

French had built a few miles from the present town, and being more matter-of-fact than poetical, bestowed the name of Old Barns upon that part of the township. This name survives until the present day, for the people of Nova Scotia have a pride in being conservative, and in preserving their ancient landmarks. Fortunately for the peace of the fashionable society of the town to-day, nothing old, not even a horse, was found on the site of Truro, and so the settlement was honored with a rather euphonious name. Well, it merits a pretty name, for it is a pretty place. The reader may possibly get the idea that the term "pretty place" is getting somewhat monotonous in these pages, but he must remember that there are various degrees of beauty in places as well as people. Besides, such adjectives as "pretty," when applied to places, and "beautiful," when applied to scenery, are too convenient to be ignored for the sake of synonyms in less general use. Truro, therefore, is pretty, and every visitor must endorse the statement. Its long, wide streets are adorned with shade trees, the houses have lawns and flower gardens beautifully arranged, and the entire town presents a neat and attractive appearance. Yet the town is more than good looking; it is active and enterprising. Quite a number of factories, of various kinds, are in operation, and others are projected. The stores do a brisk business; some of the merchants are direct importers to a large amount; and, as a whole, the commercial aspect makes a favorable impression on the mind of the visitor. The population of the town is between five and six thousand. The Provincial, Normal and Model schools are noteworthy features of the place, while numerous other buildings of a substantial character are found in the various streets. Hotels, too, are abundant. Several are located near the station, but the "Prince of Wales," in the upper part of the town, has the most pleasant location for tourists. It is situated near the County Buildings and faces the public square.

While at Parrsboro, the visitor had a chance of looking up to Cobequid Bay. From Truro he can reverse the picture and look down. By ascending Penny's Mountain, three miles from the Court House, a splendid view is had of the bay, taking in the range of the North Mountains, terminating at Blomidon, while the river meanders gracefully through the valley on its way to the troubled waters of Fundy. From Wollaston Heights, a mile from the Court House, is found another fine view of the surrounding country, while the best views of the town, down to the bay, are had from Wim-

burn and Foundry Hills. A drive to Clifton will be found of interest, stopping at Savage's Island, a mile and a half from the town. Here are the traces of a former Indian burial ground, but this circumstance did not give rise to the name of the island. It was called after an old-time owner of the soil—a Savage by name, but not by nature. The wooden monuments of the ancient race can still be seen; and at times the tide, washing away portions of the bank, lays bare the bones of those long since departed "to the Kingdom of Pouemah." The Shubenacadie has a bore, similar to that of the Petite-diac which may be seen rushing past the island. After one has seen water coming up here, he can return to Truro and see it going down, in a picturesque cascade, on Leper's Brook, half a mile from the town. No one seems to know how this brook got its peculiar name, but as there is no record of any lepers in this part of Canada, the word is probably a corruption of some French name. It may be from *Laper*, to lap, or from *Laperon*, a young rabbit, or from one of a dozen other words. It doesn't make any difference. Another curious name is that of Bible Hill, which is a beautiful part of Truro. Sam Slick spoke of it as "a situation of most consummate beauty," and he was a good judge of nature—as well as of human nature.

If one has not seen the Acadian Mines, a drive to them from Truro, a distance of 20 miles, is well worth the trouble. The road is good and the scenery fine. Another drive of 20 miles over Tatamagouche Mountains to Farm Lake takes one through a rich variety of mountain scenery. All the trees of the forest are to be seen on the road, at times on lofty hills, at times in pleasant vales. In many places the branches over-arch the road, and amid these umbrageous shades, the voices of the birds and the music of the brooks falls sweetly on the ear. At the lake, elevated over a thousand feet above the sea, the fisherman may enjoy a calm content amid Nature's beauties, and have a further reward in an abundance of excellent trout. Lake trout of the best quality are found in all of the numerous lakes in this vicinity.

The fishing around Truro is chiefly confined to trout. Salmon exist, but the pursuit of them is usually under difficulties. Sometimes they take the fly, but more times they don't. The North and Salmon Rivers have been re-stocked from the government establishment at Bedford, and will doubtless afford good sport, in time. In the latter river fish known as graylings are caught in large quantities. Some allege that