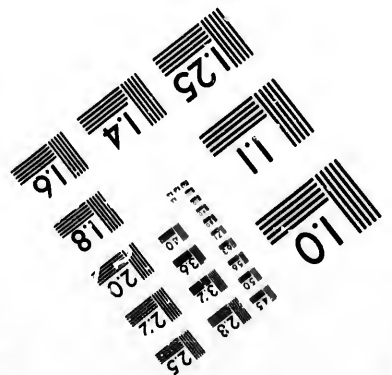
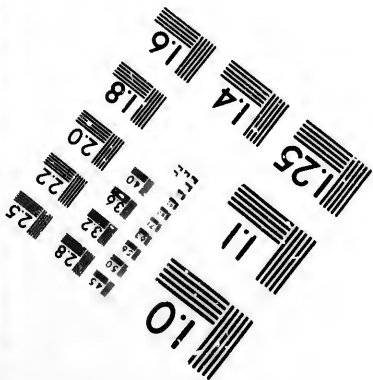
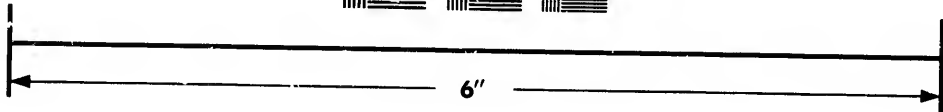
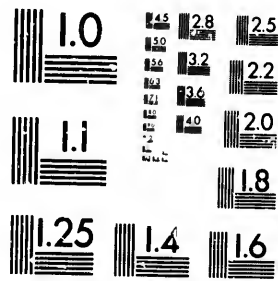


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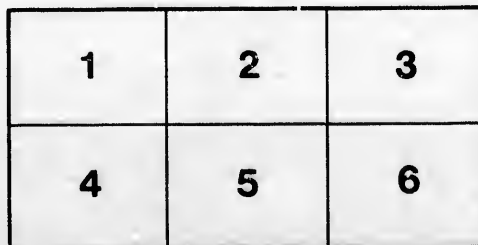
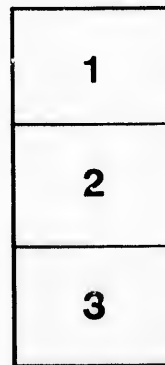
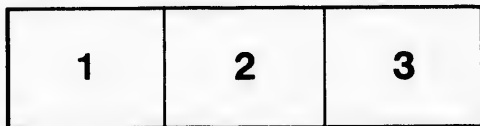
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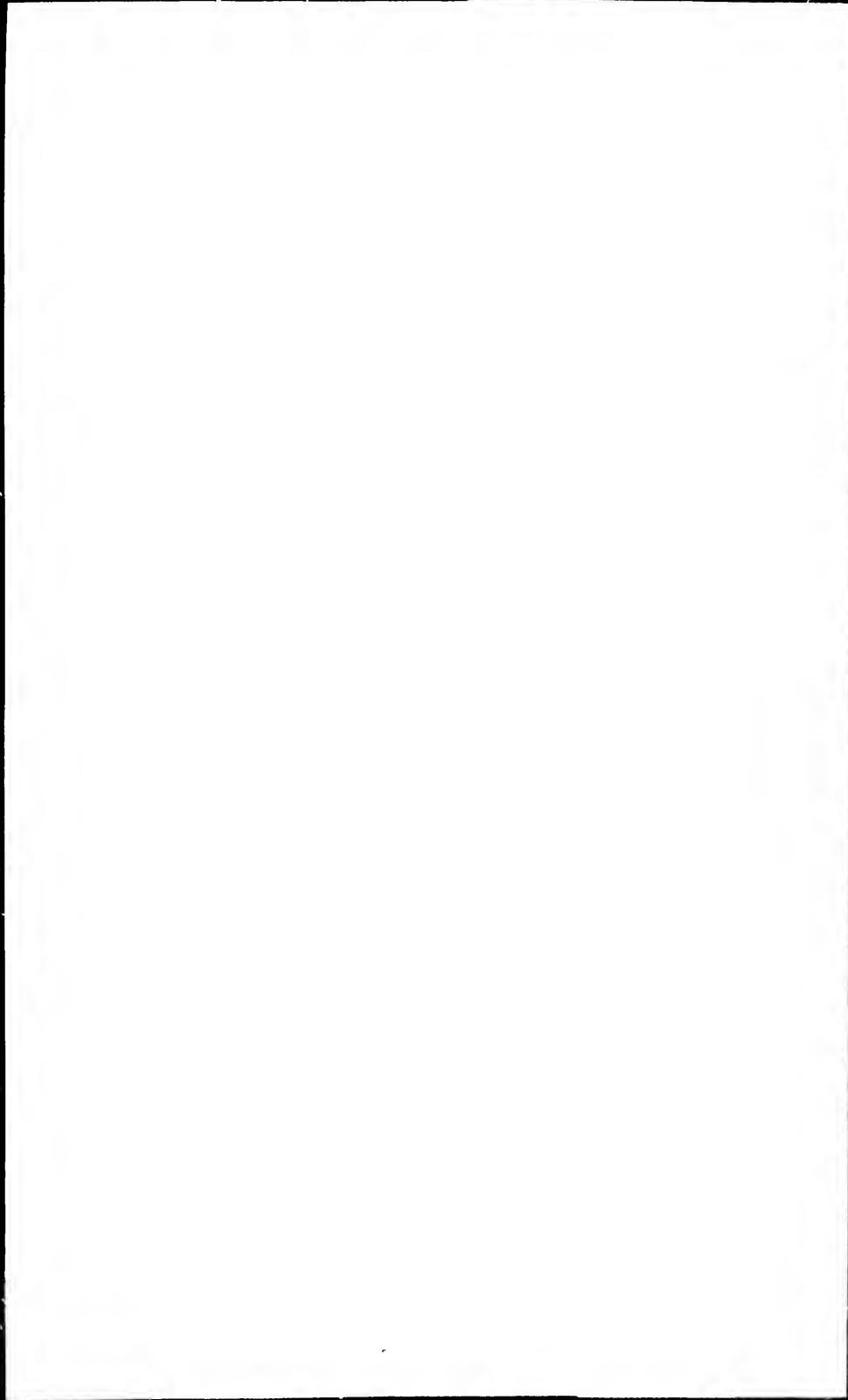
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Little Mayflower Land,



INTRODUCTION.
NOVA SCOTIA PAST AND PRESENT.
SORROW IN PINE VALLEY.
ROYAL BLUE RIBBON ROUTE.
LOVE IN A LOVELY VALLEY.



BY
THOMAS B. SMITH.



HALIFAX, N. S. :
JAMES BOWES & SONS, PRINTERS, HOLLIS ST.
1900.

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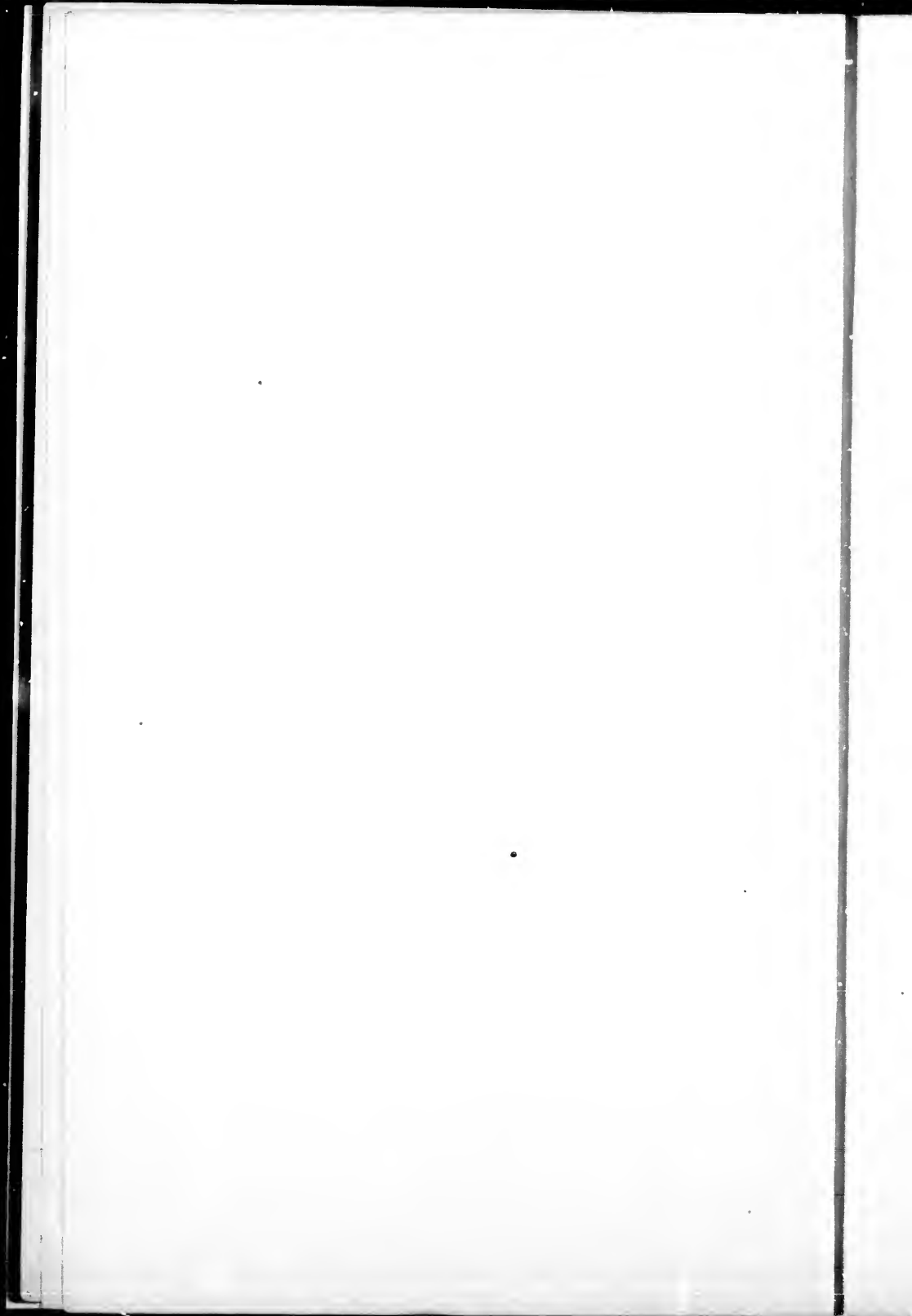
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For beauty in this little land,
That North and South cannot expand,
For all the gems within the soil,
For all the hardy sons of toil,
For hill and valley, stream and wood,
For old Atlantic's mighty flood,
For fragrant flowers in varied bloom,
That fill the air with rich perfume,
For silent snow flakes as they crown,
The mountains with ethereal down,
For April buds and flowers of May,
Loved Scotia's emblem every day,
For sweetest incense 'neath the snow,
For all we have, for all we know,
For ships that sail each ocean track,
In pride beneath the Union Jack,
For marsh lands dressed in clearest green,
For lake and bay and ocean scene,
For hearts that beat from sea to sea,
In steadfast love and loyalty,
For good Victoria's glorious reign,
Unspotted, pure, without a stain,
For church and school and Christ to guide,
His loving care and word beside,
For Celtic Saxon mothers, wives,
Those guardian angels of our lives,
For hearth and home, for children, friends,
For all that God in goodness sends,
For kindly word and kindly deed,
For those who help in time of need,
For all, let us give thanks !

