

not for the care taken by the people to keep their buildings tidy and to surround them with trees. It promises to become an important manufacturing centre. Already it boasts of one of the best and largest shoe factories in the country. It has foundries, hat factories, &c. Its people are remarkable for their intelligence, enterprise, morality and hospitality. The

Normal School

is here. The buildings are by no means what they ought to be for such an institution. It contains five handsome churches. Truro in summer is a place of bloom and fragrance, and in autumn its many orchards are lovely and inviting with abundance of fruit. Its streams are overshadowed by beautiful drooping elms and willows. Many of its roads are shaded with trees. There are many charming "drives" in the vicinity. Here the Pictou Railway and the Intercolonial converge.

Leaving Truro the trains hurries up close to the "Salmon River" through meadows red with clover, through orchards, gardens, well cultivated fields. You get glimpses of captivating woodlands and scenery—pensile elms, cool evergreens, delicate silvery birches. The farmers live in pretty cottages well kept and tidy. Here and there you see large herds of sheep and fine herds of cattle. A sweeter Arcadian scene you cannot often see. Thus without pausing you hurry up stream, the valley gradually narrowing. You frequently pass through deep rock cuttings refreshing to the eye of the wandering geologist. At no time of the year is this route more attractive than in autumn when the trees are aflame with golden leaves—every hillock having its "bush burning yet not consumed." At

Riversdale

you halt for wood and water. The vast original forest rises on both sides of the road. Five minutes walk would take you into secure retreats under the shadows of great beeches, maples and birches, where you might feel the force of the poet's cry :