

CLEVELAND MAN WRITES OF A FISHING TRIP TO THE SOUTHWEST MIRAMICHI

(By V. B. Gray, in Cleveland Plain Dealer)

What'll I do with this new straw hat? It's a cinch it won't be fit to wear after we reach Boiestown, 50 miles down this river, two weeks from now, unless we can put it some place where the weather can't get at it."

"Put it in the grub box, and it will keep," remarked W. T. (Wild Bill) Griffin. He was wrong, for that new lid sure was a sight when our canoe journey down the southwest branch of the Miramichi was ended.

And so our last spring's salmon trip on this famous river in New Brunswick was begun.

With Capt. William Fowle, Canadian National Railways photographer I had arrived at Half Moon Bridge on the Miramichi from Ogilvy Bros. Gulluac Lodge on the Tobique River, N. B., a half hour before. We had expected to find a station where we could change from city duds to woods clothes. But Half Moon proved to be just a bridge. Griffin, president of the New Brunswick Guides' Association, and our outfitter, met us when we climbed from the train onto the eiders. He led us down the hill to the flotilla of canoes and guides. There were Elby Hunter, Fowle's guide for the camera canoe and Ed McAloon, in charge of the grub and duffle craft, Griffin was my guide and counselor.

After a consultation, Griffin took us up a path to a little 2 by 4 cabin where we changed clothes. Rods were rigged tackle dug out of duffle bags, and we swung into the swift current. Each guide stood in the stern of the canoe maneuvering the craft in the white water by means of a long pole. The Miramichi flower between high banks with rapids succeeding rapids, ideal for salmon. I looked at my watch. It was 10.30. The morning was bright with a gentle breeze nodding the spruce lining the shore. It was July 20, and Friday, but we figured that a good omen.

Near noon as we came to a bend Griffin advised that I use the light fly rod at the mouth of a brook I could see flowing from between low hung bushes. "That's Otter Brook and we'll get enough speckled trout there for our lunch." So I tied on a No. 10 March brown. Griffin slowly edged the canoe to within casting distance and just below the brook mouth, where the cold spring water flowed along side the river bank. The trout gather at such spots to get food washed down the brook and to be in the cooler water from the smaller stream.

Sport With Brook Trout

As Griffin held the canoe steady I cast toward the brook mouth, the tiny fly landing beside a large rock. As it sank I drew it slowly across current when it reached the pocket water below the rock there was a quick tug and I set the hook. The trout was a half pounder and he cavorted about the pool for several minutes before I drew him into the little net Griffin was holding. We had a lot of fun with those speckled beauties, netting a dozen of which several weighed over a pound, before we had enough for the noon meal. The fly rod I was using weighed only two and three quarters ounces, so the fish had little strain placed on them and fought hard.

As we rounded a bend a few miles below Otter Brook we heard the roar of white water and soon came in sight of a rock formation between the jagged lips of which the river angrily sluiced. The canoes drew in to the left and we landed on the rocks. Soon a fire filled the air with its pungent odor of burning wood and in no time the trout were sizzling in butter in the pan. Lunch, a smoke, a story or two of experiences in the open and we again were on our way.

"Just below here is McKel pool, one of the best on the upper river, and we ought to get a salmon or two for dinner tonight at Moose Call Inn," opined Griffin. The words casually spoken hastened pulse beats in anticipation of battles to come with the lords of the Miramichi.

The pool hugs the right bank and really is a series of three pools separated by rocks rising above the surface. I had tied a No. 6 dusty miller single hook fly to the nine-foot leader before we started down after lunch. The upper pool was cast thoroughly

but the only strike resulting was from a good sized trout, which was released. Then we dropped to the middle pool. Here the water swirls over the rocks and turns somewhat toward the center of the river where the pool is edged with large rocks. I cast across the pool, drawing the fly in short, jerky motions by lifts of the rod tip, across and toward the canoe. This was repeated several times.

Salmon Hits Hard

As the submerged fly was crossing the center and deepest part of the pool bing! came a vicious strike. Griffin slowly poled the canoe up stream until the head of the pool was reached, while I played the fish back and forth, up and down.

"Camera! Here he comes!" And with the words the salmon burst from the water, turned completely over and landed splashing. Instantly he darted down stream and over the rocks just below the surface into the lower pool. "I'll follow him" exclaimed Griffin, "because he'll cut your line on the rocks if you play him from here."

I looked around and saw Fowle on the bank half crouching, as he watched the action through the camera finder. "Got that jump all right" he called. Things were breaking fine for the first day.

"He's a pretty good sized grilse" remarked Griffin "and will be enough for dinner tonight for us all."

The grilse began to tire and soon Griffin was able to reach far out with the large net, while he held the canoe with the pole, and bring the fish over the side. As the grilse lay flapping in the bottom of the canoe, his red spotted, vari-colored sides gleaming in the sun, his beauty brought a thrill that only a salmon angler can know.

