had appeared.

"I will get you yet, old fellow!" I heard him say. Again he cast, but this time the seventh salmon started and seized the fly just where the other two had risen.

"I knew I should get you!" he shouted. Then there was a tussle. Up and down stream flew the salmon, now out of the water, sometimes sulking, and finally away he went for the rapids. The old gentleman, with the agility of youth, jumped upon a rock, and, giving the butt,[1] the rod nearly doubled; but the greenheart was stanch and true, and, gradually straightening, it slowly pulled back the fish. After leading the salmon up and down the stream a few times, my friend turned the fish toward the shore, and as soon as it felt the bottom it wriggled out of the water upon the beach.

"Well done!" I cried, chuckling with delight at the joke.

"Did I not tell you I would get *that* fish?" again shouted my friend.

Not wishing for a moment to destroy his happy delusion, I kept silent. Later I told the old gentleman. He seemed disheartened, and said, "It is very annoying — the way those small salmon can fool one." Had I not seen this happen, we both

[1] A term used in angling. When a severe strain is put upon the rod to check the run of a fish, it is called "giving the butt."

Lower Part of Limestone

would have thought that the fish which rose first was the one killed. I have often had a salmon rise three or four times nearly in the same place, believing it to be the same fish; but the above experience shows that we are sometimes deceived.

When you have risen a fish early in the season it is a good plan to leave the fly instead of casting again; for the salmon will often, after missing the fly the first time, immediately turn and seize it, whereas if you had taken it away he might have gone on up the river. At this season they are moving along during the day as well as at night, so it is always best to try this plan. When your fly is in the water keep your eyes on it; pay attention; fish. But just as soon as you find yourself looking at objects about you, — gazing at the clouds scudding across the mountain-tops or doing anything else you should not, — then take out the pipe and rest a little until you feel like fishing again. Unless you do this you will become indifferent to the sport, and will cast badly and very likely lose the one chance of hooking the biggest fish of the season.

I once knew there was a large salmon lying at the lower end of Big Camp Pool. Having only one more day on the river, I decided to pole up for the afternoon's fishing, returning the same night. It was a very hot day, and, the pool being about twelve miles from my house, we were obliged

to make an early start. When we arrived thunder-clouds were flying thick and fast through the air, making me a little anxious to begin. Having whipped nearly all the pool, killing only one salmon, my prospects for a fifty-pounder did not seem very bright, so I said to my men: "One more drop; then we will go." I had just made a long cast when my attention was drawn to a big black cloud rising high above the mountains to the left, indicating the approach of a heavy storm. In turning, something happened — what, I never knew. Harrison shouted, "Have you got him? He 's a whale!" He made a wave across the pool — at last the fifty-pounder had risen! What could I do? I struck, but felt nothing; nor did I ever see anything but that big black cloud, which kept on rising high above us as, with gloomy thoughts, we paddled homeward.

HOOKING THE SALMON

TO strike when a salmon rises to the fly is a simple matter. Almost all beginners do this feat perfectly; but to strike at the right moment so as to hook the fish — that is quite another thing. When I began I could equal any one in striking. Backward would go my rod, and back would come the fly, to the astonishment, no doubt, of the fish, and to the sorrow of myself and canoemen. When you have a rise, the thing to do is to leave the fly until you feel a pull; then strike hard if you are using large-sized hooks. With small ones only a little force is required, because when a small fly is required salmon usually do not take it so far back in the mouth; they seem indifferent, and are more apt to seize it between the lips. If, therefore, much force is given to the strike, the hook is liable to tear out. A salmon will often seize the fly before you are able to pull it away and hook himself, but even then it is best to strike so as to be sure the hook is home. Sometimes he will take the

fly and come forward, keeping you in doubt about its being seized. If this happens do not wait for the pull — it would be too late; but if it be a short cast, raise the tip sufficiently to see the leader. Should you then notice that the lower part appears to sink more than usual, or moves a bit to the right, left, or up-stream, give a smart strike, and the chances are you will find yourself hooked to a good big salmon. With a long line out, it is, of course, more difficult to know whether the fly has been taken; experience will tell you, if you pay strict attention.

When the fly is taken well under water, as it sometimes is, and no whirl is seen, your only knowledge of the fish is the pull. Then the harder you strike the better. To prevent the line running from the reel when striking the fish, it should be held the same as in casting, with the first finger of the right hand. If the line is not checked in some way when the salmon seizes the fly, it is not likely that you will hook him unless he should be most eager. Take care that you do not strike too hard and break the leader; release the line as soon as the salmon is hooked. One acquires the habit of striking at the rise from trout-fishing, when, of course, it is necessary. But if you will have a little patience, and say to yourself, "Wait for the pull," all your troubles will fly away at the first salmon hooked.

Late in the season a salmon will often seize the fly so gently that if you should wait for the pull it would be too late to hook the fish, for he releases it just as softly but with greater alacrity. At such a time it is difficult to know when to strike. However, with careful watchfulness, you will soon learn.

A good little sportswoman once told me it was easy enough to hook a salmon — she never missed any.

"Will you tell me the trick?" I asked.

"Why, it is very simple," she replied. "I never fish for trout any more."

CHANGING FLIES

THIS is a pleasant, even a delightful way of passing the time while on the pool—and also of bringing on an attack of nervous prostration. You are confident that by changing the fly the fish which leisurely rolled up at the Silver Gray a few moments ago will surely succumb to the fascinations of the Jock Scott. You pull out your fly-book, and choosing a beautiful specimen of the same, you hand it to Smith to see if he thinks the size is correct. Then you pass it back to Henry, as you want his opinion of the hook. After brushing his fingers across the feathers until you think they are ready to fall off, he decides that the point does turn in a little, so another new bright decoration is added to his hat. A second time the fly-book is resorted to, and a Jock Scott—similar in every way to the first—is decided to be a little improvement on the other; so, fastening it to the leader, away it speeds on its journey, while you gently draw it across the current and breathlessly await

results. Again the wise old fellow below refuses to be disturbed in his slumber. Another consultation, and you decide that a darker fly might arouse him; so this time a Black Dose goes forth on its deadly mission; but still he sleepeth, and seeth not. A Durham Ranger, a Wilkinson, Brown and Black Fairies—large and small flies of all kinds are tried; but the old salmon seems perfectly content where he is, resting in that comfortable little spot behind the big rock.

"Suppose we have a smoke now; let us wait ten minutes and then try the Silver Gray again."

"Don't think it of much use," replies Smith, "but we can try." Fastening securely the same Silver Gray and rising to my feet, I cast it forward. "What was that, Smith?" I cry as my fly comes round.

"Think you must have moved him, sir. Wait a little, and cast again." This time, as the fly falls softly, there is a splash and a tug; at last he has awakened from his slumber. If this fish had risen to a Jock Scott, Black Dose, Dusty Miller, or any fly, and you had kept on using it, I believe the result would have been the same. Salmon no doubt sleep more than we think they do, and when we are casting over them they do not see the fly. We raise a fish, and think it strange he does not come again. Then we try all kinds of flies, and finally hook our fish with

the same fly to which he first rose. This, in my opinion, is owing to the salmon being asleep. Then, arousing, and seeing something moving about which puzzles or startles him, he rises slowly to see what it is, and having satisfied his curiosity, gently drops for another nap. Awakening the second time and seeing the fly, he says to himself: "Oh, there 's that beastly thing again. How annoying! Think I 'll go up and drive it away." Being refreshed by his sleep, he feels more like exercising; so, darting upward, he seizes the hook.

At the first of the season, my favorite fly, as I have already stated, is the Silver Gray, but my wife takes her salmon with the Silver Doctor. When the water is a little clear, but still high, and most of the anglers are using the Jock Scott as well as other varieties, I find the Black Dose kills just as many fish, showing that the color does not make much difference at this stage of the water. When the river is low, I believe that salmon will take a small dark fly in preference to one of a brighter color. Still, I have been very successful using both the No. 6 double Dusty Miller and the No. 6 double Silver Gray, and this experience at times makes me doubt if they have any choice. My friend the late R. G. Dun, who fished the Cascapedia for many years, told me he found that the medium-sized bright fly, even in low

water, did good work. Once I saw him killing salmon in the middle of the day with a fly whose body was silver, the hackle red, and the wings nearly pink. I asked him what he called it, and he said it was a Silver Durham Ranger, size No. 1. Another fancy of his was the Wilkinson, which I have tried and found to be good. The Durham Ranger, however, has never befriended me on the Cascapedia, although if constantly used it might do as well as any other color. We all like to change flies; it amuses us, and there is a certain fascination about it: but I believe it is more apt to do harm than good, because the more you change, the more you whip the pool. It is better to rest the fish longer, cast less frequently, and try to tempt them again with the same fly at which they first rose. I do not believe that salmon pay any particular attention to the color of small objects in high water; it is likely that the size and the bright silver tinsel on the body attract them more than the color of the fly; therefore, at this time, when the water is muddy, and also at night, use large sizes with silver bodies; but when the river is low and clear, I should recommend small and medium flies of sombre hues. Then, if the salmon are not sleeping and you are careful in making the cast, you will not find it necessary to be continually changing flies. One may be using too large or too small flies, and the

salmon refuse to rise; but if they refuse to come to my favorites, the Silver Gray, Dusty Miller, Black Dose, or Tim, I do not believe it is worth while changing, except for the amusement it affords.

THE WEATHER

THE weather at times seems to have a rather depressing effect upon salmon. In June, when the days are cool and dull, they are not as eager for the fly as in bright, clear weather. To kill a salmon during a thunder-storm is a feat which I have never accomplished, though I have got many a good ducking in trying it. I have taken fish when the thunder was rolling through the heavens and a little rain falling upon the pools, although the storm was some distance away. But when those terrific explosions burst upon you from directly overhead, as if the clouds were torn asunder, and fierce lightning adds new fear and danger to us below — at such a time I believe the salmon, like other animals, including their human cousins, are thinking more of their safety than of anything else. Perhaps a few anglers may have braved all this and killed fish, but I have never been able to get a rise in a thunder-storm, and am quite sure I shall never try again. Once I fished all through

a severe storm, when I knew the pool was full of fish, but not a fin of them would rise to take the fly; while just before and immediately after the storm I had splendid sport. It must be the jar as well as the sound of thunder which frightens them.

Easterly winds are not considered particularly favorable for sport, although I have killed many a salmon when it was blowing that way. A bright, clear morning in June, with the wind from the south, is the best of all; but in July our prayers are for rain from the west or south. A very heavy downfall is not good, because the big drops hit the water so forcibly as to make large bubbles, and these prevent salmon from seeing the fly. It is an old saying among the natives, "Much mist on the river, no salmon." I have not always found this true; often when there has been a very dense fog my canoe has done remarkably well. I do not think heavy mists improve our chances during the first part of June, for then the warmer and clearer the days the better the sport. Later in the season cool, dull days are preferable; and a little mist does no harm. This has been my experience.

It was an afternoon in July; the day had been extremely mild until about four o'clock, when the balmy breeze from the west suddenly changed to a cold east wind, which came sweeping up the valley and made it most disagreeable to be on the river.

I said to my men: "Perhaps this sudden whim of the wind may cause a change of mind in that big fish we saw this morning in front of the camp. He may now be willing to rise."

