SOUTHERN NOVA SCOTIA.

A WINTER TRIP THROUGH THE LAND OF EVANGELINE.

Many Thriving Acadian Towns and Villages on the Line of the Dominion Atlantic Railway—Towns Hard Hit by the Scott Act—Yarmouth and Digby—Fine Hotels and Excellent Steamship Services.

Let me essay, O muse, to follow the wanderer's footsteps;
Not through each devious path, each changeful year of existence,

But as a traveler follows a steamlet's course through the valley;
Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam of its water
Here and there in some open space, and at intervals only.

Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan glooms that conceal it,
Though he beheld it not, he can hear its continuous murmur,
Happy at length if he find a spot where it reaches an outlet.

It is a noteworthy fact that two of the finest descriptive poems in the English language were entirely composed by the authors many miles away from the subjects and places that they referred to and described. Longfellow's Evangeline and Moore's even more famous "Laala Rookh," the heroine and romantic dreams of both having also some slight resemblance, though miles of ocean separated their native lands. Many still think that Longfellow's home was in Nova Scotia—I was even told it was at Wolfville—so vivid and true are his charming lines on the pastoral scenery and customs of Acadia, but Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, like Daniel Webster, lived and died by his Marshland in New England, and never visited or even saw the scene of his magnificent poem. It is thought he feared to shatter his ideal by probing too deep into the reality; while Moore, warm-hearted Irishman that he was, traveled thousands of miles

In that delightful province of the sun,
The first of eastern lands he shines upon,

In a vain attempt to verify the ideal of his eastern princess, and the romance of his oriental dream.

It is not my purpose, however, to criticise these two favorite poems—a sufficient number of would-be poets and writers have already done that—because it is much easier to criticise something someone else has written than to write it oneself. This is a mild hint to you "gentle, or otherwise reader," if a desire should steal over you to play the critic with this, for the present at least, necessarily brief and incomplete little sketch of the beautiful "Evangeline's land, and Acadia—home of the happy." We will presume that the celebrated poet knew what he was writing about and that from his intimate acquaintance with the even more interesting Minnehaha, he was sufficiently well acquainted with the dialect of the Indian to correctly assign to Acadia this charming signification "Home of the Happy." Why this beautiful name of Acadia has not been retained has always been a puzzle to many. It is nicer and more appropriate in every way than the sectional one by which it has been usurped.

I wonder if it could have been perpetrated by the same patriot humbug who planted the first thistle on this side of the Atlantic? If so, it is hoped there are thorns in his pillow to this day to remind him of his criminal folly. I cannot help thinking that the names of all the Maritime Provinces might be much more appropriate than they are, and the name of Acadia in particular shoud be perpetuated and retained by the seagirt land to which it rightly belongs, and I hope some move will even yet be made with that object in view.

It is too far back now for us to call into question the propriety of the British Government in ordering the deportation of these people, who had not only ceased to be happy, but whose murmurings of discontent could be heard over the roar of the ocean, along their serried shores. They were, it appears, of French extraction, and if a crime was committed in their removal, their own race were primarily responsible to them for it, as they selfishly neglected to make any provision for them in the treaty that caused a new and a better flag to wave over them. They themselves may have been as innocent as the poet so gracefully describes them to have been, but the political manipulators who assumed to represent them were just the same deceitful persons they are to-day, and self-interest alone directed their every move. We need only to look to the history that the very safety and the future of the world in general to be convinced that the very safety and the future fo the nation very probably depended on the then prompt and necessary, though perhaps seemingly harsh, measures that were adopted by the British as the conquering power in Acadia. At the very most, it was but the fortunes of war, and though they do make a great grievance of it, the early Acadians had in reality, if everything is to be considered, very little to complain of. A great many harsh things are written about it by persons who it seems to me were not there at the time.