We floated down stream around a couple of bends, and came to a stretch where the water hissed between big rocks scattered from bank to bank. To one side were two connected pools. "Those are Peter pools" said Griffin "but I guess we better move along and reach Moose Call in time for an early supper. We can come up here later today, perhaps."

A few more miles, while we lolled comfortably on the seat in the bow, and the river began to flow between high hills. The sun was over the brow of the highest and the dark spruce lanes between which we floated tinged the light with green. A deer feeding on the river brink looked up startled then turned and waved us goodbye with his white flag as he disappeared in the forest. The shrilling of a kingfisher warned all forest denizens that we were coming. The gaudy blue and black gray bird kept ahead of us for a mile or so, all the time sounding his warning.

"There's Moose Call" said Griffin, as he pointed ahead toward the right bank. We saw a group of old log cabins, the roofs covered with handsplit shingles. Smoke was curling lazily from the cook's fire in the farthest one. The canoes drew in to the bank and we ascended the path. Fowle and I sat on a long bench in front of the cook shanty and just relaxed. It was still, the stillness one experiences only in the woods. The guides unloaded the canoes and took our duffle to the bunk house. Then they joined us for a smoke. Nobody seemed to want to talk.

Fowle was the first to move. He casually wandered toward the bunk house and went inside. In a minute or so I heard a kind of "pop" like a cork being pulled. The slight noise seemed to have reached the ears of all of us. I looked at Griffin, then at the guides. All were looking at me, it seemed with interest. I jerked my head toward the bunk house and got up. All did the same. Without a word the procession moved toward the latch string hanging outside of bunk house door. I pulled it. The door opened. The procession filed inside. The door closed.

This is the housecleaning interlude in the domestic year, when the weary husband hangs his hat on the bridge lamp and sits down heavily in the goldfish bowl.

Well, how many outstanding prejudices are you beginning the week with, if any?

LADY HOBOES NEVER TAKE TO THE ROAD

Despite all the yarns that have grown into tradition and legend on the road, I have yet to meet one of these lady hoboos.

This does not mean, however that I have never met up with women beating their ways on trains. I have. But they were not hoboos. They were girls who wished to visit a certain city and, not having the money to make it possible for them to ride the cushions, did the next best thing.

None of them were on the road for the same reason I was on it—adventure, travel or incurable wanderlust.

There may be lady hoboos, but I have never known or met or even seen one. But there are lady vagabonds—legions!

The difference as I have been taught to define the two terms, is this. A hobo is an individual who will work—despite all who may hear to the contrary—but he will not take steady employment. His wanderlust will not permit it.

He is an individual who rather than remain in one place and take steady employment to earn the money that may or may not make it possible for him to travel in comfort, will deliberately become a social and municipal outcast and legitimate prey for the police to beat, pinch and frame for any crime they are too stupid to solve.

He deliberately chooses a life of hardship, privation, poverty and ostracism; because without the money to pay his way, he must beat it, and beating his way on the railroads he becomes, in the eyes of the law a minor criminal, and is treated as such by municipal authorities and citizens alike. In short, his life as a hobo is everything that a life shouldn't be. This, in itself, is argument enough against any women ever becoming a chronic hobo.

A vagabond is an individual who takes life even less seriously than a hobo; one who, if he (and always she) can possibly avoid it, will never perform manual labor, living by his (or her) wits rather than by work. Some may have certain principles, morals and scruples, some may not—one of them will work hard. That is a vagabond as I define the term—and these ladies I write of were vagabonds.

Some of these feminine vagabonds, like Helen, won back to a more satisfactory mode of existence, others, like the girl I saw in Singapore, seeped down into the lowest depths of humanity's cesspool, eventually to slip through a little hole in the "strainer" into that black oblivion which we all will know some day. None of them were hoboos—all of them were vagabonds.

Any women can be a vagabond; few, is any, will willingly become a hobo. Show me a "lady hobo" and I'll show you an angular-bodied, flint-eyed, masculine-minded travesty upon her sex.

The Office Crab's reaction to the red and green hat craze among the young roosters is as follows: "For Pete's sake, keep on going bareheaded!"

Someone asked Willy what it was that occurred to Newton when the apple fell on his head and Willy said he was probably pleased it wasn't grapefruit.

The "Flu" Left Her With A Wretched Cough

Mrs. E. A. Brooks, 1164 Robson St., Vancouver, B.C., writes:—"Last winter I had the flu twice, and the last time it left me with a wretched cough that seemed to stay right with me until I used

**Dr. Wood's
Norway
Pine
Syrup**



"The first bottle I used seemed to relieve it so much I purchased the second one, and now, I find my cough has completely left me."

"I shall certainly never be without a bottle of Dr. Wood's Pine Syrup in the house."

Price 35c. a bottle; large family size 60c. at all druggists and dealers.