We poled up to the pool with the utmost care, and placing the canoe about sixty feet above the spot where the salmon was lying, I put on a No. 4 double Dusty Miller. My hands were cold, and I told James to make the first cast, never dreaming the salmon would be so near. He made a cast. Instantly a very large fish jumped nearly out of the water, and, seizing the fly, dashed up the stream, taking out thirty yards of the line before I could get the rod. In a second he started upstream again with a run of forty yards. By this time we were following as fast as possible, but found it most difficult, as we had to go up a rapid before reaching the pool in which the salmon stopped. While we were moving along I was able to take in some line; when all but about forty yards was on the reel, my men suddenly stopped poling, and, to my dismay, Harrison said: "That salmon is behind the ledge; we must get on the other side of the rapid right away if we wish to save him." I was a little angry, for the men should have told me that there was a ledge on that side. We had just started to go across when I felt a tug, then another, and before I knew what had happened the ledge cut my leader and the salmon

went off like a flash. It was a very large fish — fifty pounds, I should think, or more; and when my line came back I could have wept. Had I known there was a ledge under water, I would have gone toward it as soon as the fish made its second run, and then, perhaps, been spared the great disappointment. It was most annoying to lose the fish at this time, because my wife and six men were watching me from the bank, and every soul of them (save one) believed it to be my fault. Having tried this same salmon in the morning, it would appear as if the cold wind had made him change his mind and take the fly in the afternoon. They will often do this when there is a sudden change from a warm to a cold wind.

THE LOGS

LUMBERING in the Cascapedia country has developed to such an extent that it is the cause of much annoyance to the anglers. The thousands of spruce and cedar logs which the choppers have cut and hauled to the banks during the winter are rolled into the river in the spring, and they come dancing along, bobbing up and down in the current, just about the best fishing time, endangering those in the canoes and ruining for a time all the chances of any sport. Fortunately this condition is only temporary, as the logs are not more than two or three days in passing. But when you know there are fresh-run salmon eager for the fly resting in the pools, and it is impossible to fish for them, you find it very hard to refrain from using unpardonable expressions.

I do not believe that an occasional log floating down the river does any harm; it rather excites the fish, and sometimes wakes them up a bit when in a state of lethargy, for I have often taken one

just after a log has passed. I would not advise fishing when the logs are continually going by, as then no doubt the salmon are frightened. Once I saw a salmon spring from between two logs, striking one of them as he fell back. He did not seem to be much alarmed, for he glided away very quietly. Unless one has expert canoemen, it is not safe to go out when the logs are thick; but if you should be unable to resist the temptation to go a-fishing, insist on having both men face the bow of the canoe when you anchor; in this position they can see the logs better coming down the river, and it is wiser to have two men on the lookout than one. I used to think one was sufficient, and depended entirely upon my bowman, until one day a large log, drifting quietly along, bumped against the bow of my canoe and sent me tumbling over backwards as I was trying my best to induce a fine old salmon to rise the second time. It was most fortunate I did not fall overboard, for just below there was a dangerous piece of water. The man was so intent watching my efforts to raise the fish that he forgot all about the drifting logs; however, I forgave him, as he promised to do better.

Once, when I was fishing my lower water, a raft came down the river headed directly for a pool I intended to try. Believing, of course, it would drive all the salmon away, I decided not to fish;

but my men seemed to think, as we had come so far, we should make a trial before returning. "All right; let us try," I said. We dropped the killick, and in two minutes after the raft had gone by I was fastened to a salmon — the only one I found in the pool. My canoemen told of a person who used to have a small tree drawn through a pool to stir the salmon up, as he expressed it, so they would bite; and, strange to say, the experiment worked well.

One night, as we were poling leisurely toward camp, I saw a large night-heron perched on a log which was floating down the middle of the river. It was really a comical sight. I suppose the bird, feeling lazy and wishing to avoid any fatigue, had chosen this means of traveling; he seemed so absorbed in his happiness that he scarcely deigned to notice us as we passed. Gazing on him until he was out of sight, we continued up the river.

The old proverb, "It is an ill wind that blows no man to good," must be a true one. On a bright, crisp morning, when the logs were running very thick, my wife with her canoemen made an early start for a pool three miles down the river. It was about the only place where there was any chance of saving a fish; for, the river being wide, with the current strongest close to the left bank, nearly all the logs that came down followed the current toward that side, leaving a moderately clear

space to the right in which to cast. About an hour after Mrs. Davis had left, I called to the men and told them to get ready, as I was going down to see if there would be any danger in fishing this pool. By the time we were ready to start, the logs had increased in numbers, making the running most difficult. We soon came in sight of the other canoe, and saw that it was in the midst of the logs in the worst part of the river. Both men were standing, trying to push the logs away, while my wife, sitting flat in the canoe, was playing a big fish. Sometimes the rod would be held under water to let the logs run over the line; then up it would go, to be as quickly put down again, allowing more to pass. When we had arrived within one hundred yards of her canoe, I told my men to seize their poles, the bowman to watch the logs as they came near us and push them toward the left shore, while James in the stern was to hold the canoe. In a few minutes we had a clear space for Mrs. Davis to play the fish, and shouted to her to pull as she never had pulled before. She turned the salmon; he reluctantly left the swift current, and, with a tremendous leap, sprang ten feet toward shallow water. This was just what was wanted, for if he could be kept away from the logs he was sure to be landed, if the hook held. By dropping a little farther down-stream we were enabled to push nearly every log away, thus giving a larger

space and making the chances still better for saving the fish. Then came a hard and bitter fight to prevent the salmon from getting back to deep water; the angler, as well as the salmon, began to feel the strain. But again the deadly spring of the little cane-rod splendidly did its work; and, making a mighty effort, my wife succeeded in turning the fish, thus winning the hard-fought battle. After a few ineffectual attempts to break away, he is gently brought to the gaff and lifted into the canoe. A cry of delight is heard, for it is her first forty-four-pound salmon, a large fish to kill even under favorable conditions; but, with the river full of logs, both the men and the angler deserve praise for the skill and coolness that gave them the victory.

Unless the lumbermen drive their logs earlier in the season, they will eventually ruin the Cascapedia as a salmon river. During the drive of 1903 the logs were more than five weeks passing my camp, and at a time when salmon were running up. Jam after jam extended from the camp five or six miles up the river; in one place it was nearly blocked, there being hardly space enough to pole the canoe. This, of course, is not allowed by the government; nevertheless it happened. When the logs remain so long in the river the water becomes colored and dirty; innumerable pieces of the bark keep drifting down, which, in my opinion, is as

injurious as so much sawdust. I have asked the men why they do not drive earlier, when the river is high; then it would not make so much difference, as the logs would pass quickly. Their answer invariably is that the boom is not strong enough to hold so many logs; they would drift out to sea. If such is the case, the government should prevent the owners driving more than they can handle, and insist upon the logs being in the boom by the last of June. Sixty or seventy thousand coming down at low water, as was the condition this year, will stop the late June and early July run of salmon from entering, for they will not enter a river in which there is any dyeing material. Now that lumbermen have invaded the Lake Branch, and scows every few days pass up and down that narrow stream, I believe the salmon will be exterminated eventually in that part of the river unless the government comes to their rescue. It is destructive to have horses wading and hauling scows through the Lazy Bogan country, as there the river is also narrow and shallow; but when they arrive at the junction of the two branches, they should be compelled to stop, and the supplies for the logging camps toted over the road. This would necessitate a little more outlay, and the owners of the timber should be made to do this if it is the means of preserving the breeding-ground. In the winter supplies are sent over

Her First Forty-four-pound Salmon

the road, and this should be done also during the spawning season; for the scows are nearly as broad as the stream, and the water being shallow, they must necessarily scrape on the bars as they are hauled along, destroying the spawn and disturbing the fish. If this matter is brought before the government, it will without doubt remedy the evil and be willing to protect the breeding-ground of our lordly salmon. The Cascapedia Club and the few lodges along the river are doing everything they possibly can, but I do not believe they will be successful in increasing the number of salmon unless the lumbermen help in their preservation. If what I have seen this season continues, I am afraid the beautiful Cascapedia will become, like its sister, the "Little River," only a sweet remembrance.

THE SALMON

THE salmon of the Grand Cascapedia average more in weight than those of any other river in Canada. Although the majority of the fish taken run from twenty to thirty-three pounds, many are killed that weigh from thirty-three to thirty-eight pounds, and even as high as forty-three to forty-five pounds is not unusual; but when one overtops the forty-five-pound mark, congratulations are extended along the line to the lucky angler. Every year there are one or two forty-seven- or forty-eight-pound fish landed, and some seasons I have known as many as four or five of these enormous fish to be brought to the gaff. The fifty-pound salmon are quite rare, although I was most fortunate, in the season of 1900, in taking one of fifty-one pounds, and the following year another of fifty-two, the killing of which I shall describe later on in "A Trip to Red Camp."

A surprising number of small salmon, weighing from ten to sixteen pounds, have come into the

The Fifty-two-pound Salmon

river during the past four or five years. Formerly I very seldom killed a fish as small as eleven pounds, though of late the river seems to hold any number of these small fish. As I do not find many of them in my pools late in the season, or even in the club water,—unless at the upper part of the river,—they must be bound for the head waters. I believe they belong to the lake and salmon branches, and are the result of protection. They are game little fellows, and when hooked will run, jump, and skip about, trying to outdo the antics of their grandfathers. It is a great mistake to think that the forty-pounders are less game than their younger companions. I dare say some of these large fish, like the smaller ones, will act very sluggishly at times: there is no accounting for their whims. Of the many large fish I have taken of forty pounds or more, I remember only three which seemed disinclined to give a bit of sport. The rest were wild, raving terrors. One of forty-four pounds sprang clear out of the water, and, seizing the fly, in three successive leaps got half-way across the pool, with forty or fifty yards of line cutting the water like a knife. Suddenly he turned, and, with a tremendous bound, sped away for freedom; but the delicate little fly held fast, and, with the rod bending like a bow and the reel singing its merry tune, we found ourselves flying along the current, chasing something which

seemed almost uncanny. After a while we got close enough for the gaff, and by a quick stroke of the paddle the canoe shot forward, when James, sending the gaff deep into the shoulder, lifted the grand old salmon into the canoe. As most of my large salmon have given me some thrilling experiences, I prefer the killing of large fish. During the number of years I have been on the river I have seen only four grilse. Although many are taken in the Restigouche, the Cascapedia seems quite free from them.

About the twentieth of June large numbers of sea-trout come up the river, and while they are resting on the bars or in some shallow pool grand sport may be had fishing for them with a light rod. One should use a reel holding thirty or forty yards of line, for the trout are large, weighing from one to five pounds, and often they will start off like a salmon, obliging one to follow in the canoe.

