

admitted that the specimens of young men seen on the Midland express of an afternoon, are not the choicest product of the genus homo. They are—principally a few loutish fellows, lacking the snap to spruce up and make something of themselves. Likely as not, they have been working about in the lumber woods, for farming they have not learned to regard except as something to avoid. Probably there are protruding from their pockets bottles of "Scotch," which they delight to display here where it is contraband. The railroad is yet new to them, and they are prone to that maudlin exhibition by which the unsophisticated endeavor to express contemptuous familiarity. But all this will change, and this territory, through the smiling valleys of the historic Shubenacadie (pronounced Shu-ben-a-kadie, accent on the third syllable), Five Mile, Kennetcook and St. Croix rivers, once the scene of bloody Indian warfare, when the Micmacs were allied with the French against the British, in the long fight for possession of Acadia, will some day boast as fine and up-to-date farming communities as one could wish to see. Orchard- ing should be successful here, as it has been in the Cornwallis and Annapolis Valleys farther west. In the great work of transformation the agricultural press and the N. S. Agricultural College have an indispensable part to play. It will take a generation or so, but such seed as can be sown will grow and reproduce, till the arable land is given over to fields, orchards and smiling homes.

Two and a quarter hours' musing brought us to Windsor, where one gets his first good taste of the peculiar entrancing beauty of Western Nova Scotia, the Land of Evangeline. Like all the rest of this wonderful country, Windsor is redolent of historical and literary associations, but here, as elsewhere, the local attractiveness and exquisite scenery focus the gaze. It is a town of several thousand people, at the junction of the St. Croix River with the estuary of the Avon, and is of growing importance as a shipping, mercantile and industrial center. Here Port Edward, and the curious old blockhouse, dating back about 160 years, remind the student of history that the early Indian and French trail from the Acadian settlements to Halifax ran through Piziquid, where Windsor now stands. The name Piziquid was descriptive, signifying to the Indian mind "the junction of two rivers." Two other interesting landmarks of the place are King's College, the oldest college in Canada, founded in 1797, and the home of the famous Nova-Scotian humorist, Sam Slick (Judge Haliburton).

Just back of the railway depot is a steep hill, which rewards the scaling by a fine view over the town, and another out north, along the estuary of the Avon, up which the muddy resistless tide sweeps twice a day, and twice a day sullenly slinks out to sea.

But the Flying Bluenose from Halifax soon pulls in, and we speed on westward to the heart of Evangeline's Land, skirting the shore of the widening channel past Falmouth, Hantsport and Avonport, till we come to Horton Landing, supposed to mark the eastern end of the historic old French village of Grand Pre. The Grand Pre station of the D. A. R., about a mile west, is supposed to locate the western limit of the fated village. Here, truly, is romantic ground, and surely Eden could not have been more fair. Off to the right and backward lie the broad Grand Pre diked meadows, which—but the poet has pictured it beyond the power of prose:

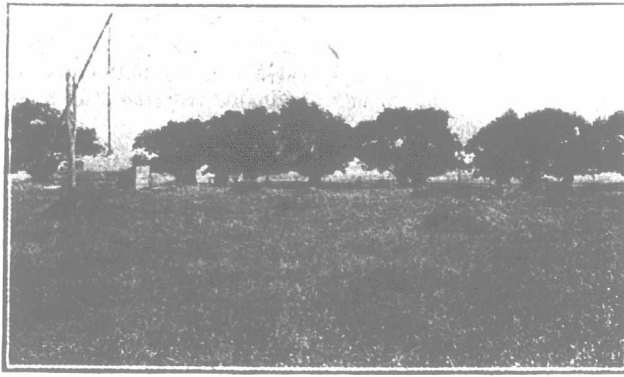
In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand Pre
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to
the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks with-
out number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with
labor incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the
floodgates
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er
the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards
and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain, and away
to the northward
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the
mountains
Seafogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty
Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station
descended.
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian
village.

