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NOVA SCOTIA'S UNDEVELOPED WEALTH.

A COMING BIG INDUSTRY.

In answer to the question "Can a copy of Mr. Drummond's address on Shales, before the Rotary Club, be had?" we give the address in full:

CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN: When asked to give a short address at a regular Rotary luncheon I, in "a moment of weakness" as did a noted Canadian statesman—consented. The suggestion was thrown out that the subject might well be "Nova Scotia", the reason, naively given, being that it was just possible that Nova Scotians did not know as much about themselves as they ought to know. That reason gave me pause, for the idea has long possessed me that Nova Scotians above all else knew themselves. I got this idea, possibly, inferentially. Long, long ago, being in a company of which the late Dr. G. M. Grant was one, he, in the course of conversation, turned to me and said: "My boy, if you wish to get on in Nova Scotia, never be afraid to blow your own trumpet". Possibly I made effort to follow the noted mans advice, but I must have given it up on finding that the trumpet market had been completely cornered. In my reply to Mr. Webster I said that I trembled as I thought of speaking before so critical an assembly, on any subject; and that I was sure I would go altogether to pieces were I to speak on 'Nova Scotians', for, though fifty years in their company, they were still to me, unsolved puzzles.

Do I hear some one ask: "What is your subject, out with it and on with it"? To such I say, do not become impatient, and, yet, truth to tell, I would rather see signs of impatience than see you, on a further matter, follow your usual habit, of taking forty after lunch winks. Don't dare go to sleep, else something you would not like, might be said of you in your absence.

Have you heard of the member of the British House of Commons, who, while addressing the House, noticed no fewer than a dozen of his political opponents sound asleep. Looking at them, he paused, and then, still addressing the Chair, remarked, 'I have often thought when addressing those—not these—benches—it would be well to change the wording of the old proverb, 'Let sleeping dogs lie' into 'Let lying dogs sleep'—I have no other object in here introducing the incident than to convey an obscure hint to any of you who may be inclined to after heavy meal somnolence.

Possibly you may have read something like this: Mr. S—, on rising, immediately plunged into his subject. 'Conditional Immobility', a fitting theme for Rotarians, if the interpretation—not, however, to be found in Webster—is correct. Rotarians—a sect of modern origin opposed to Shakerism.

The speaker is no plunger. He loves the ordinary, and is a great believer in the power of the common place, therefore this introduction, to thaw the ice, and make himself at home with his audience:

The title of my subject is "Nova Scotia's Undeveloped Wealth", the sub-title "A Coming Big Industry". No reference shall be made to farming or fishing, industries capable of much further development. Nor to the forests which some say are within measurable distance of depletion, unless indeed a scientific and heroic system of reforestation is immediately adopted. Even if I would I could not do justice to such themes. The old saying has it 'Let the shoemaker stick to his last', a narrow interpretation of which is 'Let every man stick to his own trade', an interpretation conveying a false philosophy, and which, if followed, would stifle the aspirations of Rotarians.

Many years ago through the medium of a mining special published in Halifax, I expressed, without hesitation, the opinion that Coal was Nova Scotia's greatest asset. In the article it was not sought to be conveyed, that coal was her one great mineral asset, for she possesses other rich minerals—some of which to many are no more than a name. Since fifteen years ago there have been marvellous, should I not rather say miraculous happenings. For many years, with flippancy rather than with frankness, have we dubbed Coal as King. When in either mood we dubbed him such we had nothing like a full idea of how towering a King was coal. The five years war has revealed his true greatness. They have demonstrated that while in times of peace he is inconceivably kind, in times of war he can be uncommonly cruel, a King from whose one hand comes untold blessings, in the shape of delicate dyes, bewitching perfumes, tablets the very essence of sweetness, and, also, what some of you may have unconsciously pertaken off at your lunches. I refer to artificial butter. Probably not very many are aware that margarine, which, while mayhap