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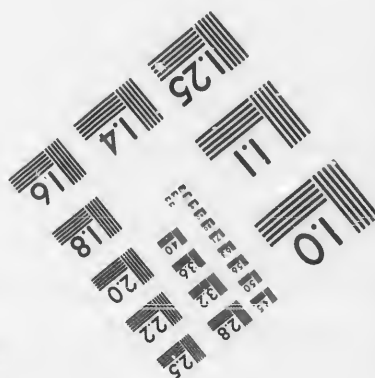
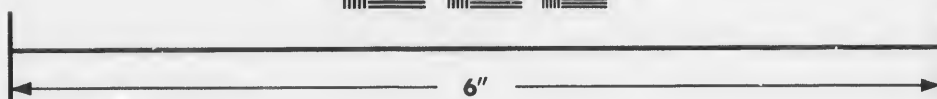
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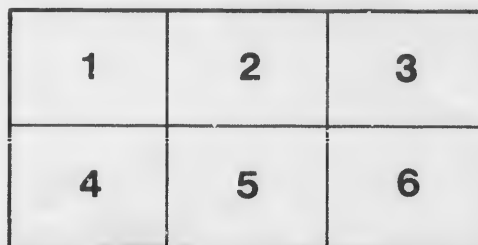
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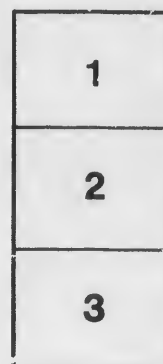
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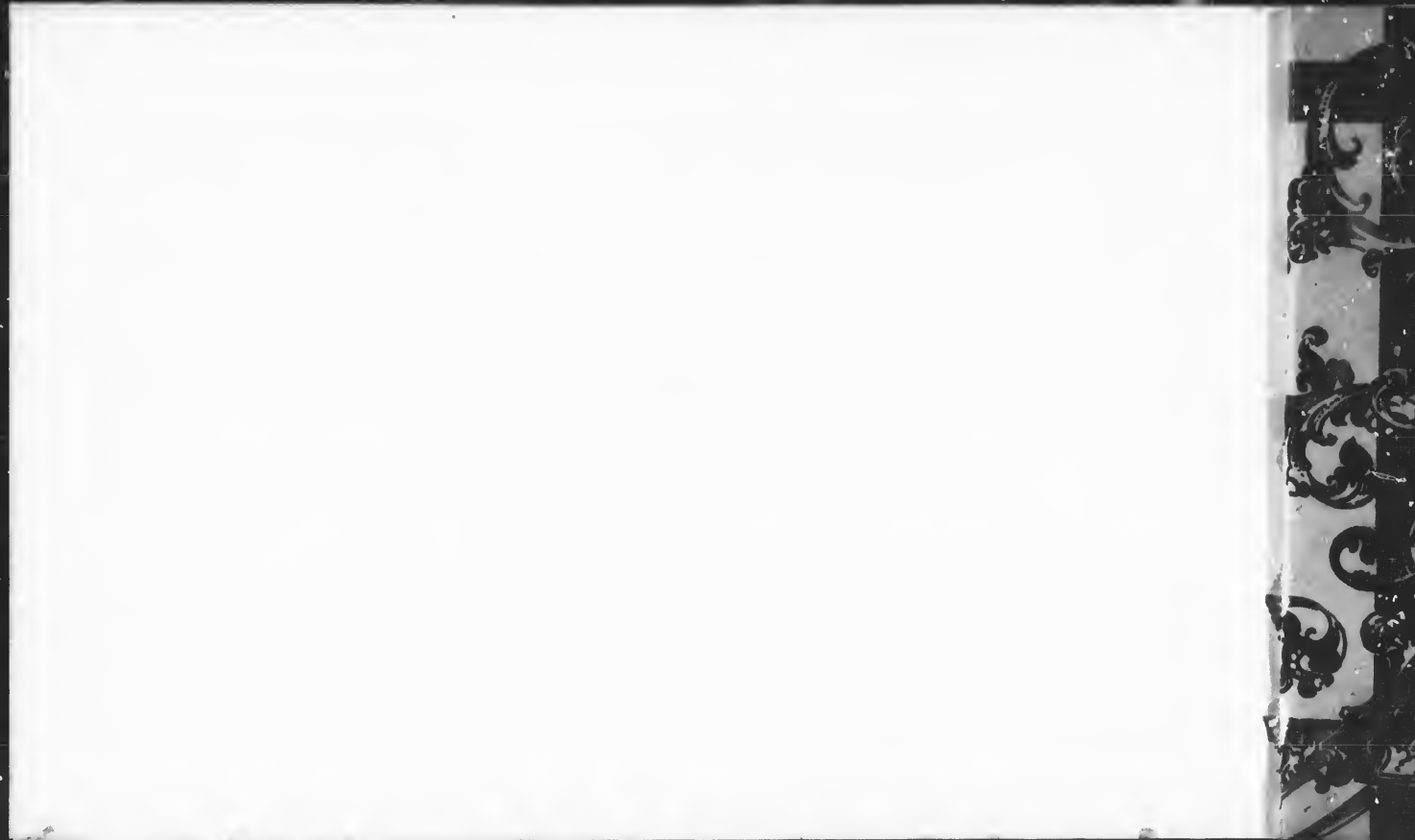
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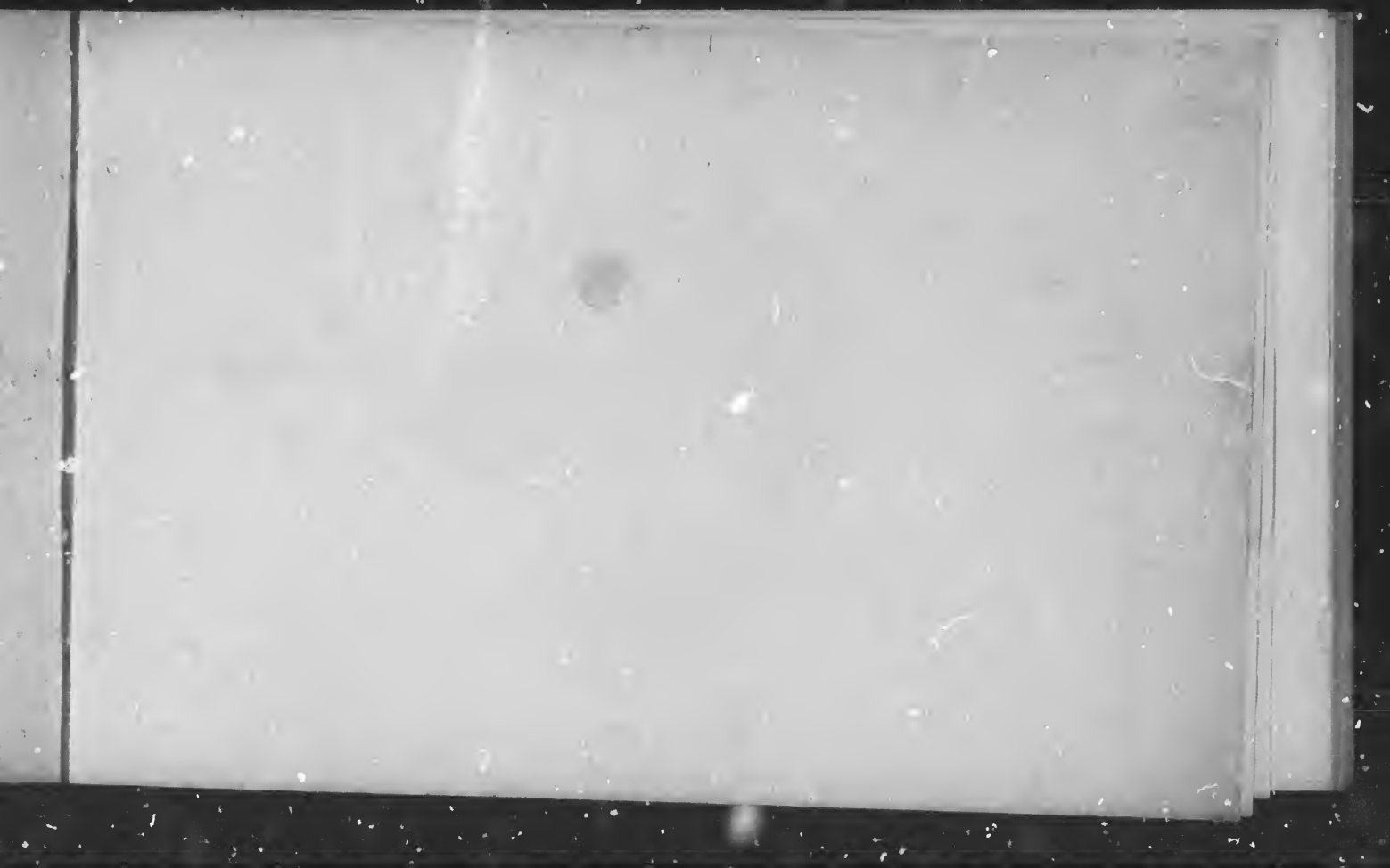
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L. E.

