

our great and national fever of unrest is right at hand. Turn to the map, and see how Nova Scotia pushes her nose down towards "the State," as much as to say, "Come over here; here's what you want."

Nature's Own Vacation Land.

The distance from Boston to Yarmouth, the nearest point of Nova Scotia, is only a matter of 222 miles; but what a difference! Instead of the mad haste of New England, you get into the peaceful serenity of the Land of Evangeline; and you feel a spirit of restfulness and content as delightful as it is new. Nova Scotia is a land of bright days, cool nights, and pure air. What else could the air be but



OLD WILLOWS, GRAND PRÉ, N.S.

pure, when the peninsula, only 300 miles long and 100 at the broadest, is always fanned on every side by ocean breezes? And then the people,—the modern Acadians! The Nova Scotian is your true philosopher; he looks upon life as a thing to be enjoyed, instead of something, as we Americans think it, to be hurried through and got rid of. There is no mad rush there in business, and no giddy whirl in society; it is distinctly a land of rest, and its pleasures are of the wholesome, natural and recuperative kind.

WHAT TO DO THERE.

One may do everything in Nova Scotia that can be done out of doors. The roads are excellent for cycling, if you are given to the wheel; and nothing could be more exhilarating than a spin through the beautiful Acacia Valley, or up along the winding Annapolis. And as for boating,—that most delightful