

and increased amenities for the people in our crowded cities, I shall have something to say on behalf of healthful recreation for our citizens, as I propose to preach to you to-day the gospel according to Isaac Walton. (Applause).

Introductory Remarks.

My subject is "Fish," a somewhat vague and ill-defined theme, but by no means so difficult and unpromising as the subject suggested to the late Lord Iddesleigh (better known perhaps as Sir Stafford Northcote, England's Chancellor of the Exchequer) who was invited to speak to a Devonshire audience, and was told that he might address them on "anything." He decided to speak to them on "Nothing," and gave a profound and delightful discourse on the scientific, mathematical and philosophical meaning of the term "Nothing."

A Grievance—Public Opinion Lacking.

And now I shall proceed, at once, to tell you of my grievance. It is this. We Canadians, as a people, show a singular lack of interest in the fish and fisheries of our country. We have anglers and fish enthusiasts, and a large body of fishermen, it is true, but I speak of the people generally, when I say that as head of the great Federal Fisheries Service of Canada under the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, I have constantly felt how the Department's work has been hampered, and discouragement has come from the lack of support and interest on the part of the public. One reads of exciting Parliamentary debates in Ottawa, on tariffs, navies, and endless other topics, but whole sessions often pass without mention of fish and fisheries, or any discussion on so vast and so important a subject. Perhaps, like the late James Anthony Froude, in whose mind fish excited no interest, because these slimy, scaly, cold-blooded creatures were repulsive to him, our legislators find the finny tribe unattractive, in contrast to Froude's genial friend, John Bright, who was never so happy as when he was casting a fly on some Scottish salmon river.

No Fish Stories.

I feel bound to confess that, on this occasion, I have no fish stories to tell you, and, if I had, I have brought with me no credentials of veracity so that you might be compelled to believe them. I am unlike that aged wanderer or pilgrim, told of in mediaeval times, who asserted that he had lived for several centuries owing to the use of an ointment, an "elixir vitae," which he smeared on his body. To prove his claim, he showed a tattered document or certificate from a Pope who died 300 years before, and thus established the truth of his story. I admit that the words of my eminent colleague on the International Fisheries Commission, President David Starr Jordan, are well founded when he tells us that "as fish lie on the bottom of the sea, and trout