THE RUNS AND VARIETIES

I HAVE been told by some of the old net-fishermen on the Cascapedia that there are three runs of salmon during June and July, and each a different variety. The first run, they say, comes in during the last of May and first part of June, the second arrives about the middle of June, and the third some time after the fifth of July. Whether this is true or not I cannot say, but I do know that salmon are continually coming into the river from the last of May until the last of July, and no doubt during August there are a few stragglers. From the first of June till the last the river seems to be full of fish. After this time the lower part does not contain as many, for most of them have gone farther up; and, it being very late, there are only a few coming in. I have observed the three following varieties, which the natives call the first run, the red-fins, and the green-backs: The first run is that which arrives about the last of May; these are the bright silver salmon upon which all

anglers love to gaze and are eager to capture. The red-fins come along the last of June; although I believe they average more in weight, they are not so long in proportion to their size as the first run. Their fins have a peculiar red shade, and their bodies from the anal nearly to the pectoral fins have a more golden tint, but their backs have the same green color as the first run. We know that salmon change in color after they have been a few weeks in the river. Their backs grow darker, and the bright silver appearance of their bodies turns to something more like copper-color. The fins put on a reddish hue, the spots about the gills increase in size, and altogether they are not particularly interesting to look upon. The peculiar color of the red-fins is not due to the river. They must have had it when they entered, because they have this color when their backs are green, and this denotes they are fresh-run fish. The third variety, the green-backs, arriving late in the season, do look a little brighter than their companions lying at the bottom of the pool. This is perfectly natural, because, being fresh-run fish, their backs would be lighter in color than those of salmon which arrived early in June. But how can we account for the back of a fresh-run green-back being lighter in color than that of a fresh-run salmon? Are the natives right, and have we three varieties in the river? The only difference

I have ever seen in the Cascapedia salmon (with the exception of color and size) is the position of the adipose and the anal fin; these, I notice, are much nearer the tail in some than in others. Whether it denotes a different variety or malformation, I am unable to say.

THE RISES

WHY do salmon rise to the fly? Is it merely the desire for food that causes them to spring so beautifully out of the water? Or is it joy or anger that makes them take the fatal lures we gently draw across the stream? My idea is that both joy and anger are the cause of their misfortune. I believe that as soon as salmon enter this cold northern river they experience a sensation of happiness. What pleasure it must give them, having escaped the dangers of the deep, to go bounding up-stream on the way to the breeding-ground, where in their silent homes they bring forth their young to replenish the Grand Cascapedia! While they are in this joyful state they love to frolic. They will take small bits of wood — indeed, they will seize almost anything. But when they have been in the river a number of days and the water begins to fall, their excitement becomes less intense, and, gradually getting used to the situation, they are not as keen to seize everything they see. They are like ourselves, for are we not supremely happy as soon as we

get the first glimpse of the river? A new life begins to creep into our body, and we are all excitement until seated in the canoe. We cannot, like the salmon, seize the fly, but we can for a time make the rod very lively, although we know there is not the slightest chance of hooking a fish. After a time we become more rational, and go fishing in a pleasant and peaceful way. I have caused many an obstinate salmon to take the fly simply by dangling it over him a few minutes, having failed to entice him by any other method. It seems to annoy the fish. They rush at it to drive it away, but it won't go; and at last, in desperation, they seize it and are hooked. I attribute this entirely to anger. As salmon are accustomed, when in the sea, to seize small fish for food, the desire for chasing their prey may exist when they enter the river; then, seeing the flies skipping about on the surface, they rush eagerly at them for the sport it gives, although not requiring them for nourishment. If their desire for food gave us this grand sport, and the beautiful pictures they make when they leap for the fly, would we not at times find something in their stomachs indicating such a desire? Most anglers agree that salmon do not feed in fresh water, and I am told that, through some process which takes place in the stomach while in the river, they become utterly incapable of digesting food. I was once fishing for a few days in the Flat Lands

on the Restigouche River. One evening, toward sunset, while sitting in my canoe, I saw a salmon rise and seize a small butterfly which was drifting with the current. The butterfly had hardly disappeared when I again noticed it on the surface of the river a short distance below. Now if the salmon had desired this insect for food I do not believe he would have permitted it to escape so easily. Another time, when I was reeling in a greedy young trout which had risen to my big gray fly, a large salmon rushed fiercely for him, but turned away quite as quickly, showing that his intention was only the chase.

If salmon feed in fresh water, why should they not weigh as much fifty miles from the mouth of the river as they do at fifteen? They may lose a few pounds in the fatigue of running up to their homes, but with three or four weeks' rest and plenty to eat it seems as though they should regain their weight.

A salmon forty-eight inches in length which I killed at Lazy Bogan weighed only thirty-six pounds; one of thirty-nine inches weighed only thirty pounds. They were both female fish and looked in good condition. Nearly all that I killed at Lazy Bogan have weighed much less in proportion to their length than those taken in the lower part of the river, which I think again proves that salmon do not feed in fresh water. I have

used sunken bait—artificial minnows—and in various ways tried to hook them, but without success, so it seems that it is more in sport they rise to the fly.

The most wonderful feature of their habits is the instinct which leads them to return to the same river which they left the season before to explore the mysteries of the sea. They surely must remember and recognize some peculiarity in the condition of the stream as it flows out into the bay and meets them on their annual return to fresh water. We all know that heavy freshets bring good fly-fishing. The reason is that the heavier the volume of water flowing into the bay, the farther out the salmon must meet it and know it to be the water of their home. They then follow it up immediately to the river, and thus escape the nets. Low water, on the other hand, brings a harvest to the net-fisherman. This would indicate that the salmon, not meeting, as they expected, any fresh water out in the bay, and knowing they had come far enough to find it, seek this fresh water nearer the shore; and while they are cruising about trying to find it they are caught by the nets. I do not believe in the theory that many salmon are taken in the nets while they are chasing small fish toward the shore for food. They no doubt feed when in the bay, because food has been found in their stomachs; but just as soon as they find fresh water, in they rush on their way to happiness and misfortune.

DO SALMON HEAR?

DO salmon hear? This is a question often asked. Kind Nature has allowed them to distinguish sound without burdening them with those horrible appendages, the ears. We all know that a trout will dart forth from beneath the bank as we pass, although he sees us not. Here, no doubt, vibration is the cause of his uneasiness, for he certainly did not hear us. Now carefully crawl to the bank without causing any vibration; then let some one fire a gun quite a distance away. The trout will refuse to take the fly or bait, and sometimes you will see them darting here and there, in a state of anxiety bordering on madness, until they have found some quiet little place in which they feel safe. This time it is not the vibration of the bank, but the noise made by the firing of the gun, which has frightened them. When fishing salmon I have had similar experiences regarding their hearing, which makes me believe they are very

acute in distinguishing sound and will not take the fly until some time after the noise has ceased. One day at Coull's Pool, a part of my own water, I was having good sport until we discovered, half a mile below and on the opposite side of the river, Joseph Comier coming up the beach with his old bay mare to haul logs from the bank. As the horses' shoes struck the stones in the bed of the river, they made such a noise that it seemed useless trying any longer; however, we kept on, not getting even a rise. After a time, giving up all hope of doing anything, I told the men to take me ashore; but as we knew there were a good many salmon in the pool, we disliked the idea of going away, so decided to wait and try after Comier had stopped hauling. Now Comier was a most agreeable and obliging fellow, and, being anxious to do us a favor, he knocked off work much sooner than we expected. Very naturally we were delighted when we saw him depart, for we hoped to have some more sport. Wishing to give the salmon time enough to get over their fright, I turned over on the grass for another forty winks; but I had hardly closed my eyes, it seemed, when Harrison, waking me suddenly, said: "Better come now — just saw two salmon rise."

"My waking thoughts, the dream that gilds my sleep,
The noontide reverie, all are given to thee — to thee
alone, to thee alone."

Rushing to the canoe, we were quickly anchored on the pool; and in another half-hour I had brought to gaff three fine fish from the very same place in which we could not get a rise while the old bay mare was wading about below and pounding on the bottom.

Another time, when I was fishing a pool in front of the club-house, one of the guards some three hundred yards below the house, believing I had gone up the river, fired his rifle. The report was very startling: it echoed through the mountains and died away in a dull sound in the distance. Presently he fired again, and before I had the pool half whipped still another report was heard. This was beginning to be wearisome. Pulling up the killick, we turned homeward, and had just started to cross when the guard appeared. Of course he apologized, saying he was very sorry and had no idea we were so near. Thinking it of no use to try the same pool again until it had taken a rest, we anchored in another a hundred yards below. Here also we failed to get a fish. Believing the noise had frightened the salmon, I decided to return to the club-house and wait till after luncheon, when I would give them another trial. About three o'clock we again started out, killing two fish in the pool opposite and one in the pool below. I am sure the firing was the cause of our failure to get these salmon in the morning.

Thus salmon have a quick ear for danger; but I do not believe that the sound of distant thunder or any noise which does not mean danger has the least effect upon them, any more than the falling of trees or the cracking of ice in the lakes has upon any of the wild animals roaming the woods. They are familiar sounds, and are not noticed; but if you cough, sneeze, or make the slightest mistake when following some tough old caribou over the hills, away he will bound, and lucky indeed is the sportsman who can overtake him again. I believe that not only can salmon hear perfectly well, but that they are able to tell what sounds forebode danger. I have never taken any while the striking of sockets is heard, the firing of guns, the wading of horses, or any loud unfamiliar disturbance. My advice to all is, when on a pool drop the killick gently—be sure that salmon can both see and hear you. Do not make a noise; caution your men not to hit the sides of the canoe with their paddles, or with their pipes when knocking out the ashes; do not raise your voice; keep quiet; be as careful as if you were stalking some crafty old moose through the forest: and then, with a fly well thrown, if you fail the fault lies not with the angler.

THE KELTS

SHOULD my friends be unfortunate enough to hook a kelt, or "slink," as they are more familiarly called by Cascapedia natives, do not allow the canoemen, especially if it be your first fish, to impose on you this long, thin, attenuated-looking creature and gaff him for a bright salmon. If you do, there will come over you, while you are being poled up the river in the twilight, a feeling of doubt and disappointment about the wonderful tales you have heard of this bright, leaping fish. But the men will say: "Why, he 's all right! That 's a nice salmon, only a little thin!" and will prevail on you to take it to camp to show your friends what a beauty you have killed. Do not let them play the joke. It is a little trick of theirs that they practise on the beginner.

Kelt is a name given to the salmon which have remained in the river all winter, and, when the ice melts in the spring, come down on their way to the sea. At this time they are very poor and thin, but

will rise most eagerly, much to the annoyance of the angler, as, not being suitable for food, they are of little use. Besides, it is not considered sportsmanlike to kill them, for they are supposed to go to the sea, returning the following spring bright, beautiful salmon. It takes a long time to play them sufficiently, so that one can remove the fly without causing any injury; but when this is done, rejoicing in their freedom, away they go on their happy journey, to return again decked in all their silvery hues. The kelts usually say "au revoir" for the season from June fifteenth to the twentieth, to the pleasure of all.

THE ROCKS

ROCKS afford a resting-place for salmon on their way up the river, and if there are none in the pools you are fishing, do not fail to have some put in. In deep, swift water I have been very successful where formerly without the rocks I failed to get even a rise, and late in the season salmon have been seen lying behind these very same rocks. I have always had good results by placing them near the shore in three or four feet of water; the only difficulty in shallow water is, they are apt to be swept away by the ice-jam as it moves down the river in the spring. Only a few rocks are necessary for each pool. Do not place them in line with each other, but scatter them over the bottom about thirty or forty feet apart. Should the pool be small, two or three are sufficient. If more are put in, it is liable to be ruined, because, lying close together, they cause a whirling motion at the bottom, and salmon very seldom rest in this kind of water.

