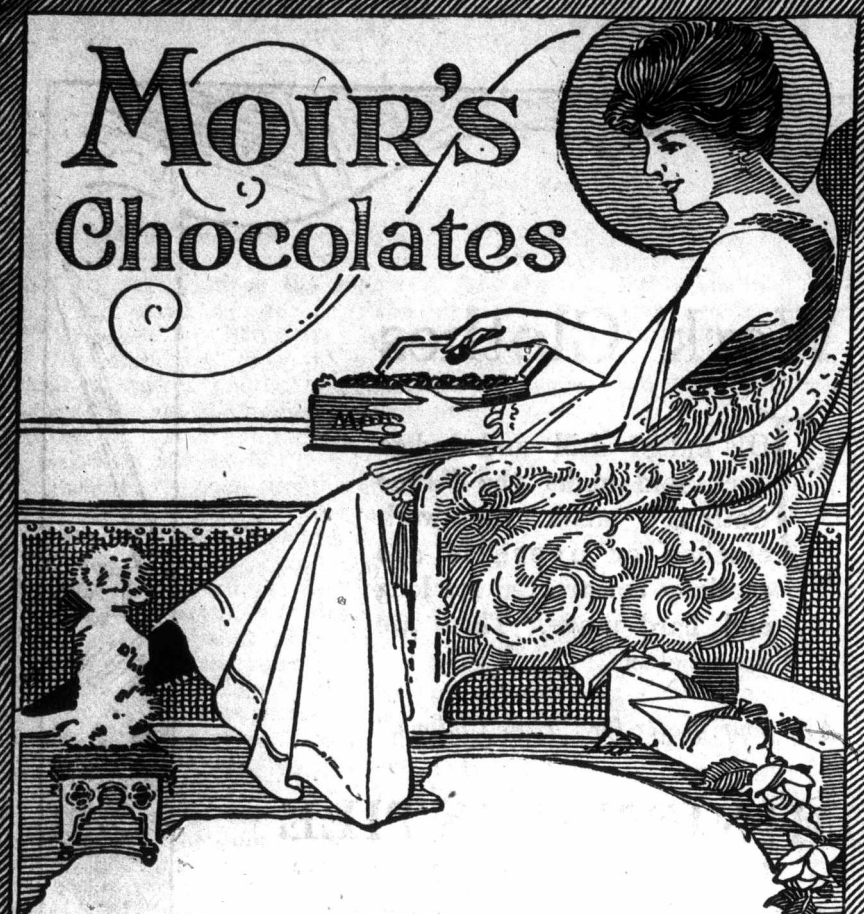


Through "The Maritimes"

Written for The Western Home Monthly by C. W. Higgins



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WE have often heard the remark that to see Canada's wonders and scenic attractions was to visit the Rocky Mountains. It is true that the mountain range has many ardent admirers who claim it is without a peer for scenic grandeur, but to one who has seen Canada from coast to coast and just returned from the far east, the Maritime provinces possess so many varied attractions that no pen can convey an adequate account of all the wonderful sights and experiences.

It was my privilege to see the eastern provinces in the most advantageous way. More than two weeks visiting the more important places and travelling over the only all-Canadian route gave an opportunity to see choice beauty of scenery, a sportsmen kingdom as well as a great revival of the spirit of progress and commercial expansion in the Maritime provinces. These provinces were formerly known as "Acadia," a name, I was told, derived from the Micmac Indian words "a place where something abounds." No one word could more fully express the natural wealth that abides in Canada's provinces down by the sea.

It was about the middle of this winter that the writer left the West, via the "National" way, traversing a country pre-eminent for varied scenery, fishing, hunting, etc., and having its own distinctive charm or special advantage to the traveller. In a couple of days we were well into the country where historic ground abounds, the province of Quebec.

