

The property is known as the Broad Cove area. The coal is of good quality, consisting of, according to analysis: Moisture 9'00; vol. matter 34'00; fixed carbon 57'00. The seam dips to the north at an angle of ten degrees, but, according to the late Mr. Richard Brown, no estimate can be made of the quantity of coal in the area, as its limits have not been defined. While there is a good deal of newspaper talk of immediate operations on an extensive scale, no work has been undertaken at date.

OUR TRIP TO CAPE BRETON.

BY THE JUNIOR REPORTER.

"I've had a real old holiday;
Things with me lately have been gay!"

Day was breaking as the good ship Bonavista stole quietly away from the wharf of the metropolis, and passing between the host of side wheelers, schooners and ocean tramps still asleep, headed down the great river.

It was a jolly party of some twenty members of the Quebec Mining Association, and ladies, bound to Sydney, Cape Breton, at the invitation of the Dominion Coal Company; and how can one feel otherwise than jolly when he knows that work and care, and all that wears heavy upon mind and matter, has been left behind, and that two whole weeks of sunshine and comparative idleness are ahead?

The Bonavista had been placed at our disposal through the kindness of Messrs. Kingman, Brown & Co., of the Black Diamond Steamship Co., of Montreal; and a good boat indeed we very soon found her to be. And when a really good boat has a really good captain, and the really good captain has a splendid lot of officers and the right sort of crew under him, what more under the blue of heaven could a mortal ask for—save it be an indefinite journey with never ending fair weather.

Fortunate indeed is he who can slip away from care for a week and spend that time peacefully amidst the beauties of the St. Lawrence, on board such a ship and with such a captain!

We were a merry lot—that is irrefutable. Indeed had there been a convenient barren island in the middle of the blue river when we were half way to the sea, it is quite probable that the captain would have set us ashore. As it happened, there was an iterated nautical threat to put the ringleaders in irons; notably one All-gall, who played so persistently and diabolically upon an instrument resembling in sound the horrors of the bagpipes and himself in attenuated appearance, that the crew threatened to mutiny unless All-gall was called off. Our first intimation, during these serene blue, dreamy days upon the big river, that any feminine and disturbing influences were doing their deadly work in the bosom of All-gall, was gathered from seeing him steal off with her to secluded corners where she would look bewitching under a cream lace parasol, and he would hug his knees and try to shave his chin on them as he gazed out over the rail with a vacuous stare toward the hills of Gaspé. Indeed, one morning, some of the crew, 'having some business'—reefing the windlass or splicing the main hatch or something—found the two in the bow reading Herrick together. The second officer is ready to take his oath it was Herrick.

Of course, after that our eyes were open. But—enough—let us draw the veil; All-gall's billings and cooings would fill a page.

And oh! those long blue days of laziness on the broad bosom of the river! "Their memory haunts me yet!" I have read somewhere that we are composed of these same elements of air and ocean and surely there is a strong sympathy between us; for every wave we bound over, and every breeze we inhale seems full of life and health and energy and hope. One lingers in memory over the wide and glorious expanse of water, the sloping shores of green, the long range of fir-clad hills! And far beyond, the blue mountains rise faintly, and farther off more faintly still; like half-forgotten memories that have grown dim in the lapse of years!

And I see, too, more clearly still, the young man with the scrupulously clean cuffs who came and rang the bell betimes; and I hear the dizzy rush of many feet upon the deck, and I see the headlong and hungry dive down the stairway that indicated the eager desire to partake of something solid! And it is nothing but a dream now!

Our pleasant outing on river and ocean lasted for four days, terminating at North Sydney on the morning of the 10th July, in time to permit us joining forces with the Mining Society of Nova Scotia in a visit to the International and Victoria coal shipping piers, the first of a series of memorable excursions arranged for our instruction and entertainment by the hospitable coal masters of Cape Breton. With a hearty good-bye to Captain Fraser and the other officers of the Bonavista, who had been so good to us, we were soon speeding in a small tug across the beautiful harbor. At the International Pier, a jolly party, including the popular premier of Nova Scotia, the Hon. W. S. Fielding, was in waiting and received us with a right royal salute of fire-crackers, that was almost as warm as the kind assurance of genuine welcome and the hand clasp that greeted us as we stepped upon the wharf. At the International Pier we took the paddle steamer Marion, (a fine boat, of which more hereafter), and steamed away and saw the Victoria Pier, another splendid structure of its kind. And at length, elated with our reception and our surroundings, and with an intuition of the good things yet to come, we reached Sydney and wended our way, hungry and happy, up to the new Sydney Hotel—and to dinner.

