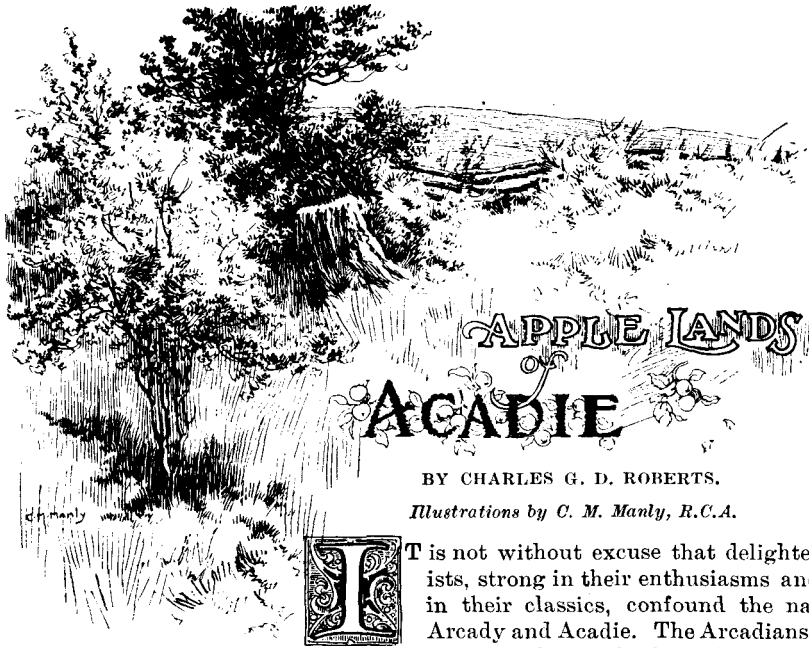


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BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

*Illustrations by C. M. Manly, R.C.A.*

**I**T is not without excuse that delighted tourists, strong in their enthusiasms and weak in their classics, confound the names of Arcady and Acadie. The Arcadians would, doubtless, have felt themselves at home in Acadie, where the air holds a transfiguring haze which invites to dream, and a tonic essence which stimulates to action and adventure. It is easy to believe strange myths in the atmosphere of Acadie. It is a land of peace, with its wide, sun-drenched meadows, its uplands set with orchards, its winding valleys, musical with streams. But the shores are stormed by endlessly-rocking seas, huge tides that swing fifty feet from ebb to flood. These unresting waters have bred an unresting race of men, and the sailors of Acadie push their prows to every corner of the globe. This blending of restlessness and peace, of lotus-eating and active adventure, heightens the resemblance between Arcady and Acadie.

In its products, too, the Acadian land has a picturesque and romantic incongruity. Gold, coal, iron and apples! It reads like a piece of symbolism. The symbolism of it would well bear interpretation, too, which is not the case with all symbolism. But at present my concern is with one member only of the group.

The apple lands of Acadie lie chiefly along the Annapolis and Cornwallis Valleys, between the long, protecting ramparts of North and South Mountain. The orchards about Windsor, Bridgewater and Yarmouth, also, are beginning to show an exportable surplus. The heart of the apple lands is the region over which Longfellow has cast the spell of his song; the region watered by the Gaspereau, Cornwallis, Canard, Habitant and Perean. Here soil and climate combine to nourish the apple to its