

IDYLLS FROM ENGLISH MOORS

Old England is instinct with idylls of kings and poets, princes and simple folk, and in no part are these more germane to their environment and their people than in Devon. Of traveling in England William Wither's has said: "There should be no inextricable route, for the chief charm of English travel is liberty of caprice; and whichever way you turn you are sure to find some peculiar beauty that will reward your quest."

Following his advice I had scrambled over the rock-bound, jagged coast of north Devon until I had found my way up the Lynn and Bagworthy valleys and had come out at last upon the lofty table-land lying between two vales, with moors rolling away on either side to the tree-crowned heights inclosing this remote and silent spot. From childhood I had been familiar with these rugged scenes through Blackmore, Kingsley and Hardy. With them I had wandered in thought over these heather-covered moors, the purple interspersed with the sunshine-yellow of the gorse; had scrambled over the cliffs of the bordering coast with its caves and sequestered coves; and had made acquaintance with hardy folk of the district. While the actual valley lacked some of the precipitousness and wildness of Blackmore's setting, it was easy, as I surveyed it, to fill in any discrepancies with imaginary details.

What a stronghold this spot might have made for outlawed gentry of the Plantagenet and Stuart kings, I thought, as I made my way from the moss-grown sluiceway along the pebbly bed of the little stream which divides the plateau! And then, as if to substantiate the impression, on either side of the stream were revealed half-buried semblances of what once were huts. No wonder that Blackmore and Kingsley and Hardy could spin romances with such backgrounds! In these surroundings, the past with its rough and hardy living, its Mother Melldrum, Tom Fagging, and Carver Doone returned and wrapped me about like a cloak.

Suddenly my reverie was interrupted by the bark of a sheep dog and then by the voice of his mistress, who informed me that these foundations were the ruins of the old Doone huts. And I thought of Lorna as I had often seen her through John Ridd's eyes: "By the side of the stream she was coming to me, even among the primroses as if she loved them all; and every flower looked the brighter as her eyes were upon them." The pale gleam over the western cliffs threw a shadow of light behind her, as if the sun were lingering.

Yet it was not alone John Ridd and his visits to this haunt of the Doones that were now filling my thought, but rather was it the moors. For their Old World atmosphere lingers in the dark shadows and follows along the rocky torrents that tumble down from the wooded hills; their associations are

rich with the literary inheritance of English ballad, folk song, play and romance.

Slowly winding downward from this valley of the Doones I came upon a secluded cottage tucked against one of the black moors. In front of it, spanned by an old stone bridge, was a little stream of which Coleridge might have sung:

A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

The hostess of the cot came out, greeting me with ruddy face and genial smile, and bearing a tray on which were strawberries, a bowl of Devonshire cream and toast, enough for a platoon of King Charles' troopers who, no doubt, had known the sweetness of this fare. She might have been Mother Ridd or Lorna's aunt—she seemed so a part of that story of long ago in which I had been romancing throughout the day.

As I looked out over the moors from my garden seat, watching the light and shadows "on summer hills that lie," Wordsworth's lines came to my thought:

A surface dappled o'er with shadows
Hung
From brooding clouds; shadows that
lay in spots

Determined and unmoved, with steady
beams
Of bright and pleasant sunshine inter-
posed.

And Keats himself might have written of the shower of sweet peas climbing over the trellis of the old cottage:

Here are sweet peas on tip-toe for a
flight;
With wings of gentle flush o'er a deli-
cate white,
And taper fingers catching at all
things,
To bind them all about with tiny
rings.

The sun had long dipped behind the clouds and hung its red cap on the hills ere I moved from that old-fashioned garden. I dropped slowly down among the shadows of the moors, watching the long black wings of night creep across them; listing now and again to the soft bleating of sheep or the far call of the shepherd-woman on her lonely fastness. I watched the strange lights that come and go over the moors, fleeting and illusive, till they came no more and ever to left to darkness and to me and ever to that gallant company of romancers and poets who have drawn inspiration for their lyrics and tales from the subtle atmosphere that lingers over downs, the deep valleys, the little ribbons of streams running among the lush green meadows, and the hedgerows and winding lanes.

