

Freaks of the Fundy Tide.

Streams Turn Into Navigable Rivers Twice a Day.

That restless pulse of the ocean, the tide, works wonders everywhere, but in and about the Bay of Fundy, where it attains its greatest height, its manifestations are the most varied. Here is an arm of the ocean, from thirty to fifty miles wide, extending for 180 miles between the Canadian Provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. It is prolonged further into Chignecto Channel and the Basin of Minas and their many tributaries.

Twice a month, however, the moon and the sun pull together, resulting in the unusually high spring tides. When the pull of the sun is at right angles to that of the moon, at the first and second tides of the month, the neap tides, which are always low, occur.

The rise of the tide in the Bay of Fundy varies from 12 feet at a low neap tide to 60 feet or more at a high spring tide. The variation is far from regular, as local conditions enter into the picture.

On the Nova Scotia side of the Bay the tide is held in check by wall of precipitous basaltic rocks, from 200 to 600 feet high, known as the North Mountain. From Briar Island, at the mouth of the bay, to Cape Blomidon, nearly 200 miles, there is only one break in this rocky barrier.

This is Digby Gut, 700 yards wide, which leads into the beautiful Annapolis Basin. Through this narrow opening the tide rushes with great force to spread itself over the basin.

The Annapolis River, which if left to itself would be only a streamlet, becomes navigable at high tide for fourteen miles. The basin itself is caused by the continual submergence of the lower reaches of the river bed.

The water sweeps with mighty force through Minas Channel into the Basin of Minas, the same Basin of Minas which Evangeline could see from her front porch and in which, for all we know to the contrary, she paddled barefoot at high tide. From Minas Basin the tide reaches long fingers into the land.

Southwestward from Minas Basin, it has five river beds for its own. Two of these, the Cornwallis and the Habitant, are navigable for many miles at high tide. To the southward and the southeast are the River Avon and Cobequid Bay, running deep into the land.

Waters of Minas Basin and its environs for a day and you will see many wonderful transformations. Small streams, some too small to merit a name, wander pettishly in a waste of mud and marsh, turn into respectable rivers, then at highest tide into roaring estuaries; peninsulas are cut off from the land and become islands; broad stretches of uninteresting mud flats are flooded deep; the entire basin and its many arms fill up to their green and yellow brink of forest and pasture, orchards and tillied land.

This periodical flooding of the flats adjacent to river beds has created vast neutral tracts which are neither sea nor land, and which remain neither one nor the other long enough to be of much use as either. Two hundred years or so ago, in the early days of the French occupation, these neutral tracts were much more extensive.

The French took issue with the greedy sea, and before the all-wise British Government saw fit to empty Acadia of its settlers, hundreds of fertile acres, at Grand Pré and elsewhere, had been reclaimed. The English colonists, from Maine and Massachusetts mostly, who took up these lands, extended greatly this work.

The practical elimination of the Canard River illustrates the progress that has been made. The French first built a wall of mud and rock across the river's upper reaches, a dozen miles or so from the mouth. It worked beautifully. They grew bolder and threw up breastworks against the tide a few miles further down. Success again attended their efforts.

Their audacity could not be contained and the Grand Canard project was built about four miles from the basin. Then came the English, who defied the tide to do its utmost and built the Wellington dike across the river bed and the marsh dike at the river mouth.

These successive operations have reclaimed bottom lands of perhaps fifteen miles in length by from a quarter of a mile to two miles in width. The soil produces a luxurious crop of hay and affords excellent grazing ground in the late summer and fall. Parts of the dikes built by the French still remain.

The tide leaves the marshes which are still unreclaimed bare of water for periods long enough to enable a scanty growth of salt grass to struggle upward. In the late summer the Nova Scotia farmer mows this grass, for it makes fodder much appreciated by cattle in the long winter.

But though the farmer has his hay and can't get it to the barn, for the marsh, though it will bear the weight of man, will not bear the weight of the horse and wagon. So the salt hay is stacked up on piles. When winter sets in and the marsh freezes over the farmer carries the hay away on sleds at his leisure.

