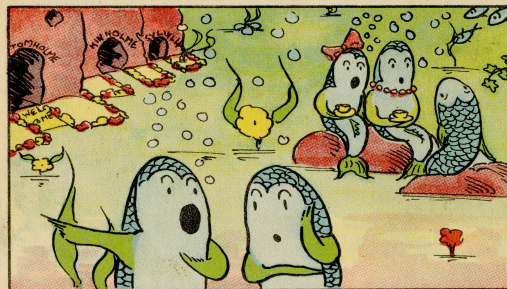


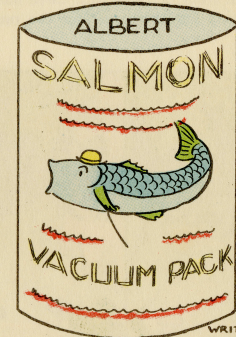
back (actually she was an hour and three-quarters late), and Tom was a one-girl fish.

After many days of travelling they began to draw near to their home, and then one day, as they rounded a bend in the stream, there it was—HOME—just as they had left it. They found in the pool a lot of their friends who had been to sea as well, and they all vied with each other telling stories of their adventures.

Now we must take leave of our friends, Minna, Sylva and Tom. Happy to be home, they settled down to raise families of little Salmon, who in their turn would take the long journey to the sea and have adventures just as exciting as did their parents.



And so comes to an end
A fish story for children.
Of fish stories, told by
Their elders, there are
Indeed enough already.



WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED
BY PETER HUGH PAGE.

CLOVER LEAF brand Salmon is taken from the deep, cold waters off the Coast of British Columbia. Fast motor boats rush the freshly caught fish to the canneries, (which are always close to the fishing grounds) where they are canned immediately.

CLOVER LEAF canned salmon retains even more of the delightful salmon flavor than if it were fried or baked in an open pan.

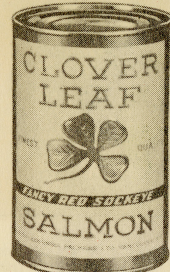
Salmon is very rich in the sunshine vitamin "D" as well as other valuable food factors; it has plenty of Mother Ocean's own iodine, too, which doctors say is needed in many districts where goitre is likely to be prevalent.

Canned salmon is one of the handiest, and most healthful foods on the pantry shelf—and CLOVER LEAF canned salmon, the best of all.

The World's Finest Canned
Salmon is Packed by
British Columbia Packers Ltd.
and Labelled
"CLOVER LEAF Brand"

LITHO'D IN CANADA

Clover Leaf canned salmon, caught in the cold waters of the North Pacific and canned immediately near the fishing grounds, has earned the reputation "the world's finest salmon."



CLOVER LEAF
SOCKEYE

The world's finest salmon, having the best flavour of any species; of a rich red color and rich in natural oil.



CLOVER LEAF
PILCHARDS
A new member of the Clover Leaf family: a sardine delicacy. Good recipes will be found on the Clover Leaf label.

CLOVER LEAF PINKS
A flesh-colored salmon with a fine delicate flavour. The very finest are selected for the Clover Leaf label.

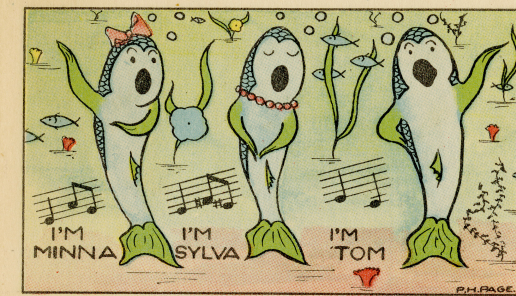
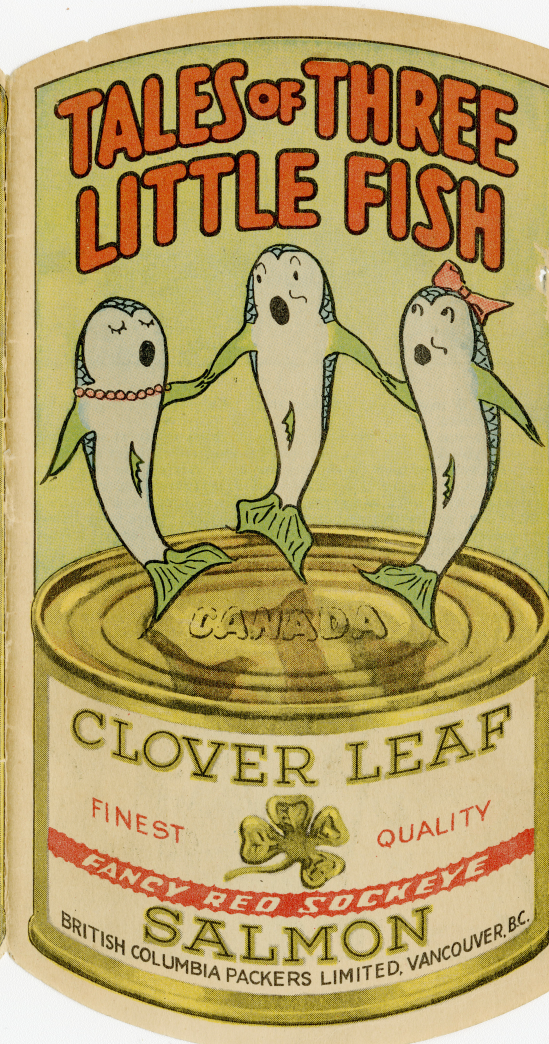


