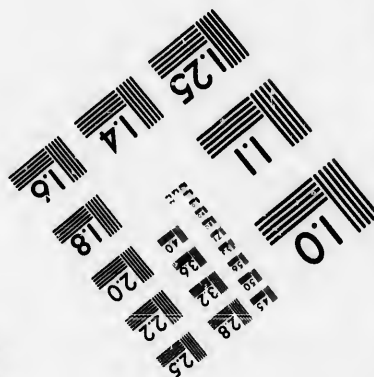
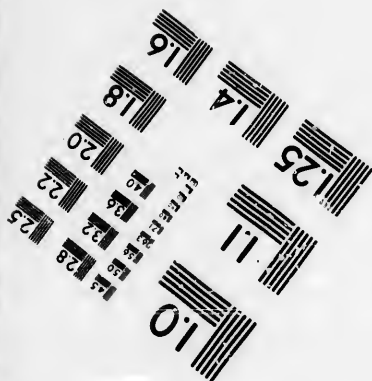
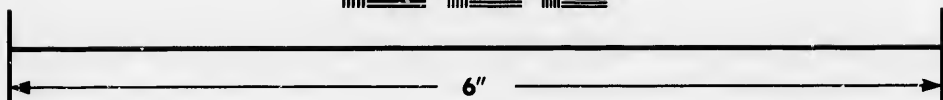
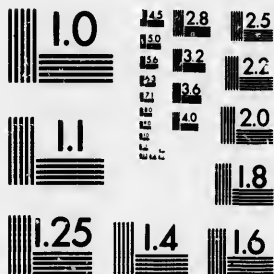


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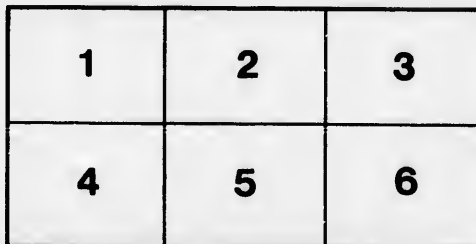
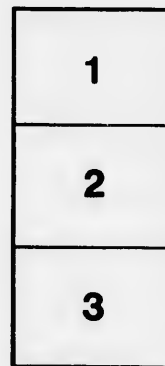
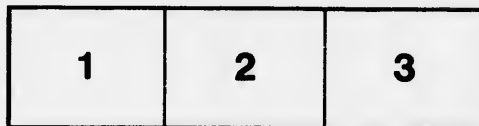
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Published by

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1897.

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JUST A LITTLE INTRODUCTION, ON THE QUICKEST AND EASIEST WAY TO GO "ABROAD."

Where?

Where?

That's the great perennial summer question. It has had more hard continuous thought concentrated on it than the Tariff Question, Money Question, Munroe Doctrine, and all those matters bunched together — "Where shall we go this summer?"

I had been struggling with it for weeks myself, and it was wearing me out. "Europe," suggested one friend. I smiled painfully. Europe — and two weeks to do it in; not to mention its financial aspect. Another fellow, a grim sardonic wag, advised Japan.

I had almost given the thing up as hopeless when I chanced on an old acquaintance. "Where," I cried, with the abruptness of a man who has one great dominating thought, "are you going for your vacation?"

"Been," he said.

"Where?" I asked.

"Abroad."

"Indeed," I exclaimed.

"Yes," he went on serenely, "went abroad two weeks ago. Fine voyage, — smooth sailing both ways. Saw lots of new sights, — visited historic scenes, — drank in glorious scenery, — climate without a flaw, — explored strange cities, — had —"

"Just where abroad was it?" I interrupted.

"Nova Scotia."

I fear I smiled.

But I kept thinking it over. "Well, now," thought I, "why not Nova Scotia? It's only two or three hundred miles from Boston, but it's a foreign land nevertheless. You get your ocean voyage; you see new scenes; you—" I concluded I too would go "abroad,"—and I went.

I embarked next day for Yarmouth,—a glorious sail, and a delightful town. I went to Shelburne, which has the finest harbor, and the most extraordinary history of any town in America. I went to Oak Island, where Capt. Kidd buried all that gold of his, and I saw people digging away for it like beavers. I roamed around lilly old Halifax. I picnicked at Grand Pré, where Evangeline and Gabriel and all the rest of them used to live. I took a dip in the Bay of Fundy, where they have those terrific tides; the biggest in the world—fifty and sixty feet. I burrowed around the old fort in Annapolis, oldest town barring St. Augustine on the continent; I—but come sit down and let me tell you about it.



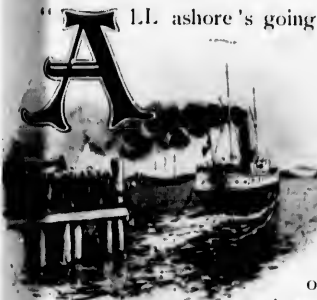
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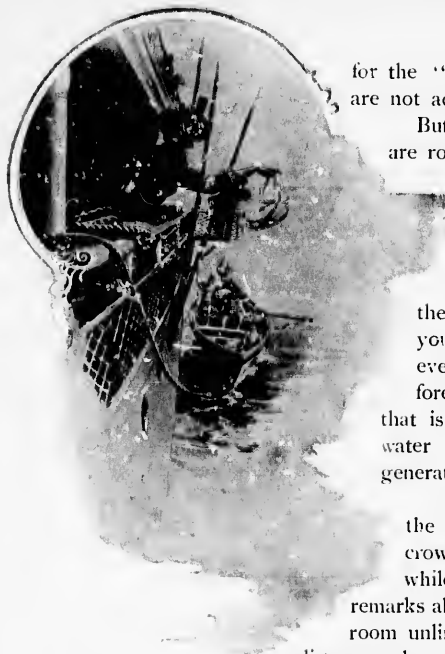


"All ashore's going ashore! All ashore's going ashore!" and there's a great clattering down the gang plank. A moment later the second officer looks at his watch and calls out "Let go the plank!" And between deck hands and dock hands they are making quick work of it, when up runs a breathless woman: "Where's Willie, did Willie go ashore?" Willie is soon located up in the bow, sitting serenely on a coil of rope, and telling a Western boy how much bigger Boston is than Chicago. His relieved mother sinks into a chair to regain her breath, the plank is thrown off, and the big steamship "Boston" swings out into the harbor.

It's always an exceedingly interesting moment, to a landsman, when an ocean steamer cuts loose from its mooring. There's a sense of separation from all that is old and tried and familiar. There are new experiences, new sensations and new associations ahead of you, — a new life, even though your voyage is but a few hours' duration. Then there's the spectacle — always more or less moving — of three or four hundred people saying a simultaneous good-bye to three or four hundred other people — the crowd on the dock waving handkerchiefs, and shouting, and tendering innumerable parting injunctions: "Take care of yourself!" "Be sure and write!" "Wish I was going too!" "Now, Jamie, you won't get sick, will you, Jamie?" and other equally valuable counsels.

But the "Boston" does not wait for prolonged good-byes; she is soon treading her way jauntily down the harbor. If you are a fervid Bostonian, you will doubtless take your place in the stern and watch the last lingering rays from the Gilded Dome. But if you are not, you are likely — moved by the general human impulse to look ahead rather than back — to take your camp-chair to the bow.

You will get many a pleasant salute from excursion boats on their way to Hull and Nantasket, and you'll encounter, too, a good many private pleasure yachts, dipping and rising so jauntily and skimming along so saucily, as if they felt that they were built of just a little better timber than anything else afloat. You will notice that the only boats that pass you are those going the other way. Nothing going in your direction is likely to go by you,



for the "Boston" and her running mate, the "Yarmouth," are very fast sailers, and are not accustomed to watching anybody's heels.

But here you are, past the old forts, down past Hull, and a few minutes later you are rounding the lighthouse and heading for the open sea. To the south of you lie Hull and Nantasket, to the west Winthrop and Revere, and soon you pass Nahant, and then land becomes but a distant outline.

It will be a timely proceeding, just about now, for you to repair with all the speed at your command to the dinner table, for the bell rang some time ago. You will descend intending to return forthwith, so as not to lose the glorious sail—an intention, however, which you will fail utterly to fulfil, for you will find this ocean dinner one of the most delightful repasts at which you ever sat. There is one thing which they have in Nova Scotia (and you get a foretaste of it on the boat), which is better than anywhere else in the world, and that is fish. Be it trout, salmon, halibut, or haddock, it's always fresh from the water and exquisitely cooked, — cooked with that perfection of art that comes from generations of experience.

That first afternoon upon the water you will find wonderfully recuperative, — the very essence of restfulness. No dust, no cinders, no rattle and roar, no being crowded into a seat with a 300-pound stranger who puts his bundles on your feet, while the baby in the seat in front waves her arms at you and persists in making remarks about your personal appearance. Instead you have the pure breath of heaven, room unlimited, freedom unrestrained; you can lie back in your comfortable chair and listen to the plashing of the waves; you can close your eyes and feel your soul expand within you and your heart grow young. Every vacation should begin and end with a sea voyage—then there's not a moment of it lost. Seasick? Not at all. There's not the slightest necessity of it in the 18-hours' sail between Boston and Yarmouth. Of course in bad weather the water is rough, but you can always tell before you

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embark just about what sort of weather you are going to have, and on an ordinary summer day you get scarcely more motion in this ocean trip than you do in the ferry to Chelsea.

If you've been very much of a landsman it will interest you greatly to look about over the boat. Both the "Boston" and the "Yarmouth" are large steel-clad Clyde-built steamers, with a length of nearly 250 feet and a width of about thirty-five. They're trim, staunch boats, both of them, with a speed of 18 knots an hour, and they sail undaunted at any weather. They have put out from their docks in many a storm when every other ship stuck as close to the pier as hawser could keep it. They're handsome boats, too, being very richly appointed in cabins, saloons, and state-rooms. If you get as far down as their engine rooms you'll not wonder, when you see the huge machinery, that they should plough the water so fast.

You will marvel when supper time comes around, — remembering your dinner, — that you find your appetite again so vigorous, but it is the sea air.

It is the sea air, too, which, after a delightful evening under the summer stars — or the moon, if you have timed your excursion right, — will put you so instantly to sleep the minute you're in your berth. Don't over-sleep, because it's worth cutting your nap a little short to get out on deck the next morning before you have passed the big red and white lighthouse which commands the entrance to Yarmouth harbor. That lighthouse is on Cape Fourchu, and a half hour later you will be lying snug and tight against the Yarmouth dock.

Here you are, only one night out from home, and yet in a foreign land. This fact will soon be brought home to you by the appearance of the customs officer, who will want to know what you have got in that bag of yours. You will find him a very gentle person, however,



satisfied with the merest peep. He doesn't suspect you of any evil designs on Her Majesty's revenue laws ; he knows that all you have brought over from Boston is a great yearning for rest and recreation, and all the vacation you can lay your hands on ; and he is fully satisfied that you've come to just the right place for it.



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HOSPITABLE YARMOUTH.

YARMOUTH is not as large as New York, nor as gay as Paris, nor has she as fine a public library as Boston, but in one respect she outshines them all,—in genial cordiality. Yarmouth's latchstring is always out, and the stranger within her gates is always welcome. She makes you feel it, too. She takes you by the hand in such a hearty way and says: "Glad to see you. Glad you came. Want you to stay as long as you can, and have just the best time you ever had; and when you go away, come back again and bring you friends." You are made to feel wonderfully at home at Yarmouth.

And this is quite as it should be. The New Englander ought to feel at home at Yarmouth, for Yarmouth is nothing but a bit of New England that went a little adrift. New Englanders founded Yarmouth, and all these people that you meet on Yarmouth streets, albeit they have been there all their lives, and their fathers and grandfathers before them, are all New Englanders—just a few removes.

It came about in this way. When Governor Lawrence issued his proclamation from Halifax in 1758, hustling the poor Acadians out of the country (to be sure Professor Longfellow has expressed this rather better), he forthwith issued another proclamation inviting settlers to come from the colonies further south to people this region, and three years later, in 1761, a couple of Massachusetts men,—Cape Codders,—Sealed Landers and Elishama Eldridge, sailed over to Nova Scotia, prospected along the southwestern coast, and finally entered a sheltering harbor and settled. Others followed them a year or two later, coming from the same section, and bringing the name of "Yarmouth" with them from the little town on Cape Cod,—a goodly company of God-fearing men—Ebenezer Ellis, Moses Perry, Jonathan Crosby, Joshua Burgess, and Consider Fuller. A few years later came one Waitstill Lewis. What a trio that was,—Sealed Landers, Consider Fuller, and Waitstill Lewis. No wonder Yarmouth sprung into a firm and healthy existence. Nearly all those early settlers were men of a biblical nomenclature. They were all Pelegs and Seths, Judas and Joshuas. What could you expect from a community like that but thrift and uprightness, honesty and singleness of purpose! And there are the descendants to this day, though under a British flag, the very salt of New Englandism, uncontaminated and undefiled. Yarmouth ought to be a good place; and it is.

And it is an attractive place, too—attractive by nature, and doubly attractive by reason of the prosperity and good taste of its residents,—prosperity that permits them to adorn their town, and the good taste that shows them how. The people of Yarmouth have been famous ship-builders in their day. In 1761 they had one poor little seventeen-ton schooner. In 1812, when we had our second tilt with our amiable mother across the sea, Yarmouth shipping had increased to such a size that they used to sail their vessels out and have a brush with an American ship every few weeks or so. Sometimes the brush terminated to our advantage,—but not usually; for when the war closed the Americans had taken seven of the Yarmouth ships, while the Yarmouthians had taken ten of ours,—which leaves them owing us three. They have, however, long since discharged this debt, and made most ample amends by the delightful way in which their descendants have taken every American stranger right to their firesides and filled him with cheer.

Ship-building is not now as extensively carried on as formerly, as wooden ships do not now play the important part in commerce that they did a quarter of a century ago; but the evidences of those palmy days are to be seen on every side,—in stately residences with ample lawns about them, capacious conservatories, and, most attractive

of all, the beautiful hedgerows. These hedgerows are some of hawthorn and some of spruce. Some are cut short, and some grow to a height of fifteen or twenty feet. Some are trimmed in a natural simplicity, and some are cut and scalloped in most fantastic shapes; but they are always beautiful and Yarmouth is full of them.

