

[ANTICOSTI ISLAND]

Anticosti Island, 360 miles northeast of Quebec City, is as large as Prince Edward Island, which is a province, but it has only about three hundred year-round residents. They live in Swiss-chalet-style cottages and other wooden buildings dating back to the turn of the century. The island has the Jupiter River, one of the best salmon streams in the world; thirteen other rivers and eight lakes, also crowded with fish; the spectacular Vaureal Falls and vast forests of spruce and balsam. The woods are alive with Virginia whitetails, mule deer, elk, moose and beaver, and the open valleys are heavy with wild strawberries and raspberries. According to Rita Viau, a nun and resident nurse, its children "are the healthiest children I've seen, and they have the fewest complexes."

Until 1926 Anticosti was the private domain of Henri Menier, a French chocolate tycoon, who bought it in 1895 to entertain his friends. The people who came with it were restricted to Port-Menier, the village at the southwestern tip, and were required, under pain of expulsion, to doff their caps when M. Menier went by. In 1926 M. Menier's surviving brother, Gaston, sold the island to a group of paper companies which continued the system of benevolent control. A few years ago the Quebec government bought it from Consolidated Bathurst Ltd. and made it into a provincial park. Although visitors still fish for salmon and trout and hunt deer, they now stay in lodges with four bedrooms, a dining room with fireplace and a bathroom. Reservations are essential, and it is expensive.

[NOVA SCOTIA]

The gulf and the Atlantic meet at Cabot Strait, and Nova Scotia dangles below like a lobster in the sea. Halifax is more or less halfway down on the ocean side. For much of its long life, its basic businesses were fish and war.

Loading containers in Halifax harbour.



Puffins swim and dive well, but have difficulty getting airborne. They prefer uninhabited islands since they are easy prey for many small mammals. The one on the right is carrying capelin for its young.

Until 1905 it was the summer station of the British North American squadron. Every serious British sailor came to it at least once, and some, off and on, spent their lives there. It is now headquarters for the Canadian Maritime Command.

On two occasions its war business came home. During the First World War a French munition ship, *Mont Blanc*, coming into the harbour collided with a Norwegian ship, *Imo*, going out. The *Mont Blanc* exploded into blocks and fragments of steel. A half-ton anchor shank sailed two miles, into the woods on the northwest shore. Fire and a tidal wave demolished a square mile in the north end, and the rush of air damaged every building in Halifax and broke windows at Truro, sixty miles away. Sixteen hundred and thirty people were killed, and several thousand injured.

In 1945, at the close of the Second World War, there was another explosion. It was, by comparison, almost minor. An ammunition barge blew up at a magazine jetty and set fire to exposed dumps of ammunition which continued to explode for more than twenty-four hours. This time no one was killed.

Today Halifax is more concerned with fish and grain. It has thirty-two merchant berths and a modern container terminal. The greatest fishing banks in the world — Grand, St. Pierre and Banquereau — are off Nova Scotia's coast. Underwater hills that rise from the continental shelf, they are almost islands. Fish by the millions slip through the shallow cold waters above them.

The fishermen of Nova Scotia (and ninety-five per cent of all Canadian fishermen) fish inshore.