

Complaints are being constantly heard that the fishery overseers are lax in the discharge of their duties, that illegal fishing is constantly being carried on. This may, to a certain extent, be the case, but those pessimists seem to forget that no man can be in more than one place at once, and that every citizen is in duty bound to assist in enforcing all our laws. If, when they find a party fishing at an illegal hour, instead of using it as a lever for an attack upon an overseer, they would notify the authorities what persons are breaking the law, such practices would quickly be put a stop to, and they would simply be discharging a duty they owe alike to themselves and neighbors.

But it is not alone as a field for hunting and fishing that we claim for the Province of Ontario a foremost place. It has within its borders, in its mountains and its valleys, its lakes and its rivers, scenes of rugged beauty and grandeur that are equalled by few and excelled by no other country. And in the abundance and variety of its flora and salubrity of climate, it takes second place with none.

Word painters may attempt to describe its beauties, or the artist with brush, pencil or camera to reproduce them on canvas or plate. All fall far short of nature. They are like portraits of the dead. Every feature and every line may be brought out as distinctly as the hand of the most skilled artist is capable of, not a detail wanting. But recall that same face lit up with the flush of life. Mark the glance of eye or smile on lip, listen for a single moment to the voice, and the failure of artistic skill to do justice to nature becomes at once apparent. This holds equally good in all branches of nature.

Take a photograph or a painting of a mountain side, a lake, or stretch of river, it may be perfect down to the smallest detail, one could not imagine anything lacking. But go into the wild woods, view the same scene lit up by