There is a rock in the Cascapedia called the "Heckscher Rock." It may be seen at any ordinary height of the river as a landmark lying just at the water's edge. During a heavy freshet my friend, on account of whom the rock has become famous, succeeded in enticing from beneath its eddies a number of large salmon. As he usually finds at high water one or two fish near this rock, I decided to place some along the beach, but a little farther out in the river, hoping thus to hold many more of the first run. I tried the scheme, and was delighted with the experiment, for nearly every day during the freshet salmon would rise along this stretch of water, proving conclusively that the rocks are a benefit to some parts of the river.

A TRIP TO RED CAMP

" 'T was in the summer-time so sweet,
When hearts and flowers are both in season."

"WOULD you like to go salmon-fishing with me?"

"Of course," replied my friend; "I should be delighted."

So in June, 19—, our party, consisting of my wife, my friend Mr. J. G. Heckscher, two servants, and Mixer, an Irish terrier, who was every bit as eager for the sport as ourselves, might be seen slowly approaching the Cascapedia station. The little party, worn out by a fatiguing night's journey, were lolling about in their seats, no doubt thinking of the many big salmon they were to kill and the bright and happy days before them in this great wilderness. At the sight of the river their drowsiness suddenly disappears; all fatigue is forgotten. Now they are keen, their bodies are imbued with new life; and Mixer, hearing the screech of the locomotive, speaks his delight by wagging his tail and jumping all over me. The

small gripsacks are seized, the rods are tenderly lifted, and as soon as the train rolls up to the station we hasten out of the car, thankful indeed to be back again among the dear old mountains. Nodding to familiar faces, shaking hands with the less timid natives, and giving instructions to the servants to follow as quickly as possible with the luggage, we jump into the two-seated trap and are whirled away for a delightful six miles up the valley of the Cascapedia to my fishing-lodge, Red Camp.

What a charming sensation it gives one, as he speeds along the road, to inhale the fresh, bracing air perfumed with the healing fir and cedar! No cares or troubles to worry about now. They are thrown to these delightful breezes, and the faster we go the sooner they disappear, until we are well content and at peace with all the world.

On some door-step stands an old man waving his hands as we pass, welcoming our return. He once loved the sport, and the sight of our merry party doubtless brings fresh to his memory the happy days of his youth. Farther on a little handkerchief flutters in the wind, showing we are remembered by some gentle maid who has not forgotten a simple act of kindness. It is pleasant to have all this greeting, and to feel that we are with friends, although many miles separate us from our homes. Even the birds seem glad, for as we

roll along their songs fill the air with welcome. And so we drive on, the fair scenery ever changing until we reach the top of Woodman's Hill. From here one has the first view of Red Camp, standing amid the trees in the distance, a silent guard of the river. And such tales could it tell of the battles with salmon that wise people might say nay! Down the hill we go, rushing across the tumble-down bridge that spans White Brook, whose waters, clear as crystal, find their way to the river; then up a slight knoll; and then, with an extra crack of the whip, away we speed across the plain to a big white gate, which is quickly thrown open; and, pulling up at the door, we are at last at Red Camp.

Oh, how good it is to be back again and once more to gaze upon the old red house! Well have its shingles withstood the storms of the winter; they seem to grow brighter and brighter at our arrival, and the little white linen curtains peeping out from the windows add even a greater charm. The old tree at the garden, the willows planted many years ago — all look fresher and younger. Even the river flowing at the foot of the sloping field is more beautiful than ever, and the weird old mountains surrounding the camp seem to have taken on new grandeur; in fact, everything has become dearer since I last left this restful spot. A feeling of sadness comes over me when I

Red Camp

enter the lodge, for I miss my white fox-terriers, Peggy and Jack — my beloved companions on many a fishing trip. They were always ready for a lark, and every night they would watch for me at the landing until I came in from fishing, rejoicing in having me return so quickly. They can be seen in the picture called "Guarding Salmon," and they were just as happy in doing anything else that was pleasing to me. Both of these little friends are now dead, and rest in a quiet corner near my home away down by the sea.

Mixer is a great sport, most affectionate, and a good fellow in the canoe. He simply loves to go fishing, and will watch the line cutting through the water as eagerly and attentively as any of my canoemen. When the salmon jumps he seems enchanted, and gives a most fascinating little bark. But he will never make me forget Peggy and Jack. How many a story could I tell of their true affection,

> "That love, that strength of feeling, great
> Beyond all human estimate!"

But I forbear.

Having said merry greetings to all our canoemen, who beam with delight at seeing us again, I rush into the house, and passing on through the dining-room to the kitchen, find Agnes, Mary, and Betsy,[1] spick and span in their new frocks, awaiting

[1] Daughters of an early settler on the river, long since deceased.

our coming. Curtsying in their shy manner, they remark: "Glad to have you back. Hope you are well." I am delighted to see them again, and after a few remarks about the house I leave my wife to continue the conversation, which will no doubt end in learning all about the winter's doings at the village. I go to the ever interesting old fishing-room, where I find my friend already dozing before a big fireplace in which the logs burn bright, sending forth warmth and cheerfulness. Some interesting specimens of native skill grace the walls — forty- and fifty-pound salmon carved in wood, reminding one of many pleasant associations. One model of forty-two pounds brings vividly to memory the triumphs of a fair maiden whose charming visits to the camp will never be forgotten.

"Wake up, Johnny; it is time to go fishing!"

"Are we going to try this afternoon?" It is an anxious voice that speaks.

"Try? Indeed we are!" I exclaim. "Nothing in the world shall keep me from doing honor to the beautiful river this afternoon. Let us have a look and see if there is any chance." So out of the house we go a short distance down the path to the bank, where we find the canoemen ready and discussing the prospects for sport.

"River's too high; too many stones running," says Harrison. A look of distress comes over my friend's face.

GUARDING SALMON

These salmon were killed in two days. They ran from twenty to forty-four pounds

"But," I insist, "don't you think that back of the island, in that still place where the current runs so slowly, we might pull out something? There must be a salmon resting there, and also at the head of Barter's, on the shoal; that ought surely to be good for a fish. Then there is Hamilton Beach. I believe Mr. Heckscher can get a salmon close inshore by the rock; no stones are running there."

After discussing the subject the men decide it would not be a bad idea to go. So we return to the house; rods, reels, lines, and leaders are brought out and given to the men to be rigged, with instructions to soak the leaders while we go to adorn ourselves with our Lovat mixture suitable for the sport.

Presently luncheon is announced, and three anglers, with appetite sharpened by the pleasant drive up the valley, sit down to one of Agnes's delightful little feasts. I try to help in the conversation, but my heart is in that quiet pool away down back of the island. Making some excuse, Mixer and I depart. From a cupboard in the corner of the fishing-room I bring forth my big green tin box and carefully raise the lid. Behold my plumed knights! They surpass in their beauty the dazzling costumes of Oriental princes. Tucked away in a little partition are three conquering warriors whose armor, once bright as silver, shows

signs of mortal combats. In another part lies a faded "Fairy" who gallantly won her fight at the Pool in the Woods. One dark, fascinating little fisher-maiden, lying alone in her glory, might tell how she wooed and won the grand old king himself; and many a battered knight shows the marks of struggles long ago.

I select some large-sized "Silver Grays," newly decked in all their glorious colors, and hasten to the landing, where I find my men waiting. As I am about to step into the canoe I hear some one calling, and, turning, see my friend Napoleon,[1] with rod on his shoulder, coming down the path toward the shore. "I, too, have the fever!" he exclaims.

"Good for you! Hurry up and we will paddle down together." With canoes locked, we glide along, occasionally bumping against each other in the swiftly running current, too happy to speak, but realizing that again we are on the Grand Cascapedia. As we paddle along, hundreds of swallows peep out from their dark nests in the banks, and a few Jerseys are seen grazing in the green fields of the Milligans at the foot of the stately mountains not far away. It is said that the old man's ghost may often be seen at night walking up the valley to his house, and there are tales of other wonderful doings across the river. But there is no more time for romancing now, for yonder lies the island.

[1] J. G. Heckscher.

With "Au revoir" and "Good luck!" I leave my friend to continue onward to the beach, while my canoemen send our frail little craft skipping across the current toward the shore, and gently drop the killick in the pool back of the island.

"If there are any salmon here, James, they should be close to the shore just above the rapids — don't you think so?"

"Yes, but they might be a little farther out. The water is n't very swift."

"I should try both sides," exclaimed William. "You can't tell where they are when the water is high like this. They might be right in those bushes there. Did n't I tell you?" as a large fish threw himself clear of the water.

"What a fine salmon!" exclaimed James. "He must have just come up the rapids. Better try him at once."

Rising from my seat, with knees and arms steady, I commence getting out the right length of line.

"Now be careful," says James, "and hook him."

When the 5/0 Silver Gray goes back for the last time the rod springs forward, sending the big gray fly swiftly through the air and dropping it about eight feet to the left of the place where the salmon rose. Hardly have I moved it when James shouts: "He's on; strike hard!" Up goes the rod, and I know he is fast. The killick is pulled in, poles are seized, and all await the combat. Quickly it

begins, for the salmon, with a grand rush, is at the head of the pool. Ten feet more and he will be in the bushes; but, suddenly turning, back he comes with the speed of the wind, stopping to sulk a short distance above the rapids.

"Now is our chance, James, to get below him!"

Carefully we drop the canoe and, lowering my rod, pull sideways at the fish. With a mighty whirl and rush, away he goes down the run to the pool below.

"That fish 'll weigh forty pounds," said William. "I saw his tail."

Oh, ye gods! Why, William, did you say it? Until then I was cool and enjoying the sport; but now, at the vision of a forty-pounder, my first fish of the season, my knees are trembling and quaking.

"Will I save him, James?"

"Well, I suppose so; but you must hold him harder than that or you 'll never get him in."

"Now he is close; look sharp and see if he is large."

"My gracious! he 'll weigh fifty pounds!"

Fifty pounds! Is it possible my dream of many years is to be realized? Managing to steady myself, I pull a little harder, when William, looking into the depths of the muddy water, shouts: "I saw him again; I believe he's a slink!" "A slink!" I exclaim. Only a slink, and but a moment since a glorious fifty-pounder! What a disappoint-

Our Canoemen

ment! Now my courage returns; I spring the rod a little more, and he is soon brought to gaff — a fresh-run fish. In goes the steel, and a twenty-eight-pound salmon lies quivering in the canoe.

"My, but I thought that a big salmon when I saw his tail!" said William.

"I did n't think it was very large," replied the sagacious James. "You know the water is so muddy you can't see anything."

"Well, here 's luck, anyway, to the first of the season! Don't you think we had better try one or two drops at the head of Barter's Pool? It is on our way up, and we shall have time enough."

"We might get a fish," replies James; "suppose we do try."

Poling to the head, we anchor at the little bar where the river, running swiftly, broadens into a deep pool by the trees. As it is not quite so muddy here, a smaller Silver Gray, No. 3/0 is put on; and casting to the right and left until about sixty feet of line is spinning through the air, I drop for another try, without any luck. As we are now getting into deeper water, I change to the 5/0; forth it goes again, with prayers for success. Before it has got half-way across the pool, out comes one of the shining beauties, saying, "Nay, nay," and quickly returning beneath the water. Again and again the cast is made, but not being in an inquisitive mood, the fish vanishes up-stream to

join his fleeing companions. By this time my friend is coming in the distance. Pulling up traps, we go ashore to await his arrival. Presently he appears, beaming with smiles, so I know something has happened.

"I have one!" he shouts; and by the time his canoe is abreast we have heard all about the killing, and the big one at the rock, which rose three times, and at last just touched the fly.

