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### Here and There

A remarkable report comes from Brockville, Ont. Harry Church, a farmer residing five miles north of that town, is the owner of a Holstein cow which has just given birth to three calves. All are alive and thriving.

On July 11, Her Majesty the Queen of Spain and her two daughters visited the Canadian Pacific Railway's pavilion at the British Empire Exhibition. Her Majesty evinced deep interest in all she saw and declared the exhibit to be "perfectly lovely."

Although the present season of ocean travel has reached the period usually associated with a falling off in the number of passengers, steamship companies report that little decrease is apparent this year and that the total volume of passenger traffic in 1924 will probably be the largest of any year since the war.

World production of silver for the first half of 1924 is 117,650,000 ounces, as against 118,250,000 ounces in the first six months of 1923. Canada accounted for a production of 10,800,000 ounces in 1924, as against 10,500,000 ounces in the first half of 1923, being the third producer after Mexico and the United States, both of which showed a decline.

Saskatchewan's output of creamery butter in June amounted to 1,767,056 pounds, as compared with 1,746,000 pounds in June, 1923, an increase of 41,056 pounds or 2.4 per cent. From January to June, 1924, the province has produced 5,109,090 pounds of butter, as against 4,423,014 pounds in the same period in 1923, an increase of 686,076 pounds, or 15.5 per cent.

Among the tributes to the late Sir Edmund Osler, of the Canadian Pacific Railway's directorate, was one from C. R. Hosmer, for many years a fellow-director. It was addressed to Vice-President Grant Hall and read as follows: "He was the last living of the great men who organized our great railway."

The late Sir Edmund became a director of the Canadian Pacific Railway in 1885, the year of the completion of the transcontinental line.

A most interesting and attractive volume entitled "Here and There in Montreal" has just been published by the Musson Book Co. of Toronto. The book is well illustrated with maps and pictures in color and brings out many noteworthy facts, such as that the city's total population is 900,000, that two-thirds of this number are French-Canadians and that Montreal is the second port of importance in North America. The author is Charles W. Stokes, Asst. Gen. Publicity Agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

The first annual Pow Wow of the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies, held at Yoho Camp, was a great success. Over 200 internationally known writers, artists, etc., rode in to gather round the sacred fire in the Sun Dance Lodge. Charles D. Walcott, secretary of the Smithsonian Institute of Washington, D.C., honorary president of the Trail Riders, addressed the gathering, a poem written specially for the occasion by Bliss Carman was read and Chiefs Walk-in-the-Road and Buffalo Child Long Lance performed an Indian dance.

#### THE GOLDEN ROAD

Chicago Tribune: Though it is natural for each of us to want as much as any one else has, the way to more for each of us is the way to more for all of us; that is, to increased production of wealth. Measures of forced equalization which check production may bring us nearer to equality, but it will be an equality on a much lower plane than we can all attain if the processes of production are stimulated and the store of total wealth enlarged. We must constantly work for equity in the reward of all human effort. But equality is not equity, nor can it sustain progress. A fair and therefore a wide distribution of wealth is an ideal we ought all to strive to bring about. But the production of wealth is of far greater importance to progress and the welfare of the mass of mankind than any re-arrangement of its distribution. It is in denying or ignoring this basic truth that the radical is in effect the worst of reactionaries.

It is estimated that Canada this year will grow more than a tenth of the world's wheat crop. As the Dominion has only a two-hundredth part of the world's population, its exportable surplus should be large and profitable.

### RAMBLING THROUGH NOVA SCOTIA BY TRAIN

(Emma Gilmore Snow.)  
A book recently written about Acadia only tells one about half the beauty of that wonderful country, so near to us, and so little explored by the American people.

It always seems strange to me why Americans prefer Europe, when many go over every year that know absolutely nothing about their own country.

Now take the trip alone from Quebec to Charlottetown or Halifax, through the straits of Northumberland, the scenery of which is unsurpassed. The little towns we pass resting on the slopes of the hills, looking down into the valleys below, dotted here and there with fox farms, are a very pretty and unusual sight.

It is amazing to think of the rivers and lakes in that region, redolent with the blossoms from the apple trees in May, when the valleys are white with bloom. But let me tell you of our correspondent's trip, which will give one an idea of her experiences while on her vacation, in her own words.

"We left Boston on the steamer 'Prince George'. A more foggy, disagreeable day could never be imagined. As we passed down that beautiful Boston harbor, out through the narrow channel to the sea, the fog grew thicker; one could not stay out, without getting wet. All the afternoon we sailed slowly along. The boat looked deserted.