The season of the year of this present visit to the provinces by the sea, being midwinter, rendered it impossible for us to see to advantage the scenic "Land of Evangeline," yet it was interesting; and we could easily understand what a delightful place it must be at other more favorite seasons, and were told that more particularly in the autumn its charms could scarcely be excelled, when the large apple orchards are resplendent in all their glorious fruition, for, it is said, they now grow in the charming Annapolis Valley better apples than were ever handled by Eve in the traditional Garden of Eden.

The Dominion Atlantic Railway, known as "The Land of Evangeline route," runs through the southwestern half of Nova Scotia, from Halifax to Yarmouth. The trains start out of the fine terminal station of the Intercolonial, and, winding around the picturesque shores of Bedford Basin, branch off from the Government Railway lines at Windsor Junction, soon afterwards passing through the rich gold mining district around Mount Uniacke, where is pointed out the valuable property of the Golden Lode Mining Co.

Windsor is soon afterwards reached, but as the time at my disposal only allowed of my remaining over there one night, I had no sufficient opportunity to learn much about this progressive town, at which there formerly resided no less a personage than the father of England's Queen.

The train was in charge of Conductor W. W. Clarke, who runs the fast express known as the "Flying Bluenose," and who has been connected with the D.A.R. for the past fourteen years. He is popular with both the company and the traveling public, and as polite as ever to the lady passengers, although he was married four years ago to Miss Holmes, a member of that well-known family of Hantsport, N.S. Mr. Clarke will courteously point out to tourists and visitors all the many places of historical and scenic interest along this charming Land of Evangeline route, over which he is naturally quite an enthusiast.

I must not forget to state that the representative of the Dominion Atlantic Railway in Halifax is Mr. A. D. Hewat, with offices at 13 Hollis-street, opposite the Halifax Hotel, and to his courtesy and kindness also is greatly due the information you are now receiving about the popular line he represents.

At Windsor there are two very good hotels. The largest is the Dufferin Hotel, opposite the station, of which Mr. C. A. Jordan is proprietor.

The Hotel Victoria, kept by Mr. Thomas Doran, is a little further down the main street.

Mr. John MacDonald is station agent of the D.A.R. here, and from him I learned that the town has a fine electric lighting system, cotton mills, furniture factory and foundry, besides many other industries.

This town seems to have been hard hit by the useless Scott Act, which, although long since done away with in other parts of Canada, is still kept in force in the lower provinces. The hotel men are begining to think that their lines are not cast in very pleasant places, though the places are certainly very pleasant in other ways. A great many devices always have been and no doubt always will be resorted to, in evading the liquor laws, and especially such an act as the one referred to. At one place in particular a new board partition had been put up in front of the bar in which a wicket-like opening was cut large enough to allow of a glass being passed through; over this in large letters in semicircular shape appeared the very suggestive legend, "If you don't see what you want, ask for it."

Would it not be a good idea to introduce that new license system that is said to be proving so successful in some places in the Western States—that is, license the drinker as well as the place from which he draws his supply. He would then just have to produce his license at the bar to obtain his beverage, like the commercial traveler puts up his certificate at the ticket office to obtain his pasteboard for transportation. The fee could be from $10 to $25 per annum, and could also limit the quantity and kind of liquor to be consumed. Fine revenue scheme, I assure you, to license the toper. Wonder this idea didn't already occur to the cute little politician and his wicked partner. It would afford even a bigger revenue than this cunningly devised Succession Duties Act they are again tinkering at. Soon they will have it surrounded by as many artful conditions and subtle provisos as those iniquitous loan company mortgages.

To make people sober by act of Parliament is a big undertaking. The fact is, and experience has proved, that it cannot be done; then let the unique double licensing system be given a trial.

However, to proceed with our story. Fifteen miles west of Windsor nestles "the little village of Grand Pre"—or at least a modern litle village bearing its name, but as Longfellow has it:

Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand Pre.
Many a year has passed since the burning of Grand Pre,
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,
Bearing a nation with all its household gods into exile—
Exile without an end, and without an example in story.