"What a grand fish!" I exclaim. "Such a perfect head; so different from mine with his big hook — but the female fish are always more beautiful. Do you know the weight?"

"Just thirty pounds," replied my friend.

"I am delighted you had luck."

"Why, my dear fellow, the dream of my life is realized. To see these enormous fish rise is well worth the journey up here, and I am greatly indebted to you for much happiness."

"Oh, bother the indebtedness! To-morrow you will get a bigger one. Let us be off now, and see how comfortable old Red Camp is by firelight." So the stalwart natives, taking off their coats, seize their poles, while the tired and happy anglers are lulled to sleep by the gentle motion of the canoes moving slowly along in the gloaming toward camp. In the stillness of the night a delightful bark is heard. Mixer has recognized the sound of the sockets, and is coming to the landing

to meet us. It is his pleasure, so I caress the little fellow as he leads us to the house.

"I know you have got some fish, for you are both beaming," remarks Mrs. Davis, as we approach the veranda.

"Splendid sport — glorious! If I do not kill any more I am satisfied," replies Napoleon.

"Oh, but you will get many more before you leave. Will he not, Ned?"

"Of course he will, and, it is three to one, a forty-pounder. But is it not dinner-time? It must be nearly nine."

"As soon as you are ready," replies Mrs. Davis, "dinner will be served."

"Do not be long, old man; hurry, now!"

In a few minutes the mighty angler returns, the Lovat mixture discarded, and arrayed in something more comfortable. The little party now saunters gaily to the dining-room, where an hour is pleasantly spent in the dim light of a few candles, whose decorations — the tiny red shades — cast their glow upon our charming hostess as we listen to her amusing conversation. Then, returning to the fishing-room, Mixer and I take possession of the big black settle at the fireplace to dream awhile of dear faces which used to gladden the camp at night, telling stories and singing songs of praise for some good old angler long since gone across the Big River.

"I beg your pardon, Heck; I was nearly asleep. Let us divide the water into three parts for to-morrow's fishing, and have the drawing now, for I am off to bed."

The slips are cut and marked 1, 2, 3, then placed in a hat and handed to Mrs. Davis, who after some persuasion is prevailed upon to draw first. Then my friend pulls out No. 3, and I am left the same water I had to-day.

"Just what you both wish. And now good night. Will see you at eight-o'clock breakfast; am too tired to sit up any longer." Presenting my friend with a big red candlestick, we leave our cheerful room to dream of happy doings on the morrow.

THE SECOND DAY

"THAT is the largest fish I have ever seen!" and just as James is about to lift it into the canoe there is a rap on the bedroom door.

"My thoughts by day, my dreams by night,
Are but of thee, of only thee."

"Time to get up, sir!" calls my servant. "Mr. Heckscher is dressed, and wants to know if you will be ready soon."

"Tell him I will be down at once, and not to wait breakfast." Going to my dressing-room, I find the cold tub ready before the burning logs; so, with a short pull at the weights and a plunge, I am soon dressed and join my friend out on the veranda. "Good morning, Heck; did you sleep well?"

"Oh, splendidly! But let us breakfast now, for I am wild to be out on the river again. How is Mrs. Davis? Are we not to have her company?"

"I do not think so. She is a bit tired from yesterday's trip. I left her sleeping. Her pools are

only a short distance above the house, so she probably will not fish before ten."

"By Jove, these eggs are good! When did you become an expert with the chafing-dish?" asks Napoleon.

"Oh, I always use it up here. I find the eggs much better when you cook them yourself."

"The finnan-haddie with the cream is delicious."

"It is good, is it not? Dalzell sends me the haddie every week, and Agnes furnishes the wonderful cream from her celebrated stock. I will show you the Jerseys when we are out walking some day. She has also a lot of young lambs and chickens, and so arranges that they are always young — especially the chickens, which are never over six weeks old. Whether it is a mathematical problem she figures out during the winter I cannot say, but I know they are always on hand and most tender eating. You must not fail to visit Betsy's delightful little vegetable- and flower-garden before you leave. Praise it well, for every day while you are here your room will be decorated with some delicate attention from the cherished garden — sometimes an enormous bunch of bleeding-hearts, to remind you of a slight regret."

"I have nothing to regret," laughs my friend, rising from the table. "Read the new book which tells us to make life happy as we live — not to call up the past. It is gone, so let it rest."

"That is true," I reply; "but I have found so very little real friendship in my life, I am afraid I shall always be romancing about some pleasant association, like the person who refused to forget the old love for the new:

'I'll not forget, Old Year,
The days that used to be;
But when the spring returns I'll twine,
With sweetest flowers, a wreath for thee.

'Then in the paths we used to roam,
Where mignonettes and lilies lie,
I'll muse upon the happy past,
And fondly dream of days gone by.'"

"You are quite right," replies my friend, "if you wish to worry and be lonely. But enough of poetry this morning! The world is all too beautiful up here to think of anything except the casting of the fly."

"Hello, Mixer! Why so late? Has the journey tired you? Would you like to go fishing? All right, old boy. We shall be off soon. Will meet you, Heck, at Harrison's for luncheon at one o'clock. You had better start at once, as the men tell me the river has fallen five inches. You will not have any time to spare if you intend fishing all of Hamilton's. Have you the right flies with you?"

"Yes, the same I used yesterday."

"Take a few No. 2/0. The water will be a little clearer to-day, and you may need them."

"I have some in my fly-book, thanks."

So they start off again, Napoleon and his men sauntering joyfully down the path. For a few minutes I stand gazing at his canoe passing in the distance, wondering why it is that the charm of angling more than any other sport "doth for a time all sorrow heal."

"Can't you be patient, Mixer? We will start presently. I must first go up and tell the missus it is time to be out on the pool.

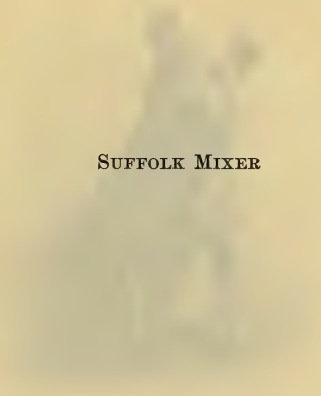
'Wake thee, my dear — thy dreaming
Till darker hours will keep;
While such a sun is shining
Thou shouldst be on the deep.'

"Are you up?" I call. "It is a most glorious day; the sun is already coming up over the mountain and will soon be shining on the Judge's, so you had better make haste if you wish to be in time. Tim and Robert are waiting for you on the lawn, and look the picture of despair."

"Oh, are they? Tell them I shall soon be ready, and to put my cane-rod together — the light one."

"Do you wish anything else?"

"Nothing, thanks."



Suffolk Mixer

"You will find all the flies and leaders you need in the tin box. Mixer and I are off now; we are to join Mr. Heckscher at luncheon down by Harrison's. Are you coming?"

"Not to-day, thanks. It is so far to pole back, I should lose all my fishing."

"Now I am ready, Mixer. Come, old boy!" And off he scampers to the landing, where I find him comfortably seated in the canoe. "Sit here by me and keep quiet, old fellow! As soon as we hook a salmon you may be as joyful as you like.

"Do you think, James, there is any use trying back of the island?"

"Not to-day, sir; the water has fallen so much, it is too shallow in there. Barter's should be good, though. You had better whip that over on our way to Smith's." Dropping a little farther down the pool than yesterday, the canoe is again silently anchored.

"Did you see that fish jump?" shouted William.

"No; where? I was getting a fly."

"My, but he was a big one! That was a forty-pound salmon."

"Are you quite sure it was not a slink?"

"A slink! No, sir. No slink about that; he was too wide."

"What say you, James? Can we prove it?"

"The only way is to hook him, sir."

"What — now?"

"Not now, sir. We might get another before we reach that one."

"What fly shall I use?"

"Try that Silver Gray I made. The one with the wood-duck wing — about 3/0. That is large enough, and if they won't take that there 's no use fishing."

"Well, here goes your fly, James, and may success reward your skill."

Repeatedly it is cast forth and drawn across the current in all kinds of ways, without causing the slightest longing in those game uncertainties below.

"What is the trouble, James? I made a good cast over that salmon."

"Perhaps you don't wiggle my flies just right this season."

"Do you think you could do better?"

"Well, I might try, sir."

"Take the rod, then, and see what you can bring forth."

"That is a good hook," remarks James, as he carefully brushes back the feathers; "a salmon ought to take that"; and away it goes, darting quickly through the breeze.

"I thought you did n't wiggle it right!" exclaimed James, as he drove the hook home in a big salmon which leisurely rolled up.

"That is all luck, James; that salmon has just worked into the pool."

"Never mind, sir; I've got him on."

"Yes, and you must play him also."

"I can't, sir: the water is too swift; I have the canoe to manage."

By the time I have taken the rod the salmon is thirty yards away. Mixer is enchanted at the prospect of a race down the river.

"That fish is bound for the bay," exclaims William, as he gives an extra stroke with the paddle.

Faster and faster we glide along in our endeavor to overtake the salmon, while Mixer, wild with excitement, is urging on the men by the music of his delightful yelp. Every muscle is strained now to win a grand victory.

"Look out for that log!" shouts James, as the salmon runs close to the shore. "Keep her off more. Paddle faster and get below the fish."

Down the current we rush past the big rocks, when William, quickly turning the canoe, sends it safely into the still water. There, after a few minutes' fight, the salmon is brought to gaff.

"Thirty-one pounds — and what a dear!"

"As we have come so far, I think it best to go and see what Mr. Heckscher is doing; the other pools can be fished after luncheon."

"We do feel a little weak at the stomach after the race, sir," reply the men.

Drifting around a bend in the river, we come upon Napoleon fast to a fish.

"He must be big, the way he is acting," exclaims William. "He keeps going up the river, and Mr. Heckscher is pulling him hard, too. Now he is going back a little! Yes, he is leading him all right now! He'll have him soon if everything holds. Yes, there goes the gaff! That's the biggest fish this year!"

When we reach the canoe the weight is known — forty pounds, the largest salmon my friend has ever killed. Of course Napoleon was delighted; he never ceased singing anthems until I made the men gather some green ferns, and, carefully placing them over the Silver Queen, bear her away gently to the opposite shore, where she received honors worthy her station.

"The men usually lunch by one, Heck; and as it is now past twelve, you will not have much time to fish if you go back to the pool."

"Very well; let us have luncheon now, for this bracing air has already attacked me."

Spreading the white cloth smoothly upon the bank, we are soon seated and going over the story of the big salmon at Hamilton's Beach.

"The men must be a bit eager to-day, Heck. They are already returning. Here comes Peter Coull — one of Mr. Kennedy's canoemen and the bear-hunter of the river. Let us ask him to join

us in a smoke and hear something about bear-shooting."

"Certainly; ask him. I should like to know him."

"How are you, Peter? Am glad to see you again. Have you had a good winter?"

"Oh, fairly, sir. Logging and trapping do not bring much comfort, but I have been in pretty good health, so I can't complain. Any salmon this morning?"

"Yes. This is my friend Mr. Heckscher; he has just killed a forty-pounder, and I a thirty-one."

"That is good to begin with."

"Mr. Heckscher wishes to go bear-hunting some day. What do you think the chances are?"

