

CHAPTER II.

THE MARITIME PROVINCES, AND THROUGH LAKE AND FOREST TO THE QUEEN CITY.

A LONG railway journey. The light streaming into the berth of a sleeper of the Inter-colonial Railway awakes me, and a few minutes afterwards I emerge from between the curtains, to see the morning sun on the dancing waters of Bedford Basin, the land-locked harbour of Halifax. For about ten miles we are skirting this harbour before running into the town.

Most people would agree in thinking Halifax a charming place. There is nothing in the primitive city, with its straight, narrow streets of wooden houses, most of which require a new coat of paint, to make it so. There are few public buildings worthy of notice. But the charm lies in its position on the peninsula of land, with the deep bend in the North-west Arm on one side, and Chebuctoo Bay on the other, leading into Bedford Basin. Thus there is water on every side.