

**A FISHERMAN'S
SUMMER
IN CANADA**

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A fisherman's summer in Canada by F. G. Aflalo

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F. G. AFLALO

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A MID-DAY HAULT.

Frontispiece.

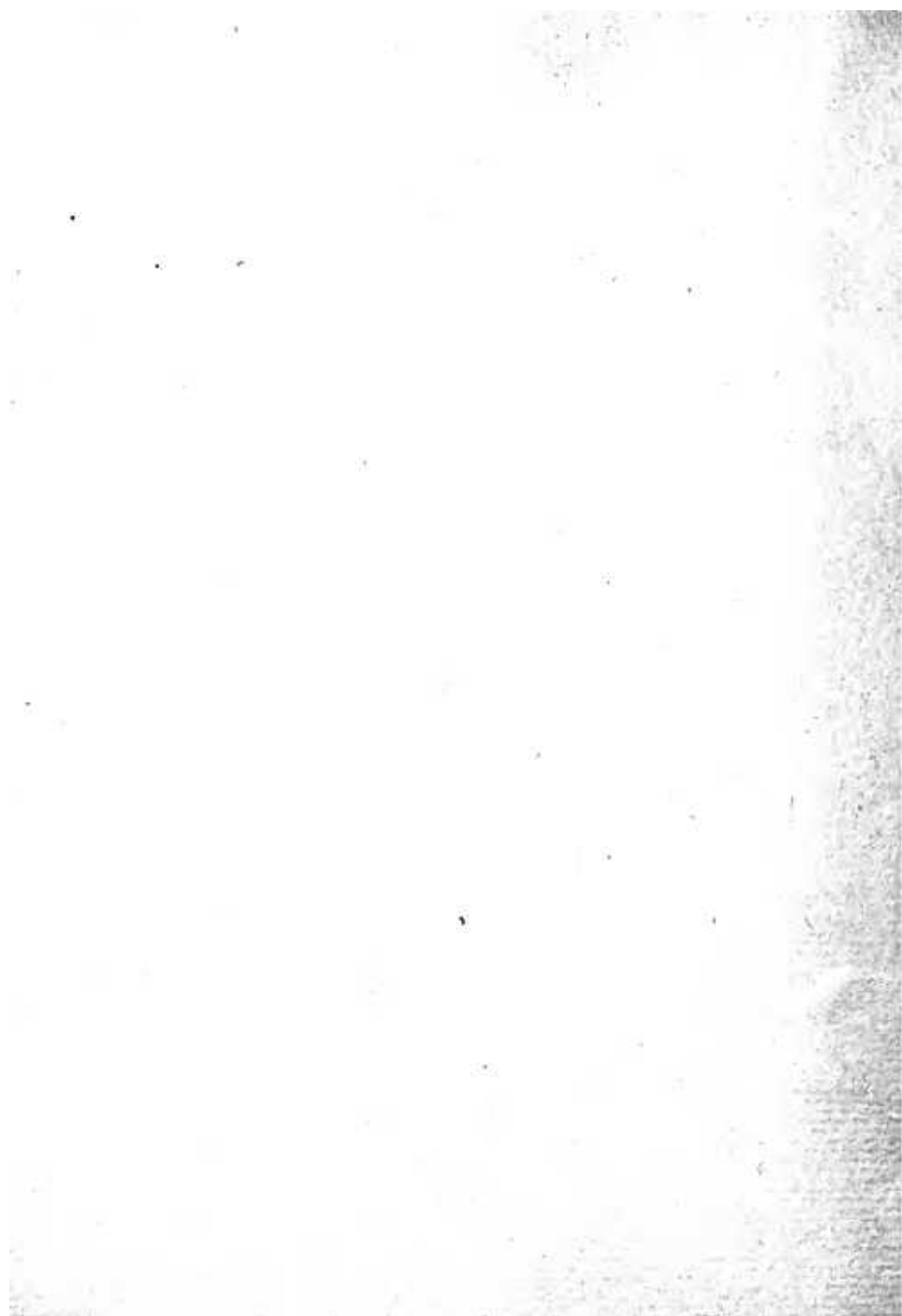
A FISHERMAN'S SUMMER IN CANADA

BY
F. G. AFLALO

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P R E F A C E .