The principal landmark of the ancient Acadian village, "Evangeline's well," is quite close to the station, and can be seen from the train. For one with plenty of time to spare a pleasant and interesting stop-over could be made here, but with the limited time at my disposal for this trip, I could neither lay over at Wolfville nor Kentville, which I very much desired to do, particularly at the latter place, which is the headquarters of the D.A.R. Mr. Gifkins, G.P.A., was absent, but I met Mr. W. F. Cochran, who was in charge of the station. A branch line runs from here to Canning and Kingsport, between which port and Parrsboro, the terminus of the Cumberland Railway and Coal Company's line, the steamer Evangeline crosses the historical "Basin of Minas," and this, by the way, may be called the northern gateway to the former home of Evangeline. At Middleton, 102 miles west of Halifax, connection is made with the Nova Scotia Central Railway, which extends across the peninsular province to Bridgewater, Lunenburg and Mahone Bay and this we will call the south-eastern gateway.

Soon afterwards the attentive conductor imparts the pleasing, though startling, information that we are bound for Paradise. We have then at least struck the right line—the Dominion Atlantic—and all aboard for Paradise. This recalls to my mind another memorable railway trip—from Colombo to Candy—in

"Ceylon's lovely Isle,"

where the traveler can easily imagine that he is at least nearing a veritable garden of Eden, the supposed location of which was in this pendant gem of India.

"Once in an ancient city, whose name
I no longer remember."

This Paradise is explained, however, by referring to the timetable, for we find the second station from Middleton is Paradise, and it is well named, if for no other reason than to herald our approach to the far-famed Annapolis Valley—at once the heart and the garden of Acadia, and before long we come in view of the grass-covered ruins of the old French fortifications erected at Annapolis Royal nearly 300 years ago. Under the name of Port Royal it was formerly the capital of Acadia—and, to be precise, was established as such in 1604—being the oldest European settlement on the American Continent north of the Gulf of Mexico. What a temptation, therefore, to linger on this historic ground, and to write about it, too, but as this is a flying trip, and a flying sketch as well, we have to postpone the pleasure of a better acquaintance with Annapolis and its charming valley to some future time. Just before reaching Digby, "Bear River" is called out, and a shudder goes through the passenger as the train pulls up at the scene of the awful tragedy enacted here only a few hours before, being almost a parallel case to the dreadful Chattelle crime near Listowel, Ontario, about eighteen months ago. Both victims were girls of about the same age. It's too long a story to give you here, but the accused Bear River murderer, who strongly protests his innocence, is now awaiting trial in Digby's quaint old jail.

And now we are at Digby, on the beautiful basin of the same name, and, in its moments of calm and sunshine, beautiful it certainly is, and forming part of the Bay of Fundy, one of the famous sheets of water on the globe. Famous at least for one thing, and that is the very high tides, rising, it is said, frequently as much as 30 to 40 feet.

This is the western gateway to "Evangeline Land," and from here one of the finest and fastest steamers that float, the Prince Rupert, with her consort, the Monticello, maintains a regular service across the Bay of Fundy to St. John, N.B.

Digby, as famous for its cherries and "chickens," as Yarmouth is for its ducks and bloaters, is a very fine summer resort, and seems to be altogether a pleasant place in which to visit or reside. The permanent population is about one thousand; it is the Shire town—as it is called—of Digby County, and here is located the jail before referred to. It is an antiquated looking square wooden structure, with a stone basement, in which the cells are located, having wooden doors. This old prison is rather a curiosity in its way, and occupies a prominent position on the heights overlooking the sparkling blue waves of the splendid harbor. It is surmounted by a peculiar looking cupola, on the top of which is a flagstaff appropriately surmounted by a large figure of a fish, for fishing is the principal industry of Digby, and large quantities of cod, halibut, haddock, lobsters and finan haddie are annually exported. Adjoining the jail is the large new brick schoolhouse—no Separate schools here.