In the autumn months these marshes dotted here and there with what look

like brown huts on piles, present an odd appearance, especially at high spring tides. Sometimes the farmer is cheated of his harvest. An extra high tide in the early winter will sweep floating ice against these haystack, knock them off the piling and then bear them out to sea.

Navigation in these tidal waters has many problems. No commander wants his ship to repose ingloriously on a mud flat waiting for the tide to rise to enable it to resume its journey. Yet this often happens for the wind is more fickle than the tide.

But the mariner soon gets accustomed to trying up to a wharf and then being the water go clear away from there, leaving him inland. A steamer which plies between Wolfville, Parraboro and King's Cove on Minas Basin, follows the schedule of the tide. Otherwise it would need to be an airship to make its landings.

No need of drydocks in this part of the world. The barnacles haven't a show when they can be scraped off overnight.

At Canning, which is a small port four miles from the mouth of the Habitant River, is a shipyard. There is now building there a vessel of more than a thousand tons. If you visit the yard at low tide you will wonder how on earth that ship will ever get to sea, for there is no sign of water anywhere but except a rivulet 300 yards away.

You can step across the rivulet without wetting your feet. But if you hang around long enough you will see that rivulet grow big with a cease of its own importance and the water creep steadily up and up the slimy banks until it touches the brim. Then you will understand the building of the ship.

Visitors who merely catch glimpses of tidal manifestations from car windows carry away many mistaken ideas. Three Californians, a man and two women, did this in the Annapolis Valley last September by making the journey eastward from Yarmouth one day, and returning on the next. The train was passing Bridgetown, which is at the head of navigation of the Annapolis River, on their return journey when one of the women remarked to her companions:

"See that ship over there in the meadows. It was brought there on the railroad. When it is unloaded and loaded up again the railroad will carry it back to the water. That's what they told me yesterday. Isn't it wonderful?"

Now, Nova Scotia railroads aren't built to carry thousand-ton ships. So a young man who knew the country felt that if you are an average American worker you are going to be a failure. This isn't a nice sort of thing to stare one in the face on a Sunday morning, it is quite true, but if you were playing a lottery and a lot of people had gone around and told you that your ticket contained the lucky number, wouldn't you sooner have somebody come up and tell you the truth—that you were not the winner—than to go ahead and figure how you were going to spend the thousands that you were going to win?

Let it better to know the truth in the beginning than to go along in happy delusion until the smash of expectations and hopes comes in such a lump that one gives way to despair? Of course. Therefore, it is well to face the fact that if you are an average American worker you are not going to be a success, counting success as it is counted nowadays, with the bank book as the only foundation.

This does not mean that you cannot succeed, that it is impossible for you to win your way. You can do both, of course. But if you and your career are representative of the general run of the worker you aren't going to do it. You are not going to be a success any more than the average lottery player is going to be a winner, or the average human being live to be 80 years old.

Average Player Can't Win. Quite true, there are winners in lotteries, and there are people who are 80 years of age, but the average lottery player is not a winner, the average worker never gets to be 80. So the average worker cannot be a success, if the figures make it impossible. The extraordinary exception wins; the average does not.

Dun's and Bradstreet's commercial agencies compile statistics regarding the proportion of success and failure in business. Of 100 people starting in business, all lines, all amounts of capital considered, 95 fail and drop out. The other five, one-twentieth of the whole number, stay in business, and of this number an average of one, or a proportion of 1 in 100, wins what may be called a success.

So in business the average person is doomed to failure; and the person who is in a position either through his own efforts or through fortunate circumstances to start in business for himself is just so much further ahead of the average worker as a man with some capital is ahead of the man without a cent. He is up one stage of the hill with the much coveted top. The percentage which perish in the climb from the bottom to the top is just so much farther ahead of the average worker as the man with some capital is ahead of the man without a cent.

One in 100,000 is Rich. Of the average worker in this country—the best country on the face of the earth for the worker.

One in 1,000 earns more than a "living wage."

One in 5,000 saves as much as his best year's income.

One in 20,000 is independent when he "breaks down" or is "let out for old age."

