

at times lofty cliffs rear their heads in majesty crowned with verdure and glorious to behold. One of these is Aspotogoon, with its perpendicular height of five hundred feet, the first land sighted by the mariner as he approaches the coast. All these beauties prepare the stranger for Chester, a most alluring place for all who seek enjoyment. It is only 45 miles from Halifax, the road to it is excellent, and the stages are models of speed and comfort. The village has two hotels—the Lovette House and Whitford's—and private board is also to be had with all the comforts one desires. The scenery of Chester is not to be described. It is magnificent. Whether one ascends Webber's Hill and drinks in the glorious views for mile upon mile; or roams on the pure, silvery beach; or sails among the hundreds of fairy islets in the bay—all is of superb beauty. No fairer spot can be chosen for boating, bathing and healthful pleasure of all kinds than Mahone Bay and its beautiful surroundings.

The fishing of this part of Nova Scotia is to a great extent for sea trout, which are found in the estuaries of all the rivers. Salmon is found where the river is of good volume and the passage is not barred. Gold River, at the head of Mahone Bay, has good salmon fishing in May and June. In the other rivers to the westward the best time is in March and April. The sea trout are found in the estuaries at all times during the summer. To the east of Halifax, fine sea trout are caught in Little Salmon River, seven miles from Dartmouth, in the month of September, while further down both salmon and sea trout are caught from June to September in such streams as the Musquodoboit, Tangier, Sheet Harbor, Middle and Big Salmon River. Besides this, it will be remembered that trout are found in all of the many lakes.

Returning to Halifax, to bid it adieu, the visitor will have leisure to examine the Intercolonial Depot before the departure of the train. This building is a fine specimen of architecture, handsome in appearance, roomy, comfortable and in every way adapted to the wants of the travelling public. It is so well fitted up, and so convenient, that the ordinary nuisance of having to wait for a train is so thoroughly mitigated that it is almost converted into a pleasure.

The trains of the Windsor & Annapolis Railway run from this depot, and can be taken twice a day by those who wish to visit the fair Annapolis Valley. The main line is left at Windsor Junction, and the traveller prepares

himself to see the beauties of the "Garden of Nova Scotia."

Do not be in a hurry! The garden is not in sight yet—these rocks and scraggy woods are not part of it—and it will be just as well not to look out of the window for a while, until the land assumes a more cheerful aspect. This will not be long. The appearance of the country improves after a few miles of travel and soon becomes really attractive. Windsor is reached—classic Windsor—and the broad Avon River is crossed by a splendid iron bridge.

No one can deny that Windsor is a pretty place, with its hills, meadows, and the Basin of Minas within view. The Avon is a noble river at high water—at low water its banks of mud are stupendous. It is the tide from the Basin which gives the river its beauty, as it does nearly a score of other rivers, great and small. Despite of the mud, Windsor has a peculiar charm about its scenery and well merits the name of one of Nova Scotia's beautiful towns. Leaving Windsor the road ere long enters the country which Longfellow has made famous. Since "Evangeline" was composed, no one has ever written of this part of Nova Scotia without quoting more or less of the poem. It is considered the correct thing to do so, but for once there shall be an exception to the rule. The temptation is great, but it is nobly resisted. The recent death of the poet has made his works more familiar than ever, and people know Evangeline without having it done up to them in fragments. Let the task be left to newspaper correspondents, and to the noble army of those who have written "Lines on the death of Longfellow."

Grand Pré, as all know, means great meadow, and we have only to look around to see how fitting is the name. The Acadians had about 2,100 acres of it when they had their home here, and there is more than that to-day. In the distance is seen Blomidon, rising abruptly from the water, the end of the North Mountain range. The Basin of Minas, which runs inland for sixty miles, shines like a sheet of burnished silver in the summer sunshine. It is a beautiful place which the sweet singer has made famous; and yet he lived and died within two days' journey of it and never saw it. Do you know why? It was that he cherished a sweet ideal which he feared the reality would mar. He need not have feared, for though he would have looked in vain for the forest primeval, and might have found some of his statements open to grave doubt, he could not have failed to admire the placid beauty of the scene. It