

and New Brunswick; the magnificent outlook from Citadel Hill and the marvellous beauty of Bedford Basin and North-west Arm at Halifax; and the stirring story of Louisbourg, once one of the strongest fortresses in the world, and now a mass of crumbling ruins,—all lend to our *Canada-by-the-Sea* a fascinating interest.

Mr. G. M. Gow's handsome volume, "*Cape Breton Illustrated*," recently issued by the Methodist Publishing House, Toronto, brings conspicuously before the reader the manifold historic and scenic attractions of this little-known part of the Dominion. From this book, by permission of the publisher, we borrow some of the attractive vignettes which accompany this article.

The island of Cape Breton is so named from its early discovery by the mariners of Breton, in France. It is about one hundred miles long by eighty wide. The Sydney coal-fields are of peculiar richness, and cover 250 square miles. The magnificent Bras d'Or Lakes are a great inlet of the sea, ramifying though the centre of the island and bordered by bold and majestic hills, rising to, in places, a height of over 1,000 feet. The scenery is of surpassing loveliness. To thread the intricate navigation by steamer is a delightful experience.

The Great Bras d'Or is a channel from the sea of nearly thirty miles—a continuous panorama of bold and majestic scenery. The Little Bras d'Or is a narrow and river-like passage through which the tides sweep rapidly, and where the water-view is sometimes limited to a few score feet, so tortuous is the channel. The surrounding hills are not more than five or six hundred feet in height but their pleasing lines, and purple shadows, and reposeful beauty delight the eye and rest the mind. Many of the inhabitants of the island are descendants of the original Acadian settlers, and retain the French language and the Roman Catholic religion. A larger proportion of the population are of Highland Scottish origin, and many of them still speak the Gaelic tongue.

Many of the islanders are bold and skilful fishermen. It is a pleasant sight to see these sturdy fellows haul their boats ashore, as shown in our engraving. The fishing villages, of which the stables and out houses—roofs and all—are whitewashed, shine like the snowy tents of an army. One sturdy peasant, who came down with his ox-team to the wharf, might just have stepped out of a picture by Millet. I was struck with the lonely little lighthouses which stud the channel, which seemed the very acme of isolation.

I will let the facile pen of Charles Dudley Warner describe the magnificent Bras d'Or Lake:

"The Bras d'Or is the most beautiful salt-water lake I have ever seen,