

guide and we turned to see him pointing to the other side of the cove, several hundred yards away. The light was yet dim and for a while it was impossible to distinguish anything but the monotonous stretch of trees. Already the guide was moving the canoe in the direction he had pointed with long, powerful, but silent strokes. Then there was movement in the spot upon which our eyes were glued and as cautiously we approached closer the familiar proportions of the monarch of all Canadian animals revealed themselves.

### Moose in Full View

Clearer and clearer the bulk of the noble animal loomed up in its immensity as the canoe with imperceptible motion crept up. It was moving now along the denuded edge of the lake in our full view and apparently so unapprehensive that we got within fifty yards or so of him and could distinguish the huge swinging head, the ponderous ears, the tuft of hair hanging from the jowl. I have not been able to satisfy myself whether he saw us or not. Occasionally he would pause in his heavy

progress and turn his head towards the lake, his eyes apparently fixed upon the canoe. Instantly, with a deft turn of the wrist, the guide would bring the craft to an absolute standstill and the animal would continue his leisurely unruffled way.

"He go round to where I call" whispered the guide, as the beast was hidden for a moment by a clump of brush. It was exactly so. The bull, apparently not yet having attained his full strength and being consequently cautious and unaggressive, was making his way round to where he had been led to believe a cow waited, but he was not unduly advertising the fact and wished to avoid the risk of a combat with a more mature bull.

For fully twenty minutes we followed his progress along the shore. At any time within that period he offered himself a target for the merest tyro among marksmen. But I could not bring myself to regret that the hunting season was not yet open or that the most lethal weapon we had with us was a camera. That magnificent animal slaughtered could never have possessed the interest and attraction he compelled as he stood there most truly a king, looking over

the expanse of lake and woodland which was his kingdom. Disappointed and doubtless somewhat puzzled he returned to the woods.

"I'm satisfied" I said. "Me too," said my companion, and the guide smiled. The rays of the rising sun were now warm upon our blankets as we dipped in the paddles and plied our way back to camp and breakfast.

Virtually this was the end of our quest. We had seen the lordly moose in the heart of the Nova Scotia wilderness, that wilderness surpassingly rich in the possession of a dozen species of beautiful trees, that wilderness which annually sees the birth of countless wild things and gives them harborage. Only the man whose heart has been alienated from its natural bent and whose sense of proportion has been lost by a civilization defeating its own ends could term a wilderness this wonderland of lake and wood. For us it is an eternal memory to be long cherished and a solace to us when the meagre fruits of civilization are bitter to the taste and we must yet perforce deafen our ears to the clarion call of the open.

## The Motor Car Smoker

(From "Root and Branch", B.C. Forestry Service.)

**A** BIG FAT man in a motor car, thoughtlessly smoking a fat cigar,  
Tossed the butt, which was burning still, into the brush on a dry side-hill.  
On he rolled in his careless way, and left behind the devil to pay,  
Just a spark scarce worth the name, but look, the spark becomes a flame!  
A spark, a flame, a furious fire! Up the wind rose, higher and higher,  
Fanning the flames, which rose and roared. Up and away the wild sparks,  
soared! On through the forest it cut its path, seething, raging in its wrath.  
Firs that God took years to build, caught in its grip were scorched and  
killed. Feeding the greedy, hungry flame (Oh, the senseless, blundering shame.)  
On and on it gnawed its way, and came to where a homestead lay.  
The wretched settlers, faced with death from the Horror's scorching  
breath, Bravely struggled, gasped and fell. . . Death laughed loud in that  
raging Hell! On it swept and left behind wreck and ruin while  
the wind Muffled with its awful roar the screams that up to Heaven tore  
From a many a tortured beast that fled, mad with fear till it sank down dead.  
Where the forest glimmered green, now a charnel-house is seen;  
Blackened stumps on rocks and stones stand like monstrous half-charred  
bones. And this is all that's left today—just stumps and rocks, all black  
and grey. Ah, if that man could only know the loss he caused and the  
bitter woe, I wonder what the fool would feel—that big fat man in an  
automobile!