Thousands of cattle still graze in autumn on the rich salt-flavored aftermath of the marshes, but the flocks are now easily numbered. The Grand Pre dike-lands comprise 5,000 acres—level as a prairie. The railway hugs the edge of the upland, giving a full view of the lush meadows, with the sheen of Minas Basin beyond, and across it the bastion-like North Mountain, jutting out eastward into the Basin, and abruptly terminating in the half-bald precipice of grim Cape Blomidon, renowned in verse, history and romance. All through this section Blomidon will be your landmark. It is almost due north of Grand Pre, and, being some twenty miles away, you must travel quite a distance

east or west before you can put the obtrusive cape any direction but under the polar star.

Hard by the track, on the right side, is an old French well and a clump of gnarled willows, which credulous American tourists readily accept as the site of the ancient home of the mythical Maid Evangeline. Longfellow did a great stroke of business for this country and the railroad that serves it, when he advertised with his pen these historic scenes. Thousands upon thousands of American tourists flock here every summer, and whatever they find to reward them in the way of old landmarks, the surpassing fragrance and loveliness of the whole region is worth crossing continents to see. Would that more Western Canadians might deem it worth the while.

We pause for a passenger at Grand Pre, and three miles more brings us to Wolfville, on the Cornwallis, and here we enter the real crescendo of Maritime scenery.



Old Well and Willows at Grand Pre.

THE DAIRY.

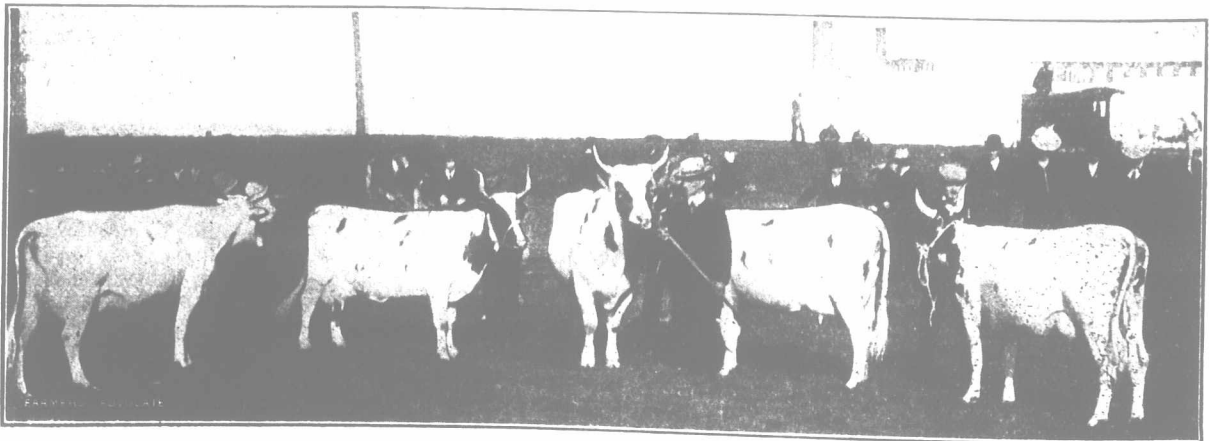
Dairying in British Columbia.

Perhaps in no better way and in no shorter time can one form an idea of the quality of butter made in a country than by testing it at the local fairs and exhibitions, especially if the prize-list be such as to call out a good many entries.

I have had the opportunity of judging at a number of the fairs in this Province, and the uniformly good quality of the butter was a little surprise to me. The flavor was particularly clean and sweet, both in the dairy and creamery lots. I have noticed a tendency toward a lack of body or standing-up quality—a fault due, they say, to wet-weather grass.