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year
One Thousand Nine Hundred,
By THOMAS B. SMITH,
At the Department of Agriculture.



INTRODUCTION.

NEITHER square miles, nor years few or many, nor population can make a state or country. If square miles and population could make a country, China would be the richest, greatest and most progressive of any land in all the earth. The true greatness of a country depends upon the character of its people, wisdom of its rulers and enlightened spirit of its parliament. Few persons will deny that Nova Scotia was more prosperous before her union with Canada than she has been for the first third of a century of Confederation. And to-day if it had not been for her minerals, her shipping, her fisheries and her attractive and seaside resorts, she would be almost as deserted as the isle of Sable.

Nature has abundantly blessed her, but the miserable, contemptible, jealous, partisan, selfish spirit of her public men has cursed her. For thirty years her politicians have given themselves up to party bickering and clap trap in the House of Commons, and scarcely one of her representatives has succeeded in making his supporters feel that they were listening to arguments in the interests of their province which could not be refuted, and to common sense it was

hardly possible to gainsay. Most of those who were not mute politicians have spun sentences for the mere pleasure of talking or to satisfy a selfish ambition or party bigotry, while scores of thousands of their fellow provincialists have been drifting to other lands and Ontario has been grabbing up the markets from those that remained.

It is time some one who is thoroughly in earnest, spoke out of the abundance of his heart, and who is convinced he is right in the interest of the struggling agriculturists of Nova Scotia, to arouse the indignation of an injured and decreasing class. And in doing so he need fear not the pen nor the tongue of any public man, nor the power of any political party. Nova Scotia is more to him than any other part of the Dominion or any political class, and it should be and is to every one of her true sons.

Have not most of our public men displayed all the imprudent zeal of blind partisans, who vote only for party and argue only to annoy opponents? Fortunately the electors are beginning to see and feel the dreadful consequences of their blind partisanship, but unfortunately their hour of awakening has been too long delayed for the good and prosperity of their province.

When the possession of a seat in Parliament is something to be desired for other and higher motives than the enjoyment of salary and power, or the satisfying of mere selfish ambition, then we may expect to see some interest taken in the farmers and manual

toilers of Nova Scotia. The day is fast passing when men can stand on the hustings and fly their political kites and then let go the strings after victory has perched upon their brows.

They will no longer be congratulated upon their elegant amusement and bare faced deception. Names of parties will not save them nor official distinction protect them from the punishment they deserve from an aggrieved electorate.

As the efforts of independent thought have purged the country of sectarian school laws, so will these efforts adorn the statute book of Canada with a prohibitory liquor Act, and with legislation that will be felt as a blessing from end to end of Nova Scotia. How could the province be properly represented when many of the constituencies have been controlled by a few boodlers and self-seeking individuals, whose first concern was their own pockets and elevation, and who flattered the working men in order to gain their votes, and afterwards their actions and words were proved to have been sheer hypocrisy? Men of honour who could meet on points of general provincial concern and were desired by a majority of electors, were cast aside for crafty professional aspirants, party barges, wealthy white elephants, and dappled prohibitionists, the prohibition movement has exposed the latter class in their true character. And as many have proved false to their temperance professions, so have others proved false to their professions of Nova Scotia's need. Party has bought

their assumed principles and the public interest of this province has been a secondary consideration to private interest and party power.

Nova Scotia has been called the "Little Mayflower Land," with charms always inviting whether dressed in the faint tints of spring, or robed in soft summer green, or clothed with imperial touches of Autumnal loveliness, or mantled in winter down. Crystal cascades adorn her apparel and silvered streams meander everywhere through the length and breadth of its folds. Field daisies, varied wild flowers and water lilies scattered in profusion heighten her summer grandeur, while beneath her ermined mantle the mayflower blushes into modest beauty. Sometimes inviting, refreshing, delightful currents of ether agreeably charged with arctic frost circle over and about her, and sometimes balmy breezes wing in from the gulf stream and gently play in every fold, while aerial waves from ocean, bay and gulf are ever restless in imparting freshness and vigor. The wars of the elements seldom disturb her, generally exhausting their force without her borders.

She is composed of nature's richest productions. Her veins sparkle with wealth and she is rich beyond comparison. Her features and form are varied and attractive. Millions are her admirers, and still they come repeating as they view her, "the half has never been told." And their eyes grow bright and their cheeks flush through her powerful magnetism as they become fascinated, spell bound, transported. Em-

bedded in a restless sea, the purest breezes of heaven play softly and soothingly everywhere over her.

Though a gem of nature's rarest production, this little mine immortal adorned in all its loveliness by the master strokes of an unseen hand, has been jilted again and again by its professed lovers. Yet those who will prove faithful to it in the future will receive its benedictions, which will afford them infinitely more pleasure than the feigned adulations of parties or the satisfaction derived from high official positions.

THOMAS B. SMITH.

Windsor, N. S., Sept., 1900.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
PRESS

LITTLE MAYFLOWER LAND.

NOVA SCOTIA, like England, is a gem set in a sea. Her rugged cliffs like bold sentinels, night and day check the onward rush of the mighty ocean, and frown at the approaching storm. The extent of her minerals is unknown, their wealth unspeakable, their quality almost unapproachable. Englishmen have not improperly called her, "The little Britain of the west." The atmosphere all about her has aptly been called "The Spirit of Health."

In the words of an annual American tourist, whose pilgrimages are from Digby to Chester and on to Cape Breton, "Nova Scotia is a paradise bathed by a summer sea. In the winter she becomes as a bride of the ocean to prepare for her summer receptions. At her watering places, in her valleys, almost everywhere one finds the outflow of supreme existence. The refreshing atmosphere, the cooling breezes lead the thoughts to hold converse with heaven through the attractive objects everywhere before the eye.' When in the "Little Mayflower Land"—

"I feel my life so bright and gay,
If summer stayed I'd always stay,
And when like swallows home I turn,
To come again desires burn."

The limits of Nova Scotia were not clearly adjusted until the year 1763, but were among the fertile sources of dispute between France and England.

In a treaty between these powers February 10th, 1763, France ceded to England, Nova Scotia, Canada, Cape Breton, Florida and all the islands within the St. Lawrence. The limits of Nova Scotia then became better known.

The length of Nova Scotia is about 300 miles and its greatest width about 100. The north east part is little more than 30 miles wide. The province is 2,498 miles from Valentia (the nearest part of Ireland,) and thence to Liverpool, G. B., is 345 miles. Exclusive of Cape Breton, Nova Scotia contains 15,617 square miles or about ten million acres. About one half of these acres was appropriated when Queen Victoria ascended the throne. Cape Breton's greatest length is 100 miles; its widest part is 80 miles, and it contains an area of about two million acres.

Cape Breton was annexed to Nova Scotia by Royal Charter on the 7th of October 1763, which was specially confirmed by the Colonial Legislature in 1766, or one hundred years before the Canadian Union. During the period of French dominion in Cape Breton, the fisheries employed upwards of six hundred vessels, and twenty-seven thousand seamen, yet the British made no material efforts to colonize it until nearly a quarter of a century after its conquest.

In the year 1784 (in the time of governor Parr) a separate constitution was granted to Cape Breton and

it remained under the management of a Lieutenant-Governor, Council and Assembly, until 1820, a period of thirty-six years.

In 1820 an act prepared by the Chief Justice passed the Legislature of Nova Scotia, re-annexing Cape Breton.

In 1841 emigrants to the number of 2,000 settled in the island. "The island," writes McGregor at the time, "is capable of sustaining three hundred thousand souls. Let not the English nation lose sight of this."

The dyke lands of Nova Scotia naturally add to its value and they have been estimated at six million dollars. Their acreage is said to number from 30,000 to 32,000 acres, these figures are not given as strictly correct.

The descendants of some of the baronets of Nova Scotia, united with an association in London for advancing systematic emigration to the province. Between May, 1827, and July, 1833, 34,154 acres of crown land were sold. From 1832 to 1836 (both inclusive) there emigrated from the United Kingdom to the North American colonies, 185,006 or nearly 40,000 persons per year, quite a respectable number of those settled in Nova Scotia.

It was said in England at the time (so prominently were these provinces brought to the notice of the English people) that Nova Scotia and New Brunswick being nearer to Great Britain than Canada present favourable fields for emigration. Raynal and Dupin, many years ago, ranked Halifax among the places

remarkable for location, and McGregor wrote: "the province of Nova Scotia alone, if possessed by the United States would render that Republic independent of all Europe, and, in the event of another war, when steamships will become terrible to all others, the Americans would be enabled by possessing the exhaustless coal fields and iron mines of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, to defy the united naval forces of all Europe on the shores of the western world."

In a communication in 1838, from the general post office in London, Nova Scotia is described as "The key to British North America," and the preamble to one of the British Statutes eulogises the "Fisheries in North America as the best nurseries for able experienced seamen for the Royal Navy." The Clock-maker was prophetic in the following words:—"A trip to America is going to be nothin' more than a trip to France. Do you Nova Scotians get your legislature to interfere, for steam navigation will be the making of you, if you work it right."

If the governments of Canada had "worked it right" one of the best equipped and fastest fleet of steamships in the world would have been running between England and Halifax in 1900.

The above quotations will perhaps be sufficient to show the important position Nova Scotia occupies. Many of a similar character are at hand. A long drawn out tedious chapter becomes as dry as an uninteresting talker. One you are always inclined to put away from you, the other makes you restless for a rest.

If a work can be made interesting as well as profitable, its reading brings a pleasure similar to riding in a Dominion Atlantic Railway palace car or being lulled to rest in one of the company's majestic greyhounds racing through the waters of Fundy.

A magnificent fleet of ocean greyhounds crossing and re-crossing from Britain to Halifax would in no long time swell the annual passenger list of the Boston and Yarmouth liners much beyond their present limit. And the Canada Pacific Railway Company will never have achieved its greatest success until a fleet of steamships equal in every particular to the best crossing the ocean to New York are flying into Chebucto harbor from the shores of the mother land.

But the public men that took a deep interest forty and fifty years ago have departed hence, and seem to have left none behind them who consider their first duty is the welfare of their native province, and in making its renowned harbor an attraction from every sea.

In nine cases out of every ten, public men now days consider that their first duty is to strive for place and power, then to squabble over insignificant watering places, leaving the magnificent harbour of Halifax and one of the best and safest in the world without scarcely a word of commendation or without preparing for an event though future, yet must be certain.

Such public men, like the domestics of humbler establishments are quick sighted to detect any change

of condition that will accrue to their own interest, but are dull indeed to any change of condition that will accrue to their employers prosperity.

Such is the reward these public men have given to their loyal supporters in Nova Scotia, and such is the result of the most solemn promises they have given at every general election. They have coldly withstood the claims of the electors and the entreaty of the press, yet they seem to enjoy the happiness of revisiting once every four years or so their fine native land, which they have woefully neglected, and which they ought to love the more, since they have had opportunities of comparing it with many other portions of the Great Dominion.

