

TROUT AND SALMON FISHING IN NOVA SCOTIA

by Silver Grey

Murray Anderson passed this along to us from a magazine circa 1921.

WHOA boy! Here we are, Mr. Brown; this is the Caledonia Hotel, that is Mr. Cameron, the proprietor, standing by the door."

"Ah! thank you, Driver; here's your fee; hand me out my grip; I have the rods."

"Thanks, good-bye!"

"Mr. Cameron, I understand you have good salmon and trout fishing near Sherbrooke. I left Montclair, New Jersey, three days ago for a trip and I wish to get a guide who can direct me to where I can enjoy the sport."

"Alright, sir, come in to the phone", - ting-a-ling- "Hallo central, give me Charley ... Hello that you Charley? Mr. Brown came by S.S. Dufferin just now; he wants someone to take him fishing" ... "Charley says he will come over to see you right away, Mr. Brown. Charley came over and met Mr. Brown at the hotel, and after a few minutes conversation, they took a trout rod out of the case, put it together and attached the reel. Then they walked about one hundred yards to a flat bottomed canoe by the east shore of St. Mary's River. Charley lifted in the anchor and Mr. Brown stepped into the middle of the canoe and sat down, and while Charley poled the canoe a short distance up Mr. Brown rove the line through the guides and attached the cast.

"Put on a Parmacheene Belle, Mr. Brown," suggested Charlie. After making several casts a small trout that must have been already fished over, rose to a brown fly floating on the water close by.

"See that Charley," said Mr. Brown, "I must put on a brown fly. My friends joke me about fishing with a Brown Heckle on one end of the line and Heck L. Brown on the other."

"Well," said Charley, "We have the counterpart of that saying here. Dr. Silver, of Halifax, frequently fishes salmon here, and Doctor Silver on one end of the line and a Silver Doctor on the other, are quite a salmon killing combination. But before you change flies, cast further off and let your fly swing, crossing down the current, so it will pass about six feet down stream below where that little trout jumped. He is only about ten inches long and hardly worth catching, but he is the pilot to a larger one. There, that's enough line; let it swing with the current, down a little, there --zip, splash, that's no small one; he's a crackerjack of a trout. See how the rod springs. Where is the landing net? Oh! bother! we left it at the hotel. You sit down, I'll get the anchor up and paddle ashore perhaps you can land him on the gravel. If you had on three flies, like I have seen some people fish with, you would likely hook another trout and lose your cast."

Handling the trout slow and easy we get that trout into the canoe and he measured 19 inches long and weighed 2 lb. 12 oz. "he's a beauty, Charley, ain't he?" "Yes he's alright, but his mate is waiting for you in the same place." "How do you know that?" "I know it by the little trout; he is still jumping in that shoal water and afraid to drop down stream to the deeper place where the big trout may get under him and end his days. I'll steady the canoe so you can cast over the same spot."

After two or three casts, zip, zs, zs, again and again the rod doubled and sprung to the furious attempts the trout made to escape. A ten and half split bamboo rod, well handled, proved too much for trout generalship and soon they both lay in beauty, side by side, nearly of the same size, and of the same beauty.

"Do you want to get the little one now? He has shifted further down and in."

"No, he has shown us where the big ones were. We'll go to the hotel now and after supper we will try for a salmon."

"Alright, I think I had better take the canoe up stream now, so as not to frighten the salmon just before fishing for them."

After taking the canoe up stream about four hundred yards they then went to the hotel and put the two trout in the ice house. After supper they assembled a fourteen foot rod, and not forgetting the gaff, walked up the shore to the canoe, and paddling out into the river within casting reach of two places frequently occupied by salmon, anchored, and after putting on a Silver Doctor and casting with a short line above the nearest place and gradually lengthening the line, tried both places several times without any sign of salmon. After trying Jock Scott, Durham Ranger and Dusty Miller over all the stream within reach, they concluded to move further down stream, when after the line was reeled in and the anchor about to be lifted they heard and saw the splash of a salmon about forty feet down stream from where they were.

"I must have fished over him Charley," observed Mr. Brown. " Yes, you did: perhaps you had better try a Sliver Grey and I will fold a small piece of sheet lead on the line just above the cast. This current seems to keep the fly too near the surface."

After changing the fly and putting on the lead, it required several cast to get the feel of the weighted line, so as to ensure casting near enough to the salmon without frightening it. Then by casting about ten feet to the right of where the salmon splashed and allowing it to sweep across the stream and drawing slowly up, the line came taut.

"I'm fast on bottom, Charley." "Oh, that's too bad; try to get your line in without disturbing the salmon; reel in tight, but keep the tip of your rod well up in the air."

After reeling in tight the line began to come in until some ten or fifteen feet of line had been reeled in. The line suddenly slacked, then tightened again and out of the water, near a length of himself, came a magnificent salmon. Tsz, zs, zs, went the reel.

"That's no bottom, Mr. Brown; keep the tip of your rod up; if you once let it down he'll break your cast; if he comes out of water again slack your line quick, for if he hits the line with his tail when he goes end over end, he is sure to break himself clear if you hold any stain on the line," -- tsz, sz, sz.

"Oh! aint he powerful!" Tsz,sz,sz. "Charley, he's going down stream and taking all my line, I can't hold him, what will I do?"

"Don't worry, I'll get the anchor up and we'll chase him. There, I've got the anchor; reel in when you can, if the line slacks faster than you can reel in, sing out to me, so I can back the canoe away" -- Zip -- splash. tsz, sz.

Oh my aint he a beauty; my fingers are getting tired, my left arm is numb, how long is this going to last?"

"Not long now, see his tail is partly out, he is sculling now to keep down;I'll work the canoe into shoal water where I can gaff him. Watch out for his final flurry!" Zip, zip, tsz. "There now, reel in, keep him coming, bring your rod around behind me, there, "thud, flop, flop. "I've got him, I've got my knife open, I'll stick the point in his brain." Flip, flop. "There he's dead. Here's your fly; he was hooked in the tongue. There are several other places down stream you can fish now."

No thanks, I've had all I want for today. We'll go to the hotel now. I'd like my friends in Montclair to see him, tonight, at the Club."

"Well, you can get ice at the hotel and express him tonight; he'll reach your home alright."

They weighed him at the hotel and found he weighed nineteen and a quarter pounds, and two hours after he was landed he was boxed in ice with the two trout and on his way to New Jersey.