



NOVA SCOTIA

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Entrance to Halifax harbour.

Nova Scotia has long seemed to its ardent admirers to have almost everything.

It has fish, forests, farms and painted, sea-sprayed cottages on rocky coasts. It has pride, history and handsome people, and it has fascinating ways.

In the first half of the nineteenth century, it was a bustling ship-building and trading centre, but it fell on hard times and in this century it has been a relatively disadvantaged province.

This is changing. There is a considerable reserve of oil and natural gas offshore, and plans are now being made to produce gas in commercial quantities. In this issue of CANADA TODAY/D'AUJOURD'HUI we examine Nova Scotia from the perspectives of both tourists and investors.

Front Cover: Bras d'Or Lake, Cape Breton Island.

Some Enchanted Island

Think of Nova Scotia as an enchanted island.

Literally it is attached to the mainland by a land bridge seventeen miles wide, but figuratively it's floating free, over 4,600 miles of indented coast washed by salt water.

Sail to it from Portland, Maine, on the *M/S Caribe* at 9:30 p.m., and you'll get a good night's sleep in a comfortable cabin and roll down the ramp in Yarmouth. There is a shorter ferry ride from Bar Harbor.

Drive by way of New Brunswick and you'll arrive at Amherst, more or less in the middle of Nova Scotia's upper coast.

Come by air and you'll land in either Yarmouth or Halifax.

Right now Nova Scotia has green seas, blue skies, soft breezes and summer flowers. It has a world-famous fisherman's view of the ocean, but it has a rich variety of other things to see too. You might start with farms.

The Valley

The Annapolis Valley has been a rich and fertile place for a long, long time. The French came to Port Royal in 1605, two years before settlers came to Jamestown, Virginia, and fifteen before the Pilgrims came to Plymouth Rock. Their settlement, L'Habitation, stands faithfully reconstructed on the original foundations with wine cellar, bakery, apothecary and Governor's House on display.

The British took over in 1713 and changed Port Royal to Annapolis Royal. Some forty years later they pushed the French farmers out. Grand Pré National Park is the setting of the first stanza of Longfellow's *Evangeline* and the starting point of the long and painful trek that took the Acadians to the bayous of southwest Louisiana. The flat, productive land behind the Grand Pré Dyke is strikingly like the land behind the levees of Louisiana, which may explain why the Acadians stopped traveling when they got there.

The Alisons and the Starrs and other well-connected Britons moved in after the French, and they've left mementoes too. Prescott House at Starr's Point, a handsome two-storey, twin-chimneyed, symmetrical home, was built in 1789 by Charles Ramage, the man who planted the first Gravenstein apple tree. Clifton, the home Thomas Chandler Haliburton built in 1836, is on a hill in Windsor overlooking the Avon River. Haliburton, a judge, a writer and humourist, gave the world such durable snatches of wisdom as, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and "Facts are stranger than fiction."

David Johnson, broad of beam and ruddy-faced, is a modern Valley farmer, and he exudes prosperity, good cheer and local history. He and his wife Emily operate Willowbank, 300 lush acres at Port William, near Wolfville, overlooking the Cornwallis River and saltmarsh, and maintain four children, three dogs, half a dozen horses, a herd of cows, a good many sheep, a barn full of antique sleds and coaches, and some very profitable pick-your-own apple orchards and strawberry beds.



Thomas Haliburton's house.



Willowbank.

Mr. Johnson built Willowbank a few years ago on the site of the old Alison place. The old Alison place wasn't particularly appealing and Mr. Johnson has a picture to prove it, but it did have a wonderful view. The Johnsons' white frame farmhouse is large and sunny with a pillared front porch and great big rooms. David sits down in the drawing room—a dazzling place with a bow of windows, a huge fireplace, a moulded ceiling, walls painted to match the walls of a house in Williamsburg, Virginia, a piano, an organ and a great many paintings of dogs and horses—and recounts the history of the Alisons and the Starrs. Sometimes he's directly, if remotely, involved.

A few years ago he and his children noticed a large, odd depression in the ground, and they dug up 1,500 old glass bottles. One of the early Starrs had been a devoted user of Davin's Vegetable Pain Killer, and when he finally succumbed to arthritis, his widow buried his supply. Mr. Johnson had the tonic in one of the bottles analyzed and found that it contained digitalis and morphine as well as less powerful vegetables.

