

seven miles from the town. The quartz was filled with galena and other minerals indicative of gold, but no gold was visible. Thirty leads show at low tide, both at the east and west sides of the island, which is pretty good evidence that the leads run across it. These vary in thickness, from six inches up to three feet, and the samples shown were knocked off the surface of the leads. A company, composed of James Dywer, of Halifax, P. J. Cope, Sr., P. J. Cope, Jr., F. Cope, P. Purcell, John Murphy, John F. McKenzie, and C. C. Hart, have taken up the property, which will be prospected at once. I had desired to see Mr. John F. McKenzie, who is largely interested in mining, and who, I was informed, had samples of the ore from Beaver Dam and Lochaber districts, but I failed to run across him.

The post office is at Sutherland, and on my return, I found my way blocked by dozens of the young men and women of the town, all waiting for the opening of the mail. As was only natural, there was any amount of flirting, all by the light of the moon. One sweetly fragile young thing, with brilliant flashing eyes, was evidently very angry, at least I judged so, from her remarks, which were—"Look here, Sam Jones, if you do that again, I'll slap your mouth!" I could only sigh—for their folly, and walk mournfully into the house, where I was soon snoring in the most comfortable of beds.

FROM SHEET HARBOR TO UPPER MUSQUODOBOIT.

Promptly at 5 in the morning I was out of bed, and performed my toilet by lamp light. This made it the bluest of blue Fridays to me, and the discomfort was heightened by the fact that I had a bad attack of Dufferin Mine, and my legs almost refused to perform their office.

A smoking breakfast was devoured with a keen relish, and shortly after six the stage drove up. Two sportsmen occupied the front seat with the driver, and I scrambled in and took my place beside the mother and baby, who acted as a buffer between me and the pretty girl. In my politeness I gave as much room as possible, and made the 28 mile journey partly seated on the iron rail of the seat. I now fully agree with Byron.

"That iron is a creaking thing."

It was a cold, raw morning, with a north easterly wind accompanied with fog; but that did not dampen our spirits, and we bowled merrily along. The sportsmen proved capital companions, at the size of their game bag reminded me of my own exploits in the shoo'ng line—it consisted of two black ducks.

The baby was delightfully quiet, and on my complimenting the mother, she informed me that she had given it a dose of soothing syrup just before starting. For this she was duly lectured by one of the party, and promised never to offend again. The road was very rough, and the bushes had so encroached on the narrow way that they struck us in the face in passing, and splashed icy dew all over us, but this was only cause for laughter. Suddenly, both hind wheels went into a hole with such a thump that we thought the axle must have broken. The only remark elicited from the pretty girl, was—"I'm glad I didn't have my tongue between my teeth." It was so suggestive that we laughed for a mile or more. A birch partridge was sighted a few rods ahead, trying to sun itself on a log. Now, all was excitement. The driver stopped the stage, the sportsmen jumped out, and there was a great hunt for cartridges. They were finally found, the gun loaded, and then the partridge getting tired of waiting to be shot flew away. On we drove, and soon put up a spruce partridge, which lit on a spruce tree, and quietly blinked at us as we passed. The driver stopped, the sportsmen again alighted, and disregarding the jehu's advice to "knock the blamed thing down with a stone," took steady aim, for an age, it seemed to me, and brought down the bird—and such is sport. No wonder game is growing scarce, when the woods are filled with such "pot hunters."

KILLAG GOLD DISTRICT.

A few miles out we passed the road leading to the Killag District, where Mr. George Stuart has erected a mill, and where he is still vigorously prospecting for a rich lead that the boulders prove must exist somewhere in the district.

That his perseverance will, in the end, be rewarded, there is little doubt; but few men would have had the pluck to stick to it as Stuart has.

My not meeting Mr. Stuart was a great disappointment to me, as he is one of our most intelligent miners, and I had expected to receive from him much valuable information in regard to several districts which I had intended visiting. I found that he was in Guysboro County, with no prospect of returning for a week; and in his absence, there would be little use of my walking into the mine, which is only a few miles from the coach road.

We passed several comfortable settlements on the road, which are favorite resorts for sportsmen; and at one place where we stopped to water the horses, we encountered a most comical little miss. She approached the stage to deliver a letter, and all our efforts to make her smile were futile. The seriousness depicted in the little face, combined with the costume of long pantaloons down to the feet, short skirt, hair drawn back in two little pig tails, and her measured tread were comical in the extreme. She delivered the letter to the driver without a word, and without moving a muscle of her face; she then turned most deliberately, placed her hands behind her back, and marched off at the same slow pace. Life with her was evidently a most serious business. Our women passengers shrieked with laughter, and even the half-stupefied baby had to smile. "It is a long road that has no turning," and we finally emerged from the woods to see the Musquodoboit Valley lying before us in all its beauty of quiet stream, rich intervale land, comfortable homesteads, and hills widening out on either side, and clothed to their summits with brilliant forests.

The road was now perfect, and we were soon at Upper Musquodoboit. Here, I stopped at Fiske's, and had the pleasure of dining with the "school teacher," whom I found a bright, intelligent, and most agreeable young lady. Would the scholars say the same?