Mr. B. Van Blarcom combines the offices of sheriff and jailer, which positions he has filled for 14 years. He has comfortable quarters in the jail building, in which he resides. He formerly represented this electoral district in the Provincial Legislature. Mr. T. C. Shreve is Digby's Mayor. Mr. W. E. Brown, bridge contractor, who has been a resident here for 20 years, is the leading member of the council. He represents the Dominion Bridge Co. of Montreal. Mr. J. M. Viets is Collector of Customs, and reports a yeanly increase of business at this port, which will also receive a further impetus on the establishing of the proposed new line of steamships to United States ports.

Digby's newspaper is The Courier, published Fridays. Mr. R. S. McCormack is proprietor and Mr. A. W. Fullerton, editor.

The Bank of Nova Scotia has an agency here, and accommodates a radius of 20 miles. Mr. H. Green is the manager.

The new Royal Hotel is Digby's principal place of public entertainment. It is owned and managed by Mr. E. Stailing, is a strictly temperance house and a very comfortable stopping place for travelers, tourists and families.

The largest place between Digby and Yarmouth is Weymouth. The railway here crosses the Sissiboo River on a very fine bridge; population, about 800; industries, fishing, lumbering and agriculture. Haddock, cod, mackerel, shad, lobster and halibut are all obtainable in the beautiful St. Mary's Bay, divided from the Bay of Fundy by Digby Neck. Brook trout fishing can be had about seven miles back in the rivers and streams.

The principal hotel here is the Weymouth House, proprietor, Mr. R. L. Black, and, besides being quite convenient to the station, there is a free bus to meet all trains. Travelers and tourists will find here excellent accommodation, and there are sample rooms for the commercial trade. Mr. Black can supply livery rigs at the very reasonable price of $2 per day, and there are many interesting and beautiful places to visit within easy driving distance of Weymouth.

Mr. N. B. Jones is Collector of Customs.

As we continue our trip south from Weymouth the snow disappears, and, seeing cattle grazing in the fields, we almost forget that it is midwinter, and in what is generally considered as a winter land at that. Soon after passing a chain of beautiful little lakes, we arrive at Yarmouth, the southern point of Nova Scotia, reaching down into the Atlantic like Florida reaches into the Gulf of Mexico, and the soft air from the great bodies of water surrounding and the current of the gulf stream tempering the climate of both at all seasons of the year.

Now, I would like to say a great deal abcut Yarmouth, for it impressed me very favorably, but my visit on this occasion was necessarily so brief that I did not learn all I wished to know about it, and I shall therefore promise you a more complete description on a future occasion; for Yarmouth is one of those charming places that, when once visited, there is always a desire to visit them again. You are never out of sight of the water, and that in itself is a great charm, and there is always boating and fishing, and such fish, too, and so many, but you will excuse me for the present if I do not enumerate the varieties.

There are two things in particular that have greatly conduced to the advancement of Yarmouth; they are the fine Yarmouth and Boston steamship line and the Grand Hotel, both controlled by the same company—the Yarmouth SS. Co., of which Mr. L. E. Baker, who is also a member of the Legislature, is the well-known president and manager, and Mr. W. A. Chase secretary and treasurer, and two finer gentlemen, or two officials better acquainted with the many requirements of an exacting traveling public, would certainly be very difficult to find

The two steamships referred to, and they are fine ones, too, are the Yarmouth and Boston, and they make regular trips between the cities, the respective names of which they bear.

The passenger leaving Yarmouth Saturday night by one of these fast steamers can be in Montreal on Monday morning at 8 o'clock. Tickets are sold here via the C.P.R., G.T.R., N.Y.C. and H.R., and via Suspension Bridge. Baggage is checked through and customs inspection avoided when desired.

