

time before the train left to inspect the fine and productive orchard of Mr. Arthur McN. Patterson, the principal of Acadia Villa Seminary, a boarding school for boys, situated at this place. This orchard comprises two hundred trees. I speak now of the orchard which one sees close by the shabby little station of Horton Landing, for Mr. Patterson has a large orchard on his farm a few miles from his school. Here are about two hundred trees, half of which have been set from fifteen to eighteen years, and the other have been set more recently. The first lot were Rochester, N. Y., trees and have done finely, making a good growth and bearing well. The others are native from Kings county. The soil is a deep clay loam, strong, retentive and fertile, is underdrained, has been well manured and yields large crops. On just two acres of land Mr. Patterson tells me he has one hundred trees in bearing, and last year had from this orchard three hundred barrels of apples, and on the land three hundred and twenty cocks of hay—"a fine sight it was," as he expressed it, with the trees bearing, and the cocks of hay as thick among the trees as they could stand." More money is received, Mr. Patterson informs me from the Gravenstein and King of Thompkins, than any other varieties. At his farm, some three miles from the school, Mr. Patterson has a large orchard and is constantly putting out more trees, having set one hundred two years ago. He tells me as a general thing the Rochester trees have proved well with him, and others in the Province. Mr. S. T. Cannon of our city has also sold thousands of trees here, and his stock has already been as represented and given good satisfaction. He has a first-class reputation in Nova Scotia, (as at home), and if honesty, industry and square dealing can secure reputation, he is sure to have a good record wherever he does business. Mr. Patterson's school is a family school for boys, and in its management for more than twenty years past, he has won great success as a teacher and disciplinarian. The quiet little hamlet of Horton Landing is most favorably located for such a school, being away from all disturbing influences of the town, in the midst of varied and beautiful scenery, and Mr. Patterson's classes are always full. Within a stone's throw from Acadia Villa is a summer cottage where Mr. Wm. H. Vanderbilt spent several weeks in resting last season, and where he is expected again the present summer.

I had planned to make a short stop at and about the mouth of the Avon river, taking in brief visits to Avondale, Falmouth, and Windsor Town—but my contemplated brief call turned out to be a very pleasant visit, dependent on a lit-

tle incident which shows the genuine hospitality and good cheer for which all these Nova Scotia people are so famous. Shall I tell it you, reader? Well, just now I spoke of an acquaintance whom I made on the cars, who directed me to a good stopping place at Grand Pre, and who chatted pleasantly about the scenery as we jogged along over this classic "land of Evangeline" in that moderate express train, that rainy afternoon. I was talking with the conductor who occupied a seat with me, just in the rear of my young lady acquaintance, of my business to the Province, enquiring of whom I could obtain information, and where were the best places to stop. Now at many of these little stations there are no inns, and it is necessary to seek entertainment with some one who makes a business of "putting up" people, and boarding summer tourists. So after the conductor had left me and I asked my acquaintance whom I should say recommended me to stop at Mrs. Stewart's, she simply bowed and said "Miss Blank." I did not mistake the *miss*, and thanked her, never expecting to see her again, and wondering how I could ever ascertain her post-office address, so as to send her a paper containing the most graceful acknowledgment I could write, in return for her attentions.

On alighting from the car at Falmouth—a familiar name—just as I was enquiring for a place to stop for the night (it was then six o'clock by Payson, Tucker's time which meant seven o'clock to people in the valley of the Avon), who should I recognize but my acquaintance of yesterday, Miss Blank. Of course my hat was raised at once—in the rain of our hay-day weather of 1884—and I was then introduced to Miss Blank's friend, Miss Dash from St. John. "It is Mr—," she said. "Oh, St. John," said I, "I have been there and know people who know people there, and besides it is not so very far from Augusta either." "I thought," said Miss Blank, "that my brother could give you more information on the subject of your inquiry than any one here, and as there is no inn at Falmouth, would you not ride up with me to tea, and then go over to my brother's for the evening and night." Expostulations were in vain, and I had to surrender on the spot. But, think of the embarrassing position in which it placed an old boy to drive two young ladies in the rain, with a strange horse which took every advantage in its favor on account of a green teamster, doing errands along the village street, up hill two miles to a place which he knew not. I thought of the experience of the plain travelling gentleman, who telegraphed in advance to the keeper of a country hotel where he was to pass the night,

asking if he would have a room in readiness for him, on the arrival of the train. The landlord had never received a telegraphic message before, and thinking his guest must be some great personage, a Governor or at least a representative to the General Court, was at the depot, as the train rolled in, with all the servants and waiters his little hotel could muster, to receive his distinguished guest—and was disgusted to find him a little man tugging his own samplecase. However I made the best of it and talked about the weather, etc., as best I could. Arriving at Miss Blank's, tea was served, and then with good nights and other acknowledgements, I rode over to Mr. Blank's at early evening, to pass the night with a gentleman "who could give me more information than any other person in Falmouth." Mr. Blank's house is on a little eminence amid apple trees and green fields, and from my window the next morning I looked out upon as fair a landscape as I ever expect to see in this world. There was the little river Avon with Falmouth and Windsor Town in front, wide, rich dikes all about, and a glimpse of the muddy waters of the Basin of Minas to the left. I am sure if there is a happy home in this wide, wide world, it is that little cottage at the end of the Glebe road, and I shall never forget the hearty welcome I there received from those who were unknown, but whom I now esteem friends. In the morning Mr. Blank brought me to my train, and I said "good bye" again, this time, too, not without regret.

After so long a detour you will surely want me to be getting on toward Halifax from whence I date this letter. The river Avon—sweet, historic name—makes into the Basin of Minas between Horton and Kempt, the towns of Falmouth and Windsor being situated back from the bay, and opposite to each other. "Windsor Town," the good people call it, and there is something I much like in the old English way of adding "town" after the name of important places. Who does not remember.

"In London Town of great renown,"

and the romantic and thrilling history of John Gilpin, so quaintly told by Cowper. Windsor is the seat of Kings College, and the town one of culture and intellectual refinement. Here was the long-time residence of Judge Haliburton, one of the most famous writers of the Province, author of "Sam Slick the Clock Maker"—a work of unique and meritorious character. About here are extensive quarries of freestone and gypsum. I was invited to Noel, but it is too far off my route, and that pleasure I must forego. The Captain will pardon me I know, and come