BEAUTIFUL NOVA SCOTIA:

The Ideal Summer Land.

THE BRIEF STORY OF A SUMMER RAMBLE ALONG THE SOUTH SHORE
OF NOVA SCOTIA, A LAND WITH EVERY SUMMER CHARM—PEERLESS
IN CLIMATE, IN SCENERY TRANSCENDENT; WONDROUS IN HISTORY,
FAMOUS IN SONG—A LAND OF REST AND RECREATION—NATURE'S
PERFECT VACATION LAND—ACADIA.

Published by

THE YARMOUTH STEAMSHIP CO., Pier 1, Lewis Wharf, Boston, Mass.

1898.

L. E. BAKER, Pres. and Manager,
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H. F. HAMMOND, Agent, Pier 1, Lewis Wharf,
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YARMOUTH, N.S.



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WHY?



BECAUSE we have just returned from the most delightful trip that ever summer time has furnished to us; because we have thoroughly explored a region that, when its beauties and advantages for summer recreation become generally known, is bound to become famous among those who annually seek a change from home life and home scenes; because we are convinced that nowhere can be found so many attractions for the summer tourist at so moderate a cost and with such beneficial results to the mind and body; and because we feel a sense of gratitude toward the courteous people of Nova Scotia for the many acts of kindness which made our trip so agreeable and pleasant

that parting was pain, we take our pen in hand to set forth as best we may the delights of a country so wonderfully blessed by nature and so greatly enriched by man.

Could we but do our subject justice;

Could we but set forth, in terms that would transmit to others those inspiring thoughts and feelings which filled our minds and hearts as we journeyed through this beautiful province where the grand and sublime so mingle with the peaceful and beautiful;

Could we but be the means of bestowing upon all our fellow men the benefits which were derived from our trip in health and vigor, we would feel amply repaid for our time.

But should you, reader, perchance have not visited this country, seemingly designed as nature's great play-ground for New England people, do not fail to make it the objective point of your next outing, and share with us the joys we there experienced.

The sail on old ocean's kindly bosom, always smooth in the summer season, will give you delight.

