

Annapolis Valley the "Blue Nose" Apple Region

NEW YORK, Dec. 1.—Didn't you get just a wee bit tired of "Evangeline" in your school days? You remember that you had to commit the plucky thing to memory and scan it until the singing of the verse got on your nerves? Can't you hear yourself now, upraised on toes, rather shaky legs, chanting unmusically:

This is the forest primeval,
The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Hushed with moss and in garments green,
Indistinct in their light and their shade,
And like Druids of Eold, with voices,
Sing to all who wander
Under the path that winds through the forest primeval!

But why go on? The whole horrid scene comes back to you. How you did hate that forest primeval! So it will be good news to you who were once children to learn that the forest primeval isn't there any more on "the shores of the Basin of Minas." But another forest has arisen, a forest of fruit trees. Mostly apple trees.

There are those who will tell you that an apple is an apple no matter where it comes. That isn't so. A Nova Scotia apple is something quite different. At least that's what they tell you in the land of the blue nose.

It must have been a Nova Scotia apple, they tell you, committing an anachronism cheerfully, which Eros threw at the marriage feast of Peleus and Thetis, thereby causing that disgraceful scramble by Juno, Minerva and Venus. But they say that it was no fault of the apple that the decision of that impressionable umpire Paris, awarding the game to Venus, caused the Trojan war and page after page of Greek that had to be read in our late school days.

The history of the apple is still to be written. The reference books tell us that the tree is indigenous to Anatolia, the southern Caucasus and northern Russia. It certainly got a start in Nova Scotia just as soon as that primeval forest began to disappear. It has spread mightily throughout the province, but is found more abundantly in the Annapolis valley.

The Annapolis valley has been called the "Garden Spot of the Earth." When you have driven miles upon miles through forests of apple and pear and other trees, in the spring time, when a sea of red and pink and white blossoms fills the air and a riot of perfume assaults the nostrils, or in the autumn, when the trees are weighed down with their burden of fruit, you will think it well named.

Roughly speaking the Valley—they just call it the Valley in eastern Canada and let it go at that—100 miles long and thirty miles wide. The soil is fertile and well watered.

Rivers and tidal estuaries divide it longitudinally into a series of ridges. The river bottoms and the flats reclaimed from the sea are given over to hay fields and pasture land.

The ridges are devoted largely to fruit growing. If you stand somewhere in the bottom lands you will see rising gently from the meadows on either side orchard after orchard. If it is blossom time the picture will be brilliant. Here and there you will see houses and farm buildings rising amid the trees. There are occasional patches of tilled land, but it is mostly all trees.

The yield of the Annapolis valley this year is the greatest in its history. The crop has all been gathered and marketed. It is estimated that more than 700,000 barrels of apples were shipped, not to mention the pears and plums and quinces.

Most of the apples have gone to England, as usual, but this year more shipments have been made to the American market than ever before. The prices have ranged from \$2.00 to \$2.50 a barrel and the Nova Scotia orchardists have received about \$2,000,000 for their harvest.

Last year the crop was about half as big. This year's harvest is seventeen times greater than that of fifteen years ago. For a farmer to clear from \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year on 20 to 25 acres is not unusual.

Twenty years ago the farmer who shipped 1,000 barrels a year was a rarity; now there are many 5,000 barrel men. The greatest

orchard in the valley is Hillcrest, near Kentville. It contains more than 2,000 trees.

The apples of Nova Scotia have a flavor all their own. Though the fruit grows large, it does not become gross, as is the case with a good deal of the fruit that comes from the west.

