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40. I have a developed the author of "Molly Bawn," etc.

41. Parl III of above.

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MINING.

"BONNIE BRAS D'OR."

FROM HALIFAN TO WEST BAY AND RETURN.

It was a morning in "balmy" June, but no one would have believed it from the weather, as it was pouring rain and chilly enough for early Mar. Not a cheering day to start on a journey, but as the first stage was by rall to Mulgrave there was no discomfort to be anticipated, and the prospects were good for fine weather in the future. Once under way and scated in the comfortable smoker of the St. John Express with a jolly company of commercial travellers the weather was soon forgotten. By the time the morning papers had been perused and the stock of Chestnuts had been exhausted Truto was scached, and we were soon off for New Glasgow, leaving our attentive Conductor Duncan to continue on his way to Amherst. The min still poured down and the mist on the car windows shut out the view, so that the passengers had no resource but books, and the train boy did a thriving business in gaudily covered novels with startling titles. In front of me sat Father Chiniquy, and unobserved by him I had the best of opportunities of studying his outward man. People naturally differ in their opinion of this ex-priest, but no one can honestly doubt his sincerity and benevolence. He is, however "not pleasant to look upon." in abandoning Romanism he had evidently eschewed one teaching of the church and that is cleanliness. The wearing apparel had a decidedly snuffy appearance and the sleeves of his under-shirt, which came even over his hands, would have been improved by a liberal application of soap and water. He was rehearsing to an open-mouthed admirer his persecutions and his triumphs, which was rendered somewhat incoherent by his broken English. I knew that on the train there was a charming young lady on her way home to Cape Breton, but thinking that the way under leving secont on the wise minimals that the thinking that she was under loving escort, on the wise principle that "two is company and three is a crowd," I did not intrude. It was only as we neared Antigonish that I found she was quite alone and that I had missed a never to be forgotten opportunity of passing my time in her most pleasant company. The sun struggled out as we approached Hopewell and gave usa fine view of the pretty town. It is quite a manufacturing centre, and not far from the station are the Hopewell Woollen Mills, so celebrated for their tweeds and homespuns. At New Glasgow we had a comfortable dinner at the Vendome and met a gentleman who was to have been our travelling companion, but who was prevented from doing more than accompanying us some thirty miles on our way, where he caught the return train to New Glagow. Doctor Murphy, who is now practicing at New Glasgew, was also met looking prosperous and happy. It was my first visit to New Glasgow, and I trust it may not be my last, as the impression derived from merely paring through it was most favorable. I had a glimpse of the steel and glass works and of some of the quiet streets lined with handsome private residences, but only saw enough to desire to see more. From New Glasgow to Antigonish the road runs through a fine farming country, and the scenery, especially at Merigomish, French River, and Barney's River, is quite picturesque. The hills rise to a considerable height and the rivers, valleys and arms of the su give a charming variety to the route. At Antigonish the large dwelling and farm buildings of Mr. Gregory perched on a bluff to the west of the station, are striking objects, while the sembre walls of the large and, from the distance, ugly looking cathedral, rise from amongst the neatly printed buildings of the town and seem to frown them down. From Antigonish to Tracedio the scenery is decidedly tame and monotous, and does not improve materially until Cape Porcupine, like the immense prow of a ship, stands out in bold relief. The inhabitants along the way are largely French, and near Harbor au Bouche, a decidedly Frenchy scene was witnessed. In front of a rotten delapidated farm house stood an old Frenchman dressed in shirt and homespun trousers with a broad brimmed straw hat on his head. Behind him was his wife, a tall angular woman also scantily dressed in homespan, with a youngster close beside her. The old man held a flag in his hand which he waved franticly as the train passed, while the woman and the bog gesticulated wildly. The train whistled and the three made a low bow, the old man removing his hat in the most polite manner. On the return trip the same performance was repeated, and I was then informed by the train hands that not a train passed the house that is not saluted in a similar way. Ile engineers, drivers and train hands enter into the fun, and the old man's heart is always delighted by a shrill whistle from the locomotive. Who bat a Freuchman could enjoy such childishness? At 3 30 pm., we reached Muigrave, and went aboard the government steamer Noiwegian, which sixe a few moments delay got underway and soon landed us at Port Hastings. It was cold and raining, and on the passage of the straits we sought shelter in the cabin of the steamer, which we found disgracefully dirty-surely the gevernment can afford to give decent ferry accommodation at Canso ! Mr. Archibald, the manager of a large number of stage routes in Cape

Breton agreed to hire us his private conveyance, a most comfortable covered carriage, so, although it was still raining, we determined to push on to our destination—Marble Mountain—distant some 25 miles. We first had to all the Caledonia Hotel and then started on our drive.

My companion was a native of West Bay, where he had numerous relatives. When only a child his parents had removed to Hants County, and he had rerevisited his native place until a grown man, and after he had almost forget ton his Gaelic tongue. A pushing business man of Halifax, he had a fer years previously, in connection with his partner, secured all the lime stone at West Bay, orginally leased to Michael Brown, and the two, in connection with Mr. George Hattie of New Glasgow, had further purchased all the rights to the marble in Marble Mountain, also formerly owned by Mr. Born, who is now deceased. My mission was to have a look at these quarries, and

I could not have had a more pleasant or valuable companion, as his wife