One in 25,000 is in a position of responsibility and importance.

One in 50,000 "works into the firm."

One in 100,000 is "rich," therefore "successful."

One in 500,000 is "a great man."

One in 1,000,000 is satisfied—possibly.

The figures look bad, particularly those which show the small percentage making more than the price of a bare existence. In reality, however, that particular section of the table is the least discouraging.

The American workman lives on a

—slimy, red, unlovely. You look across the river bed. More mud, still red, slimy, unlovely. Here and there are patches of water lying still or flowing lazily seaward. The opposite bank rises to a mile away. Nothing at all to enthrall you in this expanse of water and mud. Suddenly you hear a faint rumble. It is the bore, forming some dozen miles below you. The rumble grows louder, finally increasing to a roar as of many railroad trains passing over a bridge.

A mile or so below the bend begins. You watch that point, and around it comes a wall of foaming water five or six feet high. The roar increases in intensity. As the bore advances rapidly the spray flashes into sight, woven by the moonbeams into fantastic shapes.

Refuses to Save Money. Substantially he never knows what the average worker. His high pay, higher than anywhere else in the world, puts within his reach luxuries which, from habit, become considered as necessities. The much bruieted "rainy day" nothing of a menace, and consequently a small percentage lay anything up against its arrival. It is the man who saves who wins, and the disinclination of the worker for saving is not affected even by the national spirit of ambition which prompts him to work for a hold on the ladder that leads to the top.

The successive rungs of the ladder, the feat of saving a little being the first one, weeded out the great army that tries to make the climb with increasing swiftness. At the top the number of men who are dropped off grows larger, the number of those who hang on fewer. Opportunities, not to consider the question of ability, decrease as the altitude increases. There are 25,000 "jobs" where there is one "good position"; there are 50,000 chances to get on the pay-roll where there exists one to "get in the firm."

This does not signify 50,000 employees to every firm; but death, accident, and all other hampering circumstances come to very few of the employees. The number of individuals before one firm member is produced. To fall sick and die is not the least of the stumbling blocks in the chances for success. And it all adds to the total number who fail; for to die is to fail, obviously.

Put Not Your Trust in Maxims. So you can see that you are not going to win if you are the average worker. If you are the extraordinary exception you will do so, but if you are the average you are not the exception. It is discouraging? Perhaps. But it is better to realize the truth and build and prepare for the future accordingly than to put your trust in the soothing, unthoughtful statements of the pleasant, bland gentlemen who assure the American worker that: "Everybody may win success with hard work, economy," etc. For everybody cannot do it; not any more than everybody can hold the office of President of the United States.

So if you are among the average you are going to be a failure. Is this repetition discouraging? No, not in the least. For you know, as does the man at the desk beside you, the man at the counter before you, that you are not the average worker, you are the extraordinary exception, just the next day in, just as every ambitious American is, the extraordinary exception, and therefore you are going to win—like all the rest.—Chicago Tribune.

MUST FAIL. Deadly Figures Govern Fate of Average Worker. If you are the average American worker you are going to be a failure. This isn't a nice sort of thing to stare one in the face on a Sunday morning, it is quite true, but if you were playing a lottery and a lot of people had gone around and told you that your ticket contained the lucky number, wouldn't you sooner have somebody come up and tell you the truth—that you were not the winner—than to go ahead and figure how you were going to spend the thousands that you were going to win?

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SPRING BLOOD IS BAD BLOOD.

How to Get New Health and Strength in the Spring.

The winter months are trying to the health of even the most robust. Confinement indoors in overheated and nearly always badly ventilated rooms—in the shops, in the shop and in the school—takes the vitality of even the strongest. The blood becomes thin and watery, or clogged with impurities, the liver sluggish, the kidneys weakened. Sometimes you get up in the morning just as tired as when you went to bed. Some people have headaches; others are low spirited; some have pimples and skin eruptions. These are all spring symptoms that the blood is out of condition. You can't cure these troubles with purgative medicines, which merely gallop through the system, leaving you still weaker. What you need to give you strength in spring is a tonic, and the one always reliable tonic and blood builder is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills not only banish spring ills, but guard you against the more serious ailments that follow, such as anaemia, nervous debility, rheumatism, indigestion and kidney trouble. Every dose of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills makes new, rich red blood which strengthens every nerve, every organ and every part of the body.

