

lis, Kingsport and Port Williams, and there are steamers which devote themselves exclusively, during the season, to this attractive freight. Nova Scotia now exports from three to four hundred thousand barrels each year, and at the present rate of increase the half million must be very close at hand. These find their chief market in London, Liverpool and Glasgow, where the apples of Acadie enjoy a vast repute. About one hundred thousand barrels, however, go to the neighboring provinces of New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Newfoundland, and to Boston.

The varieties of the apple are so numerous and so sharply differentiated that the inexperienced orchardist is apt to yield to the fascination of diversity and graft every kind into his trees. But the Acadian apple growers are tending more and more to a measure of uniformity. They find that uniformity is better for the market. They are selecting one or two reliable kinds for each season, and engrafting these to the exclusion of other varieties, perhaps equally good. To supply the home market, and that of the adjoining provinces, with early fruit, in August and September, a few trees are retained in every orchard of such varieties as Red Astrakan, Early Harvest, Early Bough and Early Transparent. Toward the end of September comes in that queen of apples, the Gravenstein, which eclipses all rivals up to the beginning of December. This apple is a favorite both at home and abroad; and when you see a man cutting his trees to make room for new grafts, you may lay ten to one that he is grafting in the Gravenstein. This is an apple that grows swiftly, bears early and freely, endures handling, and is no less well adapted for dessert than for cooking purposes. It is a delight to the eye, with its pale gold complexion, veined and flushed with red. Its smell is a haunting memory of strawberries picked in a rose garden. And when one bites its crisp, cool flesh, the piquant sub-acid flavor of it makes one cease to wonder that the apple has played so large a part in our destiny!

When, early in December, the Gravenstein begins to lose flavor and crispness, then come in the Blenheim

and Ribston Pippins, and the big, showy Kings. In January these are superseded by the standard winter apples, and as the Baldwin, the subtle-flavored Greening, the handsome Northern Spy, the huge, plain, useful Fallawater, the delicious little Golden Russet, the Ben Davis, and the Nonpareil. These are the kind that find favor abroad, and these, therefore, are supplanting such varieties as the Bishop's Pippin, whose long yellow fruit is adored in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, but utterly scorned in London.

All this is a very practical view of the apple and lands of Acadie and their products. To the artist, the poet, the romancer and the casual visitor the appeal of the orchards is not to be measured in barrels shipped or number of trees to the acre. A well-established orchard, such as those which crown the low fruitful ridge of Starr's Point and look out across the reeling tides of Minas Basin to the storied bastion of Blomindon, is a picturesque object even in winter. The trees, sturdy, wide-topped, symmetrical, take on a quaint primness of aspect by reason of the wide black belts which they wear some two or three feet from the ground. These belts are of roofing-paper, thickly smeared with a greasy black compound. This is to prevent the caterpillars from gaining lodgement in the trees. The caterpillars undergo their transformation in the soil beneath the trees, and emerge, perfect moths, when spring loosens the ground. The males fly freely wheresoever they will, but the females are wingless, and when they try to crawl up the tree to deposit their eggs on the twigs, they find the black belt an insurmountable barrier, and die there in sticky masses.

When spring has fairly taken possession, then the whole country-side is a pink-and-white paradise of apple-blossoms. The cool, pure perfume floats in even at the car windows. To wander then under the humming arcades of bloom, in that air and landscape of enchantment, is to realize the fairest fiction of poets. A little later, when the young fruit is setting, the leaves form a dense veil through which the light sifts upon the clover-blos-