For the Lonely.

Alone! And in a world of friends!
Have you ever tried to imagine what
it would be like?

"Woe to him that is alone when he
falters." Everybody dreads being
alone. Anything less is full of dis-
tress. A dog that has lost his master
is frantic with anxiety. A dog is a
social animal—like ourselves—and
loves friendship as truly as he is a
real friend.

Most of those who read this will be
unable to realize fully how lonely some
people are, for most of us have been
able to find a way out of our difficul-
ties.

When we have been with our backs
to the wall we have usually been able
to ask a friend for help, and that help
has been forthcoming.

But try to imagine your life without
a single friend; none to stay to hear
the unburdening of your heart and
with no patience with your misfor-
tune. Try to think what it would be
like if every star in your social sky
went out and you were encircled with
an impenetrable gloom.

You want to give your friendship
and no one desires it; you ask for com-
radeship and no one responds. There
are many lives like that.

Have you ever stood in a crowded
city street and tried to realize what it
would mean to be absolutely alone,
without friends, money, or experience?
There are some people like that, en-
tirely friendless and alone.

Charles Kingsley was a very good-
tempered, sympathetic individual. A
woman once asked him how it was he
possessed so loving a disposition, and
with a look of profound thankfulness,
he replied: "I once had a friend."

Yes, and so say all of us when we
think of the best in our lives. Had it
not been for a friend who helped us
when we needed help and heard us
when we called we should have been
in the world to-day hopeless and for-
lorn.

It is up to us to be as friendly as we
can be to the lonely and unfortunate.
If we could hear the sighs of the lone-
ly and know the emptiness of many a
life around us, we should respond with-
out hesitation. We should be more
tolerant, more kindly; and, moreover,
we should reap where we had sown.



Was it Murder?

He—"After we defeated them in the
boat race we took their skulls away
and hung them in our boathouse."
She—"Oh, horrible! Why haven't
you all been arrested for murder?"

Silver Poplars.

God wrote His loveliest poem on the
day
He made the first tall silver poplar
tree,
And set it high upon a pale-gold hill,
For all the new enchanted earth to
see.

I think its beauty must have made Him
glad,
And that He smiled at it—and loved
it so—
Then turned in sudden sheer delight,
and made
A dozen silver poplars in a row.

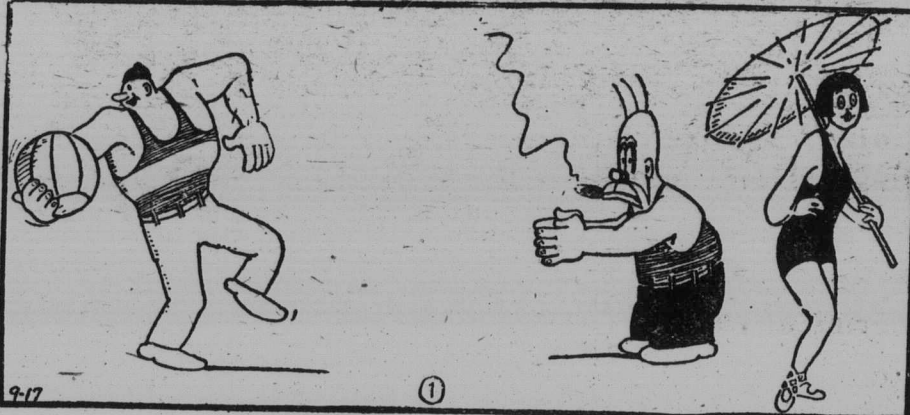
Mist green and white against a tur-
quoise sky,
A shimmer and a shine it stood at
noon;
A misty silver loveliness at night,
Breathless beneath the first small wist-
ful moon.

And then God took the music of the
winds,
And set each leaf a-flutter and a-
thrill—
To-day I read His poem word by word
Among the silver poplars on the hill.
—Grace Noll Crowell.

Christianity should be so presented
in the light of fuller knowledge that
the bias of educated opinion will swing
again to the Christian position.—
Bishop of Birmingham.

