

vessels are constructed for the West Indies trade. At Yarmouth, that one-time Liverpool of Nova Scotia, you are shown green meadows whereon, in the memory of your middle-aged informant, 1,200-tonners were built. Nova Scotia captains are famous the main over. But, even as hundreds of fishermen have found their working headquarters in Yankee Gloucester, many mariners, skilled in the deeper depths of navigation, have gone abroad on foreign decks and quarter-decks. Forty-eight Yarmouth captains, I was credibly assured, command as many vessels owned in English ports. Three years ago I met one of them on the "Etruria," travelling for the first time in a great steam liner, and going to his family at Yarmouth, whom he had not seen for twelve years.

Elsewhere there are prosperous farms and abandoned farms. The Annapolis Valley is without a peer in apple-growing. The whole south land, in truth, will produce delicious fruit. From spring to fall its verdure is more than a match in color for the Emerald Isle. There may have been just reason for the abandonment of many farms; but there is no just cause why they should not be recovered to domesticity and permanent increase. In which observation may be discovered the pervading influence of possibilities.

Several Nova Scotians have I indicated; and still there are others, of whom, perhaps, the new American is the most agreeably obtrusive. Longfellow's part in Nova Scotian development rests on too gloomy a conception of history. Quite enough has been heard of the land of Evangeline on the poetic side, though that same land is fair to look upon. But the sentimentalism of a poem that exaggerates injustice and forgets that in away-back centuries the concomitants of war were even less agreeable and more in keeping with current Christian sentiment than they are now, will cease to be the chief loadstone for travellers who would fain breathe fresh salt air rather than pore over pocket editions. The American who does not dote on Longfellow is, as a rule, a much more valuable asset than the American who does; for there is even less money in reading poetry than in writing it.

Nova Scotia has never been accused of hustling itself to death, and is, therefore, happy in prospect of becoming the best-beloved playground of Americans who talk plentifully about hustling, and who flee their own homes in summer as they would flee the pestilence. Indeed, the secondary function of indented, rugged, peninsular coasts is to supply Dog Days' content to those whose money is abundant and whose families are importunate for change. Boston is notoriously, humidly hot in July and August. A night's voyage across safe, open water, and the Boston sufferer is in Yarmouth—coolest, greenest, best-groomed, most hospitable town on the Atlantic borderland. New York is little more than twenty-four hours' sea trip from Nova Scotia. Philadelphia is only a couple of hours' run from New York; Washington and Baltimore are not much farther away.

Seductive-looking houses in Yarmouth have lately been bought by Americans for summer use. At Chester there is a colony of Baltimore folk, well-housed, and just beginning to regret that their discovery of an ideal spot for scenery, boating and all the profits of almost tideless salt water, is being published to the world. On the Bay of Fundy tides fiercely rise and fall to discomfiting extremes. The south shore of the Province has all the advantages of tide with none of its unpleasantness. The harbors are equally good at neap and spring. Close to Shelburne town, for instance, the whole British navy could ride, without jeopardy, in wide, deep waters, protected from the worst Atlantic weather conditions by an island in the harbor mouth. The back harbor of Lunenburg is littered with islands, and is as safe for frail craft as the Lake of Bays. So you might go on—enumerating coves, beaches, shore-hills, till enough summer delight had been adumbrated to satisfy a Stateful of millionaires.

The littoral and hinterland of Maine have been blessed by the upgrowing of well-to-do communities on sites that originally had nothing like the possibilities of Nova Scotia. They were not founded on undiluted Republican patriotism. Now and then an excited daughter of the United States is heard, on foreign wharves and platforms, humming, "My Country, 'tis of Thee"; but the travelling American is not usually missionarying for the Declaration of Independence, either in Europe or in Canada. He wants something good to eat, somewhere to sleep, and a few unpremeditated opportunities to show how wealthy is the land whence he comes. If Nova Scotia will provide these things for him, Nova Scotia may renew her youth, and flourish better than in youth she dreamed.

But the keepers of His Majesty's dominions have something to do besides becoming glorified hotel-keepers. Nova Scotian iron and steel industries will expand, but they can scarcely spread to the southern half of the Province. Whether the gold deposits that abound will presently be paying propositions is more than I care to prophesy. There is a great deal of country fit only for moose, and fish, and blueberries. Granite is abundant here and there, but is not likely forthwith to be eagerly sought in distant markets. The building of millionaires' massive summer homes will not immediately produce a local demand. For lumbering there is still some territory available, but not enough to give unlimited occupation to any great multitude of people. Wherein, then, is the scope for making profits out of possibilities?

The Government is establishing a Department of Industries and Immigration, with a newspaper man in charge, the policy of which Premier Murray has outlined in vague generalities that can be supplemented by a definite story of what is proposed. Nova Scotians know little of immigration to Nova Scotia. More in despair than in anger they have, for the last decade, watched, during each recurring spring, the debarkation and entraining of thousands of incipient Canadians. They have retained some of them, but though once in a while you hear the Imperial accent along the shore, there has been no appreciable settlement of European men with capital in children and in coin. Nova Scotia, with apple trees and fish, has not competed with Saskatchewan, that is minus apple trees, and does not fish. But Nova Scotia would be a great deal better than their present circumstances for thousands of sufferers from the economic hardships of Europe. And, it is more accessible to the industrious man who is in financial poverty through his family opulence, than the far-flung plains of the Saskatchewan valley.

There are no hundred-and-sixty acre homesteads to be given away in Nova Scotia. There are farms to be rehabilitated, and others that might be improved. The problem by Premier Murray and his Department is how to get landless men for menless land. The Annapolis valley and parts of other counties might, possibly, attract British farmers who don't care for illimitable prairie. To restore the less tempting places the Government contemplates making a grant to the Salvation Army, by whom the vacant lands, suitably secured, would be settled with thrifty people of hardy stock, who know something of agriculture, and would jump at a chance to start life afresh in a country as free as Nova Scotia, happily, is from the irks of Europeanism. Put a man with a growing family on a Nova Scotia farm, give him expert guidance in methods peculiar to this continent, let his completer equipment depend largely on how he handles a rather scanty outfit, and, even if he presently becomes ambitious for wider fields, he has become a producing asset of the Province, and hundreds will be ready to take his place.

But, though all immigrants will not take root in Nova Scotia, a large proportion of them will. About a thousand Britishers were some time ago located in Nova Scotia, through Salvation Army influence. Sixty per cent. have remained. It is not intended to bring the