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Behind every effort there is always an aim, an ideal. With the manufacture of Chevrolet cars this aim and this ideal is to build a car at the least possible price that is consistent with quality and good workmanship.

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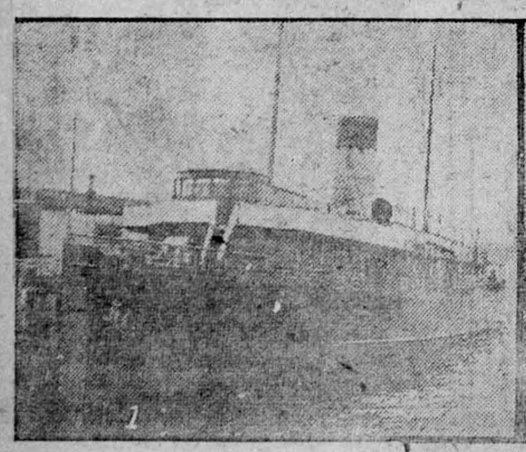
ANCIENT CUSTOMS IN ACADIA



The invention of the automobile supplanted the once favourite horse-drawn coach, and now the aeroplane may, to a large extent, take the place of the automobile. But, however science progresses, there still are places where the ancient order of things endures and the people are contented following the simple customs of their ancestors. Oxen may yet be seen drawing drays in that part of Nova Scotia known as the Land of Evangeline. It is quaint to see such a sight on the street of a village or town. Unlike horses, oxen have their greatest strength in their necks. The drays are yoked to the brows and horns of the animals with leather straps. Bells tinkle on their breasts as they move along. The tips of the horns are nearly always decorated with brass knobs. A pair of oxen will walk along leisurely drawing a load of four tons. If you interview the driver he will tell you that they are easily trained and do their work just as well as horses, and you can use them in places where horses would be difficult to manage. They plough and draw logs with the same docile temper as they show when yoked to the drays.

There are other old customs still surviving in the Land of Evangeline, and these add to the attractiveness of one of the most picturesque, romantic and historic regions in America. Silvery bays and rivers, shores of golden sand, hills and vales covered with fragrant meadows or towering pines or fruitful apple trees, sunny skies and freshening sea and land breezes give health and pleasure to thousands of tourists every year.

Across the Bay of Fundy from St. John, New Brunswick, to Digby, Nova Scotia, is a delightful trip occupying a few hours. Approaching Digby Gap the Bay is dotted with the craft of hardy Nova Scotian fishermen. Passing through the Gap the homes of the people, amidst the woods on either side, look so pretty that one might fancy they were the dwellings of the fairies. Digby Gap leads into Annapolis Basin, whose deep and sheltered waters cover an area of sixty square miles. The Basin is unsurpassed for bathing, fishing, boating, and canoeing. Good roads and walks radiate from Digby amongst enchanting scenes. There are some good hotels in this prosperous little town, and tennis, croquet and golf are amongst the games provided.

Tourists to Evangeline's Land generally make a tour of all the beauty spots of the region. Yarmouth, beside the sea, offers many allurements to the visitor. A colony of French-Canadians, whose ancestors were expelled from Grand Pre, resides in the vicinity of Yarmouth, and still retains the traditions of the Acadians. Kentville is the headquarters of the Dominion Atlantic Railway which serves the entire district. Grand Pre was the site of the village from which the Acadians were banished in 1755. The well where Evangeline was wont to go for water and the willows under which she rested are still there; Blomidon mountain and the Basin of Minas near by are just as they were of old, the meadows are green on the dykelands and the dykes keep out the sea, and a little inland the gentle hills are patched with luxurious orchards. Wolfville, the headquarters for tourists to Grand Pre, is built in the midst of one of the greatest apple growing localities in the world. The late King Edward was amongst those who visited and loved this spot. It is only a short walk from Wolfville to Grand Pre, and the marshlands extend from one place to the other.

The Dominion Atlantic Railway has purchased the "big field" where the Acadians made their village, which was their capital, and this has become a public park. A memorial cross now stands there on the site of the ancient burial ground, and a statue of Evangeline sculptured by Philippe Hebert and his son Henri, descendants of an Acadian family, will soon add the grace of art to attractions of a haunt where nature has lavished her rarest charms.

(1) The C.P.R. steamer Empress, docked in Digby Harbor.
(2) At Grand Pre. The Willows, a memorial cross and a pilgrim.
(3) An old-fashioned freight car on a Digby street.