During the past few years one can scarcely take up a newspaper, English or Canadian, but the words Great North West catch the eye. Its magnificent distances are outlined ; its great resources and boundless prairies are painted in glowing terms. The rich home of the emigrant is pictured beyond measure. The land of golden grain to those public men who have gone through it appeared more wonderful to them than Solomon to the Queen of Sheba. In reading some of their descriptions one would imagine, they felt as though they had been sailing through a sea of gold. Many of the speeches of these public characters would lead one to suppose they had forgotten their own provinces or their positions.

An ex-governor general or an ex-governor meet at the same board in England, one will tell the English

people of the "Wonderland of the West," the other will echo his praises. Occasionally they will soar into the Arctic regions, meander in thought through the Yukon, till the audience thirst for nuggets of gold, and imagine the region a perpetual spring.

These speeches may be all right as far as they go, but when the district within the Arctic Circle has secured its full share of eulogy, and the North West has been painted and touched again and again as a splendid field for the British emigrant, the uninformed would think no other part of the Dominion was worthy of a passing notice.

A gentleman who heard some of these speeches wrote that had he not known something of the whole Dominion he would have imagined after hearing those gentlemen's remarks, that Canada was but the capital of the Great North West.

An ex-Governor at one of those English functions spoke as follows :

He was proud to think that Canada had at length discovered the recognition of the Mother Country. Then drifting easily to the North West Territories he emptied his overflowing soul with a glowing description of this vast land. Turning to the Yukon he warned his audience against accepting the lurid pictures of the horrors of Klondyke as painted from life. Life might be hard in the Yukon, but it was not impossible. True it is within the Arctic Circle, but a mission had lived in perfect health and fitness at the foot of Greenland's icy mountains and the sturdy

traders of the Hudson Bay Company had passed their lives in the far north. You hear a great deal of starvation and privation of Klondike, well I always travel about with a specimen of the district to hand.

As the ex-Governor bowed to his specimen, a gentleman who had spent the last ten years in the Yukon, and who had only just returned to England, hoisted six feet of bronzed and vigorous manhood from his chair to bow his acknowledgement. This is an emaciated specimen for you, said the Ex, as the table roared its applause at the *Coup de Theatre*. By next year the ex-Governor thought he could promise his audience cocktails, "an emblem of civilization of which he himself knew nothing," but which he understood were *sine-qua* to induce immigration from London-at-St. Michaels. Towards the close of his speech the ex-Governor dropping the easy, playful style which had fascinated his audience for half an hour, spoke with visible emotion, and said; we are all Englishmen—sons of Great Britain and men of the Empire. "And if ever"—here his voice in his stirring peroration rang out like a trumpet call—"if ever, which God forefend, the war clouds should gather round the Mother Country, if ever the tempest should break against the white cliffs of our native isles, then we Canadians will send not a hundred not a thousand, but tens of thousands of our sons to tight shoulder to shoulder with yours.

No wonder after hearing such words prepared in patriotism of the highest grade and delivered at full

cock, English emigrants think we have no room for them, when we can send not only thousands, but tens of thousands to fight England's battles at home or abroad.

At the same table sat an ex-Governor General, and he closed a few remarks by saying, the ex-Governor and others who amid all their efforts towards the development of the country never lost sight of the crimson thread of kinship which links our great empire. The eyes of the world had by the recent discoveries of gold been turned to the North West Territories or rather to a corner of it—the Yukon. He was glad of it, because in the North West Territories there were other gold mines than those of the Yukon. They were to be found in the natural resources of a rich and unexplored country, and in the hearts of its loyal and sturdy people.

The above is an example of scores of speeches being continually delivered at public and other functions in Great Britain.

Many public men of Canada have been intoxicated by the exuberance of such words as well as by the shadow of royalty and breath of the peerage, while feasting at political clubs or public functions. During the Diamond Jubilee, there was a record breaking of these great outflows, among colonial public men. These oratorical displays, like fire works attract the attention of the multitude and bring the wheat fields of Manitoba and of other portions of the West, and the gold fields of the Yukon prominently and fervent-

ly before Europeans. This class of talk is all right for a portion of Canada but the vision of a great empire, with its ten thousand public positions and its round of titles, should no more animate and inspire Canadian statesman to praise of the "Wonder Land of the West," than to sing inviting songs of Nova Scotia and the other Maritime Provinces of the east.

Nova Scotia though a speck on the map compared to the great North West, is nearer the European markets than any portion of Canada as we all know, but thousands of Englishmen are not aware of this, and millions of Europeans have heard of the Yukon and North West, who have never seen nor heard a word about Nova Scotia, or the other provinces by the sea.

A few years ago by invitation a letter was written to the then Canadian High Commissioner at London on the subject "Nova Scotia as a Field for Intending Emigrants." This letter was published in pamphlet form with several others on the same subject and circulated throughout Great Britain and Ireland. Letters were forwarded from parties who had read these letters in England to some of the writers seeking fuller information by asking in reply answers to many questions.

One of the questions was. "Is there any danger of the Yankees invading Nova Scotia?" Another was "Are there any Presbyterian or Methodist churches and sunday schools, any railways and telegraphs?"

Another, "Are there any bishops and an English church in the province." Another, "Are there many Indians, and would there be any danger of them interfering with children on their way to school?" Another wished to know, "How far Nova Scotia was from where Riel had the rebellion?" Another inquired if there were any bays or harbors suitable for yachting, if there were much coast waters or whether the province was land locked? Another was anxious to know if buffalo and deer were plentiful? Another asked, if half breed women were not beautiful and graceful in their figures and lovely in face and if gentlemen did not sometimes marry them? The above are a few questions selected from many similar ones. Some of these questions were asked by men of education, as their penmanship is good and English excellent.

No sensible Nova Scotian for a moment wishes to see the rush of good emigrants to the North West arrested, but with proper efforts and proper interest on the part of public men and especially public men who are Nova Scotians, a portion of the rush might be diverted to the Maritime Provinces.

If we love our province, as we ought to love it, we will see first of all that its interests are our interests before any other portion of Canada. And if we are constant and indefatigable in its behalf we must secure for it a grand triumph through measures of profound and elevated policy.

Ability, integrity and judgment in dealing with a Canadian immigration policy would be much better

for Nova Scotia and the other maritime provinces, than a thousand ministerial visits to England.

The maritime provinces are craving population. They cannot keep their own, and not an effort is put forward to bring in others, or to induce those natives earning their bread under a foreign flag to return.

Nova Scotians were told over thirty years ago to wait a little and the Union would make their province an England in America. This prophecy not materializing they were told twenty years since, that the national policy, if they would but just wait a little longer would cause a revolution in trade and in immigration and there would be great rejoicing in the east. Now they are told to be easy for a short season as a preferential tariff is to be their crown of glory, a one-armed, or a two-armed preference.

Sir Charles Dilke and Sir Walter Besant tell us that there are in the United States of America, three times as many natives of the United Kingdom, as there are in all the British colonies put together. There is as varied climate in the British colonies round the world as there is in the United States of America. There is as much rich land in these colonies as there is in the United States, and more. There are as good mining prospects in these colonies as in the United States. There is as much liberty beneath the Union Jack as there is beneath the Stars and Stripes.

Then what can be the matter? There must be something wrong when we consider the comparatively

small number of British subjects settling in the colonies to that settling in the United States.

The answer is this: the United States have agents everywhere seeking emigrants, and above all, they prefer British emigrants to any other. No section or state, or territory of the Great Republic has been neglected or overlooked. Every effort and every inducement have been put forward to bring British immigrants and British capital into every state in the Union.

Nova Scotia is a province no less jealous of its rights than any other province of Canada, no less warm in its attachment to Great Britain, but it seems to be almost entirely forgotten by those Nova Scotians who in thought are away from home wandering over vast prairies, sweeping the Arctic Circle, and bewildered with an ocean of grain till they become lost in the immensity of the Great Dominion. Others wander from Colony to Colony and from Colony to England, ever restless and bewitched as they gaze through their political telescopes watching for the enlarging circle of universal Empire. A small land becomes more and more unattractive and these men's hearts become hardened at small things. After all the accusation "hardness of heart" may be too strong. This accusation perhaps is without foundation and it is just possible what has been called hardness of heart is only intoxication of spirit. Nova Scotia will only secure proper notice, when all her people wisely and firmly demand it. This province

which has met the condescending attention of public men at intervals of four or five years for the past quarter of a century and has been as often deceived, is beginning to see where she is drifting and what are the remedies. Men and ministers who were the most intense in denouncing the union, and who continued for years in earnest pleading that Nova Scotia might be delivered out of Confederation, have proved false to this province.

Who has not seen these men and ministers, after they had entered upon more extensive fields of action than their own province could possibly give them, forget all about the land that give them birth?

Some of us have heard them and others have read of them when their joy seemed to be full as they spoke with voices tuned in singular sweetness, appealing with almost irresistible effect to the highest feelings of British statesmen, and the British people, and pleading with patriotic earnestness for recognition as nation builders, and impressing with all their power upon Prince and Peer whom they may have considered more than "red clay and a breath," that their hearts were tuned to play "England and her Colonies forever."

They had forgotten they were Nova Scotians, so elated were they in being recognized by potentates as Canadians. The "little Mayflower land," the "little mine immortal," was forgotten as a dream. It was but a diminutive province of Canada, a mere child buckled to the skirt of the great "Lady of the Snow."

If one of the effects of confederation has been the depopulating of the agricultural districts of Nova Scotia, and has placed the farming classes in untold difficulties, then as Canadian citizens the inhabitants of this province have great reason to appeal to the Canadian government and demand with no uncertain voice a policy that will relieve and elevate them. The Dominion government can do much for Nova Scotia, if it will only go about its work in a thoughtful and practical manner.

There are scattered all over the province hundreds, it may be thousands, of deserted farms, and some of these are in the finest agricultural districts of Nova Scotia. Many of these farms are awaiting purchasers. They are yearly becoming less valuable. In some localities the forest is threatening to creep over them. They are resourceless without life and the plough. Those who once occupied them are in the United States or Canadian North West. Some of the farms are in the hands of capitalists who have taken them to satisfy the claims they had upon them.

If the government of Canada would spend as an experiment, which should prove nothing but a success, one million dollars in buying up say five or six hundred of these deserted farms, and offer inducements in some respects similar to those offered immigrants in the North West, a respectable and useful class of British agriculturists would have inducements offered them to come and settle among us. Many such farms could be procured in the best

districts of the provinces and within easy touch of railways. The government is able to borrow money from two and one half to three per cent. The settlers could be given on certain conditions ten or twenty years to pay the amount of purchase back to the government. This system if carried out for a few years, would in all probability keep our young farmers from going to the North West where they are enabled to procure land on much easier conditions than in Nova Scotia, and those who have gone to the United States, where they have procured varied employment, might be induced to return. Some of the efforts of government in settling the North West should at once be turned toward Nova Scotia. There will always be plenty of Europeans who will go to the North West who would never settle in the Maritime Provinces. Manitoba and the West will continually be receiving men whose past lives in their native land, if generally known, would be highly interesting. Some indiscretion or sudden reverse in circumstances, or some political action or attitude, may result in their emigration to the Far West where their past will remain as a sealed book not to be read by their new associates. These men get as far away into new countries as possible and their name in Europe is legion. Many of these are persons of high social standing, with brilliant intellectual attainments and with more or less distinguished careers. There are other classes who always prefer a new country who will continually go west.