After wandering around without seeing many, we retired to our stateroom, sad, lonesome, and heartily wishing we had taken a train to St. John. The gloom was distracting and coupled with the noise of a fog horn over our heads utterly precluded sleep. If you have ever slept under a fog horn all night, you can readily picture the situation. From a doze we were suddenly awakened by the sound of another kind of a horn which sounded very close and upon peering from the little window, what was our surprise to see a light-house. The effect was startling, to say the least. Upon inquiry we found we were approaching Yarmouth. Upon landing the boy told us we were to go through the customs. After taking us to the officer, who upon looking into the trunk said, 'Madam, are these second hand clothes?' we indignantly replied, 'No, of course not, they are ours.' He smiled, put a mark on, and said 'Next!'

We remarked how many thrifty boys were there, so early in the morning, selling postal cards, and we nearly cleaned them out. The roads around Yarmouth were good. The scenery is very pretty, and the marshlands all over Nova Scotia lends an attractiveness not found in any other part of the world, which with the tides, are most unique. Yarmouth is more or less of a fishing village; the men love their native shores, and many of them have never been to Halifax.

All over Nova Scotia are many lakes and rivers, which appear unexpectedly. We also see many toy lighthouses which seem to be far away from the water when the tide is out, yet when the tide is in and a boat passes one of these toy lights, the effect is startling, as we saw it on the river at Canning. One's train glides along all too swiftly through the woodland towards Weymouth, and we see the little villages, each with its church spire showing through the trees, quite unspoiled places are they, caring little for the outside world except when an occasional newspaper finds its way there and creates a little excitement.

We reach Digby with its many charms. The Gut, where the steamer glides through, the writer remembers in a former visit years before, when a small English steamer, the 'Prince Rupert', made a daily run from St. John, and at the landing was most picturesque as it seemed to tally with all the surroundings. This trip through the Gut is very attractive if one be so fortunate as to make the voyage on one of the seldom fogless days on this Bay of Fundy. We have to cross the river to get to Bear River, a very important place, and also connected with the writer's former visit as a place where large, luscious, black cherries tied to a stick were sold by small boys—about all one could eat for the sum of five cents. This was once a great shipbuilding place. A model Government orchard was there. We catch a fleeting glimpse of Digby as we cross the river, and soon come to Annapolis Royal, where we dawdle along to the old fort which was built before Jamestown was settled. It was originally called Fort Royal and is the entrance to Annapolis Valley, far famed for its apples, and is a wonderful farming country.

Here we can still see the old traditions, and the Indians and French fighting for their rights.

As the sun gets higher we pass the small stations. The conductor calls out 'Paradise; Paradise'. 'You bet bet get off, you may never get here again'. We smile as we look out, only to see a small station and a young woman holding a babe in her arms, looking wistfully at the train. Is it because she wishes she were going also?

As we approach Kentville, a large town, we decide to stop awhile and explore. We wonder how we can reach a small place, about four miles out, noted for apples. After a short interview with the postmaster we learn that (for a consideration) the R.F.D. man doubtless could be induced to take on a passenger. Upon finding him, we find that he would readily take us if we did not mind a long ride in a small buggy, while he attended to the mail. The delighted passengers heartily agree, and that drive of 20 miles over to the North Mt. was the greatest experience in all our trip; and later we land about four miles from Kentville for the sum of fifty cents, and talking of apple blossoms, well here are eighty acres.

As we look down the hill and see the Cornwallis river sliding along like a thread of silver in the sun, with the old gnarled roots of trees hanging on the edge. But the crowning point was the hay wagon down on the meadow on the banks of the stream; a little cooing and we were installed as drivers of a pair of horses and trampler, and when we drive proudly into the barn without hitting any sides, we feel we have accomplished quite a feat. This place is a small village, a few houses, a church, and Postoffice in the kitchen of a house. But nearby is Kentville, a busy town, and from there one can take many trips to the surrounding country.

But on to Wolfville, as it is here our interest lies. Here is the long village street. Here we find a small neat hotel called Kent Lodge, and find it was named after the Duke of Kent who once visited at this house many years ago, when it was the home of one of the first families. There is a college here, dear to the Acadians, up on the hill, with also a view higher up, of the Gasperaux Valley.

