

# EUROPEAN WAR DEVASTATION and TANKS at WORK

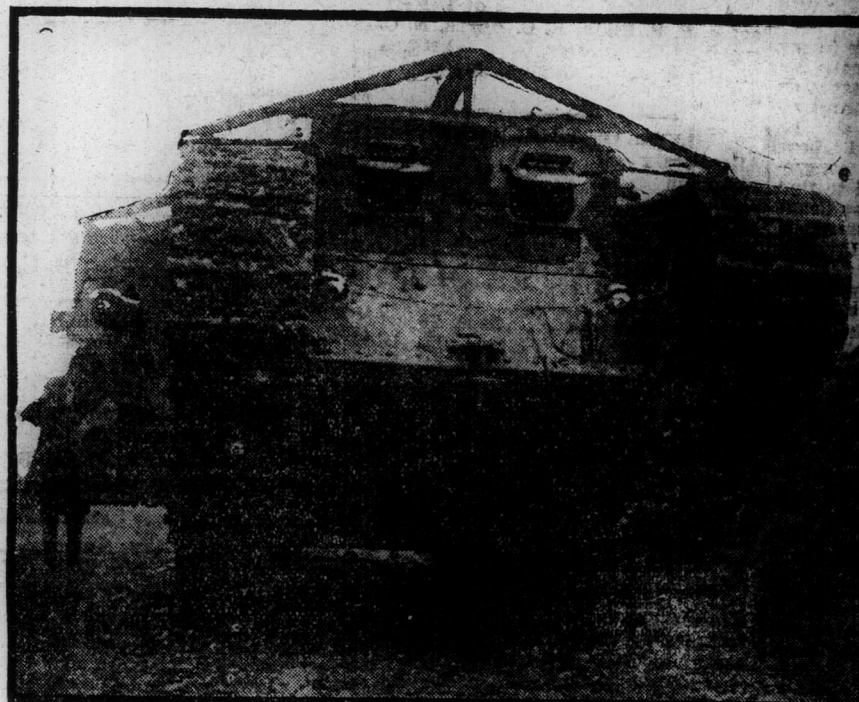


The great Battle of Messines Ridge.—Boche trenches.

—Photo by courtesy of C. P. R.

The great Battle of Messines Ridge.—Scene in old Boche front line.

—Photo by courtesy of C. P. R.



On the British Western Front in France.—Front view of a tank coming out of action.



On the British Western Front in France.—One of our heavy tanks at Fiers.



On the British Western Front in France.—Tanks' attack on Thiéval.

—Photo by courtesy of C. P. R.



The great Battle of Messines Ridge.—Smashed Boche fortress and trenches.

—Photo by courtesy of C. P. R.

On the British Western Front in France.—Infantry passing one of the new tanks.

—Photo by courtesy of C. P. R.

## ORCHARDS IN NOVA SCOTIA

GRANDMOTHERS of all orchards on this continent are those of Nova Scotia, between two great rolls of mountains that used to be lava when the world was young, and now play at windbreaking for the hundred-mile long Annapolis Valley with the bright blue Annapolis River flowing through the centre of it. The Acadian French planted the first trees back in 1605, from seeds brought from Normandie in little sailing vessels we'd be afraid to trust out of sight of the pier-head.

Who doesn't love apple-blossoms—miles of 'em, with a salt ocean breeze seeking out the sweetness, and a June sun flirting with every perfect tree at the same time? Who doesn't love a baked apple, too—a big, red, juicy, baked apple like a melting island in a sea of cream? The Nova Scotians assert that there are no apples to compare with theirs, because the salt air gives them a taste that no inland-grown

fruit can boast of.

Apple growing is a good proposition in Nova Scotia, for the trees live from 60 to 100 years in the valley as compared with 20 to 60 years in more trying climates. Cranberries, raspberries, strawberries and all other small fruits do well, to say nothing of the Dibley cherries which make the most wonderful pies you ever tasted.

A motor trip through Nova Scotia is an ideal September holiday. The little towns nestle into their orchards like a violet under its leaves; the sparkling basin is an infinitely extended, sun-warmed bathing beach; all the farm-houses are painted white, and, as there are no factories, they stay that way, looking like stage scenery against the vivid green country. And finally, there is all the game and fishing you'd want in the rough country over South Mountain, where the hunting camps lure their September guests with a promise of moose.



An Apple Orchard in Evangeline's Land, Nova Scotia.

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Camp

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coming Thursday, Friday

and Saturday

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Anita King

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SEPT. 10, 11, 12

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The Greatest of all Big

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