

BECOMING ACQUAINTED WITH NOVA SCOTIA

Nova Scotia furnished the unsophisticated representative of this g.f.f. with more surprises of the first magnitude than he ever experienced before in the course of as many weeks as he spent days in New Scotland.

Previous to our visit our impression of Nova Scotia was that of a sleepy old province, peopled largely by farmers who carried on a system of agriculture much the same as grandfather did. We pictured in imagination the coast-line with its indented bays taken up here and there with ancient and seedy-looking fishing villages.

We thought of the fishing village as a collection of one-storey huts, unpainted and grey, and inhabited by men with piratical whiskers, women, who went about the house barefooted and broods of children with tousled hair and dirty faces.

We are not sure whether these impressions came to us from moving-picture representations or from reading the stories of Dickens and other Old Country authors.

Our ideas about Nova Scotia were several thousand miles away from the truth.

We passed through a few dozen of these fishing villages and stopped occasionally to talk with the people and get acquainted.

Instead of poverty, squalor, bare feet and rags, imagine our surprise to find abounding and riotous prosperity. The humble fisherman's home, are the abode, always of comfort, and frequently of luxury, elegance and culture. Seven-passenger touring-cars and limousines of the most expensive make, grand pianos, Persian rugs and elaborate tapestries are found in those remote villages in homes that would be notable anywhere for their beauty of design, and the evidence they give of prosperity and refinement.

First, get it out of your head that Nova Scotia is a farming country. It is not. In the famous Annapolis valley, about which more anon, there is as fair an agricultural and fruit-growing district as lies out of doors anywhere. There are also the Wentworth and Steiwacke valleys and a few patches here and there along the coast where the honest farmer carries on his laborious occupation, but of the 21,428 square miles composing the area of N. S. not five per cent. has been brought under cultivation. And of that remaining 95 per cent. not much ever will be brought under cultivation. For why? Because the surface of the country is taken up by granite rock, grey, hard and everlasting.

Nova Scotia has ten times the area of little Prince Edward Island and has five times the population of the Island province and yet Nova Scotia produces less than half as much grain per annum as its little neighbor.

But why worry about farming or lack of farm production when there are several dozen other ways of turning in an honest dollar and doing it in a far easier and quicker way than any farmer can do from his fertile acres?

Nova Scotia does well enough at farming as far as she cares to bother with such a small-like method of gaining a competence. The agricultural products of Nova Scotia, as estimated for the year 1916, were worth \$33,886,962. But here are a few other items of income that go to prove that Nova Scotians have not placed all their eggs in one basket. The figures quoted are totals for 1916. Fisheries \$8,700,000; lumber, \$4,000,000; coal, \$22,750,000; pig iron, \$5,600,000; steel ingots, \$11,000,000; coke, \$1,500,000; stone, gypsum, etc., \$1,000,000; gold, \$100,000; tar products, \$500,000; shipping and manufactures, \$54,000,000. These with some other minor products, yield a grand total of \$145,000,000.

The population of Nova Scotia is 493,000. No other territory on the globe of similar area yields so great a variety of products for export. She has salt fish, dried fish, fresh fish, smoked fish, canned fish, frozen fish, lobsters, oysters, whales, sword fish, lumber, ships, coal, iron, gold, copper, plaster, slate, grindstones, granite, fat cattle, wool, potatoes, apples, large game, fur, all in great quantity with a host of less important products to fill out the vacant spaces.

Divide all that business among less than half a million people and you have prosperity beyond the dreams of avarice.

The little town of Windsor in the Annapolis valley has half-a-dozen or more millionaires and greater wealth per capita than any other town or city in the Dominion.

We talked with a capitalist at Yarmouth. He held several blocks of C.P.R. stock but was going to sell them. They were too slow. He was interested in one ship-building company that had last year presented him with a dividend of 228 per cent.

Much of our touring through Nova Scotia was by motor-car. The roads are, in the main, first-class, the principal arteries being

built and maintained by the province.

