

remote regions. After a service, at which we were present, I ventured to say to a stalwart Highlander that the sermon was excellent. He stroked his beard, shrugged his shoulders, and replied, indifferently, "Aye, no' sae bad, for him."

In spite of the rugged character of the country the means of subsistence are easily obtainable, and there is little or no poverty. The land, though rocky, is fertile between the rocks, and even with indifferent care yields a good harvest. A greater pressure of material need, or a stronger desire for material possessions would do much to develop more fully the resources of agriculture. Many of the people exhibit that easy unconcern of the flight of time which under less favourable circumstances would probably be called laziness. On one of our fishing excursions a man approached us as we were whipping the stream unsuccessfully, and remarked that he thought the fish would take better a "piece" up the river. We ventured to ask how far the "piece" might be, to which his reply was, "About fifteen miles!" It almost lengthened our holiday to encounter anyone with such a comfortable sense of leisure.

Fishing is the chief industry of Cape Breton, especially in the north, halibut, cod, haddock, mackerel and herring being all found in those waters. Among other things we learned that some fish favour an off-shore wind and others an on-shore wind, and that, as one would expect, they invariably follow the bait. When that is plentiful the toilers on the sea are sure to reap a rich reward. Last season the catch was considerably below the average, the fish having moved to better feeding grounds. The favourite bait is the squid, a gelatinous mass something like the cuttlefish in miniature. These squid are caught, or "jigged" — to use the technical term — by means of a circle of bare hooks, round which they twine their tentacles. It is worth seeing a full herring-net brought to land. The appearance of a shoal in the bay is indicated by a peculiar ruffling of the surface of the water, quickly noticed by the keen eyes of the lookout man from his perch of observation. The herring are usually meshed in a net stretched in a semi-circle near the shore, and drawn in at the right moment when the "run" comes. When division of the spoil has been made among the dozen or more who may be partners in the enterprise, the night after a good catch is usually spent in merriment. The aid of an amateur fiddler is called in, and the men, with their wives and sweethearts, enjoy a rustic dance on the floor of the largest cabin which the settlement happens to boast.

In fishing for cod the boats are anchored in from fifteen to fifty fathoms of water, or even more. A strong line with three hooks at the end of it, and a large piece of lead

as a sinker, is dropped from the boat to within a few feet of the bed of the sea. Sometimes it is slow and dreary work, but if the fish are there at all one has not to contend with any dainty fastidiousness on their part. When the squid are not obtainable they will seize eagerly a slice of herring or mackerel. There is little play about the cod. It is simply a question of pulling through the water from ten to seventy or eighty pounds. Halibut, the largest fish caught in those regions, often weigh as much as four hundred pounds. When firmly hooked, they are hauled to the side of the boat, and despatched with pikes before being drawn into it. The haddock, though smaller than the cod, is more lively in its movements, and is usually fished for in somewhat shallower water. The hake is a kind of degenerate cod, lacking its delicate flavour, and much less valuable in the market. From two long hair-like projections on either side of its gills it is commonly called the goat. At Ingonish we were shown a cod which had been cut in two as it was being drawn through the water by the swift rush of a shark. Some rumours also reach us of the proximity of the sea serpent, but in view of the prevalence of fog in those latitudes, we are inclined to discredit them. Yet, after making due allowance for those half-unconscious exaggerations called "fish stories," there remains plenty of interest and not a little adventure in the lives of the hardy fishermen. Their work is the chief source of wealth in the Eastern Provinces of the Dominion. Many of them every year fall victims at their post of duty, and, overwhelmed in some sudden squall, are heard of no more.

The drive from Ingonish to Baddeck presents to the traveller most varied and picturesque scenery. The first part of the journey leads over Smoky Mountain, where the road in places is perilously narrow. One trembles to think what might happen if the horses took fright and hurled the waggon down the cliff into the river whose murmur reaches us from far below. We are glad to get out for a while and pick the delicious raspberries which, in neglected luxuriance, covered the sides of the way. After the mountain had been safely passed, our road ran for some miles near the sea, and we could follow the course of a little fishing schooner which had left Ingonish before us, and with a fair wind was making for Sydney. Many of the farms which we passed were without fences. The live stock, we understood, was relegated to harmless quarters in the rear of the estate, and supposed to remain there, leaving the crops unmolested. The district of St. Anne's abounds in constant surprises of scenery. From a narrow neck of land which juts out at the head of the bay and is adorned with a lighthouse, we were ferried across to the

opposite shore. Our Charon was intent on making hay, and only the most persistent shouting brought him to our aid. The old scow which he commanded seemed altogether too small to accommodate our horses and waggon, but it did so, nevertheless, by the most rigid economy of space and landed us in safety at Englishtown, a rather dilapidated village which in its struggle with time seemed to have had the worst of it. Possibly its deterioration began with the death of the Cape Breton giant, who about thirty years ago brought glory to the place by having his home there, and who still gives it a measure of renown through the records of his prowess and the bequest of a suit of clothes which may be seen by the admirers of greatness.