THE NEW SYDNEY HOTEL.

The new Sydney Hotel is located upon Surprise Soap street, and overlooks the Harbor or Spanish River to the south-west. It is a fine, large, airy building with wide balconies, one of which faces the water, and commands one of the finest prospects in the Dominion. As is the case with the new Frontenac Hotel at Quebec, the "Sydney" strikes the eye before anything else as you run up the harbor toward the town, whether you are hungry or not. The table and all the prime factors impress you as being fresh from the country—even to the girls who wait. But the new Sydney Hotel is doing a great deal for Sydney itself. Already it enables the pilgrim's attention to be drawn to the existence of the town while still approaching the latter. There is more point on the new Sydney Hotel than on all the rest of the town.

If we were appointed, in 1900, to take the census of Sydney, we would simply stay in the new Sydney Hotel. The local demand for the new Sydney Hotel tooth-picks is alarming. We have mentioned the hotel first because at first glance it impresses one as comprising the greater part of the town.

Before our arrival in Sydney, all the sidewalks of the town had been taken up and carried bodily away, for repairs. We appreciated the compliment; but so far as the Ottawa contingent was concerned, the Board of Works need not have been so very thoughtful. Speaking for our party generally, it was regrettable that the sidewalks had not been removed a little earlier than they were; for they were still being fixed up when we left. What we wanted was to have them fixed down.

But the air, and the freshness of each noon and afternoon! We know of nothing that can be compared to the matchless days of soft sunshine and serene blue waters about Sydney, and still be just. Save, indeed it be the blue eyes and the soft sunshine of the smiles that must ever make Sydney the loveliest place to linger in and the

hardest to leave. And that is only a fair comparison in one sense; for lovely as the climate proved to be, the blue eyes of Sydney are by far the bluest and the sweetest in the world!

J. R. EXPLORES THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH.

A large party ran out by special train over the finely constructed International Railway, on a short visit to the various collieries terminating with the Caledonia mine at Glace Bay.

The day was delightful, and the Cape Breton country good to see. Gr. d Lake, a fine sheet, lay on our left; and farther, where the blue waves of the sea made merry in the sunshine, Lingan Head—a bold and rugged promontory—seemed, as the waters washed its base, like a weather-beaten veteran who smiles grimly at the attacks upon his front of an army of prattling grand-children.

Have you ever been "down in a coal mine"? It is an experience that will linger long afterwards in the memory, and from the very essence and quality of its darkness lighten and brighten recollection.

When you go down a coal mine, in an unofficial capacity, try and have on all the clothes that you have not paid for. If you share a room at your hotel with another man, it is also well to take any clothes of his that he is not wearing at the time. Put these on under some of your own before leaving for the mine, and the balance, those belonging to your tailor, can be conveyed thither in a valise. This precaution should be taken in case your friend might be visiting the mine at the same time, in the event of which contingency the sight of his belongings in your possession might lead to embarrassing results.

Having thus surrounded yourself with the annua' output of two or three factories, you will be taken for a well fed man with a tendency to fleshify; and the gentlemanly janitor at the top will bring you a suit of yellow oilskin that may not be more than three or four sizes too big for you in your new and enlarged proportions. In any event the g. j. would insist on your losing yourself inside this Gog and Magog outfit No. 7; so that with your several layers of conglomerate clothes, you stand a one to three chance of eventually finding your way out of this buttonless bilious veneer which the gentlemanly janitor insists on putting over you.

