



Plain or Silvered Copper Plates,
WROUGHT IRON PIPE & FITTINGS,
Lubricating Oils, Miners' Candles,
STEEL WOVEN BATTERY SCREEN CLOTH,
Steel Hoisting and Transmission Ropes.

W. & A. MOIR,
210, 212, 214 and 216 BARRINGTON STREET.
Mechanical Engineers & Machinists.

BUILDERS OF
Marine and Stationary Engines,
Mill, Mining and Other Machinery.
IMPORTERS OF AND DEALERS IN
ALL KINDS OF MILL, STEAMSHIP, MINING & ENGINEERS' SUPPLIES

Full Stock of
MINING SUPPLIES
AND
GENERAL HARDWARE,
At Lowest Wholesale Prices.

P. WALSH,
MARKET SQUARE, - HALIFAX.

FOYLE BREWERY.
HALIFAX, N. S.

P. & J. O'Mullin,
Brewers, Malsters and Bottlers.

Sole Manufacturers of the well known Temperance Beverage

KRAIZER BEER.
Special Attention Given to Family Orders.

JAMES ROUE,

Manufacturer of
Ginger Ale, Lemonade,
Orange Phosphate,
Nerve Food Beer,
Soda Water, &c.

For Prices and Particulars address
P. O. BOX 406,
or WOOD'S WHARF,
HALIFAX, N. S.

ANY PERSON wishing board in the country can be accommodated at
RIVERSIDE COTTAGE
Aylesford, only ten minutes walk from railway station. For information please apply to
MRS. L. A. READ,
Aylesford,
Kings Co., N. S.

London Rubber Stamp Mfg Co.
Rubber and Metal Stamps,
Notarial Seals,
Hectograph Copying Pads,
Stencil Cutters, &c.
223 HOLLIS ST., Halifax.

JOHN PATTERSON,
Manufacturer of Steam Boilers,
For Marine and Land Purposes.
Iron Ships Repaired.
SHIP TANKS, GIRDERS, SMOKE PIPES, and all kinds SHEET IRON WORK.
ESTIMATES given on application.
480 UPPER WATER STREET, Halifax, N. S.

Halifax Printing Company,
161 Hollis Street.

MINING.

FROM MARBLE MOUNTAIN TO PORT HOOD.—Continued.—From Orangedale to Whycomagh there is beautiful scenery in places, but a keen north wind almost blinded us, and we had only memories left of some iron ore by the roadside from the mine in which Mrs. Fraser of Halifax is interested. Salt Mountain, which rises back of Whycomagh, is a distinguishing land mark and was visible for miles. It is so named from the salt springs that are found on or near it, and rich copper deposits are also exposed on its rugged sides. Iron ore of the best quality exists near Whycomagh, and some day it will likely prove a great mineral producing region. The best land of the district is included in the Indian Reserve, and it is reported that the red men take great interest in the cultivation of the soil and also derive a good revenue from the large groves of sugar maple found within their grant. We had no time to visit any of the homesteads scattered along the hill's side, but from the distance they looked comfortable and tidily kept. Seen under more favorable circumstances Whycomagh should prove a charming place, but with a raw north wind blowing in one's teeth all thoughts of the beautiful in nature vanished and our one desire was to get under shelter. Our companion had a son at work in the town, and so drove to the house of his employer and not to the inn, and in a short time we were toasting our shins before the hot fire of the Waters' comfortable residence. With characteristic Cape Breton kindness our hostess prepared dinner for us, although before the usual hour, and a hot cup of tea soon restored our spirits.

The Waters are manufacturers of waggons and carriages and are noted for the superiority of their workmanship. There are a number of grown sons in the family, and the mother, a hale, hearty old lady, stated with some pride that all the family were at home. This is unusual in Cape Breton, where the children are prone to stray off to the States in search of employment and proves that what is wanted to keep the young men and women in the country, is the establishment of manufactories where they may be employed. With rare foresight in the case of the Waters family, the sons had been trained to become experts in the different branches of the carriage business. One was the blacksmith, another the painter, and another the business manager, and between them they were carrying on a flourishing business.

Best of all they were happy and contented, and it was a pleasant sight to see them all gathered around the long dining table laughing and joking and discussing the leading topics of the day in a manner which proved the brightness of their intellects.

Hiring a horse at Whycomagh we continued our journey after an hour's rest, still having to face the keen north wind. Our route lead us near Lake Ainslie, and on the road side we saw two artesian wells still spouting water and near by a lot of rusty machinery, the only evidence that now remains of the extensive borings formerly made in the vain search for petroleum. The belief is firmly established amongst the people that the oil is there, but that the Standard Oil Company, that great trust which has to father so many sins, had paid the contractors to bore in places where they knew the oil would not be found, and had thus killed off a formidable rival in the oil fields of Cape Breton. There is little likelihood in the theory but it numbers its adherents by the hundreds. Lake Ainslie is celebrated for its sea trout fishing, and the stories told of the great catches of fish appeal to every angler's heart. "Why," said one enthusiast "you come up here in June and you will find the fish so plentiful that you can almost walk over the lake on their backs." Fares of three or four hundred a day are spoken of, and if half the stories are true Lake Ainslie is the greatest trout fishing lake in the world.

On we went over the rough roads, occasionally encountering melting snow through which our horse plunged with difficulty, and at last reached Brookville, a pleasant settlement, and eighteen miles from Whycomagh, Mabou. The scenery through Sky Glen and down the valley of the Mabou is very fine, and the comfortable farm houses and large barns that line the way prove it to be a good farming country. Still oats and hay were scarce, the latter selling at \$18 to \$19 per ton, while oats were hard to obtain at any price.

At Mabou, which is a handsome town beautifully situated, we fed our horse and then started for Port Hood some nine or ten miles distant, where we finally arrived at six p. m. having been from four o'clock in the morning in covering the distance of some fifty-four miles from Marble Mountain.

Port Hood seems a kind of lawyer's paradise. At least we should judge so from the numbers of almost palatial residences and large farms which we passed in its suburbs all owned by lawyers.

First came the large stone mansion and farm of Samuel Macdonnell Q.C. Then the residence of Mr. Gillis, a leading lawyer—then the homestead of the Hon. Mr. McNeil, and the villa of Mr. Tremaine, all lawyers, until it seemed that the limbs of the law had absorbed the wealth of the place.

Samuel Macdonnell in addition to his legal business devotes much of his time and money to introducing the best breeds of horses, cows and sheep into the country. His stock farm is a model of its kind, and his residence where he dispenses the kindest hospitality, is fitted up with all modern improvements, and is heated throughout with hot water.

There is a fine coal mine at Port Hood, and Mr. Macdonnell has it covered by leases. The heavy gale of last autumn exposed the seam in places, and the coal which was taken from near the surface proved of the best quality. All that is wanted to make Port Hood a great coal mining centre is capital, and this will doubtless soon be forthcoming.

Far as the eye could reach the ice extended seaward, and no steamers had been able to reach Port Hood, so we found that we would have to retrace our steps and catch the train at Orangedale.

Our business was soon finished and at nine p. m. we started on our lonely drive. Fortunately it was bright moonlight, and as we slowly made