

lends the intending purchaser money on security of the land and lets the newcomer buy for himself. To the casual onlooker this looks about as broad as it's long; but to Premier Murray, smoking his pipe in a big chair before a crackling coal fire there's a big difference in favour of Nova Scotia. "We don't believe in paternalism," he said. "This is a free country. A man should pick out his own land and do his own improvements. If he doesn't want to take that much chance this province doesn't want him for a citizen."

What a pity some other governments hadn't been so considerate—long ago! It might be remembered that the Premier himself was the author of the Bill, which antedated the N. B. Act by some years. One reason probably was that N. S. lost population earlier than N. B. The Premier doesn't deny that there has been a heavy exodus from N. S. Does it depress him? Not at all. He has driven hundreds of miles past pathetic and sometimes melancholy homesteads as clean deserted as ever the village of Grand-Pre was in the days of Evangeline. He remembers the days of his father, when these fine old farms selling now for less than the value of the houses and barns were teeming with a vigorous native-born population; when log-bees and singing schools and patchwork quilts and revival meetings kept the Bluenoses from worrying about most of Canada beyond Quebec.

And these people of the Premier's youth were as capable and lively a crew of citizens as ever took up history's burden in any land. Many of them had families dating back to the siege of Louisbourg and the days of Evangeline and before that to the pioneer days of Scotland. Generation by generation in unbroken succession the human web of Nova Scotia was woven of good old Scotch fibre with a warp of United Empire Loyalists, and here and there a bright spot of colour represented by such as Joseph Howe, Judge Haliburton, Leonard Tilley and Charles Tupper. When the Premier was a boy "The Clockmaker," by Sam Slick, was as well known as the family Bible in the homes of Nova Scotia, and the iron ore under the ribs of Sydney had not begun to be a serious factor in the industrial life of the almost island province. The fish-boats drifted out to the nets and in again by high of the tide and bellying winds to the docks. Lumber schooners floated up the natural canals of a wind-mill country that in spots looked enough like Holland to produce a Flying Dutchman. The harbour of Halifax was alive with home-built wooden ships and cargoes from half over the world. The marsh meadows were bordered with grey sails that, like huge butterflies, seemed to drift among the haystacks up every last cove that wound in from bay and basin where the tide crept up from the sea. And the youths of Nova Scotia paddling in the salt water as soon as they were out of cradle togs, got used to the ships that came and went. They were as natural born seamen as the sons of Devon. And they got a mighty hankering for the ships.

At least that's something like the way Premier Murray sketched the picture as he sat smoking in his big chair at the Halifax Hotel, though he didn't include all the poetics, for he's a plain, practical man.

they have gone. I daresay it would be a sight to see all these people back in Nova Scotia again. But there probably wouldn't be room if we had them all. Meanwhile they're doing Canada and the United States some good, and we're not worrying."

The Premier wasn't talking merely for publication. He was warming up on a subject which has for a long while been one of the problems of Nova Scotia—as well as of New Brunswick. And from where he sat the thing looked considerably unlike the picture that the average man from Ontario or the West sees in that country. He saw no analogy to the case of Ireland. To him there were no sweet Auburn deserted villages in Nova Scotia. He was not playing the pipes of lament. He saw a picture of enormous development; the vision of a little province chockfull of great industries and of human interest; a land where the activities of a busy people find expression in producing much of what the world wants. You can read it in a blue book or a school geography and it looks pretty dry. When you hear G. H. Murray, as he smokes his pipe before a sputtering fire of Nova Scotia coal, it becomes a real and living picture.

SENTIMENTALLY, Premier Murray sums up days of travel in that land of hills and waters and valleys where only mountains shut you out from glimpses of the sea. And he talks with abounding enthusiasm about the fisheries of Digby and Lunenburg, the apples of Annapolis Valley, the lumber and the ships, the coal and the steel, the busy little burgs of manufacture, the splendid technical educational institutions, the railways and the great harbours, the fine old towns and cities on the tide edge, the people and the politics and the history.

Incidentally ask him about the "Bluenose Flyer," that takes most of a day to crawl up from Yarmouth to Halifax and hangs around Digby to wait for the bus; the sleepy hollows where ox-teams kill time at a mile and a quarter an hour; the tons of cherries that go to waste every year around Digby and Bear River because the folks pick only what they want and nobody has gumption enough to start canning factories to take care of the rest for markets elsewhere in Canada. Inquire of him concerning the slow-coach families of Halifax that would sooner see the old town stay the way it was

when their grandfathers built it than develop into one of the finest cities in America. Suggest to him that a lot of folk whose time should be very valuable in that part of the world are wasting their time with too much politics.

