

and who, we were told, would produce a moose if any mere human being could be expected to do so.

The ten mile paddle down to the moose grounds will be a memory for many years for, in the almost instantaneous transfer from the bustling and sordid atmosphere of a large city, the romance of the quest overwhelmed us, the utter silence closed about us oppressively, the vast primitive beauty seemed beyond finite conception. Out of one lake into another the canoe glided, expertly guided, past boulders which impeded the way in the connecting waters. The narrows connecting the lakes were contrastingly spots of gentle calm where sheltered trees drooped gracefully over the motionless water. The forest on either side was dense and impenetrable to the eye, but was gay with all the tints of nature. Flaming clumps of maples in their autumnal garb quickly arrested the attention; birch and hemlock leaves were turning brown; the oak had assumed a more sombre hue; only the pines and spruce maintained their green coats untarnished. In the narrows, dead leaves dropped rustling into the canoe, or floated idly away on the water. It was a picture all the artists' brushes in the world could but inadequately depict.

Deer Hunting Without Guns

We had started out in the hope of seeing a moose but were even luckier and in the course of the few hours' paddle encountered two of his only slightly less regal subjects. In one of the lakes, whilst yet some distance off, the wonderfully attuned eyes of the guide spotted a buck white-tailed deer making his way from one shore to the other. Some strenuous work with the paddles brought us fairly close to him before we were observed and the swimming animal decided to make for the bank more expeditiously. He swam rapidly, his head, sporting a fine set of antlers, erect in the water. With a single leap he was up the bank, and in another had been completely swallowed up by the woods.

Within the same hour we espied a brother of his, also finding the same shore more desirable and though we observed him for some considerable time he is ignorant to this day of having been so close to the human-kind or the imminent peril he might have been in. The wind was blowing from the swimmer towards us and it was possible to paddle the canoe up so close that his every movement could be observed. The bank confronting him was steep and he swam back and forth for some time before he found a convenient spot at which

to emerge. He finally gained a footing, clambered out with some difficulty and stood for fully a minute upon the bank, broadside on, in our uninterrupted view. The veriest tyro with a rifle could scarcely have failed to bring him down, but for us his beauty would have vanished in his slaughter, with that graceful poise changed to one of clumsy rigidity, the lithe movements stilled in the rigidity of death.

Ten miles paddling brought us about the middle of the afternoon to Birch Point where camp was made, a tent set up, and roaring fire built. The situation was an ideal one, at the junction of two large lakes and where one of them opened into a rounding bay known as Palmer's



THE MOOSE CALL

Louis Harlow, famous Nova Scotia guide
photographed in the act.

Cove. The forest grew thick and dense down to the water's edge save in the cove where beyond the fringe of the trees was an extensive area of tag alder on which the moose browse summer and winter. The silence seemed heavy as a blanket. In the sheltered cove scarce a ripple was stirred up on the water. Only periodically did the wind sigh through the tall trees or some small creature cause a rustling in the underbrush. It was an atmosphere of unutterable peace and exquisite beauty, reacting in an exhilaration of the spirit. It was infinitely good to be alive.

The sun had set and the evening's chill was on the air before the guide stowed his pipe away in his pocket and led us down to the canoe in which we seated ourselves. Silently he set the craft out from the shore and made for the cove, seeming to redouble his caution to cause never a ripple as we approached the reeds. The canoe wound its way through a narrow channel in the alders and was still some distance from the shore when the growth impeded further progress and a last shove of the paddle made it fast.

Spasmodically a light breeze blew from the forest to us, swaying the tops of the trees and creating an almost incredible disturbance in the still air.

"Not de bes' night" whispered the guide. "De win' she blow too much".

Calling the Moose

We were facing the shore in the canoe, the guide in the bow, and merely a slight rustle told us that he had risen to his feet. Then the simulated wail of the cow moose burst from the little birchbark horn, plaintive, longing, alluring, followed by the two brief snorts of the imaginary calf with her. From side to side the horn swung, the raucous blast piercing the woodland on all sides.

The echoes died away in the distance and we settled down in silence to wait. There was something eerie in that waiting, the air pregnant with a subtle something that defies description. There was a frosty chill in the air, the last shred of light was flickering, the shadows of the wood growing deeper. We heard a thousand noises, real and imaginary. Each rustle of the tree tops we judged might be the progress of the towering animal through the brush. Leaves seemed to fall with a veritable crash. Small birds moved in the noisome manner of mammoths. Our attitude was tense, heart pumping rapidly, eyes keenly alert. Each fancied stir ahead of us set the blood coursing more rapidly.