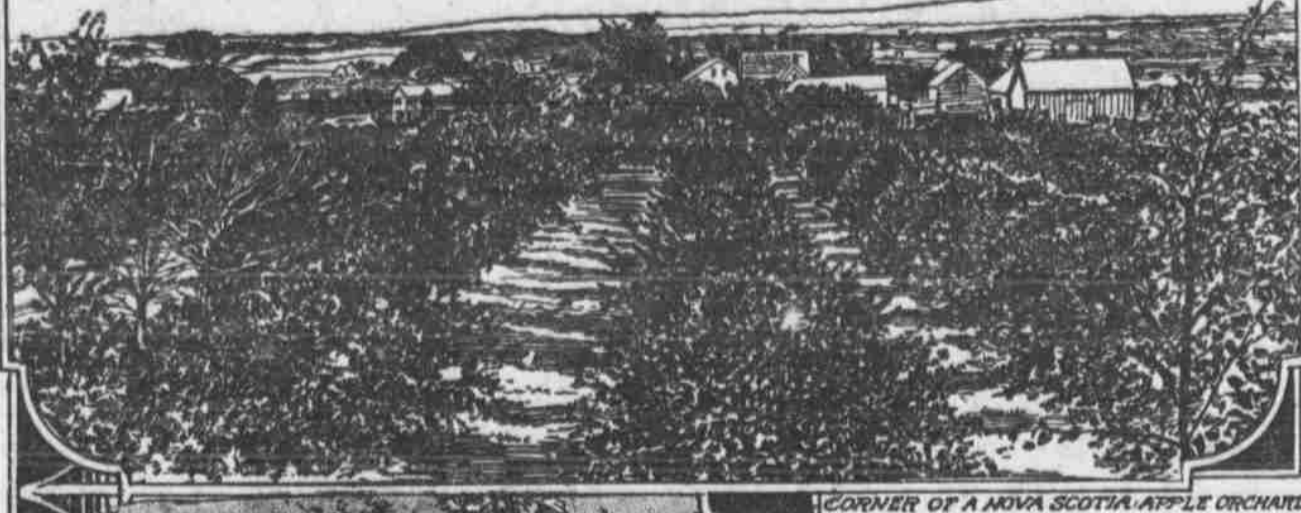
There are any number of varieties. In the late summer come the Harvest apples, the Boy sweets, the Red Astrachans and others. Later on come the Gravensteins—the king of all the fall apples—the Straw-berry apples and the Bishop Pippins.

The list of winter apples would be interminable. The two varieties which command the highest prices are the Blenheim pippins and the Ripston pippins. They're both pippins in the colloquial sense of that word.

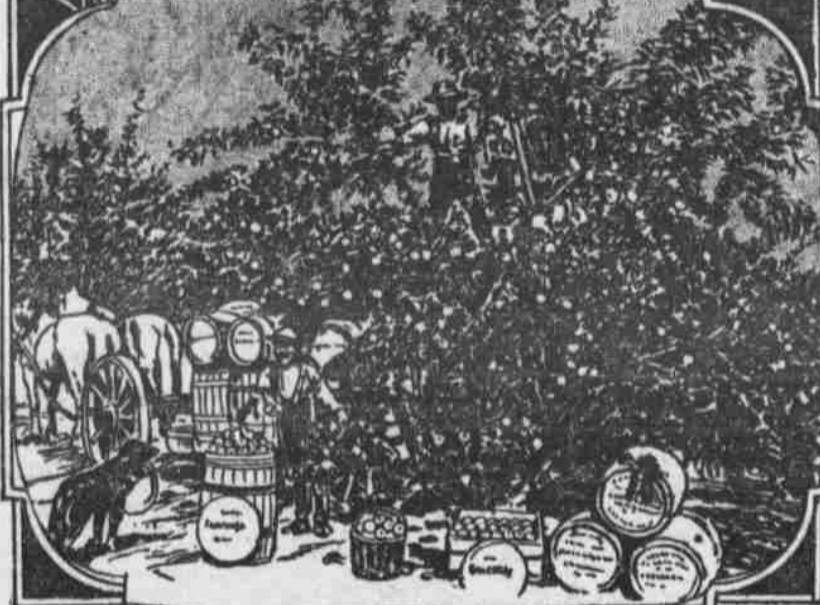
Kings they are in the apple family—far, far above the ruck of Baldwin and King



A YOUNG APPLE TREE.