Overlying the rock, that forms the greater part of the surface of Nova Scotia, is a thin layer of sandy loam. When graded up into a roadway this loam forms one of the best road materials on earth. It packs hard, is never dusty, does not wear down into ruts, never becomes muddy or washes away with rain, has a certain elasticity, combines readily with tarmac to give a surface like a permanent pavement, is not scattered or injured by motor traffic.

The smaller towns of Nova Scotia, even those containing several thousand inhabitants, are almost devoid of sidewalks. Many residential streets of Halifax are without sidewalks. That is to say they have no sidewalks of concrete or wood, such as we are accustomed to see in Ontario. This same loam we have been talking about is levelled away and forms a natural sidewalk, easy to walk upon, costing nothing to maintain and everlasting in its durability. Why bother with concrete, that is expensive to put down, hot in summer, slippery in winter and tiresome for the poor pedestrian to walk over at any season, when nature has covered the earth with a material in every respect superior?

The arrival of the war has restored to Nova Scotia its once greatest industry—ship-building. In our motor trip from Digby to Yarmouth, a distance of 47 miles along the shore of the Bay of Fundy and Digby basin, we saw a succession of ship-yards for the whole distance, the product of which will do much to refill our depleted tonnage and place Canada on the map once more as a shipping nation of the first order.

The ships building along this shore are all of wood and as trim in design as racing yachts.

In response to our inquiry where the skilled labor come from we were informed that Nova Scotia had never discontinued the building of wooden ships. Fishing schooners and trawlers and commercial sailing ships have been turned out every year in considerable numbers. It was not a difficult process to extend and spread the comparatively small number of experienced workmen among the amateurs in such a manner as to produce an enormous force of builders. The same system has been followed by munition companies in dealing with the labor problem.

We had planned to spend a day with the fishermen engaged in the most sensational form of angling known to man—catching swordfish. The swordfish is a variety of minnow found in the Atlantic to the east of Nova Scotia. It is really a tropical fish but for some unexplained reason it has been visiting Nova Scotian waters in large numbers the present season. At maturity the swordfish weighs 500 pounds or more. It is a great fighter and easily puts the largest whale out of action. Its nose terminates in the so-called sword, a javelin-like proboscis, almost as hard as steel and a yard long. Often after receiving the harpoon in its body it will run up through the water at tremendous speed and pierce the bottom of the fisherman's boat like an egg-shell.

The sword-fish is fine for table use, and sword-fish steak is regularly served at the restaurants and hotels of Halifax, price 35 cents per helping.

We had planned to spend a day on the broad bosom of the Atlantic with the fishermen who were collecting the monsters but we were delayed in reaching the appointed place until after the fishing fleet had taken its departure.

Perhaps it was just as well. On that very day a German submarine appeared on the scene and broke up the fishing party in order to convert one of the trawlers into an armed raider.

At almost every meal at every hotel in Nova Scotia fish is served. This is not food conservation so much as method and habit. Fish is brain food and Nova Scotians are notoriously long on grey matter. In Ontario we tire quickly of fish. Once a week or once in two weeks is about all that we can stand. Not so in Nova Scotia. We watched the natives at the various dining places. We had supposed that they saw so much of fish in their harbors and on the drying racks and elsewhere that they wouldn't want to look at fish or get the smell of fish, once they entered the diningroom. Not so. Almost every man-jack of them would order fish in preference to chicken, spring lamb or any other variety of choice meat. It was conservation of brain-power probably that appealed to the wise Blue Noses. Nevertheless, fish as it is prepared and served at the better Nova Scotian hotels forms a feast fit for the gods.

At Lockeport, a small town on the east coast, we were privileged to see the various operations in curing and drying and freezing fish in the most up-to-date establishment in Nova Scotia—the Lockeport Cold Storage and Fish Company. Mr. W. M. Hodge, the president and general manager of the company, kindly

showed us through and explained the various processes of smoking and curing. To Mr. and Mrs. Hodge we were indebted for many courtesies in our all too-brief visit to their town and at their hospitable home. Mr. Hodge endeavors to turn out for the market a superior brand of the choicest fish, whether of finnan haddie, kippered herring, dried cod or fresh frozen fish for fastidious Boston. Every operation is carried out with the utmost attention to cleanliness, and correct sanitation. Did space permit we should like to describe the operations in detail.