And now for the Grand Hotel. It is a grand hotel, too, in every sense of the word, and when the statement is made that it is finer than any hotel we have here even in Toronto, I would not advise you to dispute it. It is without any exception the finest hotel in all the Maritime Provinces, and is a credit to its promoters, who are the leading citizens of Yarmouth. It is a solid and fine looking structure of dark red brick and stone, capped by a tower and two cupolas. It has long and wide verandahs facing the island-studded harbor and the bold and picturesque shores of Elder's head beyond, where, it is the intention of the enterprising proprietors, to have a number of summer cottages erected.

The Grand Hotel is electric lighted throughout, and heated with radiators. It has magnificently furnished parlors, reception and reading rooms, occupying nearly the whole front of the first and second floors, and large bathrooms on every floor. There are over a hundred fine, airy and thoroughly clean sleeping rooms and accommodations for about 200 guests.

In the fine large dining hall on the ground floor more than one fair Evangeline will be found waiting to place before their guests the finest dainties supplied by land or sea. For instance, just scan the breakfast bill of fare, a copy of which follows, and then imagine what the dinner bill of fare would be. It is too long to publish it in this present sketch.

GRAND HOTEL.
Breakfast, 11 Feb., 1896.
Oranges, Bananas, Apples.
Tea, Coffee, Cocoa.
Hominy, Flaked Wheat, Rolled Oats.
Broiled Finnan Haddie, Brook Trout (frozen), Fresh Cod, Baked Clams, Lobsters, Fried Smelts, Halibut Steaks.
Tenderloin Steak, Lamb Chops, Veal Cutlets, Chipped Beef in Cream, Irish Stew, Frizzled Beef with Eggs.
Fried Ham and Eggs, Broiled Ham, English Breakfast Bacon, Codfish in Cream, Broiled Tripe.
Boston Baked Beans.
Eggs—Boiled, fried, poached, shirred, Omelet, with Ham, with Bacon, with Cheese, with Tomatoes, etc.
Baked Potatoes, French Fried Potatoes, Lyonnaise Potatoes, Buckwheat Cakes, with W. O. Molasses, and all sorts of bread, toast, rolls, muffins, etc.

The Grand is now under the excellent management of Mr. A. E. Ellis, and though you will meet with none of that diamond-stud swagger, so prevalent in large hotels on the other side of the line, you will find here a finer and more comfortable hotel in every way for the money (for the rates are reasonable) than there is from New York to San Francisco.

The Dominion Atlantic Railway is represented here by Mr. H. M. Bailey, who is general agent for the western division of the line.

My limited stay in Yarmouth only afforded me time to see two of the principal firms, the Birrell-Johnson Iron Co., and Parker, Eakins & Co., but they are representative and leading firms of this progressive place. The former, among the oldest established marine engine builders in the Maritime Provinces, have an extensive foundry and machine shops, where, on special contracts, they have had as many as 300 men employed at one time. They manufacture all kinds of stationary and marine machinery.

Parker, Eakins & Co. are extensive curers and shippers of dry and pickled fish for home and export trade. They are also selling agents for Nova Scotia fibred codfish, an improved delicacy in the fish line lately introduced, which we will learn more about on our next visit.

There are three newspapers published here, The Times, Herald and Light, which we will have to tell you all about some other time. I was forgetting to mention that Yarmouth has electric street cars, being one of the first places to adopt that improved system of street travel, and it may also be mentioned that the cars run every day in the year, and are never blocked with snow.

There is a new railroad now in course of construction, skirting as near as practicable the south shore, which, it is expected, will eventually extend along a portion of the east coast.

While here I met Mr. Davies of Toronto, representing the new Dayton bicycles, now manufactured by the J. & J. Taylor Company, which are meeting with great success. We also had with us over Sunday at the Grand Hotel, Mr. Solomon, another Torontonian, who travels for a leading New York publishing firm

And now let us say farewell to Yarmouth, until the glad summer season entices us back again to Acadia's beautiful valleys, and her rock-ribbed, seabeaten shore.

