

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

"BONNIE BRAS D'OR."

FROM HALIFAX TO WEST BAY AND RETURN.

(Concluded.)

A sound sleep in the sweetest of beds was ruthlessly broken at 4 a.m., by the bustle of the household, and after a hearty breakfast we started for West Bay, only a mile or two distant.

The rain had passed off, but the early morning air was a little bit too cool and bracing. A turn in the road gave us a glorious view of West Bay—an arm of the Bras d'Or Lake—which is here studded with beautiful islands, and now I witnessed a sight which I have missed these many years—a sunrise. Add to this a sunrise over Bras d'Or, and what pen could adequately describe the beauty of the scene? I shall not attempt it, but advise every one to go and see for himself. At West Bay, which is quite a settlement, with a saw and carding mill, and where John McDonald, the leading merchant, has amassed quite a fortune, we remained for some time. While my companion was seeing old friends, I strayed down on the wharf to feast my eyes on the lovely scenery, ever changing its hues as the sun played bo-peep behind the passing clouds. The lake is quite wide at West Bay, and bounded by the South and North Mountains. The South Mountain has a gentle slope to its summit, and is well cultivated to the top, small patches of woodland in many cases separating the different farms. The North Mountain has a much more precipitous ascent, and, although the hardy Scotch settlers have in many places cultivated it to its summits, large tracts are still covered with virgin forests of beech, maple, spruce, and pine. The numerous islands in the lake, some well wooded, others under cultivation, broke the expanse of the waters in a most pleasing way. The wind was high and the waters of the lake rough, white caps being visible in all directions. Freshened by the rain, the foliage of the trees, the grass in the fields, and the growing crops were of the deepest green, and land and water-scapes sparkled in the sunlight. It was sublimely beautiful.

My companion soon joined me, and we continued our journey, our road skirting the base of the North Mountain. As we proceeded, the sun gained in power, the air became balmy, and for the balance of the way to Marble Mountain, 12 miles, we drove briskly over the excellent road, the lake to our right, the mountain towering on our left. For nine miles we drove through the lime-stone district, covered by the leases formerly owned by Messrs. MacLachlan & Sanders, now the property of the Bras d'Or Lime Company (Limited) of which they are large shareholders. Quarries are now opened at several places, and the facilities for shipping and working are unsurpassed. The depth of the water permits the largest vessels to come close to the shore at almost any point. The quarries are from three to six hundred feet above the lake, permitting the limestone to be lowered by inclined tramways to the wharfs, and shipped at a trifling expense. The quality of the stone is unsurpassed, as is proved by the quality of the lime now burned by Messrs. MacLachlan & Sanders, at their works on Bedford Basin, and which is fully equal to the famous Rockland Lime of Maine. Besides their lease the Company owns one hundred acres of land, containing immense quantities of lime stone, and an eight acre tract on the shore with wharf privileges, and abundant room for the erection of kilns, work shops, buildings, etc. There is also a fine brook running into the lake through the property, giving abundant water power for dressing marble, and an unlimited supply of the proper sand for polishing it along the shores and in the bed of the lake. The Company intend to put up a draw kiln at the Mountain this season, and will ship the lime to New York, where they are sure of a practically unlimited market for all they can produce. The natural advantages of the position are so great, and the lime is of such a superior quality, that they can defy competition. The only wonder is, that this great property has remained unworked so long. But is the same not true of thousands of localities in Nova Scotia? So much for the Bras d'Or Lime Company (Limited) and its properties.

Now, to return to our drive. Shortly before noon, we reached our destination, and giving our horse to one of the workmen, we proceeded to inspect the works of Messrs. MacLachlan & Sanders. A quarry of the best quality of lime-stone has been opened just above the road. A bridge has been built over the road, and a tunnel cut through to the quarry. On the lower side of the road is the lowering house. As the stone is quarried, it is loaded on trucks, pushed through into the lowering house, and lowered on an iron tramway to the wharf, where it is dumped on board vessels waiting for cargoes. When the kiln is built at the works, the lime will be lowered down and dumped directly into it. The hoisting and lowering are very simple in construction, but most effective in operation. A wire cable is connected to the cars and wound round a large cylinder supplied with brakes to prevent the too rapid descent of the trucks. As the full car starts on its descent from the summit of the track leading down to the wharf, it pulls up the empty, and so the operation is repeated *ad infinitum*. After examining the workings of the quarry, we climbed still higher up the mountain until we reached the face of the marble quarries, which are about 1000 feet above the lakes. This marble mountain is itself a wonder, but space forbids my describing it at length. Suffice it to say, that there are millions of tons of marbles, coarse white, fine white, suitable for statuary, tinted marbles, or Bucatelli marbles, all of the finest quality, only requiring capital to open them up to make fortunes for the investors. The Bras d'Or Lime Company (Limited) have no right to the marble, which, as I said, belongs to Messrs. MacLachlan, Sanders & Hattie.

The lime stone quarrying operations are in charge of Dugald MacLachlan, a cousin of my companion, and a most capable man.