This is why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the favorite spring medicine with thousands throughout Canada. Try this medicine this spring and you will have energy and strength to resist the torrid heat of the coming summer. Mrs. Jas. Haskel, Port Maitland, N. S., says: "I was troubled with headaches, had a bad taste in my mouth, my tongue was coated, and I was easily tired and suffered from a feeling of depression. I got a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and it was not long before they began to help me, and I was soon feeling as well as ever I had been. You can get these pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont."

The Young Woman on the Farm. (The Home Journal.) The part the young woman plays in farm life is of more importance than would appear at first thought, while the interest she takes in the affairs of the farm adds to her happiness and the happiness of the home.

One of the most interesting of Ant Phenomena on Record. Near the bank of the Guadalupe River, I saw something green upon the ground, and, hurrying forward, found a lovely vine with leaves smaller than those of the smilax, of a pale, tender green. The vine had its root about five feet from the trunk of a towering cottonwood tree, and spread out on the ground four or five inches wide, becoming a little narrower as it approached the tree. I could see no stems nor tendrils, so thick was the growth; and as I drew close to the tree I saw that the vine branched just above the ground and went climbing up the great trunk and the branches. It grew more and more slender, until, far up, I could distinguish only a thread like line of green.

As I stood intently watching the delicate, graceful vine, I became aware that it was pervaded by a curious, tremulous motion. Then I saw that the individual leaves were not stationary. Starting up a twig from the ground, I touched one of the leaves and found to my amazement that there was a brown ant under it about as long as my little finger nail. Each leaf was held in the mandibles of the ant in such a way as to conceal the body of the insect, and the ants were coming down the tree. The discovery came upon me with a shock. I had stumbled on a nest of umbrella ants. Books had told me that such ants were found in the tropics, where they carried bits of leaves over their heads as if to protect themselves from the sun; but here, on the banks of a Texas river, I had found a colony of them, shading themselves where there was no sun, and completely hidden by their covering of green.

Charmed at the sight, I turned back to call my companions, who were fishing in the river. Within a few yards, I met my husband coming to look for me. He was even more excited over the phenomenon than I was, and shouted for the others to come quickly. On investigation we found that the spot where the vine seemed to have its root was really the opening of the ant nest. The tiny creatures had by some instinct learned that the topmost branches of the cottonwood had put out their first small leaves. They had climbed the immense distance and had cut off and brought down their leaves—to feed their young ones, we supposed. The ants which issued empty-jawed from the nest made a long circuit to the farther side of the tree, and climbed up where they would not interfere with the leaf-bearing thousands coming down.—"Nature and Science," in February St. Nicholas.

The Harp Without the Crown. (Montreal Herald.) The Belfast captain, who insisted upon flying the Irish flag above the Stars and Stripes, has evidently a keen sense of humor; in addition to very vivid recollections of his birthplace. In certain quarters of Ulster's capital, one sees the green emblem more frequently side by side with the tri-color and "Old Glory." In fact, a Union Jack or "Red Ensign" in the place alluded to would likely lead to a breach of the peace.

Donald's Independence. A Highlander who had been asking for some was advised by some friends to visit a professor. He happened to be in Glasgow and called on one there, who gave him directions thus—"You must stop drinking, smoking, snuffing, eat as little beef as possible, and work hard during the day to keep yourself in order." When he got this length Donald had got his cap and was making for the door. "Just one minute," cried the professor. "I must have 25 as a fee for my advice." "She'll no' be foin' ony o' yer advice," said Donald.