Put up only by The T. Milburn Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

THE LUXURY TRAIN TO THE WEST

CONTINENTAL LIMITED

For a journey replete with scenic gems made the more enjoyable by luxurious appointments and thoughtful service, take this famous train to:

Winnipeg Edmonton
Jasper National Park
Prince Rupert Vancouver
or en route to California

Leaves Montreal (Bonaventure Station) daily at 10.15 p.m. (Eastern Standard Time)

Equipment includes standard and tourist sleeping cars, compartment observation library buffet car (radio equipped), dining car, coaches and colonist car.

"For information as to fares, etc. reservations, etc., apply to:"

F. B. EDGECOMBE,
City Ticket Agent,
Ticket Agent, Station."

CANADIAN NATIONAL
The Largest Railway System in America

C.N.R.—1022
28

"Gimme the Complaint Operator!"

I asked for "Spring
One nine two nine"
And got a chill
All down my spine.

I shook the hook
And loudly bawled,
"This ain't the par-
Ty that I called."

Then April used
This ancient wheeze,
"Oh, my mistake—
EXCUSE IT PLEASE!"

MARSHMALLOW FROSTING

1½ cups sugar
1-3 cup water
3 tablespoons corn syrup
1 egg white
¼ pound marshmallows
1 tablespoon boiling water
¼ teaspoon vanilla
Boil sugar, water and corn syrup together to 238 degrees F. Pour over beaten egg white and beat until slightly thickened. While the syrup is boiling cut the marshmallows to quarters and set them in a bowl

NOTICE OF SALE

To the heirs, devisees and legatees of William R. Logan, late of the City of Fredericton in the County of York and Province of New Brunswick, Caretaker, deceased, and to all others whom it may in any wise concern,—

NOTICE is hereby given that by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in an Indenture of Leasehold Mortgage bearing date the twenty-eighth day of June, A. D. 1905, and registered in York County Records in Book Y-5, pages 27-31, the twenty-ninth day of June, A. D. 1906, and made between the said William R. Logan, of the one part, and John M. S. McIntosh, of the Parish of Kingsclear, in the County of York, aforesaid, Farmer, of the other part, there will, for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured by the said Mortgage, default having been made in the payment thereof, and in pursuance of the said Power of Sale, be sold at public auction in front of the Post Office, in the City of Fredericton in the County of York aforesaid, on Saturday, the eighteenth day of May next, at twelve o'clock noon, that certain leasehold property mentioned and described in the Lease from Harriet S. McIntosh to the said William R. Logan, bearing date the said twenty-eighth day of June, A. D. 1905, and described in the said lease as follows:

"All that certain piece or parcel of lot of land situate, lying and being in the City of Fredericton aforesaid, and abutting and bounded as follows,—Beginning on the Southwesterly side of 'King Street, in the City of Fredericton' in the most Northerly angle of lot numbered ninety-one (91) in Block Six, thence 'running along the said Street Southwesterly twenty-nine feet, thence Southwesterly parallel to the lower side line of said lot eighty feet, thence Northwest 'parallel to King Street two feet ten inches, thence Southwest parallel to the upper side line of said lot ninety-one (91) feet to the rear of said lot, thence 'Northwesterly parallel to King Street 'twenty-six feet two inches to the upper side line of said lot and thence along the same Northeasterly to the place of beginning; (but no fence nor building of any description whatever to be erected within fifteen feet of the dwelling house now owned by the said Lessor, and formerly occupied by the late 'Amelia C. Beckwith on the lower part of said lot). The said width of fifteen feet extending back from King Street 'eighty feet to be reserved and used as an Alley in common by the occupiers of the lower part of the said lot and the said William R. Logan, his Heirs, 'Executors, Administrators or Assigns."

Together with all buildings and improvements thereon and the rights and appurtenances thereto belonging or appertaining.

Dated this tenth day of April, A. D. 1929.

(Sgd.) JOHN M. S. MCINTOSH, Mortgagee.

over the boiling tea kettle. When soft add one tablespoon boiling water and stir together. Add this marshmallow mixture to the frosting at the thickened point and continue to beat until the mixture is almost cold and has no sign of stringiness. Add the vanilla just before the beating is finished.

Hi Slocum says that he notices that Perry Gulliver is doing his long distance training this spring by automobile.

JOB PRINTING

All Work Guaranteed Finest Quality and
Artistic Workmanship
The Largest Plant in the City

We Aim To Satisfy The Most
Exacting Customer

LETTER HEADS
PROGRAMMES ENVELOPES CIRCULARS
BILL HEADS WEDDING INVITATIONS
REPORTS POSTERS CARDS BOOKS
BUTTER WRAPPERS HONEY LABELS
LEGAL FORMS AUCTION SALE HANGERS
and all other JOB PRINTING WORK

Come in and see our samples of any of the above
Orders by Mail Promptly Attended to

No Job too large or too small to receive our
immediate attention

Mail Printing Co.
FREDERICTON, N. B.