

# Halifax Hotel.

HALIFAX, N. S.

THE LARGEST & MOST COMPLETE HOTEL  
IN THE LOWER PROVINCES.

Has been lately fitted with all modern  
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Leading Hotels in Canada

H. HESSLEIN & SONS, PROPS.

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This is one of the most quiet, orderly, and well-  
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supplied with the best the market will afford  
at the lowest prices. Bathing, and every  
pains taken for the comfort of guests in every  
way and every comfort used to an who wish a  
quiet home while in the city.

CHARGES MODERATE.

## LYONS' HOTEL,

Opp. Railway Depot.

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DANIEL McLEOD, - Prop'r

Quicksilver,  
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Rubber & Leather Belting.  
FULL STOCKS, SELLING LOW.

Headquarters in Nova Scotia for  
Gold Mining Supplies.

Metals & General Hardware.

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HALIFAX, N. S.

The Yarmouth Steamship Co.  
(LIMITED)

The shortest and Best Route between  
Nova Scotia and Boston.

The new steel steamer YARMOUTH will leave  
Yarmouth on WEDNESDAY and  
SATURDAY EVENINGS after arrival of the  
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March 15th.

Returning will leave Lewis' Wharf, Boston, at  
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Yarmouth with train for Halifax and intermediate  
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The YARMOUTH is the fastest steamer plying  
between Nova Scotia and the United States, being  
fitted with Triple Expansion Engines, Electric  
Lighting, and every modern improvement.  
The CITY OF ST. JOHN leaves Halifax every  
MONDAY EVENING, and Yarmouth every  
THURSDAY.

For tickets, staterooms, and all other information,  
apply to any Ticket Agent on the Windsor  
and Annapolis or Western Counties Railways.  
W. A. CHASE, L. E. BAKER,  
Agent. President and Manager.

City Foundry & Machine Works  
W. & A. MOIR,

MECHANICAL ENGINEERS & MACHINISTS  
Corner Hurd's Lane and Barrington St.

Myself, I am a Milling Machinery  
Marine and Stationary Engines, Shafting, Pulleys  
and Riggers. Repair work promptly attended to.  
ON HAND—Several New and Second-hand  
Engines

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Main Street, Yarmouth, N. S.

First Class in every Particular.

FRED. C. RYERSON, Prop'r.

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SPECIAL rates for Commercial  
Travellers. Parties arriving  
by Train can take Horse Cars  
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## THE Acadian Hotel

The subscriber notifies the public  
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with best accommodation for Permanent  
and Transient Boarders.

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BRITISH AMERICAN HOTEL.  
OPPOSITE JOHN TOBIN & CO.'S.  
HALIFAX.

Terms, \$1.00 per Day.  
CHAS. AuCOIN, Proprietor.

FOYLE BREWERY,  
HALIFAX, N. S.

P. & J. O'Mullin,  
MANUFACTURERS OF

India Pale Ales,  
AND

BROWN STOUT PORTER,  
IN WOOD AND GLASS.

Family orders receive special  
attention.

ALSO,

Of the following well-known Temper-  
ance Beverages.

Kraizer Beer (SOLE)

Vienese Beer (SOLE)

Table Beer,

Hop Beer,

White Spruce Beer,  
(SOLE)

N. B.—VIENESE BEER is the  
best, and is recommended as a pleas-  
ant Summer Beer.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

BADDECK.

It is but a few short years since Charles Dudley Warner wrote his charming sketch, "Baddeck and that Sort of Thing." That sketch was for Baddeck a better "ad," than if a page of each of the great "dailies" of the continent had been for years devoted to its "sole use and benefit." Before Warner wrote of it, Baddeck, if thought of at all, was associated with the "jumping off place of the universe." Since then it has become historic, and towards it a stream of travel has set, which has yearly been increased in volume by tributary rivulets from every direction.

Baddeck is a pretty, clean-looking little village, nestled quietly beneath the shadow of the frowning "Red Head," on the shores of the renowned Bras d'Or Lakes. The sail down those beautiful lakes alone amply repays a visit.