But don't expect any diatribes from Premier Murray. No, he's too everlastingly cautious for that. He looks on both sides of the fence at once and sees a heap of good in most things.

Ask him about reciprocity, though—and watch his pipe go clean out. His views are not for publication. But he was born a Bluenose, and the real Bluenose has never been able to keep Boston far out of his ken; though you will remember it was the Boston tea party that sent a number of Nova Scotia's best people up there from the United States. In the harbour of Halifax any day you may see the Boston steamers. Nova Scotia, cut off by Quebec from the rest of Canada as British Columbia is by the Rockies from the middle west, has never obliterated the old trade routes north and south, even when most of the big ships in the harbour are from the East.

The land of which G. H. Murray is the first citizen is more than a mere province of the Dominion. It is a little human epitome of the paradox of all Canada, with utility running one direction and sentiment another; her people scattered all over America and new ones taking their places from the British Isles; old families and ancient usages eternally standing guard against innovation and headlong progress; a picturesque poetic province swept by the sea and sweet with blossoms, smudgy with smoke and burrowed by mines, fat with lazy farms and ox-waggon, boiling over with politics—

Tell me, is it possible that a land like this, with a Premier like Murray, ever could cut the painter from Great Britain or forget that in the future of a great country she has her part to play as she has done in the past. Say, also—can such a province ever consent for merely practical purposes to be amalgamated with New Brunswick, with Prince Edward Island thrown in?

You may ask the Premier. He won't say anything too definite. But I suspect that he has no anticipation in his day at least of settling the affairs of Nova Scotia by a merger.

The Return of La Gioconda

BELOW is the latest photograph of La Gioconda, sometimes known as Mona Lisa, who two years ago mysteriously disappeared from the Louvre in Paris. She was abducted by Vincenzo Perugia, an Italian workman in the Paris art gallery. For two years her whereabouts was unknown except to Perugia, who must have had a very anxious time getting out of its frame the canvas painted by his great compatriot, Leonardo da Vinci, smuggling it out of the gallery, through the streets of Paris, on to a train and down to Florence. And when Perugia got the \$500,000 treasure into his den he must have been sadly puzzled what to do with it. He knew it was worth more money than he could have made selling bananas in ten lifetimes. But there was

nobody to buy it. The first appearance of Mona Lisa at a dealer's shop would have led to the arrest of Perugia. In two years he quite satisfied himself basking in the smile of Mona Lisa, which was said to have been caused by hearing lovely music when she was posing for da Vinci. So he concluded that he would make a hero of himself, return the canvas to France and say that he stole it to get even with Napoleon for pillaging the art galleries of Italy. For this he asked the modest sum of \$100,000. All Perugia got was a pair of very valuable handcuffs. This was very unjust. Any Italian workman that could keep connoisseurs and detectives guessing for two years and newspapers all over the world supplied with valuable copy, deserves a monument.



The last public appearance of the stolen Mona Lisa, photographed as she was being returned to the School of Fine Arts in Paris.

"**W**ELL, he yawned, as he half stretched, he was so plagued comfortable, "what happened? When a young chap got to the responsible age of a few dollars burning holes in his pocket and an itch to see as much of the world as he might for as little as possible, he just naturally packed his carpet-bag or his little trunk and got a chance to work his way out on a sailing ship. If this had been an inland province like Ontario or Manitoba he would have had to pay his way at three cents a mile on a railroad. With a hundred dollars on a sailing ship he could see just about half the new world. He went. He sent letters home with postmarks from all sorts of places. Others followed. There were big families. Farms were over-crowded with boys. There wasn't land enough to go round. Prices were low. Markets were few. We had as yet no industrial population outside the fisheries. There was nothing to keep the boys at home except fish and farming and lumbering.

"That drained away our surplus very conveniently. And it left the farm population considerably reduced, but on the whole more comfortable."

"But you lost a lot of good people," remarked the interviewer.

"They were all good people," he admitted. "Emigration from Nova Scotia isn't much like people leaving England or continental Europe. Our people didn't go away to escape anything but what was then a pretty slow life. They wouldn't have left that if they hadn't been adventurous by nature. And it's because they are venturesome that the great majority of them have done so well wherever