

A photograph of a coastal town, likely a fishing village, with colorful houses (red, white, grey) and wooden boats in the water. The scene is captured in a slightly desaturated, vintage style. The houses are built on a slight incline, and the water reflects the buildings and the sky. In the foreground, several wooden boats are docked, one of which is filled with what appears to be a catch of fish or seafood. The overall atmosphere is quiet and traditional.

THE
CONTINENTAL
MAGAZINE

Varied Attractions of the Maritimes

Fall 1973

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A new standard.



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LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION



THE
CONTINENTAL
MAGAZINE

Vol. 13 No. 3

Fall 1973



Cover: a favorite target of photographers is the waterfront at Peggy's Cove, a fishing village near Halifax, Nova Scotia. Photograph by Leonard P. Johnson

CONTENTS

A Full, Rich Life in the Maritimes

John Uphaw

2

Starting a Wine Cellar on \$1,000

Alexis Bespaloff

6

The Pleasures of a Moveable Garden

Irene M. Saunders

9

The Continentals for 1974

William E. Pauli

14

What They're Wearing for Paddle Tennis

Mary Augusta Rodgers

15

Colombia—Newest Shore of the Caribbean

Mary Zimmer

18

Quality Shopping at the Art Museum

Jean Mackenzie

22

The New Interlock System in Lincoln-Mercury Cars

25

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The marvels
of northeast Canada—
the air, the spaciousness,
the sport, the scenery—
are accentuated in the fall

A Full, Rich Life in

The Maritimes



Above: There is no fresher seafood in the world than that found in the market at St. John, New Brunswick; right: At Louisburg National Park on Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, the Canadian government is creating a 20-square-mile 18th century town



Left: Throughout the Maritimes there are hundreds of harbors and coves and fishing villages like this, Indian Harbor in Nova Scotia; above: Parts of Nova Scotia are so Scottish that there is actually a college where bagpipe playing and Highland dancing can be learned

by John Upshaw

Photographs by Leonard P. Johnson

DURING THE LATTER PART of the past summer, a national magazine carried a full-page advertisement for the Maritime Provinces of Canada. Under the heading ATLANTIC CANADA—THIS FALL, it showed four pictures: a country scene in New Brunswick, harness racing in Nova Scotia, tuna fishing off Prince Edward Island, and a fishing village in Newfoundland. These are the Maritimes.

Perhaps the advertisement came as news to a lot of the magazine's readers because the Maritimes had rarely been called to their attention. This is not to say that Canada has been trying to keep its eastern provinces a secret, but the fact is that the voices raised for the Maritimes have been very discreet when compared with those of such vacation areas as Florida and the West Indies. A certain diffidence has attended Maritimes publicity, an attitude entirely consistent with the character of the region.

Any observers asked to add up the principal components of that character would agree that they include (a) quietness, (b) a singular sparseness of population, (c) a touch of the old-fashioned, (d) something sweetly golden about the sun in summer and fall, and (e) the constant presence of the sea. Some visitors might add other things according to their tastes, such as the way that time takes its time, the absence of high mountains—with consequent broad vistas of land and water—the long, slow way of sunsets, and the sound of bells,

some merry, some mournful.

To add it all together, the Maritimes today are like a small town in America late in the 19th century. It's as if the region has been at peace for a century and will be at peace for at least another. It is the old-fashioned kind of place that is coming back in fashion.

The first persons from the States to become interested in the Maritimes were not so much vacationers as sportsmen. They were lured by fabulous fly fishing for salmon in the spawning rivers, by bird shooting, and by hunting for bear and moose in the deep woods away from the coasts. They'd get to their sporting camps, enjoy themselves for a week or two and be off home, refreshed and satisfied by first-class recreation. There was also one other category of visitor—artists who would go to Prince Edward Island and a few other places to use the seascapes as subjects for paintings.

It wasn't until after World War II that Americans began to make their way to the Maritimes for reasons other than sport. What they were discovering was a beautifully simple vacation land. Its hotels weren't, and still aren't, especially sumptuous. It was a region that made no demands on them. They could sit on porches and let the slow pace of time carry them along. They could golf at leisure. They might do some deep-sea fishing. They'd be in bed by ten, while light still hung in the sky.

To a considerable degree, this hasn't