The climate of Yarmouth is another thing that commends itself most agreeably to a stranger. It is always cool. The thermometer rarely mounts above seventy on an August day, and it seems incredible as you sit on the broad piazza of the Grand Hotel, looking out across the harbor and away off over the Atlantic beyond, that you are only a matter of two hundred and twenty* miles from sweltering Boston.



RESIDENCE OF HON. L. E. BAKER, YARMOUTH.

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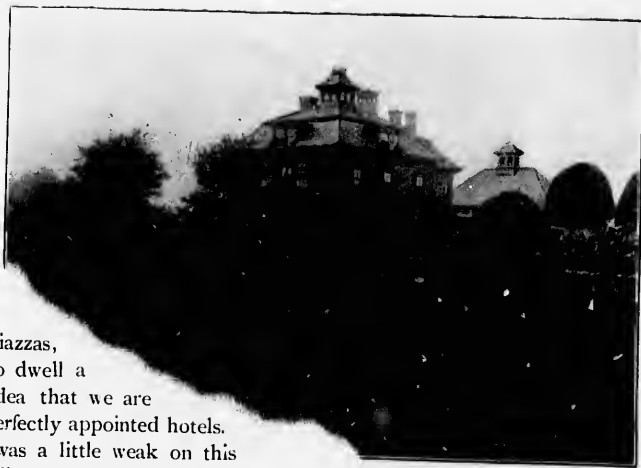
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You will find if you tour around through the Province that of all the Nova Scotian towns Yarmouth is the most conspicuously up to date. As you sit on your hotel piazza the electric cars go gliding by the door, not frequently enough to disturb the serenity of the scene, but often enough to serve you as a great convenience in carrying you along the main street of the city, south towards Church Hill, or north towards the ancient town of Milton, a pretty suburb of Yarmouth, which has the distinction of having opened the first public library — back in 1822 — in all the Province.

Speaking of the Grand Hotel and its generous piazzas, it would be doing Yarmouth a distinct wrong not to dwell a moment on this subject, for we Americans have an idea that we are the only people on this side of the water that have perfectly appointed hotels. It is quite true that in days gone by Nova Scotia was a little weak on this point, but those days are indeed gone by, as you will say when you see the "Grand." It has been opened only two or three years, but it has already

made a name for itself among American tourists. It is generally esteemed the most attractive hotel in the Province. It is a handsome structure of brick and freestone, erected on the most commanding site in the city. From its large office, from all its front rooms, and from any spot upon its generous piazzas you get a most extended view. Sitting on the front piazza you look down across the open park, take in a full sweep of the harbor with its shipping and its green islands, the rocky ridge of land that bounds the harbor on the other side, and over that and far away the Bay of Fundy and the open Atlantic. It is a superb view. In fact it is a superb hotel all through, superb in its building, in its appointments,



RESIDENCE OF ROBERT CAIE, ESQ., YARMOUTH.
made a name for itself among American

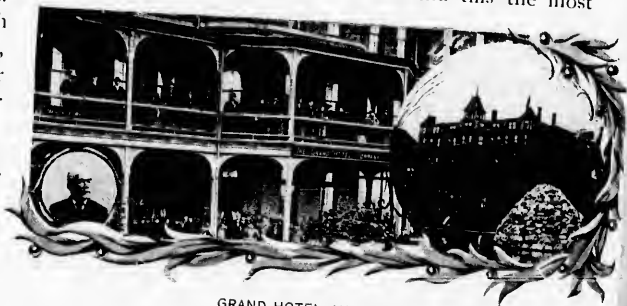
and in its service. The dining-room is particularly attractive, so spacious, so light and airy, and so immaculately white; and then those waitresses—those exceedingly pretty, white-browed, red-checked Nova Scotia lasses, who trip so lightly over the floor, serve you so gracefully, and look altogether like a demure little company of Evangelines, in their spotless white aprons and snowy caps.

There are some delightful drives about Yarmouth,—out to Milton, over to the cemetery,—a wonderfully beautiful spot,—down to Chebogue Point, and over to the Bay of Fundy beach. But if you haven't much time in Yarmouth this one thing you must do,—you must sail over to Bay View Park.

You will notice as you sit on the piazza of the "Grand" that the harbor is shut in on the further side by a strip of undulating land separating the harbor from the bay beyond, and growing constantly narrower until it terminates, three miles below, in Cape Fourchu, where the lighthouse stands. A mile back from the lighthouse and opposite the lower end of the town is Bay View Park, a spot which nature and art working in harmonious collaboration, have made one of the most delightful places along the whole Atlantic coast.

A few minutes' sail on the little excursion steamer "Juno" that leaves from Steamboat Wharf takes you across the harbor to the long pier, which juts out nearly four hundred feet into the harbor. You will find this the most considerable seaside pleasuring ground in the whole province. There must be all of fifty acres included in the Park, which have been most attractively laid out in walks, and tennis, base ball, and cricket grounds, and made in various other ways highly inviting either for transient excursionist or for more permanent guest.

If you are there simply for the day, you will find a restaurant amply provided for caring for your wants. If you have time for a longer visit, you will find cozy little summer cottages ready for your occupation on most agreeable terms. If you have time and an inclination to bathe, there are ample bathing houses along the harbor beach;



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YARMOUTH, LOOKING DOWN THE HARBOR

the water, but in all directions your vision is free and far reaching. Stretching away to the south is the boundless Atlantic; over to the southeast looking to the left of the lighthouse you see Gannett Rock, and the Tusket Islands fifteen miles away. To the west of you rolls the restless bay. To the north of you is the bold and ragged shore, stretching away towards St. Mary's Bay; while across the harbor is the pretty little city of Yarmouth with its bustling wharves, handsome homes, and stately spires. Some day, — which in this ease means pretty soon, — there will be a notable hotel in Bay View Park, worthy to rank with the "Grand" itself, and every summer will find it full of super-heated Bostonians and hotter-still New Yorkers. The average summer temperature at Bay View Park is 65°. That alone is quite enough to fill the largest hotel they can build there.

Champlain, when he was doing this part of the world with his friend De Monts in 1604, spied this slightly spot, and gave it the general name it still bears, Cape Fourchu, which, being anglicized, means the forked cape.

or if you prefer the surf, it is but a few minutes' walk over to the Fundy shore where the waves come rolling in without check or hindrance. As for fishing, you have but to drop your line from the end of the long pier, and your basket will fill apace. And such air! If it blows from the east or the south you get the pure breath of the Atlantic. If it blows from the west or north you get the salubrious salt of old Fundy.

And best of all—the view! You will have no idea when you land at the pier and mount up the

short ascent how magnificent a stretch of vision you will soon enjoy. It is not a great eminence, possibly not more than two hundred and fifty feet above

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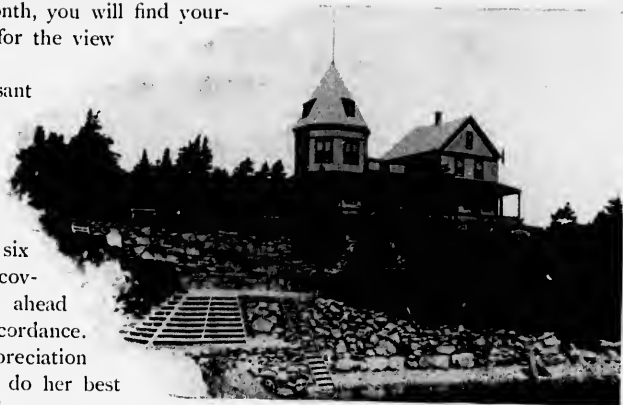
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If you stay in Yarmouth a week, or even a month, you will find your-
self taking a spin over to Bay View Park every day, for the view
from its summit never palls.

But we must not linger too long even in pleasant
Yarmouth, for the South Shore beckons us. It be-
hooves us, therefore, to be up betimes in the morning,
for the "City of St. John,"—or the "City," as every-
body calls her in this part of the world,—is an early
boat, and pulls out from her dock at half-past seven
in the morning; and half-past seven means half-past six
by your American watch, if you have not already discov-
ered the fact that Yarmouth time is full sixty minutes ahead
of Boston time, and regulated your chronometer in accordance.

If a man has any poetry in his soul, or an appreciation
of the work of Nature, where Nature has been able to do her best
unhampered and unhindered; or if his tastes are a trifle more san-
guinary, and his chief joy is to reel in the line after his basket is
full to the top with beautiful trout; or if he likes to try his aim on that shiest of game, the moose; or if he is a plain,
ordinary person, simply in quest of the utmost possible vacation to be squeezed into a limited time, let him rejoice,
for of any or of all of these desires he will find the complete, perfect, overrunning fulfillment in the South Shore.



BAY VIEW PARK.

AMERICA'S FIRST DISCOVERER.



THE "City of St. John" makes less ado in picking her way down Yarmouth Harbor than the larger "Boston." She is soon rounding the "Bug Light," passing John's Cove and Cape Fourchu on the right, and in a few minutes is at the mouth of the harbor, making for the more open sea. You soon notice a little village clustered on the high bank at your left. That is Chebogue, a place old enough to be larger than it is, but no less interesting on that account. It was settled in 1739 by French from Annapolis. Probably some neighbor on the boat, of whom you inquire about the little village, will tell you the interesting romance that took place there one hundred and twenty years ago. They were building a church (they are always building churches in Nova Scotia) when part of the English squadron cast anchor off Chebogue, and the captain of a man-of-war went ashore and watched them as they put up the little sanctuary; but more did he watch the beautiful, red-cheeked daughter of one of the carpenters. The gallant captain, who had won many a famous fight, instantly struck his colors, and the carpenter's daughter also capitulated. It was a case of mutual surrender, and when the man-of-war sailed away the little Chebogue girl sailed as the captain's wife. He afterwards became a great admiral, and she a famous London beauty. And her little brother, who shipped as a midshipmite, served His Majesty so well that he afterwards became the captain of a man-of-war, and was knighted by the King.

You ought to take another look at Chebogue for George Bancroft's sake, the great historian, who came so near being a Cheboguean. His father, Aaron Bancroft, moved from New England to this little Nova Scotian settlement in 1780, but he returned to his native country before his illustrious son was born.

Now you are crossing the bay at the mouth of the Tusket River, which is as full of islands as it can hold. There are 360 of them all told,—almost enough to fill out the year. You will find the shores of the islands fringed in many cases with primitive little structures, and you will inquire "Who in the world lives in those?" They will tell you that these are lobster shanties, used by the fishermen of these parts during the lobster season. These are

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the most famous lobstering waters in the world. The season is from January 1st to July 1st, although the best fishing is from the middle of April to the first of June. It is, during those few weeks, a very lucrative occupation. The lobster men set their traps all the way from shore to three miles out in fifteen fathoms of water. One man can tend fifty traps or so; and if he has good luck he will catch five or six hundred lobsters a day.

But by this time you have passed Whitehead Light on the eastern shore of the bay, and are drawing nearer to Cape Sable Island, which is the most southerly point of Nova Scotia, an island that contains several square miles and three or four thrifty little villages.

Take a good look at this island, for judged from the standpoint of civilized occupation, it is the oldest tract of land in the two Americas. Here is where Lief Ericson landed full five hundred years before Columbus had ever dreamed of discovering anything.

The "City of St. John" pokes her nose into the narrow passage to the north of the island, and soon turns northward into the entrance of a harbor, and goes zigzagging up the channel which has been marked out by a row of piles on either side. This is Barrington Harbor, and the little town ahead of you stretched along by the water's edge is the ancient town of Barrington, famous for its fishing and its lobsters. One long pier juts out from the town into the deep water of the channel, and the good "City" will stay here for an hour or so, unloading enough freight, you would think, to last Barrington a month. After a prolonged and resonant whistle (which is not at all needed, for everybody has been on board for at least forty minutes) the "City" swings around and steams down the channel again, this time taking the eastward passage around Cape Sable Island. Soon you pass the mouth of the Clyde River and Cape Negro, and again make a sharp turn towards the north. The lighthouse which you pass on your left is Shelburne lighthouse, and the beautiful sheet of water making up into the land ahead of you is Shelburne Harbor,—the finest harbor on the Atlantic coast.

SHELBURNE'S WONDERFUL HISTORY.



HAT a sight that must have been, that bright May morning, 1783, when up this same beautiful harbor, on which you are now entering, sailed a fleet of twenty English ships,—men-of-war, square-rigged ships, schooners, and sloops. They were Loyalists from the new-born Republic. The war was over. George of England had recalled his troops, and George of Virginia was supreme from Maine to Georgia. Now, in a good many of the larger cities there were people who did not take kindly to the new condition of things; they did not yearn for a republic; they did not want any part or parcel in this new experimental government. They wanted to get back under the English flag, and they formed societies for that purpose. Now, Captain White, the secretary of the New York society, had seen Shelburne Harbor, and when his fellow loyalists wanted to migrate, he got them together and added to their number many from Baltimore and Philadelphia, and they set sail for the land of promise. In addition to the fleet which landed in May there came another, almost equal in size, in September, and the new city started with a population of 14,000 souls. It was to be a great metropolis. It was planned on a generous scale, with broad streets and many of them.

These were no ordinary people of common clay; they were people of distinction and position. They built their houses in New York and brought them with them,—houses of oak that would stand for centuries, with stairways of mahogany and mantels of marble. They brought their slaves with them to do the work, and they furnished their mansions in a style fitted to their station. When Gov. Parr a year later sailed from Halifax to visit the new city, they had already expended upon it nearly three million dollars, a trivial sum now but lavish in those days; and they entertained the governor right royally; and they changed the name of the gay capital from "New Jerusalem" to "Shelburne," in honor of England's premier. Prince Edward, the father of England's present Queen, also visited the famous seaport on the South Shore, and the whole city came forth to do him honor. Never before was there so gay a metropolis. They dined and feasted. No one worked, for no one knew how to work. And why should they work? The English government furnished all their supplies. Their neighbors in Yarmouth and Barrington

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and Lockport, hard-working, sea-faring men from Massachusetts, looked upon the newcomers with amazement, and contemptuously styled them "the dancing beggars."