Starched linen should always be
soaked in cold water so that the old
starch is softened and removed in the
washing; otherwise there is a tend-
ency for it to turn yellow.

ADAMSON'S ADVENTURES



A Strange Object Brought to Light.

FROM DEL HAVEN TO GRAND PRE

My first view of Grand Pre was afar
off from the little village of Del Haven
on the opposite shore of the Basin of
Minas; and owing to the wonderful
fascination of this western shore of
the basin, it was some time before the

drive of a few miles, partly along the
course of the Gaspereau, was made
for the closer inspection of Grand Pre.
One has the sensation of being on the
planet Mars, when in this region of
Nova Scotia, the tone of the beach and
shores is so unmitigatedly red. Then,
too, the shrinking of the water in the
basin twice a day to a width of some
five miles less than it is at high tide,
parallels very well the strange be-
havior of the canal on Mars, as it is
described by some astronomers.

The banks all along this western
side, limiting the encroachment of the
tide, look as if they had been carefully
cut down with a huge knife, so straight
up and down are the lines. . . . The
benks vary in height, but they are
never very lofty, though the land
above them is undulating, ending in
the ridge, which . . . forms the im-
posing and peculiarly beautiful Cape
Blomidin, five hundred and seventy
feet in height, with its red sandstone
walls and battlemented top of gray
trap rock, and its growth of solemn
firs. Red, red everywhere are those
banks, and at their base, as at the
base of Blomidin itself, stretches the
red beach, as smooth and seemingly as
level as a floor. . . . The tale is told
at Del Haven that if one were at the
outermost edge of the beach when the
tide turned, he could not walk fast
enough to keep from being overwhelmed
by it, so rapidly does it rise. . . .
The magic of low tide when it oc-
curs near sunset in the glowing after-
noon light, is hardly describable in
words. Patches of dampness left on
the beach by the receding tide refract
the light in such a manner that the
whole atmosphere becomes radiant
with melting rainbow tints.

Blomidin looms somber in the back-
ground, its crest alone lit up by the
rays of the departing sun; and perhaps
far out on a dike, still in a flood-tide
of sunlight, may be seen an old-fash-
ioned ox-team with hay wagon at-
tached. . . .
When one finally makes up one's
mind to leave this loveliness and drive
from Del Haven to Grand Pre, what
other loveliness is the reward! What
wonderful orchards! . . . Fields of
wheat and oats and rye which exhale
the richness of the earth. One may
drive to the top of Blomidin and look
down upon all this beautiful garden as
it lies far below in squares of many
tints. . . . When the Gaspereau is
met on the way to Grand Pre, it has
become a gentle stream flowing
through a peaceful valley. . . . The
river starts a little lake of the same
name. . . . For the first few miles,
and as it flows through the settlement
of Canaan, there it a wild beauty and
grandeur in the scenery. It rushes
impetuously between two lofty and al-
most perpendicular hills. . . . When
finally the valley broadens out it be-
comes a most peaceable little river,
and when it nears the Basin of Minas
its waters mingled with the tides from
the salt marshes. Bliss Carman has
pictured all the beauty in this fine
poem, "The Valley of the Gaspereau,"
with the loving touch of one who was
born in this land:

"Then the orchards that dot, all in or-
der, the green valley floor,
Every tree with its boughs weighed to
earth, like a tent from whose
door
Not a lodger looks forth,—yet the signs
are there, gay and galore,
The great ropes of red fruitage and
russet, crisp snow to the core.
Can the dark-eyed Romy here have
deserted of yore
Their camp at the coming of frost?
Will they seek it no more?
Who dwells in St. Eulalie's village?
Who knows the fine lore
Of the tribes of the apple trees there
on the green valley floor?"

"Who indeed? From the blue moun-
tain gorge to the dikes by the
sea,
Goes that stilly wanderer, small Gas-
pereau; who but he
Should give the last hint of perfection,
the touch that sets free
From the taut string of silence the
whisper of beauties to be?
The very sun seems to have tarried,
turned back to a degree,
To lengthen out noon for the apple
folk here by the sea."
—Helen Archibald Clarke, in "Long-
fellow's Country."