CLOVER LEAF
COHOE

A red-colored fish, but not as deep a red as Sockeye. A very economical salmon, suitable for all uses.



CLOVER LEAF
SALMON

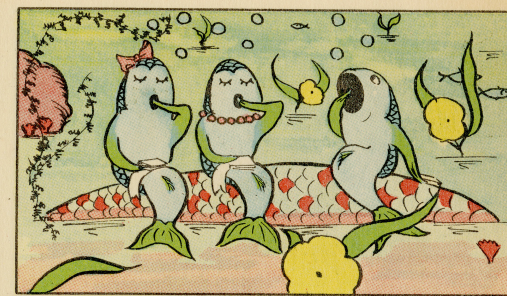
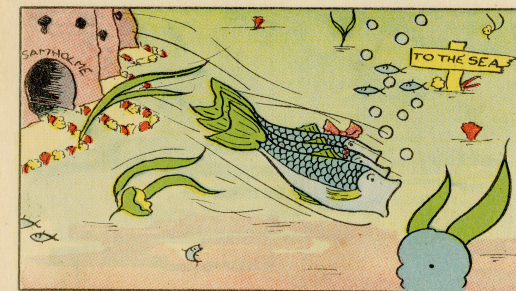


SOME years ago, in the headwaters of a British Columbia river, lived three little fish, named Minna and Sylva Sockeye, and Tom Cohoe, their cousin.

Now these three little fish felt very adventurous, and wanted to see the sea, of which they had heard so many times; but if they had known of the many dangers that they were likely to encounter, I doubt if they would have been so eager to go.

One day, when the water above was a clear green, they packed all their belongings, and commenced their long journey down the river to the sea.

After they had been travelling for 3 hours, 59¾ minutes, they felt hungry; so they sat down on a smooth, speckled stone on the bed of the river, and started to eat their dinner — minnow sandwiches. Suddenly the stone on which they were sitting gave a tremendous heave and they were thrown in all directions. With beating hearts



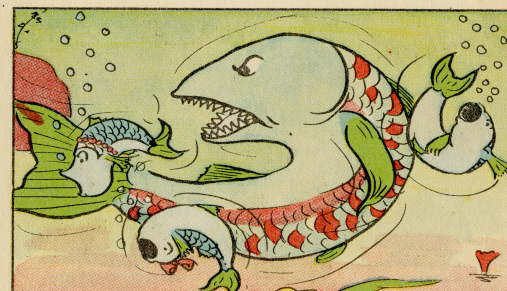
they peeped out from the stone behind which they had taken refuge, to see what it was that had so rudely interrupted their lunch. They saw a vicious-looking fish with big eyes and a mouthful of wicked teeth. They had mistaken his speckled back for a stone, and he was very angry about it.

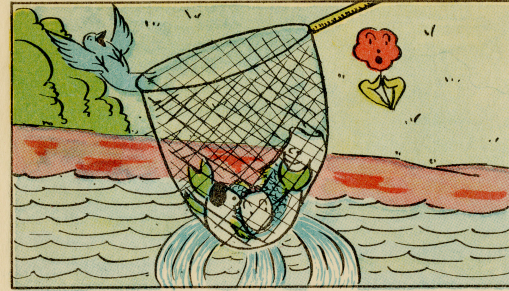
"That," said Minna, "must be a Trout, Salmon Enemy No. 1, that I've heard about."