CORNER OF A NOVA SCOTIA APPLE ORCHARD.



GATHERING THE FRUIT.

and had to be propped up. The fruit of this tree will fill three barrels at the least. An old apple tree will produce ten barrels or more of excellent fruit.

The apples are packed in the orchards and usually carried away at once to steamer or train for shipment. In packing apples one opens the bottom of the barrel. The very finest specimens of the fruit are arranged in nice layers at what will be the top of the barrel when it is opened by the consumer. That's why the apples always look so nice when you open a fresh barrel.

But the Nova Scotia fruit grower is an honest individual. He grades the apples carefully and marks the barrels "No. 1," "No. 2," and "No. 3." Even the threes are good. All below that grade go to the elder mill.

The valley is a city of big gardens. The main roads, running generally east and west, one on each side of each ridge, are called streets. The houses are large and prosperous looking; many of them have pretentious flower gardens. Fences have been generally abolished. Almost every house has its telephone. Every farmer keeps a good stable and smart rigs for pleasure driving.

Altogether it is an unusual farming community. The rounds of social life go on as in a city. The sons go to college and return to the farm content to make that their calling in life.

Here and there the houses get close enough together to form a settlement which gets a name of its own. But there are no large towns. Annapolis, Bridgetown, Kentville and Wolfville are all under 2,000

inhabitants. It is just one big city, prosperous and contented.

There is one great lack. Applejack is scarcely known. New Scotland might well take a lesson from New Jersey.

KINGDOM FOR A MILLION

African Potentate Who Needs the Money Pays Throne and Harem on Market.

His majesty King Yhorshi, monarch of Agboshi, in Africa, is tired of ruling and offers his kingdom for sale. According to his agents in London he will sell out for \$2,000,000. He hears to leave Africa and spend his declining days in Paris. He is weary of being a king.

The kingdom of Agboshi is one of the oldest in Africa. It is situated on the rather indefinite borderland between the British and French protectorates on the Guinea coast and is under the nominal protection of Great Britain, although but a part of the kingdom really is contained within the recognized borders of Togoland. The Volta river flows through King Yhorshi's territory, which is from 200 miles long to 100 miles wide, and the boundary—ah, but that is another story, and any pushful purchaser would find it easy to stretch a few miles here and there. Easy, that is, until he came up against French or German boundary lines.

There will be no immediately necessary for the new king to master the language spoken by the Agboshis. A fair knowledge of English will do to be going on with, inasmuch as the traders from the coast and the Arabs from the north all speak the language. The land is rich in ivory, rubber, and there is gold and copper. The wood concessions alone ought to repay the investment, leaving the title clear profit.

And not the least attractive part of the bargain offered by Yhorshi is his court, including twenty-eight wives. The purchaser need not take the wives, but may return them to their parents or sell them at the prevailing market rate.

This does not exhaust the attractions of this great bargain. After the purchase price has been paid the buyer will be honored with a coronation that would shame many European countries. And, notwithstanding the unique circumstances under which the new king will have reached his throne, His majesty Yhorshi I guarantees that the accession shall lack nothing. He declares that a most loyal people will make it easy for the head that wears the crown.

The king of Agboshi is absolute monarch of all he surveys. The purchaser has no cause to fear pinpricks by any European power. It is the most peaceful throne of any king—it is almost the most profitable, while its possibilities are unique—and a pushful American could make history and commerce for the country when he had got used to that kingly sort of feeling which is not so very unwelcome after all.—Baltimore Sun.

had to be propped up. The fruit of this tree will fill three barrels at the least. An old apple tree will produce ten barrels or more of excellent fruit.

The apples are packed in the orchards and usually carried away at once to steamer or train for shipment. In packing apples one opens the bottom of the barrel. The very finest specimens of the fruit are arranged in nice layers at what will be the top of the barrel when it is opened by the consumer. That's why the apples always look so nice when you open a fresh barrel.