It is not so easy to procure immigrants for the older province, hence extra efforts should be made in its behalf by the general government.

If half a million dollars had been expended according to the plan suggested in the Annapolis Valley ten years ago, there, in all probability would have been fifteen or twenty thousand more persons in that beautiful district of Nova Scotia at this hour. That lovely piece of country has been for ten years steadily increasing in enterprise and wealth while its population has been a stagnant, if not a decreasing one. For many of the young men have left the district and not an effort has been made to induce them to return or to bring new blood from without. If encouragement is needed in the richest agricultural district of the province, it can easily be understood what is required in the less inviting localities.

Why is it necessary that wise and energetic measures should at once be adopted to bring good British settlers into Nova Scotia and to induce some of the tens of thousands of our own natives who are building up the United States to return to the support of their loved and deserted localities?

Because new countries coming under Anglo-Saxon rule will be fresh fields demanding the attention of British as well as other European emigrants. The close of the nineteenth century finds America, like England, girdling the globe with its power. The past year has caused the world to stand in awe at the advance of Anglo-Saxon power. It looks as though

the time had arrived in the world's history when decaying and barbarous nations and peoples were to make room for enlightened government.

In South Africa just now there is an immense attraction, more than ever since it came under civilizing influences, and the part Great Britain will play in wholly redeeming it, is naturally an interesting matter to all the Queen's subjects as well as to Americans, and the European nations. The foundations of a great British dominion in Africa are being laid that may some day eclipse the Dominion of Canada. South Africa as she continues to grow will attract British emigrants. The time is approaching when Britain will not be able to keep up the demand of whole continents on her population. Other European nations of course will assist in supplying the demand as they have been doing in North America for over one hundred years. The new nations will bear the Anglo-Saxon character, just as America and Canada must bear that character. It will chiefly be the work of this race, that will build them up in power, influence and endurance. These colonists as they progress toward national influence will improve in colonization. The Americans of nineteen hundred are improved colonizers to those of one hundred years ago, and their descendants in those colonies now being occupied will be much better adapted to extend governmental influence than the present generation.

To more fully explain what has just been stated, a short sketch of the political development of the Canadian North West will be here given.

The N. W. Territories came into the possession of Canada in the year 1870. These were uninhabited except by Indians and trappers. There were no wheat fields nor railroads. The whole extent was little more than a wilderness. It was properly called the "Great Lone Land." For ten years or so this vast district was left under the nominal administration of Manitoba. All this time Manitoba was being settled by leaps and bounds and Winnipeg was rapidly rising as Queen of the Prairies. At the close of the ten years the Canada Pacific railway was being stretched over the great plain. In 1880 the North West was given an independent government, consisting of a governor and council nominated by the government at Ottawa. The first step toward regular organization was taken in the year 1882, when the North West was divided into four administrative districts, namely that of Alberta, Saskatchewan, Assiniboin and Athabasca. In 1886 an advance toward self government was made in the establishment of a council that was partly nominated and partly elected, and in the same year a judicial system was introduced. The position at that time was that of a Crown colony, or the same kind of government as England has in her Crown Colonies.

Two years later an advanced step was again taken, when a Legislative Assembly was created with

strictly limited powers, however. This made an advance from a mere Crown colony to a colony with representative institutions. The next stage was reached in 1891, when an amendment of the act gave to the Assembly greatly enlarged powers, especially in matters of finance.

The power of the governor to make orders in council for the government of the Territories was transferred to the Assembly, and among the subjects with which it was permitted to deal, were included direct taxation for purposes of revenue, and the establishment and payment of territorial officials. In 1894 a further amendment abolished the advisory council nominated by the assembly, which was a near imitation of a responsible ministry. In the year following the administrative districts of Yukon, MacKenzie Franklin and Ungava were formed. Then came in the Act of June, 1897, the further advance to responsible government in the abolition of the executive committee, and the substitution of a cabinet responsible to the assembly.

So it will be seen that in the space of ten or twelve years an immense territory passed through the stages from an almost unhabitated country to a Crown colony, from a Crown colony to representative institutions and from representative institutions to responsible self government. These are changes through which every self governing colony of England has had to pass in its day, but in the North West Territories there is an interesting differ-

ence with all. These changes, rapid as they were, were not accomplished under the direct supervision of the British government, but under the power and watchful care of the government of Canada.

Never before in the history of colonization in any portion of the British empire or of the world has so vast a territory in so short a time been brought through stage after stage to responsible government as has the "Wonder Land of the West."

It is in the highest degree improbable that this vast territory comprised within the limits of the eight districts named above, one of which contains the newly discovered gold fields of the Klondyke can long remain permanently under the government of the North West Territories. As those districts grow and become powerful, the system which has brought responsible government into the Territories will have to be applied in turn to the newer districts.

Nothing can stop the onward march of liberty. The British colonial system is simple in its operations and Canada has more than proved herself the equal of England in rapidly extending and perfecting government among colonists. The advance in the North West is greater than was made in any of the old Canadian colonies from their first organization for three quarters of a century. The above will show how rapidly all the benefits of self government may be expected to go forward in all the lands now in possession and coming into possession of Anglo-Saxon peoples. Of course it will require men of

Anglo-Saxon blood and character to lead in the beneficent movements. And Great Britain and the United States will be called upon to supply those men.

From the facts just stated, it will be seen, that in all probability an immense demand will be made on Great Britain in Africa and in other lands for colonists, and America has come to that stage in her history, when a demand will be made upon her population for colonization purposes. This may make gaps in her population which will induce Nova Scotians to continue to fill, unless some quick and effective measures are devised to keep our own people at home. The system of Nova Scotians emigrating to the United States has become chronic, and drastic measures will be required to check it. And it is most important that such measures should be adopted without delay.

The North West holds out inducements for a class of emigrants, that Nova Scotia will never hold out for such a class, and it is a class that would not be sought after by the old provinces. This province wants if possible as good a class of people coming into it as those who have been going out of it. It wants a class of good English, Scotch and Irish farmers who are willing to work and who are determined to succeed. There has already been far too much delay in offering proper inducements to bring this class in. While great strides in population and government have been going forward in the North

West and Manitoba has been dealing out golden harvests and her capital becoming the great city of the plain, Nova Scotia has been anchored in the Atlantic with her crew deserting at every opportunity, while no new hands were sought after to help man the province and start it afresh on its united journey.

Governors and ex-governors, ministers and ex-ministers, high commissioners, and vanity stricken politicians, have crossed and re-crossed the ocean overflowing with sparkling loyalty, national sentiment and imperial unity, tuning their pipes to the "Cock of the West," and touching cords to the "Glittering Gold of the Setting Sun," and in the finale always came in flowing strains the inspiring notes of the "Imperial March," while the "Star of the East" had no pipes in tune to catch the English ear.

This little land of coal and gold,
Of river, stream and bay,
Of valley, hill, and headland bold
Where summer tourists stay

appears too small and insignificant to have its interests prominently recognized by leading public men. Of course, all due allowance is made for gentlemen who have been born in the colonies and who have grown up under the colonial system, who by some sudden and unexpected transition, are placed in the presence of dukes, marquises, lords and baronets.

It is no wonder our colonial politicians become visionary and dazzled when in presence of glittering stars, superb decorations and enchanting surround-

ings. They would scarcely be human if they did not become transported by the almost unexpected honor paid them. Even strong minded and very clever clergymen have been known to lose their presence of mind in similar trying circumstances.

At the parish church Crathie, a Presbyterian clergyman was called upon at short notice to officiate. The Queen of England was present. Transported at the unexpected honor he began the service by giving out a hymn. Then he burst forth in rhetorical supplication, "Grant Lord that as our beloved Queen grows up to be an old woman, she may be made a new man, and in all righteous causes she may go forth before her people like a he-goat on the mountains."

When one of these old cool headed clerical Gaelic rocks would lose his head in the presence of Her Majesty, we should, and do, make every allowance for our great Canadians when they get a point or two off under circumstances of a similar character. The transition may be something like that from earth to Heaven, hard for mortals to endure yet pleasant in contemplation. If such attractions caused serious deviation to the mental compass of a noted clergyman of Scottish material, we may expect Canadian politicians and colonial commoners to lose their reckoning in becoming obscured by the intoxicating presence of the offsprings of a nobility more ancient than the Star and Garter and more honorable than the Sanhedrim.

A few years ago one of our political orators it is said, rose to his feet on a hustings of this province, and loudly shouted: "What does this province need, as it glances proudly across prairie and mountain to the placid Pacific—as it looks boldly across the mighty Atlantic in search of trade and to catch a glimpse of world wide empire ever expanding with effulgent glory of the never setting sun. I repeat what does she need?" "Spectacles," shouted a man in the audience. And yet a telescope would be powerless to locate any fixed principles in this high-toned orator.

The peopling of South Africa and of other lands now coming under Anglo-Saxon colonization will go on. An increasing and heavy demand will continue for honest, sturdy emigrants; many of the older nations and perhaps some of the older British colonies will add their quota to the supplying of these new lands with people. At present Nova Scotia is as much in need of emigrants as any piece of territory beneath the Union Jack, and so are the other maritime provinces. Everywhere semi-civilized and barbarous peoples are yielding to superior intellectual and physical force. Decaying nations appear to be rapidly hastening towards dissolution. They seem to have almost served their time. New peoples will spread over these lands. In the regeneration of the earth it has been prophesied that the time is coming when there will be but twelve nations owning and regulating the world. Four in Asia, including

Australia as one of these. Two in Africa, two in Europe, and four in America, and the isles of the sea will be attached to these twelve nations. The Dominion of South Africa being one of these nations, will in all probably follow the example of the Dominion of Canada; others may do likewise; province after province will be added, and step after step will rapidly be made toward self government. But in no one instance will the world behold again in any of these coming nations a province united and treated in the same manner as Nova Scotia has been. The history of Nova Scotia in this respect will be unique in the history of nation building. No negro district of Africa will follow the example, and English legislation in this and the coming century will not again be stained with the practices of ancient times.

We are about to stand on the threshold of the twentieth century, and as we look down through the vista of one hundred years, and then glance back and consider the mighty advance of the human race in many parts of the globe in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, we shall bow in wonder and silence as we contemplate the future.

The rapid extension of responsible government in the Canadian North West in ten years, gives us some idea of the rapid development of new Anglo-Saxon territories around the world in the next quarter of a century. Old forces will rapidly be refreshed by new forces and continually running through new channels.

All the nations and peoples must in time become enamoured of those principles of justice, liberty and equality, which form the true creed of the Anglo-Saxon race. The principles of this race have proved their value over and over again in the elevation of humanity and will never become obsolete or inapplicable or cease to be living and efficient so long as the revolving years and changing times continue. Every victory over ignorance, injustice and oppression, in which reason has acquired the ascendancy will be a pleasing sight accepted with enthusiasm and applause, and the happiness of the nations will continue to bear fresh testimony to the wisdom of the counsels and excellence of the statesmanship continuously displayed by the Anglo-Saxon peoples.

