

sections could not be pleased, and the route selected may not be the best, but one successful road will lead to the building of others, and when capitalists once discover the hidden mineral wealth of the Island, the money for development will soon flow in. A tunnel under the Gut of Canso will have to be constructed to gain the full benefit of the railway policy, and then the tide of travel to Europe may be directed through Cape Breton, by swift steamers to Newfoundland, by rail across that island, and then by specially built passenger steamers to Ireland. This has been the dream of many who may yet live to see it accomplished. With its valuable fisheries, which in season draw thousands of sail to its shores: with its fields of coal, now quite extensively worked in a few places, but still capable of giving employment to thousands of additional miners; with its beds of iron, copper and lead in close proximity to its coal, but now not developed, with its mountains of limestone, beds of manganese, and other minerals: its in parts fertile soil, and its healthy, invigorating climate, Cape Breton is destined at no distant day to become a favorite region for the investment of capital, and to support in comfort a very large population. As a summer resort it offers to tourists attractions that are truly appreciated, and every year the number of delighted visitors who seek health, recreation, and beautiful scenery in the now famous island, are on the increase. Correspondents to the leading dailies in the States and Canada, exhaust their stock of adjectives in a vain attempt to picture the loveliness of the country, to describe the facilities for yachting, boating, and canoeing, the keen sport at the anglers command, the kindly hospitality of the people, the pure air and comfortable temperature of the climate during the summer months. The sportsman will find in the island plenty of material to test his skill, the quarry varying from such small game as snipe and partridge up to wild goose and duck, while caribou and moose are not beyond the reach of the practised stalker.

There are numerous ways of reaching Cape Breton from Halifax, and a favorite one for those who like a sea voyage is direct to Sydney by the *St. Peter*. If the fog only holds off, the sail along the coast is charming, but if the reverse proves the case, none but an "old sea dog" could find any pleasure until Sydney was reached. At Sydney the coal mines should be visited, and a trip made to Louisburg, historically one of the most interesting spots in America, but now with very few remaining traces of its former greatness. Embarking at Sydney on the steamer *Marion*, the return trip is commenced, and, after passing through the Big Bras d'Or channel, the beautiful scenery of which must be seen to be appreciated, the celebrated Bras d'Or lakes, 45 miles long and 15 miles at the widest, are reached. There is not a more picturesque sheet of water in the world." Bounded by sloping wooded hills or large tracts of cultivated land, with neat farm houses and snug villages scattered here and there, its waters broken by innumerable isles and one large island (the Boularderie, 21 miles long), its boundaries indented by numberless coves, inlets, and streams, it seems an enchanted locality, and one never tires of drinking in the beautiful scene. Unless a very strong wind is blowing the waters of the lake are perfectly calm, and even the greatest hater of "a life on the ocean wave" would thoroughly enjoy a sail on its unruffled surface. Baddeck is soon reached, and here the tourist should remain as long as possible, as it is a centre from which some of the most beautiful spots in the island are easily accessible.

Charles Dudley Warner in his "Baddeck and that Sort of Thing," has immortalized the town, and in his dry humorous way made the world familiar with some peculiarities of its inhabitants. Delightful drives can be taken from Baddeck. Four miles out is the Big Baddeck river, a fair trout stream during June and July. A further drive of six miles leads to the fertile valley of the Middle River, which abounds in good-sized trout in June, July and August. Passing on still further inland through a delightful country for 25 miles, the picturesque Lake O'Loke is reached, and a drive of two miles further brings in view the valley of the North Margaree, so celebrated for its salmon fisheries. Lake Ainsley should also be visited, and the beautiful falls near Baddeck, which are now accessible by a new road.

Again boarding the *Marion* the Bras d'Or is traversed and regretfully bade adieu at St. Peter's Canal, steamed past Isle Madame and Anichat, entered the Strait of Canso, and reached Port Mulgrave in time to catch the train for Halifax. No more delightful trip is possible, although the voyage by sea may be avoided if desired, or may be shortened by taking one of the Boston boats to Hawkesbury. Space forbids us to do more than sketch out one favorite route followed by travellers, and from it only a faint idea may be formed of a few of the charming places that are to be visited in this tourists' paradise. The present season the island is seen at its worst, as the unusual drought has burned up vegetation, but the water-ways are still as attractive as ever, and the stream of travel has not diminished. Large hotels are absent, but there is the best of accommodation in modest hostels where the comfort of guests is well looked after, and where fresh eggs, butter and milk, with fish and game, provide a bill of fare that would tempt the appetite of an epicure, and at prices that are very low. Those who have once visited the island are always anxious to return, and those who have not should make no delay in doing so. They have a rich treat in store for themselves, and we feel almost envious of their prospective pleasures. Cape Breton has made haste slowly, but its progress has been sure, and now that the tide has turned, its future course is upward and onward to wealth and prosperity.

MODERN SUZERAINITIES.

