

million acres only a small section is fit for cultivation. The rest of it is good for other things. The productive coal measures, for instance, cover about 250 square miles, and there are other sources of wealth in the earth, some of which are known, and some of which have yet to be developed.

The Bras d'Or waters have a surface area of 420 square miles, and while the width from shore to shore is as much as eighteen miles in one place, there are places where it is less than a mile. So, too; the depth varies in somewhat the same ratio as rise the surrounding hills. In one part of Little Bras d'Or there is a depth of nearly 700 feet, the depression equalling the height of the surrounding land. Every variety of landscape meets the

crowned with verdure, rise majestically toward the clouds. Nothing is common, nothing tame: all is fitted to fill the mind with emotions of keenest pleasure.

The sea lies at rest in the Bras d'Or; neither tide nor surf disturbs its sleep; only a strong wind can rouse it there to a suggestion of its boisterous life beyond the encircling wall of hills. Once a whale came in and lost its way, and a man soon captured the monster of the deep far inland among the hills.

The Bras d'Or is famed for its fine codfish, and the catching and curing of them has been an important source of revenue to the people. Lobsters are also abundant.

On Cape Breton, too, is a place made famous

time; it has vanished from the face of the earth.

Its capture by the undisciplined New England farmers, commanded by William Pepperell, a merchant ignorant of the art of war, is one of the most extraordinary events in the annals of history. The zealous crusaders set forth upon a task, of the difficulties of which they had no conception, and they gained a triumph which should make their names as immortal as those of the "noble six hundred." It was a feat without a parallel—a marvel among the most marvellous deeds which man has dared to do.

Restored to France by the peace of Aix la Chapelle, Louisburg was again the stronghold of France on the Atlantic coast, and French



CAPE CLEAR.—From Cape Breton Illustrated.

eye of the delighted stranger, and it is because of this variety that the eye never wearies and the senses are never palled.

Who can describe the beauties of this strange ocean, this imprisoned sea which divides an island in twain? For about fifty miles its waters are sheltered from the ocean of which it forms a part, and in this length it expands into bays, inlets and romantic havens, with islands, peninsulas and broken lines of coast—all combining to form a scene of rare beauty, surpassing the power of pen to describe. At every turn new features claim our wonder and admiration. Here a cluster of fairy isles, here some meandering stream, and here some narrow strait leading into a broad and peaceful bay. High above, tower the mountains with their ancient forests, while at times bold cliffs,

ere the English flag waved in supremacy over Canada. It is Louisburg, once one of the strongest cities of the world, but now a grass-grown ruin where not one stone is left upon another. Once it was a city with walls of stone which made a circuit of two and a half miles, were thirty-six feet high, and of the thickness of forty feet at the base. For twenty-five years the French had labored upon it, and had expended upwards of thirty millions of livres or nearly six million dollars in completing its defences. It was called the Dunkirk of America. Garrisoned by the veterans of France, and with powerful batteries commanding every point, it bristled with most potent pride of war. To-day it is difficult to trace its site among the turf which marks the ruins. Seldom has demolition been more complete. It seemed built for all

veterans held Cape Breton, the key to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The brief truce was soon broken, and then came the armies of England, and Wolfe sought and won his first laurels in the New World. Louisburg fell once more and the knell of its glory was rung. The conquest of Canada achieved, the edict went forth that Louisburg should be destroyed. The work of demolition was begun. The solid buildings, formed of stone brought from France, were torn to pieces; the walls were pulled down and the batteries rendered useless for all time. It took two years to complete the destruction, and the once proud city was a shapeless ruin. Years passed by; the stones were carried away by the dwellers along the coast; and the hand of time was left to finish the work of obliteration. Time has been more merciful than man; it has cov-