But the day of reckoning came. The government supplies were cut off, and the gay capital began to grow hungry. They wouldn't fish, and they wouldn't trade in furs; these occupations were beneath them. They couldn't farm, it was not a farming country; and so they starved. Famine followed feasting; lamentations took the place of mirth. They had houses,—palatial houses, but these, unfortunately, were not edible, and so they began to desert and scatter. Some turned back to the States; some went to the neighboring towns. One after another they gathered their movable possessions and turned their backs on the "New Jerusalem." And their stately mansions, with mahogany balustrades and marble mantels, were left for the birds to build their nests in. It was indeed a deserted city.

Never did a city rise so grandly and fall so miserably. The 14,000 soon became a beggarly four hundred. Boys wandered through the streets and amused themselves with stoning out the windows, with no one to chide them,—for there were windows to spare. Some of the houses were torn down and carried away to other towns to build again, and others of these stately structures, brought from the States at so great expense, were pulled down and used for firewood. If you will permit me, the people of Shelburne had houses to burn.

Is there another city on the North American continent with such a history? Is there another whose story is so unique, so fascinating? There is something wrong about the man who does not want to see Shelburne.

The Shelburne of to-day is a quiet, serene, comfortable little town of 2,000 people. You can see to this day many traces of the ancient splendor of the town. Quite a number of the original houses built in 1783 are still standing,



hale and hearty, and apparently good for another century. There is one of them on King Street, only a short distance from your hotel, where Prince Edward was entertained. It is in a fine state of preservation, a handsome specimen of old colonial architecture. You will come across the old pumps set in the middle of the streets, where they were put over a hundred years ago, and any of the citizens will take you to the little engine-house to show you the old fire-engine sent over by King George himself in Shelburne's early days, as a safeguard against the ravages of fire.

And there is the superb harbor, the same to-day as it was a century and a quarter ago,—ten miles long from Shelburne to the sea, and two or three miles wide, a secure haven for all the navies of the world,—the finest harbor of the Western hemisphere.

But if you have sporting blood within your veins, it is possible that neither the historic glory of ancient Shelburne, nor its present natural beauty will excite your interest as much as the glorious fishing and shooting you will find in this section.

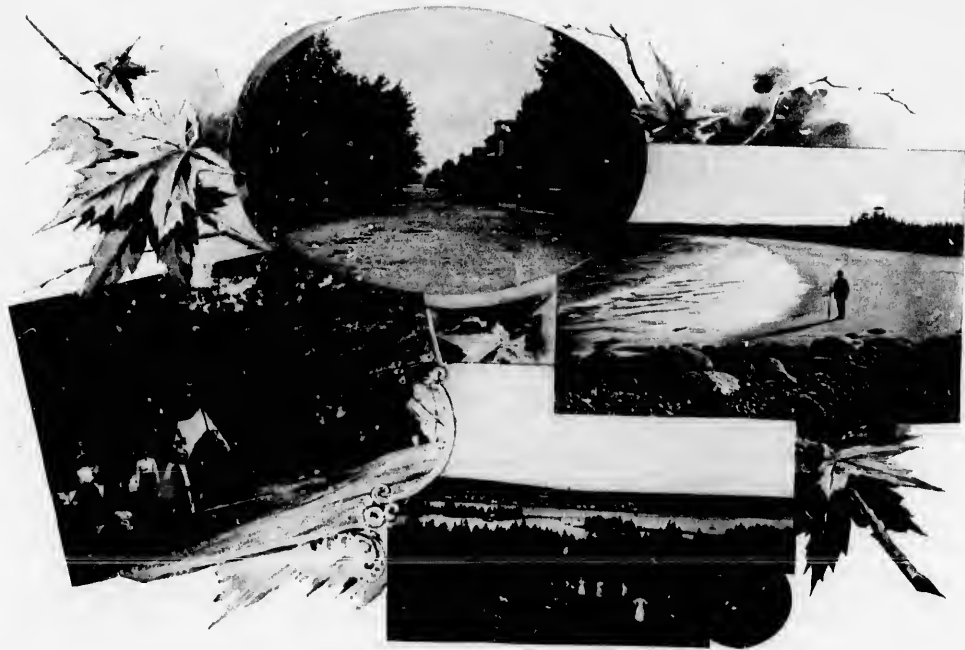
All the south shore of Nova Scotia is one great network of lakes and rivers, having their origin nearly a hundred miles away in the South Mountain range; and as yet these lakes and rivers have hardly been disturbed by the fisherman's fly. There are fine sea trout there, luscious big four-pounders, just waiting for you to drop them a line; and salmon which tip the beam at thirty pounds. Three or four hundred salmon is no unusual season's catch for a local fisherman; and as for trout, any man who cannot put a hundred in his basket in a day must be halt and blind. There are three rivers in the neighborhood of Shelburne, all of them famous for their fishing. First, the Shelburne River, which empties into the harbor close by the town. A dozen miles away to the west is the Clyde River, while about an equal distance to the east is the River Jordan. These rivers are full of falls, and these falls abound in trout. They are all fed, too, from innumerable lakes; and while they empty into the sea at widely divergent points, their headwaters are so close together that a carry of a mile, and often less, will take you from one stream to another; so that if you want variety you can fish from spring to fall, and every day in new waters. The best fishing in the Shelburne River is to be had by driving some ten miles out from the town. A ten-mile drive will bring you to where the two branches of the river meet. Take either branch; both are famous for their fish. A few miles further up and you strike a chain of lakes running in quick succession seventy miles away to the foot of South Mountain.

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VIEWS OF SHELBURNE, N.S.



ON BARRINGTON RIVER.

sea trout because there are mills on this stream, to which the sea trout are very much averse, but there are native trout there in great abundance. Speaking of the salmon that are to be caught in the Jordan River, there is a genial jurist in Shelburne who divides his time about equally between meting out justice to his neighbors and casting the fly, who has a record of twelve salmon in a single day, ranging in weight from nine to thirty pounds.

There is excellent shooting, also, in this vicinity, in the proper season,—duck and partridge and moose. Moose hunting is one of the most fascinating of sports. The moose is a very elusive fellow, singularly sagacious and shrewd and shifty. He knows of your coming while you are yet a great way off. His ears are keen and his nostrils, too, and you have got to get to the leeward of him or he will scent you in a moment,—a wary fellow, always on his guard,—and when you have put a bull moose in your bag you have thoroughly proved your right to carry a gun. You will probably not be able to do much at moose hunting unless you take a local companion with you, one who from years of practice can give the moose call so perfectly that the moose himself is deceived. You may think you can do this yourself after a few trials, but if you attempt it you will simply afford great amusement to your companion, and the moose on hearing it will take to his heels with great rapidity.

The Clyde River, a dozen miles or so to the west of Shelburne and reached by excellent post roads, is blessed with a great abundance of tributary lakes. If you were to measure off a rectangle there ten miles long and six miles wide, you would find that it contained a hundred lakes. The Clyde is divided into Upper, Middle, and Lower Clyde, all excellent fishing points. The stream is full of falls and little runs where you are sure in the spring and fall to find the trout watching for what comes down.

The Jordan River, an equal distance to the east of Shelburne, has been fished very little because its water is so rapid. It is a famous salmon stream, and you can reach it easily by the post road. There is Sable River, too, noted for sea trout; and the Tom Kidney River, where you will find very few



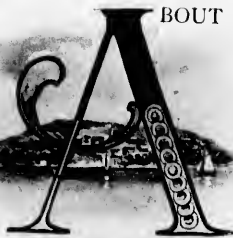
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LOCKPORT AND LIVERPOOL.



ABOUT fifteen miles southeast of Shelburne, built on an island of irregular shape and founded upon the eternal rock, stands Lockport. You can reach it by a drive along the shore, or you can take the "City of St. John," which latter course I think on the whole is considerably to be preferred; for this reason, if for no other, that it gives you another opportunity to sail the length of Shelburne Harbor. When you get at the mouth of the harbor you pass through the channel at the north of McNutt's Island, turn to the eastward, and sail straight across the mouth of Jordan Bay, around a rocky point, and then make directly into Lockport Harbor. It is only a short sail and a thoroughly enjoyable one. This is a wonderfully pretty little harbor you are entering, but a totally different affair from the magnificent harbor of Shelburne.

You will not long be left in doubt as to the way in which the thousand or more Lockporters get their living; for if you wander along the main street that winds and curves with the shore, you will see fish-packing houses in a long row between the street and the water, and here and there an open lot where the broad-shouldered and redolent codfish, plentifully sprinkled with salt, is laid out on the flakes to enjoy the sunlight, and to be cured of his freshness.

Every Monday morning a fleet of schooners sails down the harbor, to return again on Saturday afternoon loaded with cod and haddock and halibut.

If you follow along this main street to the lower part of the town, you will come to a sea wall that swings around until it is at right angles with the row of docks; and back of this sea wall is a very handsome street of residences. This sea wall ends in a rocky promontory, on the top of which there will be some day a notable hotel. There couldn't be a more sightly place for one. On one side lies the harbor, and a little back of that the town. On the other side is a long stretch of curving beach, hard and smooth, fitted equally to driving, cycling and bathing.

When Lockport wakes up to the fact that there are other fish to be fried besides those in the sea, and that one of the most savory of these is the summer boarder, there will be a hostelry upon that headland which will be famous far and near.

Across the harbor from this point lies the village of Brooklyn, the first white settlement along this coast, settled by fishermen under the old French Huguenot, De Razily, in 1635.

It is a good forty miles from Lockport to Liverpool. You can drive it, or again you can take the accommodating "City." It is by no means a disagreeable drive, particularly if you should have, as I had, a voluble driver, who in a most tantalizing way would point out to you so many bits of wood where he, or his grandfather, or his neighbor Jenkins, had brought down a lusty moose.

You will want to stay a day or two at Liverpool certainly, and walk a number of times through its long, straight street, stretching along a neck of land which separates the outer harbor and its tempestuous waters from the inner harbor, which is as serene as a duck pond. When De Monts and Champlain were exploring this shore in 1604, they came into this harbor and found a vessel there whose captain was one Rossignol by name. De Monts took the ship, having use for the same, and by way of giving the captain a fair equivalent he named the water after him, Rossignol Bay, and it remained so called for many years afterwards.

Liverpool came into existence in 1759 or '60. Like Yarmouth and Lockport, it was settled by God-fearing Presbyterians and Baptists from New England and the other colonies. Here are some of the original proprietors: Experience Helms, and Eliakim, Obediah and Lemuel Crosby. In 1764 the little seaport already numbered five hundred people. When eleven years later the War of the Revolution broke out, the newly founded town of Liverpool was much put to it to know on which side it stood; and there were many there whose sympathies were very much with their old friends and neighbors in the rebellious colonies farther south. But a third of a century later, in the second war between England and the United States, when another generation had come upon the scene, their tender regard for the good people of the States seems to have lost a little of its vigor, and from this same town of Liverpool there sailed forth a number of most adventurous privateers which brought home many an unhappy American ship. In fact, to be quite honest about it, Liverpool put away a great many dollars in her capacious pocket, which she got by simply going out upon the high seas and helping herself,—for which she is not to be too harshly judged, because in those good old times of our great grandfathers such bagatelles as life and property did not receive that tender consideration which they do at present.

No matter how short your stay in Liverpool you must at least take time to go out to Fort Point, just a

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minute's walk out at the end of the street, and take a seat under the lighthouse on the benches, which some good soul has provided, and look down the harbor.

You may be a little confused on leaving Liverpool as to just what to do next. There are four towns quite near together, all of which deserve at least a brief visit. They are Bridgewater, Lunenburg, Mahone, and Chester. If you take the boat it will take you to Lunenburg, from which the other towns are easily accessible; but if you feel now that you have ploughed the waves long enough and a little land excursion would be a rest, take a drive to Bridgewater, twenty-eight miles away. The way is easy to find,—you have only to follow the telephone wires.



THREE VERY PRETTY TOWNS.



QME people call the La Have River "the Rhine of Nova Scotia," while others call it "the Rhone of Nova Scotia," and others again are content to refer to it simply as the prettiest river in the province, and this it undoubtedly is. Fourteen miles from the mouth of the La Have is the little town of Bridgewater clinging tenaciously to the hillside. The first question that naturally enters your mind when you get into Bridgewater is, "How in the world do the people here get up these streets in winter time?" You will be very positive that they must be possessed of some supernatural power to mount those giddy slopes after the frost gets into the ground.

Bridgewater is quite a youngster compared with the venerable patriarchs with which we have of late been associating, for Bridgewater is only a matter of fifty years old, but it has made excellent use of its fifty years. There are few places in the province that have so ample and well appointed a court house, so capacious a music hall, and so handsome and substantial a railroad station. There is a spirit of enterprise that impresses you immediately.

There is great fishing around Bridgewater. It is famous for its trout and its salmon. It does not live on fish, however, after the manner of some of its neighbors. It gets its livelihood principally from the twenty or thirty million feet of spruce and pine lumber which it sends forth each year to Boston and other markets.

Be your stay at Bridgewater long or short, you must certainly crowd into it a sail down the charming La Have, as picturesque a stream as one might wish to see; and historic as well. After you have passed Getson's Cove and Conquer All Bank, and are nearing the mouth of the river, they will point out to you the spot on which the old, original French settlement stood, back in 1637; and they will show you the place, too, where the local Mollie Pitcher, back in the days when a deal of privateering was done both by the seamen of Nova Scotia and of the United States, in 1812 or thereabouts, put to flight the fleet of the aliens. Her good husband was away, so the story runs, scouring the high seas for American ships, when his Amazonian helpmate spied some American privateers coming up the river. There was a little cannon out on the point (they will show you just where it stood), put there to protect the river;

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MAHONE BAY.

around its pretty harbor,—and if it were not for the promise of notable things ahead you would find it very difficult after passing a night here to rend yourself away,—especially if in your search for a stopping place you stumble on the little Acacia hotel, with its bowered portico nestling under the trees, to whose matronly hostess heaven has vouchsafed such wonderful cunning in the supreme art of cooking that all the *chefs* of New York and Boston, not even barring the ten-thousand-dollar-a-year class, might sit at her feet and learn. Fervent American as I am, always ready to swing my hat at the sight of the stars and stripes, I am forced to admit that for mouth-watering muffins, for waffles *par excellence*, and for superlative and incomparable apple sauce, you must go to the little wayside inn under the spreading trees in sequestered Mahone.

