

**ROD & CREEL IN
BRITISH COLUMBIA**

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Rod & Creel in British Columbia by A. Bryan Williams

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A. BRYAN WILLIAMS

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BRITISH COLUMBIA**

Rod & Creel in British Columbia

-BY-

A. BRYAN WILLIAMS

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PREFACE

ALTHOUGH it is written especially for the fisherman in the Province of British Columbia, and gives him information he needs and cannot readily obtain elsewhere, this book is of real live interest to all sporting fishermen everywhere.

There have been many books on "fishing," but few have the charm of direct personal knowledge presented in a clear and entertaining manner, which characterizes the writing of Mr. Bryan Williams.

As Provincial Game Warden for many years, Mr. Williams travelled, and fished, every part of British Columbia, and was the "source of information" for hundreds of tourists visiting the province, often from parts far distant as England, New Zealand, and Eastern United States.

The publishers have spared no pains to make the book useful and interesting to the fisherman, and it is hoped that it will be found acceptable by those who follow the gentle art of Isaac Walton.

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135

136

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140

141

142

143

144

145

146

147

148

149

150

151

152

153

154

155

156

157

158

159

160

161

162

163

164

165

166

167

168

169

170

171

172

173

174

175

176

177

178

179

180

181

182

183

184

185

186

187

188

189

190

191

192

193

194

195

196

197

198

199

200

ROD & CREEL

in British Columbia

By A. BRYAN WILLIAMS

Ex-Provincial Game Warden

CONTENTS

Chapter	Page
1. Introductory	9
2. The Sporting Fish of British Columbia.....	12
3. Fly Fishing for Salmon	19
4. Trolling for Salmon	21
5. Spinning for Salmon	27
6. Hints on Fly Fishing for Rainbow, Cut-throat and Grayling	29
7. Trout Flies	39
8. Spinning for Rainbow and Cut-throats.....	45
9. Trolling for Rainbow or Cut-throats	46
10. Bait Fishing	47
11. Fly Fishing for Steelheads	48
12. Trolling for Steelheads	49
13. Hints on Spinning for Steelheads	50
14. Hints on Playing Fish	58
15. To the Tourist	62
16. Vancouver Island	65
17. Along the Line of the B. C. Electric.....	79
18. Along the line of the P. G. E. Railway.....	85
19. Vancouver and Vicinity	91
20. The Lower Mainland Coast	97
21. Along the Line of the C. P. R.	106
22. Along the Kettle Valley Line	120
23. The Columbia Valley	130
24. Along the Crow's Nest Line	135
25. Prince Rupert	137
26. Along the Line of the G. T. P.	138

Rod & Creel in British Columbia

CHAPTER I.

Introductory

"Of recreation there is none
So free as fishing is alone,
All other pastimes do no less
Than mind and body both possess!
My hand alone my work can do
So I can fish and study, too."

THE above lines are taken from the "Compleat Angler," the most famous book on fishing ever written or likely to be written, by Isaac Walton, than whom no greater fisherman ever lived. Isaac Walton was born at Stafford in England in the year 1593, but it was not until the year 1653 that the first edition of his book was published. How many editions have since been published cannot be exactly stated, but there were five alone in the thirty years he lived after the book was written (he was just 90 when he died) and over a hundred editions since. The book itself, of course, is now of little value as a treatise, but as Lamb said, "It would sweeten a man's temper at any time to read it," and it seems to show what a gentle, kindly, sincere spirit the ideal angler should be.

"Of all sports and recreations there is nothing like fishing, in which a person is so entirely dependent upon the skill of his own hand, combined with a well-developed store of patience and perseverance.

"Of all sports there is nothing like fishing, which will develop the above traits and tend to make a man of kindly, upright disposition and keep him both physically and morally healthy.

"Of all sports there is nothing like fishing, which will keep a youngster out of mischief and mould his character along the right lines."

The famous Dr. Samuel Johnson, though he was a great admirer of Walton's book, once described fishing as "a rod and line with a worm at one end and a fool at the other." There have been more jokes made about fishermen than any other class of sportsmen. Everybody knows the old "chestnut," that came out in "Punch" many years ago, of the lunatic looking over the asylum wall at a man fishing in the river just outside and advising him to come inside because he had been sitting out there fishing steadily for five hours and had not

even had a bite! And yet how far a fisherman really is from being either a fool or a lunatic. It is the other way about, the man who stays in town when he could be out in the country fishing, at peace with himself and the world, and getting fresh air and exercise, who goes instead to moving picture shows, or plays cards in stuffy rooms. This is the man who is the lunatic; he is not only wasting his time, but ruining his health; whereas the fisherman is improved both morally and physically by his outing, even if he returns with an empty basket and nothing but long yarns of the wonderful fish he "just missed catching through bad luck," stories which nobody believes, but which do no harm and the teller derives great pleasure in the telling.

British Columbia has long been famous for its variety of sport. As for fishing, even if it can be equalled, it certainly cannot be beaten in any other part of the world and yet, with the exception of a few streams and lakes that are easy of access, most of its waters have been almost untouched by disciples of Isaac Walton. Our Province has an area some 700 miles long by 400 miles wide, and the whole of this area is divided by a network of rivers, streams and lakes in which are sporting fish of some kind, either salmon, trout or grayling, and in addition, pike in some of the northern lakes, bass in a few places in the south. In many of the more isolated waters the fish are so numerous and uneducated that they will rise at anything thrown at them and there is little sport in catching them. But in any waters that are easy of access they have become so educated that the man or woman who wishes to return with a well-filled creel must not only go out properly equipped, but must be more or less expert in the 'gentle art.'

If one goes on a holiday to a stream anywhere near a town you will see fishermen, and women too, by the score, and if you make it your business to watch them, whereby you will derive much pleasure, a great deal of amusement and sometimes some knowledge, you will discover that only about one out of ten has sufficient knowledge and is properly equipped to catch anything except small trout with worms or salmon eggs, sometimes even with a small spinner. One spring day I watched twenty-two men at the same time trying to fish the famous "Davidson's pool" in the Lillooet. Steelheads had been running well a short time previously, but that day the water had fallen so low as to be almost hopeless, so low you could see the bottom except in the very deepest part of the pool. And yet these twenty-two stayed there steadily fishing, some with minnows, others with prawns and baits of every conceivable sort. They were so crowded they could hardly cast on a pool just a nice size for two men to fish. You could, by standing upon the high bank, see most of the baits in the water, and you could also see that any fish that might have been there had long since been driven