Tom wanted to go and fight. "Hold me back!" he shouted, but as nobody did, he subsided.

Finally the Trout swam away, and they cautiously resumed their journey.

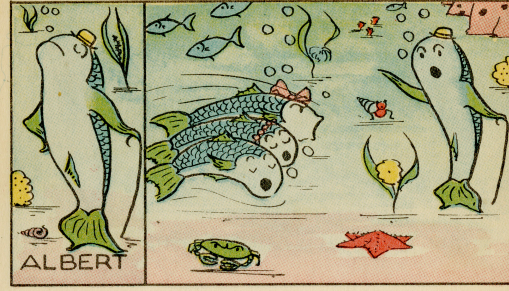
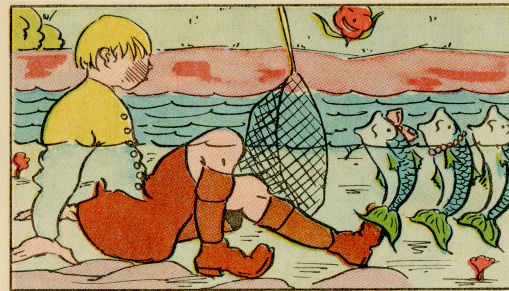
For some days nothing much happened, although of course they always had to keep a sharp lookout. One day, however, they had travelled an unusually long distance without a stop, and Minna's and Sylva's tail fins were tired. They stopped to rest, and soon fell comfortably





asleep. Suddenly they found themselves lifted high out of the water into an atmosphere where it was hard to breathe, and surrounded by a net. They knew it was a net because they had been warned about nets. Luckily the boy who had caught them, and who was planning to take them home in a bottle, slipped on a rock and sat down in the water right up to his fifth waistcoat button, and dropped them back. Tom should really have known better, for Cohoes are not often caught in nets.

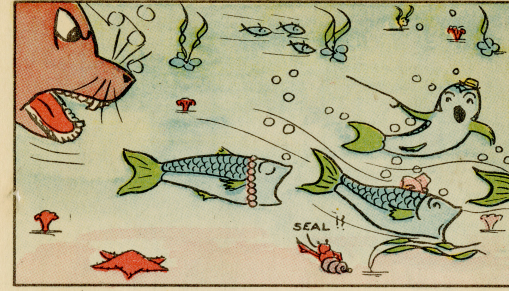
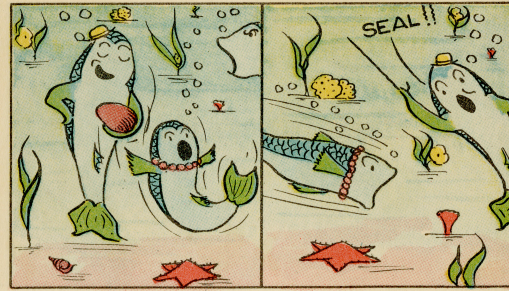
After they had been swimming for many days they saw the sea. They knew it was the sea because it tasted salty. With whoops of joy they started to explore it. Never in their lives had they seen so much food, food that was rich in calcium, phosphorus and iodine, food which simply exuded Vitamins from A to G. They ate heartily, for young Salmon, just like young children, need these things to make them healthy and strong.



Minna, Sylva and Tom were very happy, but it was not to last, for who should they see coming towards them but their second cousin twice removed, Albert. Sylva had always maintained that he ought to be permanently removed. He was a pest, a practical joker, always pulling stones from under one just as one was going to sit down.

Albert recognized them and swam over. He put on a lot of airs, just because he had been to sea for a year. He insulted them and frightened Sylva by shouting "Look out, there's a Seal just over you!" when there wasn't. Albert kept repeating the Seal joke until Sylva was bored stiff, and took no more notice.

Next time she heard Albert cry "Seal!" she took no notice, and it was only by luck that she happened to glance over her shoulder and see the Seal. To her horror, the great ugly thing was almost upon her! Like a flash, Sylva dived for a rock ledge, under which Minna, Tom and Albert were already hiding. Albert hadn't even the grace to