From Mahone you will naturally go to Chester, at the head of Mahone Bay. By boat it is a seven miles' sail; if you drive around by the shore it is twice the distance; but both ways are so pleasant that whichever way you take you will feel confident that you have made the wiser choice. There are few bits of road in the province finer than that fourteen-mile drive, half of it lying close along the water's edge, the dancing waves almost at your feet,

and out went the enterprising lady, loaded it up, and took such skilful aim that the oncoming ships took to their heels and sailed with all speed out to the open sea again.

But here you are down to Rockbound Island at the mouth of the river. Now you must tack about and make for Bridgewater, or you will miss the next train to Mahone. It is about a thirty minutes' ride from Bridgewater to Mahone, through a very pleasant country and past many lakes. As you ride down into the little village from the station, the road runs along by the edge of a noisy stream—for one of its size—as you ever saw. It makes a tremendous clatter, dashing through its sluices as if it couldn't wait to get down into the cool, clear bay.

It's a dear little town, this Mahone, cuddled so cozily

the bay stretching away to the east dotted here and there with the deep green islands,—“emeralds in a sea of sapphire,” as a Boston school teacher put it, while I immediately got out a piece of paper and made a note of it on the spot. Chester is more like a summer resort than any place you have seen since leaving Yarmouth. Here is a hotel that actually has a dancing hall, showing what a terrible inroad the wild dissipations of the world have made here. Speaking of hotels, the great hotel of Chester is the one that is to be. There is only one other place along the coast which has such a magnificent site for a hotel,—Cape Fourchu at Yarmouth. Out in front of Chester, jutting out into the bay, is a high promontory; and when you climb the three or four hundred feet to its top, you find a magnificent cyclorama spread out around you,—the beautiful bay dotted with verdant islands, the ocean beyond, and back of you mile upon mile of rolling country. As you stand up there on that breezy height, ask somebody to point out Oak Island to you. It lies over there to the southwest about four miles away, and you are going to stop there on your way back to Mahone; for that is the island where Captain Kidd buried his gold, ten million dollars of it, in big oaken chests. It is over there somewhere, tucked away under the secreting sod; there is no doubt about it, for are there not hundreds of people around here whose grandfathers told them so? You can sail over to Oak Island in an hour. Or if you have driven over from Mahone, perhaps your best way will be to stop off, on your way back, at Martin’s River and get somebody to row you across to the island, a quarter of a mile away. After you land on the island it is a half-mile walk, up a long lane, across a field or two, along a little strip of shore, and then up on the hill to the gold diggings,—digging not for now and then a stray nugget, but for big boxes of it all nicely packed, and all properly coined, ready to spend.



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THE PIRATE'S GOLD.



It is a most uplifting sensation, to stand in the presence of ten million dollars of sound, solid, shining gold, having it there right under your feet, separated from you only by a few paltry shovelful of earth,—gold that has been gathered from the four quarters of the earth, that men fought for and died for two hundred years ago—and all yours, if you can locate it. The story of Oak Island can be told in two short chapters.

CHAPTER I. We know very little about the personality of the late Captain Kidd. He was a busy man, and did not stop to write his autobiography. There is every reason to believe, however, that he was not all that he should have been, and that he spent a very considerable part of his life scouring the high seas and taking everything that he found. Now the question arises, what did he do with it? He buried it somewhere, without any doubt; and a great many people have thought, ever since this enterprising and secretive gentleman died two hundred years ago, that he buried it somewhere along the south shore of Nova Scotia.

CHAPTER II. A hundred years ago, or, to be quite exact, in 1795, this part of the country was but sparsely populated. One day three men, by name Smith, McGinnis, and Vaughn, settlers along the mainland, rowed over to Oak Island together to explore the place. On the eastern end of the island they came to a large grove of oak trees, in the centre of which they discovered to their great surprise a circular clearing, in the middle of which stood one lone oak tree. There were marks upon the tree and its largest branch had been cut, and looking underneath it they discovered a circular depression in the earth; and some go so far as to say that in this hollow lay an old pulley. The three explorers were deeply impressed with these phenomena. They hid them home, got shovels and pickaxes, and returned to dig. When they had got down ten feet they came to a layer of spruce planks. This excited their interest still further, and they dug another ten feet,—more planks, and still another ten,—more planks still. At this point they became superstitious, believing that only the devil himself could ever have been engaged in such remarkable work. But the noise of their discovery was bruited abroad, and a company was formed in a neighboring town to dig for the treasure which every one felt certain was to be found. These people dug with might and

main, being encouraged as their predecessors had by coming at intervals of ten feet upon layers of plank or stone, showing that some one had been there before them, and proving to their minds conclusively that it was Captain Kidd's own work, and that his bank account lay farther on. Finally they reached a depth of ninety feet, and came upon a broad, flat stone with curious marks thereon, which—with minds all prepared for what might lie beneath—it was not difficult for them to translate into the following: "Ten feet below are two million pounds buried." They dug down another five feet and sounded with their crowbars, and sure enough there was a thick layer of oak, and the Captain's gold was practically in their pockets.

Unfortunately at this point night came on, and they went home to dream of the fabulous wealth which was to be theirs on the morrow; but alas, on the morrow, when they returned to the shaft, it was full of water to within twenty-five feet of the top. They bailed and bailed with ardor and assiduity, by day and by night, but the water still stood within twenty-five feet of the top. There was nothing to do but to dig another shaft, so they started a few feet away and dug down this time a depth of one hundred and ten feet, and then started a tunnel in the direction of the hidden chests; but again were their hopes destined dismally to be drenched. While they were taking their noonday refreshments at the mouth of the shaft, a loud noise was heard, like the caving in of their tunnel, and the second shaft filled with water even with the first. Disheartened with these repeated failures, they disbanded and went home.

Now all this is a true story, because this happened only a hundred years ago, and there are plenty of people now living around Oak Island who got these facts straight from their fathers and mothers.

For forty-nine years Captain Kidd's treasure lay unmolested. In 1849 a new company was formed. They dug a new shaft hard by the other two. They got down ninety-eight feet before they were drowned out; then they too bailed and bailed, but without the slightest effect. Then the clever idea occurred to them of boring down in the first shaft. Sure enough, when the augur got down nearly 100 feet it went through four inches of oak, then twenty-two inches of metal, then eight inches of oak, another twenty-two inches of metal, and finally four inches of oak.

It was as plain as daylight. There were two chests, one on top of the other, each twenty-two inches deep and full of gold. The only trace of gold which the augur brought up is said to have been three little links of a chain, but that was quite enough. The two million pounds were there without any question; so they sank another shaft ten

feet away, and dug down one hundred and nine feet. Again came the water, and again they bailed; and now they noticed for the first time that while the water occasionally fell several feet, a few hours later it would rise again. They tasted of it, and it was salt. These good people had been trying for fifty years to bail out the Atlantic Ocean. Then they sat down and thought, and this is what they evolved: Captain Kidd had not only buried his gold a hundred feet deep, but he had dug a tunnel from the shore three hundred and sixty-five feet away, letting the water, down around his treasure, so that even after people found it they couldn't get it. They proceeded to hunt for the tunnel. They found a place on the shore that looked as if sluices had been built there to let the water into some subterranean passage. They tried to dam it up, but the tides took the dam away; then they determined to dig down and strike the tunnel somewhere in its course, and drive piles into it so as to keep the water out; and they dug two holes, one seventy-five feet deep and one forty. The first missed the tunnel, and the second hit it; but they didn't have anything to drive the piles with. Then they went back to the original digging again, and dug another shaft one hundred and eighteen feet deep, and again were drowned out. Then they got very tired and waited for thirteen years, until 1863, when another company was formed. They took engines to the spot to bail out the shafts; but it takes a large engine to keep up with the Atlantic; so they gave it up.

Undaunted by a hundred years of failure, another company was organized a few years ago, and there they are hard at work again. They are digging a shaft now with the intention of getting underneath the tunnel that lets the water in, when they hope to draw the water off, long enough at least to let them fill up the passage; so that they can get down to the captain's two million pounds dry-handed.

But here it is half-past four, and you will have to paddle back to Martin's River and climb in your buggy with all speed if you are going to catch that 5.30 train to Lunenburg, seven miles away.

Lunenburg was settled in 1753 by a little German colony which kept itself unspotted from the world and unanglicized for more than a century; and even the Lunenburg of to-day, with its railroad station and its brand new court house, retains much of the flavor of those German colonists of a century and a half ago.

It is a very comfortable and contented little town of four thousand people, all glad that they live in Lunenburg, and that their ancestors for five generations back have done the same. It is a pretty town, too, resting on the easy slope of the hill, looking over as pretty a harbor as any town could ask. That harbor, moreover, is put to excellent

use, for it is quite a shipping centre and a great place for fish. A fleet of a hundred schooners puts out from Lunenburg every spring for the fishing banks, coming back later in the summer full of cod and haddock. Between two hundred and three hundred thousand quintals of fish are exported from Lunenburg every year, bringing a handsome revenue. And if you want to do some amateur fishing yourself, you will find this an excellent place to try your hand,—as well as a fine locality for your shot gun. There are quantities of birds there, plover, snipe, woodcock, and wild geese, just waiting to pose as targets.


But the one thing you must do while in Lunenburg is to sail on the harbor. You must sail over to the "Ovens," at the mouth of the harbor five miles away, a natural phenomenon that is likely to interest you deeply. These "Ovens" are great caverns, some of them a hundred and fifty feet deep and twenty-five or thirty feet in diameter, eaten into the solid rock by the rapacious waves which, rolling up across the Atlantic, have beaten against these ledges for thousands of years. They have taken out quite a little gold from these "Ovens" in years gone by, in small grains, where the water has washed it out of the rock. A few people still keep up the search, and they meet with sufficient success to encourage its continuance. By no means miss the "Ovens." You can stay in Lunenburg satisfactorily for a number of days, at least until the "City of St. John" gets around again on her eastward trip, when you will board her for Halifax,—quaint old Halifax—on the surface as calm and placid as an infant's smile, but within more full of gunpowder, shot, shell, and dynamite than any other spot in all the two Americas.



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FAMOUS OLD HALIFAX.

IT is a five hours' sail from Lunenburg to Halifax. After leaving Lunenburg Harbor you turn eastward, passing first Mahone Bay and shortly afterward Margaret Bay, with Mount Aspotogon between the two, keeping equal guard over each; and you are hardly out of Aspotogon's sight when you come to Sambro Island, with its little village clustering around the omnipresent spire. And soon you are making in to land, heading toward Halifax Harbor. That little cluster of houses around the small cove, sheltered by a barrier of rocks, is Ketch's Cove, where the pilots live who steer the uninitiated into Halifax harbor; and now you are at the mouth of the harbor itself. That island away over to the east of you with two lighthouses is Devil's Island.



But your attention is most attracted by the high cliff at your left, which rises so precipitous and sheer. That is York Redoubt, where the gentle Victoria has a number of her largest and deadliest guns pointing out toward the mouth of the harbor; which would make getting into Halifax a most unpleasant enterprise for people who were not wanted. This large island at your right, which stretches across the harbor from side to side, sheltering it from the winds and waves of the Atlantic, is McNabb's Island, — with a fortification at either end. Passing McNabb's Island and steaming on toward the city, you come to another island smaller than McNabb's. This is George's Island, where Fort Charlotte is situated. At your left is Point Pleasant, which is the southernmost point of the peninsula on which Halifax is situated. And a few minutes later the swift "City," on whose substantial decks you have passed so many a delightful hour, is rounding into the dock, and the cabmen soon have you, — those Halifax cabmen, the most wonderful masters of the gentle art of persuasion in the world. It is only a matter of fifty cents, however, to ride up to your hotel.

Speaking of hotels, Halifax is thoroughly to be commended in this respect. Nothing could be more



SUMMER HOUSE ON THE GROUNDS OF THE DUKE
OF KENT, HALIFAX.

comfortable, commodious, and complete than the "Halifax" or the "Queen." They give you wonderfully spacious apartments, and their table will tempt you far beyond your needs. But as it is a couple of hours to dinner time, you had best make straight for the Citadel, for that is pre-eminently the starting point in sight-seeing about Halifax. You can't miss it; any street that runs up hill will take you there. It is in the heart of the city, stands over 250 feet high, and everything slopes from the Citadel down. If you are stopping at the "Halifax" or "Queen," walk down Hollis Street until you come to the Parliament House. The large building that stands diagonally across from Parliament House is the Post-Office. Run up to the top of it before you leave town and see the Provincial Museum. You will find it exceedingly interesting and instructive.

But to the Citadel. You turn here at the Parliament Building and start up the hill, which will take you straight to the Citadel; and the last few hundred feet of your journey will be a continual staircase. It is a good test of lung and limb; but it is worth a little shortness of breath, for when once at the top you have the whole city spread at your feet. You will pronounce it the finest cyclorama you ever saw.

Looking to the eastward, the city lies just before you, sloping away as abruptly as a toboggan slide down to the shipping and the harbor. Immediately in front of you is the old Clock Tower built by Prince Edward, good Victoria's father, who commanded the English forces in these parts just a hundred years ago. Some distance below the Clock Tower stands old St. Paul's Church, built in Boston in 1750. In front of the church lies an open piazza called the "Parade," and at its other end the City Hall. Down by the water's edge, and a little way up the harbor, lie her Majesty's dock yard and ordinance yard, both surrounded by high stone walls; while across the river is the little city of Dartmouth, with six thousand souls.

Walking around the glacis of the fort until you stand on its southern slope, you enjoy another magnificent sweep of view. Immediately before you, just outside the Citadel grounds, are the barracks of the artillerymen; to the left of the barracks is the Court House, gloomy and forbidding; a little to the left of that St. Mary's Cathedral, the most imposing church edifice in the city, while a little beyond that is the Government House, stately and sombre, the

or the "Queen." The pleasure ground will tempt you at any time, you had the starting point in that runs up hill will 250 feet high, and at the "Halifax" Parliament House. The Government House is the one and see the Provincial

Building and start your journey will be a for when once at you ever saw. can slide down to the distance below is an open piazza up the harbor, the river is the

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home of the Lieutenant-Governor. Looking away to your right is the Public Garden, as beautiful a spot for a pleasure ground as any city can boast.

