

may stop at Tracadie, where there is a fine harbor and a splendid view of St. George's Bay and the Gulf. There is fair fishing in the vicinity. Here there is a Trappist Monastery, the brothers of which have mills in operation and are also expert farmers. Nearly all the land in the county is fertile, and fruit can be raised with good success. There is also an Indian Reservation at Tracadie, and plenty of the aborigines are found along the shore.

The railway runs down to the Strait of Canseau amid picturesque mountains, with fine views of the Bay to the north, as far as Cape St. George. The road is a very easy one, well equipped and makes good time. On reaching Pirates' Harbor, a brakeman puzzles the traveller by shouting, "Strait of Canseau! All who are going to take the boat stay aboard this car!" This does not mean that the car and the boat cross over in company, but that the train will run up to Port Mulgrave, the deep water terminus. Before going, however, one will want to see a little of this side of this famous Strait.

The Strait of Canseau, the great highway between the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the North Atlantic coast, is some fourteen miles in length and about a mile in width. It is of itself a picture worth coming far to see, on account of its natural beauty; but when on a summer's day hundreds of sail are passing through, the scene is one to delight an artist's soul. On the Nova Scotia side the land is high and affords a glorious view, both of the Strait and of the western section of Cape Breton. The prospect both up and down the strait is pleasing in the extreme.

At Pirates' Harbor a comfortable hotel is kept by Mrs. Maguire. There is excellent bathing in the vicinity and some bold and impressive scenery. Some fair trout fishing may be found near at hand. Morrison's Lake, which lies under the shadow of Mount Porcupine, is two miles from the wharf, and is reached by an easy road. Big Tracadie Lake is three and a half miles distant; and Chisholm's Lake lies between the one last mentioned and the highway. The road is a good one and through a settled country. To the southward of the wharf are the Goose Harbor Lakes, a chain which extends from three miles beyond Pirates' Harbor to the southern coast of Guysboro. Mr. S. T. Hall, Station Agent at Mulgrave, will be found a good authority as to the fishing in the county, as well as on other subjects.

CAPE BRETON.

The limits of this work will allow but a passing glance at this valuable portion of Nova

Scotia—a place which retains so much of its natural and primeval beauty, and which evokes the warmest praises from all who journey over its face or traverse its noble waters.

Taking the H. & C. B. Railway steamer at Mulgrave, the trip across the strait is soon made. On the way a headland to the northward, on the Nova Scotia side, will attract some attention. It is Cape Porcupine, and from its summit the telegraph wires once crossed to Plaster Cove, high over the waters. The strongest of wires were used, but breaks would occur at times and then all cable business between England and America, by the way of Newfoundland, had to wait until the break was repaired. Submarine cables are now used and give less trouble. Arriving at Port Hawkesbury the traveller can take the steamship "Powerful," which makes daily connections with trains, and lands passengers at the head of East Bay, ten miles from Sydney. The "Neptune" makes a trip every second day. These steamers call at St. Peter's Canal, and then proceed up the famed Bras D'Or.

Who can describe the beauties of this strange ocean lake, this imprisoned sea which divides an island in twain? For about fifty miles its waters are sheltered from the ocean of which it forms a part, and in this length it expands into bays, inlets, and romantic havens, with islands, peninsulas and broken lines of coast—all combining to form a scene of rare beauty, surpassing the power of pen to describe. At every turn new features claim our wonder and admiration. Here a cluster of fairy isles, here some meandering stream, and here some narrow strait leading into a broad and peaceful bay. High above tower the mountains, with their ancient forests, while at times bold cliffs, crowned with verdure, rise majestically toward the clouds. Nothing is common, nothing tame; all is fitted to fill the mind with emotions of keenest pleasure.

Sydney is an old and eminently respectable town. The Sydney coal is known wherever coal is burned, and the quantity of this article available in the coal fields of the island is estimated at a thousand million tons. This does not include seams under four feet in thickness, nor the vast body of coal which lies under the bed of the ocean between Cape Breton and Newfoundland. Sydney has a splendid harbor, and is a coaling port for ocean steamers. It is a pleasant place to visit, and is well supplied with hotels and private boarding houses. The largest are the Mackenzie and Intercolonial.

North Sydney is a lively business place, and