We motored through Port Matoun, or Port-toun, where William Ketcheson, founder of the great Ketcheson clan of Ontario, first made it his home, after leaving the United States, in order that he might still live beneath the British flag and rear his family under British institutions.

William Ketcheson left England in 1777, a mere lad of fourteen years, and landed at Norfolk, Virginia. When the disaffected colonies declared their independence in 1776, young Ketcheson joined the British army and was severely wounded in action. He later turned to the colors and continued the fight to the end of the war. He emigrated to Nova Scotia in 1783 with many other Loyalists and settled at Port Matoun. Here he spent three years, when fire swept over the place and destroyed all his possessions. Following this misfortune he migrated to the Hay Bay settlement in Upper Canada where he and his wife spent about 12 years. In 1800 he removed to Sidney where he received a grant of 600 acres in recognition of his services in the war. Here he prospered and reared his family of eleven sons and daughters, the progenitors of one of the most numerous families in Ontario.

Port Matoun is now a small village made up of half a dozen white-painted dwellings. Fishing is the occupation of the inhabitants. If William Ketcheson was disposed to pursue the life agricultural he did wisely to leave Port Matoun. There is hardly enough soil on top of the granite at that place to give a toe-hold to the blueberry bushes. If his aim was to make for himself wealth we fancy that he would have done better to stay with Port Matoun and the codfish and herring.

Nova Scotia was first settled by the French and was called by them, "Acadia." Along the shore of the Bay of Fundy many of the descendants still remain and carry on a somewhat primitive method of agriculture, much the same as did their ancestors four hundred years ago in Normandy. In French Nova Scotia, horses are not commonly seen. All the work is done by oxen, even to teaming on the roads.

\$30,000,000 PLANT TO MAKE NITRATES FOR WAR AND PEACE

Uncle Sam Building World's Greatest Power Dams on Tennessee River for Project.

By FREDERICK M. KIRBY.
(N.E.A. Staff Correspondent.)

Sheffield, Alabama.—The United States Government will never again have to depend upon Chilean nitrates for the manufacture of its explosives.

One of the greatest of modern power projects, that will furnish the power to take nitrogen from the air and "fix" it by the cyanamid process to make nitric acid and ammonium nitrate for war, use is under way at Muscle Shoals, on the Tennessee River in Northern Alabama.

The nitrate plant is the outcome of a ten-years' fight to secure water power of this point. The government is sending \$30,000,000 to develop 660,000 available horsepower, and with it produce nitrates from the air.

The once sleepy little town of Sheffield and its sister towns of Florence and Tusculum, took like the site of an army cantonment. Twenty thousand men are at work. Housing structures have already been erected to take care of 19,000, and more are going up as rapidly as lumber and nails and man power can construct them. The muddy waters of the Tennessee River are filled with barges of stone, coal and all kinds of material marked "U. S. Government." Long lines of mule teams, their negro drivers nodding in the sunshine, move along the river bank.

Two Great Dams Needed.

Remarkable progress has been made in the work. Two immense power dams must be constructed to develop the water power. They will not be finished in time for use during the war, unless it should last far longer than is now anticipated.

But work on the process plant has been rushed to completion and they will be operated by steam until the water power is ready. Plant No. 1 has been operating since last October. It is an ammonium nitrate plant and is already going to the government American dye-stuff industry forever and their own.

powder mill at Hadley's Bend, near Nashville. Eventually it will supply one-half of its output to explosive plants, where it will be mixed with "T.N.T.," and loaded into shells.

Nitrate Plant No. 2 is nearly complete and will begin operation within two months, using power furnished by the Alabama Power Company temporarily.

The great power project—the government's life insurance, against future wars—calls for the erection of three dams in the Tennessee River. One is a small one for the control of navigation only. The other two are giant structures; the larger, known as Dam No. 2, will be 104 feet high and 450 feet long. To go with it an 850-foot power house will be constructed. The two buildings together will require 1,200,000 cubic yards of concrete. This is tremendously larger than the great Roosevelt Dam in Arizona, which contains 240,000 cubic yards of concrete, or the Croton Dam in New York, which has 950,000 cubic yards. This dam and power house will develop 450,000 horsepower.