A little further away beyond the Garden stands Dalhousie College, and near it the Exhibition Building, the Convent, and the institutions for the deaf and the blind; and away off beyond them all is Point Pleasant Park, which you passed as you steamed up the harbor. This park is unique among pleasure grounds. It wears the air of quiet seclusion and pastoral peacefulness, and looks as tranquil as a slumbering child, but it is deceiving you; for under those gently waving leaves there are three distinct forts, all full of soldiery, and provided with most formidable guns. You must certainly visit the park; it is near enough to walk to, but you can get there more easily, perhaps, in one of the public conveyances that take you over the city for such a moderate fee. That little round, turret-like structure that you see peeping out from among the trees is the old Martello Tower, very useful in the old days of Indian uprisings. Be sure to visit it when you are in the park. Looking away over the park you see George's Island stretched across the harbor; and back of that larger McNabb's, and beyond all the dancing waves of the open sea.

Keeping on around the fort until you get to the northern extremity, you find the city stretching away for several miles until it reaches the shores of Bedford Basin. Immediately before you, at the very edge of the Citadel grounds, are some more barracks; and nearby the little Garrison Chapel, where you must go, if you are there over Sunday, to see the soldiers march in, and to hear them sing and pray as only men can who are conscious of bright uniforms and admiring glances. About a mile beyond are Wellington Barracks; and to the right, down at the water's edge, you see the famous dry dock, over six hundred feet long and over a hundred wide, the largest along the Atlantic coast; while out in the stream you are likely to see men-of-war of various nations riding at anchor peacefully side by side.

But you must go inside the Citadel fort. For several years no stranger was allowed to pass the guard, for some bumptious American was caught kodaking the place—a most reprehensible piece of enterprise. But now they have relaxed their restrictions somewhat, and being a well disposed and orderly person, with no camera tucked under your arm, you will be permitted to go in, and one of the soldiers will be detailed to show you around the place, through sundry corridors and subterranean passages. Don't imagine that they will show you everything there; but they will show you all you need to see, and you will find it wonderfully interesting.



H. M. S. BLAKE IN DRY DOCK AT HALIFAX, N. S.

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Halifax is not only the headquarters for her Majesty's North American Squadron, but she keeps two regiments of soldiers posted here, consisting of infantry, artillery and engineers. The soldiers are a very conspicuous and enlivening feature of the landscape. You can distinguish them in this way: The infantry wear red coats and Scotch caps; the artillery, blue coats and box caps, and the engineers, red coats with blue collars, and the little box cap.

You must time your stay if you can so as to be in Halifax over Saturday. That will give you a chance to visit the open market, which convenes around the Post-Office Saturday morning, and which is one of the most unique sights extant. All the good farmers' wives from miles around come into town with their garden truck for the Haligonian's dinner. You will find this market scene highly picturesque; and you will find these thrifty people proffering their potatoes and pullets so persuasively that, if you are not very much on your guard, you will discover yourself walking off down the street with a Sunday dinner under your arm.

And then in the afternoon you must surely go to the Public Garden, for the military band plays there and all Halifax is out to hear it. The Public Garden is a charming spot from any point of view,—rich in trees and flowers and lakes and running streams. And if you come from Boston you will be particularly delighted to notice that all the trees and shrubs, as in your own Public Garden, are designated by their mellifluous Latin names.

You would find it hard to get away from Halifax if it were not for the fact that a short two hours' ride will bring you to Evangeline's Land,—the land that lay so long unheeded and unknown till the gentle Harvard Professor touched its sad story with a poet's wand, and spread its fame among all the nations of the earth for all time.



WHERE EVANGELINE LIVED.

If you have time without limit, it will well repay you to extend your Nova Scotian tour to far away Cape Breton; but if you must place



some restrictions on your summer tour, your best course on leaving Halifax is to take the cars of the Dominion Atlantic Railway and go back to Yarmouth, two hundred and eighteen miles away. The country traversed by this road is much more familiar to the American tourist than the bold South Shore along which we have so recently sailed, but this familiarity does not serve to impair one's interest; for it is a wonderfully attractive country, a land of history and romance and poetry, and a land of superlative scenery.

You leave Halifax from the Intercolonial station, and you ride on the rails of the Intercolonial road until you reach Windsor Junction, some fifteen miles away. There the road branches; the Intercolonial goes eastward to Truro and Pictou, and to distant Cape Breton, but your train at this point switches on the rails of the Dominion Atlantic, which reach from Windsor Junction to Yarmouth.

After passing the Junction you strike across to Windsor, thirty miles away, through a wild and rugged country. You must certainly alight at Windsor. There are at least four things there that will interest you. The first is old Fort Edward, just back of the station. Clamber over the fence and mount to its top. It will well repay you. You will find an old block-house there, built many years ago to defy the wily Indian, and near it two still older buildings, — the officers' quarters when the fort was in active use. Around these old buildings you will see the moat, now almost filled. But perhaps the best part of the fort is the fine view it affords you of the town and its environment. Off in front of you, over the roof of the station, you see the Avon River, on which the town is situated. To the right, flowing into the Avon, is the St. Croix, from whose banks, a few miles up, they quarry great quantities of gypsum; while back of you lies the town sheltered by encircling hills. Windsor's second attraction, perhaps its first in point of unique interest, is the Avon River. Looking out on it now you see a broad, ruddy river a half-mile

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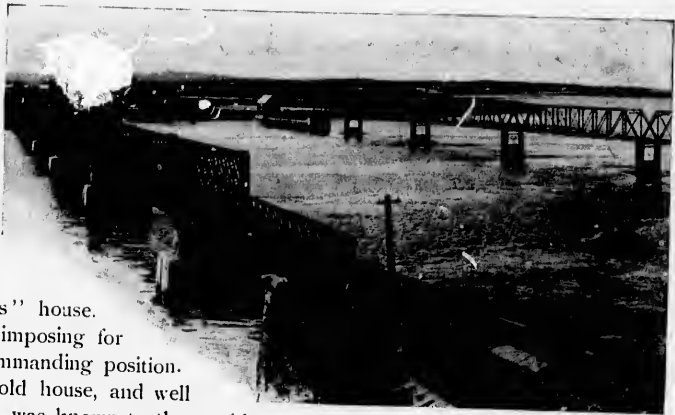
FRENCH WILLOWS GRAND PRE

wide. Big ships, four-masted schooners, and deep-draught square-riggers are sailing over its waters; but if you look for that same river a few hours later you will find it gone—evaporated,—vanished. You can walk across it and scarcely wet your feet; and the big ships are now tied taut to the wharf, their keels a good fifteen feet above the tiny rills of water that trickle along the river bed. The Avon River is but an arm of the Basin of Minas, and the tide rises and falls here thirty-five and forty feet.

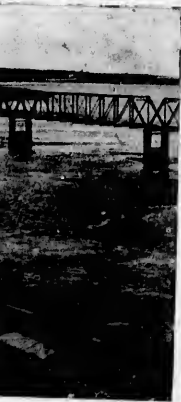
Of course you must go to see "Sam Slick's" house.

You will find it a modest one-story building, but imposing for all that, with its dignified architecture and its commanding position. The people of Windsor point with pride to this old house, and well they may, for the learned jurist and merry wit who was known to the world of jurisprudence as Judge Haliburton, and to the world of humor as "Sam Slick," passed many years of his life there. After visiting the "Sam Slick" estate, if you will keep on the same street a short half-mile further, you will come to King's College, one of the oldest institutions of learning in the province.

It is only a matter of twelve or thirteen miles from Windsor to Grand Pré, which Longfellow made most famous of all Nova Scotian towns. It is an interesting ride,—interesting because of its scenery, a constant blending of green bank and deep red water, and interesting also because of its history; for all this country through which you are now riding belonged to the ill-fated Acadians who a century and a half ago were driven so mercilessly from their happy homes. Soon you are at Horton's Landing, where you cross the mouth of the Gaspereau River. It was here that the Acadians were driven on to the ships, to be scattered far and wide in distant lands. A few minutes later you stop at the station of Grand Pré. If you have ever wanted to know whether or not you possessed



RAILWAY AND FOOT BRIDGES, WINDSOR, N.S.



WINDSOR, N.S.

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the poetic temperament, you can now settle the question for all time; for Grand Pré will prove a perfect test. If you are a plain person of prose, when you get out at the little station you will exclaim, "Well, I don't see anything here," and you won't see very much,—a cluster of old willows, a rudely curbed well, and a great stretch of meadow reaching off to the Basin.

But if you have any poetry in your soul,—if you have the supreme gift of seeing the invisible,—if you are able to roll away the curtain of the present and call forth the misty past, what a scene you have before you! You will see the little Acadian village clustered around you. You will see at that well Evangeline herself, drawing the cool, clear water. You will

look out on that great expanse of meadow—which gives the place its name—and you will see those infinitely patient people diking the land, and wresting foot by foot the fertile soil from the grasp of the greedy tides. There are enough traces of the old Acadian village yet remaining to require but little play of imagination to bring the whole scene vividly before you. If you walk over near the cluster of willows and the old well, you will see the outline of broad foundations, which from their size are believed to be the foundations of the very chapel into which the unsuspecting pcasants were decoyed. Hard by there must have been an ancient smithy, probably Basil's, as many utensils of this craft, hammer heads and tongs, have been found here during the last few years. You will notice a long row of willows starting but a few hundred feet from the old well and running up the hillside. That is called "the Old French Lane," and you can still perceive traces of foundations where the happy homes of the Acadian villagers stood one hundred and fifty years ago. It will be a good plan for you to walk up that old French lane to its top, and sit down there on the hillside beneath a spreading apple tree, and take out your "Evangeline" and read the sad story of her people, with the scene of its occurrence before your eyes. You will find in this way that the poem will be full of meaning and the scene around you vivid with interest. The great meadow stretches out in front of you for nearly two miles. It is diked at either side and protected in front by a long, narrow island,

Long Island by name. On the other side of the Island is Evangeline Beach, a famous local resort, where they have bathing houses, and a modest refectory where you can supply yourself with ice cream, baked beans, and other seasonable delicacies; and where for a trifling sum you can secure a large quadrant of succulent apple-pie made from the most glorious apples of the world.

Wolfville, whither you will go after doing Grand Pré, is a charming little town with big dikes in front of it to keep out the water. It has become quite a summer resort for Americans within the last few years, while in the winter the town is given over to students; for there are several schools here, chief among them Acadia College. You will notice its principal building, a big white structure half way up the hill, that looks like a small edition of the capitol at Washington. It will well repay you, by the way, to climb that hill, keeping on past the college a quarter of a mile till you come to the top of the "Ridge." You get a glorious view. To the north rolls the Basin, mile after mile past distant Blomidon to the shores of Cumberland and Colchester, twenty miles away; while immediately at your feet nestles the pretty little town of Wolfville. Turning around to the south, what a contrast! There, nestled between two mountain ridges, is the little valley of Gaspereau, too exquisite to seem real. It lies before you so hushed, so tranquil, so out of accord with this jarring, rushing world that you will rub your eyes to see if it is not a dream. Down in the middle of the valley, possibly three quarters of a mile from where you stand, is the little village, looking so white where everything else is green. Running through this and zigzagging along down the valley, side by side with the winding Gaspereau River, runs the roadway, a slender thread of brown. There is not a sound to break the stillness except the drowsy, far-away tinkle of a cowbell and the faint lispings of the gossipy brook,—a symphony of verdure, sunshine, and silence. You will hate unspeakably to leave that charming spot.

A ride of seven miles on the railroad takes you from Wolfville to Kentville, the shire town of the County of Kings, and a place of considerable importance in the railroad world, being the headquarters of the Dominion Atlantic line. It is a town of some social prominence, too, with a distinct English flavor; and it is in the very heart of a famous fruit-growing section, for to the east of it lies the Cornwallis Valley and to the west the Annapolis Valley, the garden of the whole peninsula.

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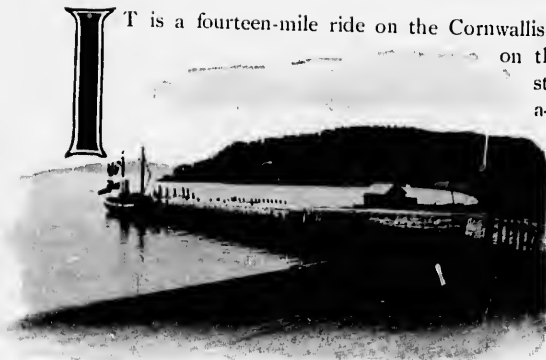
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Kentville, too, like Wolfville, has its hill. It is back of the schoolhouse, and a brisk fifteen minute walk will bring you to the top where you can look to the eastward twenty miles to the Basin of Minas, and to the westward twenty miles down the valley of the Annapolis.

But if you really want a view, vast, varied, incomparably grand, come with me.



FROM "LOOK OFF'S" LOFTY TOP.



IT is a fourteen-mile ride on the Cornwallis branch of the Dominion Atlantic Railway from Kentville to Kingsport on the Basin of Minas. When you reach Kingsport you will find the staunch little steamer "Evangeline" awaiting you. Board her and take a sail across the Basin to Parrsboro. It will give you a grand opportunity to see what Cape Blomidon looks like from the water side; and as you approach the other shore you will find much to occupy your attention. There are the Five Islands to the eastward, Mount Cobequid to the north of you, and Cape Split and Cape d'Or and Isle de Haute to the west of you.

But for the view. That you get at "Look Off." To reach "Look Off" you must leave the train at Canning, a station nine miles out from Kentville, and take a carriage for a five miles drive. The first four miles carry you through undulating orchards, but with the fifth mile you begin to climb; and you keep going up and up until you reach the crest of lofty "Look Off." Though you live to be twice the age of Methuselah, you will never forget that view. It is transcendent. Hundreds of feet below you, down the sheer side of the mountain, lies the Cornwallis Valley. It stretches off before you southward to South Mountain, fourteen miles away. It rolls away to the westward to Kentville, fifteen miles away, and for fifteen miles beyond that. Six different rivers wind along down the valley towards the Basin. In the foreground the little Pereau; beyond that at intervals of two or three miles come the Habitant, Canard, and Cornwallis, and Gaspereau and Avon at the further side of the valley. You can see as many towns as rivers. There are Kingsport, four miles away on the shores of the Basin, and Canning which you have just left, whose spires you can see peeping up over a little hill. Then there are Kentville and Port Williams to the westward, and Wolfville and Grand Pré towards the south.