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ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c.—AND \$1.00

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WONDERFUL MOVING LINE. One of the Most Interesting of Ant Phenomena on Record. Near the bank of the Guadalupe River, I saw something green upon the ground, and, hurrying forward, found a lovely vine with leaves smaller than those of the smilax, of a pale, tender green. The vine had its root about five feet from the trunk of a towering cottonwood tree, and spread out on the ground four or five inches wide, becoming a little narrower as it approached the tree. I could see no stems nor tendrils, so thick was the growth; and as I drew close to the tree I saw that the vine branched just above the ground and went climbing up the great trunk and the branches. It grew more and more slender, until, far up, I could distinguish only a thread like line of green.

As I stood intently watching the delicate, graceful vine, I became aware that it was pervaded by a curious, tremulous motion. Then I saw that the individual leaves were not stationary. Starting up a twig from the ground, I touched one of the leaves and found to my amazement that there was a brown ant under it about as long as my little finger nail. Each leaf was held in the mandibles of the ant in such a way as to conceal the body of the insect, and the ants were coming down the tree. The discovery came upon me with a shock. I had stumbled on a nest of umbrella ants. Books had told me that such ants were found in the tropics, where they carried bits of leaves over their heads as if to protect themselves from the sun; but here, on the banks of a Texas river, I had found a colony of them, shading themselves where there was no sun, and completely hidden by their covering of green.

Charmed at the sight, I turned back to call my companions, who were fishing in the river. Within a few yards, I met my husband coming to look for me. He was even more excited over the phenomenon than I was, and shouted for the others to come quickly. On investigation we found that the spot where the vine seemed to have its root was really the opening of the ant nest. The tiny creatures had by some instinct learned that the topmost branches of the cottonwood had put out their first small leaves. They had climbed the immense distance and had cut off and brought down their leaves—to feed their young ones, we supposed. The ants which issued empty-jawed from the nest made a long circuit to the farther side of the tree, and climbed up where they would not interfere with the leaf-bearing thousands coming down.—"Nature and Science," in February St. Nicholas.

The Harp Without the Crown. (Montreal Herald.) The Belfast captain, who insisted upon flying the Irish flag above the Stars and Stripes, has evidently a keen sense of humor; in addition to very vivid recollections of his birthplace. In certain quarters of Ulster's capital, one sees the green emblem more frequently side by side with the tri-color and "Old Glory." In fact, a Union Jack or "Red Ensign" in the place alluded to would likely lead to a breach of the peace.

Donald's Independence. A Highlander who had been asking for some was advised by some friends to visit a professor. He happened to be in Glasgow and called on one there, who gave him directions thus—"You must stop drinking, smoking, snuffing, eat as little beef as possible, and work hard during the day to keep yourself in order." When he got this length Donald had got his cap and was making for the door. "Just one minute," cried the professor. "I must have 25 as a fee for my advice." "She'll no' be foin' ony o' yer advice," said Donald.

The teacher in the Darktown school was hearing the class in geography. "What is known as the Great Divide?" she asked.

"Outin' a big watermelon!" answered little Raestus, with a grin that showed all his ivories.

Not Realistic. Mrs. Suburb (at the theatre)—I thought this was supposed to be a realistic play?—And so it is, my dear. Mrs. Suburb—But it isn't. Six months is supposed to elapse between the first and second acts.

Suburb—Well, what of it?

Mrs. Suburb—What of it? Why, they still have the same cook.

WHEN BABY IS SICK GIVE BABY'S OWN TABLETS. The little ills of childhood often come very early and are not expected. Prove serious if not treated promptly. The wise mother will keep Baby's Own Tablets always at hand and give her little ones an occasional dose to prevent sickness or to treat it very early.

Baby's Own Tablets cure all the minor ailments of children and are absolutely safe. Mrs. A. H. Bonnyman, Mattal, N. S., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for teething, constipation and other ills of childhood, and have found them a safe and excellent medicine." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

TRANSPANTING TREES. Done at Night it Works No Injury to Foliage. In Revue Universelle, according to another foreign contemporary, there is a practical article of general interest on transplanting plants in full foliage at night. The results of some experiments by Rouault would make unnecessary the customary transplanting of deciduous trees in the fall or winter. He has found that trees may be transplanted in full foliage in May or June with little or no injury, providing the process is carried on at night. This has been demonstrated to the entire satisfaction of some of the most prominent horticulturists of France.

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