The climate with its even temperature which never falls below sixty-five nor goes above eighty-five or ninety degrees, usually ranging between seventy and eighty, will give you comfort and health.

The new sights—historic scenes—glorious scene,y—will quicken your pulse and give you a sense of new life and vigor.

The quiet, good natured courtesy of the inhabitants will give you renewed confidence in your fellow man, making life much more worth the living and smooth away the cares which infest your daily toil.

Come for a short while with us and let us pilot you along.

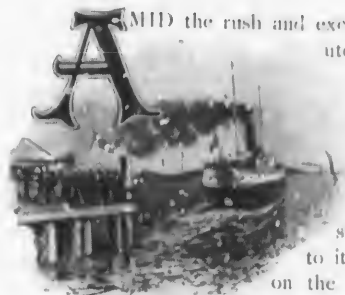


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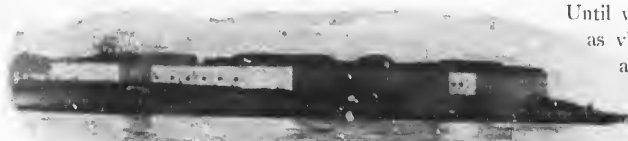
AMID the rush and excitement of a departing steamer Max and I arrived at Lewis Wharf, just twenty minutes before the magnificent steamer "Boston," of the Yarmouth line, was to take her departure, which was at twelve o'clock, noon.

We were unable to secure staterooms, and had the consolation of learning that we should have secured them, at this season of the year, some days in advance.

Max, my companion, was a photographic crank, and carried two good sized cameras in his trunk. These he was particularly anxious to get at, as he wished to take a few snap shots while going down the harbor. The courteous officials on the steamer willingly put his trunk into a corner by itself so that he had immediate access to it, and, just as the noble ocean greyhound began to back out of her dock, he appeared on the deck with his beloved camera under his arm, his face beaming with happiness and perspiration. The bustle of departure was over. Trunks, boxes and other articles, including a prodigious number of bicycles, were securely stowed away; the captain's "cast off" had been obeyed; the whistle had sounded for the last time; the final "good bye's" had been said; and now a crowd of upturned faces and waving handkerchiefs were fading from view.

I did not notice what Max was doing, for my eyes were riveted with strange fascination on that sight, like which there is none other to draw out such a display of human emotion. No one seems to mind what his neighbor is doing—all are intent on their own ideas, their own wishes, their own thoughts—visions of a rest, a charming voyage, beautiful scenery, and new incidents light up the faces of all alike, and, enhanced by the gay dresses and bonnets, and negligee suits, presents a picture that no one can afford to lose.

A nudge and a sharp request from Max to hold a plate broke in upon my reverie, and I found him preparing to sight his camera at Fort Independence, where a battalion of heavy artillery were encamped, their white tents gleaming in the sunshine, making an especially attractive picture.



Until we got outside the harbor I was kept busy by Max, as view after view presented itself to his ardent eyes, and he could not handle his camera fast enough to take them all in.

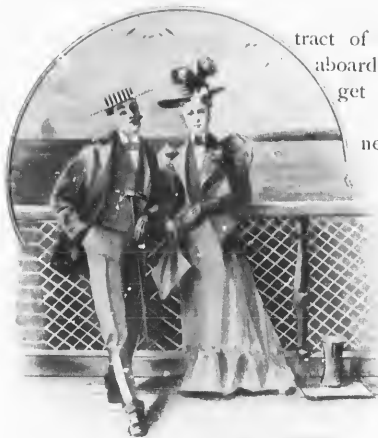
As for myself, the sights nearer by, on deck and in the cabins, were more attractive. The decks were protected from the glare of the sun by large awnings, supported by stanchions of

polished oak, and in every nook and corner were clustered groups of people bent upon pleasure. It was not until I had wandered over the entire boat and inspected the ponderous engines, that I remembered having heard the dinner gong soon after leaving Boston, and, tearing Max away from his camera, while he was in the act of taking a snap shot at a young couple who were standing near the rail, I conducted him down to the elegantly appointed dining room and sat down to an excellent meal. While we were at the table word came that a stateroom, which had been engaged but not claimed, was at our disposal. This fortunate acquisition made us supremely comfortable, and the remainder of the trip was made with such restful enjoyment as I have seldom experienced. The various scenes and incidents on the boat served to entertain the mind, while the soft motion of the boat gradually lulled the senses into a condition of repose which culminated in a night of refreshing sleep.

No dust, no rattle, no roar; only the regular pulsation of the boat, which, as I became drowsy, seemed almost a lullaby of the deep.

A desire to see the sun rise in mid-ocean called me up early in the morning, and never before did I so realize the grandeur of nature. The vast expanse of limitless blue, marked only by the line between the sky and water, became in the east gradually lighter and more golden hued, until the edge of His Majesty, the Sun, appeared above the horizon, soon rising to become an immense ball of gold lighting up not only the eastern sky but reflecting a vast





tract of seemingly moulton gold directly in the track of the steamer. Many there were aboard that steamer who arose at that unusual hour to witness the sight, who will never forget it. Few words were spoken, for all felt a sense of awe before that mighty creation.

But, pshaw! Why try to describe the indescribable. The scene must be witnessed to be appreciated, for it appeals not only to the sight but to the soul as well.

As daylight dawned land appeared in the distance, and the number of passengers on deck rapidly increased. When the breakfast bell sounded the tables were quickly filled, for appetites had been sharpened by the refreshing breeze. I found myself unable to wait for breakfast at the hotel, so joined the first rush for the tables.

About six o'clock we made fast to the wharf at Yarmouth, and went ashore.

