

## "The Land of Evangeline" and the South Shore of Nova Scotia.

By A. M. PAYNE.

The Old World traveler, familiar with the English lakes, the Trossacks, Killarney, the Rhine, the Alps and the Riviera, passing through the gateway of the New World, for the first time, at Halifax, on his hurried way to the far-famed prairies and the Rockies, little dreams of the fruitful areas and attractive surroundings within a few hours' reach at the threshold of his journey. Similarly, people from Quebec and Ontario, justly proud of their extensive and varied possessions of field, factory and mine, in touch with commodious waterways and ample rail transit, with natural scenic beauties in profusion, frequently know but little of the treat awaiting them on a brief sojourn through the "Province by the Sea."

Those who have read "Evangeline" find the inclination to visit the scenes immortalized by Longfellow almost irresistible when in its vicinity. Two or three hours from Halifax, and one is in the very core of the Acadian land—the home of Evangeline.

A drive through the Gaspereau Valley, or past the "Look-off" to Blomidon and Fundy's tide, are memories to be treasured up even by the exacting globe-trotter who "has seen everything." A rare charm envelopes this land of romance, and few, indeed, can resist its influence. As the train speeds on from fair Wolfville, the Mecca of New England tourists, it traverses one of the most productive orchard-bearing regions on the continent, the famous Annapolis Valley, with an offshoot equally fertile in the Cornwallis Valley. The forecasts of wheat-yields in our Western prairies border on the marvelous, but our "Bluenose" fruit-growers talk confidently of a round million barrels of apples as an early probability, with pears and plums in due proportion.



Monument erected by the Commissioners of the Halifax Public Gardens in commemoration of the Nova Scotia Citizen Soldiers who fell in the South African Campaign.

Transportation facilities have not been up to the standard for such a highly favored region, but this is rapidly becoming a relic of the past. Railways are even now tapping every coign of vantage on the shores of the Bay of Fundy and the Atlantic at both ends of Eastern Canada's yearly expanding "fruit granary," reaching the markets of the world with twentieth century economy and speed.

Annapolis is the second oldest settlement in America—the Port Royal of the far-off days, rich in historian song and story, the veritable home of the "Order of a Good Time," installed three centuries ago, when the obstacles for a "good time" could not have been few.

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