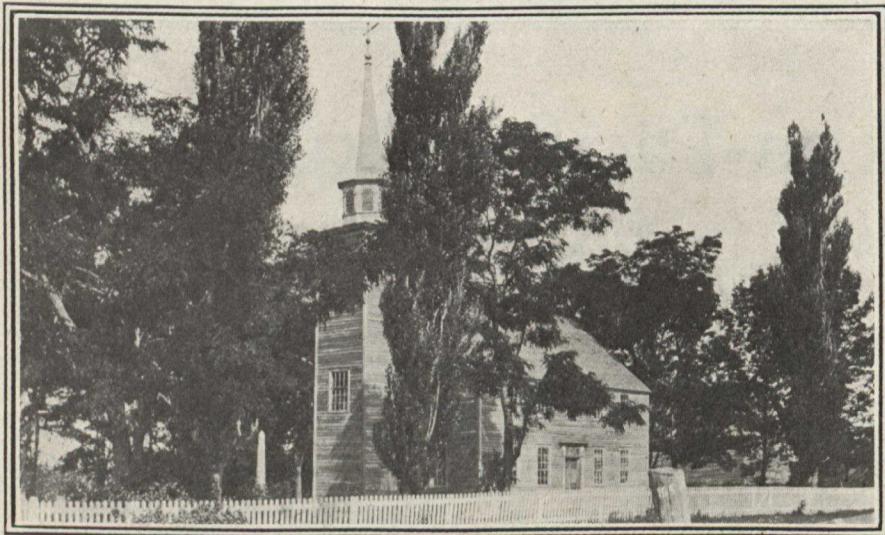
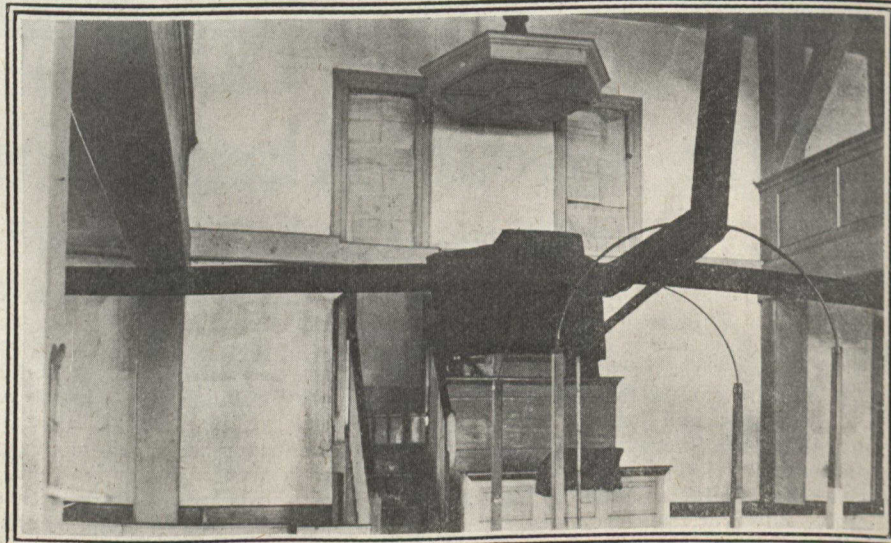




"Distant, secluded, still, the little Village of Grand Pré lay in the Fruitful Valley."



The Scotch Covenanters Church at Grand Pré, N.S., built about the year 1806.



The Interior, Showing the High Pulpit, the Clerk's Desk and the Sounding Board.

The Little Village of Grand Pré

REMOVED from the bustle of the work-a-day world, and stretching its flat acres between the towns of Wolfville and Windsor, in that portion of Nova Scotia known as the Land of Evangeline, lies the little village of Grand Pré. A quiet and uneventful enough spot, yet filled with the historic interest of its early days and even more closely associated in the mind as that region wherein dwelt the people of Longfellow's beautiful poem. Within the last century great changes have taken place in the Annapolis valley and scarcely a relic of the old Acadian period remains, save for the long rows of waving willows and gnarled and moss-grown apple trees, which have stood as sentinels down the avenue of years. Only occasionally does the plough disturb a coffin, or a piece of earthenware, and drag to the light a buried memory of the past.

There still exists, however, in this little town, one tangible link with the century which has been. The quaint Scotch Covenanter Church, erected about the year 1806, stands to-day, without change of any kind, exactly as it was originally built. Although its period of usefulness has long since

passed, and no service has been held in it for more than fifteen years, still the very weight of its age has spared it, and the Board of Trade make it their business to keep the structure in repair. The old-fashioned sounding-board above the high pulpit and the clerk's desk, together with the old-world atmosphere that surrounds it, make it a great source of interest to strangers visiting the beautiful Land of Evangeline.

The Senator's Mistake

A NEW Country Club has been opened in Ottawa. It is situated on the Aylmer Road about a couple of hundred yards beyond the Golf Club. Mr. C. Berkeley Powell, ex-M.L.A., was the moving spirit in connection with the organisation of the new club, and naturally was chosen as its first president. The members of the club include all the best people of the capital.

For the convenience of the members, the Hull Electric Railway has given them a station alongside its track, and it is a step of about fifty yards from

the electric car to the Country Club house. Senator W. C. Edwards went out to the Golf Club the other day with four or five ladies whom he had invited to luncheon. They alighted at the golf links station, but before proceeding to the club building the Senator asked the ladies if they would care to see the new Country Club. There was a chorus of assent, and forthwith the Senator conducted his guests along a beautifully embowered path which leads to the residence of Mr. T. Mackarell, facing the Golf Club and adjoining the Country Club. Thinking he was at the latter resort, the Senator ushered the ladies into the house and proceeded to expatiate upon the conveniences of the new club house, its handsome appointments, beautiful furnishings, bric-a-brac and water colours which Mr. Powell and his brother committeemen had gathered together in so short a time. Just then a trim-looking maid emerged from the rear of the hall. She looked with astonishment at the Senator and the ladies and presently enquired whether they desired to see Mrs. Mackarell. "No thanks," was the reply, "we are just looking around the new Country Club." "But," replied the trim maid, "this is not the Country Club. This is the residence of Mr. Mackarell. If you want to see the Country Club you will have to go about one hundred yards further up the road." Much confusion, profuse apologies and hasty exits.