Here, again, our sense of the amusing was awakened, and we spent full two hours on the wharf watching the movements of the crowd taking their departure for the various destinations for which they were bound—some to the hotels; some to the railroad trains; some to the steamer which was about to depart for Halifax and the beautiful ports along the south shore; some to the coaches; and

many on their wheels to make a tour of the province.

One old gentleman in particular, who had been wheezing and sneezing with hay fever the previous evening, and who seemed to be disgusted with life in general, attracted our attention as he left the boat. The atmosphere of Yarmouth seemed to have already made a remarkable change in his temperament. With bright eyes and smiling countenance he was hustling about to get his baggage examined, and at the same time making all kinds of inquiries as to the hotels and climate. We could have told him then and there that there is no better climate in the world for the sufferer from hay fever than



right there in Yarmouth, but, remembering his irascibility of the previous evening, concluded to let him satisfy himself in his own way. On returning from our tour about the province, we found the old gentleman comfortably quartered at the Grand Hotel, completely satisfied with himself and his surroundings, and evidently bent upon staying until necessity compelled his return.

Aside from the bustling crowd of tourists and custom house officials, many novel and interesting scenes peculiar to Yarmouth presented themselves to our eyes, and for the first time we were made acquainted with a "blueberry train," as the peculiar vehicles are called which are constructed especially for drawing crates of berries from the country to the surf.

At last, after Max had made several snap shots with his small camera, we procured our traps and took a carriage for the hotel, where we secured excellent accommodations, and prepared to "do" Yarmouth.



YARMOUTH.



THE noted hospitality of Yarmouth has not been overdrawn. Everywhere we were met with genial courtesy and ready response to our every desire, and except for an air of easier sociability, or greater trust of humanity in general, one might well imagine himself in a New England town. The solution of this similarity of habits and customs lies in the fact that Yarmouth was founded by New Englanders, and all these people, although they may have lived there all their lives, and their ancestors before them, are New Englanders but a little removed.

After Governor Lawrence, by his proclamation issued from Halifax in 1758, had vanished the poor Acadians from their homes, he issued another proclamation inviting settlers to come from the colonies further south and people this region, and three years later, in 1761, a couple of Massachusetts men, — Cape Codders, — Sealed Landers and Eleshamas Eldredges, sailed over to Nova Scotia, and finally, while prospecting along the south shore, entered a sheltering harbor and settled. They were followed, a year or two later, by others from the same section, — Ebenezer Ellis, Moses Perry, Jonathan Crosby, Joshua Burgess and Consider Fuller, — God-fearing men, who brought with them the name of Yarmouth. What could be expected from such men, who were all Pelegs and Seths, Judas and Joshuas, but a community noted for thrift and energy, honesty and uprightness. And their descendants to this day, though under the British flag, are the bone and sinew of New Englandism. Verily, Yarmouth ought to be and is a place among places for the solid and substantial comforts of life.

Its main street, continuing westward to the stage road along the south shore, and westward again along the north shore to the Annapolis Valley, is substantially Macademized, and offers a most attractive field for the bicyclist or coaching party.



YARMOUTH.
LOOKING NORTH



The Grand Hotel, which is located on Main street, just beyond the business section, is universally acknowledged one of the most attractive hotels in the provinces, in fact, it is the third best in British North America. It is a large, substantial structure, of brick and freestone, erected on the most commanding site in the city. It is liberally supplied with parlors, drawing-rooms, smoking-rooms, writing-rooms, capacious hallways, and everything that goes to make the stranger comfortable, while the sociability of the guests is of such a good-humored nature, yet refined and graceful, that one cannot help but feel at home and enjoy his surroundings. From its large office, from all its front rooms, and from any spot on its generous piazzas, you get a most extensive view, while from the conning tower on the roof a birds-eye view of the entire country about may be had, with the waters of the harbor and the Bay of Fundy to the westward as far as the eye can reach. It is a superb view. One may take his ease in the comfortable chairs on the piazza, and watch the busy craft flying about the harbor among its green islands, while beyond the rocky ridge and on the other side of Bay View, far away on the Bay of Fundy, may be seen the vessels of commerce, until their white sails disappear in the distance.

Its buildings are, as a rule, large and substantial structures, surrounded by beautiful grounds, with well-kept hedges and flourishing shade trees. These hedgerows are some of hawthorne and some of spruce; some are trimmed short and some left to grow to their natural height,—fifteen or twenty feet. They are laid out to suit every variety of taste, some plain and straight, trimmed with mathematical precision, others in all kinds of fanciful shapes, but always beautiful, and Yarmouth is full of them.

Prominent among the private estates are those of Robert Caie, Esq., and Hon. L. E. Baker. The tourist should not fail to visit these places, where he will be made welcome and may feast his eyes for hours on the beauties of nature, embellished by all that art can do in the cultivation of shrubbery, flowers, and fruits.



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In fact, hours may be spent in most delightful and most restful occupation in watching this ever changing panorama ; and then, when the mind is sufficiently stored with the wonders of nature and art, and the appetite begins to clamor for the immediate necessities of life, the dining-room, with its wonderfully clean linen and tidy waiters flitting about in their demure white aprons and white caps, presents a sight to tempt the gods ; and this is in no wise lessened by the savory aroma of the well-cooked viands, which serve to satisfy the most fastidious, and relieve the dyspeptic of all fear of discomfort.

Yarmouth has reason to be proud of this hotel, and we Americans, who are inclined to believe that we are the only people on this side of the water that have perfectly appointed hotels, must hold up our hands and yield to Yarmouth the credit of maintaining a hotel of which any city in the United States might be justly proud.