To the eastward lies the great Basin, red with the perpetual strife of its tides beating against the dikes and

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climbing up Blomidon's ruddy slope, a height of forty, fifty, and sixty feet each day; and away off to the east you can distinctly see the farther shore of the Basin.

This valley that lies before you, the richest soil on the continent. "We have worked it two hundred years and never given it an ounce of fertilizer," said my companion. "The soil there is just as black as your shoe," he added (though unfortunately I happened at the time to be wearing a pair of russets). There are some six thousand acres of this dike land in the Cornwallis Valley. My friend volunteered the further information that it was worth four hundred dollars an acre. Regarding that I could not say from personal knowledge, but I am sure the view from "Look Off" is well worth that. You will be a better man for having stood on "Look

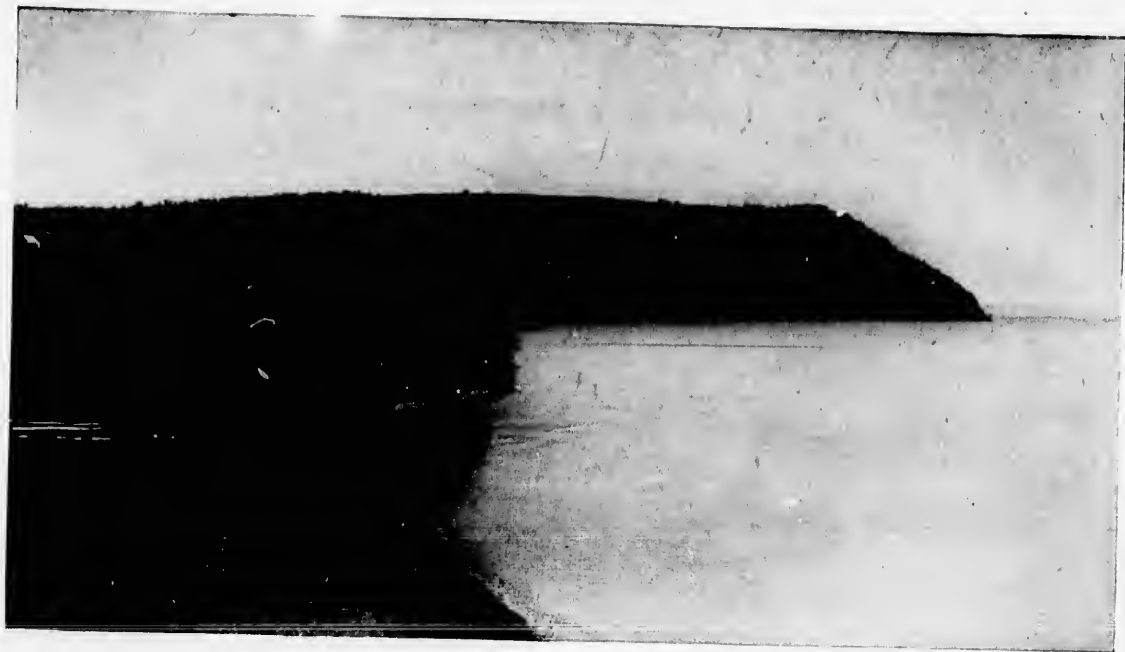
Off's" lofty top. It will clear your eyes and expand your spiritual being, and you will leave that breezy eminence with a feeling of exultation which will cling to you—until, alas! you sit down once more to your roll-top desk, and see how full those pigeon-holes are of work.

If you would prefer a little variety, on getting back to Canning, instead of waiting for the train, you will find it very agreeable to do the nine miles lying between that place and Kentville behind a horse,—nine miles through the finest garden country in the world,—nine miles through apple orchards of the plump gravensteins and long red astrakans.

It is a charming ride on the Dominion Atlantic road from Kentville to Annapolis, a stretch of sixty miles down the Annapolis Valley. You will soon notice a little muddy stream creeping stealthily along at your right. That is the beginning of the Annapolis River. It grows larger and larger, and by the time you have crossed it at Paradise



MOORE'S FALLS, KENTVILLE, N. S.



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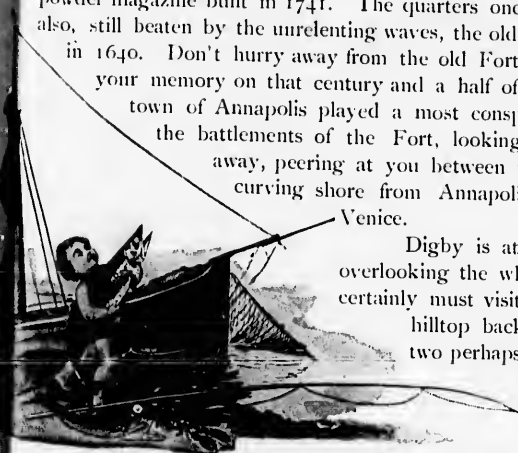
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it has become a sizable river. Half way in your ride you come to Middleton, notable by reason of the mineral springs that lie near by, and because the Dominion Atlantic road is here met by the Central which runs across the peninsula from Lunenburg on the South Shore.

You must indeed be a singularly insensible person if you do not feel a distinct thrill as the train pulls in at the station at Annapolis, and you find yourself in the oldest town, with the sole exception of St. Augustine, on the American Continent. It was founded in 1604. That was three years before Jamestown and a good twenty-six years before Boston came into existence; so you see that you are in the presence of venerable antiquity. You probably will be most interested in the old Fort—the general outlines of which are still intact. You are still obliged to cross the moat over a bridge, for a century of time has not been able to fill that yawning depth. You will still find the subterranean passages which always lend a charm to an ancient ruin. You will find in an excellent state of preservation the old French powder magazine built in 1741. The quarters once occupied by the officers are still standing; and you will see there, also, still beaten by the unrelenting waves, the old pier,—the first pier built in America, a quarter of a millennium back, in 1640. Don't hurry away from the old Fort. Sit down in some spot a little sheltered from the breeze, and refresh your memory on that century and a half of American warfare between the English and the French, for this little town of Annapolis played a most conspicuous and most sanguinary part in that prolonged conflict. From the battlements of the Fort, looking down the Annapolis Basin you can just see Digby, twenty miles away, peering at you between the intervening islands. It is a twenty-eight mile ride around by the curving shore from Annapolis to Digby, and you will cross as many bridges as they have in Venice.

Digby is at the foot of the Annapolis Basin, clinging to a sunny hillside and overlooking the whole expanse of blue waters. There are two spots there that you certainly must visit for the excellent views which you can get from both; one is the hilltop back of the village, and the other is the end of the long pier. Of the two perhaps the hilltop gives you the wider range. There before you, stretching twenty miles away, lies the Basin, blue as the bay of Naples. Not far away is Bear Island, where a number of Americans have their





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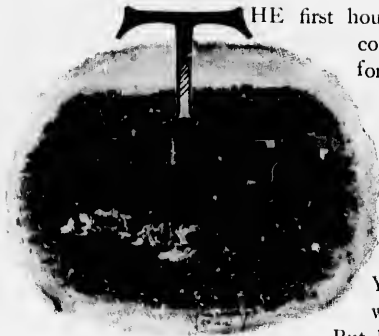
summer homes, as you will conjecture from seeing the old familiar stars and stripes floating so jauntily in the Nova Scotian breeze. White sails skim the waters here and there, for Digby is a famous place for boating. Over at your left is Digby Gap, cut sharp and sheer through the hard rock of old North Mountain, through which the tides rush from the Bay of Fundy just outside. Nearer at hand, about a half-mile away, is the Raquette, a long arm which the Bay pushes in to meet the little river.

At your right, a mile away, are the "Joggins," another long arm of the Basin. You will see what a desperate effort the waters are making to encircle demure little Digby and close her in on every side. Digby does not live on the summer boarder alone, for it is famous for the quantity of fish it sends to market, cod and haddock, and halibut and lobsters.

You will find excellent hotel accommodation in Digby,—nothing ostentatious, no marble floors and onyx staircases, but good, honest, wholesome, satisfying comfort.



BACK TO BOSTON.



THE first hour's ride on your way from Digby to Yarmouth takes you through a rugged piece of country, but after passing Weymouth (which, by the way, it is really a mistake to pass, for only two miles down the Sissiboo River from Weymouth you come to St. Mary's Bay, which is altogether one of the prettiest spots in the whole peninsula), you come out into the more open country, and a little later the conductor calls out "Ohio!"

You may be interested, by the way, to know how Ohio got its name. Back in the twenties, when many New Englanders pulled up stakes and moved to Ohio, a little company of Yarmouth people were stricken with the contagion, and they made their preparations to migrate to this western Eldorado; but at the last moment their hopes were dashed,—they could not go. So they moved a few miles out of Yarmouth and started a little Ohio of their own,—a fine illustration of the supreme wisdom of wanting the thing you can get when you can't get the thing that you want.

But here are the Milton lakes, and here is Yarmouth.

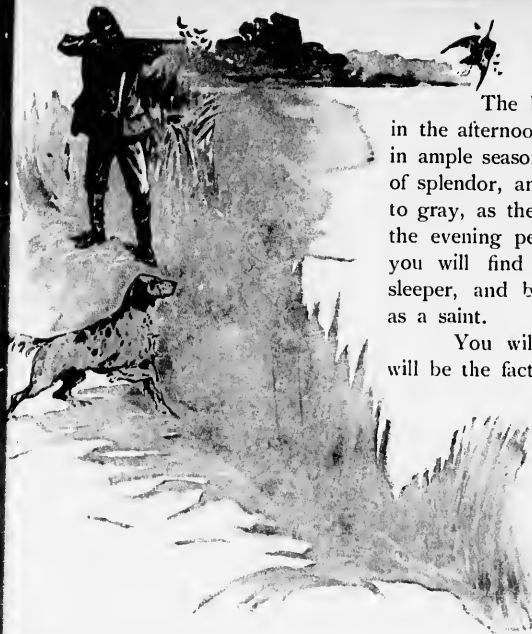
You will be glad to get back to the "Grand" hotel, not that other hotels have proved so poor, but because this has proved so good. And you will enter the dining-room with an appetite brought to a fine edge by the memory of your former visit. There are the waitresses, each in her snowy apron and dainty cap, who serve you so expeditiously, so noiselessly, so modestly. You will linger at the table long after your hygienic instincts will tell you that you have had enough, simply from the pleasure of prolonging these gentle ministrations.

If in your flight through the province you have left any desire unfulfilled, if you still want more boating, more fishing, more cycling, more scenery, you can easily supply the deficiency before you leave Yarmouth. If you have not yet had your fill of fishing, get a guide and go out to the Tusket Lakes,—you will find it a glorious ending to your summer's sport. If it's boating you want, try the harbor at flood tide; and if you still feel an aching void for scenery, take the little launch once more over to Bay View Park, clamber up again to its peak, and drink in that supernal scene,—and then board the "Boston" or the "Yarmouth" for home.

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The boat leaves shortly after the arrival of the Halifax train about six in the afternoon, and it will get you down the harbor and out on the broad ocean in ample season to see the great Atlantic catch fire in the west, burst into a blaze of splendor, and then gradually die away from crimson to purple, and from purple to gray, as the sun drops into his watery bed. If there is a moon you will find the evening perfect, and if there isn't a moon the stars will do just as well. But you will find that your sojourn in Nova Scotia has made you a prodigious sleeper, and by ten o'clock you will tumble into your berth to sleep as sound as a saint.

You will enjoy the sail next morning hugely. The only thing to mar it will be the fact that so many of your fellow-tourists, made garrulous by the unwanted joys of a Nova Scotia vacation, will insist on telling you what a glorious time they have had, and how many fascinating things they have seen.

But here, before you are at all prepared for it, or in any mood to welcome it, is land. There it is — Nahant, sure enough — and you are almost home. And there is the south shore, too, with Strawberry Hill and the water tower, Point Allerton and Hull; and there are the Three Brewsters, the unfortunate islands that got stranded just outside

of the harbor — and here's Boston Light. And now we are in the harbor itself, with old Fort Warren, looking with all his grimness, pleased to see us back again. And there is the gilded dome, and here at last the dock. You are back in Boston.

The customs officer, as he dives into your bag and stirs your brushes and collars all around, notices, even with his hurried glance, that you have brought



back a great many things which you did not take away, — thousands of dollars' worth — but, poor fellow, he has to let you enter them duty free, for there's no tariff on round cheeks and clear eyes, hard muscles and hardy nerves, — nor on the great stores of vitality that will last you for a big year's work.

When you get up on Washington Street with your grip in your hand your old friends will pass you by without recognizing you. You can hardly blame them for you are in fact a new man. The pure air, the clear sunshine, and the sweet breezes of Nova Scotia have been all over you and through you, and driven out the dust and cobwebs, and have renovated you in body and renewed you in mind, and rejuvenated you in spirit. You have had a recreation that re-creates.

And finally, when some friend with more penetrating vision than the rest discovers your identity and exclaims: "Why, old fellow, how you have changed! You look four thousand per cent. better than you did! Where in the world have you been?" you, looking at him wonderingly for asking so unnecessary a question, will reply: "Been! Been! Why, where could I have been to look four thousand per cent. better, but to beautiful, charming, glorious Nova Scotia!"



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The Game Laws for the Province of Nova Scotia.

MOOSE AND CARIBOU.—Close season for moose and caribou is from January 15th to September 15th—that is to say, they may be hunted upon and after 15th September till the 15th day of January. No person shall have any green meat in his possession, or offer it for sale, except in months aforesaid; no matter whether killed in Nova Scotia or not. Possession of green meat in close season is presumptive evidence of its having been killed in close season by the person in possession of it. Any person killing moose or caribou shall carry the meat out of the woods within 10 days, but not later in any case than the 15th January. Penalty for breach of foregoing, not less than \$50 nor more than \$200 for each offence. No person shall kill in one season more than two moose and two caribou. Penalty, \$50 to \$200.

SNARES.—No person shall set or attempt to set any snare or trap for moose or caribou; and any person finding a snare or trap may destroy it. Penalty not less than \$50 nor more than \$100 for each offence. The possession of a snare or trap is presumptive evidence that the party intends to set it.

