

land hard by, upon which a hotel is built, and from which there are pretty views of the Basin and neighbourhood. Parrsboro is a lumber port, handling nearly all the product of the southern forests of Cumberland as Pugwash does on the north. To the north and west of Parrsboro some of the best moose hunting in New Scotland is to be had, while partridge, geese, brant ducks, and other marine birds are abundant. A few miles behind me the Cobequid Hills, a long range running east and west from Cape Chignecto to north of Cobequid Bay.

From Parrsboro, where there is a good deal of shipping, a steamer plies across the Basin of Minas to Kingsport, Hantsport, and Windsor, and another to St. John. Indeed it is only eight or ten miles across the Basin, whereas it is ten times that distance round by land.

On my return journey to Halifax, I must not forget to record that I enjoyed the privilege of a spirited conversation in pidgin English with a Canton Chinaman, who smoked a large cigar, and wore a queue under his Panama hat.

Odd as this Far East of Canada seems as a habitat for Chinamen, yet there is hardly a town or village where Wun Lung, or Sam Kee, or John Sing has not penetrated, and set up his peculiar and odoriferous little establishment for the destruction of linen. It is one of the curiosities of industry why the Chinese should have taken to this particular occupation. It began in the Far West, when the affluent miner and rancher, discovering the merits of a boiled shirt on Sundays, and that a glazed front and collar is an additional mark of gentility, sent his linen all the way to 'Frisco. Then up rose the wily heathen to hit upon another use for