Boar For Service

Pure bred Registered Yorkshire Boar for service—Maxwell Jack 62903—o lot 167, S W. T. & S. R., Artemesia Terms $1.50.
10,4,19 T. J. STINSON.

Boar For Service

Registered Chester White hog for service at Rockhills. The father won first at Chicago Fair. Terms $1.50
dec 5 19 —I. SMITH Prop.

Hog For Service

Pure bred Yorkshire Boar for service. Terms—$1.50 at time of service.
J. F. COLLINSON,
1 mar Ceylon.

LOSS FROM LIGHTNING

Properly Rodded Buildings Alone Are Safe.

Rods May Be Installed by Farmer Himself Efficiently and Cheaply—Aluminum or Copper Material Should Be Used—Be Sure Rods Are Well Grounded.

(Contributed by Ontario Department of Agriculture, Toronto.)

ACCOMPANYING the heated summer days are the numerous thunderstorms which infest the temperate regions of our continent, and it is then we need the proper answer to the question of practicability of lightning rods. Contemporaneous with this usually come the lightning rod agents and again a knowledge of the subject is necessary. To answer the question we can do no better than rely on the statistics of insurance companies. Reports from these in 1913 show that 26 per cent. of their risks were on rodded buildings. The total number of claims paid were 193, which amounted to $40,904.53; of these eight were rodded and damage done only $57.64. If the rods were no good then 26 per cent. of strokes should have been on rodded buildings, or, roughly, 50 strokes. In that year the insurance companies figured an efficiency of 99.5 per cent. In Iowa the efficiency runs 98.7 per cent. and in Michigan, where the rodding is inspected the efficiency is 99.9 per cent. From these we are forced to agree that lightning rods are a protection, and we must now consider where and how to rod.

During the year 1900 in U. S. A. the number of persons killed by lightning was 713, of which 291 were killed in the open, 158 in houses, 57 under trees, and 56 in barns, of the remainder the circumstances were unknown. From this it appears that it is more dangerous in the open than anywhere else. The reason of this probably is that the house, tree, etc., act as conductors and carry the charge directly to the ground without harming the occupants. Of those killed in the open the most were raised above their surroundings, on horse-back, a load of hay or an agricultural implement. In Schleswig-Holstein, for the years 1874 to 1883 summary reports show that yearly out of every million buildings, 549 ordinary buildings (houses, barns), 6,277 churches, 8,524 windmills, and 306 factories were struck. Naturally the total number of churches in that country are less than any other type of building and yet they were more often struck, which is due to their height and especially of their spire. Thus all high or projecting objects are more liable to be struck and hence should be rodded.

A lightning rod is merely a metallic rod sunk in damp earth and terminating in a point or points above a projecting structure. Now unlike charges of electricity attract, thus the charge of the cloud attracts the oppositely induced charge on the earth up through the rod to the point where it slowly leaks off into the air about it and thus ionizes it. This ionized or charged air now exists within a field of electrical force which causes a current of electricity to travel slowly through the atmosphere to the cloud which tends to neutralize the charge on the cloud above the building and hence prevents a discharge. However, the discharge is not always prevented as lightning sometimes acts with a "freak nature" and a discharge occurs between the clouds and the lightning rod. This is due to a reversed condition being very suddenly brought about by induction and the slow transfer of electricity through the air has not time to discharge the cloud before the flash takes place. It is now that improper installation proves disastrous. Hence careful inspection by the owner at the time of installation is most essential.

Rods should preferably be aluminum or copper, as these do not rust easily, and weight about three ounces per running foot. There should be a continuous rod starting in moist earth about eight to ten feet below the surface and running up the corner of the building to the eave, hence along the slant edge of the roof to the peak and along the ridge to the other end, and down the opposite slant side again to the eave, and thence to damp ground. This conductor should be fastened firmly to the structure by metallic fasteners and not insulated from it. It should also be protected to a height of eight or ten feet above ground by nailing a board over it to prevent cattle from disturbing it in any way. Metallic nickel pointed uprights about five feet high are soldered and braced firmly to the conducting rod running along the ridge and placed about 20 or 30 feet apart.

In the case of a house, an upright should extend a short way above each chimney and should be bent in, so that the point would project above the centre of the flue to prevent a discharge passing down the chimney by the fairly good conductors, the heated air and soot. On a barn a rod also should extend above each ventilator outlet. All weather vanes, finials, ridge ironwork, eavetroughs, metal hay-tracks, and even litter carrier tracks, if close to the conductor, should be soldered to the conductor. In fact, all masses of metal of any size should be connected to the rod or grounded well, as in these induced currents may be set up by a discharge, which in jumping from one piece to another may come in contact with some inflamable material.