While Mr. Johnson is talking, Rebecca, the 12-year-old, comes in with a shaky-legged, newborn black Suffolk lamb, which she sets up on the oriental rug. Rebecca started the family flock with a 4-H lambkin which took first place at the provincial fair. Mr. Johnson then bought a couple of ewes, which produced a series of twins and triplets. The Suffolks are all born black but they soon fade into perfectly respectable sheep. After the flock was underway Mr. Johnson noticed that handcrafted articles were bringing good prices,

and the fleece is now sold as yarn and to local craftsmen who make vests.

The Johnsons also have a Bluetick Hound, a Border Collie, a couple of Parson Jack Russell Terriers, forty head of cattle, two champion German jumpers, a few regular riding horses and endless acres of McIntosh, Red Delicious and Gravenstein apples and strawberries that are sold to pick-your-own customers. To make the apples handy the trees are pruned to under ten feet, and the orchards have wide roads so the drivers can go right up to the trees. That way, as Mr. Johnson notes, they are likely to pick an extra ten or fifteen pounds.

The pickers come from all over the province and from Newfoundland, retired farmers, young married couples, people with kids and a lot of people who used to live in the Valley and return for nostalgia as well as fruit. At the height of the picking seasons, June and July for berries, August and September for apples, Willowbank draws a thousand pickers a day. Many of the pickers and most of the tourists also go to see the collection of nineteenth century sleighs and carriages, all tip-top shiny, in the big red barn.

A few miles inland, at New Ross, is the sixty-acre Ross Farm, a remarkable contrast, for as near as the imagination of man can make it, it is an authentic, early nineteenth century, working Nova Scotia farm. It produces lumber, peas, carrots, beans and small crops of several kinds of wheat. The compact farmhouse was built by Captain Ross, one of Wellington's officers, in 1817 and it has, indoors and out, a look of hard-scrabble

reality. Life was hard back then and the Nova Scotia Museum, its restorer, resisted the temptation to pretty it up. The furniture is worn and rough, the stair going up to the sparse bedrooms steep and narrow. The tiny and cluttered kitchen centres around a fireplace with a variety of pot hooks and a built-in bread oven that any right-thinking baker would hate to use. The fields outside are plowed by oxen, and it takes thirty hands to plant and reap, build and repair. The farm workers are friendly and informative and speak slowly in the gentle, earnest Nova Scotian lilt. You can watch the oxen plowing, ride in a horse-drawn wagon and eat a slice of bread baked in the fireplace and spread with home-churned butter.

The Valley is rimmed and drained by the Atlantic, the Bay of Fundy and a great many rivers, and the people have always taken their livelihood from the water as well as the land. The Cornwallis River has been cleaned of pollution and is teeming with brown trout and striped bass. An occasional salmon is taken with a trout fly and flounder can be caught off the wharf.

The Gaspereau River has spawning smelt in April and May, and when they're gone the fish with the same name as the river arrive. The fish, also known as alewife, is not for gourmets. Its main virtue is that when it is properly cured it remains edible for a long time and can be shipped a long way. The fishermen are licensed (some licenses have been in the same family for four or five generations) and each has his designated spot

on the shore. When the gaspereaux are running he lowers a long pole with a net into the water, balancing it on a fulcrum. When the net is full he jumps on the end, lifting it up and closing the net. The fish are salted, 100 pounds of salt to 200 pounds of fish, for fourteen days, then repacked in 100 per cent brine. Most are shipped to feed poor people in the West Indies, though lately some have been filleted and sent to Europe in six-pound blocks as a substitute for herring.

The river has other attractions. The students of Acadia University skim down its swift waters on inner tubes in the spring. They are joined by hordes of other youngsters, many from afar, greatly irritating the fishermen.

The South Coast

Move south to the rocky coast and the terrain and accents change. Nova Scotia has at least three accents, the Acadian, the Scottish and the Lunenburg. Lunenburgers end a great many words in an "er" sound, which may or may not have something to do with the fact that the town was first settled by German farmers in 1753.