But the Nova Scotia fruit grower is an honest individual. He grades the apples carefully and marks the barrels "No. 1," "No. 2," and "No. 3." Even the threes are good. All below that grade go to the elder mill.

The valley is a city of big gardens. The main roads, running generally east and west, one on each side of each ridge, are called streets. The houses are large and prosperous looking; many of them have pretentious flower gardens. Fences have been generally abolished. Almost every house has its telephone. Every farmer keeps a good stable and smart rigs for pleasure driving.

Altogether it is an unusual farming community. The rounds of social life go on as in a city. The sons go to college and return to the farm content to make that their calling in life.

Here and there the houses get close enough together to form a settlement which gets a name of its own. But there are no large towns. Annapolis, Bridgetown, Kentville and Wolfville are all under 2,000

inhabitants. It is just one big city, prosperous and contented.

There is one great lack. Applejack is scarcely known. New Scotland might well take a lesson from New Jersey.

had to be propped up. The fruit of this tree will fill three barrels at the least. An old apple tree will produce ten barrels or more of excellent fruit.

The apples are packed in the orchards and usually carried away at once to steamer or train for shipment. In packing apples one opens the bottom of the barrel. The very finest specimens of the fruit are arranged in nice layers at what will be the top of the barrel when it is opened by the consumer. That's why the apples always look so nice when you open a fresh barrel.

But the Nova Scotia fruit grower is an honest individual. He grades the apples carefully and marks the barrels "No. 1," "No. 2," and "No. 3." Even the threes are good. All below that grade go to the elder mill.

The valley is a city of big gardens. The main roads, running generally east and west, one on each side of each ridge, are called streets. The houses are large and prosperous looking; many of them have pretentious flower gardens. Fences have been generally abolished. Almost every house has its telephone. Every farmer keeps a good stable and smart rigs for pleasure driving.

Altogether it is an unusual farming community. The rounds of social life go on as in a city. The sons go to college and return to the farm content to make that their calling in life.

Here and there the houses get close enough together to form a settlement which gets a name of its own. But there are no large towns. Annapolis, Bridgetown, Kentville and Wolfville are all under 2,000

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder

Cleanses, preserves and beautifies the teeth, and Purifies the breath

A superior dentifrice for people of refinement

Established in 1866 by

S. H. Lyon, D.D.S.

"They Are Different" SAYS THIS DRUGGIST

"Of course you can easily create a big demand by advertising, for almost any article whether it possesses merit or not. Especially is that true of medicines. The great trouble with so many remedies is they won't 'repeat.' The demand for them is short lived. People buy them once and that's the last call for them. I have noticed a vast difference in the case of 'EASYTIMERS'—I am forced to the conclusion that it is because 'they are different' from other laxatives. With but two or three exceptions all the people who received the free box of 'EASYTIMERS' have come in and bought more. Our customers say there's nothing like 'EASYTIMERS' (or constipation, indigestion and other stomach troubles. They are really the most satisfactory sellers we have in the store and the demand for them is constantly increasing."

BEATON DRUG COMPANY
15th and Farnam Streets, Omaha, Neb.

The above is a reliable statement from a reliable druggist and certainly warrants a trial of this wonderful remedy.

Guaranteed under the Pure Food and Drug act, Serial No. 5686.

THE ORO MEDICAL CO., Mfgs. and Dist.
COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA

BAILEY & MACH DENTISTS

THIRD FLOOR FAXTON BLOCK
Corner 10th and Farnam Streets.

Best equipped Dental office in the middle west. Highest grade Dentistry at Reasonable Prices. Porcelain fillings, just like the tooth.

The SELKIRK Shoe

THIS is a high grade dress shoe for women. Perfect in fit, snappy, stylish last and of highest grade stock and workmanship. Made in variety of leathers—Patent Colt, Vic or Patent Vic, Blucher, Button or Polish. This line is also carried in the low cuts, same styles. Widths, AA to EE.

