

We traversed the length of the main slope of this great and prospering mine, having to stand aside every little while out of the way of the long train of coal cars, as they went thundering by with their load, or clattered back empty. And now and then a party of miners with their little lamps in their caps would glide swiftly by us, like dark spirits, toward the open air and home. A thing of our visit that impressed one as we trudged along, as being humorous and human, was the way in which the short men of our party would duck their heads in portions of the slope where men six feet high strode along erect.

Wonderful and strange and impressive is a coal mine, with its gloom and capricious glimmer of small lights that seem like "will o' the wisp" or the tapers of the gnomes themselves. And then the ceaseless rattle and roar up and down the long and lousy underground thoroughfare of the cable-drawn cars, the shouts of the men, the clatter of the upward-bound elevator with its freight, and the crash as it descends voraciously for more!

We were upward-bound, too, at last: tired, it may be, and grateful for the promise of the blue sky and the green earth; but satisfied and filled with admiration for all that we had seen of the wonderful forces of nature and the marvellous ingenuity and force of man. The dark walls sped by us and the voices of men and of industry below us grew faint and fainter. Then glad dawn broke and the daylight seemed to come down, shyly at first, but with growing confidence and strength. We saw the faces of one another, and dirty as they were, they weren't bad to look at. The walls grew brighter, and we shot as if at a bound, into the arms of the broad blue day!

Then we took our monochrome in oils off its frame, and removed the large circumambient wad of granulated gloom from our fair young face.

A RUN TO OLD SYDNEY MINES.

Right honestly have the Sydney Mines of Cape Breton earned their prefix of "Old." For it is now almost three-score years and ten since the late Richard Brown—he who in 1869 gave to the youth of Cape Breton and to the world the "only complete history that has ever been written of the island"—was sent out to Cape Breton by an English syndicate, the General Mining Association, to operate the Sydney Mines, which had been opened forty years before.

Our drive from North Sydney, where we were met by his son Mr. R. H. Brown, General Manager of the colliery, with a number of comfortable vehicles, was over a hard, smooth road, and upon a matchless morning. On one side, close by, were the sparkling waters of the harbor, breaking white upon the beach; and on the other, fields of daisies and clover and wild flowers growing together, and forming a truly pastoral mosaic of nature. There were comfortable looking houses of the old school set back from the road and bordered by lawns and brightened by flowers. At intervals we passed through a natural avenue of firs, and then the country became more open. We saw the mining village, where the tiny houses lay in long regular rows, and the tall buildings of the mines; and beyond all, the sea!

The workings of the Old Sydney Mines extend for some distance below the harbor and out into the Atlantic. Of course we went below and enjoyed ourselves.

When we got out of our gamboge misfits and into our all-wool reliables again, we drove to "Beech Hill," the charming residence of Mr. R. H. Brown. We had been invited thither to lunch, and we think that lunch was the most dainty and enjoyable collation that we have ever had the gastronomic and fastidious pleasure of being collateral with. Of course, our appetites were keen and healthy after a long ride in the slope and the subsequent one in the open air; and that had a great deal to do with it. But isn't it a satisfaction, when a real feast is set before you, to have an appetite which you know will do full justice to that feast? Well, rather!

After a stroll about the flower beds and lawns adjoining the house, and viewing the coal seam where it outcrops in Mr. Brown's garden, we bade good-bye to our host and hostess and their charming daughters, and drove back to Sydney, as jolly a parcel of boys as ever were let loose upon a holiday.

OUR J. K. GOES TO LOUISBOURG AND—?

The next morning we were rattling along by rail to take the boat for Louisbourg. We boarded the "Douglas H. Thomas," placed so kindly at our disposal by the Dominion Coal Company. And what a boat that is! Powerfully built and swift, she seems the embodiment of all that is best of combined strength and speed; as indeed she is. And then, we had Blakemore with us, and jolly Revere; and were mortals ever more blessed?

We passed through the narrow channel of the Glace Bay Harbor, which presented a scene of great activity, owing to the boats loading coal from the Caledonia and Glace Bay mines; and our craft was soon steaming merrily into the bounding blue of the Atlantic.

To our left were the rugged sandstone promontories so characteristic of the Cape Breton coast, well worn by the ebb and flow of countless tides and the wild washings of a hundred thousand storms. It is a fine, strong shore; and the heart leaps to see it on a fine morning, when the sun is streaming against its red weather-beaten face.