"It is easy enough to get a bear in a trap," replied Peter, "but the leaves are too thick for still-hunting at this time of the year. There should be a bear in my trap now. I set it last week beyond that hill to the west. Will send the boy over to-morrow and see if there is one; then, if Mr. Heckscher wishes, Sunday we can go and shoot him. It's the only day I have, as the rest of the week I am fishing."

"I should like to go very much, Peter," replies my friend, "but I would prefer that you do the shooting, as I am not at all anxious to distinguish myself as a trap-shot."

"All right, sir; I will kill him. I shoot them, anyway. If you really wish good bear-hunting, you must come up here in September. Then they are on the mountains eating berries, and it is easier to get close to them without being seen. It will be necessary to camp out, of course; but the weather is usually mild, and if you don't mind the camping you will have some good sport. We could also go up to the lake and have a little moose-hunting. There are a good many about the head waters, and I am sure you would get a fine head. It is a delightful trip to take — only three days poling. After the moose-hunt we will run down to the bay and have a try at the brant and geese. We would keep you busy if you wish to shoot, hey, James?"

"That we would, Peter; and a grand time Mr. Heckscher would have, too."

"I am sure of that," replied my friend; "and I thank you both very much for your willingness to show me the treasures of your country. You make the pictures so charming that I am almost tempted to make the Cascapedia my home."

"If you did, sir, you would live ten years longer."

"Heaven forbid, Peter, that my friends should suffer such an affliction."

"In a few days, Mr. Heckscher, you will see thousands of brant away up in the sky coming

straight up the river, and when they get as far as that mountain on the left they will turn and go directly north. I have often wondered why they come away up here and turn instead of making a diagonal course, which would be much shorter."

"The flight of ducks, geese, and all migratory birds, Peter, is a most interesting study. The brant, like the geese, have no doubt certain mountains, lakes, or rivers which they recognize in their flight, and in this way are able to continue onward to their homes in the north. Probably the mountain to the left is one of their landmarks."

"Heck, I am sorry to interrupt this interesting conversation, but there are two salmon jumping on the other side a little lower down in the pool than where you killed the queen this morning. Perhaps they will take the fly now — I advise you to start at once."

"Are you not going?" asked Napoleon.

"Yes, just as soon as Mixer can be persuaded to stop eating. In his gastronomic feats he seems to excel all the canine family. But I would rather lose a bit of fishing than deprive the little fellow of his happiness. You will have to pole up alone this afternoon, Heck, as I am going early to see Mrs Davis kill a salmon."

"Never mind me," replies my friend; "I shall not be lonely. The Silver Queen is to accompany me in the twilight, and perhaps two or three of

her maids of honor will condescend to grace the canoe."

"I hope you will not be disappointed. May your vision of the royal court not turn out to be a fairy-tale and some fair goddess change them into slinks before you arrive at camp."

"Oh, that would be humiliating," replies Napoleon, smiling, as he pushes away from the bank.

"What a delightful afternoon for fishing, James! It makes one feel as though life were worth living."

"It does now, sir; but if you were here cutting logs all winter you would n't think life worth much by the time you had finished in the spring. It is mighty hard work and little joy for the men with big families. Hello! got a salmon on?"

"Yes; he took the fly very quietly under water. I am afraid he is not well hooked."

"Whew, what a jump! Was n't that glorious! There he goes again! Mr. Heckscher would enjoy that."

"Indeed he would, William. Now is your chance to gaff him. That is too bad — you missed the fish."

"He turned too quickly, sir; could n't do it."

"Here he comes again; now you try him, James."

"He has gone!" I cry; and, with a flop of his big tail, the bright creature turns on his side and disappears beneath the swift, dark water.

"That was a big salmon, sir; sorry you lost him."

"We cannot save them all, James, you know."

"I know that, sir; but I always like to get the first fish in a new pool — it 's lucky, sir."

"I have had enough sport to-day, anyhow. Let us go to camp now and take our traps to the house; then we can pole up to the Judge's."

As we pole along, frantic gestures are made by the occupants of the little green canoe quietly anchored in the shade of the overhanging trees. "What is the matter, James?"

"They probably have seen a salmon, sir, and wish us to keep back."

Holding the canoe, we await results. Presently the cause of their excitement appears. A large fish rises near the shore, and, seizing the fly, with a big plunge starts down the river. "Bravo!" we shout as their canoe goes flying past.

"Hold him hard!" I cry.

At the head of the rapids the salmon suddenly turns, and, jumping three feet into the air, goes back to sulk in the deep water of the pool. The canoe is stopped, the slack line reeled in, and the little cane-rod bent double in the effort to start him again on another wild race.

"Lower the rod and pull sideways," I shout; "you may be able to move him that way." The little trick is tried, and proves too successful, for

the salmon, with another big jump, bids us farewell and darts up-stream to his freedom.

"Oh, he has gone — he has gone!" cries Mrs. Davis, as the Silver Doctor comes drifting back. "It is all your fault, Ned, telling me to pull sideways. I knew it would twist the hook out of his mouth. And he was such a large fish! Tim said he would weigh over forty pounds. I am simply heart-broken."

"Never mind; we are awfully sorry you had such bad luck; but James says if you had used one of his Silver Grays the salmon would have been more eager and better hooked."

"Tell James he is mistaken. I did try a Silver Gray, and he would not touch it."

"What! refused the Silver Gray?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, it must have been a big slink, James says, if he would n't take his fly; so you had better not worry any more."

"It was not a slink, and you know it."

"Oh, I was only chaffing you. As I have brought you bad luck, perhaps it will change if I go back to the house for a little rest."

"You need not do that on my account, but please never again tell me to pull sideways, for I never shall."

Mixer and I, having returned to camp, are soon awakened from our doze before the fireplace by the

TWO DAYS' FISHING

These salmon ran from twenty to forty-two pounds

return of the happy anglers, and, going to the door, we find five large salmon lying in front of the veranda.

"I coaxed one maid of honor, Ned, and also a grand old courtier to accompany me," said Napoleon.

"Yes, I see you have; but what an odd knight!"

"He is not remarkably good to look at, and was evidently barred from the king's court," replied Napoleon; "but he made a splendid fight for his life."

"I could not coax any more," remarked Mrs. Davis, "although one little fish about twenty-five pounds did make a feeble attempt to come to the surface."

"You have both done well, considering the height of the water, and six salmon to-day are enough. What do yours weigh, Heck?"

"Forty, twenty-eight, and twenty-six pounds; but please do something to me at once, so that I may know it is not a dream; for I have never passed a happier day. How beautiful they are, lying there! Is it any wonder we all love the grand sport? What weight are your fish, Mrs. Davis?" asked Napoleon.

"Thirty-two and twenty-seven pounds; but I lost a larger one than your forty-pounder through Ned's nonsense."

"You can tell Mr. Heckscher all about it at

dinner; but let us hasten now and get ready, for it is late."

Dinner finished, a few happy thoughts are exchanged in the fishing-room around a cheerful fire, and our angling friend again takes the big red candlestick and departs for the night.

THE THIRD DAY

"DO you think we shall equal yesterday's score?" asked Napoleon, as he came in from a short walk ready for breakfast.

"You will have lots of water to try," I replied, "for to-day I am going up to the club, so you and Mrs. Davis can fish all the pools. I doubt if you will have time enough, but it is pleasant to know one has a long stretch. I must be off now, as my men will be there by the time I arrive. Am sorry I am not allowed to take you with me, Heck."

"Do not trouble yourself about me. I am quite satisfied here, thanks."

Jumping into the mud-stained buckboard, with Edward to drive the old white mare, we are soon rattling over a fair country road which meanders a short distance through the sweet-smelling forest.

"How fragrant the air is this morning, Edward! It must come straight from heaven."

"Don't know much about that place, sir; but it ought to be good if it comes from there. It is healthy, though, to be up early and smell the

woods; there's lots of healing balm in those cedars and firs."

"I suppose you know the names of all the trees and bushes up here, do you not?"

"Pretty much, sir; you soon learn them, after you've chopped awhile."

"There is the club-house!" I exclaim, as we come in sight of the low, flat building in the distance. "What a pretty picture it makes, lying close to the river with the mountains around!"

"Yes; a fine place that, sir."

"How are you, Daniel? Have any of the members arrived?"

"Not yet, Mr. Davis; you are the first. I believe Dr. Mitchell and Mr. Cadwallader are coming to-morrow."

"Are they? I am glad they are arriving so early. How does it look up here to-day, James?"

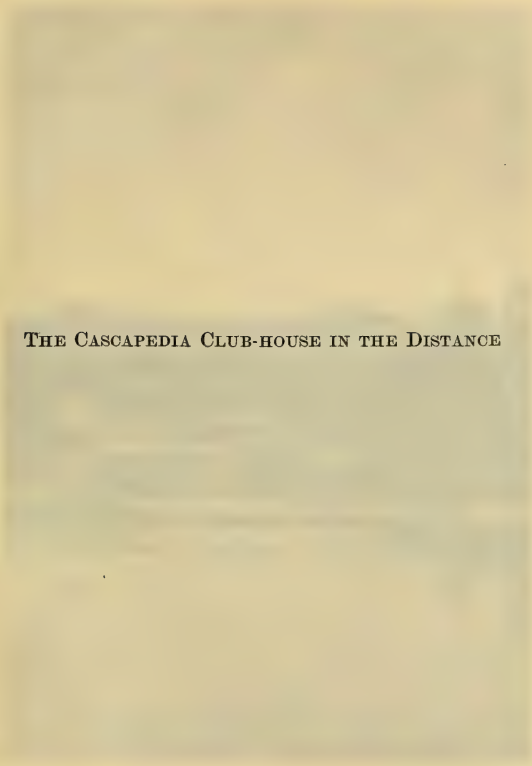
"River pretty high, sir; don't you think so?"

"Yes, it is a bit high; but we must manage in some way to have the canoe a little heavier when we run down this evening."

"We 'll do our best, sir."

"Am glad to see you back again, Mr. Davis," calls out Berchavais, the head guard of the river, as he comes down to the bank.

"Thanks, Berchavais; am glad to see you. It does not seem as if a year had passed since we were out on the river."



The Cascapedia Club-house in the Distance

"I suppose it does go by much quicker with you, sir, than with us up here in the woods. Are you going to try the tuna this year? There were lots of them last August in the Gaspé Bay. If you should get one of six hundred pounds you might enjoy the sport more than salmon-fishing."

"Am quite sure I never could do that, Berchavais. Mr. Heckscher, who came up with me, has brought a tuna outfit, and may try for them, but I doubt if I shall; I prefer keeping to my dear friends the salmon, rather than forming new acquaintances who might make me trouble. Have you seen any salmon in the pools near the clubhouse?"

"Not to-day, sir; but yesterday O'Neill saw two jump in the Tent Pool and one at the lower part of the Rock."

"That is good news, even if we do not get any."

"Oh, but I think you will have some sport today."

"Let us start, then, James, and see if we can capture some of these newly arrived friends."

In an hour's time the Tent has been thoroughly whipped, and two fine fish — twenty-nine and twenty-six pounds — are left in the icy water, tied to an alder on the bank, to be gathered on our return at night. Both sides of the Rock Pool are now tried, and away down on the right a thirty-one-pound fish is killed.

"The river is too high for good fishing, sir," remarks James. "You should have had five salmon by this time."

"Well, two more will satisfy me."

"You are sure to get them, sir," says William.

