

### Unsurpassed Game Fish of Canada.

Gentlemen, I am addressing, I am aware, a number of sportsmen and anglers who are interested in game fish. Apart from our vast commercial fisheries, we have in Canada the greatest game fishing waters in the world. Scotland has her Tay, Ireland her Shannon, England her Severn, and all these lovely and noble salmon rivers I know well, but none of them can compare for size or productiveness with the peerless Restigouche, the beautiful St. John River, and fifty other salmon rivers in Eastern Canada. (Applause). The Dominion too, is *par excellence*, the country of the black bass, that most pugnacious and sturdiest of game fish. Our black bass are found all the way from New Brunswick, through Quebec west to the extreme limits of Ontario, a linear stretch of over a thousand miles, and amongst game fishes what rival can be named to this splendid fish, unless it be the royal salmon himself. (Applause).

### Capture of Black Bass Described.

Who that has felt the tug of a small-mouth black bass at the end of his line would not swear that he had hooked a seven-pounder, although the fish might only be a one-pounder. You know well his arts and manœuvres, many of you gentlemen. He takes your fly so bravely, nay, so ferociously, that you must hold your rod firmly and play him skilfully. You strike, and he is securely hooked. Away he bounds, he sounds deep and seeks the jagged ridges of rock below to cut himself free from the hampering gut. He rushes zig-zag fashion and suddenly twists spirally, he leaps high, he shakes his head, but all his tricks fail to free him from the hook. Away he goes again more fiercely than before. It is a noble tug-of-war, but play him not too loosely or he will unhook himself; hold him not too tensely or he will rend your slender horse-hair cast. You reel him in as he slackens a little, and now he leaps again, and yet again, and yet again. When will he stop? Is he tired? No, he makes feints, but he never sulks, for every time he seems to flag he follows up by a rush that makes your reel sing shrilly; he leaps higher out of the water than before, and your slender tip bends like an inverted "U."

At last you land him, quivering, panting, yet full of life and of tireless activity. You, his captor, alone are tired; but you are glad. Your victim was worthy of your mettle; your victory is one to be proud of. Such is our Canadian black bass. (Loud Applause).

### Proposed Stocking of Western Waters.

Can this game fish be planted in our western waters, I am often asked. My own feeling is that you have, especially in the streams and rivers of the eastern foothills of the Rockies, some fine game fish.