Royal Horseshoes.
The custom of taking a horseshoe as
toll from every King, Queen or Duke
who rides through Oakham, the county
town of Rutland, is a very ancient one.
The right to claim the shoe originated
in the time of William the Conqueror,
and was supposed to encourage people
to patronize the local trade of shoeing.
In the great hall of Oakham Castle
there are more than a hundred horse-
shoes, including one from the present
Prince of Wales, from Edward VII.,
Queen Victoria, George IV., and Queen
Elizabeth. Some of the shoes are
glided, but others are ordinary iron
shoes.

Those who put the least into life
are usually the most dissatisfied with
what they get out of life.

OIL DEVELOPMENT IN WESTERN CANADA

By G. G. Ommanney, M.E.I.C., M.I.O.M.

The search for petroleum in West-
ern Canada, first undertaken about
1884, and prosecuted in various sec-
tions of the country with quiet per-
sistence and spasmodic outbursts of
enthusiastic energy since that date, has
to-day reached a phase of greater in-
terest and promise than ever before.
Since 1884 over 400 wells have been
started at various points in the Prairie
Provinces and the Mackenzie River
Basin, many of which have not been
completed but which accumulatively
have added to and confirmed the con-
viction—now almost underlying these
visions—now almost a certainty—long
entertained, that somewhere, under-
lying these vast areas will be discovered
petroleum pools of commercial size.

This conviction is not the outcome
of uninformed optimism but is based
on known geological facts and on re-
sults of successful oil exploration in
the United States immediately to the
south of and almost up to the inter-
national boundary line. That the
same strata which have contributed
such great production in these adjoin-
ing areas extend under a vast territory
in Canada, from the international
boundary to the Arctic Circle, is
known, and even without the evidence
of recent discoveries, he would be a
pessimist indeed, who would expect to
find these rocks, so prolific of oil im-
mediately to the south, to be barren
and unproductive north of this imagi-
nary boundary line. To-day we have
sufficient proof that nature has shown
no such discrimination.

The Turner Valley field, 35 miles
south-west of Calgary, favorable
structure, located and drilled some
fifteen to twenty years ago, resulted
in a small flow of oil. Activities in
this field led, in 1914, to an oil boom
in that district out of all proportion
to results obtained. In 1924, Royalite
No. 4 was deepened from 3,175 feet to
3,740 feet, and at that depth a very
large flow of gas, under extremely high
pressure, was encountered carrying
with it crude naphtha of 70 deg.
Beaume. So important has this dis-
covery proved that a separating plant
was built and a pipe line was con-
structed to the Imperial Company's re-
finery at Calgary, 29.4 miles distant,
and during 1925, 156,766 barrels of
naphtha were sold, the sales averag-
ing 430 barrels a day for 365 days and
during the first part of 1926 as high as
579 barrels for 90 days.

This remarkable discovery has stimu-
lated development in that field, and
work is now in progress on 15 new
and reconditioned wells and many new
wells are planned. It is believed that
the Royalite discovery indicates the
existence of a much larger oil pool
than previously supposed lying at
greater depth, and it is anticipated
that several of the wells now being
drilled will tap the productive horizon
about in July of this year.

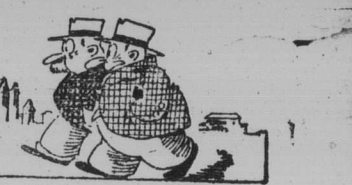
Mackenzie River and Edmonton Field.
A few years ago the Imperial Oil
Company extended their explorations
north to the Mackenzie River Basin,
where the probable productive strata
lie nearer the surface than farther
south. Their drilling operations at
Fort Norman had the important effect
of proving these strata to carry oil
where structure is favorable, thus giv-
ing encouragement for search farther
south in Alberta where the oil rocks
are at greater depth.

