

And who shall paint or tell with brush or pen the glories and azure bloom of the lake of the Golden Arm? From a thousand points of contemplation, delightful in themselves, are to be seen landscapes that hold the eye entranced, either of the dreamer or the painter; and which, if faithfully reproduced, must be the means of filling the heart of a true artist with proud delight as he gazes upon his canvas when his work is done!

We slipped away from Sydney on board the comfortable and roomy paddle boat Marion to these charming Bras d'Or Lakes, and upon a matchless morning of sunshine and breeze. The red shores of the rugged sea-facing coast were left behind, and toward noon we were gliding up the dimpled waters of the greater arm, with the long island of Boularderie upon our left hand. We had a jolly dinner, and as the afternoon wore on, we came in sight of that beautiful place, the residence of Alexander Bell, the inventor of the "Hello, Central!" The situation of Mr. Bell's fine summer house is truly magnificent, and the house itself as it shows itself beyond a fine grove of trees, seems to have risen to the occasion, as it were, for it is architecturally superb. Money talks.

The house stands some distance from the lake's edge and upon a fine expansive slope, commanding a far seeing view of the lake and country roundabout. This slope comprises about ten thousand acres of arable and timbered land, I believe, and seems to rise like a crown of prosperity and verdure from the blue lake, where it is bound by the white and perpendicular and exceedingly picturesque gypsum cliffs; that are in turn bound, like a rugged brow with a victorious wreath, by the overhanging growth of dark spruce.

There are lovely lawns and groves about the house, and beyond and to the right and left are meadows and farms and woods. Indeed, the whole ten thousand acres had been turned to good and beautiful account, and is nothing less than a great park; over all of which extends the fragile but potent telephone wire that has done all. It money talks, the telephone had the floor first in this instance.

Rounding this delightful Eden, upon which the eye feasts lingeringly until it has grown dim with distance or lost to view, we came opposite to Baddeck itself. It is a charming little village, lying whitely upon a gentle and verdant incline that runs back from the water for some distance until bounded by the spruce of the lower hills, that are in turn flanked by the blue mountains.

The view as you steam away from Baddeck, if you have the heart to leave it, is intensely lovely; that is, at least upon such a day as it was our good fortune to visit the place upon. But glorious weather is by no means rare about Baddeck; rather, anything other than fair is the exception. The village, with its white houses and steeples here and there, upon its lawn of green, seemed to smile pastorally and happily up at the higher and verdant elevation where the man of millions and unlimited connections dwells. Far away across the lake, the hills beyond the cultivated shores were blue in the summer haze, each farther range rising in more perfect and delicate loveliness, until the remotest of all seemed a part of the blue heaven itself. And blue was the lake; a slumbering sea of turquoise upon which we seemed to dream, and dreaming wonder if it all was real!

If there is a more delightful country than that of the Bras d'Or about Baddeck, and more insufficient and weak-kneed description in print of anything almost indescribable, than the foregoing, I should like to know where to find one and how to best avoid finding the other.

For an hour we ran up this Mediterranean, sunning ourselves and thanking our gods that we had not missed this opportunity of seeing Cape Breton at its best. For he who sees Cape Breton and sees not Bras d'Or, sees Cape Breton not at all, comparatively speaking, fine and picturesque as the country is. Certainly, no one viewing the coast of Cape Breton from the sea, would ever suspect that such soft loveliness of landscape and lake existed beyond those bluff, rough, tough old promontories, bless 'em!

And at length our feast of beauty drew almost to an end, and we ran up to the Narrows, which connects the arm with the great lake and is crossed by a fine iron drawbridge, across which run the trains of the I. C. R. It was evening by now, and the sun—for us—was setting gloriously beyond, and dimming in a blaze of orange and gold the summit of the blue hill. Farther we saw the great lake itself, and the distant hills, dim and pale and silvery, in the twilight and the distance.

We had to leave our steamer here, that we might take the Intercolonial Railroad train back to Sydney. We had a trifle over twenty minutes in which to take tea at the hotel at the base of the green and sloping hill near by, and we bolted down the wharf, happy and hungry. I have never enjoyed a day's outing more, and doubt if I ever will taste the like again, save it be in repetition.

THE COXHEATH COPPER MINES.

