

PLEASANT KNOWERS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XX.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 8, 1900.

No 36.

My Way to Make a Flag.

BY M. E. HOWLISTON.

There are many flags in many lands.
There are flags of every hue,
But there is no flag, however grand,
Like our own Red, White, and Blue.

I know where the pretty colours are,
And I'm sure if I only know
How to get them here I could make a flag
Of glorious Red, White, and Blue.

I would cut a piece from the evening sky,
Where the stars were shining through,
And use it just as it was on high,
For my stars and field of blue.

Then I'd want a piece of a fleecy cloud
And some red from a rainbow bright,
And put them together side by side
For my stripes of Red and White.

AMONG THE BLUE-NOSES.

BY THE EDITOR.

The Nova Scotians claim, we believe, to be the Blue-Noses "par excellence." I shall devote these notes to a brief account of that deeply indented peninsula which reaches far out into the Atlantic, as if to be first portion of the Dominion to welcome visitors from the Old World. With the exception of Prince Edward Island, it is the smallest of the Canadian provinces. Its entire length from Cape St. Mary to Cape Canseau is 386 miles. Its breadth varies from 50 to 104 miles. Its area is 18,670 square miles. Its soil is generally fertile, and its climate is favourable to agriculture. For fruits of the apple family it is unsurpassed, and good grapes are often grown in the open air. It was said by an old French writer that Acadia produced readily everything that grew in France, except the olive. No country of its size in the world has more numerous or more excellent harbours; and, except Great Britain, no country has, in proportion to its population, so large a tonnage of shipping.

HALIFAX.

Halifax, the capital of the province, occupies a commanding position on one of the finest harbours in the world. It is the chief naval station of Great Britain in the western hemisphere, and here in "landlocked security" all the navies of Europe might safely float. The city slopes majestically up from the water-side to the citadel-crowned height of two hundred and fifty feet, and around it sweeps the North-west Arm, a winding inlet, bordered with elegant villas. The citadel was begun by the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, and has been continually strengthened till it has become a fortress of the first class.

On every side slopes the smooth glacis, with the quaint town clock in the foreground. Peaceful kine crop the herbage even to the edge of the deep moat, from whose inner side rises a massive wall, concealing huge earth-roofed and sodded casemates within and presenting yawning embrasures above.

A garrulous old sailor, with telescope beneath his arm, pointed out the chief objects of interest—the many churches,



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY STATION, HALIFAX.

the men-of-war and merchant shipping; on the opposite shore the pleasant town of Dartmouth, the distant forts, George's Island, which lay like a toy fort beneath the eye, carved and scarped and clothed with living green, and farther off McNab's Island, and the far-stretching vista to the sea, just as shown in the engraving on first page.

Near the citadel hill are the public gardens, comprising seventeen acres, beautifully laid out, with broad parterres and floral designs. Nowhere else have I ever seen such good taste and beautiful gardening, except, perhaps, at the royal pleasure of Hampton Court. The old gardener was as proud of his work as a mother of her babe, and as fond of hearing it praised.

Near the gardens is the new cemetery. The older burying-ground is of special interest. On some of the mossy slabs, beneath the huge trees, I found inscriptions dating back a hundred years. The monument of Welsford and Parker, Nova Scotian heroes of the Crimean war, is finely conceived. A massive arch supports a statue of a grim-looking lion—the very embodiment of British defiance. Here is the common grave of fourteen officers of the warships Chesapeake and Shannon, which crept side by side into the harbour, reeking like a shambles after a bloody sea-fight over eighty years ago.

Opposite this quiet God's acre is the

quaint old brown-stone Government House. In the Court House, near by, is a novel contrivance. The prisoner is brought from the adjacent gaol by a covered passage, and is shot up into the dock on a slide trap, like a jack-in-a-box. The hospital and asylums for the blind and for the poor are fine specimens of architecture, as is also the New Dalhousie College. The new city buildings will be a magnificent structure. The old Parliament House was considered, seventy years ago, the finest building in America. It is still quite imposing.

I was told a story of the Wesleyan Book Room, which if not true deserves to be. A Yankee book-peddler seeing over the door the word "Wesleyan," asked if Mr. Wesley was in. "He has been dead over a hundred years," said the clerk. "I beg pardon," replied the peddler, "I'm a stranger in these parts."

Few cities in the world can present so noble a drive as that through the beautiful Point Pleasant Park—on the one side the many-twinkling smile of ocean, on the other a balm-breathing forest and the quiet beauty of the winding North-West Arm. At one point, in the old war times, a heavy iron chain was stretched across this inlet to prevent the passage of hostile vessels.

Halifax is in appearance and social tone probably the most British city on the continent. Long association with the army and navy have accomplished this.

For a hundred years British red-coats and blue-jackets thronged its streets. Princes and dukes, admirals and generals, captains and colonels, held high command and dispensed a graceful hospitality. royal salutes were fired from fort and fleet, yards were manned and gay dunting fluttered in the breeze, drums beat and bugles blew with a pomp and circumstance equalled not even at the fortress-city of Quebec. It is to a stranger somewhat amusing to see the artillery-troopers striding about, with their legs wide apart, their jingling spurs, their natty canes, and their tiny caps perched on the very corner of their heads.

