



OUT-OF-DOORS IN NOVA SCOTIA

This little book will tell you something of the best of the many lakes and rivers with which Nova Scotia abounds. It tells of fine places to hunt, and of wonderful canoe trips and camping places. There are desolate lands where bears roam and slow running rivers where the beaver builds his dam. You may reach a forest of Arden in a buckboard. The Fortunata Isles are within sailing distance in a dory. And a voyage on the River Pictolus is open to anyone who can paddle a canoe.

NO date is too far ahead beginning to plan anything that has vari-colored flies in it, and tents, and the prospects of camp-fire smell.

There is something about a book of trout flies, even at the year's end, when all the brooks are flint—even at such a time, I say, there is something about those bits of gimp, and gut, and feathers, and steel, that prick up the red blood of any man—or of any woman, for that matter—who has ever flung one of those gaudy things into a swirl of dark water, and felt the swift, savage tug on the line and heard the music of the singing reel.

—Albert Bigelow Paine