Beyond the waters to starboard, that glistened like a burnished coat of mail in the sun, a long beach of golden sand seemed running by; and behind us, beyond Glace Bay, the high chimneys of the Caledonia and Glace Bay pits belched their streamers of dark smoke, driven by the freshly blowing westerly breeze across the serene and cloudless face of the sky.

By now the water was white, and running high; and it became painfully evident to some and delightfully apparent to others that we were to have a sea. We passed Schooner Pond, from whence coal was shipped once upon a time. The rugged coast was still clearly to be seen, and beyond it were meadows dotted here and there with white cottages and fir-clad hills that were richly dark against the azure.

Flint Island, a mere rock, standing high and boldly above the sea, was left behind. It would be a nasty thing to run up against on a dark night if the lighthouse wick happened to burn out.

By this time the sea was as heavy as the foregoing paragraphs; and Thomas—the tug—was going through it like a pewter spoon through a pot of palpitant porridge. And it was sad to see the President! He and the Parasol had been sitting aft under the awning while the ocean was sober, and were as chummy as two pins on a full cushion, chatting away and applauding Sword's capital banjo solos and funny songs. Poor President! He hadn't dreamed at starting that there could be such a thing as rough weather on a morning like this, and during a little round-the-corner excursion to Louisbourg. He started the ball rolling himself. Imagine the humiliation of having to excuse yourself from the society of a pretty girl, and then right under her very glance having to reach for the rail—and farther than that a moment later. There were others forward, too, who were passing a good deal of "condemned sustenance," as Bill Nye has aptly labelled it, overboard. Possibly they had heard that the boat needed lightning, and thought that was the best way to accomplish it.

We passed in safety the line of those who were checking off their dedicated nutriment, and found Harry W— in the bow, singing: "What are the wild waves saying?" Poor B— junior, evidently inspired with the idea that the capstan might be carried away any moment by the waves that were washing over the deck, and determined to prevent such a catastrophe at all costs, was holding that marine elevator as well as the despoiled and enervated condition of his interior would allow. His head declined upon his arms, and he was declining a good deal himself; and the big

waves that washed across his lonely and forgotten feet were being kept busy keeping the deck nice and tidy. Altogether, you never saw such a lot of wasteful people in all your life!

We had got into a bit of a fog, too; but this raised partially at last, and through the lingering mist we saw the water dashing white as milk and wild as a cataract against the faintly perceptible and inexorable coast. It was a magnificent sight; but even those who had been so anxious to land a moment before, decided to tough it out and wait until they reached Louisbourg.

Louisbourg at last!

An interesting article, from a medical point of view, might be written on how Louisbourg was successfully stormed for the third time.

It was decided that the main body of our contingent should proceed up the lane leading to the village directly from the wharf; taking along the women and the sick. The baggage was left on board the tug, which was to have steam up in readiness for retreat, in case we should be routed and come back on a hop, skip and jump with the enemy in our rear trying to sell us relics.

Those who could sprint pretty well were ordered to sneak down the beach to the right for a bit, then cut up through the fields, and, by a flank movement, take the enemy in the rear of the town where the residences of the opulent were. Strict orders, however, were given that no looting should be done.

Well, the light infantry started off down the beach, making a great deal more noise than was proper for a skirmishing party. The main body plodded up the lane, armed with parasols, walking sticks, reticules, smelling bottles and shawls. The enemy was to be seen nowhere; and the General, fearing an ambush, was for entering a neighboring house and forcing the owner to execute an order of four (fingers) deep with something mild and innocuous for the ladies. He was, however, overruled, it being asserted by our guide—a deserter from the enemy's ranks—that better "stuff" could be obtained at a certain building on the main street. We proceeded, the enemy to a man remaining invisible. Following our scout, we stormed the gate of the building to which he had referred; and by a brilliant feat of arms gained an entrance, and that, too, without the loss of a drop of blood.

But imagine our dismay, when, on bursting into the room supposed to contain the ammunition which we so much needed to replenish our flasks, we discovered there the light infantry—our own men! seated round about upon barrels, and deal chairs, and soap boxes, and perched even upon the bar itself!

The room was wreathed in clouds of smoke, that hung with a grim aspect over all, giving evidence of a fierce conflict. But these exhalations soon proved to be but the result of an unparalleled consumption of the weed nicotian—village-bar cigars, which must have been indeed weeds in the vilest sense of the word.

