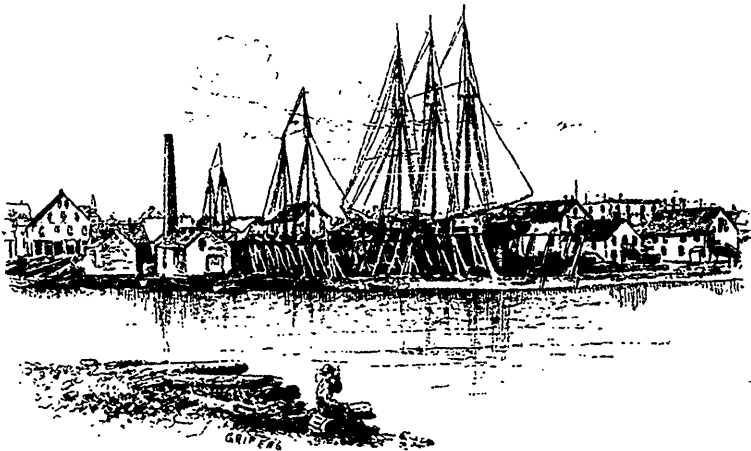


an independent province with a parliament of its own. But its ancient grandeur is fading away. The shore is lined with decaying wharfs, and broken-backed and sagging houses—which seem as if they would slip into the water—with queer little windows, and very small panes of glass. I saw at Oxford, England, an old Saxon church, which looked less ancient than the Roman Catholic chapel of this town. On the dilapidated old court-house was the appropriate motto, FIAT JUSTITIA. But everything was not old. There were two new churches in course of erection, a large and imposing academy, elegant steam-heated houses, and a long and lofty coaling wharf, where they could load a ship with 300 tons of coal, or 70 cars, in an



NORTH SYDNEY, SHIP-RAILWAY.

hour, and where ocean-going steamers have received cargoes of 3,700 tons.

We have in Cape Breton a fine example of social stratification, a Scottish overlying an earlier French civilization. Many of the older people speak only Gaelic, and the preaching is often in that language. Among the guests at the hotel were two brothers, both born on the island, one returning with his wife from New Zealand—shrewd, keen, enterprising men, yet betraying their ancestral Gaelic by an occasional “whateffer” and “moreoffer.” Speaking of the Sunday morning’s sermon, one remarked to the other “Did you no think it the least bit short, you know?”—the first time I ever heard that complaint. Yet out of the great route of travel as Sydney is, I found in