"Where in haste the refluent ocean, fled
away with its foam,
And left the line of the sandbeach covered
with waifs of the tide,
With kelp and the slippery seaweed."

Paine's Celery Compound Victorious!

Fearful Sufferings Endured for Years.

SIX DOCTORS FAIL TO CURE A TORTURED LADY.

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Hope and Comfort for All Who Suffer From Any Disease.

Paine's Celery Compound the Great Healer and Life-saver.

Mrs. Thomas McMaster, of 46 Cumberland-street, Toronto, is now a happy and grateful woman, and deems it her duty to acquaint suffering humanity of the great healing and health-giving virtues of Paine's Celery Compound. From her statement made to a reporter of The Toronto Evening Star we give the following extracts:

"Ten years ago I was attacked with neuralgia, and though treated by six doctors, the disease grew worse, and nearly drove me insane. I was for one summer an out-door patient at the hospital here, but only got temporary relief.

"I was sleepless for nights, my digestion was bad, and I would feel a pain in my stomach every time I ate anything. Day after day I suffered the most intense agony, and I often wonder I didn't go crazy. I took endless medicines, given to me by medical men, and, getting worse, I became utterly disheartened.

"One day my deliverance came. A lady who had suffered just as I had told me that Paine's Celery Compound had cured her. I used the compound as a last resort, and it simply made a new woman of me. The pain vanished; my eyesight, which was impaired, returned, and I felt myself growing well, and I never felt happier in my life. I am now well and strong, and all my health and happiness are due to Paine's Celery Compound. I will always gratefully remember the medicine that cured me, and speak a good word for it."

LOST OR FAILING MANHOOD,

General and Nervous Debility,

Weakness of Body and Mind. Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young. Robust, Noble Manhood fully Restored. How to enlarge and Strengthen Weak, Undeveloped Organs and Parts of Body. Absolutely unfailing Home Treatment—Benefits in a day. Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free.

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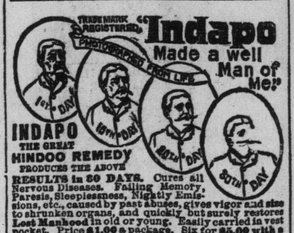

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There's health, strength and energy in every bottle of **Manley's** Celery-Nerve Compound. Guaranteed to cure.

Major W. H. Cooper, 16 Gloucester St., Toronto, says:

"I can now eat, sleep, and think better, and feel altogether a different man. Before taking it I had suffered for a long time from severe pains in my back and a feeling of exhaustion upon the slightest exertion, slept badly, and was subject to fits of the "blues." This has all disappeared and I feel like a new man, all of which I attribute to Manley's Celery-Nerve Compound."

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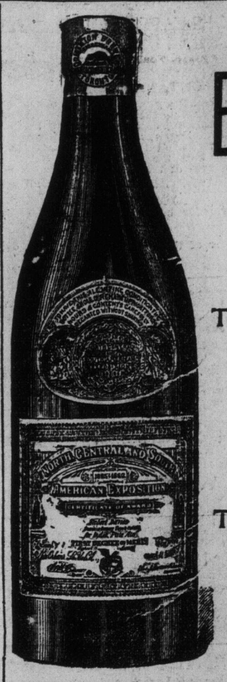

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ROBERT DAVIES, Manager.

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CANADIAN COLORED COTTON MILLS CO.

1896-SPRING-1896

Ginghams, Zephyrs, Cheviot Suitings,
Flannelettes, Dress Goods, Skirtings
Oxfords, Shirtings, Cottonades,
Awnings, Tickings, Etc., Etc.

Now Ready SEE SAMPLES IN WHOLESALE HOUSES.

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Pure and Wholesome.

Recommended by testimonials of four Eminent Chemists. TEN GOLD, SILVER AND BRONZE MEDALS. HIGHEST AWARDS on this continent wherever exhibited.

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