

is not too much to say that the poem of "Evangeline" has done more to make Nova Scotia famous than all the books which have ever been written. The author could well have boasted, as Horace did, "*Elegi monumentum are perennis.*"

Few traces of the French village are to be found. It has vanished from the earth, but the road taken by the exiles, as they sadly made their way to the King's ships, may still be traced by the sentimental tourist. Let such a one not search too deeply into history, lest his ideas of the Acadians receive a change, but let him be content with the poet's version, and feel that,

"To their annals linked while time shall last,
Two lovers from the shadowy realms are seen,
A fair, immortal picture of the past,
The forms of Gabriel and Evangeline."

Wolfville is another beautiful place, and beyond it is Kentville, where the General Offices of the W. & A. Railway are situated, and a point from which Mahone Bay may be reached by stage across the country. Kentville has many attractions for the lover of the beautiful as found in peaceful landscape, and is well worthy of a visit. A little later the famed Annapolis Valley is seen and traversed until Annapolis Royal is reached, at a distance of 130 miles from Halifax.

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL.

the ancient capital of Acadia, is the oldest European settlement in America, north of the Gulf of Mexico. Hither came Champlain in 1604, four years before he founded Quebec; and soon after, the French colony was established on this well chosen spot. It was then, Port Royal, and it remained for the English, a century later, to change the name to Annapolis, in honor of their queen. Deeply interesting as its history is, it can not be outlined here. It is enough to say that it has shared the fate of other Acadian strongholds and its fort has become a ruin. To ascend the elevated ground and look down upon the broad river and on the hills and vales around, one sees much that is beautiful to-day; and can well realize how Pontreincourt was charmed with the vision that greeted his eyes when he and his comrades set foot upon this shore. The early settlement was a few miles further down the river than the present town, but all we tread is historic ground. This fair river and goodly land have been the scenes of many a fearful fray, and swift death has claimed its victims on every hand. Now all is peaceful, beautiful. The "war drum throbs no longer, and the battle

flags are furled;" the fort is the play-ground of the children, and the flocks of the farmers graze upon the earth-works raised by man to resist his fellow-men.

The Annapolis Valley is famed for its fertility. It lies between the North and South Mountain ranges; and thus sheltered, with a soil unusually rich, it has well earned the name of the Garden of Nova Scotia. For mile after mile the railway runs past orchards white with apple blossoms or laden with tempting fruit. The air is fragrant, and the eye never wearies of the fair farms and their fertile fields. One of the villages is called Paradise, and the name does not seem misplaced. Farmers may here live amid peace and plenty, and toil little for a rich reward. It is a fine country—a beautiful valley.

The whole coast, from Brier Island to Blomidon, a distance of 130 miles, is protected by the rocky barriers. The range rises at times to the height of 600 feet, and effectually guards this part of Nova Scotia from the cold north winds, and the chilling fogs which sometimes prevail in the Bay of Fundy.

One can go from Annapolis direct to Boston, by steamer; or he can take the steamer across to St. John, a short and pleasant trip. On the way he can stop at Digby, a fine watering-place, with the best of sea-bathing, plenty of fruit, and much natural beauty.

If the tourist has not already visited

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

he should do so before leaving the Maritime Provinces. The Garden of the Gulf is easily reached, either from Point du Chene or Pictou; and once arrived, the railway takes one to all parts of the island.

The island has more good land, in proportion to its size, than any part of the Maritime Provinces, and grows amazingly large potatoes and surprisingly heavy oats. Its people raise enough food to supply all their wants and have as much more to sell to outsiders. It is altogether a flourishing country, and withal, fair to look upon, pleasant to dwell in, and as cheap a place as one can find in a month's journey. There was a time when it was even more cheap for strangers than it is now; and it is a positive fact that men have gone there, had a good time, and while paying for everything, found the expense amounting to nothing. The difference in the currency did it. A man could buy up sovereigns, "short quarters," etc., at their ordinary value in the other Provinces, take them to the island, pass them at their much higher local value, and make money