Writing of the future is like telling the traveller to enjoy as best he can the scenery about him, but at the same time encouraging him with the hope of finding far higher mountains and wider landscape beyond.

Faith in the future, founded on faith in God, is the watchword of these forward people. A faith as strong and far more intelligent than that described in the "Arctic Indians' Faith," by the late Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee.

"We worship the spirit that walks unseen
Through our land of ice and snow;
We know not His face, we know not His place
But His presence and power we know.

Does the buffalo need the pale faced word
To find his pathway far?

What guide has he to the hidden ford,
 Or where the green pastures are ?
 Who teacheth the moose that the hunter's gun
 Is peering out of the shade ?
 Who teacheth the doe and the fawn to run
 In the track the moose has made ?

Him do we follow, Him do we fear,
 The spirit of earth and sky ;
 'Tis he hears with the wapitis' eager ear
 His poor red children cry ;
 Whose whisper we note in every breeze
 That stirs the birch canoe ;
 Who hangs the reindeer-moss on the trees
 For the food of the caribou.

The spirit we worship, who walks unseen
 Through our land of ice and snow ;
 We know not His face, we know not His place
 But His presence and power we know.

True faith brings true courage in every work of the world, and lends a glory and splendour to national life, lifts it up, ennobles it, and crowns it with light. A nation which stands up boldly against its antagonist in any conflict, physical or moral and uses fair blows and honest argument, and faces the issues full of faith in being right, is a nation to respect even across the chasm of strife.

The nation whose spirit first of all is the outgrowth of a mighty faith in God, often has to march under the unfurled battle flag, but the ultimate end is peace. When the glorious truths of the Bible have become household words among a people, filling their minds and swaying their conscience, they must

increase in power and influence. Such people can never bear the crushing weight of tyranny. Among their greatest traits of character is their love of liberty and fair play. These things have developed among them the spirit of heroic endeavour not in war alone, but in peace also.

This faith should show itself in work at once ; no political creed, no party should for one moment be allowed to stand in the way of Nova Scotia's future. It is useless to sigh over the past, and stumble at the present. There is a way to save the land of our nativity from retrogression. Faith in ourselves, faith in the resources of the province, faith in God who guides his faithful subjects aright must conquer. United political action for Nova Scotia first, firm in resolve, tenacious in principle, facing sternly the gross injustice and neglect under which we have so long and patiently endured, paying no attention to fulsome promises, let us strike and strike as one through our privilege of the ballot box for our rights and the heritage of our children. Our province should be dearer to us than any party. The happiness and future of our children should be nearer our hearts than grit or tory principles, and Nova Scotia should be first of all, dearer than any other spot of British territory to us all. Nova Scotia should be our watchword first, last and forever. Let us unitedly show that faith which "laughs at impossibilities and cries, it shall be done."

Deeds are what the electors of Nova Scotia have a right to demand from those who govern them. A strict adherence to principle and promise is what makes the career of a public man bright and beautiful. And the people of this province will ever bear in mind the constancy and courage of such public servants and will strive to render themselves worthy of deeds and acts which bring real honor and renown to those who legislate and those who govern.



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LOVE AND SORROW.

FIVE summers ago in a rural district of Nova Scotia and not one hundred miles from the historic town of Windsor, there was a little rejoicing one fine afternoon under two old drooping willows standing not far from the main highway.

The third son of a family, after several years absence, had returned to the old homestead. He was about fifty years of age. Five other brothers as they grew to manhood had followed their brother and had cast their lot beneath the stars and stripes. The old man and old woman at last left alone for years with an only daughter, were verging on ninety years of life.

That afternoon, to those old people, the sunshine seemed more brilliant and the little field flowers all the sweeter, because of their boy's return.

All about the old barn the swallows were building their nests, as they did when Harry was a child. The barn, like the old folks, was tottering with age. No new buildings for a quarter of a century had risen in the pine grown valley. Every inch of the rugged main highway looked unchanged. The clear, fresh green field in front of the old home, so beautiful

and attractive when Harry was a boy, was partially covered with young spruce. The snake fences seemed to stretch about the farm in pieces and in misery, and all ready to tumble at the first commotion of the elements. Everything about looked dreary, desolate and uninviting. The merry chatter went on among those assembled at the welcome home. Harry sat upon an old bench at the left of the front door. He had made this bench when a lad. The old folks sat side and side next him. Harry yearned to say a word, but did not wish to interrupt the pleasure of his parents as they listened to the merry chatter and enjoyed the sportive manner of the assembled ones.

At last he could keep quiet no longer ; he said, "Dear mother, it makes my heart grow very sad, to see the resorts of my childhood days so deserted and lonely. I was so much in love with this old farm, this valley, those hills and the clear running brook, and you and father were so kind to me, I felt I could never go away. I thought those Nova Scotian skies the loveliest that ever looked down upon childhood. Many a time as I lay upon the ground in the cool summer evenings, dressed in the blue grey suit woven by mother's loving hands, and watched the moon and stars, and mused about how happy I should be when a man and living over the brook, where father said I should live, I felt that I must always stay. I built air castles that rose beautifully and majestically from out my future. I grew up to be a true Nova Scotian, loyal to my native land loving it

as I love you, and was always so proud, when you told me what a splendid race of men and women my ancestors were, and how my grandfather had served England in the old 84th Highland regiment, and how sad I used to be when you took my young hand in yours and led me to the spot where his remains mingle with my native soil." For a moment the son faltered in his words, his face grew very tender and dreamy and his tears fell upon his mother's hand.

His sister noticing his heart anguish, tripped over from the chattering, playful group now assembled beneath the drooping willows. They walked towards the old barn and thence to the rippling brook. As they walked arm in arm the swallows twittered above their heads and the blue birds flew in and out of the twisted, drooped and decaying out buildings. His sister gave one quick glance at her brother's ashen face as they neared the quaint old wicket at the corner of the rheumatic looking barn.

"Harry," she said, "you look so sad."

With misty eyes, he replied, "Mary, say nothing, let us go to the stream where we can better view the old house, our old home, where we were all born, which even if dilapidated by time seems beautiful to me with its moss covered roof and tottering frame. I want to stay only with you and the old folks; the crowd under the budding willows know not the sadness lurking within my breast. All about here for miles around looks out of repair and decaying. Our home, our old, old home is desolate and lonely beyond

comparison, and what I see here, I have seen for miles about since my home coming. How sad it is, that such a once beautiful settlement should be drifting back to the stillness of the forest. My wife when a girl lived up there on the hill side and I used to call to her through the mist as it seemed to climb the hills in the rising sun. John's wife was born a few miles to the west and Tim's half a mile beyond. Bill came home ten years since and married Attata De Long at the extreme end of the valley and Sam took away old deacon Meghill's daughter Mag as his companion for life when here visiting two years ago. Together we have twenty-four children and ourselves and wives make thirty-four. We all live in comfort in different districts of the New England States. We should all be here, but what are the prospects, dear May? Are they not told in the tottering barn and in dear old mother's and father's faces and in your's too, so sad and lonely. What we see here can be seen in a hundred districts of my dear old Nova Scotia. If all the sons and daughters of this loved and beautiful province with their offspring could return from Massachusetts with hope, a pilgrimage of one hundred and fifty thousand souls would soon be wending its way into many such pleasant vales as this has been, to repeople the deserted districts from end to end of Nova Scotia."

"Alas! alas! Harry," replied Mary, "as soon as father and mother follow their ancestors, which cannot be long, I, too, shall go to join my brethren in a

foreign land. But my heart would break to leave father and mother in their old age and alone. There is none left about here to marry me, and I see no prospect before me. True, the farm is here, but father has mortgaged it to allow us to live here; but after living, there has been nothing left to keep it in repair, as it was kept when you were a boy, Harry. When the dear old folks depart and their dust mingles near their home here, I, too, shall go with you, though sad that thought be, Harry. I love the old place and always hoped to remain here. My love, dear brother, for my native land amounts to a passion. Father has so often said during late years, 'our rulers have not been just to the province.'

"And what to them seemed right, has been to us but woe."

"If they think they have been right, then, Harry they are not suitable persons to legislate for my dear country."

"The madness of political parties has long been the sorrow of this valley, this county and this province. Our fathers have been too loyal to party and too forgetful of their native land, and we suffer."

Then after Mary had finished, she wept bitterly.

The next spring her father died. Mary and her mother were alone. Two married sisters, the oldest of the family, lived five miles up the valley. Harry and three other sons returned, to be with their parent in his flickering hours. A few days after their home

coming the old life was extinguished and the father was forever laid to rest. The evening after the final sad rites were performed, John and Harry lit their pipes and walked up to the front yard gate. The gate hung on one hinge and it and the post drooped as in sorrow. The light of the moon was interrupted by the branches of a spruce tree standing near the entrance. They leaned upon the old gate over which they had played in their childhood days. They turned and gazed intently upon their former home, the house of their youthful days. Their hearts were bursting with sadness. A lone ray partridge fluttered in the branches above. The wind moaned through the boughs. "What shall we do?" said John. Harry replied, "We will take mother and Mary with us, Kate and Louise, with their husbands, have decided to leave here and go with us. The past few years they have scarcely been able to exist in the valley. Squire McMetty has promised his best to dispose of the farm, furniture, etc. He is also to look after the farms up the valley. They will scarcely pay the encumbrances upon them." "Your arrangements are perfectly agreeable to us all, I think," said John.

But perhaps the saddest time of all was to come. The mother, bent with eighty-five years, wanted to remain home. She told Mary she could never leave and said, "Mary, you must stay with me. I have lived here sixty years and more; you were all born here and I must die here."

John tried to persuade his mother to go where they all were now. Harry and the others did the same, but without avail. They postponed their return for several days. At last she consented to go if they would bring her back again when the swallows returned next year. They promised her they would. The day came to depart; two waggons were at the door; the old lady with her white locks lying in small wavy bunches beneath her brown, straw bonnet, which was fastened beneath her shivering, wrinkled chin in long black bows of ribbon, was lifted into one of the carriages by the loving sons. She trembled and sobbed. Harry got in beside her and in a few minutes all were ready for the start. The horses began to move. She laid her head on Harry's shoulder and with tears streaming down upon her bonnet strings, she turned in her agony as they were passing out of the gate and looked at her old home. She sobbed aloud and said feebly, "Oh, my dear Harry, let me go back to the house once more." They stopped the horses, and John and Harry lifted her out and she walked down to the house holding to Harry's arm. It was a dreary sight; the windows were boarded up with material from the old barn, no smoke came from the chimney, it looked as deserted as a robin's nest in December. A stillness like the stillness of the old man's tomb was everywhere about it. She wanted to go round to the kitchen door. They went, and there they saw the old grey cat they had given to a neighbor the evening before, sitting

on the door sill. Then she asked to look down the old well where she had drawn water for sixty years. She became almost exhausted as she asked to look into the kitchen just for a minute. They tore the boards off the window, the cat jumped upon the sill, they lifted their mother upon the bank at the wall, she staggered forward with her hands upon the window sill and her head gently sank upon the cat, she shivered, shrank, stiffened and was still. Her whole years had been the truest simplicity of a simple country life. She had lived and toiled many years undisturbed by the stirring events of the outside world. She had never been out of the county of her birth and seldom out of the township.

