



At Home with "King" and "Queen" Moose
By - E. L. Chicanot.

WE WANTED to visit the moose at home and observe the monarch of the Canadian woods in his native haunts. We had no desire to slaughter this splendid animal nor any aspirations to being photographed astride the stricken victim of nature's treachery, nor yet to bear home a magnificent spread of antlers to adorn our den and furnish us with a postprandial narrative for the remainder of our mortal existences. We are rather pleased to think now that we were actuated to this little excursion purely from a love of the open and the wild things existing in it, and our sole object was to observe the forest king in his kingdom and do him no harm. We had a fermenting idea that the moth-eaten specimens we had seen at the Zoo, shorn of all regal bearing, were mere travesties of this greatest of Canadian fauna and we greatly desired to see him yet a king, reigning supreme in the woodland, not heartbroken with the oppressive knowledge that his wild roaming was at an end. We sought advice and it was given in four words "Go to Nova Scotia".

Nova Scotia's Resources

We headed for the heart of the peninsula province and, incidentally, the reaching it was not uninteresting, but on the contrary full of charm and exhilaration. Nova Scotia has been so economically developed that its settled areas lie close to the shores of the peninsula. The fertile waters off the long coast line furnish the resources which go to constitute the province's leading industry, whilst running parallel to the shores lie undulating, fruitful valleys where many forms of agriculture have been profitably followed as far back as Canadian history goes.

The journey into this incomparable

woodland fastness is entertaining and enjoyable throughout, and though one can reach it from the coast in a single day every type and description of scenery is traversed from the serene and tranquil cultivated valleys overlooking the Bay of Fundy to the wild and primitive grandeur of the primeval forest. For the greater distance one travels in an atmosphere most redolent of mediaeval Europe, of such engaging tranquility and brooding calm that the automobilist unconsciously sighs for the more leisurely caravan or other means of tardy journeying that he might browse the longer on the exquisite scenery of the countryside in a manner it thoroughly justifies.

After crossing the Bay of Fundy from St. John to Digby, we left the sea behind, turning at right angles to the renowned Annapolis Valley and the historic country of Evangeline at Grand Pré, passing through a region of diminutive farms and comfortable orchards whilst the tang of salt in the air grew fainter and fainter. The countryside is romantically picturesque. The apple is predominant in orderly orchards on both sides of the road, prolific with laden branches borne to the ground. Apple trees even grow wild along the roadside and the wayfarer may pick his fill and be indebted to no man. The horse seems to be almost

yet ahead of history there. Teams of oxen, harnessed to wagon or stoneboat, are encountered all along the route and their leisurely gait and philosophic mien are more characteristic of the country and its people. The huge, lumbering animals fit harmoniously into the general scheme of the countryside and its peaceful life.

The further one penetrates, the thicker and denser becomes the forest growth and the fewer and more distantly separated are the settlements with cultivated lands about them. Impenetrable brush borders the roadside and one is into the Nova Scotia wilderness—a magnificent wilderness of untold acres of tall and stately spruce and fir, of graceful hemlock, sturdy oak and flaming maple. It is a wilderness of arboreal beauty, a monumental example of the wonders of creation, pulsating with the life of myriad wild creatures, destined to be a perpetual heritage to man and an eternal harbor to the lower created beings.

In the Moose Country

At Milford Lake we reached the first large body of water, which, too is the entrance to some of the continent's best moose country. Each year it is the haunt of countless hunters and nature lovers who go there from all distances and have been doing so year after year, never surfeited with the primitive grandeur of the region. It is the first of the Liverpool chain of lakes which, linked up by the Mersey river, reach through fifty superb bodies of water of varying expanse to the Atlantic ocean. Here we outfitted ourselves with canoe, tent, cooking apparatus, and grub, and placed ourselves unreservedly in the hands of a guide whose reputation for woodcraft is international



A Nova Scotia Ox-Team