There were open, double-seated, four-wheeled rigs with phaeton tops, waiting for us early the next morning outside the hotel. It was a peerless morning; and the subsequent drive to Coxheath, in charge of genial Captain Gregg, was delightful and exhilarating. The party was merry, the teams in good fettle, the roads splendid, and the scenery and air superb and invigorating. We drove through many a delightful wood of fir and birch and maple, and over many a mile of shady road at a rattling pace, with here and there a glimpse of purling stream or still lake. As we rose with the country near Coxheath, our horizon widened; and when close upon our destination, with the Coxheath Hills before us and another range upon our other hand, the view of green and broad valley between, bright in the risen sun, that turned the foliage into a thousand shades of green, and the glimpses of lake to silver, was indeed lovely!

Arrived at the mine, we got into our primrose pants and roundabouts, so familiar to us all by this time, and armed with our little lamps, descended the shaft and paraded the tunnels. The latter were very fine to see, being splendidly high, having been blasted out or "stoped," as they call it. There was a picturesqueness and grandeur about these cross-cuts, owing to their rock formation and the bold ruggedness of their outlines, that were thrown into shadow at one moment, and at the next cast giant and flickering reflections in the light of our lamps. One fancied as he looked down the shadowy vista of one of these openings or into the cavernous gloom of the caves about, that here some mountain band of outlaws might be wont to hide their booty, as Indian Joe and his pal hid their treasure in the cave where Tom Sawyer found it.

Later, we had a stroll over the Coxheath Hills, inspected numerous outcrops and surface strippings of the ore, and then walked down to Colonel Granger's house near by.

We were not allowed to leave before we had experienced the hospitality of Mrs. Granger in the shape of wild strawberries and cream, and cakes and coffee, and other good things; to all of which, I am afraid, we did more than ample justice, as it is called.

We said good-bye at last, and then the rigs were brought up, and with our weeds going and our hearts merry, we howled down the gravelled drive between the fine trees to the gate, and so on back to the Colonel's hotel.

PLAY CRICKET AND—?

If ever the Sydney Cricket Club forgets the drubbing it got at our inexperienced hands, it will only be because it is pleasanter to remember victory than ignominious

defeat; and also because there is a world of truth in the old saying that there's no use crying over spilt milk.

When the Secretary decked out in a pair of flannel trousers that had once been white, cricketer shoes and shirt and a peaked cap, and carrying under his arm a wooden instrument that looked like a spade whose handle had stopped growing at an early age, while the rest of it kept on—I say when the Secretary came round to fifteen or sixteen of us and said we were to play cricket, as if he were summoning a lot of men to sit as a jury, we remonstrated.

It was a glorious afternoon for an outdoor match of any lively sort; but we had just had a good dinner, and the chairs we were occupying at an angle of forty-five degrees upon the harbor balcony, were intensely comfortable. We said we didn't play cricket much, and would prefer serving as an ambulance corps or something like that with a humanitarian life-saving turn about it.

But the Secretary said he had arranged the whole thing, and if we didn't turn up the Sydney Club would claim the match by default and insinuate that we were funders and duffers.

We said we would rather be taken for cricketers even than funders; and trotted off and got into all the available flannels and chappie caps and rubber-soled shoes and red belts we could find. Then we marched down to the grounds, looking about as variegated and dangerous as Coxey's army.

There was a great crowd of people who had come from all over Cape Breton gathered there to see the game, and seated on a long grassy slope above the field. Higher up on the rise were several old and tired looking buildings known as the Old Barracks. Near the Barracks was a tent, where a serious faced-man with a score sheet in front of him was seated at a small table; and by his side was the editor—nothing less than the editor, mind you—of one of the Sydney papers. Farther, at the upper end of the field, two or three bell tents had been raised for the comfort of the ladies and those who were to provide the fun. That was us.

They had it all arranged. Everything had been done so brown that we felt our goose had been cooked in advance. We sneaked out into the field, beaten men, and blinked up at the long black and white line of patient spectators; and at the ever present small boy, and the girls with their white dresses and parasols. Then we turned and stared at one another and felt like going back to the hotel and kicking ourselves—or better still, the Secretary.

