

Therefore, lured by sunny memories of an earlier pilgrimage in which fishing had received less than its due share of attention, I found myself hankering for another glimpse of Canada's rushing rivers and gleaming lakes, which, with a million acres of untrodden forest, make it the finest playground in all the world. How long it will remain so, how long its moose and caribou will tempt the still-hunter over virgin snow, how long its salmon will bend the rods of privileged anglers on the Restigouche and Matapedia, or on some less exclusive waters of the Maritime Provinces, or its trout give sport in a thousand brooks and lakes, or its mighty tuna attract the more adventurous to the bays of Cape Breton and Nova Scotia, it would be futile to forecast. Yet it is as certain as anything in this guesswork future of ours that the sporting attractions of that glorious land will last the lifetime of those now in the cradle, and beyond the span allotted to a generation even a clairvoyant would not wish to see.

Apart, moreover, from the intrinsic value of such hunting grounds, they promised striking contrast from the scenes of last year's wanderings. The Lands of To-morrow may lack the picturesqueness of the Lands of Yesterday. The homes of a