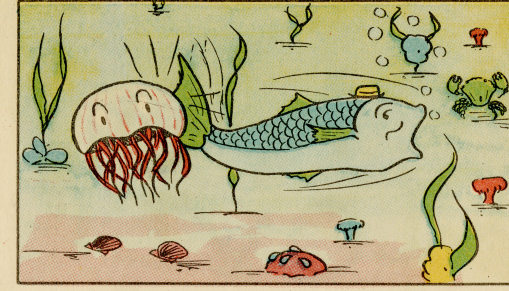
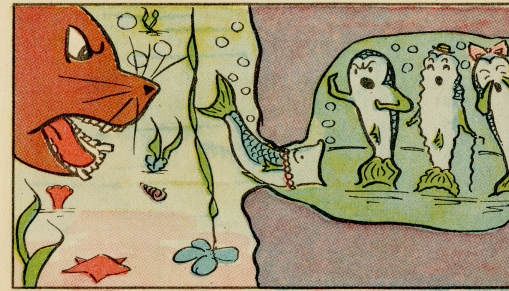


apologize, in fact he was standing there paralyzed with fright, with his eyes closed.

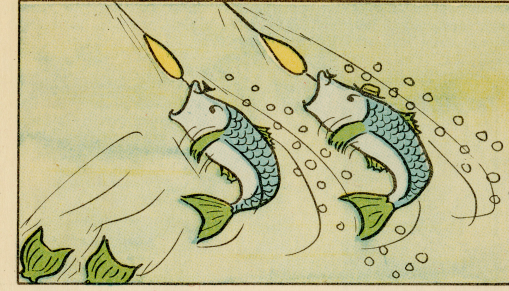
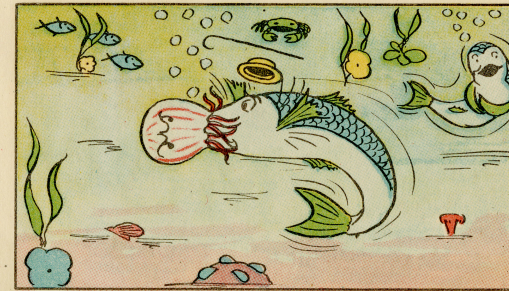
Albert was a very annoying person to have to travel with, but Minna, Sylva and Tom were very well-behaved fish with nice manners, and as Albert was their cousin they put up with him. The time went by pleasantly enough and our little band of fish grew and grew. Their stay at sea lengthened to months, the months to a year, and after they had been to sea for two years they began to feel a desire to go home, but before telling you of the awful thing that was to happen I must tell you the story of Albert and the Jellyfish.

Albert, as you have possibly gathered, was a bully. He used to think it a lot of fun to poke shell fish when they weren't looking, but the time Albert poked the Jellyfish, it nearly cured him.

One morning Albert saw a Jellyfish floating by, a very pretty Jellyfish, all red and blue, and it was asleep. Albert swam past and as he

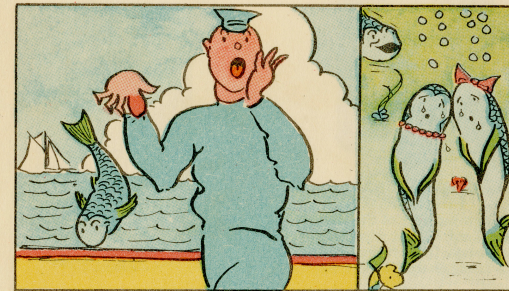


went by he flicked it with his tail. The poor Jellyfish woke with a start and Albert, who was very rude, stuck his tongue out at it. The Jellyfish did nothing. Albert swam by and flicked it with his tail again. Still the Jellyfish did nothing. Albert, feeling bolder, put his nose right up to the Jellyfish and said "Boo." Suddenly the Jellyfish went into action. He grabbed Albert by the nose and stung him. Now, when a Jellyfish stings you it feels like falling into a bed of nettles. Albert screamed and tried to back away. But the Jellyfish hung on and stung him some more. Albert leaped this way and that but couldn't shake off the Jellyfish. Finally the Jellyfish let go, and still saying nothing, drifted away. Albert's nose began to swell and swell, and looked so funny that Minna, Sylva and Tom burst out laughing. Poor Albert, it was weeks before his nose got back to normal, but it taught him a lesson.



