

THROUGH A MONOCLE

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH NOVA SCOTIA?

DID you ever take a look at the map of Canada? Maps have a special fascination for me; so that it is a fad of mine to sit and look at maps as other people look at pictures. The map of Canada is well worth looking at. It is a fine country we have, with our vast British Columbia marching up into the silent North, our unmeasured prairies growing their wheat as far north as the Peace River, our perky little "postage stamp" Province of Manitoba—soon to be carried through to Hudson Bay, our industrial Ontario with all its activity stowed away in the toe of its boot, our picturesque Quebec holding its majestic St. Lawrence in its bosom and fronting the sea, and our Maritime Provinces dipping south to shut off the sea-view of the entire United States. It is an ornament to any wall. I had rather have it hanging above my study-table than half the blurred copies of great pictures or gaudy reproductions of poor ones which you can buy at a bargain now that Christmas is over.

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WELL, I was looking at it the other day, and I noticed Nova Scotia. It is a marvellously well-situated Province. It has all the advantages of an island without being cut off from the Mainland like poor little Prince Edward Island. Its coast is serrated with harbours. It lies between New England and Old England. Every ship that sails from Boston or New York for the British Isles passes almost within hailing distance of Nova Scotia. Its fishermen have the best starting point for their voyages. Its land is rich, as witness the Annapolis Valley. It has coal and iron in its mountains—those twin bases of a matchless industrial development. It is the first land that the immigrant sees—unless he comes when he can be smuggled up the St. Lawrence; and it is the part of Canada which is nearest to the markets of Europe. If I did not know Canada, I would say, off-hand, just from looking at the map, that the rest of the Dominion could not hope to get a settler until the snug sea Province of New Scotland had been filled up so completely that they were beginning to fall off over the edges.

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YET the Census Man tells us that this is not so. And now I would like some one to tell me why. Why don't everybody live in Nova Scotia that can? Why does any immigrant ever pass it? Why are industries established elsewhere until all the available sites in Nova Scotia have been occupied? An ardent Maritime Province man was discussing this with me the other day, and he said

that the Intercolonial had a lot to do with it. It was not that the road was not a good road, but that a Government line could not develop a country like a private company. Company railways establish contributory industries and help to open up a land generally. Another reason suggested was that the men of wealth in the Maritime Provinces do not put their money into industrial or commercial enterprises. They had rather do the banking for other people, or else just live on the interest of their "safe and sane" investments. This last idea reminded me of a very similar country in some regards—Greece. Greece is the loveliest land I ever saw, with a perfect climate, an ingenious and clever people, and the best site to command the trade of the East. Yet it stagnates. The reason given me in Athens for this was that the Greeks with wealth do not try to make more money by planting native industries, but are content to live on what they have in Vienna, in Paris, in Italy or in Athens itself.

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NOVA SCOTIA once had a great industry—the building of wooden ships. But the world outgrew wooden ships. Iron ships replaced them; and Nova Scotia was left with her forests and shipyards empty and silent. As for the Nova Scotians themselves, they are more under the spirit of the Old World than the rest of Canada—which is, being interpreted, that they are less greedy of money and less inclined to measure all things by the total of a man's bank account. I am sure that you have noticed this virtue of theirs; for I do not hesitate to call it a virtue right in the teeth of a community which conspicuously lacks it. They think more of their golden hours, and less of their golden treasures than we do. It is quite easy to understand why a Nova Scotian may be content with what he has, when he has enough; and ready to sit down and live his life. That is what an Englishman would be very apt to do. They do not look on "trade" as a duty in the Old World, but as a burden; and they pay their highest honours to the classes which have wholly escaped from it.

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IAM told that Nova Scotia is on the brink of a revival. Her lovers say that her time has at last come. The obvious advantages of this most choicely situated province of ours, are about to be appreciated; and the Nova Scotians will soon be in the midst of what we call a "boom." Whether they will all quite relish this awakening, is another question. But the prophecy is confidently made that it is coming. Certainly I do not see how it can be kept at bay forever. There is no province for which nature has done more—none for which it

has done so much in proportion to area. It has "the corner lot"—not only of the Dominion—but of the Continent. All our traffic has run by its door ever since we had any worth mentioning. Nor has it lacked for sons. What other province, in proportion to population, has turned out so many really big men? It has given us three Dominion Premiers out of our eight, and it has thrown in such public men as Joe. Howe, the younger Tupper and Fielding for good measure. It has given Ontario two of its best College Presidents. In brains, it has fairly won the name of the New Scotland. It is perhaps only because we persist in our truly Western habit of measuring every thing by the number of car-loads of products it turns out, or the colossal fortunes it piles up, or any of the other sacrifices we make to the brazen god "Success," that we imagine that Nova Scotia has not lived up to its opportunities. Possibly if we measured by rich lives and well-freighted brains and the "better things of life," we should find that the little Province by the Sea has had its quiet share, and has been teaching us how to live—if we would but look.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

Even the Thermometer Turns.

(By leased wire to THE COURIER.)

Ottawa, January 15th.—Parliament reassembled last week in frigid atmosphere. Members sped to and from Parliament Hill wrapped in varied furs and woollens. The sole subjects of conversation seemed to be the weather and "the dismissals," the latter denoting the changes in the civil service which have resulted from the change of Government, and which, in Ottawa at least, are seemingly more important than all the reciprocity questions in the world. The other night a group of Parliamentarians were making their way to the buildings discussing the temperature. One thermometer on Sparks Street indicated 22 below zero; another 19; and still a third 18. It was decided to settle the question by the Parliamentary thermometer, which hangs just outside the main entrance.

"Pshaw," exclaimed big Thomas McNutt, of Salt-coats, in evident unbelief and disgust, as he examined the indicator. "It is only nine below."

"Wise instrument," murmured Colonel Hugh Clark. "It knows it must be Conservative to hold its job these days."

FEBRUARY is to be the month of automobile shows in Canada. The extensive preparations which are being made reflect the growth of the industry. In some cases the show is held under the auspices of the provincial motor associations and in others wholly under the auspices of the manufacturers and the agents. The Toronto show which is to be held in the Armouries from Feb. 21st to Feb. 28th has received the official sanction of the Ontario Motor League. By the way, the membership in the League is now close to sixteen hundred.

SCOTTISH CURLERS HAVE A GAY TIME IN QUEBEC



A procession on the streets of Quebec as the curlers left for a game at Kent House, Montmorency Falls. Nine years ago, the visiting Scotch curlers were banquetted there.



Riding in a dog-sled is an unusual amusement even in Quebec, but Col. Robertson-Aikman was duly initiated into the sport. The colonel is captain of the visitors' team.

Photos by Gleason.