George Eliot remarks that "among all forms of mistake, prophecy is the most gratuitous." But she is speaking of prophecy in regard to individuals. At all events, one can scarcely visit Cape Breton without hazarding some forecast of the future, and that of a hopeful kind. The population of the island is about 85,000, but its resources would enable it easily to maintain at least five times that number. More than half its area is well adapted for agriculture. It has large and valuable forests still untouched. The centre of the island consists of carboniferous rocks, and only a small beginning is as yet made among its rich coal deposits. The climate in many respects, is unsurpassed in Canada. The winters are milder than in the western parts of the Dominion, and there is less fog than on the Nova Scotia frontier. The summer heat is tempered by the sea within and around, so that the thermometer seldom rises above 75° or 80° Fahrenheit, whereas in Ontario and Quebec it is sometimes over 100°. Among the rugged hills of the north a Scotch crofter would find little difficulty in imagining himself at home, and would be in no danger of starving. If the variety and beauty of Bras d'or scenery were better known, it would become one of the favourite summer resorts of the continent. Every season a larger number, both of Canadian and American tourists, find their way to Cape Breton. While the success of the fishermen varies from year to year, there is no sign of exhaustion in this industry. The value of the fisheries of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton for 1887 was over \$9,000,000. The railway in course of construction will give a great impetus to the island. The work is being pushed forward vigorously, and tenders are now called for by the Dominion Government for the erection of a substantial iron bridge at the Grand Narrows. In spite of that minority of pessimists who can be found anywhere, the people of Cape Breton, as a whole, are industrious in developing its resources, confident in regard to the future, and loyal in their devotion to the British crown.—VIATOR.

CARPETS!

WM. BEATTY & SON

Are now showing a fine assortment of

WILTON, AXMINSTER AND BRUSSELS CARPETS.

ART SQUARES in various sizes.
OILCLOTHS AND LINOLEUMS, 24 and 12 feet wide.
CHINA MATTINGS, in handsome designs, from 25c. up.
CURTAINS—Silk, Chenille, Madras, Lace, Etc.
The NEW CORK CARPET, plain and figured.
BEST FRAME BRUSSELS—Made up with borders to fit rooms of 20 yards and less, at 85c. per yard.

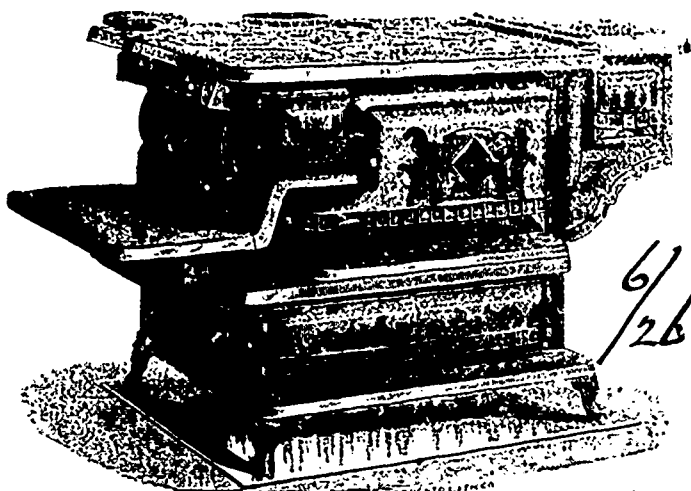
WM. BEATTY & SON

3 King Street East, - - - Toronto.

COOKING RANGES.

Gurney's Grand Duchess

Gurney's Model Standard



Gurney's Home Standard

Round Fire Pot Range.

THE FINEST LINE IN THE WORLD.

Confederation Life

TORONTO.

11/26
800

OVER \$3,500,000

ASSETS

AND CAPITAL.

SIR W. P. HOWLAND,
President.

J. R. Macdonald,
Managing Director.

W. C. MACDONALD,
Actuary.

MENDELSSOHN + PIANO + COMPANY,

— MANUFACTURERS OF —

HIGH-CLASS PIANOS.

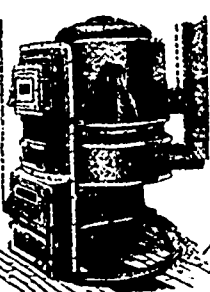
Unequaled in elegance of construction, beauty of finish, easy and sympathetic touch, fineness and pure of tone.

AMERICAN PIANOS, CANADIAN AND AMERICAN ORGANS.

Second-hand Pianos and Organs on small weekly or monthly payments.

91 & 93 KING STREET WEST,

TORONTO



CLARE BROS. & CO.,

PRESTON, - ONT.,

MANUFACTURERS OF
CORRUGATED IRON AND WOOD
HOT-AIR FURNACES & REGISTERS.

12 STYLES - 40 SIZES.
Complete catalogue of the largest and most complete
Line of Hot Air Furnaces for both Coal and Wood manufac-
ture. Send for free. Address this page, 73.

