

ists to go by steamboat ' up the entire length of the Bay of Fundy to Windsor, and thence to Halifax—starting upon the mighty wave of an in-flowing tide, which rises at Windsor to the height of sixty feet ; passing the beetling promontories of Capes Sharp and Split, whose bases are lashed by the foam of the eddying currents; and thence through the beautiful basin of Minas into the Avon River and the pastoral country of 'Evangeline.' Within six hours after their arrival at Windsor, the vast volume of water will have rolled back to the sea, leaving an immense hollow basin, as empty as the crater of a volcano, and a trickling rivulet, the only trace of its expended forces."

In these days of rapid locomotion it is impossible to get the average tourist to settle down in one small province for a month or two. The railway and the steamboat have much to answer for. They whirl and toss people up and down the face of the earth, and journeys are now measured, as Byron said of kisses, "by their length," and not by the actual pleasure and instruction they should afford. The more valuable a metal, the more ductile; not so with a certain type of human mind—it will draw out to an unlimited extent, from New York to Stamboul—the Pyramids—Calcutta—Yokohama—San Francisco, and home again, till it resembles the mathematical definition of a straight line—"length without breadth," or depth either, for that matter. As Hood observed to Rae Wilson :

"Some minds improve by travel, others rather
Resemble copper wire or brass,
Which gets the narrower by going farther."

Let the tourist who desires to spend his vacation profitably, read what Mr. Hallock says of Nova Scotia, and trace out the pleasure-path for himself. These are his words in reply to an almost forgotten collection of ephemeral sketches, whose author (an American) had "evidently closed but one eye on his national prejudices:"

"Herewith I enter the lists as the champion of Nova Scotia. Once upon a time I resided there for a considerable period. Within the past thirteen years I have traversed it from one extremity to the other; much of it by private conveyance. I have become enamoured of its natural beauties and unusual resources. Were I to give a first-class certificate of its general character, I would affirm that it yields a greater variety of products for export than any other territory on the globe of the same superficial area. * * As a game country it is unsurpassed. Large portions are still a primitive wilderness, and, in the least accessible forests, the moose and cariboo are scarcely molested by the hunter. Nearly every stream abounds in trout, and although civilization, with its dams and its mills, had nearly exterminated the salmon at one time, the efforts of the Canadian Government since 1868 have so far restored the streams that this royal fish may also be taken in all his old haunts. * * Most of the streams are short, running in parallel lines to the sea, only a few miles apart. The fishing ground seldom extends more than ten miles from their mouths, and they are so accessible to settlements that the angler can surfeit himself with sport by day, and sleep in a comfortable inn or farm-house by night—a juxtaposition of advantages seldom to be found in America. There is no necessity for camping out."

Mr. Hallock is partial to a comfortable hostelry, though his ideas are by no means Falstaffian. Such an inn was Charley Lovett's, at Chester, N.S., with its "gossamer curtains, sheets snowy white, bouquets of fresh wild flowers, boots blacked in the morning, hot breakfast under covers—broiled salmon, baked trout with cream, omelettes," and, above all, that almost extinct article of the hotel *cuisine*—broiled, not fried beefsteak.

New Brunswick also comes in for a meed of praise—the trip on the Tobique being de-