HUNTING WITH DOGS.—To hunt, chase or pursue moose or caribou with dogs renders the party liable to a penalty of \$50 to \$100 in addition to any other penalties for hunting in close season, etc. Any person may kill a dog found hunting or about to hunt moose or caribou. No person shall hunt or kill American Elk or Red Deer before the first day of October, A.D. 1904. Penalty, \$50 to \$100.

BEAVER.—No person shall hunt for or kill beaver until November 1st, 1900. Penalty, \$100.

RABBITS, HARES.—Close season from February 1st to October 1st. No person shall have them in possession from February 5th to October 1st. No snares shall be set for rabbits or hares in close season. Clear space of 100 feet must be left between each hedge and the nearest hedge. All snares or hedges unlawfully set may be destroyed. Penalty for each offence, \$5. No person shall hunt or kill at any time any Newfoundland Hare or Jack Rabbit. Penalty, \$10.

OTHER FUR-BEARING ANIMALS.—Close season for all other fur-bearing animals, except Bear, Wolf, Loupcervier, Wildcat, Skunk, Musquash, Raccoon, Fox, Woodchuck, Otter and Weasel, from April 1st to November 1st, under a penalty of \$5.

BIRDS.—Woodcock, snipe, teal.—Close season from March 1st to September 1st. No person shall kill any woodcock before sunrise or after sunset.

Partridge, Grouse.—Close season from December 1st to September 15th. Unlawful to sell, buy, or have in possession during such time. **Duck.**—Unlawful to kill or have in possession any blue-winged ducks during the months of April, May, June, July and August.

The possession of any of the above-mentioned birds in close season is presumptive evidence of unlawful killing by the person in possession of it. Penalty for killing any of the above-mentioned birds, not less than \$5 nor more than \$10 for each offence, in addition to \$1 for each of such birds killed, taken, or had in possession in close season. No snare, trap or net shall be set or used for Grouse, Partridge, or any other bird included in the definition of "Game"—at any season of the year.

Pheasants, etc.—It is unlawful to hunt, kill, or have in possession any Pheasants, Blackcock, Capercaillie, Ptarmigan, Sharp Tailed Grouse, Spruce Partridge or Chukor Partridge, under a penalty of \$5 for each Canada Grouse and Spruce Partridge and \$25 for each other bird mentioned in this section.

LICENSE.—No person whose domicile is not within Nova Scotia shall kill or hunt any of the above-mentioned animals or birds without having obtained a license. Licenses are sold by the Clerk of Municipality in each county, from the office of the Provincial Secretary, and by the agents of the Game Society appointed in various convenient places through the province. Licenses shall be in force only from August 1st, or the day of their delivery, till August 1st ensuing. License fee, \$30 for moose and game and \$10 for birds. Officers in H. M. S., if members of Game Society, are exempt from payment of any fee, otherwise they shall pay a fee of \$5. Every holder of a license must produce the same when required by any justice of the peace, game commissioner, or officer of Game Society. Penalty for hunting without license, \$50 to \$100, in addition to the license fee. The hunter, guide or companion of any such person hunting without license, is liable to same fine as the person himself.

Export of hides, etc.—Unlawful to export moose or caribou hides from Nova Scotia. Any hides attempted to be exported shall be forfeited. Penalty, \$5 for each hide. Unlawful to export partridge or woodcock. Penalty, \$20.

FISH. Salmon.—Close season from August 15th to March 1st, except that salmon may be fished for with the fly alone from February 1st to August 15th. From low water nearest 6 o'clock p.m. of every Saturday to low water nearest 6 a.m. of every Monday no one shall fish for salmon in tidal waters. In non-tidal waters frequented by salmon, no one shall fish for any kind of fish between 9 o'clock p.m. of every Saturday and 6 o'clock a.m. of the following Monday. Drifting and dipping for salmon is prohibited. Penalty for breach of foregoing provisions, \$20 for each offence.

Trout, etc.—Unlawful to fish for, or to have in possession, any speckled trout (*salvelinus fontinalis*), lake trout, or land-locked salmon, between 1st October and 1st April. Unlawful to fish for trout by any other means than angling with hook and line. Penalty for breach of foregoing provisions, \$20 for each offence.

Explosives.—The use of explosives to kill any kind of fish is prohibited under a penalty of \$20.

Bass.—Close season from 1st March to 1st October, except that bass may be fished for at all times by angling with hook and line. Bass shall not be fished for by any net having meshes of a less size than 6 inches, extension measure, nor by means of seines. Penalty, \$20.

Shad and gaspereaux.—Close season for shad and gaspereaux shall be from sunset on Friday evening to sunrise on Monday morning in each week. Penalty, \$20. By a late amendment to the game laws, agents of the Game and Fishery Protection Society are appointed in various places in the province, where non-residents are likely to arrive, for the purpose of selling licenses, and of generally carrying out the law. This has been chiefly because strangers have complained of the difficulty of finding the officials who hitherto have had authority to sell licenses. It is the intention of the Game Society rigorously to enforce the above laws, and therefore this publicity has been given to them.

NOTE.—No person shall sell or expose for sale, or buy any animal or bird included in the definition of Game until after a lapse of three days from the end of any close season. Penalty, \$25. Every person who brings or sends the carcass of a moose or caribou, or who offers for sale, shall bring or send together therewith the neck and foreleg of the same, and shall retain and keep the same exposed, together with the meat so offered for sale. Under a penalty of \$50. Whenever a fine is imposed by the Game Laws, the person fined is liable to imprisonment if the fine is not paid; and judgment may be recovered in the County Courts for amount of fine and costs, and may be recorded, so as to bind the lands of the defendant.

NOVA SCOTIA HOTELS.

The following is a partial list of the principal Hotels and Boarding Houses of the Province. Outside of Halifax (whose two leading hotels, the Halifax and Queen, can comfortably house 350 and 250 guests, respectively) they will accommodate from 15 to 75, or 35 or 40, on an average. Rates will range from \$4 to \$9 per week, but will average \$5 to \$6. It will always be well to communicate with the proprietors in advance, as to terms and accommodations.

TOWN.	HOTEL.	PROPRIETOR.	TOWN.	HOTEL.	PROPRIETOR.
ANNAPOLIS . . .	Clifton House . . .	John D. Cameron	FREDERICKTON,	Barker House . . .	F. B. Coleman.
" . . .	Queen	C. A. Perkins.	GRAND NARROWS	Grand Narrows. . .	McDougall & McNeil.
AVLESFORD . . .	Aylesford	M. N. Graves.	GRAND PRÉ . . .	Clear View	Hy. Mitchell.
" . . .	Aylesford House .	Mrs. Corbin.	HALIFAX	Halifax	Hesslein & Sons.
BADDECK	Bras d'Or House .	Frank Anderson.	"	Queen	James P. Fairbanks.
"	Telegraph	J. Dunlap.	"	Waverly	Miss Romans.
BEDFORD	Bellevue	William Wilson.	"	Albion	S. LeBlanc & Cc.
BERWICK	Central House . . .	Mrs. Vaughn.	"	Grosvenor	J. C. Morrison.
"	Evangeline	Geo. Kirkpatrick.	"	Revere	J. F. Priest.
BRIDGETOWN . .	Grand Central . . .	E. J. Langley.	"	Royal	Mrs. Winsor.
BRIDGEWATER . .	Fairview	Fred. Clark.	"	Acadian	Geo. Nichols.
CANNING	Waverly	Mrs. A. B. Baxter.	"	Central	Miss Payson.
CHESTER	Lovett House	L. C. Manning.	HANTSPOBT . . .	American	E. W. Dalton.
DIGBY	New Royal Hotel . .	E. Stailing.	"	Hantsport	Jas. Wall.
"	Acacia Valley	Capt. Raymond.	HORTON LANDING	Dunedin	Thos. Harris.
"	Myrtle	W. S. Troop.	KENTVILLE . . .	Hotel Aberdeen . .	D. McLeod.
"	Short's Hotel	Miss Short.	"	Porter	W. H. Townsend.
"	Waverly House . . .	Miss Woodman.	"	Kentville	Mrs. J. Lyons.
"	De Balinhard's . . .	J. A. C. De Balinhard.	"	American	Jas. McIntosh.
"	Digby House	Misses Smith.	KINGSPORT . . .	Central House . . .	J. P. Corkum.
"	Burnham's	Mrs. Burnham.	"	Kingsport House . .	E. C. Borden.
"	Bay of Fundy	J. O'Connor.	KINGSTON	Kingston	C. Neily.
"	Trefry House	Mrs. J. Trefry.	LAWRENCETOWN .	Elm House	A. Oswell.

NOVA SCOTIA HOTELS.—Continued.

TOWN.	HOTEL.	PROPRIETOR.	TOWN.	HOTEL.	PROPRIETOR.
LIVERPOOL . . .	Thorndike . . .	Geo. Schultz.	SMITH'S COVE .	Pleasant View House	E. R. Thomas.
" . . .	Acadia . . .	Mrs. Sellon.	ST. JOHN . . .	Royal	Raymond & Doherty.
" . . .	Grove Mansiou . .	Mrs. Hill.	" . . .	Victoria	D. W. McCormack.
LOCKPORT . . .	Clifton	M. Rineger.	" . . .	Dufferin	E. LeRoy Willis.
LUNENBURG . . .	King's	Jas. King.	TRURO	Learment	A. H. Learment.
MIDDLETON . . .	American	D. Feindel.	TUSKET	American House . .	Mrs. W. H. Gilman.
MAHONE BAY . .	Acacia House . . .	Mrs. McDonald.	WEYMOUTH . . .	Weymouth House . .	R. L. Black.
NEWPORT	Newport	W. Gibson.	" . . .	Goodwin Hotel . . .	J. W. Goodwin.
NEW GERMANY . .	Morgan House . . .	J. H. Miller.	WINDSOR	Hotel Dufferin . . .	J. Cox.
PARRSBORO . . .	Grand Central . . .	C. M. Day.	" . . .	Victoria	T. Doran.
"	Queen	D. McNamara.	WOLFVILLE . .	Rose Cottage	F. P. Rockwell.
"	Minas	W. B. Gavin.	" . . .	American	Mrs. Grace Rockwell.
PICTOU	Revere	C. L. Rood.	" . . .	Kent Lodge	Mrs. Moore.
PORT WILLIAMS .	Village House . . .	Geo. Brown.	YARMOUTH . . .	Grand Hotel	Grand Hotel Co.
"	Port Williams . . .	M. A. Orr.	" . . .	Queen	E. M. Nichols.
SHELBURNE . . .	Atlantic	D. B. Frost.			

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Public Gardens - Halifax N.S.

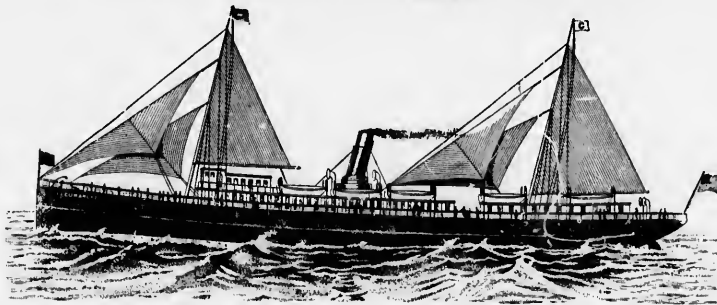


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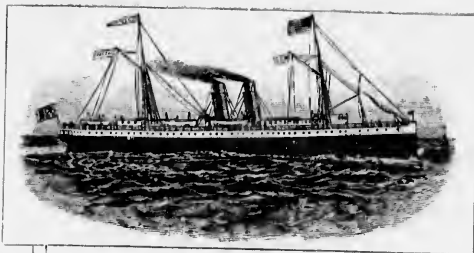
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SUMMER AND AUTUMN TRIPS, 1897.

Parties will leave BOSTON and NEW YORK for the following trips:—

Central Europe.

Sailing from New York May 15:—Tour of 93 days through France, Switzerland, Northern Italy, Austria, Hungary, Germany including the Rhine, Belgium, London and Paris. Sailing from New York May 19:—Tour of 64 days through Great Britain, inclusive of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, together with a visit to Paris. Sailing from New York June 9:—Tour of 64 days over same route as preceding. Also on same date, tour of 64 days, including England, Belgium, Holland, Germany (the Rhine, etc.), Switzerland and France. Sailing from New York June 26:—Tour of 65 days through France, England, Belgium, Holland, Germany (the Rhine, etc.), and Switzerland. Also on same date, tour of 85 days through the same countries and Northern Italy in addition.

Northern and Central Europe.

Sailing from New York June 9:—Tour of 127 days, comprising an extended and comprehensive tour round through Norway, the Land of the Midnight Sun, Sweden, Denmark, Russia, Austria-Hungary, Northern Italy, Switzerland, France and England. A party will sail from New York May 19, and after making a tour of Great Britain will sail for Norway in conjunction with the foregoing, making a trip of 148 days.

The Yellowstone National Park, Alaska and Colorado.

July 1 and July 15:—Two unsurpassed tours of 44 days over the most picturesque routes in the world. The outward journey from ocean to ocean by the Northern Pacific Railway, with a week in the Yellowstone National Park, and a return through the grandest scenic sections of Colorado.

The Yellowstone National Park and Colorado.

July 15:—An attractive trip through some of the most picturesque parts of America, omitting the Pacific Northwest and Alaska.

The Yellowstone National Park and California.

Early in September:—A magnificent tour of 64 days across the continent, including a week in the Yellowstone National Park, with a visit to California, and a return homeward through Utah, Colorado, etc.; also, a party for the Yellowstone Park, returning direct.

Around the World.

Leaving August 23 for a tour around the globe, including Colorado, California, Japan, China, the Straits Settlements, Ceylon, India, Egypt, the Holy Land, Turkey, Greece, Italy, and other sections of Southern and Central Europe, returning in February, March, April, May or June, 1898, according to individual preference. Leaving August 9:—Tour of the Hawaiian Islands and connecting with above.

Short Tours to Leading Eastern Resorts

At frequent intervals during the summer and autumn, including the White Mountains, Saratoga, Lake George, Quebec, the Saguenay, the Maritime Provinces, Niagara Falls, the Thousand Islands, etc.

Our Annual Winter Trips to California and Mexico

will begin in October and continue at short intervals through the season of 1897-98.

Magnificent vestibuled Pullman trains, with dining cars, are employed for all the tours in America.