Longest Dam in World.

Dam No. 2 is 15 miles up stream from the first dam. It will be 40 feet high, but it will be 6,425 feet long—the longest dam in the world, exceeding even the famous Assuan Dam in the Upper Nile by 25 feet.

The government's estimate of the cost of power development on the whole project show that it will be less than 1-1/2 mills per kilowatt-hour. At Niagara Falls, the cost of developing electricity ranges from 1.5 mills to more than 3 mills per kilowatt-hour.

When completed these power plants and the nitrate plants using the power open a branch of their association in water power is ready. Plant No. 1 has been operating since last October. It is an ammonium nitrate plant and is already going to the government American dye-stuff industry forever and their own.

The oxen are often provided with iron shoes and shod by blacksmiths as we do our horses. The yokes for the oxen are fastened to the backs of the neck and secured there by means of straps fastened around the horns, an altogether different method from that which prevailed in Ontario in pioneer days.

The dairy cattle in this section are small and resemble the Guernsey breed in color and conformation.

All over Nova Scotia negroes and Indians are far more numerous than in Ontario. The Indians are descendants of the original Micmacs, once a very powerful and numerous tribe distributed widely over what are now the Maritime provinces. The negroes were the children of the servants and slaves brought to Nova Scotia by the U. E. Loyalists.

The interior of Nova Scotia is in the main an unpeopled wilderness and will probably remain. The interior is nevertheless very profitably employed in producing huge forests of spruce and pine. In our tour over the Halifax Southwestern the train passed through many miles of virgin pine forest, with a dense growth of beautiful pines large and long and straight as arrows.

Nova Scotia's splendid forests and the allied interests of lumbering, ship-building and pulp manufacturing are assets of great present importance and they will increase in value as the years go by.

In the production of the lowly spud Nova Scotia is equalled only by the banner province, New Brunswick. In 1916 New Brunswick had to hustle. Nova Scotia's production was 6,935,000 bushels as compared with 7,488,000 in N.B. But Nova Scotia's yield per acre was 201 bushels, while New Brunswick's record showed only 192 bushels.

Turnips also turn out prodigiously. The total crop was 3,636,000 bushels, an average to the acres of 404 bushels. Corn cannot be grown to advantage anywhere in the Maritime provinces. The cool nights do not favor the luxuriant growth of this heat-loving cereal. We did, however, see a fine field of ensilage corn at the Dominion experimental farm at Kentville.

Nova Scotia is a large producer of hay, its total for 1916 being 995,000 tons, as compared with 850,000 for New Brunswick and 338,000 in P. E. I.

The yields of cereals for the same year were,—wheat, 261,000 bu.; oats, 4,031,000 bu.; barley, 123,000 bu.; buckwheat, 245,000 bu.; mixed grains 139,000 bu. These totals are only about half those of the two neighboring provinces.

Nova Scotia's leading mineral product is coal. The production in 1916 was 6,496,000 tons.

Independent of Germany will thus be assured.

What this will mean to the American farmers, too, can scarcely be realized. Nitrogen is an essential in soils. Nitrogenous fertilizers have been high in cost because the sole source of supply for the United States has been the Chilean nitrate beds. After the war, with this great plant in government ownership, and the necessity of producing nitric acid and ammonium nitrate for explosives reduced to a minimum, the plant will be able to devote much of its capacity to the production of fertilizer. This can be sold at cost to farmers.

New Era For South.

The power developed here is going to make this part of the south the center of great electro-chemical and electro-metallurgical industry. Within a 300-mile radius of Muscle Shoals are to be found raw materials for half a dozen such industries. These include Arkansas bauxite, for aluminum manufacture; magnesium from the Tennessee valley beds of magnesite dolomite; potash from the high grade potash felspar of the southern Appalachians; zinc, ferro-silicon, and ferro-phosphorus; calcium carbide from limestone and coal near by; chlorine, caustic alkali and sodium, from the salt wells of West Virginia and Louisiana; electrodes from the graphite beds of Alabama; phosphorus fertilizer from the deposits of phosphate rock within 60 miles of Muscle Shoals. It only requires an abundance of cheap power to make these raw materials available.