While it was not my first visit to its great commercial and financial centre, Montreal, this city always appears to me to have a special charm of historic attractions, and here are many places of interest which link the present with the past. The city is built on the site of the ancient Indian village of Hochelaga, first visited by Jacques Cartier in 1535. Over 250 years ago, the early French navigators established a trading post for furs here, and it was the last section of French Canada to pass into the possession of Great Britain in 1760.

Entering Quebec City one is instantly aware that here are all those things that excite human interest. Champlain, Frontenac, Montcalm, Wolfe have laid upon the impalpable, a certain invitation to remember them. This city is fortunate in beautiful environs, and the visitor finds the quaint sights the new world has to show.

Early the following day, the "Ocean Limited" took us into the Matapedia country close to La Baie de Chaleur. Through a beautiful valley the Matapedia winds in graceful curves. For mile after mile one watches the course of the river so strangely pent in by the mountains on either hand, rising in every shape which mountains can assume. Around the shores of La Baie de Chaleur, the land is settled for many miles back, and its picturesque hamlets add much to the

beauty of the scene. The New Brunswick shore is followed by the line of the Canadian National Railways from Campbellton to Bathurst and for a number of miles gives a full view to the broad and beautiful expanse of water with the lofty and imposing mountains of Gaspé beyond.

From Moncton to St. John there is a great diversity of scenery along the southern portion of New Brunswick. The St. John, after a course of 450 miles, discharges its flood through a narrow, rocky gorge into the Bay of Fundy. At this point is the commercial capital of the province. Other phenomena in connection with Fundy's tides is the fantastic sculptured rocks at Hopewell Cape.

We reached the province of Nova Scotia by steamship, across the Bay of Fundy to Digby. The northern gate, speaking geographically, is the majestic passage of Digby Gap, leading into Annapolis Basin; but, it was said that from the traveller's point of view the northern gate is the City of St. John, in New Brunswick, with Digby Gut (or Gap), the inner vestibule. This picturesque and busy city, child of the Loyalists, sits on the iron rocks about the mouth of her great river, and looks with sentinel eye straight across the Bay of Fundy into Digby Gut. And the stream of travel that seeks this entrance must flow through the streets of St. John.

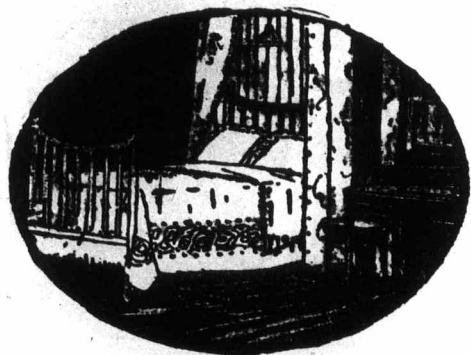
The very heart of Nova Scotia, the spot which holds the quintessence of its charm, is "Evangeline's land," immortalized by the genius of Longfellow. It is in summer, however, that the storied peninsula is at her loveliest. Those who once have felt the lure of the Acadian land are sure to come back. The charm of the land is for all. The writer will feel it, for here is material rich and unwrought waiting for his pen, landscape, legend and tradition. The artist will feel it, for the giant tides, the wide marshes, the vast red channels, supply subjects which are new, both in line and color, and the moisture in the bland air gives "atmosphere" to soften all harsh edges. The happy summer loafer will feel it, for he will be well housed and fed, and left free to dream or to amuse himself with a fair panorama before his eyes and no annoyances to keep him watchful.

Nova Scotia calls the lover of the beautiful. There are numerous summer resorts on the "road-by-the-sea," which winds along hundreds of miles of one of the loveliest sea water coasts on this continent.

The western gate of this province is the city of Yarmouth, which stands on the jutting southwest corner, and beckons invitingly across the sea to Boston. The history of Yarmouth has a slender root-hold in the deepest layers of Canadian tradition. During my short stay here, I was shown the famous Norse Stone, on which was found an inscription in dotted runes attesting to a visit of the Northerners some time in the tenth or eleventh

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Street scene, St. Anne De Saguenay, Quebec