Yet another field has added to the
growing weight of proof of the value
of Western Canadian oil fields. At
Wainwright, the British Petroleum
wells have proved oil saturation in the
sands of about 2,200 feet and brought
in a production of 7 1/2 barrels a day.
The oil is heavy, ranging from 18 deg.
to 20 deg. B. The Edmonton Wain-
wright oil well at 2,238 feet has
brought in a producer of 150 barrels
a day. On the interprovincial bound-
ary east of Wainwright, G. S. Hume,
of the Geological Survey, worked dur-
ing 1925, and his report just published
indicates structural conditions here in
certain areas very favorable to the
presence of oil. Throughout the
Prairie Provinces some 44 wells have
been drilled or deepened since the be-
ginning of 1925.

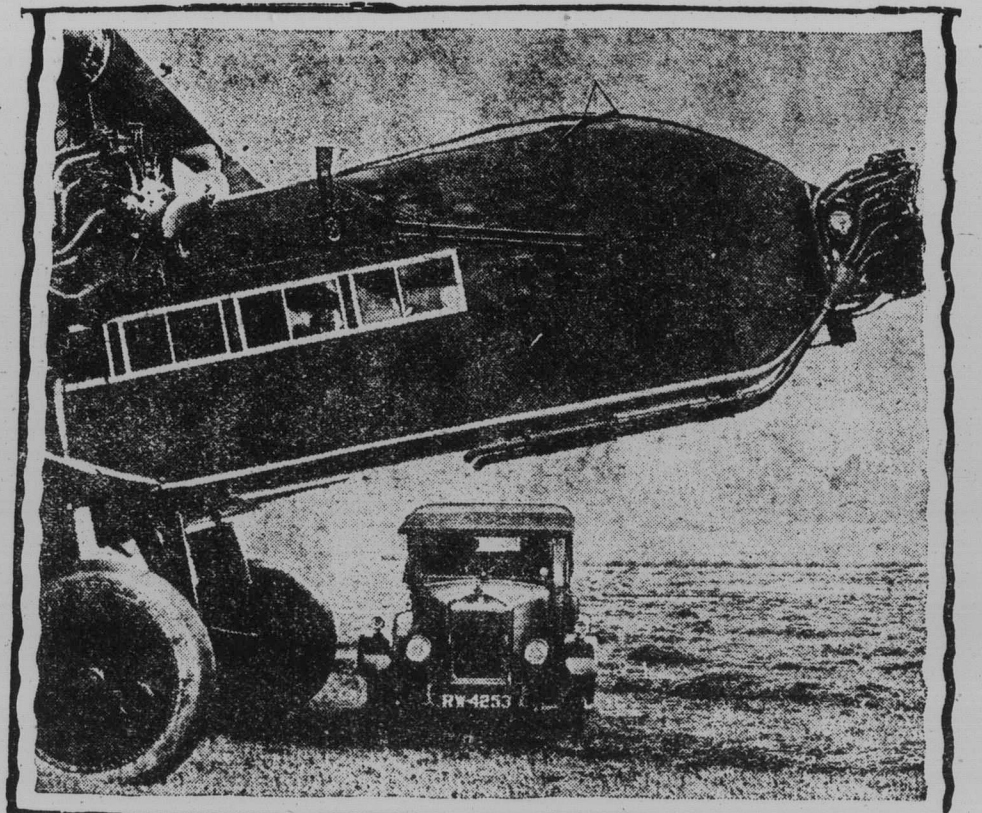
This brief review shows that the
search for oil is to-day being con-
tinued along conservative lines based
on sound information and the experi-
ence of past years.

It is no longer a problem as to
whether oil exists or not in these
areas, it has become a question only
of tapping the hidden reservoirs at
the right points.

Alberta production for 1925 reached
the important figure of 169,432 bar-
rels, and for the first time exceeded
that of the Ontario fields and alone
exceeded the total production of Can-
ada for 1924. These figures speak for
themselves of progress made.



English as She Spoke.
"This is a pretty backward spring."
"Yes, it is the most beautiful weather
I've ever known at this time of year."



New British air liner, largest in Commercial air service, launched recently at Coventry Aerodrome. Its size may be judged by the motor car below. It is called the Argosy and is propelled by triple engines so that the failure of one will be negligible. The plane will carry 20 passengers.