

ACROSS CANADA

Coast to Coast in a Land of Tremendous Panoramas

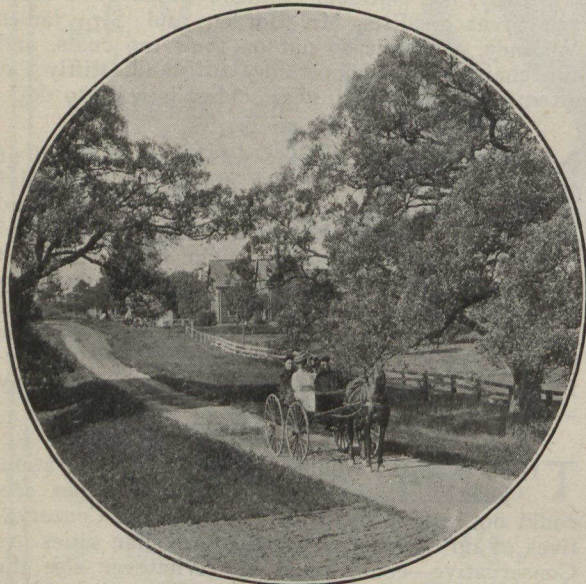
From the Home of the Digby Willow to the Haunt of the Douglas Fir; a New Tourist World of Great Rivers, Quaint Villages, Bustling Cities, Shady Nooks, Fishing Haunts, Rocky Woodlands, Immense Prairies, Sublime Mountains and Enchanted Islands



Old Yarmouth Harbour, Drowsy with Dream-haunted Landscapes and Bustling with Steamers That Ply up from Boston.

A Road Cruise in Nova Scotia By W. A. CRAICK

Splendid Roads, Rustic Scenery, Marvelous Seascapes and Quiet Villages



The Grand Old Willows of Digby.



The American Tourist Admits That the Annapolis Valley is —"Marvellous!"

THESE are sections of Canada's easternmost province which afford exceptionally attractive features for the motorist. In the excellence of their roads and the beauty of their scenery, such counties as Yarmouth, Digby and Annapolis, at the western extremity of the peninsula, and Pictou, Colchester and Cumberland in the centre, are the equal of any other parts of Canada east of the Rockies. These districts are being visited each summer by an increasing number of tourists, who come principally from the New England States, while the Nova Scotians themselves are indulging in the joys of motoring to an ever greater extent.

Usually access to the western portion of Nova Scotia is obtained by means of the daily line of steamers which ply between Boston and Yarmouth, aboard which it is possible to make satisfactory arrangements for the conveyance of automobiles. The trip consumes about seventeen hours, the vessels sailing from Boston at two in the afternoon, arriving in Yarmouth about seven in the morning.

YARMOUTH is still one of the most interesting places on the Atlantic, as it was once one of the most prosperous. Viewed from the deck of the steamer, as, having passed Cape Forchu it threads its way slowly up the harbour to its dock, the place presents quite an imposing appearance. It is spread out for a considerable distance along gently sloping ground, and what with its church towers and the masts of the shipping, it seems a much larger city than it really is. There is still a good deal of business transacted in its warehouses, still a large volume of merchandise handled over its docks, but the palmy days of the sixties and seventies, when more shipping tonnage per capita was owned in Yarmouth than in any other port in the world, are long since over.

The town's pre-eminence to-day does not rest in its shipping, but in the number of automobiles possessed by its inhabitants. It is probable that more motors are owned in Yarmouth for its size than in any other Canadian town. This circumstance is due in large measure to the excellence of the roads which radiate from it, affording splendid opportunities for trips both long and short. Two conditions tend to keep the roads of the surrounding country in good shape. One of these is the character of the material used which gives a smooth, hard surface. The other is the amount of dampness in the atmosphere which prevents an accumulation of dust and thereby preserves the solidity of the top surface.

While there are many interesting routes leading from the town, all of which are well worth investigating, the favourite road will always be that extending to Digby, Annapolis and so on through the Land of Evangeline to Halifax. This is, generally speaking, the route of the Dominion Atlantic Railway, but travellers by rail lose much of the beauty of the country by reason of the fact that the track strikes inland much of the way, while the highway follows the coast and is in full view of the sea as far as Digby.

Leaving Yarmouth in the morning after the arrival of the Boston steamer, one passes up its long main street as far as the lower end of a small chain of lakes, where the road divides. Two main routes are now available for the first stage of the journey. One may continue straight ahead following the right bank of the lakes or, skirting to the left and ascending a hill from which a splendid view of the town, the harbour and the distant sea may be had, proceed by a route which presently comes out on the coast itself.

The first road, after passing the Milton Lakes, reaches the village of Hebron at their head. From the high ground here another beautiful view is to be enjoyed down the valley of the little lakes towards the distant spires of Yarmouth and the blue sea beyond. While it is true that the Nova Scotian coast is subject to considerable fog and dampness, dull days and cloudy skies, it is equally true that the intervals of fine weather are exceptionally enjoyable. It is as if the landscape were being perpetually washed and polished by nature, so that on a clear day the outline and colouring of every object on land and sea is as near perfection as it is possible to conceive it.

THE road now cuts across country towards the fishing village of Port Maitland. It follows no air line, but twists and turns, rises and falls, runs through woods and beside fields, swings past little azure lakes and crosses small streams. There are numerous farm houses along the route, immaculate in clean paint, with white-washed barns, well-trimmed lawns and flower-beds. It is usual to see crimson ramblers trained over the doorways, which bloom profusely in season and lend an added charm to the picture. Of fields and pastures, such as one sees stretching along the roads in Ontario, there is little sign, for the country is rugged and stony, and such cultivation as is carried on is of limited extent.

Port Maitland, a clean, white village straggling down a long slope to a glorious sand beach, is right