

this fish is a trout and others that it is a young salmon. Whatever it may be, it is a lively fish under the rod. It ranges from two to six pounds in weight. When large salmon are caught in this river, it is in the month of August. None of the Nova Scotia rivers are under lease for salmon, and it costs nothing to try one's luck, which may, at times, prove very good. The Shubenacadie and Steviacke Rivers are worth a trial, and Crystal Lake, near Brookfield, has afforded sport in the past. In the last named rivers the "Admiral" is the favorite fly. Trout and grayling are found in the streams already named, in the Folly and Debert Rivers, and in Folly Lake. The latter is a pretty sheet of water with clusters of islands, and boats are kept for the use of visitors. This lake has also been stocked with white fish from Ontario. The "Red Hackle" is a good fly for any of the lakes; the "Brown Hackle" is good in all places; while the "May Fly" does excellent service in the early part of the season.

A thick forest covers almost all of the range of mountains from Truro to Tatamagouche Bay, and naturally affords good sport. The best moose ground, however, is among the Steviacke Mountains, commencing, say, fourteen miles from the town. Johnson's Crossing, five miles, and Riversdale, twelve miles, have also good reputations. Caribou are migratory, and not to be depended on, but a likely place for them is at Pembroke, twenty-three miles distant. Indian guides can be hired in Truro for about a dollar a day. They will do all the cooking and camp work, and are to be relied on in matters of woodcraft.

Partridge are plenty, and after the latter part of July, snipe, plover, and curlew may be bagged on the marshes within a hundred yards of the Court House. Ducks, geese, and brant, frequent the lakes in the fall and spring.

The most profitable kind of game in this county is the fox. The silver and gray reynards are not to be despised; but rare and valuable creature, the black fox, means something over a hundred dollars a pelt. One of the residents struck a bonanza last winter by trapping four of them, and exchanged their skins for over four hundred dollars in cash. It is but just to add that black foxes are not sufficiently numerous to be a nuisance to the farmers, nor is the trapping of them to be depended on as a permanent means of livelihood.

DOWN AMONG THE COAL MINES.

The branch of the Intercolonial which joins the main line at Truro, passes through the



most extensive of the Nova Scotia coal-fields, and ends at Pictou, on the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Coal is king in this part of the country, and to speak of a respected resident as a "Carboniferous" man, is simply a compliment equivalent to "as good as gold" in other places. It answers the same purpose to say that his conduct as a citizen is solidly "based upon conglomerate and amygdaloidal trap;" it is purely a matter of taste as to which is the more elegant term.

Nova Scotia is a very carboniferous sort of country. Coal seams are found in a great many places, while in some instances the deposits are something of which the term "immense" gives the best conception of the area and depth. The strata seen at the Joggins mines, where the sea washes the cliffs, is said to be the best display of the kind in the world. The Pictou field is a continuation of the same field—the great Nova Scotia Coal field, with its 76 seams of coal and a thickness of no less than 14,750 feet of deposits. It took a long time for all this to form. It was so long ago, that every kind of animal which roamed in the forests of the period has been extinct for thousands of years. Yes, the coal fields are pretty old; it took ages to form each one of the seams; and yet when the fisherman barks his shins on the granite rocks of the Nepisiguit he feels something a good deal older than the coal. It may mitigate his wrath and repress his profanity to know that he is bruised by what was part of the bottom of an ocean, "before a single plant had been called into existence of the myriads entombed in the coal deposits." So it will be seen that coal is quite a *parvenu*, as compared with some of the old geological families; but it is old enough for all practical purposes where man is concerned.

To say that the scenery along the line from Truro to New Glasgow is magnificent, would be an unwarrantable departure from the standard of probity elevated by the late talented proprietor of Mt. Vernon, Virginia. It is not interesting, and that is all that is necessary to