The journey to Baddeck from Mulgrave, the Eastern terminus at present of our Canadian Railway system, is made on the S.S. *Marion*, a boat well suited for the service, and the crew of which, from the genial Commodore down, are most obliging, and full of information regarding the beauties of the country through which they pass. Truly, it is most beautiful. Leaving Mulgrave, you pass along between the precipitous banks of the Strait of Canso. Here, Porcupine and its tall neighbors on your right, and the low hills of Cape Breton on your left, make a zest for the greater beauties yet to be yours. On you go, through Lennox Passage, along by Isle Madame, through fleet after fleet of picturesque-looking fishing boats, until you come to St. Peter's Canal, connecting the waters of the Lakes with those of the Atlantic. As you round through the Canal, the deep blue waters of the Bras d'Or Lakes flash on your eyes. You now sail for hours through the most varied and beautiful scenery, as I have heard visitors say, to be found on either hemisphere. You wind through low-lying islands, close to high banks and rocky islets, until you begin to regret you had not placed "another thousand" on your life before you left home. But our helmsman is to be depended upon, and a sharp movement of his muscular arm at the right moment preserves the traveller from what he thought instant death. Now, the lake widens out, so that it requires but little effort to imagine yourself on the ocean; anon, it contracts so that you can see the little urchins standing on the banks, in open-mouthed admiration of our steamer, and can well imagine their shout, "that's the *Marion*."

But such scenes of changing beauty must too soon cease, for about six hours after leaving Mulgrave, Baddeck, the haven of rest for the tired tourist is reached. In the town there are several very comfortable hotels, though, certainly, more accommodation is yet a desideratum. At any of the hotels good board may be obtained for about \$6 per week. I, following in the footsteps of Charles Dudley, put up at the "Telegraph House," and certainly a more attentive hostess than Mrs. Dunlap it would be hard to find. Here, too, may be obtained a cup of that famed, fragrant and refreshing beverage, "Maudmixed" coffee.

With Baddeck as his headquarters, the pleasure-seeking tourist may thoroughly enjoy himself. The walks and drives in the vicinity of the town are numerous and pleasant, though a few lighter carriages would add to the pleasure of the tourist, and to the profit of the livery wapper. To one who wishes "a life on the briny deep," even though that life is but to be for a few short weeks, the boating and bathing facilities are excellent. A few miles from the town was lately discovered a most beautiful waterfall—a Niagara in miniature. The falls have but one defect, they have been gifted with a most unspellable and unpronounceable name, which, consequently, I do not give.

Game is not very abundant, but the hunter's gun need not rust for lack of use. There are some excellent trout pools near at hand; and if more ambitious sport is desired, a drive of a couple hours through a most charming diversity of hill and dale will bring you to the winding Margaree, whose salmon pools are world-known. I will guarantee that any fisherman who honestly "whips" the Margaree pools will have the ability of the maker of his rod and line, and his own skill, more tried than his patience.

Baddeck has tri-weekly communication by steamer with the trains at Mulgrave, and this steamer also connects with the weekly boat from and to Boston. From Baddeck, too, there is regular communication with Whycomagh, the Sydneys, and all the neighboring villages. What with boating, driving, bathing, fishing, and that seemingly necessary connection of the latter—boasting, the summer months glide by almost unnoticed, and the tourist is only reminded of home by the golden tint with which September is painting the leaves. Then, indeed he sighs, "summer is flown, and I must back to work."

Baddeck, like most other places, can be reached in various ways; in fact it may be reached from almost any point of the compass. But for the benefit of unexperienced travellers, I wish to mention a few of the more feasible routes.

First, then, there is the "All Rail Line" by the "Flying Yankee" from Boston to Truro; thence by the Intercolonial to Mulgrave, and the *Marion*. The cost is about \$25, or perhaps less. Then there are the rival steamboat lines direct from Boston to Mulgrave, the Boston Company, and the Canada Atlantic, which latter expects to put on its boats in July. The fare now to Halifax is but \$5.50, and competition may lower even that. But for regular tourists, I would recommend the "Yarmouth" route. By this route, in twenty hours after leaving Boston, you are on *terra firma*, with kindly Blue-noses attending to your wants. You take the train through the Annapolis Valley, the fruit garden of Nova Scotia, past old Port Royal, through the valley of the Grand Pré, rendered famous by that sweet singer, Longfellow. On the train, the genial "Joe" Edwards will, with pleasure, point out all the land marks described by the poet, the house in which Evangeline was born, the forge of Basil, etc. At Windsor Junction, you leave "Joe" to take the