A sadder story has seldom been told, and yet it is but a repetition of many similar ones that are known throughout all Nova Scotia. The story has been narrated as naturally as it happened. It needs no artificer to weave it full of beautiful words, and paint it with poetic touches to stir the blood and make quick the heart pulsations of those who listen to it.

It is composed of a collection of facts which have their likeness in every valley, nook and corner of this province. And sadness and sorrow hang about these facts as they are related around the kitchen fires of a thousand country homes.

The old folks lie side and side in the lonely country cemetery, the wind whispers above them and a few rods away the soft waters flow on the hill side. All

their descendants, fifty in number, are scattered over the State of Massachusetts, not one of the name is left in the pine valley.

Who, indeed, does not lament at this sad tale, and what Nova Scotian is there who does not mourn over a misfortune so continued to his native land? The tramp continues and the steps increase as thousands of young men and maidens go out from our shores to better their condition and in the valleys, and upon the hillsides, by the water courses and the sea side, the old folks remain darkly and almost alone and general gloom and constraint overshades many of the fertile portions of the province we love so well.



A FEW OF THE ATTRACTIONS
OF THE
MAYFLOWER LAND.

A GENTLEMAN once resolved to build a church. He selected the top of a hill for the site. Whereupon a friend of his remarked: "Some churches have been built from devotion, others from parade and vanity; I believe this is the first church which has been built for a prospect."

All churches should be built with the expectation or prospect of future good. And the more picturesque the view surrounding places of worship, the greater must be the delight that fills the recesses of the hearts of the worshippers. All positions which afford a fine view elevate mind and soul.

A ride down the Midland railway from pretty Shubenacadie to lovely Windsor, and thence on through the garden of Nova Scotia to beautiful Digby, would in many minds produce a vision of eternal prospect. The progress of railways and other modes of travel and communication is the progress of the church. The more we are privileged to view the handiwork of the Creator the stronger we become impressed with his greatness and goodness. Mountains and ocean-cliffs tell us of the majesty of God; the valleys, lakes and streams, of His love.

All creation speaks of His wisdom. Could we personify the railway, it would be called the greatest philanthropist of modern times, the developer of provinces and continents, the tireless co-worker of all workers, the universal contributor to the comfort and education of the human family, and one of the greatest benefactors known to man. The church itself is a stationary object, through which we are receiving instruction and blessing in our progress toward a better country; but a railway carriage takes us quickly and often, to view the most grand and sublime objects of earth and valleys and hills, clothed with more beauty than was ever Solomon in all his glory, where the mind can be exercised without fatiguing the understanding, and the thoughts led to converse with heaven through the most beautiful and sweet objects of earth. Railway, steamship and other quick and comparatively inexpensive means of communication, together with the progress of science, are ways by which God widens our views and leads us out of self and sect toward the broad ocean of His Universal Church.

The rapid extension of railways in the North West has practically annihilated space in the Dominion and brought the prairies of the Wonderland in close competition with Ontario and the Maritime provinces and also with the United States and the farmers of the United Kingdom and of the continent of Europe. The extension of railways is practically useless in any country, unless the growth of population keeps

pace with the progress of railways. England and America would have accomplished nothing, if their population had never increased. A country is no good without people and sufficient people to make it a prosperous country and an attractive one.

As our ancestors settled and advanced Nova Scotia, their native talent supplied the external deficiencies of the accomplished instruction of high-bred Englishmen. Their situation denied them this instruction, but their past attainments certainly prove that what aids a colonial situation afforded them had not been neglected in their progress. It is doubtful, it is unlikely, that high born Britons could have accomplished the work of our fathers. It was principally those men from the yeoman class of England and their descendants which have made the United States one of the greatest nations of the world. And what has been accomplished by some of the most prosperous states of the American union in the last one-third of a century might have been approached in Nova Scotia in the same time if England had not refused to allow Nova Scotia to arrange her own commercial or trade relations with the great Republic.

In one-third of a century previous to Nova Scotia's union with Canada her population increased one hundred and twenty per cent. In her one-third of a century of union, it is doubtful if it has increased forty per cent. The next census will soon inform us as to the truth of the latter remark.

The Annapolis Valley is capable of great things, especially in the production of all kinds of the finest apples in the world. Most all other temperate zone fruits grow there in abundance. As great things as the people of that most beautiful section of Nova Scotia have accomplished in the past decade, there can be no doubt but very much greater progress could be accomplished in the next ten years with an annual increasing population. In the lovely stretch of one hundred miles half a million persons could easily live in comfort, so rich is the soil and so pure the atmosphere.

After the lapse of a generation, it is hoped, that it will be seen, that a spirit as high and determined as that manifested by Howe in his prime will be infused into the conduct of the political affairs of this province. And we hope before the lapse of another generation the Annapolis Valley with its verdant dells may be well filled with picturesque cottages and the hum of industry around one hundred thousand homes, deeply stir the heart of the tourist.

And what we hope for the Annapolis Valley we hope for the charming Kennetcook and the fertile and picturesque shore lines of Hants and the many rich and lovely localities in every portion of the province.

Largely through government influence the rich lands and golden grain of Manitoba and the North West invite immigration thither. Every effort is used and every inducement offered to attract, it may be unintentionally, Nova Scotians, with other immigrants to the West.

But weak efforts and no inducements have been offered by the governments to fill the continuous gaps made by the wholesale emigration of Nova Scotians to the United States. The wonderful results in fruit growing in the Annapolis Valley have been brought about by a non-increasing population, if not a decreasing one. Bleeding sometimes restores health, but new and good blood is necessary to increase vitality and strength. The efforts of a non-increasing population cannot produce results beyond certain limits. This magnificent valley, this Edenic garden of Canada, should be of as much interest to the government as the fairest and most fertile portions of Manitoba or the North West. The idea that Ontario, Manitoba, the North West, British Columbia and the Yukon contain the much greater part of the wealth and beauty of Canada, is as mistaken a one as would be the opinion that the great west of the United States contained most of the great natural resources of that country and Pennsylvania and Virginia none.

Nova Scotia, according to area, is richer in natural resources and in beauty than any other portion of North America; but being small and comparatively old, is taken small notice of by our public men and the British press.

It should be remembered that England itself is not so very much larger than Nova Scotia and has not many districts over its fair face that are the equal of the Annapolis Valley in fertility and beauty.

And it is possible that if all the mineral wealth of England could be turned out and assorted in heaps, and those of Nova Scotia could be likewise treated, and each valued according to present standards of value, Nova Scotia would be found more valuable than England. If Nova Scotian politicians had all along for a quarter of a century exhibited half the eagerness to check the outflow to the United States, that the public men of Manitoba have to bring immigrants into their province, the Annapolis Valley might have contained one hundred thousand more souls at this hour, and other portions of this province might have been peopled proportionately.

In 1870 Manitoba was a wilderness without people. What has been done in Manitoba in thirty years might have been approached in Nova Scotia, and instead of the amount now annually coming into the valley for fruit alone, it might have been doubled. The Annapolis Valley was opened up by railway near the time Manitoba entered the Canadian union. The emigration from Nova Scotia to the United States, for thirty years past should long ago have been a crushing argument that measures effective and strong should have been adopted to check the outward rush and also to induce others to come in.

The Autumn months of Nova Scotia are unequalled in Canada, the United States, England or the world. From May to November no climate of the globe can surpass that all round the coast of the province or in

the interior, which nowhere is but a few miles from the ocean.

The Dominion Atlantic Railway Company, by their excellent management, splendid road and its perfect equipment have established a reputation unsurpassed by any company in Canada.

By these means the Company has contrived to acquire and maintain the reputation which is now universal. The officials consider their passengers. They do this with intelligence and with single regard to the greatest comfort of the greatest number and to the utmost satisfaction of the few.

To the palatial Steamships of the company and the attractive railway in connection, American tourists during the Summer season turn their steps :

And strike abroad through sun-struck wave.
And walk where cooling breezes bathe.

The tourist comes seeking nothing artificial but hunts out the far-famed localities spread completely around the Nova Scotia coast. These beautiful, invigorating and refreshing spots are now the attraction of all classes of Americans. It is said that the Prince of Agra on a sultry day enters with his suit a river palace, which is at once unmoored, and floats gently on the bosom of the Jumna, at the will of the tide, catching every breeze that blows.

The cooling galleries of China are said to be delightful. These hang suspended over rivers, and lakes, and are sumptuously furnished, and they contain every cooling beverage in the greatest profusion.

In India the well-to-do Englishmen and natives fly from the sultry plains at the first blast of the heat, and take refuge in the hills, where the cool breezes blowing from snow-capped mountains drive away all thoughts of heat.

And on the Persian lakes gilded and glass walled palaces float gracefully on the blue waters. When the heat ceases to be comfortable their happy owners enter them, and they are drawn down by heavy weights into transparent depths, with an ample supply of air from above and luxurious surroundings within, the Persian millionaire can enjoy one hundred degrees in the shade.

Tourists come to Nova Scotia seeking no artificial means like the above to better their condition. They are sure of a generous welcome, and they find none of those miserable distinctions of Blue Nose and Yankee, but they find.

Beauty and the beautiful
And love and all that's loving.

A lady of culture and refinement who had never visited Nova Scotia until the summer season of 1899, spent three months rambling over the province. On her return home she wrote to a prominent Nova Scotian who had given her much information about the province, and said, "I had long desired to visit Nova Scotia, the country of which you are a sincere friend and to which you are so strongly attached, but never till last summer could I find opportunity to satisfy my wish. I now esteem myself fortunate to

have embraced that opportunity. Very many of the watering places are beautiful, all are invigorating and interesting, some are grand. I love them all and long to see them again. Bedford Basin, the western and eastern shores of Halifax harbor, and Minas Basin are lovely resorts. The Gaspereau and Annapolis Valley are truly a wonderland. The views from Blomidon and the Cumberland shore opposite are indescribable. They are transporting.

“I have seen many of the fine harbors of the world but Halifax is the Queen of them all. It has no equal on the east coast of America. The province is picturesque from end to end. I do not speak of what I believe, but of what I know. I have been all over Canada and in every state of the Union. Canada as great as she is in extent and otherwise, would never have been the Dominion she is without the Maritime Provinces. They have held the Union together and I consider them the great light of its future. No intelligent person read in the history of British North America believes that Ontario and Quebec could have succeeded without the Atlantic Provinces. There would have been a collision and a smash long ago. Measure off the area of Nova Scotia in any portion of America, and you could not find its riches, its summer and autumnal beauty or climate. All people who have accomplished great things have had a purpose running through their lives. And I think from what I have seen, that if your watchword first and last was Nova Scotia, you would soon learn

to trample upon that miserable, selfish partyism which is your bane, and has long been the curse of my country.

“Your province is being opened up from end to end with excellent railways, and the eastern shore of the peninsula is becoming a strong attraction to the tourists. I think the hundred miles of line from classic Windsor down the Annapolis Valley, one of the easiest I ever rode upon. No equal distance on the face of the globe surpasses, if equals, the scenery in summer and autumn on the right and left of these hundred miles or more. And the climate is charming. The railway track is almost as level as the most perfect English race course. I said to one of the officials, that if I had my say I should call that piece of track, The Blue Ribbon of the Canadian iron horse. Its management is superb and all the officials of the road courteous and gentlemanly. I may say that your provincial railways are well equipped with officials whose pleasure seems to be in the care of the passengers. And strangers admire and do not forget such officials.