It was with much difficulty that I finally succeeded, when the time for our departure came, in inducing Max to leave his comfortable room, for, while his artistic eye was longing to feast itself on the scenic beauties of nature, he had a longing for the good things of life that made him loth to leave the bountiful table of the "Grand," and I have a suspicion that he had a feeling to the left of the stomach for one of the rosy-cheeked Nova Scotia lasses whom he was leaving behind. Yarmouth in other ways is conspicuously up to date. The electric cars pass up and down the street at regular intervals, often enough to offer every convenience to the residents, while not too often to disturb the serenity of those who enjoy quiet restfulness. The cars offer many fine trips into the country, north towards the ancient town of Milton, where boats may be obtained for a trip on the beautiful waters of Milton pond, or south towards Church hill. The country about Yarmouth offers some beautiful drives,—along the shores of Milton pond ; out to the cemetery—a wonderfully beautiful spot ; down to Chebogue



Point, and over to Bay of Fundy beach. All of these drives are patronized extensively by owners of all kinds of equipages, while bicyclists of both sexes are continually flitting by on their wheels, their gay costumes making the roads particularly bright and attractive.

The harbor offers innumerable pleasures to those who enjoy boating and fishing, and a trip down among the Tusket islands would amply repay the lover of nature for any time or trouble he might spend to get there.

Max and I started out early one morning for a sail among these islands of which we had heard so many rapturous exclamations of delight, and we were not disappointed in our expectations of witnessing the superiority of nature over art. Neither pen nor brush could depict the beauties of that cluster of three hundred and sixty-five islands, gathered together as a bouquet of old ocean, their varied forms rising out of the water and casting their reflections on the briny deep, to be disturbed only by the prows of the vessels making their way through the channels to secure their cargoes of lobsters and fish, or leaving their freight of passengers on one of the group for a day of pleasure. Pease's Island Light and Candle Box Light guide the mariner through the channel at night, and offer points of interest to the traveler during the day.

Along the shores of the islands we observed many curious little structures which could hardly be called more than huts, but we soon learned that they were occupied during the lobster season, which is from the first of January to the first of July, by the lobster fishermen. These are the most famous lobstering waters in the world, and from the middle of April to the first of June furnish a very lucrative occupation to a large number of fishermen. The lobster traps are set all the way from shore to three miles out, in fifteen fathoms of water. One man with plenty of energy can attend to about fifty traps, and thereby secure five or six hundred lobsters a day. They are disposed of largely in the New England market, although lobster canning is now becoming quite an important industry in the

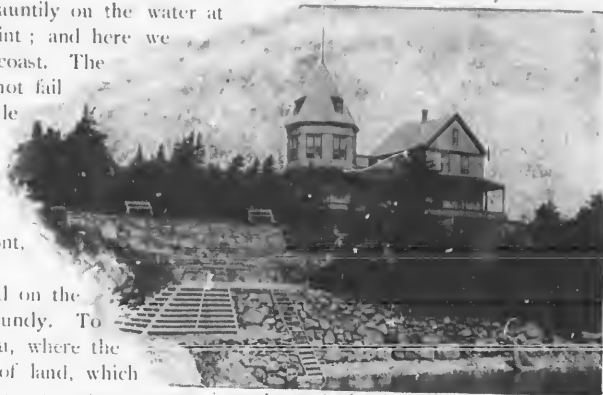


province, and doubtless will ultimately utilize the greater part of the catch in these waters. The tourist should not fail to make this trip before leaving Yarmouth.

The Coast Railway has opened up many new points of interest along the south shore, a section of the province replete with historical interest and many attractions for tourists. The Coast Railway runs from Yarmouth to Shelburne, seventy-five miles, and will be continued through to Halifax. At present, connections are made with the new and fast boat of the Yarmouth S. S. Co. "Express" at Barrington or Shelburne, for Halifax, and all those beauty spots of nature intervening, — Lockport, Liverpool, Chester, Mahone Bay and Lunenburg, — each offering an elysium to the summer tourist, either for a day or for the season.

But to return to Yarmouth. After doing the points of interest near by, on the railroad, by carriage and by boat, Max and I took the little steamer Juno, which was resting jauntily on the water at steamboat wharf, and crossed the Harbor to Bay View Point; and here we found one of the most delightful places on the whole Atlantic coast. The tourist, if he has time in Yarmouth for nothing else, must not fail to visit this beautiful spot. After a few minutes' sail the little steamer was tied up to the long pier which juts out nearly four hundred feet into the harbor, and we ascended the steps in front of the pavilion and struck into a winding path which soon brought us under some beautiful shade trees, where we had an elegant view of Yarmouth water front, with its shipping plainly visible.

Bay View Park contains in all about fifty acres, bounded on the east by Yarmouth harbor, and on the west by the Bay of Fundy. To the south, about two miles below the park, is Cape Fourchu, where the light-house stands, and to the north the undulating strip of land, which separates the harbor from the bay, gradually widens until the promontory merges into the main land.





ALLIGATOR ROCK, BAY VIEW PARK.

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 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 case 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 sightly spot, and gave it the general name it still bears, Cape Fourchu, which, being anglicized, means the forked cape. If you stay in Yarmouth a week or a month you will find yourself taking a sail or a row over to Bay View Park every

day, for its attractions never fail, and after being there on one of the band-concert days, when all the youth and beauty of the city turn out, you are more than likely to tarry another week in order to enjoy one more of these days.