We also make this line with Medicated Wool Cushion Insoles, or Electric Vic Flexible sole, or Rock Oak sole—making it

An Ideal Shoe

These styles are positively the latest creation in the art of shoe-making and cannot but please the most fastidious.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write us. We'll learn why, and advise where you CAN get them.

F. P. KIRKENDALL & CO.
Omaha, Nebraska.

SANTAL MIDY

CHRONIC BRONCHITIS & KIDNEY TROUBLE

RELIEVED IN 24 HOURS

LEXINGTON HOTEL

Absolutely fire-proof, Michigan Blvd. and 2nd St., Chicago. European plan. Rooms, \$1.00 per day and upward. The Lexington appeals especially to ladies and families, and those seeking a quiet, home-like hotel, easily accessible to the theater and shopping district—500 rooms—all with hot and cold water—large electric elevators—30 rooms with private bath—attractive cafes at moderate prices—excellent service and cuisine. For further particulars and information write manager. Owned and operated by THE STATE HOTEL COMPANY, E. K. Orley, Pres.; T. H. Orley, V. P.; L. H. Pley, Secy.

Also proprietors The Center House, Kansas City.

Gleanings from the Story Teller's Pack

Senator as a Glimlet.

HE interrogation point in the United States senate is Senator Keen of New Jersey. He is always searching for information. During the railroad rate war, Keen was depended upon by the Aldrich forces to keep them posted on the plans of the progressives, and especially those of the president. During the early part of the administration the senator, as a distant connection of the Roosevelt family, was a frequent visitor of the White House. The railroad fight gradually became bitter, Keen dropped away from his allegiance to the chief executive and finally ceased his calls.

"I see that Keen doesn't go any more to the White House," observed one senator to another.

"So I understand," was the response. "It isn't strange, though. There is no gimlet yet invented that does not bore too much."—Chicago Tribune.

The Cuban Millionaire.

President Manuel Amador of Panama was reviewing the wonders of Coney Island. "A remarkable place," he said to a reporter. "I shall never forget it. I am reminded of a joke they are telling about a Cuban millionaire.

"An unfortunate man obtained access to this millionaire and depicted his wretched poverty in the most vivid and moving colors. Indeed, so graphic was the visitor's sad narrative that the millionaire was very profoundly affected, and, summoning his servant, he said with tears in his eyes and a voice trembling with emotion:

"John, put this poor fellow out into the street. He is breaking my heart."

One of Wu's Dinner Tales.

Wu Ting Fung, who is again his country's ambassador in Washington, has many acquaintances in this city. Wu is very much of an American in his ways, and can tell a story with the best of the club raconteurs. I recall one he told about a mother-in-law which is extra funny, because the Chinese makes so much of the mother that his wife is her virtual slave.

"The parlor maid in the house of a young married couple," said Wu, "answered the door bell one morning and a little later went to her mistress with, 'If you please, ma'am, the strangest lady is downstairs. She won't give her name and she has taken off her coat and hat, and she opened the two closets and peered into them, and then she looked at the windows and shook her head and rubbed her hand over the mantel and the piano and held it up to see the dust on it, and now she is—'

"Dear me," exclaimed the mistress, 'my husband's mother wasn't expected back from Texas till December!'—San Francisco Call.

A Point of Interest.

In a certain county of Arkansas a man named Walters was put on trial for stealing a watch. The evidence had been very conflicting, and as the jury retired the judge remarked, slyly, that if he could afford any assistance in the way of smoothing out possible difficulties, he should be most happy to do so.

Eleven of the jurors had fled out of the box, but the twelfth remained; and there was on his countenance an expression indicating great perplexity.

"Is there any question, you'd like to ask me before you retire?" asked his honor, observing the juror's hesitancy.

The man's face brightened. "Yes, your honor," he replied, eagerly. "I'd like to know, your honor, whether the prisoner really stole the watch."—Harper's Weekly.