The light infantry greeted us hilariously from their various individual positions; and in a jocular, but injurious manner, discharged a preconcerted volley of ginger ale corks upon our front.

"Where's the enemy?" bellowed the General bravely, as he waved an umbrella of the vintage of '79 over his head, and forced his way through the smoke and debris of dead marines and corks and cigar stubs.

"Fired and fled!" shouted the captain of the party in possession. "Save this poor devil, sir!" and he indicated the bar-tender, a lean-bodied, brown-faced man of Acadian descent, who lounged upon the bar from an intrenched position and surveyed the destruction of his property, as his ancestors one hundred and forty years before had been compelled to do.

"Well, sir!" thundered the General, "what have you got to give us to drink?" The gentleman of Acadian paternity shook his head and smiled in a deprecating yet suave manner.

"We have nothing but gingare hale," he said.

The General swore an oath, a good round oath, such as Colonel Vaughan may have sworn in 1746, when he learned that there were some cases of fine old wine left behind in the storehouses which he had fired.

"Do you mean to insult us, sir?" he thundered again. "Do these—these men of mine—" indicating the Light Infantry by a contemptuous sweep of one hand—"look as if they had been drinking ginger ale?"

"Ah, no!" replied the Frenchman, who seemed rather pleased and amused at the General's ebullition of wrath than otherwise. "Ah, mon Dieu, no! Dese gentlemen, dey comb here while I was try for to get soam slee—ep: for my wife, you know, she have de leetle baby, and for tree nights I don' can get no sleep hat tall, an' I have been walk de floor hup an' down! hup an' down! An' dese gentlemen dey comb here, an' dis one"—indicating the scribe—"he say: Ello, hole chap! WAKE HUP! An' I wake hup, an' by gar! dere was more as tree hundred men want to drink hat my bar! An' dey take nothing but whiskey blanc! whiskey blanc! whiskey blanc! An' wen de whiskey blanc she's hall gone, dey take rye an' hale. I tell you, Cap'n, I have whiskey blanc,—tree bottle. Hall gone! I have rye,—deux flacon. Hall gone! I have hale,—tree duzz—en. Hall gone! Pretty near hall de gingare hale, she's gone, too! Hevryting!"

We returned to our ship in a fog—especially the Light Infantry, who followed in an irregular manner and conducted themselves in such a way that had the enemy been quartered in ambush they would have been completely annihilated. There was a good lunch awaiting us on the tug, and we rushed at it and assaulted it with an enthusiasm and energy that would have been sufficient to take Quebec itself, let alone Louisbourg. And it was a pleasure to see the girls eat! Any misguided and dyspeptic pessimist laboring under the delusion that girls can't eat would have had his belief peremptorily and forever shattered upon that excursion. How intensely, pathetically human they do look, these angels upon earth, as they slap their knives across the face of a red slice of good old roast beef, and say they will take two slices in case you may forget them when you come around with the bread and butter!

But when the roll was called, four members of the main body who had trudged so bravely up the lane to storm the town, were found alas! to be missing. Had they been decoyed by some lurking prowlers of the enemy who had remained behind in secure hiding to loot the deserted houses? Oh, no! For we saw them shortly afterward on the farther end of the wharf about to drive away in a large, double-seated vehicle drawn by a stout team. They smiled sickly at us, and waved their hands as if they might not see us again, and said they would not go back to Sydney in that awful boat across that horrid sea for all the annual output of the Dominion Coal Co.

EXCURSION TO THE BRAS D'OR.

Baddeck and thereabouts is a paradise in summer time that should be better known to the world. Not the tourist world, for it is the ubiquitous tourist who mars a naturally delightful place and makes it unbearable despite its supereminent charms. But for those simple people who love nature in a quiet and sincere way, and who desire to get away for a month or so from the jarring crash of the thoroughfare, to some sylvan spot where they will be surrounded by all that is most lovely in lake and shore and hill, where the air is sweet and cool, and the sky blue—where, in fine, upon a dreamful midsummer afternoon a thousand shades of green are upon the hill-sides and meadows, and the water and the far mountain ridges and the farther heaven are soft and languorously blue—for those who seek such an arcadia, Baddeck is the place to which they should go. This is a long sentence; but that is what I should like to get if I was sent to Baddeck.