CARRIBOU GOLD DISTRICT.

It is nine miles to Carribou, and Mr. Fiske drove me over. Farmers as a rule are most obliging, and Nova Scotian farmers exceptionally so. In all my experience I have never found one unwilling to go to considerable trouble for—a consideration. The great principle underlying the law of contracts is fully instilled into their beings.

As we neared the mines the remains of the old tramway, over which Mr. Hyde used to haul ore to his water mill, was encountered; the Heatherington and Caffrey crusher buildings passed, and log cabins, some in use, and some tumbling to decay, proved that we had reached another mining camp.

The Carribou district is noted as a very rich mining locality, and one of the most valuable boulders ever found in Nova Scotia was discovered here by William Bruce. Mr. D. Touquoy owns some very good property in the district. One lot of 24 areas bounds the Lake Lode property on the east, west and north, and has been prospected, showing three gold bearing leads. Another block of 49 areas lies about 125 feet from where Robert Wright and others have just made a rich strike. It is west of the Caffrey and Heatherington areas, and Mr. Touquoy has in past years taken a large amount of gold out of the several leads that he has developed and worked. I was shown a fine sample from one of the leads, which has averaged 8 ozs. to the ton. The property is not now being worked, as Mr. Touquoy has all he can attend to in his fine mine at Moose River. B. G. Gray, Esq., Barrister, of Halifax, owns or controls a number of areas known as the Heatherington property, which have yielded a large amount of gold. Of late years the areas have been principally worked on tribute, and knowing miners have long had their eyes on the property. Some of these areas were lately forfeited, and were at once taken up by some old hands, who have already "struck it rich." The Caffrey property was once quite noted. It was the source of considerable litigation, its owner having traded it for a large farm in Quebec Province. He discovered just after making the transfer that the farm was heavily mortgaged, and only managed to get his mine back after a protracted suit. The details of the suit were ludicrous in the extreme, a sort of "diamond cut diamond" business, the defendant being the well known "Carribou" Cameron, who amassed an immense fortune in the Carribou gold district of British Columbia. The crusher is now reported to be owned by Geo. Stuart, W. L. Lowell and others.

Mr. Fiske left me at the Lake Lode Crusher, where I met an old mining friend, Dan McDonald, who kindly conducted me around, and gave me a full account of the district.

LAKE LODGE COMPANY.

The Lake Lode Company is a Boston corporation, Mr. Sawyer being the managing director, and Mr. Wadsworth the manager in charge of the mine. Geo. Stuart, Mr. Gladwin, and others, sold the property, which consists of some eight or ten areas, and it has proved a fortunate investment for the purchasers.

Two shafts have been sunk on the main lead, (which is reported to be 16 feet in thickness,) the deepest now being down 160 feet. About 60 feet in all has been tunneled along the lead from both shafts, and Dan McDonald has just contracted to connect the two shafts by a tunnel, so that all the ore may be hoisted from the shaft nearest the mill. The company have determined not to be wrecked by unnecessary expenditure for surface plant, and are grinding out good profits from a five stamp mill. As Mr. Wadsworth wisely says, "you can get as much machinery as you wish to pay for, but we want gold and are bound to get it." Twenty men find constant employment at this mine.

WRIGHT-MCDONALD PROPERTY.

A walk of about a mile brought us to the old Heatherington property, and here, upon some forfeited areas which Robert Wright, S. D. McDonald, of Renfrew, and C. S. MacDonell, of Oldham, had secured, we found a party of men under Mr. Wright sinking a shaft and hoisting some very rich quartz to the surface. I saw two tubs dumped, and the quartz was so peppered with coarse gold, and small nuggets were so plentiful, that I was reminded of the McGuire mine at Whiteburn.

Mr. Wright was naturally in the best of humor, and said they had been working about a month, but had been greatly troubled with water. The shaft was about 15 feet deep, and the lead varied from 7 to 10 inches. The lead is on what is known as the saddle, and the rich pay streak they had struck had been overlooked by Captain Warren when he had worked the same property. Mr. Touquoy, in past years, had been tributing near the present find, and secured four ounces to the ton out of the ore. Captain Warren took the property from him as soon as he could, but never made it pay.

This is only another example of the great care and knowledge required in gold mining. The prospects are so bright that steam pumping and hoisting gear will at once be placed in position. The quartz is now being crushed in the old Caffrey mill.

A WALK THROUGH THE WOODS.

It was twenty minutes of five, and I had still an eight miles walk before me in order to reach my destination at Moose River.

McDonald led me well into the trail, gave me a few instructions, and then I hurried on my lonely way. There is not a house between the two camps, and the path is through the heart of the forest. My only fear was that night would overtake me, and this hurried my steps, which were rather impeded by satchel and ulster. In places the path was a quagmire, detours had to be made around windfalls, and babbling brooks crossed on slippery sapplings. The solitude was intense, almost painful; not a living thing was to be seen, not even a bird, and my hopes of seeing a moose or some large game were sadly disappointed. The loneliness was increased by passing a deserted mining camp, the roofs of the old log houses caved in, and the small clearing filled with a rank growth of weeds. Diverging paths were