



PANORAMIC VIEW OF BADDECK AND HARBOR,

BADDECK

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The brilliant and fearless Jonathan Swift, in writing his conclusion to "Gulliver's Travels," severely censures those writers who, in order to please their readers, give fanciful descriptions of places seen by them in their travels, deceiving us often by the grossest falsehoods. In his own inimitable style he continues to urge the enforcing of a law compelling each writer of travel to take an oath before the Lord High Chancellor testifying to the truth of all his descriptions, at the same time picturing his own disappointment in beholding with disenchanted eyes scenes thus overdrawn. Impossible to read such a chapter unmoved! We therefore naturally resolved that hereafter we must either entirely avoid descriptive articles or endeavour "strictly to adhere to the truth" in that line. Imagine then our pleasure in having before us a subject incapable of exaggeration; one which, while calling for neither genius nor learning, admits of any amount of righteous enthusiasm without a single swerve from veracity.

We are told there is nothing new under the sun: This is the year nineteen hundred and fifteen yet it is just the same worship of beauty in nature that as we gaze over Baddeck and the scene before us incites us to cry with Spencer, that voice from the fourteenth century.

"I chauce to come
Into a place whose pleasure did appere

To passe all others on the earth which were;
For all that ever was by natures skill

Devised to worke delight was gathered there,
And there by her were poured forth at fill"

As if, this to adore she all the rest did fill.

Indeed I would go further; were I to embody in one all the songs of Browning, Wordsworth, Byron, Montgomery, Scott, and others it were a poem all too small to offer this "Land of beauty, virtue, valour and truth." My eyes have explored many scenes, some intoxicatingly lovely, yet the magnet still trembles and turns to this

one spot—Baddeck. In natural scenery there are just as innumerable and varied types as among men, beauty in both being oft-times distributed with apparent partiality.

Away to the poles there seems so little in nature apart from the ice scenes offering us the cold beauty of death.

Again in the torrid regions we are enervated and stifled by the too luxuriant vividness, or blinded by hot desert sands. But here, we find our happy medium our hearts desire, the temperate in wind and wave the ideal on land and sea. How then can one follow this lode-star? Where must we hie? Show us, we pray thee, the way that we may judge concerning it.

Far off among Asiatic Hills lies a city, the women of which follow a peculiar custom, unique, even

"Iona." There a pretty little two funneled steamer lies like a white sea-gull waiting to carry mail or men to Baddeck. Baddeck! Yes! We have surely heard of Charles Dudley Warner's Book, "Baddeck and That Sort of Thing," but a sweeping, though hurried survey fails to locate anything like a village, or town. On we go over the great bridge to Grand Narrows, and, creeping along to Shenacadie, we have our peep through the hood that covers our lovely village. There, far away, ten miles over the sparkling waters of the blue Bras d'Or lake, "Washabuck Point" and "Beinn Bhreagh" (the sides of the hood) we discern what our eyes have sought.

Nestled like a shy bird, on the lakeside, hidden behind a beautiful island, almost the length of the village and separated from it by a narrow channel, we find Baddeck, the summer Paradise, where the Lotus-Eaters once dwelt, and where the calming, peaceful influence still remains for those who seek rest.

But following out our figure a little further, the enchantment lies not so much with this bird as with her wonderful nest. Stretching out before her lies a portion of

them whither they will. Here and there the indispensable motor boats like swift messengers run hither and thither their chug-chugging the only disturbers of the almost perfect stillness; groups of bathers are splashing about, or sunning themselves on the island beach. Even in times of storm angry billows are seldom seen in this part of the inland sea, its waters less salt than the ocean, the joy of boaters and bathers.

Down to the left runs a long quiet bay the shores of which are dotted with summer homes of wealthy and distinguished Americans, who find there the health of body and rest of mind they perhaps failed to find elsewhere. On the opposite side of the bay lies "Beinn Bhreagh" which is the gaelic translation for "Beautiful Mountain." This is really a peninsula jutting out into the lake. It is much more than its name indicates; it is an estate, teeming with interest, not only for lovers of beauty; but for men of science and letters. It is the summer home of the distinguished inventor of the telephone now engaged, with his associates, in many, interesting experiments. Here Aeroplanes and Hydroplanes have been constructed and experimented with, while rising eighty feet against the sky line from the top of the mountain a wonderful Tetrahedral Tower testifies to the great inventor's genius.