The people of Yarmouth have been famous ship-builders in their day. In 1761 they had one poor little seven-teen-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. But, however pleasant may be our stay, we cannot linger, for the south shore demands our attention, and we must investigate the charms which she has to offer; and, reader, accept our assurance, after a tour of this charming country, that nowhere can be found more satisfactory fulfillment of the desires of one's soul, be he of a poetic inclination, or a lover of nature, or an enthusiast in the use of rod and reel, fowling piece or rifle, than at almost any of the resorts along the south coast of Nova Scotia, for there nature seems to have lavished her choicest and most versatile taste in providing for the wants of man. There the lover of poetry will find it in the air, the rocks, the hills, valleys and streams, the shores lapped by the briny deep; yes, in the sturdy residents themselves, with their quaint speech and genial manners. There the lover of nature will find ample occupation for his time in the study of the grand and sublime as well as the beautiful. There the lover of the rod may fill his basket to the brim with the speckled beauties of the brook, or the gamey trout of the lake. There the enthusiast with the fowling piece or rifle may realize what he has often anticipated of other localities and bring to his feet the shiest of game, the moose, down to the duck, partridge or quail. There, in fact, can be found all that heart can desire in the way of a summer's outing.



ALONG THE COAST.



AFTER a few pleasant days spent in Yarmouth, Max and I, early one pleasant morning, found ourselves comfortably ensconced in one of the fine, new coaches of the Coast Railway, skimming along over the iron rails toward Pubnico. To the right and close by, with the morning sun casting a rippling light over its bosom, lay the broad Atlantic ocean, its waves here and there lapping a silvery beach, or again dashing up against a high cliff only to recede again a mass of foam. A glimpse of Bug Light and Cape Sourchu and Yarmouth has passed from view, and now we are speeding down over that historic ground where, five hundred years before the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock, the daring Vikings roamed about, and again in 1007, the sturdy Norsemen summered and wintered here, leaving a memorial of their visit, which is still a source of wonder and mystery to men versed in antiquities. Later on, long before New England was even dreamed of, the southern shore, with its peerless harbors,

was explored by DeMonts, and subsequently became the scene of many of the battles which were fought between the Gaul and the Anglo Saxon, for the possession of the continent.

Here it was that the Huguenot LaTour built a fort and hoisted the royal flag of the Bourbons, hoping to make this the centre of French power in the new world.

Here, too, was the scene of that wonderful exhibition of patriotism shown by LaTour's son. Soon after LaTour built his fort, the King of France sent a powerful fleet to his assistance, but such of the vessels as were not wrecked on the unknown and at that time dangerous coast, were promptly captured by the English, and LaTour sent to England as a prisoner of war. But the fort was still held as a French possession by his son Charles.

Within two years LaTour *pere* became a British subject, married one of Queen Anne's maids of honor, was made a baronet of Nova Scotia and returned to Acadia with the offer of a baronetcy for his son if he would transfer his allegiance and the fort to the English Crown, and replace the Fleur d'Ys with the cross of St. George. But the son scorned the proffered bribe of his traitorous father and then ensued a spectacle for which the history



RUINS OF FORT ST. LOUIS.

of the world furnishes no parallel, — a father, on behalf of Great Britain, making war on his son, who held on to the fort on behalf of the Crown of France.

Here dwell, side by side, in peace, contentment and prosperity, the descendants of the Puritans of New England and of the poor Arabian refugees, who escaped the horrors of exile only to undergo greater sufferings while roaming about the dense forests of the then wild country, the enterprising and persevering Englishman and the thrifty German.

Long forgotten have been the trials and sufferings of their forefathers, and now, blended in Anglo-Saxon brotherhood, they live united hand in hand for the development of their beloved province.

We soon pass through the village of Chebogue (on some maps spelled "Jebogue")—but we must return and take another look at this quaint old settlement for the sake of George Bancroft, the great historian, who came so near being identified with its history. Aaron Bancroft, his father, moved from New England to this little village in 1780, but returned again to his native country before the birth of his illustrious son.

Chebogue also has its little romance, and you cannot stay there long without hearing it from some of the older residents. The place was settled in 1739, by French from Annapolis. 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's

well that he afterwards became the captain of a man-of-war, and was knighted by the King.

Ten miles from Yarmouth we passed through Tusket, celebrated principally for its salmon and trout river and its beautiful bay, with its island for each day in the year. The place was settled by Loyalists from New York and Connecticut.

Belleville and Eel Brook, on the shores of a beautiful lake five miles long, which abounds with the finest of fish, are but a short distance from Tusket. They are both French Acadian settlements. The next station is Argyle, settled originally by western Highlanders of Scotland, who were soon outnumbered by people from New England. The place was fitly named after one of the most beautiful portions of old Scotia.

Skirting the shore another eight miles the road reaches the French Acadian settlement of Pouboncourt, anglicised as Pubnico, the oldest French Acadian settlement in the world. Nova Scotia is as democratic a country as New England itself. But if heredity counts for anything, the hardy Acadian fishermen of Pubnico are among the most aristocratic people of the continent. Pubnico was founded, in about 1650, by Major Phillipe Mius D'Entremont, Baron de Pouboncourt, a scion of the Royal House of Bourbon, who was associated with Charles LaTour in his unsuccessful effort to save Acadia for the crown of France. Baron Pouboncourt lived to be a centenarian, and his bones now rest in the village which he founded. Thus it comes that the bluest blood of France courses through the veins of the brave fishermen of this thriving French Acadian settlement. The story of how the ancestors of these people hid themselves in the forest, and the privations they endured there after the expulsion of their compatriots from Grand Pré, forms a thrilling chapter of local history.

Passing through Wood's Harbor (originally named by the Indians Cock-a-wick) and Shag Harbor, we soon reached Barrington, where we were to stop over for a day, in order to visit Cape Sable Island with its wonderful beach. We found Barrington itself so interesting, with its long pier, its old Presbyterian church, its crowd of gay summer visitors, and its comfortable hotels, that we were fain to stay over a day longer than we had intended, and we were well pleased with the change in our programme.