Good lightning rods bought from a reliable firm properly installed will not only decrease your insurance premiums, but insure you against an enormous danger and expense.—R. C. Moffat, B.S.A., O. A. College, Guelph.

The Phantoms of Horses Haunt Streets of Dublin, Says an Irish Writer

ONCE, before the electric trams came, Dublin seemed a noisy city; a city of cobblestones and of mighty horses that clashed sparks out of the same cobbles, writes James Stephens in the Irish edition of the London Times. Carriage horses, dray horses, outside-car horses (the foreigner calls them "side cars," but the inhabitant would be ashamed to refer to them otherwise than as "outside cars").

The city neighed in those days; it snorted and whinnied; it champed on its bit; it jingled brazen harness; it tossed its nosebag in the air to shake the last oat from the southernmost recess of the bag; about its ears were birds innumerable; birds popped and hopped under its legs, winning the easiest existence that fate has vouchsafed to feathers.

There were jehus in charge of the gorgeous monsters, and they were as marvelous as their own horses; purple chapped, spiky joweled, wide smiled, hard eyed, imperturbable ancients; caparisoned, not clothed, in frieze many-caped coats, balancing hard, shiny hats on one side of their heads with huge hairy, chilblainy hands. They chewed tobacco, their mouths were all to one side, and they had great yellow teeth, two of which wobbled.

A nose-red city half as old as time. In the fanlight over every door there were small plaster horses with one leg up, with both ears cocked, with interrogative names. The city was on tiptoe, it was alert, vivid, it was a sparkling eye, it was a hoof! But conversation languished under the menace of those thudding, deeply-whiskered fetlocks. Dublin was a silence in a tempest, as it is now a solitude in a multitude.

The electric trams came and a new era. That Dublin is as remote as the Stone Age. The horses disappeared, the birds are searching vainly elsewhere for a like city of nosebags, a city of dream. Only here and there will you now see a plaster horse in a fanlight; and Dublin, silent under the dashing of those hoofs, has not yet recovered from the silence they had forced upon it. The streets then were thronged, men and women went out then to look at the horses, to drown themselves in the uproar and menace of the horses, and to this day the Dublin people do not speak in the streets, but they talk much in private and are the most voluble race of silent people that the world has ever known.

Prof. Macallister considers that the pre-historic Irish totem was a horse, and perhaps Dublin is yet mourning her vanished steeds, for to this day her people do not use the streets for any social purpose except funerals.

It is a haunted city. The ear of a stranger, halted at midnight in those deserted ways, will catch a sound driving toward him which never comes near; he will hear a rumble which will not materialize. He will stand waiting for the vehicle that will never come. It will be long ere he realizes, as all Dublin people do, that at midnight the ghosts of long dead horse-trams revisit the places of the moon. If a finger should touch his eye he would see again a spanking city and hear once more the thunder of the hoofs. The stranger steals to his hotel with his overcoat padded protectively about him and his umbrella at the ready. He is glad to get back to London, where the streets are full, and away from empty Dublin, where the streets are too full.

Press and Peerage.

A notable figure seen recently in the Peers' Gallery at the House of Commons was Lord Russell of Liverpool, a distinguished journalist, who numbered Gladstone amongst his friends.

His presence as a peer of the realm reminded one that the personal connection between journalism and the peerage dates back beyond the time when newspaper proprietors and writer had titular honors bestowed upon them.

The Cecils are of the old aristocracy, but how many people know that the present marquis and his "illustrious brothers," as Mr. Timothy Healy once called them, are, on the maternal side, the grandsons of the man who was once a member of the Press Gallery?

The late Lord Salisbury, twice Prime Minister, struggled as a younger son before he came to the title, and wrote for the press. He married a daughter of Baron Alderson, of the exchequer, who in his youth had been a Parliamentary journalist.

The late Lord Russell of Killowen, Lord Chief Justice (father of the new judge), was also in his youth a "gallery" man.—Tit-Bits.

Retail Troubles.

A chemist who appeared before the Brentwood Profiteering Tribunal in England for charging a customer 18 cents for half a pint of methylated spirit produced invoices showing that the cost to him was $2.41 a gallon. He added: "Then there is the loss by evaporation, and I have to sell sixteen half pints, say 'Good morning' sixteen times, stick sixteen labels on sixteen bottles and say 'Good day' sixteen times." The case was dismissed.

The Army Way.

"I thought a doctor had to tell people what was the matter with them?"