Visited by men of note from all over the world Beautiful Mountain stands peacefully bearing its treasures of nature and science.

Peeping from behind Beinn Bhreagh comes the pointed head of Boulardarie Island, which, stretching twenty five miles down the Bras d'Or forms a lovely channel on each side through which steamers run to the Sydneys.

Beyond and facing us lies Shenacadie where the railway runs, and from which we had our first view of Baddeck. Round the circle a bit farther and we come to Washabuck with its beautiful little coves and wooded islands and further up its river all most enticing beauty-spot for pic-nickers, and accessible by steamer, motor boat or sail boat. Then yonder to the right as far as eye can reach runs another shining Arm of Gold, on it goes twenty or thirty miles, past Nyanza and Little Narrows, to Whyccomac in beauty and fame only second to Baddeck.

But we must turn to the other portion of this wonderful nest, and find we have only half-exhausted the charm. The surroundings of

Baddeck on land are quite as enchanting though in a different way. Follow which path we will, to right or left even the hills or down the dales we find joys unimaginable. Here Baddeck River with its beautiful fourteen mile drive picturesque beyond description, and full of interest to the sportsman: ranges of thickly wooded mountains thousands of acres of moss carpeted forest hiding in their glens lovely little falls of water, quantities of wild fruit in season and perhaps here and there a bear or a fox, (perhaps only in tradition for they are seldom seen) and all around in every direction lie rolling meadows and thriving farms. Down past the Bay we can drive to the White Plaster cliffs, on to the Quarries, and yet farther to Englishtown. In fact pages of writing, or months of holiday, would fail to exhaust the resources of Baddeck. Yet quietly and unassuming she sits year after year peeping from over the hills at the busy world beyond.

Far over yonder the sky reflects for her the lights of the great steel and coal works at the Sydneys while out over the lake she watches the trains go bellowing past, in the distance a shadowy noiseless snake. Yet the little white sea gull steamer links her with this vast outside, twice daily she brings the mail, freight, and passengers. But let us look for a moment at the village itself.

Amidst all this beauty about one thousand of people have made their homes, about eight hundred perhaps in town and two hundred on the surrounding farms. Thrifty healthy joyous people, mostly of Scotch descent, with well built comfortable houses not many luxuries, perhaps, but full of happy ambitions: None with great wealth yet none in absolute poverty.

Living in contact with such rare natural beauty they with one heart and mind worship its Creator.

Unto Thee, O God, do we give thanks

Unto Thee do we give thanks:
For that thy name is near
Thy wondrous works declare."

Four churches, then, we see Roman Catholic, Episcopal, Presbyterian and Methodist. Here too a Masonic Brotherhood flourishes, and a small Temple adorns one of the hill sides. Two comfortable unassuming hotels we find. While they neither attempt nor promise the luxuries of city hotels, the kind hearted proprietors endeavour rather to offer the hospitality of a home, giving with the



AN IDEAL SPOT FOR PICNICS NEAR BADDECK

in that strange land. I refer to an immense folded hood extending far out over the face completely hiding each lovely countenance, a shadowy glimpse being obtainable only by peeping directly in through the opening. Baddeck, in its relation to the railway, constantly reminds us of that glimpse. Running along on the Intercolonial Railway from Halifax or Truro to Sydney, Cape Breton, just as the sun begins to sink in the West, we pass a small uninteresting station known on the time-table as

that incomparable Inland Sea, Our "Arm of Gold," Our wonderful Bras d'Or Lake. Its blue waters are calm now serving as a mirror to reflect the soft undulating wooded hills, some almost mountains, curving down to the water's edge or the lovely little islands scattered like oases in a desert.

The dip of oars here and there breaks the glassy surface. Yachts and sail-boats, their white wings drooping lazily await the afternoon breeze sure to come and carry