"If I do I will make you a present. But let us lunch before we try again; I was up early this morning, and am greedy, like the last salmon we killed. Here 's success to the two salmon, William!"

The little flask is returned to the luncheon-basket, and, lighting our pipes, we again start out for the afternoon's sport.

"James, I feel that a quiet smoke and seeing you kill a salmon would be more restful than casting the fly so soon after my luncheon; the water is not very swift here, and if William needs any assistance I will help him manage the canoe."

"All right, sir; I would like to try. Have n't killed a salmon for a long time."

"Here is the rod, then, and bring back a big one."

"I rose one, sir; think I 'll hook him next time. Yes, there he is again. He 's got it, sir!"

A big plunge, and away we go scudding down the river.

"This is fun, is n't it, William?"

"Oh, it 's grand sport!"

"Lead him around this way, James, when you get a chance, and I will gaff him."

"That 's it. Pull harder, Mr. Davis; he 'll slip

off the gaff. Just in time, sir," as the twenty-seven-pound salmon tumbled into the canoe.

"My quiet smoke was not a success, for I have n't seen my pipe since you first hooked the fish. One more salmon, William, and you win."

"No doubt of that, sir; just below that tree on the right there is one waiting for me."

Dropping down gently, the fly is drawn slowly across the dark eddy, when a bright streak shoots forth, and we soon have a twenty-one-pound salmon to complete the score.

"William wins," I exclaim, "and I have had enough sport for to-day."

The day is finished, the pools have been fished, and five salmon lie nestling in our canoe as we head the little cedar toward home. Passing the men's cabin, a joyful tune is heard coming from within, showing that there are other hearts up in the wilderness made glad at the coming of the anglers. As I approach the landing Mrs. Davis and Napoleon are gazing at three large salmon lying on the bank. "How many?" they both ask as they come toward the canoe.

"Five — from twenty-one to thirty-one pounds. And what have you been doing?"

"Mrs. Davis has killed two fine fish," replies Napoleon, "thirty-three and twenty-nine pounds; and I one of twenty-eight."

"So you could not win another queen to-day?"

"No," replied Napoleon, "I almost had the honor. She lifted her beautiful head above the surface, but as soon as she saw us she immediately declined all further acquaintance."

"Perhaps you were not very gallant."

"Oh, pardon me, I was most gallant; probably we were not looked upon with favor, for she did not seem anxious to be wooed."

"Wait until the first of July and be my guest at the club, and then I will show you salmon-fishing such as you have never dreamed of."

"You are very kind, but I am afraid I shall be obliged to go home before that time."

"Did you see that brilliant meteor, Mrs. Davis, which just flashed through the heavens?" remarked Napoleon, as we strolled toward the house. "It was most beautiful."

"No, I did not; I was watching the fireflies, and wondering for what purpose they are in the world. What strange little creatures they are!"

"Meteors and fireflies always remind me," I remarked, "of Thomas Moore's ballad, 'The Lake of the Dismal Swamp.' Have you ever read it, Heck?"

"No, I never have."

"You should read it, Mr. Heckscher!" exclaimed Mrs. Davis. "It is lovely; only I fancy your dreams will be of ghosts and goblins rather than of roses."

"What is it about, Ned?"

"Do you really wish to hear?" I asked.

"Yes; of course I do," replied Napoleon.

"The story is about a young man who became insane when he heard that his sweetheart was dead. Thinking she had gone to the Dismal Swamp, he followed her and was lost. I have always remembered some of the lines. Here are a few:

'They made her a grave, too cold and damp
For a soul so warm and true;
And she 's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,
Where, all night long, by a firefly lamp,
She paddles her white canoe.

'And her firefly lamp I soon shall see,
And her paddle I soon shall hear.'

These are all I know, Heck, except the last three verses. If you wish to hear any more, and are not afraid of the ghosts, I will continue."

"It is not very amusing to be cut off in the midst of a ballad," replies my friend, "is it, Mrs. Davis?"

"Oh, I do not know why Ned wishes to memorize such sad and doleful lines! He is always quoting about phantoms just at this time of night, which is enough to frighten people out of their wits. You may recite the remaining verses to Mr. Heckscher if you wish, but *I* am going in. I cannot hear anything more about the Dismal Swamp to-night; I should n't sleep a wink."

"Never mind, Heck; I will tell you how the tale ended:

'He saw the Lake, and a meteor bright
Quick o'er its surface play'd —
"Welcome," he said, "my dear one's light!"
And the dim shore echoed, for many a night,
The name of the death-cold maid:

'Till he hollow'd a boat of the birchen bark,
Which carried him off from shore;
Far, far he follow'd the meteor spark,
The wind was high and the clouds were dark,
And the boat return'd no more.

'But oft, from the Indian hunter's camp,
The lover and maid so true
Are seen at the hour of midnight damp
To cross the Lake by a firefly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe.'"

"That is very interesting; but why do you not learn all the verses?"

"The other part does not appeal to me; but the canoe, the hunter's camp, the fireflies, the lake, all remind me of my surroundings and are associated with my life in the woods. Tom Moore's works are in the house, and you can read the tale if you wish. Now let us go in as it is time for dinner."

"Has Ned bored you with his ballad?" asks Mrs. Davis, as we enter.

Red Camp Pool

This picture shows my son killing a salmon in Red Camp Pool. It is the only photograph I have ever seen of a salmon jumping during the killing. The fish is the little white streak close to the bank on the left side of the picture, but in an enlarged photograph of the same it is as distinct as the figures in the canoe.

"Oh, no; I quite agree with you it is lovely, but I sincerely hope the 'lover and maid' will not 'paddle their white canoe' across Red Camp Pool to-night, for it is my turn to fish it in the morning."

"What splendid sport you had to-day!" remarks Napoleon, as we are sitting about the cozy fire in the fishing-room after dinner, puffing the soothing tobacco.

"Yes, I did have sport. But, do you know, in fishing the killing is most distasteful to me. The part I like is to see the salmon rise and to know they are hooked; after that I do not really enjoy it, for I cannot get over the thought that it seems cruel to torture these beautiful creatures. Yet I go on day after day killing salmon, with that unpleasant little feeling always present."

"I suppose," replies my friend, "most anglers do at times regret taking the life of these game fish; but as they are good for food and probably suffer no great bodily pain, we should not cultivate the romantic view."

"Perhaps that is true, Heck; but it is hard for me not to do so. I have the same thought about flowers: I love to see them growing, to inhale their perfume; but to pluck them and have them wither and die makes me feel as though a sweet life had been injured. 'I loved the rose, and left it on its stem,' says Landor."

"It does not seem right," replies Napoleon, "that

everything beautiful in Nature must die; but it has been so ordained, and it is best not to think about it, for it only makes sadness."

"To-morrow will be Sunday — how shall we amuse ourselves?" I ask.

"Oh, do let us take a walk up White Brook," exclaims Mrs. Davis, "and see the wild flowers, and the wee trout in those lovely clear pools. It is perfect up there, and much more human than going after bear with Peter Coull."

"By Jove!" replied Napoleon, "I had forgotten all about the bear."

"Unless you permit me to retire, I shall not be up in time to join you on the morrow for the delightful little trip; if you will pardon me, I will take the big red candlestick. *Bonne nuit!*"

THE FOURTH DAY

"HOW did you ever discover such an interesting spot as that we visited to-day?" asked Napoleon, inhaling his cigarette on the veranda after our early Sunday tea. "One would imagine he was beside some tumbling brook in the midst of the Rockies."

"It is a rough place up there, is it not? Ned and I, you know, in our Sunday rambles are always exploring the country around Red Camp. Did you like the pretty little wild flowers? It is rather early for a great variety, but the marigolds were beautiful and looked lovely in all their golden color. I am sure the perfume of the sweet-scented *Maianthemum* pleased you. And you must have admired the peculiar shade of the twisted stalk, and the *Viola blanda*."

"They were all so beautiful and interesting, Mrs. Davis, that I shall long to have you take me again to the enchanted spot."

"Yes; later perhaps we can go, and it will then

be even more interesting, for a number of other varieties will be in bloom, and we can see the yellow butterflies flitting about from one flower to another, inhaling their fragrance, while the bees are gathering their sweets."

"If you would like to take a tramp, Heck, come with me some day and hunt the showy lady's-slipper — the most beautiful of all the orchid family — and the mountain-laurel. They both grow in Maine, so I suppose they must be up here somewhere, although I have never seen them."

"When you find out, Ned, that they exist in Quebec, I will then gladly go with you in quest of the prize."

"Do you believe in the transmigration of souls, Napoleon?"

"No; of course I do not."

"Well, if ever I am changed into a flower I hope it will be a beautiful white niphetos."

"Why?" asks Mrs. Davis.

"Because it is my favorite flower, and inhaling its fragrance is like breathing the air of heaven. I could not live long, for they soon wither and fade."

"Oh, I should prefer the everlasting," exclaims Mrs. Davis, laughing, "for then I could never die!

'Sweet rose, thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.'"

"Well, if some fairy should will that I must

exist as a flower," says Napoleon, "I suppose it would probably be something tall and dreadful, like the sunflower."

"Do you know, Heck, that sunflowers are always much admired by country maids?"

"No chaffing, Ned. Oh, I have had a charming day!" exclaims Napoleon. "And when I think how the little trout we saw were darting about in those clear pools my mind dwells on the morrow, for then we fish again. The twilight dews are falling, so let us go in."

THREE WEEKS LATER

THREE weeks have passed, and many a salmon has been entered in the score-book at Red Camp. Mr. Heckscher has killed his bear; Mrs. Davis, a forty-four-pound salmon: and now the little party, standing at the landing, is about to start forth on its last day's sport together, for Napoleon, having decided to remain, is to join me on the morrow in the club fishing. As the sky is bright and the breeze fair, we are all up early for our morning's sport. It is my turn to fish in front of the camp. Pushing from the landing, the canoe is soon resting at the head of one of the best pools on the river for late fishing.

"Hello! there's one already," exclaims James. "Look — what a whirl! Be careful, Mr. Davis; the water is clear. About thirty feet will reach him."

Casting toward the shore until the thirty feet are out, I send the No. 3 double Black Dose straight to the spot. A splash, and he is on.

"How splendidly he took the fly!" exclaims James.

"Bravo! bravo!" shouts William. "The first cast and — a salmon!"

Up and down stream, across, now back again, all kinds of antics does he kick in the bright, cool morning until we have him lying on the bank — a thirty-three-pounder. Paddling out again, the killick is dropped in about the same place; but although we see a large fish rise, I fail to lure him, as he probably prefers to continue his morning slumber. Drifting a short distance downstream, a few casts are made to the right, when, suddenly, something enormous rises from the bottom, and, as it disappears beneath the surface, the delicate dark leader is carefully watched. Gradually it begins to sink. Now the hook is sent home, for I know the fly has been seized.

"Good Lord, what a salmon!" cry the men, as his broad tail strikes the water — a forty-five-pounder sure.

"Keep the canoe as it is, James, until you know what he intends to do. I cannot move him. Quick! up-stream. He 's off! Whew! a run of forty yards without a stop. There he jumps! Faster, James!" I cry. "He is among the rocks! The leader will surely be cut."

"Give him the butt, sir, and turn him, if you can."

The rod bends and "He has gone!" I cry. "No, he is on; he is coming back!" Down the river he rushes, darting across the current and disappearing to sulk in thirty feet of water.

