

well as buy ice, bait and fishing supplies in large quantities. Here, in the good old days of bounties, the "Cape Codder," after having caught his full fare in six weeks or less, came to "lay out" his bounty days, to secure which he had to be absent from home not less than three months. The Western Union and Commercial cables land here and have their staffs and establishments, the latter on rising ground about two miles in rear of the town, which, under the name of Hazle Hill, forms a handsome village, all owned by that company. From this it will be seen that, though held secret until given to the New World at New York, the knowledge of the fall of stocks or empires in the Old World is first known on this continent in this obscure corner. A United States consular agent resides here with jurisdiction of the neighboring ports of Whitehaven and Crow Harbor. On the south and west large deposits of soil forty feet deep exist, leading to the presumption that back in the "dark ages" the sight of the town had been submerged and scrubbed by drifting ice which, while passing over, has dropped the huge boulders and sea-worn beach rocks now found miles inland. The climate is bracing and without extremes. Facilities for boating and fishing are unlimited, safe and enjoyable. Five steamers per week connect it with the railway system of the continent at Port Mulgrave station, fifteen miles distant. A large, handsome public school house and several fine churches reflect the civilization; and its great wharves, ice houses, lobster factories and other business accessories denote the volume

of trade. The new look of many of its buildings and the number dotted about in course of construction indicate that it is rapidly expanding; while hourly the arrival and departure of fishing and coasting vessels, with their wings spread to the breeze, enhance the marine view, already made picturesque by the white breakers as they come rolling and tumbling over the reefs, which poke out their blackened, sea-beaten backs after each receding wave



A NARROW ESCAPE.

A short time ago Hon. W. H. Ray, of Annapolis, was out judging the damages of the right of way on the line of the Nova Scotia Central Railway. One day when he had become separated some considerable distance from his companions, as he was passing through a thick woods, and just as he was in the act of jumping over a fallen tree, he suddenly found both feet caught in a moose snare. Before he had time to realize his position he found himself dangling in the air, strung up by the feet, with his head just reaching the ground. Despite all his efforts he was unable to reach the snare with his hands or to make the slightest progress at extricating himself. He twisted and turned, reached and struggled, but all in vain. There he hung and there he seemed likely to hang, for his gun had slipped beyond his reach and he was unable to fire the two shots, the signal agreed upon with his companions at parting. What was he to do? Nothing but yell, which he did right lustily, and was at last heard by his companions and quickly rescued.