BARRINGTON is a settlement on the stage road from Yarmouth to Shelburne—in fact, from Yarmouth to Halifax, for the different stage lines connect all the way through—and all its houses are built along this road, the town stretching out along the harbor four or five miles, and being divided into four distinct settlements,—Barrington, Barrington Passage, Doctor's Cove and Village Dale. Back of the road and the adjoining farm lands dense forests prevail, and offer the best of sport to those who are in quest of game, for there, within a short distance from the town, can be secured, with little or no discomfort, that wary denizen of the forest, the moose, while the woods are full of smaller game, partridge and woodcock being plentiful. The favorite resort for the moose hunter is Cranberry Pond, which can be reached to within two miles by carriage. Great Lake, about twelve miles from Barrington, which is the source of both the Pubnico and Barrington rivers, is also a popular resort for both the hunter and fisherman. Innumerable brooks and rivers also offer a diversity of sport for the enthusiast, while at any point in the harbor the best of duck and coot shooting is to be had.

Barrington Beach, about a mile long, is a popular resort, where clam bakes are often served and where pleasure boats may be secured, or the luxury of salt water bathing in water not too cold may be enjoyed. Picnic parties on Barrington River are numerous, and many camps are located along its banks where New Englanders are spending a restful summer.

In the winter time, many of the inhabitants find lucrative occupation in smelt fishing through the ice.

The afternoon we spent in cruising about the harbor, inspecting the light-ship in Barrington Passage and Baccaro light at the entrance to the harbor. In the morning we took the ferry-boat, Yuba, and crossed over to Cape Sable Island, the most southerly point of Nova Scotia. When you land here, remember that from the standpoint of civilized occupation you are standing on the oldest tract of land in the two Americas. Here is where Lief Ericson landed full five hundred years before Columbus dreamed of America.

The island contains several square miles and three or four thrifty little villages, the two principal ones being Clark's Harbor and Centerville. At Clark's Harbor, a new, large and commodious hotel has been erected for the accommodation of summer visitors, and many there are who find sufficient attraction here to linger all summer. The

beach is one of the finest on the shore, being nearly four miles long, white and so hard that a hoof print will hardly show on its surface. What a track for the scorcher; what a delight to the carriage driver or the bather. Surely, nature has done her best for Nova Scotia, and no wonder that she is so rapidly becoming the pleasure ground of busy New England.

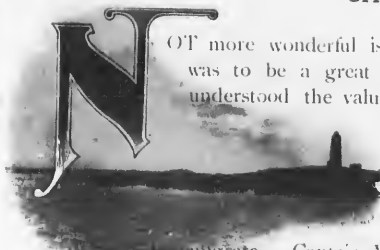
But we must not longer tarry, for we have been reading the wonderful history of Shelburne, and now, but a few miles distant, we are anxious to catch new inspirations from association with its many relics of olden times.



BARRINGTON PIER.

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SHELBURNE AND ITS WONDERFUL HISTORY.



NOT more wonderful is the rise and fall of old ocean's tide than was the rise and fall of Shelburne. It was to be a great metropolis. It was planned on a generous scale. People of no ordinary clay, who understood the value of its wonderful harbor, were to make this the head center of civilization.

The revolutionary war was over. George of England had recalled his troops, and George of Virginia was supreme from Maine to Georgia. In the larger cities of the United States were many who had been loyalists, and who did not relish their position under the new regime. They had no love for a republic or an experimental government, and longed to get back under the old flag. So they emigrate. Captain White, secretary of the New York society, got them together, many from Baltimore and Philadelphia joining their ranks. They built their houses, ready for erection, in New York, and loaded them on a fleet of twenty English vessels,—men-of-war, square-rigged ships, schooners and sloops,—and, taking their slaves along to do the work, departed for Nova Scotia. Capt. White had previously seen Shelburne harbor and, one bright morning in May, 1783, conducted his followers to its headwaters, where, on a beautiful stretch of land nestling at the foot of surrounding hills, and plentifully supplied with an abundance of pure fresh water, they disembarked and commenced the construction of what was to be the finest city in the new world.

And why should it not have been?

With its magnificent harbor—the finest on the Atlantic coast—ten miles long by three wide, entirely landlocked, and with a channel deep enough for the largest craft afloat; with every advantage that nature could bestow; with a location more advantageous in every way for commerce than is possessed by the principal shipping ports of to-day; Shelburne should indeed have played an important part in the history of the world.

In the following September another fleet of almost equal size and laden in the same way, landed its freight of families and buildings, and the new city was inaugurated with a population of 14,000 souls. Within a year, three million dollars—in those days an immense sum—had been expended on it, and when Gov. Parr sailed from Halifax

to visit them they entertained lavishly, and changed the name of the gay capitol from "New Jerusalem" to "Shelburne," in honor

of England's premier. Prince Edward, the father of England's present queen, also visited the famous place, and the whole city came forth to do him honor. Dining and feasting continued. Work was beneath the residents—and why should they work?

The English government furnished the supplies. But the time came when these supplies were discontinued and the gay capitol began to grow hungry. The people knew not how to work, and, indeed, all lucrative occupations were beneath them. They would neither fish, farm, nor trade. They had palatial houses, but they were empty and could not be maintained, and soon their

stately mansions with mahogany baulstrades and marble mantels became homes for the birds to nest in, and soon the 14,000 was reduced to four hundred. Some of the houses were taken down and rebuilt in other towns, others furnished firewood for the survivors, and others were left standing to decay by the lapse of time, their windows furnished marks for the boys on which to practice the art of throwing stones.

Scant as this outline of the history of Shelburne may be, it is enough to establish the fact that there is none other like it on all the North American continent—none so unique, so fascinating.