It seemed a desecration here to take an auto for a visit to Grand Pre and Evangeline's Land. So much to the chagrin of the stable man, a buggy answered our purpose much better. One would think this spot a curiosity spot, but no, a more peaceful, quiet place it would be hard to find. On every side we can almost see the Acadians, who were driven from their homes and made famous by Longfellow's poem of 'Evangeline'. How he could ever have written that poem without ever having seen the place is a marvel. Over the Gasperaux river still stands one of the almost forgotten covered bridges. The Gasperaux is a treacherous stream, but when the tide is out one could sit on the bank and coast to the bottom, 40 or 50 feet, but what use? How to get back? That is the question. Here also are the dykes, which stretch out for miles, and in bygone times furnished hay for many horses.

Here also is the old church, built 700 years ago, and in the churchyard ministers who lived in the vicinity, names familiar to our family. Looking across we see 'Blomidon', standing sentinel for all of the bay. Across the Basin of Minas runs the little steamer, 'Prince Albert' to Kingsport, our next objective point. This place is out of the way for the usual sight seeker, consequently it was the place we wished to see; a more picturesque place would be hard to find.

Kingsport is a peaceful village up on the bluff on Minas Basin—and the drive! One drive to Blomidon is beautiful as we cross the Peneux river another of those rivers that look like marshland until the tide comes in. Some very fine orchards are here. Blomidon is the home of Glooscap, the famous Indian Chief. We can imagine we see his huge wigwam, where he lived with his dogs. Minas was his beaver pond. Spencer's Island was his overturned kettle. He taught the fishermen to hunt and fish. It is still believed he will return. Here we hear an old legend.

**Split Rock**  
A weird tale comes home to me  
Of a country far and wide,  
Where a rock was split by the sea  
Near the Bay of Fundy's side.

The fishermen bold steer clear of the place  
When out on the bay so calm  
There is no light to show its face  
When the day is done. There's the harm.  
On that bay so wild  
(When a little child

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This tale oft was told  
A Clipper was wrecked. In the hold  
A babe was born. Dark and cold  
Was the wreck on the shore.

Under the sunlit sky in the morn  
A man was seen on the sand:  
His hair was wild, his clothes were torn;  
Lashed on a slab, a babe, newly born:  
A woman lying near. In the dawn  
Looking ghastly, white as a swan.  
They picked her up gently;  
Babe alive, well and healthy  
It was told when grown,  
How its mother had flown  
Up to Heaven. While the old man  
(Who sits by the fire every day,  
Was the man on the Clipper  
(He was mate to the Skipper)  
Father of this fisherman.  
He was all that was left,  
All the others had died  
Near that great cleft  
Of rock. That was split from the side.

We had (for a consideration) hired  
a man to take a buggy and take us  
over the North Mt. on the Bay of Fundy.  
It is hard to hire a horse, as most of  
the farmers "think more of their horses  
than they do of their wives"

It was three in a narrow buggy: we  
ride up—up; and down—down: to a  
small place with few houses; when we  
emerge from that buggy, cramped and  
sore—well, we forgot it! It is a place  
few have ever seen. It has the inevit-  
able wharf, and we wanted to go out  
on the water. The fishermen said it was  
too rough for a sail, so we had to feast  
on the scenery. We also met some of  
the people; that was more interesting.  
It looks only a short way to Split Rock;  
but on a stormy day it is impossible  
to even go on the bay. It was wonder-  
ful, and too soon we are in that buggy,  
(which seems to be native here), ready  
to go back to Kingsport.

**A Legend of Glooscap.**  
On a promontory bold,  
A legend oft was told  
Of Glooscap, an old Indian Chief,  
On Blomidon, cold,  
Lived he, with dogs, till old,  
In a huge wigwam, famed beyond be-  
lief.

The Dam was at Cape Split,  
From the Mt. it was ripped;  
Spencer's Island was his kettle of stone;  
Two rocks were called his dogs.  
(Name expressive of the Logs)  
All connected with the legend, that alone.

Then came a treacherous guest,  
White man, who came in quest  
Of gold and amethyst, to make his pile.  
Glooscap was much displeased,  
Turned dogs to stone, released  
The kettle. Left the country for awhile.

Back we go to Kingsport, that place  
of red sand, so attractive and alluring,  
with the long wharf, seen in almost all  
these places on account of the tide.  
We embark on a small steamer, the  
'Prince Albert', which plies between  
Wolfville and Parrboro every day in  
the year, weather permitting. The  
queer arrangement of fares is, 25 cents  
for a round trip, but \$1.00 if you stop  
over.

If one happens to pass the Amethyst  
rocks when the sun is shining on them,  
one is well repaid for the trip alone.  
(Continued on Page 7.)



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