Since the countryside has more rock than soil, the farmers became fishermen and, eventually, boat builders. They launched some 20,000 sailing vessels over the years, and one of the last and most remarkable was the *Bluenose*, a two-masted, gaff-rigged schooner built in 1921, which won four international races and wound up with her likeness engraved on the Canadian dime. When her



Ross Farm.



Lunenburg harbour.

racing days were past she was sold as a freighter, and she finally foundered on a reef off Haiti in 1946. Everyone in Lunenburg was immediately sorry they had let her go, and in 1963 the brewing firm of Oland's Ltd. built and launched an exact replica, *Bluenose II*, as a living saltwater memorial. Since then *Bluenose II* has been hauling passengers instead of fish, and though she has never been in a formal race, she has logged 18 knots for one-and-a-half hours in a 55-mph wind. She was refurbished this winter, is now visiting East Coast ports in the United States and will be back in Nova Scotia ports in July and August taking visitors on three-a-day, two-hour cruises. (See photograph on page eleven.)

The south coast, from Yarmouth to Cape Canso, is indented with rock-bound coves, capes and bays, and its fishing villages are picturesque in the sunlight and many are awe-inspiring in the fog. Chester, north of Lunenburg on Mahone Bay, is a dazzling example of how pretty a rock-bound fishing village can be, with large and handsome summer homes, fine restaurants and classy shops.

Mahone Bay is reputed to have 365 islands (you could picnic on a different one every day for a year) and the best known is Oak, which has an authentically mysterious, ancient, man-made underground structure connecting its surface to the sea that may, or may not, contain buried treasure. The structure begins with a carefully carpentered shaft 100 feet deep, with spruce platforms every ten feet, and it was discovered in the late 1700s by a boy who'd gone bird hunting, noticed a dip in the ground and started digging.

The assumption then and now is that the shaft, a major feat of engineering, was dug by pirates, the Spanish government or at least someone with something to hide. People have been digging ever since, and though they've found many evidences of engineering skill they have found no treasure. A consortium of Canadian and American businessmen has been at it, off and on, for the past twenty years and they're still trying.

St. Margaret's Bay is northeast of Mahone, and Peggy's Cove is out on the edge of its rocky shore where the bay meets the Atlantic. It has been a fishing village since 1811, but it is obvious that mankind has had only a minor impact.



Oak Island treasure shaft.



Peggy's Cove.

The few fishing families who live there year round and the thousands of tourists who come to take pictures of the lighthouse have left their marks here and there—the little lighthouse itself, the traps, nets and anchors on the government wharf and fish stages, and the trim, square cottages painted in vivid reds and blues—but the awe-inspiring essence of the place is in the granite boulders and the sea.

Nova Scotia has lots of rocks, but no place is more abundantly supplied than Peggy's Cove. The gigantic boulders are all around and underfoot, 415 million years old, dumped by the last glacier. (One resident artist made a permanent contribution by chiseling a company of fishermen in relief on a huge boulder in his backyard, which gives Peggy's Cove, despite its relatively mild climate, a permanent frieze.) The rocks are interlaced by the surging sea, awesome, unspoilable and dangerous. The Nova Scotia government has posted a sign, asking the world to watch its step.

"We urge extreme caution be taken. Injury and death have rewarded careless visitors to Peggy's Cove. The ocean and rocks are treacherous."

Most of Nova Scotia changes slowly and some doesn't change at all.

Driving north from Peggy's Cove and skirting Halifax for the time being, you arrive at Sherbrooke Village where the past is frozen, deliberately—a small, meticulous, low-key restoration of the town as it was during its golden age more than a century ago, with shops and homes, a school, a barn, a church, a smithy, a pharmacy, a jail and a general store.

Cape Breton

Continue north and you'll get to the Canso Causeway which will take you to Cape Breton, a very large island that forms the northeastern part of the province.

It is a place where chunks of the past survive, alive and kicking and occasionally in Gaelic.

Nova Scotia is surprisingly Scottish—the natives estimate that between 30 and 70 per cent of the population have a recognized ancestral linkage to Scotland, the wide variance reflecting the Scottishness of the estimators. All agree that Cape

Breton is where the linkage is strongest and most apparent. In some villages everyone in the phone book seems to be named Mackenzie.

There are Gaelic singers who work with a responding chorus in the manner of sea chanties. Some of the songs, indeed, are chanties—"O co chureas sinn anns an luing Eireannach?" for example, translates as, "Oh who will we put on the Irish ship?"

