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ON MID-SUMMER HOLIDAY.

(By the Editor.)

T. P. O'Connor, the famous editor Irishman, says that no matter how bad he is with the blues, the air, or atmosphere or something about Glasgow sets him up again. Many who visit Scotland take notice of the fact that even on dull, leaden days, and there are lots of them, there is something exhilarating in the climate. This also is my experience. One can walk long distances without experiencing fatigue, whereas to walk similar distances on this side the water would make him 'dead' tired. Though one may not feel any great depression on a dull or wet day, visitors to Glasgow of course prefer a dry day, as shop window inspection can then be carried on without umbrella encumbrance. It is a great pity there are so many rainy days in the west of Scotland in summer. The rain spoils often the pleasure of a family, a pleasure that is looked forward too for months. A very large number of heads of families make a point of having an annual excursion 'down the water.' The good man and the good wife and a' the bairns are there. They wend their way to the steamer. Their hopes are high of a pleasant outing down the coast, for the morning is bright. But then in Scotland one can never well tell how long the sun will shine on any one day. The 'folks' are not much more than started on their sail when down comes the rain to spoil the whole day perhaps, for there is no turning back once a start is made. Had the day not been long planned for and could another day be selected it would not be so bad, but their savings for the grand occasion have disappeared and they must needs live in hopes for another year. Of course there are thousands upon thousands who can take several days and select their own time, but it is not so with the honest, industrious laborer who has a big family to feed, clothe and educate. It is the most risky business, to be a weather prophet. I have noticed that whether the sky be high or low, the sunset golden or gloomy, the new moon straight or curved, the wind west or east, or north or south, the rain comes down in the west of Scotland. But when the days are fine, ah, then.

If one goes from Canada to Scotland to see the sights, let him consult one or two of the many cheap guide books issued by the railway and steamship companies. In these he will receive information so plentiful as to be bewildering. If however, he comes for rest, to view at leisure the beauty of the lovely lochs, the heather clad

mountains, and the valleys in peaceful repose, rather than the sights, and the 'sighs' of the cities, or the places of starred fame, renowned in story, I can, to use an Americanism, 'put him on to it.'

Rothsay is called the Madeira of Scotland. Let him go there. When I say 'him' I include her for I cannot now, and never could, understand how a solitary traveller could thoroughly enjoy himself. Two, in travelling, are better than one even if the two be males. Rothsay is a famous watering place on the Island of Bute, situated about forty miles from Glasgow. Access or exit may be had at all hours of the day, either all sail or half rail and half sail, at very low rates of travel. A bedroom and parlour, with use of bath and attendance, which includes cooking, can be had from seven dollars and fifty to ten dollars a week. A fire even on some summer mornings—costs a shilling a week extra. The short time tenants, for the rooms can be hired for a week or a month, have of course to supply their own provisions. And that is a pleasurable and an easy matter. As the songster says 'and many lands I've seen' yet I know of no land where the wants of the inner man can be so well and so cheaply attended to as in Scotland, and wholesome 'fairin' to boot. These remarks do not apply to epicures, but to those who believe in eating to live, and not living to eat. For breakfast, the one in charge of the commissary can procure at a near by shop, and how clean the shops are kept, fresh rolls of which one, after his porridge, is satisfying, flannan hadies, mild or high smoked, beef ham, that one never sees in Nova Scotia; Wiltshire bacon, never rancid; Lochfyne herring, caught the night previous, or delicate whittings, sweet and fresh. For dinner there is a roast of juicy, tender beef, nice flavored mutton, or a piece of Bute salmon, the best in the world. For supper, a Scots kipper, a sole, or a sausage. One can buy provisions fresh every day, as being easily procurable it is not necessary to buy large supplies. For instance, a party went into a shop and said, 'We are leaving in a day or two, what is the smallest quantity of potatoes you sell?' 'A pennyworth' was the startling reply, and the reply of the customer was 'Oh!' accompanied with a laugh. In most Scottish families waste is a sin, for there is no necessity for it. There is not much difference between the hotel rates in Britain and in Canada. Bed and breakfast costs about a dollar, and dinner from fifty to seventy five cents. If tipping is more general on the other side it is not quite so costly as on this. Scottish waiters, where they have not