Very trite, but, even yet, very true, is the very commonplace old proverb: "One half of the world does not know how the other half lives." The universal reach of the press in these days somewhat inclines us to believe that we know pretty well what is going on in almost all the

remote corners of the earth, or, at all events, all that is worth knowing; but, every now and again, we are startled by some sudden revelation of matters of no small import, in blissful ignorance of which we have gone on quietly slumbering. Who, for instance, would have dreamed a year or so ago that, while we were asserting our right to our modest three-mile limit, our unscrupulous cousins, with the impudence (there is no other word for it), which is the one characteristic of their diplomacy, were preparing to claim sovereignty over the whole of Behnings Sea, one coast of which does not belong to them at all.

If the Heathen Chinese is yet pre-eminent in "ways that are dark, and tricks that are vain," his supremacy in dubious courses is certainly not unchallenged by the Yankee. Still, his "child-like and bland," and withal somewhat stolid, self-assertion keeps him well to fore, where anything is possibly to be gained by obstinate, if quiet, persistency. There are many indications that, if China do but wako up a little more, she may, at no very distant date, have to be reckoned with as one of the great powers of the world, and one of the factors of her probably consequence may well be the tenacity with which she clings to her traditional suzerainties, the possible importance of which may be but little damaged by their, in some cases, vague and shadowy nature, or by the intermittent vacillation she sometimes exhibits in enforcing them. This indefinite character appears, indeed, to be sedulously cultivated as a policy of expediency. At one time they receive themselves into mere politeness, at another they are defended even at the cost of war. In Corea, China began by telling foreign powers to make their own treaties. A year or so later, however, a Chinese army was sent to quell a disturbance in the capital, and the practical ruler of the country carried captive into China. Despite disclaimers there is no doubt that Thibet is actually governed by China, and we become aware that her claims of suzerainty are exercised in respect of almost every independent or semi-independent state on the northern frontiers of Hindoostan.

It has been our policy for some years past not to interfere with the warlike state of Nepal, but we were so completely under the impression that no other power influenced the Maharajah's government, that the intelligence of the despatch, a few months ago, of a Nepalese mission bearing tribute to China was received with incredulous wonder. It was, nevertheless, perfectly true, and the Nepalese letter (or the China translation of it, which may be a different thing,) is couched in terms which can only be called abject, while the Imperial minute on it is simply—"We have perused the letter." At the beginning of this century there was a war between Nepal and the Empire, in which the celestial troops achieved complete success, and the terms of peace were dictated by China under the walls of Khatmander, the capital, and the acknowledgment of vassalage was probably then enforced. But the subject of Chinese suzerainties, their extent, and the astute policy which regulates them, is now beginning to be pretty well understood, and will, doubtless, as regards the northern frontier states of India, soon attract the serious attention of the Indian Government.

LET US WAKE UP.

Every patriotic Nova Scotian takes a justifiable pride in the great resources of the Province, and confidently expresses the opinion that it is to become a great country. Looking back over the archives we find that the French historians of Acadia and the early English writers upon Nova Scotia held and expressed similar views, and, we have no doubt, that at the present time the proverbial "oldest inhabitants" in each section is likewise impressed with the greatness of the future that awaits this Province.

We confess that we too have a strong and abiding faith in the position that must yet be taken by this favored country, but we are not content to sleep away our days and allow posterity to enjoy all the advantages that must result from a fuller development of the natural resources of the Province.

We have a strong interest in posterity, but that is no reason why we should leave all the good things for coming generations. If we were wide-awake Yankees can any one suppose that we would stow away our surplus capital in the Savings' Bank, or become shareholders in upper Canadian banks, when we might have invested our money much more profitably within the confines of the Province. Not many years ago Halifax had a horse railway, the lines were abominably laid, and the cars and general fit out were about as poor as they well could be. No encouragement was given to passenger traffic, and hence the company soon became bankrupt and the tracks removed. From the day the cars ceased to run, Halifax capitalists, while acknowledging the necessity of a street railway, shook their heads and affirmed that it would not pay, but some live Americans having taken in the situation, obtained a charter to build a first-class railway and provide an excellent car service at cheap rates. The public, always ready to patronize a good thing, take advantage of the travelling facilities thus afforded, and the American company realize a handsome profit upon their investment.

The foregoing is but one instance out of many in which outsiders have come in and cut the ground from under our feet. If our faith in ourselves and in our ability to successfully carry through an enterprise were only as great as our faith in the future of the country, Nova Scotia would now be booming, and millions of our people's capital, instead of being locked up in four per cent government stock would be invested in home enterprises and be yielding a much better return to the investors, to say nothing of the direct and indirect advantages to the country.

Let the monied men think this matter over, and we believe that they will come to the conclusion that there are a hundred and one ways of investing money in Nova Scotia which would pay better than Canadian bank stocks, and which might, at the same time, hasten the dawn of the day of that prosperity which French and English writers have predicted.