Arrived at the slope, do not purposely avoid any substance that may strike you (except it be a pick or a cutting machine) as calculated to soil your nice new suit done in oils. Be bold, and let it come in contact with you as often as practicable. When you are tired, lean against any portion of the mine that will leave its impress upon you, first testing the capacity of the spot in this quality with your hands. By a careful application of these rules, the clothes of your tailor and your other best friend in which you are burried will absorb a great deal of opaque moisture that was only intended for the jaundiced epidermis you are wearing. As a result, neither your tailor nor your friend will insist on having his property back; and if you are not a fastidious man, you will have the opportunity for which you so often longed of paying off your tailor's balance without incurring further liabilities.

When you are in a mine, do not insist on sitting down on the wrong side of your body, even if the seat of your Turner's sunset pants appears to be there. The seat which you are sure you see there is like other modern furniture, not for use.

On returning from the mine, do not in a moment of absent-mindedness remove your friend's clothes. Even in their changed state your friend might recognize them and heap reproaches on you. Return as you came to the hotel, and at once engage a separate room.

We stood at the head of the shaft and waited for the cage. It came up with a rush, and we stepped in; and then the blue sea and the fields of wild flowers and the arching sky disappeared and we went down! down! Daylight fled swiftly from us, and we could feel speeding by, rather than see, the wall of the black abyss, which seemed like an endless throat that was swallowing us with smooth and implacable swiftness.

But more impressive than the speed, more dramatic than the darkness, was the deep-throated accompaniment to this subterranean plunge: the rattle of the cables, the roar of the descent! The sound of the voices of the miners below us and the clatter of the cars in the slope came up and met us and grew louder as we dropped toward it. It was a great and harmonious discord: the thunder wedded to the clatter of descending rocks!

Coal in the mine is like coal in the city. It's on the rise the whole time. We ran up against the bottom, as it were, at last, and stepped off into space. We were greeted by a large and general smile from the miners. We knew the miners were there all right enough, although we couldn't see them, because their smile was as visible as a procession of torches on a dark night. Their teeth and eyeballs gleamed white as new sails in the light of a full moon.

We stepped around as if we expected at any moment to put our foot through somebody's hot house in Australia. They gave us each a little lamp about the size and shape of a five o'clock teapot. It was filled with oil and had a little wick growing out of the spout. I suppose these wicks had been planted rather late in the wick season, for we had to assist their growth every now and then by poking at them with a penknife. As our penknives were all in our hip pockets, and as we were battered and braced and done up in our lemon-colored capsules as if we had intended going into visiting mines permanently as a business, we borrowed from the first unsophisticated youth who had imprudently divested himself of his daffodil suit to get at his hip. He carried the suit back on his arm.

We tramped along in Indian file, with our little lamps on our fingers, looking a good deal like a superannuated ray of sunshine that had lost its way down a blind alley. There was no sound save that given forth by our crunching and irregular tread, and the whispered prayer of some one of our party as he collided with the wall, where he had gone off to pick coal for himself.

Algernon Charles Swinburne can write his overdone eulogies to Grace Darling and other daring young women; but when we go out of paragraphs and into poetry we shall apotheosize one with whom Grace Darling could never have pulled an ore, to use Grace's own favorite metaphor.

There are not many pretty girls who would care to venture into a long, black and seemingly endless slope, with a lot of desperate men who looked as we looked in those Niagara Falls uniforms. But we had one with us who didn't care if she did, and here's to Bonnie Miss Fraser of New Glasgow! As the gifted premier of the Province of Evangeline said, she was the one redeeming feature of our party. And our feminine readers may not believe it, but she looked positively charming in her pyritic costume, with its baloon sleeves and bell-tent skirts.

We filed down the slope and saw the stables, where about fifty horses that never see daylight are fed and bedded. The stalls and surrounding walls are whitewashed; and considering its subterranean location, the stable is remarkably well kept and the animals well cared for.

Poor dumb drudges! We have heard that when, if ever, these buried vassals—serving their life sentence of eternal light—are borne upward to the green earth again, they become mad and delirious with delight. In the long, long day of drudgery and darkness a thousand feet below the waving grass and the free air, memory must have become dulled if not obliterated. And yet the consciousness of a glorious life once lived must be forced upon them, after the first moments of stupefaction, by this sudden sight of the flowered meadows, and the far blue sea, and the farther and bluer heaven! Or, is it but intoxication through contact with forces that contrast so sharply with those by which they have been surrounded?