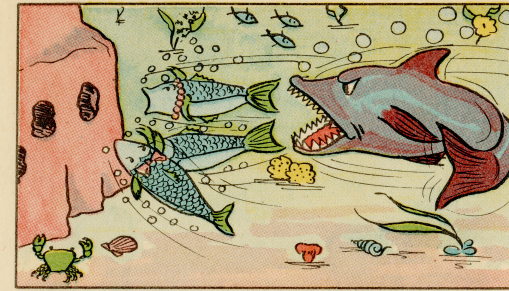
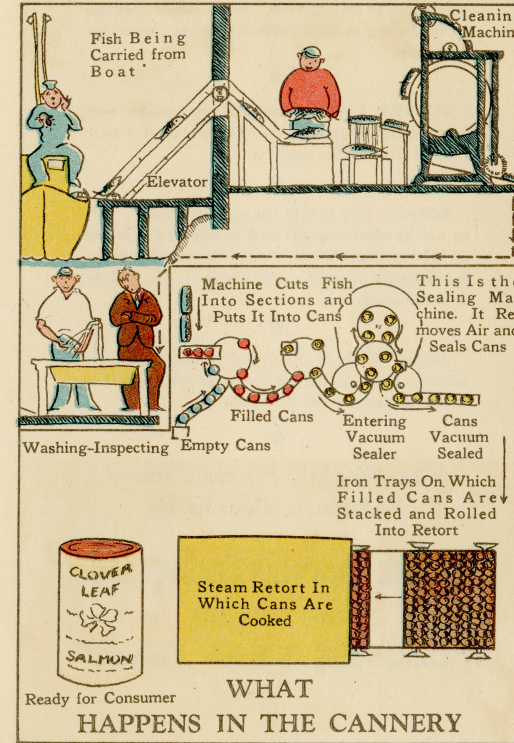
It is now that we must speak softly, for tragedy hovers over our little band of fish. It was noon of a pleasant day, and our little fishes swam lazily along, taking no heed of time nor place. Suddenly two bright shapes passed them. Thoughtlessly, and from habit, Tom and Albert darted after them, with mouths wide open, and swallowed the bright shapes. There were a couple of jerks, and right in front of the horrified eyes of Minna and Sylva, Tom and Albert started to go up, up and up—pulled by the dreadful shiny things. Woe, oh Woe! Caught by a passing fisherman! Quickly the fisherman hauled them on board; carefully he took the hook from Albert's mouth and threw him into the hold onto a pile of other Salmon.

He then took the hook from Tom's mouth, but Tom was too quick, for when he saw a finger in front of him he bit it. "Ouch!" said the fisherman. Flip-flop, went Tom onto the deck and over the side, and hurriedly swam down to his cousins, who were weeping on each other's shoulders in sorrow.



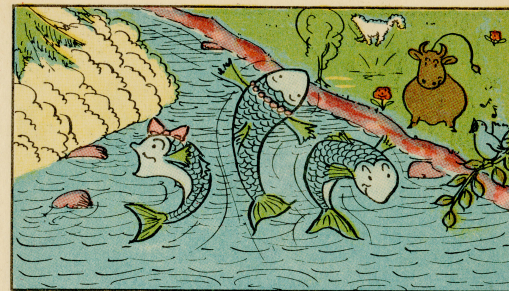
When they saw Tom they went on weeping, but for joy. They were all very sorry for Albert, and Tom lost his appetite for days.

After Albert had been caught the fisherman made for home. He had made a good haul, so he speeded up his engine and set the wheel for the cannery. When Albert got to the cannery he— he— I can't, I can't—words fail me. (The diagrams and pictures will show you what happened to Albert.)



Now to get back to our trio, who were no longer little fish but were now full-grown Salmon. Soon after Tom's miraculous escape from death they decided that they had had enough of adventure and their thoughts turned homeward.

So with no further delay they commenced to retrace their steps. They had one really bad scare before reaching the river, and that was when they were chased by Cyrus the Shark. Luckily they saw Cyrus, and swam furiously away. Cyrus gave chase to catch up with them. Frantically they looked everywhere but couldn't see anywhere to hide. Cyrus was almost upon them and was just going to swallow them when a rock loomed up in front of them with three holes that looked as though they had been put there just for the purpose. Hurriedly



they darted into the holes and Cyrus, who couldn't stop himself, crashed into the rock so hard that he folded up like a concertina, and then swam away trying to look as though he had done it on purpose.

When our three travellers finally reached the mouth of the river they were so overjoyed that they couldn't restrain themselves and leapt right out of the water. Diving and leaping, they went up the river; up waterfalls, nearer and nearer home. It was a long journey and a tiring one, but they were so excited at the thought of going home that Tom even forgot to eat. Minna and Sylva so far forgot themselves as to make eyes at two very handsome young Salmon who also were on their way home. Tom didn't notice any of the other Salmon, for there was a girl at home who had promised to be there when he got