“Allow me just to mention one incident. At Kentville I stepped from the car and walked toward the engine, where I saw a man oiling the machinery, I said do you require to oil often? At next station, Windsor twenty-five miles I shall do it again. Then I remarked I shall soon see Blomidon, Oh yes mam, look out from the left and you will soon see Blomidon and Minas Basin it is at high tide now. As I

turned to go to the car, he said don't forget to look to the left. This driver I found courteous indeed. I was afterwards informed that his name was Manning.

"Your mines which I believe are inexhaustible are now beginning to be worked in real earnest. Your farming districts want many more men and woman.

"Please excuse any seeming advice. I hope to see you next season, but I shall ever remember attractive Nova Scotia and never forget your kindness."

It is sincerely hoped that the influence of Nova Scotia may wax strong in the Dominion and be exercised so as to constitute national admiration. The events of thirty years have confirmed the opinion that the importance of this province in the Union must be expressed through an independent ballot box.

The writer in crossing the Avon bridge at Windsor in company with a friend, one beautiful morning in the month of August, met a party of American tourists watching for the approach of the bore of which so much has been written by the authors of the guide books, and the force and size of which has been so largely over drawn by these writers. We engaged in conversation with the visitors, who had just surveyed Sam Slick's residence, King's College and Fort Edward. All agreed that they had seen nothing in their travels more delightful than the views from the grounds of old King's and the summit of Fort Edward, and the tastefully arranged and well kept

grounds all about that model institution, the Church School for Girls. Once upon these grounds the visitor or tourist has cause of no common exultation. One of the ladies remarked "You have the most lovely country in the world, do you think you fully appreciate it? Continuing she said, the Coast Line Railway is opening up to the tourist one of the most lovely panorama's in the universe, and all along the Nova Scotia Central Railway you see beauties rugged, grand, lovely until you strike attractive Lunenburg, whose sunny summer richness harmonizes delightfully with the clear and transparent waters of that port.

And what shall I say of Chester? Can words describe its summer charms? They seem to have become the felicity of the tourists life. You know not how we enjoy the happiness of re-visiting that most picturesque of all watering places. We love it the more, since we have had opportunities of comparing it with the most popular resorts of other lands. You should have railway communication with that choice and elegant locality.

Portions of Cape Breton are simply indescribable and Halifax Harbor and Bedford Basin once seen can never be forgotten. Your whole province is captivating and awakens in the heart a far deeper sentiment than mere admiration. We have made our headquarters for several seasons at Digby, but Bear River, Weymouth, Westport, Annapolis, Middleton. Bridgetown, Kentville, Wolfville and your own

Windsor have charms which draw us periodically to these retreats. Nature has been bountiful in no common degree to this land, which is attracting universal admiration and gaining all hearts. Wonderful as are the hidden treasures of your province its thousand and one summer retreats are still more wonderful. In a few hours we can, as it were, fly from our homes and land upon your shores and race up and down over the princely equipped Dominion Atlantic Railway between picturesque mountains through a valley covered with rich tapestry, and so varied and numerous are the plots of richly cultivated ground, that one gets charmed at the beauty of the scene. The mountains are clothed with an ever verdant forest, and almost in the centre of the valley is a channel or river where flows a stream refreshing and fertilizing the whole district. Our visit so far has been a season's pleasure of summer delights and if I should mention the attentions of railway officials of which we were the objects my words might seem to partake of exaggeration. But I can freely state, that the careful looking after the passengers' comfort on sea and on land I regard as a proof of the interest which the Dominion Atlantic have in conducting tourists and others over their lines."

No country could possibly receive greater praise and no company ever received a more flattering mark of public esteem. Perhaps the principal attraction of any passenger line springs from the personal qualities of those invested with supreme rule and the courtesy of those officials who carry out their instructions.

The late Hon. Joseph Howe once told the people of England that he came from a British province where he could ride for eight miles at a stretch under apple blossoms. Were he living to-day and talking to Britons, he could safely say without exaggeration that he came from a province of Canada where he could drive for eighty miles in a line through an orchard of apple trees.

In Howe love of Nova Scotia triumphed over every selfish consideration. Those who feel deeply his charm receive a healthy impulse to their lives, and are powerfully fascinated with the land of their birth.

Howe loved in his quiet hours to gather his thoughts about his native colony and picture in his mind its endless beauty representing the most skilful creation of an unseen hand.

Times and customs may change, but the patriotism of Howe stood firm in every troubled sea. It was as true when he stood before an English or an American audience as when he stood on the floor of the Canadian House of Commons or when he battled for responsible government in the legislature of Nova Scotia. Public men who forgot their province in their positions, he viewed as political pigs in a public potato patch.

LOVE IN THE VALLEY

OF A

LOVELY LAND.

Those citizens who during the summer months feel the heat too strong in the New England and other states are finding out each successive year, the comfort and rest that remaineth for them in Nova Scotia, "a rest where pure enjoyment reigns." Here tourists can listen to the solemn roll of the Atlantic and watch its waves pressing each other to the rugged shore like chargers in battle array, forcing themselves upon the enemy's lines or see its wavelets kissing the pebbly or sandy beaches of a thousand rivers and bays. Here, too, they can breathe in the pure, clear sea air undisturbed in its passage for a thousand miles.

It is not in the lakes and bays alone that the beauties of Nova Scotia are to be found. There are many lovely valleys, high hills and lofty mountain ranges and bold headlands which have been practically unknown to the ordinary visitor. These places will be gradually found out and become as attractive to tourists as beds of sweetest clover to honey bees. Rivers, lakes, streams, valleys and marsh lands stretch

from shore to shore and from end to end of the province. Rivers flow in and out of almost unnumbered lakes on their way to the Atlantic Ocean and Bay of Fundy. The same characteristic features are everywhere. There is the same clear blue water reflecting now a green stretch of forest, now a bold, rocky bluff, a pebbled beach or a thrifty hillside, while hundreds of waterfalls are mirrored in nature's glass. In some of those localities not a sound is heard save the ripple of the water, the songing of the wind through the trees, the songs of birds, the calling of the moose, the croaking of frogs or the crack of the rifle.

A night in those places is hard indeed to describe in words, often the silvery moonbeams stream down making here the landscape as light as day, and there casting deep shadows which intermingling in the gloom produce weird effect suggesting the spirit of the red men of long ago or the approach of the bear and panther or some monster of impossible shape or the time when the stately caribou undisturbed by man trod these mountains and valleys, or when the savage, the earliest settler, and the ablé lived in deep communion with the Great Creator and in solitude divine in this captivating Mayflower land.

When one falls to sleep in his camp in such places, he goes into dreamland like a babe in its cot. There is nothing to mar the exquisite sweetness of the balmy night whose breezes are heavy with the fragrance of the woods. To a novice the first days

and nights spent in one of these localities are full of deep interest. He feels like a sentinel always on the watch, some events are of thrilling interest to him, others like the incidents of a fairy tale, but he is generally charmed and delighted with what he sees, and looks back upon the scenes and events with imperishable memory.

Taken throughout, Nova Scotia probably affords more variety of scenery and a more beautiful climate from April to December than any other province of Canada or any country of the globe of equal area. It resembles England in some respects and excels it in others.

When the Great Creator drew out the lines of the American continent, He saw in His wisdom, it would be imperfect without Nova Scotia. As the centuries passed its wealth, its beauty, its lovely shores, its bays, its rivers, its lakes and magnificent harbours became gradually known. But now as the twentieth century arrives, it is opening wide its gates as an acknowledged benefactor of thousands upon thousands of American men and women.

In days to come when all the fertile valleys are covered with well tilled farms, and many more villages and towns spring into existence and mines whose location are yet unknown, shall have been discovered, affording employment to thousands of workmen, Nova Scotia will rank still higher among the most productive spots of earth and become the most coveted possession of the new world.

The limits of this paper will allow but the mention of one or two of the most beautiful resorts of this province.

Digby has been called the Lucerne of North America. Those who have passed succeeding summers in provincial tours are acquainted with its beauties and its charms. My pen is unable to portray its beauties and picture its charms, but it can proudly write the words "come and see." There everything promises happiness, its cooling breezes put everyone into good humor, and the remembrance of a first visit there is never obliterated in the heart, but is ever sweet and fresh. A lady visitor who arrived in rather delicate health at this lovely summer resort, expressed herself on leaving in the following words: "My heart almost sinks at the grief I know I must experience on separating from this delightful watering place. I came weak, I return to my home strong, I came despairing, I return full of hope. I long for the returning season, but the recollections of the visit now about closed will never be effaced. And though I shall be separated from the resort I love to love, I shall be united by that feeling which survives all events."

The old town of Annapolis is pretty as well as historic. Its atmosphere like that of Digby is always pure, kept so by the restless flow of the waters of the Bay of Fundy. It is this air, that makes the apples of the valley so sound and juicy, with their skins as fresh looking as that of a handsome, healthy maiden of sweet sixteen.

All tourists delight to saunter over the long ago dismantled old fort, and recline in the shadow of the earthworks where many lovers have plighted their faith, inspired by the thoughts of the gallant men who there laid down their lives for their country or in thinking of the matches that have been made by other sweethearts as they sauntered here and there over the old mounds whose builders have passed away in the long ago, and most of whom can only be remembered by Him who numbers the hairs of our heads.

The true love stories that could be written from the sparks kindled to a flame on the glacis, crown, and in the trenches of this historic spot would fill volumes. The locality has appropriately been called "The Lovers' Charm," and it is said that the girls who have told their companions, that they had never met the man they loved well enough to marry. have met an old suitor there and loved to love him with a newly touched heart, and had ever after been distinguished for those softer qualities which constitute the true and loving wife and amiable woman, and that boundless attachment they have cherished for their husbands while life remained. Marriages contracted here are invariably consummated. It seems to be one of those charming localities more especially when the soft light of the harvest moon streams upon it, where the extreme simplicity of the manners of the ladies you may meet there affords a remarkable contrast to the extravagance and pretence of others you may meet

in other districts of the province. It has been said also, that it is impossible to visit the place without carrying away memories that linger for ever.

In the summer of 1899 two parties of tourists boarded the Prince George at Boston and after a quick and uneventful run over the bay, landed at the hustling and attractive town of Yarmouth. They boarded the train next day, one party got off at Digby and found comfortable and pleasant quarters at the Dufferin under the management of the genial Cal Jordan. The other party went on to Annapolis and put up at the Queen controlled by the entertaining Riordans. The parties had been intimately acquainted for some years. They had money and were about to enjoy a Summer and Autumn season in Nova Scotia. Not many days later a young gentleman of twenty-four, belonging to the party so happily established at the Dufferin, came up to have a look at Annapolis and engaged a room at the Queen. The next morning in one of the cosy rooms of the hotel sat a young man and a maiden of twenty-two. They had been friends for a long time. He had for two years loved the lady as faithfully as man can love. She, while respecting him, had never learned to love him. She was talented, excellent at etching, a lover of history, a good writer and with rare descriptive powers. With all she was good-looking, so was he.