Dropping below the fish, we cross to the other side, and, paddling up-stream, hold the canoe in readiness beside the ledge.

"To win thy smile I speed from shore to shore,
While Hope's sweet voice is heard in ev'ry breeze."

"He can't stand that strain much longer, Mr. Davis."

"Nor I, either, James. Look at the tip; it is three feet under water."

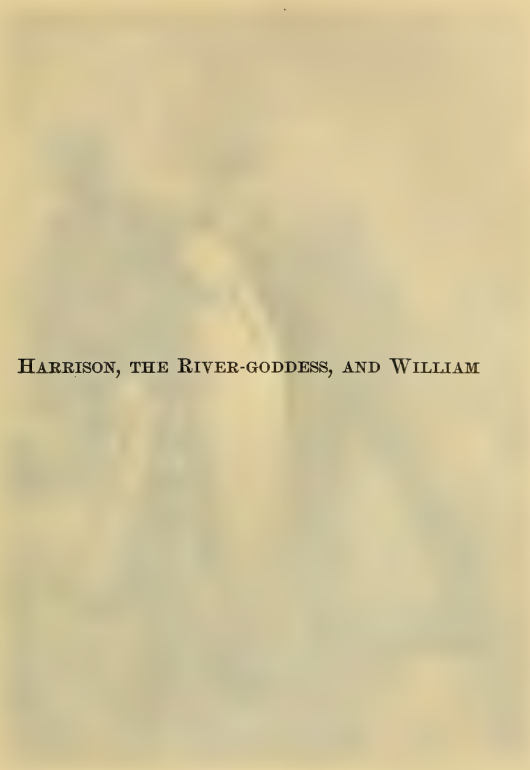
"Don't let up, sir; he will soon give in. Yes, there he comes now!"

Slowly the rod is raised, and, looking down into the depths of that deep pool, I see a bright form boring steadily downward.

"Now he's coming up, sir; pull a little harder."

Gradually the huge fish comes to the surface and, with a tremendous leap, tries for the current; but the struggle has been too severe: the spark of life has fled. So, gently drawing this beautiful creature toward me, I thrill with joy when the river-goddess finds a safe resting-place in my canoe.

"Have you ever seen so large a salmon, James?"



HARRISON, THE RIVER-GODDESS, AND WILLIAM

"None that was killed with a fly, sir; but my father tells of one which was speared many years ago weighing over sixty pounds."

"Well, let us go to the house now and see if this one has lived luxuriously; for should Dame Fortune be kind and bring the scale down to the fifty-pound notch my ambition in life will be fulfilled and my happiness complete. Lift gently, James —forty-eight, forty-nine, fifty pounds!" I cry. "Hurrah! the spring marks fifty, and the fair one's broad dark train still sweeps the ground."

Then, laying her upon a fern-covered bier, we tenderly bear her to the dining-room and gaze with admiration and regret on the splendor of her raiment and symmetry of form. Even Mixer realizes that something unusual has happened as he stands in the awed presence. Presently Mrs. Davis and Napoleon come in for breakfast, each with a fine big fish; but at the sight of this beautiful river-goddess both exclaim:

"Ned, did you kill that salmon?"

"Yes; and now, after trying to do it for thirteen years, I wish you were the guilty ones instead of me."

This fish was hooked just before seven o'clock and landed soon after. Its weight, at the Cascapedia station several hours later, was fifty and one half pounds.

I will not weary my readers with the story of my

other large salmon, taken the following year. It weighed fifty-one and one half pounds fifteen hours after it had been killed. The salmon was hooked about eight-thirty o'clock at night, but owing to the lateness of the hour we were unable to gaff the fish until a few minutes after nine.

It was most unfortunate that the scales in camp were not heavy enough to have weighed these two large salmon, for they must have lost two pounds or more before they arrived at the station.

They were entered in the score-book as weighing fifty-one and fifty-two pounds.

THE CLUB WATER

"HOW much wilder the scenery is up here than in the lower part of the river!" remarks Napoleon, as we pole along in Indian fashion on our way to De Winton's, one of the most treacherous pools on the club water, owing to the great number of sharp rocks just below the surface, like pinnacles on some lofty cathedral.

"Yes, it is wild here, and that is the reason I love to fish this part of the river. Well may it be called the 'Devil's Trap,' and fortunate indeed is the angler who can boast success in this weird spot. Here we are, Heck, at De Winton's. Jump into my boat with me, and we will sally forth to win fresh laurels. Cast now toward the trees, just where the rapids commence, and as soon as thou hookest a salmon, pull gently, while the men, with sockets turned, will pole to the foot of yonder ledge, and if all goes well thy fish will lead easily."

"But I think you had better show me the trick,

for I have never seen a salmon led thirty yards up-stream when first hooked."

"With pleasure, if you like; but should he reverse the situation and lead us a merry dance down the river through the 'Devil's Lane,' hold fast to the canoe when we strike the rapids, for we are loaded heavily, and I care not for a wetting to-day."

Away goes the small Black Dose, and, falling lightly on the ripple, is quickly seized.

"Hurry with the killick, William; he is leading finely. If we can reach the ledge there will be no danger."

"How wonderful the way you lead him!" exclaims Napoleon.

"Do not breathe, Heck; he may turn at any moment. Yes, by Jove, he is getting suspicious! Take the paddle quick, James! Yes, I thought so; there he goes. Now for a run."

"Are you all right?" I ask, as I observe Napoleon lying on his stomach across the thwart, while I, slipping from the seat, rest upon my knees as we go flying down the rapids.

"I have been more comfortable," replies Napoleon. "Do not look after me; watch the salmon! What splendid leaps he is making! Shall we save him?"

"I think so."

Entering the second rapids, I manage to turn the fish a short distance down the run; but before we

can stop the canoe the salmon has passed us on his way up-stream, rejoicing in having severed the leader.

"Go, then," I cry, "and tell thy companions thou didst win a costly leader and fine feathers at the battle of De Winton's."

"Oh, what a shame!" exclaims Napoleon. "How did it happen?"

"Cut by one of the little devils beneath," I reply, "which go rolling along during the freshet."

Another salmon is hooked and lost in the same pool. Wearying of such sport, we pull up traps and proceed leisurely up the river to find some shady spot where we may enjoy our midday meal and recover from the morning's disappointment.

"How would you like a trout for luncheon to-day, Napoleon?"

"Nothing you could give me would please me more; but how can we get one?"

"Easy enough," I replied. "Stand on the edge of yonder ledge and cast a little to the right of the eddy, and before the fire with which we shall cook him is kindled you shall pull one forth which shall surpass in size 'twenty-one inches and whose belly,' like Izaak Walton's trout, 'shall look some part of it as yellow as a marigold, a part of it as white as a lily.'"

Napoleon casts and quickly lands a four-pounder.

"Did I not tell you? What would good Wal-

ton have said, Heck, if he could have known such sport as this? Many more of this same size could he lay before him simply for the casting on this ledge, and then indeed might his song in praise of angling well be sung:

'Oh, gallant fisher life,
It is the best of any;
'T is full of pleasure,
Void of strife,
And 't is beloved of many.'"

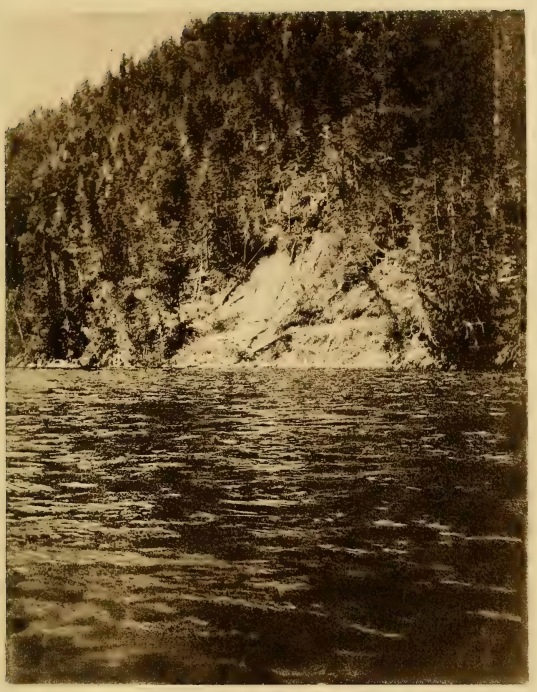
"Well," says Napoleon, "Izaak's trout and pike may have been well cooked and his ale well brewed, but the savory smell of this four-pounder under the blue sky, with a slender alder for the gridiron, the ledge for our table, the rushing river for our nectar, is more to my liking than any indoor feast."

"Nothing could be more delightful or have more charm than lunching on the bank of this swiftly running stream. But do you not think, Heck, that a few drops of this old Kentucky would improve the river a bit and induce you to give us some of the old Elizabethan stanzas that Walton quotes?"

"Here are two of them," replies Napoleon, "but if I get them wrong you must pardon me.

'"Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
And all the steepy mountain yields."

The Slide



'"If all the world and love were young,
And truth in ev'ry shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love."'"

"Well sung, Heck. You have amused the men as well as me — they are all looking at you in admiration. Now let us go down to the Slide[1] for the evening's fishing."

"'T was there at twilight" we "stole,
When the first star announced the night
For" those "who claimed our inmost soul,"
To angle "by that soothing light."

Napoleon has taken two fish — twenty-nine and twenty-four pounds. As it is getting quite late, and difficult to see the fly when it alights on the pool, he asks me to fish the last drop. I put on a large Silver Gray and send it whisking into the darkness. The water parts, a vision of beauty appears, a silvery salmon leaps forth, the sparkling drops falling from his body, like some wild spirit moving across the water. As the pale moon rose up slowly above the green firs on the mountain-side and cast its beams on our frail little craft floating quietly on that dark, shadowy pool, we realized the grandeur of our surroundings and the fascination of the art.

[1] Where part of a cliff had fallen and slid into the river.

"Take the rod, Heck, and play the fish."

"No, no," he cried; "I am perfectly content. Win the fight, for such a picture will never appear again."

As we go rushing down the stream the bright silvery streak shoots forward in the shade of the dark mountain. Up-stream it glistens, bursting forth in the bright moonlight; then back again it speeds, to be lost as suddenly in the darkness. What frantic attempts to disappear! But at last, wearying of its efforts, this wonderful wild spirit is finally conquered, and lifting a thirty-six-pound salmon into the canoe, we gaze upon its beauty in the moonlit pool.

"This is the dream of salmon-fishing!" exclaims Napoleon, as we paddle toward camp.

CONCLUSION

A WEEK at Middle Camp was delightfully spent cruising up and down the river in the company of my friend. Ever ready for the early morning's fishing, content to rest during the heat of the day, to lunch in some cool place on the bank, and always pleasant and kind to his canoemen, he was the type of a true angler. With what joy he welcomed the words of the canoemen, "Time to go fishing, Mr. Davis!" Jumping up at once and lighting a cigarette, he would soon have us drifting down-stream toward some favorite pool, where in the twilight many a big salmon was lifted into the canoe as we heard the plaintive melody of the white-throated sparrow coming from the dark forest.

But all joys must have an ending. Bidding farewell to the enchanted spot, we enter the canoes for a ten-mile run down the river to Red Camp, where Mrs. Davis joyfully greets us.

Our fishing trip is over: the day of leaving has arrived. As the train rolls up to bear us away, longing eyes are turned toward the distant mountains.

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