The response gives a name, usually of some young fellow who is present at the gathering—John Shaw, for example. The next question is, "Co fear te og a theid a thobh anns an luing Eireannach?"—"Who's the young girl we'll put with him on the ship?" The answer this time is often ribald and intended to irritate the young man—the singers may, for example, put in the name of some lady greatly advanced in years or weight or both.

Cape Breton's big city is Sydney, which has a steel mill that specializes in railway tracks and coal mines that extend out under the sea, but its greatest charm is mainly in its villages, fishing ports and people. Ninety-five per cent of Cape Breton is occupied by farms, forests, lakes and parks. There is water, water everywhere—the island surrounds the huge Bras d'Or Lake (see cover photo), and there seems to be an endless supply of rivers and lesser lakes with a great many species of fish abounding. The mackerel come in April and May, swimming against the wind, and return in the fall. A man with two fish traps and skilled helpers can take 25,000 to 100,000 pounds in a day—the best have taken over a million pounds in June and early July. The fishing techniques are very like those practiced by the fishermen's fathers.

Time moves slowly but it does move and old towns die, though the most impressive of them, Louisbourg at the remote northeast tip of the island, has been brought back to life on a grand scale. It was France's principal fortification in the New World—it had a barracks 363 feet long and three storeys high with 100 rooms, for example—and it took twenty-five years to build. It is now restored in fantastic detail—barracks, town, citadel, streets, chapel, batteries—all complete inside and out with scores of guides and attendants appropriately dressed.

Move northwest, past Sydney, past St. Andrew's Channel and St. Ann's Bay and turn north on the Cabot Trail. Go past the right flank of the huge Cape Breton Highlands National Park. Then detour at Neils Harbour and you will, eventually, arrive at White Point, a village that has not been preserved.

The point juts out into the Atlantic like a finger wrapped around the Bay, and at the very end, far from the nearest house, is an old cemetery with old names and dates carved on unweathered rock. You may wonder why the people of the point buried their dead so far from home. The answer is that once, when there were no autos, few buggies and fewer roads, the people of Cape Breton traveled, almost exclusively, by boat, and



Cape Breton Highlands National Park.

the tip of the point, on top of the southern coast at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, was the centre of a small world. A thriving town surrounded the cemetery, but the automobile arrived and the living drove away and left the dead behind.

Get back on the Cabot Trail, go over the top of the island and down the northern coast. The place names, which had been mostly English and Scottish (New Campbellton, McLeod Branch, Wreck Cove, Skir Dhu), become emphatically French (Cap Rouge, Enragee Point, Grand Etang) and so do the people.

Continue down the coast and the names become Scottish once more (Glencoe, Campbell, Craigmore, Creignish), and after you leave the Cape by the causeway the population gets very Scottish indeed.

You'll soon be in Antigonish, and had you timed it right you would have been there for the Highland Games, July 9 to 17, which have been held annually for 125 years. They were part of a province-wide celebration.

This is the year of the International Gathering of the Clans, an event held in either Nova Scotia or Scotland every two years. The first Nova Scotia get-together was in 1979 when 50,000 people gathered, 10,000 from outside the province, many from Scotland and some from as far away as New Zealand. This year's festivities began June 27-30 with the Nova Scotia Tattoo, a military, musical extravaganza in Halifax, and with the Pugwash Gathering of the Clans June 25 to July 3. There were lobster dinners, pipe band concerts and highland dancing at a great many different places all through the summer. Prince Charles and Princess Diana helped it get underway in June. It

ended, more or less, in August with ceremonies at the Gaelic College in Baddeck. A good many of the celebrants were busy marking the 200th anniversary of the migration of the United Empire Loyalists, some 40,000 refugees from the American Revolution, many of whom settled in Nova Scotia. Among other accomplishments, they built the town of Shelburne from scratch in 1783.



Halifax

West of Antigonish is New Glasgow and west of that are trees, sheep farms and, in the Bay of Fundy area, the highest tides in the world. You are now getting fairly close to Halifax, a logical place to wind up. Head back for the south coast.

Halifax is a handsome, historic city with excellent dining places and smart shops centred around the downtown waterfront.