The view from Marble Mountain is very fine, but our attention was distracted by quantities of native strawberries which almost carpeted its sides.

Cows were feeding upon them, and as a consequence, give large yields of strawberries and cream.

We stopped at the house of Mrs. McDonald, a widow, whose husband was lost on the Banks (how many fatalities of this kind one hears of in this locality), and were most comfortably provided for.

In the afternoon we drove a few miles to Mr. Matheson's farm and ascended Matheson's mountain, the highest peak of the North Mountain. The day was clear, and we had a view over a large tract of country, being able to see the tops of the mountains on the Nova Scotia side of the Straits, part of four counties in Nova Scotia, Baddeck, St. Peter's Canal, Whycocomah, and numerous other points of interest.

In the evening we rowed out to a large well wooded island, which had a lake in its centre. Wild peas and raspberry vines were plentiful near the beach, ducks were swimming on the lake, and snipe flew up from almost under our feet. There were two lonely graves on the island, the last resting place of two poor Irishmen who had sickened and died amongst strangers.

The following day was still fine, and we retraced our steps to Port Hastings, arriving too late for the ferry, and having, as a consequence, to hire a boat to row us to Port Hawkesbury and Mulgrave. I should like to dwell on the beauties of the Straits, but space again forbids. In Mulgrave we secured lodgings near the station, and determined to take the freight train, which left at 7 a.m., for New Glasgow. Our host had us up betimes, and we were quietly chatting after breakfast, all unsuspecting of danger, when he quietly said in the most unconcerned way, "Gentlemen, the train's gone!"

"Great Scott," yelled my companion, "why didn't you give us warning?" and we looked at each other in dismay. Suddenly light illumined the darkness, "grab your coat and valise and we'll head the train off!" shouted my friend. No sooner said than done, and we were soon cutting across lots bent on what most people would consider a fool's errand,—but they have never been to Mulgrave.

The road makes a long and sharp angle to get into the wharf at Mulgrave, and by cutting across we got on the up track ahead of the train. It was a heavy grade and a wet morning, but the driver saw us and stopped, and with sighs of intense relief we were soon settled in the car. For downright enjoyment there is nothing like travelling on a freight train, especially when, as in our case, the conductor and brakemen are good fellows. Every object of interest on the road was pointed out, and our sides ached with laughter at the quaint wit of the "boys" and their anecdotes of railroad pranks.

We remained at New Glasgow for the Express train, which rolled us into the Halifax Station on time, and strange to say just in time—for the rain.

My advice to every one is "don't delay, but go and visit the Bras d'Or at once."

Adios Amigo.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

James Roue, manufacturer of ginger ale, lemonade, aerated waters, etc., has now been established in Halifax in this business for over nine years, and the products of his factory are well known throughout the Lower Provinces. Carbonated drinks require both skill and experience in their manufacture, and Mr. Roue has taken a prominent position in this respect; so much so, that his productions will compare favorably with the imported soda waters and ginger ales of Belfast and other noted centres of manufacture in the old country. Mr. Roue manufactures lemonade, sarsaparilla, potash water, seltzer, etc. Also, nerve food and nerve food beer, the latter having been warmly endorsed by medical men as both wholesome and appetizing. Year by year has witnessed a material increase in the productions of this house. The premises are located at Wood's wharf, off Water st., where there is a well equipped factory, consisting of a four story building 50x40 feet in size, supplied with the most modern and improved machinery for the carrying on of this industry. A steam engine of two and one half horse power supplies the motive power, while employment is given to fourteen hands and four horses.

W. H. Schwartz & Sons, No. 204 Upper Water St., in this city, have been putting in the latest improvements in spice-grinding machinery, to enable them to keep pace with the demand for their goods, which has more than doubled within the last two years, and to employ three times the number of hands they formerly employed. They make a specialty of pure peppers, both white and black, which are noted throughout the Provinces for their excellence. Their coffee trade is also largely increasing, and the coffee is put up in all kinds of packages from 1 lb. to 80 lbs. The latter includes all varieties, Mocha, Java, Jamaica, Porto Rico, etc. Formerly houses in the Upper Provinces did most of the business in this line, but the Messrs. Schwartz are not only holding their own against this trade, but are actually taking their place, and with their largely increased facilities, bid fair to control the trade. The house is known as the Halifax Steam Coffee and Spice Mills, and was founded in 1841 by Mr. W. H. Schwartz, and is now carried on by Messrs. W. E. & F. Schwartz, sons of the founder.

Mr. William Fleming, St. John, N. B., will establish new locomotive works in that city.

The Albert Manufacturing Co., 'Millsboro', N. B., are manufacturing about 400 barrels of plaster per day.

Mr. C. Doull, Sackville, N. B., is enlarging his furniture factory, and adding considerable new machinery.

The Amherst Boot and Shoe Manufacturing Co., Amherst, N. S., are doing a prosperous business. During the past year their sales aggregated more than \$323,000, an increase of \$35,000 over the previous year.