She was light of form, scarcely above the middle size, and in her faultless symmetry seemed to float rather than move. She appeared the personification

of grace. She exercised her pencil beautifully. She played on the piano and violin and sung with exquisite feeling and with science sufficient to render listening an intellectual pleasure. Beauty, sprightliness and strong common sense, united with perfect good-nature, rendered her the delight of intelligent social circles. Her hair and eyes were brown, her skin white and soft as snow. When she became animated in conversation a pink flush played over her lovely face. He was tall and graceful as an elm.

The morning was warm and gracious, the breezes played wandringly over Fort Ann before losing themselves in the solemn lines of the trenches. As they sat in the attractive room surrounded by neatness and tastefully arranged decorations, he said to the dark haired and lovely brown-eyed beautiful young woman: "Shall we not go for a walk and enjoy the lovely morning breezes and pretty scenery about here?" "Why yes, Abe," she said, "I know I shall be safe in your company, wait a moment until I get my satchel."

They left the hotel walked up the hillside and before they realized it they were at the door of the old powder magazine.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "Abe it might blow up."

"Then," he replied, "we shall pass along together more quickly than I anticipated."

Abe had been at the fort in the summer of eighteen hundred and ninety-seven and had picked up an old French coin near the spot where they were standing.

He took it from his watch chain and fastened it to that of his friend, saying as he did so: "I never envied that coin before."

"Did you really not?" replied the young woman.

Abraham looked at her a moment attentively. He thought here is a girl without shyness, as without affectation in the frankness of her address. He felt puzzled seeing that he hadn't half known her, when he had thought a year ago that he knew her quite well.

"This is magnificent, what a glorious view and charming day," she said, as she pulled a large thin book from a satchel hanging at her side. Immediately she took a few paces to the front, sat down, and began to work with firm clear touches upon one of the blank leaves of the book. Abe became more puzzled than ever. He ventured to speak, but received no reply. She looked over her shoulder at him, and he almost quailed at her glance. Her eye was like a rapier thrust. She stopped in her work a moment, lifted her eyes, they caught Abe's, while he felt as though an X-Ray fitted about his head. Then unmoved and considerate, she spoke, she said, "Abraham Dooley my dear friend:

"They may paint Kandahar and write of little Bob's brilliant victory, the meeting of Wellington and Blucher, the charge of Scarlett's three hundred or the glories of Grant and Lee, or Washington at Valley Forge and the Gordons and the Greys, dawn at Waterloo and Scotland forever, but as for me I love

to sketch the ruins here and the beauties on every hand near by. I shall soon go to the comfortable Queen and pen some of the touching history of this spot.

"Here I also reflect upon the victories of love, the heart conquers stratigetically, cautiously, boldly, passionately and accidentally which have taken place all round these old mounds and trenches. Love has marched, bivouacked, charged and surrendered here."

She ran her delicate hand into her satchel and said, "Abraham, my friend, take a sandwich." Her coolness and business like manner made Abe tremble. She noticed the vibration passing over him, and quietly remarked, "Mr Dooley, I fear you have taken a chill."

He tried to speak but could not. She went on with her work. Minnie Moo soon saw his embarrassment, and looking kindly at him, said, "Abe, I am looking at the waves and watching them embrace the scattered stones and then ripple on until they kiss the beach."

Abe struggled hard to say a word. Minnie's brown eyes looked straight into his as a winning smile played about her mouth.

Abe was encouraged, as he almost inaudibly uttered, "Miss Moo, if—if—I was a wa—wave, and you a—a—st—stone or a beach." He could get no further. As Minnie placed her book in her satchel, with her eyes fixed on the water below, she slowly said, "Abe,

it belongs to you to bring calm, and for this purpose it is only necessary to say that you remember always those wavelets and ripples. And may you merit such praise, as the American women bestow upon the brave men of the nation, and may I also commend myself by that gentleness bestowed by that Providence on the women who temper that bravery of the men. Let us return to the hotel."

After arriving at the Queen, Minnie went to work arranging the wording of a descriptive article to accompany the sketches she had taken. After she had completed her task. Abe and she settled matters for the future. She taking the lead in bringing about the business like partnership. Minnie's manner, while etching in the morning had been such as merited not only the continued but the increased love of Abe.

Abe met his people next day at the railway station, they were on their way to spend the summer months at some seaside resort in Cape Breton. He boarded the train to accompany them and Minnie in bidding him a present good-bye, said "Abe, was it the place, the air, the scenery or what was it that settled our difficulties by touching my heart? My desire to be loved by you is overpowering indeed, and in loving you in return is a necessity of my heart. Now, Abe, adieu, but don't fall in love with any of those pretty Sydney girls."

Miss Moo, with her relatives, spent the summer in the Valley. Their excursions extended from charming Digby to classic Windsor. In the middle of October

both families met at Windsor and prepared to return to their American homes. The day previous to their final departure, Abe and Minnie drove some miles up and down the Valley. The trees lining the mountain sides had several times been delicately touched by the frosty hand of Autumn. The scenery was enchanting and the hearts of the lovers were almost bursting with ecstasy.

Minnie remarked with a sign of approaching tears in her beautiful dark eyes as they drove out of Bridgetown, "dear Abe, the garden of Eden before 'the fall' could scarcely have surpassed this beauty, our affections must be silent in the midst of this dazzling array."

The bright morning sun intercepted by no cloud appeared to stream in exceeding glory down the sides of the hills and fill the valley with the ether of June.

"Abe," said Minnie, "a honeymoon here would be like roaming on the border of Paradise, in a valley of lilies, or in the plains of Sharon."

Four days later they sailed from Yarmouth in the "Prince Arthur." The evening was fine and the moon pouring its full streams upon the flowing bay made the ocean greyhound seem as though she were reaching through silver crested waves. The ship in her faultless symmetry appeared to be fleeting along like a Derby winner. The lesser lights of heaven seemed that night in placid sweetness to look down upon this Prince of the sea. It was midnight when Minnie retired for the night and Abe went to his stateroom at the same time.

At breakfast Abe asked Miss Moo how she had rested through the night-watch. "As though I were in Buckingham Palace," she replied. "Why Abe," she continued, "the dreams of the night seemed manifold. Sleep appeared surrounded by everything gay and glittering. I slept like a babe in its cot and awoke looking as bright as the morning star. Every silver lining has its cloud, but this magnificent home on the flood had no cloud for me.

"Sweet every thought
This Royal Ship awoke in me
While in my cot
And gliding through the sea."

After they had finished their breakfast and were sitting in the magnificent saloon, Minnie observing the admiration bestowed upon her by her lover, said, "Dear Abe, you know I am not exempt from ambition, and I have been weak enough to glory in the wealth of my relations. Father and mother have ever advised me to marry a professional gentleman. They so instilled this idea into my being that I felt I must do so. You! they said were but a clerk and poor, but they could say nothing more against you. I always liked you, but the word profession I really believe, was a barrier to growing love. I was always happy in your company, and often said in my heart, hang the professions, they are gathering up many of the fools and rascals of the land. Happy for us both, I believe, is the fact that my disposition is peculiarly one over which, as the flower bends beneath the storm to give its bosom wholly to the sunshine, the trials of

life pass lightly, but whose sensibilities expand to every gleam of happiness."

"Yes," replied Abe, "those unexpected obstacles, perhaps it would be more true to say expected obstacles, which arise in the opposition of parents or relatives, have been surmounted by you, dear Minnie, with a gentleness and address hardly to have been expected by one whose parents were so wealthy."

"A profession could not have endowed me with brains, neither could one make me a gentleman, Nature, I believe, has blessed me with these things. These would still be my gifts were I a mechanic. If I gain any celebrity it will be by these."

"You have acquired a celebrity, Minnie, by your writings and literary talents, not by your wealth alone, which no doubt has helped you. In one of the cottages upon the hillside near Digby, among the learned men and women of America or in an imperial court your conversational powers would be admired both for their brilliancy and solidity. Money never gave you this gift and money could not buy it. Money is not to be envied which does not constitute happiness."

Minnie replied, "Abe, I shall doubtless very much surprise you by saying that the gift of the old French coin afforded me at the time greater satisfaction than if my father had given me fifty thousand dollars. Yes, Abe, it is certain that of all the presents I ever in my life received, the old coin gave me the greatest pleasure, of any gift I have ever received, except it be the gift of your heart, of yourself, your all.

Money and so-called position were secondary considerations with Minnie Moo. Her sense of the becoming and proper in all things, and under every variety of circumstances was native and intuitive. She read delightfully; and to her nature had been peculiarly propitious, for so harmonious were the tones of her voice, even in the most ordinary conversation, that those on board who heard her reading as she sat in the open air on deck remained to listen and seemed fascinated and spell-bound.

Soon the ship was steaming up the harbor nearing her journey's end. Minnie took a few lines from her satchel and read them aloud to a group assembled on deck.

“ Dudes honor have, such as it is ;
Swells pose sometimes as great ;
And people pay their homage oft
To those of great estate ;
But greater honor must we pay
That one with cheek of tan
Who brought this ship across the bay
That skillful gentleman.”

Minnie Moo as she read the last line pointed with her finger toward the pilot house, where the ever watchful eye of the commander was looking steadily ahead.

An old Sibyl standing near by with a basket on her arm, said : “ Lady, please let me see your pretty little hand?” Minnie extended her hand. The old dame said, “ You will not believe me if I speak.” “ Yes indeed,” replied Minnie, “ I assure you I it need may.” “ Listen, then,” said the old woman. “ You will

be married soon ; your union will be happy ; your future husband is a bank clerk. There are love spots in the world ; you found his heart at one of these ; you will have a son and he will become governor of a state."

In a pretty Connecticut church early one fine morning last May, Miss Moo walked to the altar, carrying a bunch of Nova Scotia Mayflowers, fresh from the valley where she had struck a match now kindled to a flame, and with the kindest and most affectionate of human hearts to which were united the sternest principles of rectitude, she changed her sweet harmonious name, and came to Nova Scotia with Abraham Dooley, where they spent their honeymoon amid lake and bay and island scene.



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"K. & G."



(With apologies to the
shade of
ROBERT BURNS.)



Scots ! wha chance thae lines to read,
Men, and brithers a', tak' heed !
When ye seek your daily bread;
Mind your drink as well.
Now's the day and now's the hour.
Haste ye ! try it's witchin' pow'r,
Tak' your wale and pick the flow'r—
Shout for "K. & G."



Wha' for ilka brand wad crave,
But a silly, thochtless knave !
Gin he find an early grave
He's to blame himsel'.
Wha, for Scotland, though she's sma',
Freedom's blast wad loudly blaw !
Prohibition's clean awa' !
Bravo ! "K. & G."



By oppressive aches and pains !
By your throbbing, fever'd veins !
Shakin' legs and muddled brains—
Waefu' tale to tell !
Lay all ither whiskies low,
Let your bumpers overflow
Wi' the "dew" that's "all the go"—
Grand auld "K. & G."

EDINBURGH, 25th January, 1898.

Commercial Bank of Windsor.

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Paid Up Capital,	- - - - -	350,000.00
Rest,	- - - - -	80,000.00

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