Right in the middle and looming high is the Citadel, a hill that's been fortified for centuries. The clock tower is the symbol of the city, and the battlements are in a fine state of preservation, the view is breathtaking and there is a Sight and Sound show entitled *The Tides of History* tucked away in the West Curtain Wall. Halifax has never been attacked, possibly because it has always been so stoutly defended. In addition to the Citadel there is the Prince of Wales Round Tower in Point Pleasant Park at the south end of town, built in 1796, and the York Redoubt, begun in 1793, at the harbour entrance.

The most striking thing about both the city and the fortifications is the air of durability: a great deal of it is stone, and right on the waterfront is a preserved three-acre memento of past commercial glories somewhat prosaically called Historic Properties. The two blocks between Barrington and Hollis were rebuilt after a great fire in 1859, and the remarkably pleasant results have remained intact and were recently refurbished. Below, stretching to the water, are early nineteenth century warehouses, now converted to a variety of uses. The oldest is the Privateers', built in the late 1700s when some of the most substantial citizens were indeed privateers. It now has a pub on the ground floor, a lounge on the second and a first-class restaurant on the top. Simon's Warehouse, of solid granite, is next door. It was built about 1860 to hold liquor.



Food and Lodging

The best food in Nova Scotia is seafood—lobster, scallops, salmon, haddock—straight from the boat, right from the sea.

There are good accommodations all over the

province, ranging from thrifty to luxurious. Old Orchard Inn at Greenwich in the Annapolis Valley is open the year round, has an excellent menu, an indoor pool, night as well as day tennis and a babysitting service.

Oak Island Inn in Lunenburg County has large terraced rooms, and the Zwicker Inn has wonderful fish chowder. Up the coast, on a river bank in Liscombe Mills, is the Liscombe Lodge, one of the three resort hotels operated by the Nova Scotia Department of Tourism. It has thirty-five not-too-rustic cottages with pine panelling and fireplaces. Fires in the evening are pleasant even in July.

In Baddeck in Cape Breton the Inverary Inn, on the shore of Bras d'Or Lake, has motel rooms and cottages, bagpipe music and a traditional Scottish breakfast. Gisele's in the same town has excellent poached salmon.

High above the Cabot Trail, on a crest looking down on the sea, the Department of Tourism's Keltic Lodge is excellent. The Pines Hotel in Digby, the third provincially operated resort hotel, is an old-fashioned manor house with trim green lawns, a sun porch with wicker chairs and huge public rooms.

Halifax has a wide range of places to stay, including the Chateau Halifax, a new highrise with splendid food and service and large, comfortable rooms.

Camping Tonight

Nova Scotia appreciates campers. They buy supplies from the local stores and help spread money around the back corners of the province, and they tend to be neat and to leave the parks clean. The province has two national parks with eight campgrounds, nineteen provincial parks and 150 commercial ones. It maintains a close supervision over the commercial as well as the public, and approved ones display a sign. As the gent in the tourist office said, "Any problems and we rip the sign off and they don't get it back for two years." The province also publishes a comprehensive camping guide listing all the grounds and describing them in detail—"wooded and open field areas on pond, 4.8 km (3 mi) north of Route 101 at Berwick, exit 15. 200 service sites (200 electric & water, 120 sewage), 20 unserviced etc. etc."—and gives rates and phone numbers. It also has lists of particular sites close to particular towns.

Farm and Country Vacations

The Nova Scotia Farm and Country Vacations Association lists some thirty-four homes that house and feed guests well for reasonable prices. Many are on farms, some are in villages, some by the shimmering sea. Most offer three full meals, many bed-and-breakfast. All are inspected by the Association and guaranteed to be clean and tidy. Most of the hosts grow their own vegetables, many their own fruit, and varieties of fish fresh caught from the sea are frequently for dinner.

Nova Scotia Is a Natural Gas

Nova Scotia has been poor and picturesque for a long time. It now hopes to lose the first distinction and still keep the second.

The focus is on the Sable Island area 180 miles east of Halifax. In the spring of 1979 Mobil Texaco Pex drilled a 16,650-foot-deep well, Venture D-23, twelve miles east of the Island and found significant quantities of gas. Two appraisal wells east and west of the discovery helped establish the potential of the field. About 34 million acres are currently under license for development, an area about the same as that under license in the North Sea.