Also trips to Florida, the Bahamas, Jamaica, etc.

☛ Send for descriptive book, mentioning the particular tour desired.

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PS, 1897.

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F. L. MARSH,

Forwarding Agent for the Yarmouth Steamship Company
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TEAMS ALWAYS IN WAITING ON ARRIVAL OF YARMOUTH STEAMERS, AND
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A little better every year.

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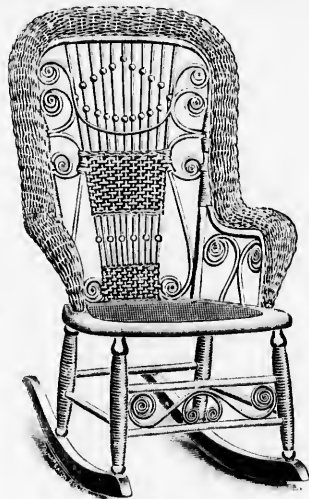
Notice how fine-grained and firm they are. Note particularly the flavor.

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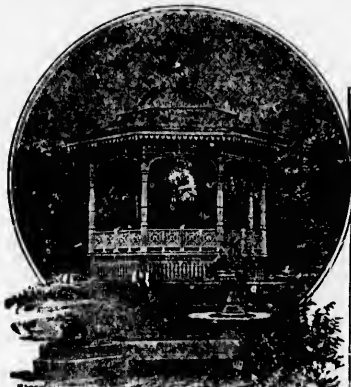
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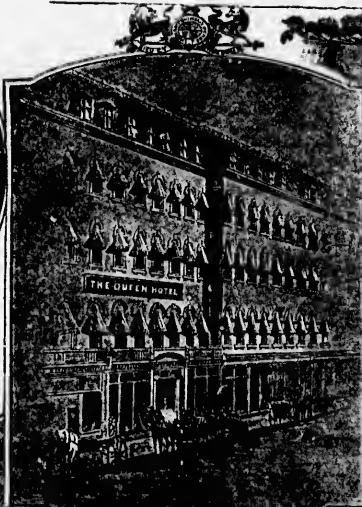
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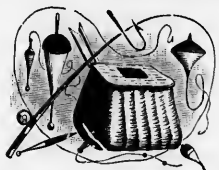
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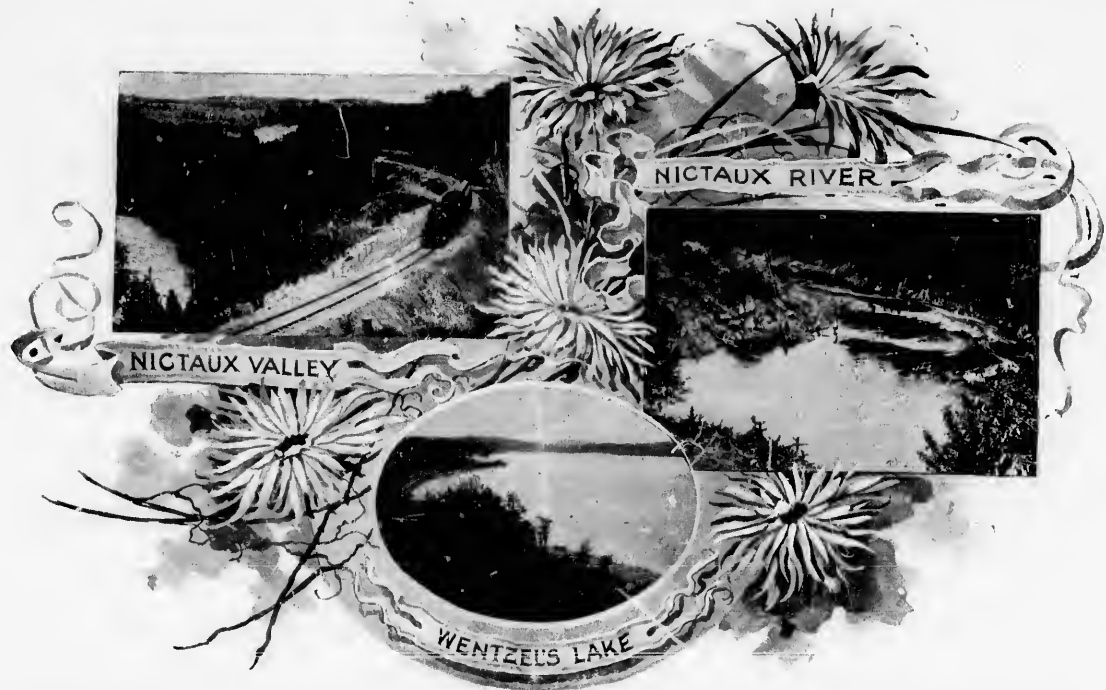
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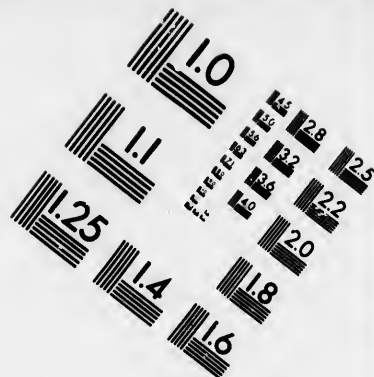
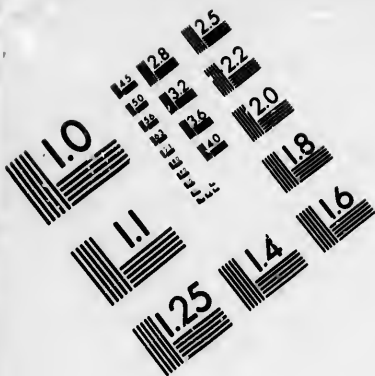
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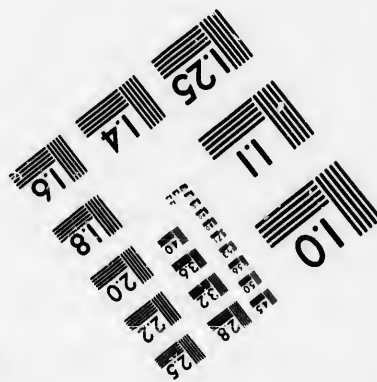
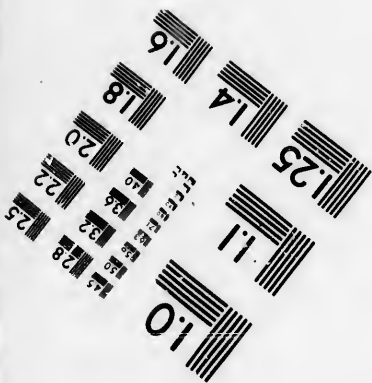
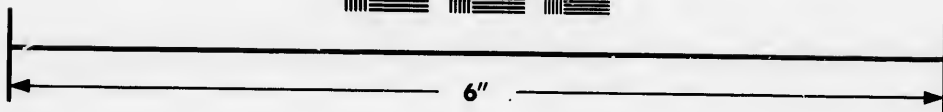
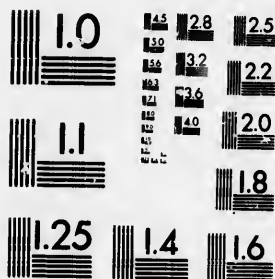
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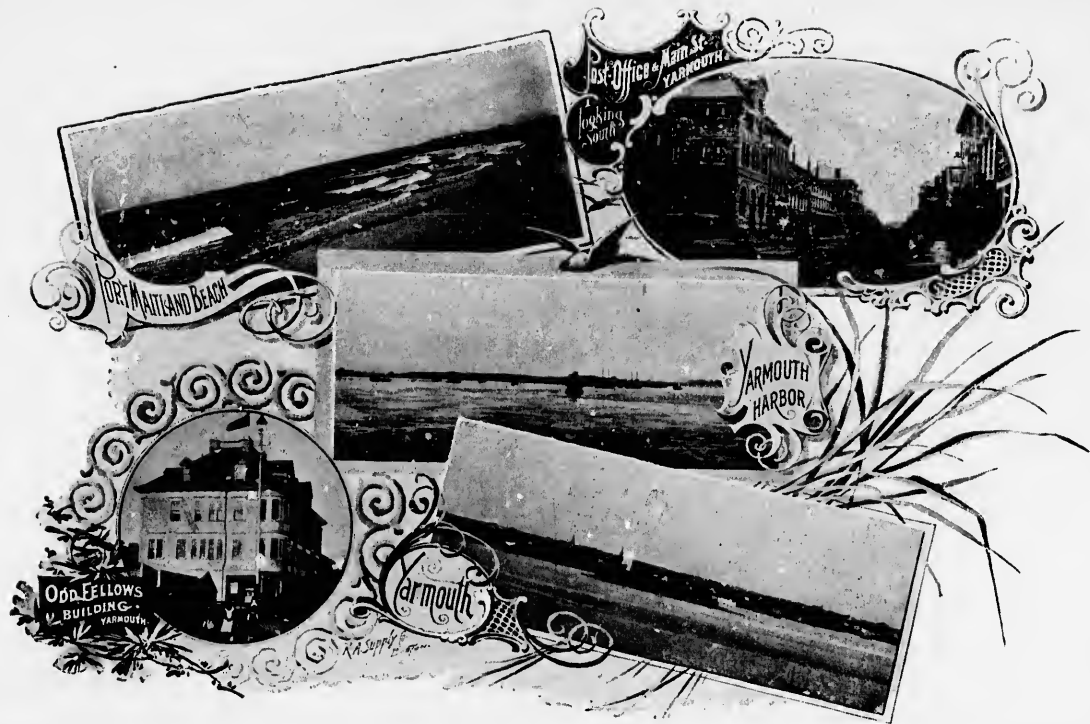


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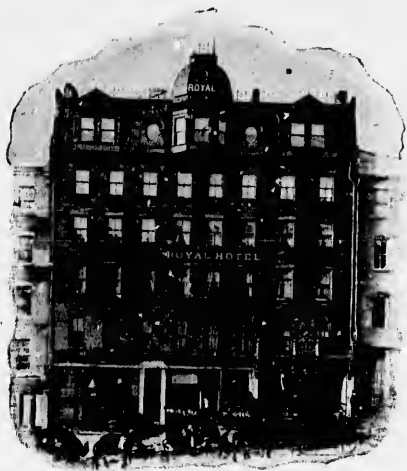
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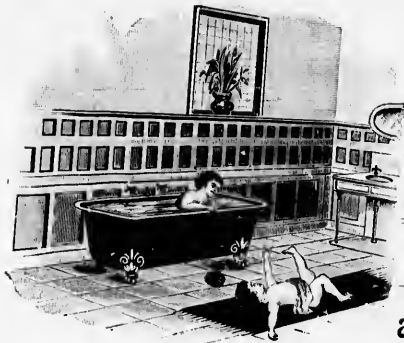
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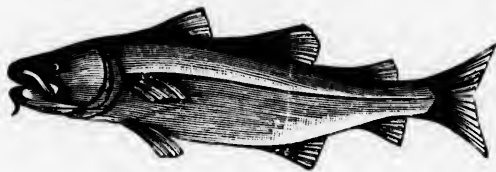
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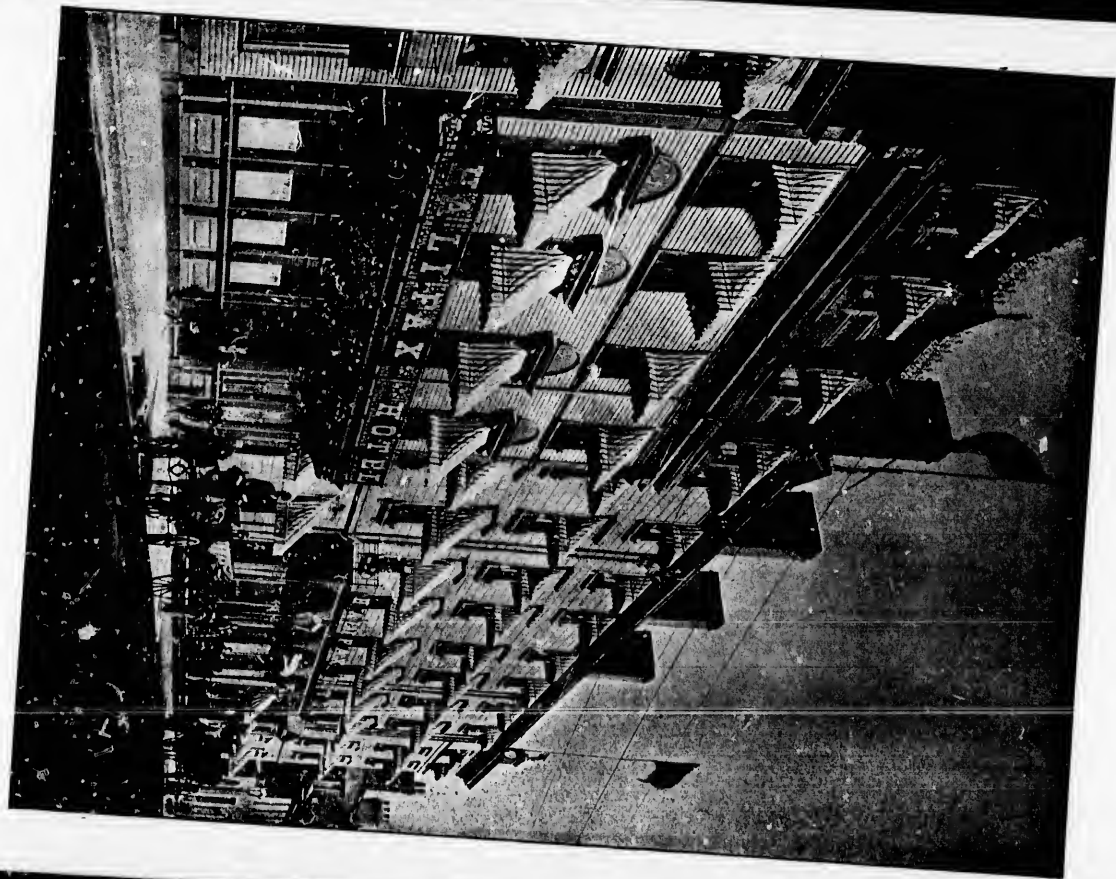
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