The "crease," as they called it, ran parallel with the bluff overlooking the harbor; so that the field lay between the harbor and the slope where the spectators sat. At one end was the gate, and at the other the tents. There was absolutely no chance of escape. I thought, as I looked up at that sea of faces, of the old arenas of Rome where the men and the women looked down upon the poor devils who had to scrap for their living, as it were; and here we were, to be butchered to make a Sydney holiday! All this went with my blood; and I tell you, I felt sick over it. I had never wanted to be home so much as at that moment. I looked at the faces above me, and saw no mercy there, then at the pitiless sea, and lastly at the gate where the people were still pouring in without paying anything.

Meantime, some of our fellows had commenced making exhibitions of themselves by bowling the ball up and down and trying to hit it; to kill time, they said, but really with the idea of showing the people how little they knew about it, and in the hope of being left off. But the people took a different meaning out of these tactics, and thought we were burlesquing merely in the supreme confidence we entertained of being able to take the veneer off their team. They didn't like the way we acted, those people didn't, and I saw them whispering to one another with gloomy faces, as anticipated defeat settled down upon their several brows.

The crease was very near to the bluff. At the edge of the bluff, and a little below it on the incline, was a wire fence, and beyond this the beach.

The game had to start at last, of course, despite the delays we managed to create and the prayers several of us were sending up for rain. I don't think rain had ever been wanted so badly there before. The Secretary won the toss, and chose the field. Then he sprinkled us all over the premises, two of us in one place in some cases, so that if one muffed the ball the other could kick him and start a fight and so hinder the progress of the match.

The Sydney team had been practicing and training for weeks in order to stave off defeat, and were in the pink; while we had been living like a prize fighter trying to get out of shape as fast as possible. They had an imported bowler or two, and before the local team went to the bat, these two human cannon fired the ball around in a way that made our flesh creep.

They put two of their crack "bats," as they called them, in; and the way those fellows would knock the ball about when it didn't happen to go straight, was a caution. And when the ball *did* go straight, once in a while, they would jam their bats down hard into the ground, and the ball would run up fiercely against it and then roll back in a disheartened way, like a wave off a rocky coast. And at every run these chaps would make, the crowd of partisans on the hill-side would yell, and the old buildings would look as if they were on the point of tumbling down, they shook so with the noise. But they didn't applaud when we made a run (after the ball, I mean); and if one of us happened to tumble or pull up a sample of the grass grown in that region, instead of the ball, they would laugh; and those two chaps with their apoplectic shins would keep on galloping up and down the crease from wicket to wicket, and shout at each other wildly to "come on."

"Four!" their captain would shout; and the man in the tent would mark down four. "Well done, Menzies! Go it again!"

And they would "go it again."

Cricket is a good deal like croquet at a garden party when there are about ten playing. You think you are never going to get your turn; and when you do get it, it lasts about long enough for the man who comes next to gallop down to take your place as fast as his bulbous legs will let him. Cricket is not quite as exciting as croquet, because there are no pretty girls playing; and the element of danger is less than in the church social game. Cricket is played with a large brown ball, that looks about twice its natural size when coming toward you in the air; and as it gallops over the ground at a break-neck speed, in your direction, you generally manage to place your legs wide enough apart to allow it to pass between them and on its way undisturbed. Then you make a pass at the ground with your hands, pick up a large chunk of old Silurian and throw it hard at the man who struck the ball.

The wickets are three little sticks that look like the lonely and forgotten remains of a fancy fence, and there are two lots of wickets used in a match, one lot at each end of the crease. The crease is merely the ground between the wickets and upon which the ball never seems to want to strike until it reaches where you are standing. Then it either hits your leg, which they have bandaged up in advance, or runs past your bat, which you are holding firm to the ground, and goes through the forgotten remains before referred to. Then they tell you that you are out, and they come and lead you away; and you are glad of it.

We had got two of their men out, when the Sydney captain rushed wildly down the slope, where he had been building some of his team up with ginger ale, and complained that the Secretary had fourteen men on the field. So he had, but it was a little thing to make a fuss about. They said we should only have eleven men playing; and the Secretary said he didn't know that, and was sorry about it, and ordered three of us off. Then the Secretary called us back, as we were all rushing off, and there was a squabble as to who should adjourn, as each one was anxious to show how un-