"No, not in the army. In the army it's up to the patient to say what's the matter with him, and it's up to the doctor to prove that he hasn't got it."

BOUGHT HIS HOME TOWN.

Remarkable Career of a Poor Yorkshire Boy.

Thirty-seven years ago he left Huddersfield with less than $1 in his pocket; to-day he virtually has completed a transaction making him, at a cost of $5,000,000, owner of the greater part of that Yorkshire town.

That is the remarkable achievement of Sam Copley, a banker of London. He is a short and sturdily built man of sixty years, yet, despite the strenuous life he has lived, he looks many years younger. Although he has been away from Yorkshire so many years, there is no mistaking his accent, and Copley is as proud of it as anything he has achieved in his life. He remembers with relish that when a lad living with his father, a barber in Berry Brow, outside Huddersfield, he was known as the "Young Terrier," always in mischief.

Copley made his fortune in Australia. He says:

"When I was a boy everyone in Huddersfield was cursing landlordism. Ever since I have always thought that if I were rich enough I would buy Huddersfield and free it, and now I think the opportunity has come. It was at the suggestion of my friend, Wilfrid Dawson, a well-known stock broker of Huddersfield, that I gave the corporation an offer of the property I bought. If the corporation does not accept the offer I shall give every man in Huddersfield the opportunity of becoming the owner of his own freehold property.

"This buying of the Ramsden estate is just one of those changes in social conditions in England to which we are now getting accustomed.

"There was a period of slavery, then a period of serfdom and then a period of landlord-and tenant. To-day is the period when people are going to own their own freeholds, which is one of the greatest ties to keep men at home, and satisfied men will always fight for home."

London Bridge's Predecessor.

Probably few of the millions who pass over London Bridge know much of the romantic story of its predecessor, which spanned the Thames for six centuries and a half, with its long street of houses and shops.

This was the bridge that was a familiar spectacle to every Londoner and to every "country cousin" from the days of Henry II, before Magna Charta was yet thought of, to the days of people still living. Three times the bridge was in danger of being destroyed by fire—once in its infancy in 1212, again when the Great Fire laid London low, and lastly, seventeen years later, in 1683.

This old bridge had witnessed many strange happenings; but one of the oddest, and certainly the most romantic of them all, was when it served as a tilting-ground for two doughty knights of the fourteenth century. John de Wells, a valiant knight, who was Ambassador to Scotland, had boasted that there was no such cavalier north of the Tweed as the south could produce, and David Lindsay, Earl of Crawford, had picked up the gauntlet the Englishman had thus thrown down. The duel was arranged for St. George's Day, 1390, and the scene of it was to be—of all places in the world—London Bridge.

On the day appointed the two gallant champions, John de Wells and David Lindsay, each clad in mail, took up his position.

At the first onslaught the knights met in the centre of the bridge with a terrific crash; but, though their lances were splintered like matchwood, each remained immovable in his saddle.

A second course had a like result, so sturdy and so equally matched were the antagonists; but in the third course the assault of the Scottish knight was so irresistible that De Wells was flung senseless to the ground.

Such was one out of hundreds of the strange sights old London Bridge had looked on before, in 1832, it vanished altogether from a city in which it was evident it had "lagged superfluous."

Charm Lasts Only Year.

It is a curious fact that the snake-charmers of India change their victims every year, letting loose the snakes they have had for exactly a year, to the very day, and procuring fresh ones to take their places. The superstition in the family is to the effect that their power over individual snakes becomes ineffectual after exactly one year, says the Wide World Magazine. They cite as proof the fact that a venturesome female snake-charmer once attempted to keep a particularly fine specimen beyond the specified time. The result was fatal; the woman died from the creature's bite. This odd belief could be easily explained by the fact that, knowing this legend, the women lose their confidence.

Prizes for Weavers.

A gift of $10,000 from John Crompton, of Manchester, England, will provide rewards to the designers and weavers of original cotton fabrics designed and woven in technical colleges or weaving schools in the British Empire. One-half of the fabrics sent in for competition must be entirely of cotton, and the remainder may contain 70 per cent. of cotton threads. A special committee of the Textile Institute, of Manchester, will take care of the collection of the samples.

Men Wear Combs.

In India men wear combs in their hair much more than women do. A Cingalese gentleman wears what we know as the circular comb, and a very ornamental back comb of tortoise shell to gather his curly locks together.

Music Hath Charms.

"Why don't you learn the violin, my dear?"

"Why should I?"

"It would give your chin a rest."