The early history of Halifax is one of romantic interest. Nearly half a century had passed since the cession of Acadia to Great Britain by the peace of Utrecht, yet not a step had been taken towards settlement. On account of its magnificent harbour, one of the finest in the world, Chebucto, or Halifax, as it was henceforth to be called, in honour of the chief projector of the enterprise, was selected as the site of a new settlement. In the month of July, 1749, Governor Cornwallis, in H.M. ship Sphynx, followed by a fleet of thirteen transports, conveying nearly three thousand settlers—disbanded soldiers, retired officers, mechanics, labourers, and persons of various rank—reached Chebucto Bay. In busy emulation, the whole company was soon at work, and before winter three hundred log houses were constructed, besides a fort, store-houses, and residence for the Governor—the whole surrounded by a palisade.

Our first cut gives a good idea of the handsome Halifax terminus of the Intercolonial Railway. It is a system of incalculable value to the Maritime Provinces. Before its great railroads were completed, the Dominion was a giant without bones. But these roads, extending nearly four thousand miles from the Atlantic to the Pacific, have given it a backbone, a spinal cord, and a vital artery that will contribute marvellously to its organic life and energy.

I once heard Dr. Punshon say that the ride around Bedford Basin was one of the grandest he ever enjoyed in all his wanderings in many lands. I can corroborate his statement. By daylight or moonlight the effect of winding shore and placid ocean is of extreme loveliness.

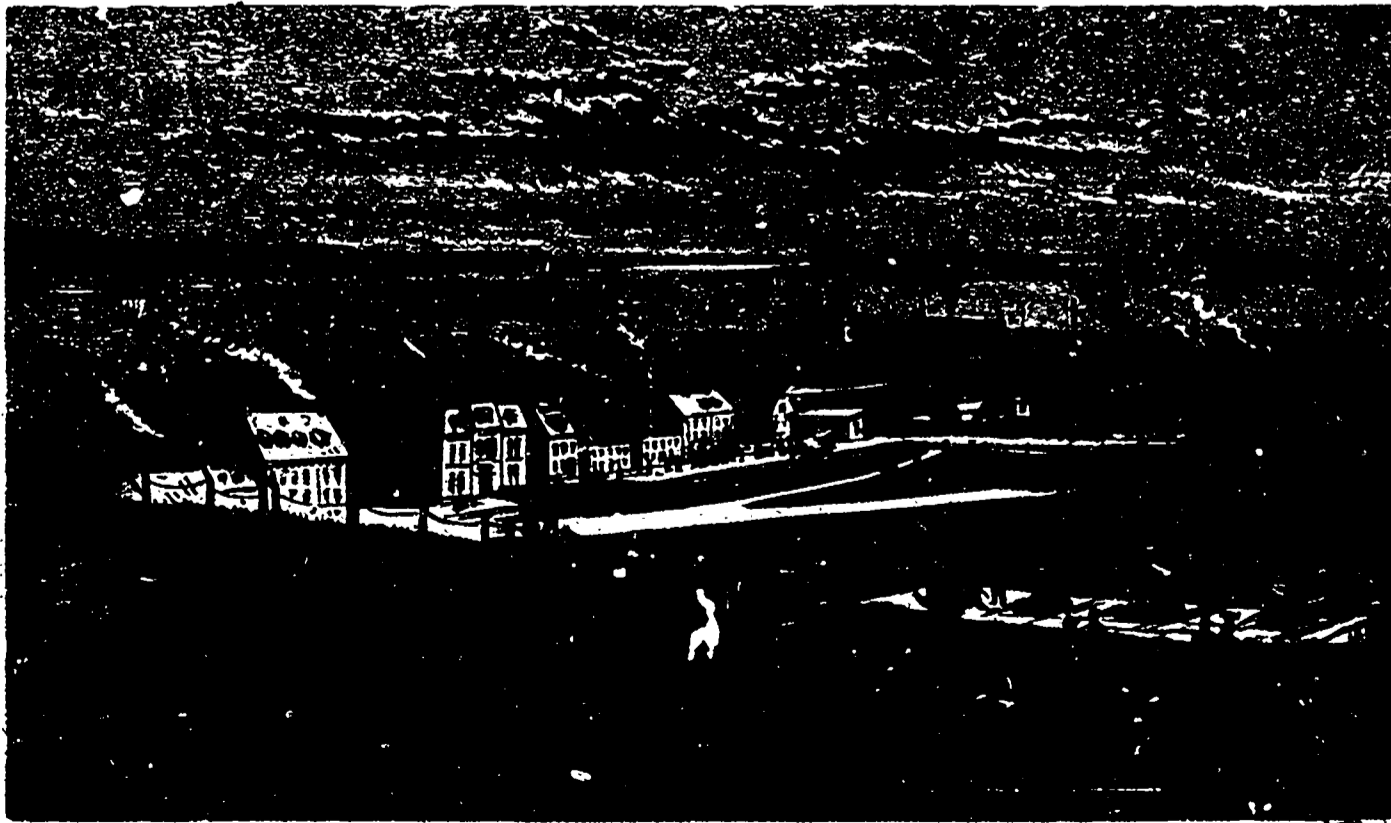
The road from Halifax to Windsor does not, to put it mildly, take one through the finest part of Nova Scotia. But if, as Dudley Warner remarks, a man can live on rocks like a goat, it will furnish

a good living. Some pretty lakes and pleasant valleys and hamlets, relieve the monotony of the journey.

The old university town of Windsor, situated at the junction of the Avon and the St. Croix, presents many attractive features. When the tide is up the Avon is a very respectable-sized stream, and the view, from the hill crowned with the old block-houses and earth-works of Fort Edward, of the widening river and distant basin of Minas, is very attractive; but when the tide is out, the banks of mud are stupendous.

EVANGELINE'S COUNTRY.

We are now approaching the region invested with undying in-



HALIFAX, FROM THE CITADEL.