Bob Fitzsimmons Warns Police.

Bob Fitzsimmons, the famous pugilist, in the course of one of the lessons in physical culture that he has been giving to the police of Plainfield, N. J., paused and said:

"I don't take much stock in feints and tricks. I like best open, straightforward work, both in boxing and in wrestling. With tricks, as a rule, one only gives one's self away. It is like the case of the beggar.

"A beggar, you must know, sat on a cold and windy corner with a sign on his breast, 'Deaf and Dumb.'

"Two men passed, and one, a kind-hearted chap, stopped, looked at the beggar and said:

"I'd like to give this man something, but how am I to know that he is deaf and dumb?"

"Read the sign, sir," the beggar whispered cautiously.—New York Times.

A Farmer's Diagnosis.

William Jennings Bryan prides himself on the fact that he can completely differentiate his religious and Young Men's Christian Association addresses from his political speeches. The public has identified Mr. Bryan with politics so long, however, that frequently members of his audience find only disappointment. It was thus with a farmer from Maryland who came into Washington to hear the Nebraska speak. Afterward the farmer met him and said:

"Mr. Bryan, I came in 20 miles to hear you talk. I heard you was going to speak on 'The Price of Peas,' and you never said a word about the price of anything."

The address delivered was "The Prince of Peace."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Knock's Joke.

One day last spring Senator Knox was walking through a corridor of the Capitol, when he was joined by a former member of the senate, Mr. Chandler, of New Hampshire.

As the two drew near the entrance to the chamber, Mr. Knox motioned to his companion to pass in first.

"After you," said Mr. Chandler, with a polite bow, drawing back.

"Not at all," protested Knox; "the X's always go before the wise, you know."—Harper's Weekly.

One Fault Hiding Another.

A Christian Scientist of Boston was praising the late earl of Dunmore.

"Lord Dunmore," he said, "was a good Christian Scientist and a good man. Tall and robust and supple. I can see him still, with his short gray beard and his kind face. His one fault—a fault due to his aristocratic upbringing, no doubt—was the exaggerated value that he set upon cor-

A Comforting Explanation.

An amusing story is told in Harper's Weekly at the expense of a prominent Baltimore lawyer, who, like most young attorneys, got his first case by assignment from the bench. His client had been indicted for murder, and his conviction was a foregone conclusion.

The result of the trial was a sentence to be hanged; but the man made an appeal to the governor for a pardon, and was anxiously awaiting a reply thereto when his lawyer visited him in his cell.

"I got good news for you—very good news!" the young lawyer said, grasping the man's hand.

"Did the governor—is it a pardon?" the man exclaimed, joyously.

"Well—no. The fact is the governor refused to interfere. But an uncle of yours has died and bequeathed you \$200, and you will have the satisfaction of knowing that your lawyer got paid, you know," was the comforting explanation.

Vapo-resolene

(Established 1872.)
"Cures What You Sneeze."

Whooping-Cough, Croup, Bronchitis, Coughs, Diphtheria, Catarrh.

Confidence can be placed in a remedy, which for a quarter of a century has earned unqualified praise. Restful nights are assured at once.

Creosolene is a Doan to Asthmatics
All Druggists

Send postal for descriptive booklet.

Creosolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the Irritated Throat of your druggist or from us. 25c. In stamps.

The Vapo-Creosolene Co., 180 Fulton St., N. Y.

MORNING SHOPPING

An experienced shopper tells us that she can do twice as much shopping in the forenoon as in the afternoon, with one-half the fatigue.

She says there are no crowds then; that she has no difficulty in obtaining a seat in the street cars; that she is waited upon more promptly at all the stores and that the clerks are more courteous and take more pains to show goods, because they, like herself, are not tired at that time of the day.

Knowing this to be true, we suggest to all ladies able to do so, to try this plan and do their shopping in the early part of the day.

Omaha & Council Bluffs Street Railway Company