“ . . . I do not ask to see
The distant scene ; one step enough for me . . . ”

was Newman's more rhythmic setting of the rebuke administered by St. Thomas à Kempis to all who hanker after a sight of foreign parts. The deeply religious mind, no doubt, finds contentment with home surroundings the more admirable attitude, and with this I have no quarrel, so long as I am free to indulge a different taste. There are good men who order their summer holiday with the same routine that rules their affairs, returning year after year to a favourite watering-place and there leading a negative existence which seems to the uninitiated infinitely more tedious than work. Yet there must always be some of us to whom contrast is the salt of life. These, if they be humble followers of Walton, will conceive that, since God has made a big world, with leagues of water, fresh and salt, deep and shallow, still and running, it is their part to fish over as much as possible of its surface before they join the things that were.

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Therefore, lured by sunny memories of an earlier pilgrimage in which fishing had received less than its due share of attention, I found myself hankering for another glimpse of Canada's rushing rivers and gleaming lakes, which, with a million acres of untrodden forest, make it the finest playground in all the world. How long it will remain so, how long its moose and caribou will tempt the still-hunter over virgin snow, how long its salmon will bend the rods of privileged anglers on the Restigouche and Matapedia, or on some less exclusive waters of the Maritime Provinces, or its trout give sport in a thousand brooks and lakes, or its mighty tuna attract the more adventurous to the bays of Cape Breton and Nova Scotia, it would be futile to forecast. Yet it is as certain as anything in this guesswork future of ours that the sporting attractions of that glorious land will last the lifetime of those now in the cradle, and beyond the span allotted to a generation even a clairvoyant would not wish to see.

Apart, moreover, from the intrinsic value of such hunting grounds, they promised striking contrast from the scenes of last year's wanderings. The Lands of To-morrow may lack the picturesqueness of the Lands of Yesterday. The homes of a

future civilization have nothing in common with the hills that shadowed the cradle of the race, with their hallowed memories of fierce paynim and inspired crusaders, of the lost Temple, of Jason and his argonauts, memories sacred and profane, enduring in such architecture as the Church of the Sepulchre, the splendid fane of San Sophia, or the storied ruins of Baalbek. None of these landmarks of antiquity should I find in Canada, for the poor Indian, passing, leaves no monument, and traditions, like those of Quebec and Louisburg, which hark back to the conflict between French and English, are of too recent date to command the reverence inspired by the sites of Bible story.

Yet if I might not fish in waters like Jordan and Galilee, endeared by the glamour of such associations, I could at least throw my ponderous fly on others with more promise of game fish and amid scenes as far from the turmoil of civilization.

The tour originally planned, with the assistance of C. F. Lane, Esq. (of the Sportsman's Agency of Canada, 118, McGill College Avenue, Montreal), embraced the following :—

1. Canoe trip down the S.W. Miramichi, from the Forks to Boiestown, with salmon and grilse fishing.

2. A few days on the Restigouche and Mata-pedia, planned with the assistance of Edward Hickson, Esq., of Moncton.

3. A month on Cape Breton Island, to attempt to land one of the big tuna, which had hitherto baffled all attempts at capture.

4. Three days' muskallonge and black bass fishing in Georgian Bay.

This may seem an ambitious programme for an absence of less than three months, but experience had taught me that arrangements are apt to fall through, and that it is, in consequence, the wise course to plan more than is likely to materialize, a precaution justified in this case by the failure of the Restigouche trip, which was stopped by the disastrous Campbelltown fire.

Having decided on an itinerary and obtained a stateroom on the *Empress of Ireland*, fastest and most comfortable of Canadian greyhounds, there remained the mustering of an outfit, always one of the most fascinating occupations to those bitten by the *Wanderlust*. An immense equipment of salmon, trout and tuna tackle, in the selection of which I owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. W. D. Hunter, Manager of the West-End branch of Messrs. Farlow's business ; first-aid