

ST. ANDREWS BY-THE-SEA, N.B.



O the most of us the Pacific will never be anything but just the Pacific. The Atlantic is The Ocean.

There is a magic on its wave-thundered coasts—there is history, two thousand fog-banked years of it, calling across that grey prairie of the seas. That which is British in us, or mixed blood of all Europe pulls us to the Atlantic shores; that which is Canadian holds us there, for here on the red sandstoned beaches of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia in the years that have blown away into the forest, the rose, the shamrock, the thistle and the fleur de lis conspired together to produce the maple leaf of our Dominion.

It was in the spring of 1604 that a vessel sailed out of the harbor of Havre-de-Grace with everybody on board singing. There was de Monts, the noble seigneur dressed like D'Artagnan of "The Three Musketeers" with a plume nigh as long as his sword, and a charter half as big again, telling him that he had the rights of trade and colonization for all Acadia, a pleasantly-vague domain extending from Cape Breton down as far towards Florida as the polite Spaniard would allow. De Monts sang doubtless because he saw his dream of founding "an ancestral home" in the New World coming toward him with a sceptre in each hand.

"We were a motley assemblage of gentlemen, artisans and vagabonds numbering over a hundred and twenty in all," says Samuel de Champlain, his companion, in his quaint chronicle published in Paris in 1613.