Because Niagara Falls had the cheap power, bauxite has been shipped all the way from Arkansas there to make aluminum. Graphite had been sent there from Alabama to make electrodes. Similarly the whole electro-chemical industry at the Falls is dependent on the cheap power produced.

When Muscle Shoals produces cheaper power and has the advantage of raw material of its kind, it would seem that a new industry era is opening here for the south.

According to the Khaki Call, the Army and Navy Veterans will shortly have a branch of their association in Brockville. Many of the local branch members are at present in Brockville and they are important for a unit of their own.

The Destruction of Pleasure

By Dr. Frank Crane

The aim of all culture is to maintain and develop the capacity for pleasure. The advantage of an education, of acquiring superior taste and of getting away from the sensual and over to the intellectual life is that one finds satisfactions that are more enduring.

Nobody denies that there is pleasure in eating and drinking. The trouble with these delightful exercises is that they are limited. No matter how refined and varied a career of material enjoyment may be, after a while it grows stale.

Most short-sighted human beings imagine that if they had riches they could be happy because they would be able to increase the number of their physical sensations. Their notion of heaven and earth is to dine sumptuously, to ride in expensive automobiles, to have plenty of servants, to bedizen their bodies with rare clothes, to load their fingers with diamonds and their skins with perfumes.

One only needs, however, to go and visit the supposed fortunate ones who possess all these longed-for luxuries to be disabused of the idea that such things can make happiness. You will find them, as a rule, bored, petulant and vulgar.

Only those can resist the inevitable destructiveness of wealth who have been carefully trained and have learned to appreciate simplicity, to dress modestly, to eat sparingly, to speak restrainedly, and to conduct themselves unobtrusively.

There are those who have long been accustomed to riches who thus manage to attain greatness in spite of them, and these excite our admiration because they are rare. But the goal is quite as easily attained by the poor as by the rich.

Sensual gratification destroys the joy of both rich and poor; of the former because they have a superfluity of material satisfactions, of the latter because they crave them.

Shelley says in his defence of poetry: "The end of social corruption is to destroy the sensibility to pleasure. It begins by the imagination and the intellect as the core, and distributes itself thence as a paralyzing venom into the affections of the very appetites, until all become a torpid mass in which hardly sense survives."

Professional War Brides

Federal financial and military authorities at Washington have discovered a new mode of filching from the public treasury in war time. Against it they are launching drastic action. The latest and a peculiarly despicable variety of criminal profiteering has been dubbed the "vamp war bride" by the United States newspapers. This female of the species has made a business of marrying soldiers about to depart for France and of receiving from them pay assignments. The Cleveland Plain Dealer tells of one of these professional marriers who collected as many as thirty husbands before the Government collected her. Several others have been unearthed, each of whom has at least a dozen husbands in the trenches.

There is a wholesale enraged demand from public and Press for the imposition of the severest penalties on these creatures. The war for the freedom of the world has brought out all that is best and noblest in people, but its searching test, as the Plain Dealer points out, has also brought to light much that is base and vile. In all nations there seems to be a small minority ready to profit at their country's expense, and at the expense of those who are devoting their lives to their country's cause. In all nations there seems to be some who are contemptible enough to regard the stress and the service, and the sacrifice of the citizens about them as something of which selfish advantage may be taken. These vultures must be dealt with as they deserve.

Hitherto most of the profiteers and grafters have been males. The "vamp war bride" offers proof of that, as the sexes vie in patriotism and devotion, so they also vie in baseness. The consolation is, as our Cleveland contemporary truly observes, that the "vamp" is as abhorrent to true womanhood as the war grafter is to true manhood.

The fishing schooners Elsie Porter, of Lunenburg, N.S., and Potemkin, of La Have, N.S., have been sunk by a German submarine.

Flies are estimated to cost the United States \$157,000,000 annually. Swatting them is therefore a money-saving as well as health-saving proposition.

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