

for what seemed like hours. No dwelling-places in sight, no human being seen, no sound heard, as we crossed in the darkness that isthmus of land between Glace Bay and Sydney.

After a weary while we at last saw the welcome lights of Sydney, and drove into a sleeping village, only to be told that every room in the place was full. At length a priest and a commercial traveller, fellow-passengers from the steamer, found a room, which they gave up to me. It was in a little public-house, but the bedroom was lighted by electricity!

We were up at 5 a.m., and in a torrent of rain drove to the station. The Intercolonial Railway only opened this new line from Sydney across Cape Breton eight months ago. It communicates with the magnificent harbour of Sydney and the exceedingly beautiful Bras d'Or Lakes. We travelled by the shores of several "guts," or inlets from the harbour. Then opens out the broad expanse of the lake itself, surrounded by mountains, along the foot of which we are creeping. The name Bras d'Or has such a pretty origin. When the French, in exploring Cape Breton, first saw the lake, it was autumn, and the shores were all golden in their autumnal glory; hence they called it the Golden Arm. For miles we are passing along its shores, which the waters are gently lapping under a leaden sky, and the great moun-