There is a wholesome rivalry among the different creameries as to who shall carry off the honors, and the whole district shares in the glory, for a creamery is usually situated in a valley surrounded by mountains, and this seclusion gives it a distinction it otherwise would not have. A handsome range, donated by a local hardware merchant, and similar large prizes for dairy butter, acted as a stimulus for a good display from far and near at the New Westminster Exhibition. So often one finds good flavor entirely hidden by excessive salting. I think the large English population of British Columbia may take the credit for having created a market for lightly-salted butter. Seldom does one come across butter spoiled by too much salt.

It is an omen of prosperity to see so many creameries being established all over the Province, and also a pleasure to find many of them being operated by dairy students of the Ontario Agricultural College. When farmers settle down to keep cows and patronize a creamery, the future success of the locality may be assured. It shows they are not afraid of steady, toiling work; that they intend to improve their land, and that they appreciate the good local market for all dairy products. The price of butter ranges from 30c.



First-prize Aged Ayrshire Herd, Dominion Exhibition, Halifax, 1906.

Owned by R. R. Ness, Howick, Que.

to 40c. Best creamery is selling now for 40c. in Victoria, and 35c. in Vancouver. Milk in these towns sells for 10c. per quart. Surely, at these prices, even with high-priced feeding stuffs, money can be made in the dairy business, especially if coupled with its kindred industries—the keeping of pigs and chickens—eggs being now 50c. per dozen.

Cleared land is dear, making grazing expensive, but clover grows most luxuriantly and roots do well. It is possible to take two crops of potatoes from the same land in one season. I am glad to see that in some localities corn is grown and the silo is being introduced. I have heard many say corn would not do well on account of the cold nights, but if I were dairying here, I would try hard to get corn to succeed.

If the cattle at the shows were any guide to the breed most in favor, one would say that the Jersey takes first place. Many fine cows of this breed were exhibited, and I think that, for this Province, with its mild climate, they should prove economical and profitable producers of milk.

In quite remote and small settlements one will find a creamery established and doing good work. In all sections the opportunities for dairying are being appreciated, for conditions are about ideal, with no great extremes of heat or cold, and in most parts plenty of moisture; a very productive soil when properly tilled; an abundance of pure water; good roads, and one of the best home markets. In a valley I recently visited, in the Comox district, farmers are there keeping from thirty to fifty milking cows, and are prospering in the business.

But in the West is heard the same cry as in the East—labor is scarce and dear, and it is so hard to get men to properly look after cows, and especially to milk them. There is a great fever among the young men to leave the farm for the logging camp, where the wages are most enticing. These young men forget they are giving up all home comforts, and likely are breaking down their constitutions by exposure. In years to come they would be wealthier men by sticking to the farm.

Practically all the creameries only receive the cream, and in many cases each farmer takes his own cream to the creamery. Whether it be that the farmers of British Columbia are better educated in the proper care of cream, or that climatic conditions are so much in their favor, certainly there is not heard here the constant complaint against them for bringing in bad cream. I realize I am paying quite a high tribute to British Columbia, but, nevertheless, a true one, when I say that, in all my travels over the Dominion, I have never been in any Province where I got butter of such a uniformly good flavor as in this Western Province, whether taken from hotel tables or in private homes. This may be accounted for by the fact that it is largely creamery manufactured, and I think just here is the great solution of the raising of the standard of our dairy products. Thorough co-operation, which implies earnest effort and straightforward dealings on the part of everyone concerned, would make the rapid growth of the dairy industry phenomenal in this Province, where all conditions favor the keeping of the dairy cow.

Victoria, B. C.

LAURA ROSE.

The Profitable Dairy Cow.

That there is a good profit in dairying, the general thrift of dairymen bears witness, but that dairying can be made much more profitable by keeping better cows, is well illustrated in a recent event which occurred, and which gives us reliable data to show the profit in real good cows under average conditions.

Recently, Mr. Francis Stauffer, Washington P. O., Ont., had a sale, rendered necessary owing to his being in poor health. He, like a good many others in the dairy business, saw the neces-

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