The field was a major find and a Mobil executive said that there was "no doubt that it is rich enough to be worth developing," but there were problems. Both the federal and the Nova Scotia governments claimed ownership, and Mobil Oil Canada, the operator of a group of companies with interests in the project, was not willing to spend more money until the division of revenue was set. "No one wants to get in a poker game until the rules are clear," says Ken Farquharson, a senior manager in the province's Department of Development. The problem was solved when the two governments agreed that, whoever owned it, Nova Scotia would get 100 per cent of the revenues until such time as its per capita income is 16 per cent above the national average.

Mobil then developed design and production scenarios and prepared environmental impact studies. The company is now conducting a multi-million dollar study to examine the probable consequences of the Venture discovery—biological, physical and socio-economic.

An estimated \$2 to \$4 billion will be needed to put Venture into production. Steel platforms will be fixed on the sea floor for drilling, servicing and production of wells. If there are no delays, gas could be coming ashore by 1987 or 1988.

Mr. Farquharson says the province hopes to expand the positive effects of the gas bonanza by building local high technologies to service it. The gas in the Sable area is produced under unusually high natural pressures. Blowout equipment is already being upgraded at local shipyards, and special new equipment will be designed and manufactured.

"A lot of outside companies now have sound reasons to invest here," Mr. Farquharson says.

The provincial and federal governments have committed \$35 million to stimulate a "centre of excellence" in ocean-related industries.

It will promote a variety of enterprises, with emphasis on gas and oil activities. Capt. Hugh Plant of the federal Ocean Industry Development Office believes, "The oil companies prefer to buy goods and services from local suppliers—it is simply more cost-effective. Our role is to ensure that the capabilities for delivering these products are developed in Nova Scotia."



Drilling rig Rowan Juneau in the Venture field.

Abraham's Lamp

Petroleum production is not new to Nova Scotia.

Abraham Gesner of Cornwallis has been called the father of the industry. He patented a process for manufacturing flammable liquid hydrocarbons from pitch, asphaltum or bitumen in 1832 and established the North American Kerosene Gas Light Company. The company did very well until the kerosene lamp was replaced by first the natural gas light and then the electric one.

Tidal Power

The tides of the Bay of Fundy have the potential to produce up to 10,000 megawatts of electric power—the equivalent of sixteen nuclear reactors.

There have been plans to harness some of that power for a century, but they have always proved



Left, low tide in the Bay of Fundy at Parrsboro, N.S., right, high tide.

too costly. The plans became more practicable in 1973 when oil prices began to rise. A study published in 1981 offered a plan for the construction of a dam five miles long, from Economy Point to Cape Tenny across Minas Basin, to be equipped with 128 turbines with a total capacity of 4,864 megawatts. It would cost \$6 billion. That dam would be followed by two similar projects in Cumberland Basin, below Amherst, and at Shepody Bay below Moncton, N.B.

There are doubters. The system could raise tides down the coast to Boston, and though the Nova Scotia government is enthusiastic, the federal government and the government of New Brunswick are not.

A much smaller—20 megawatts—pilot program is, however, well underway. A power plant is being built on the Annapolis River, an estuary not far from Digby. A 250-ton straight-flow (Straflo) turbine, the largest of its kind in the world, is in place. If the Straflo test is successful, the technology will be applied in a larger project in the Minas Basin.

Handsome History

Harry Bruce, a celebrated Nova Scotia writer, and photographer Chic Harris have compiled a loving book called *A Basket of Apples*. It features Nova Scotia towns, people, seascapes, churches and old houses and is, in its own original way, the best of guidebooks. It can be found in bookstores all over the province.

Here's one of Harry's observations:

"Nova Scotia . . . is so close to being an island that her people are like island people, and islanders have certain things in common. For one thing, the sea dominates their history. The story of any inhabited island is one of voyages and vessels, of comings and goings by water, of pursuing fish in the sea and trade goods over the sea, of fight-

ing, dying, and thriving on the dark ocean. Even the folklore of islands looks seaward, toward eerie lights and apparitions, the wails of the long-drowned, wandering ghost ships, and blazing-phantom ships. Islands tend to be a shade more spooky. . . ."



The Bluenose II, from *A Basket of Apples*.

Travellers' Aid

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