



## Halifax the Picturesque.



**I**T IS said that the American who goes to Montreal, but twenty-four hours' ride from Halifax, and who sees it approaches from the windows of the car, suddenly finds that he has passed from the United States to France, and that this is especially true of those who see the interesting and quaint old French city of Quebec. He finds that there is such a thing as seeing a foreign land without crossing the ocean. He is in the United States at night, and in the morning he is in France, but a France safe-guarded by English laws and under the English flag. So he finds in Halifax an English city. It is English in language, thought, dress and customs; but if that be so, it is as thoroughly Canadian as it is English. "The Dunkirk of North America" is superbly picturesque. The cannon-guarded height of the massive citadel rises two hundred and sixty-five feet above the level of the sea and is an impressive sight. Not a fortress of a day, but a product of one hundred and fifty years, and representing in itself the steady growth of the science of war and of fortification. From the sea Halifax is wonderfully beautiful. The fisher-folk find a nestling place for their homes among the cliffs, and in the water earn their harvest, gathered not once a year, but every day.

The summer tourist, be he Canadian or American, finds here something he is not used to, and that is the soldier. This is, as has been said, the headquarters of the imperial military forces on this continent, and here guarded by the guns of the great line of forts, but needing their aid but slightly because self-guarded, are the great ships of war of imperial Great Britain. The military element is everywhere. The soldier is seldom out of sight, but if by chance you see him not, there stands in his place, making it good, the rollicking sailor, the deep-water Jack of England. Halifax is gay with uniforms, and the civil power is far less in evidence than is the military arm, but it is after all the dominating power, for here, as everywhere else, Anglo-Saxon civilization stands for "Liberty under law."

After all, "the proper study of mankind is man." A place may be picturesque, and yet lack interest if inhabited by a commonplace people. Here the tourist finds all that is picturesque in situation, but if he feels the interest he ought to feel in his brother man he finds the picturesque element even more pronounced in men than in nature. "Our brother in black" is interesting, no matter where found. A Canadian citizen-soldier, just returned from South Africa, said recently that no problem connected with that land interested him half as much as did the native, careless, brave, unclothed, manly and unconventional. "The black man brings us back to nature," he aptly said.