To-day, Shelburne is a quiet little town of about 2000 people, and one would hardly imagine its former grandeur. Yet, there are traces of it, for quite a number of the original houses, built in 1783, are still standing, apparently good for another century. Among them is the old Frith house, still occupied, on King street. It is at the present





FRITH HOUSE, SHELBURNE.

town pump. A little farther up the hill, near the main street, grows a willow tree, set out in 1783, whose spreading branches would now furnish shade for a whole regiment of soldiers, and a little further along the ruins of the old fort are plainly visible.

But Shelburne has much besides historic interest, and the vacationist may satisfy his taste in any direction. In the first place there is an excellent hotel here,—the Atlantic House,—with accommodations for fifty or more guests, and its genial landlord is a host in himself. He is a devotee of sport and knows every brook, river or lake which contains trout—and they are abundant—as well as the stamping ground of every moose in the county. Moreover, he is always ready to point out these places or go with a party, which materially adds to both the pleasure and profit of a trip.

time furnished in the original King George style, with grandpa's clock in the hall, and the old-fashioned mahogany furniture standing squarely against the walls as it stood over a hundred years ago. Its occupants, too, will take pride in showing you about and telling you how it had been occupied by the officers of the army; how it had sheltered Prince William, Duke of Clarence; how from its front steps, by Gov. Parr, its name had been changed, in the presence of the King's troops, in honor of Lord Shelburne, England's premier, and how since that time down to the present it had been occupied by five generations of Katherines—a story replete with interest and made the more entertaining by the unassuming manner in which it is told.

But a short distance from the present steamboat landing stands the old



WILLOW TREE, SHELBURNE.



But to return to Shelburne.

During the summer season it is filled with guests from New England and New York, and while many are in search of sport, yet there are society attractions innumerable. Carriage driving, horse-back riding, picnics, excursions, band concerts, tennis, base ball and cricket: and the roads fairly swarm with bicycles. Whist parties are numerous in the evening, and the genial nature of the residents as well as the boyant spirits of the guests makes this society life doubly attractive. Here the artist may be seen with his or her easel erected along the shores of the harbor making sketches: there the young lovers are wandering about breathing in additional romance because of the pure air and the beautiful surroundings.

In the evening, groups of enthusiastic sportsmen gather together and discuss the comparative merits of the Clyde River, the Jordan River, the Sable River, and Tom Tidneau River. As usual in such cases, those who prefer the smaller fish extol the merits of the Clyde and Tom Tidneau Rivers, while those who have experienced the excitement of landing a gamey salmon or deep sea trout are loud in their advocacy of the Jordan and Sable Rivers. But all are satisfied, and they have good reason to be, for there is no better sport to be had on this side of the continent than right here. The Clyde is divided into Upper, Middle and Lower Clyde, and has perhaps a hundred tributary lakes, all full of fish. The Jordan River, because of its rapid waters, has been very little fished, but it is a famous salmon stream, and has yielded to a single fisherman, in a single day, no less than twelve salmon, ranging in weight from nine to thirty pounds.

Again, he is the proprietor of the stage line between Yarmouth and Shelburne, and can furnish any number of coaches for a coaching party. And would not a coaching party along this section of the country be glorious.

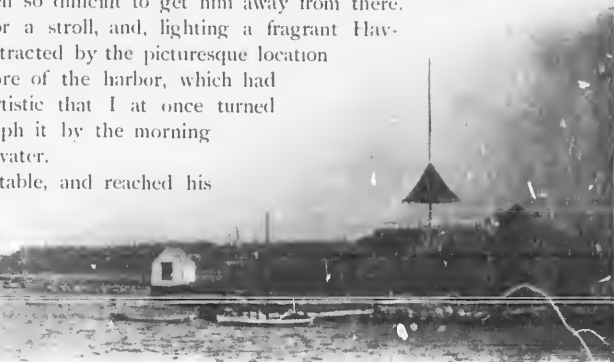
Starting from Shelburne and following the stage road as far as one might wish, even to Halifax, skirting the shores of old ocean all the way, and stopping off for a day or two at Lockport, Liverpool, Bridgewater, Mahone Bay, Chester, and Lunenburg. With a party of congenial spirits, no more attractive trip could be planned.

Here, too, in the proper season, is excellent shooting, all varieties of game being plentiful. Moose hunting is the favorite sport, and from here many a head and pair of broad antlers has found its way to the States. 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.

It was here, on the second evening of our stay, that I caught my friend Max in his devotions to the beauty he had left in Yarmouth, and discovered why it had been so difficult to get him away from there.

After supper I had told him that I was going for a stroll, and, lighting a fragrant Havana, started out. I had not gone far before I was attracted by the picturesque location of a beautiful little summer house located on the shore of the harbor, which had heretofore escaped my notice. It struck me as so artistic that I at once turned back to get Max, thinking he might like to photograph it by the morning light which would appear especially beautiful on the water.

Entering the hotel I found Max at the writing table, and reached his side before he perceived me. Upon looking up, his bronzed face flushed crimson, and he hastily turned upside down the paper upon which he had been writing and appeared so embarrassed that I could not help laughing heartily at him; and to this day we seldom meet but that the memory of that incident brings out a smile. Poor Max! He had escaped all the





attractions of woman in his native land and lived a bachelor for fifteen years only to surrender his heart to almost the first young lady whom he met in this country, so full of youth and beauty.

It was too good.

I never can refrain from giving Max a poke in the ribs whenever Nova Scotia is mentioned.

But we cannot long remain in Shelburne, for we are told wonderful things of the shore beyond, and so, early in the morning, with an excellent team and a courteous driver, we started for Lockport, twenty-one miles away.

By invitation of a most affable lady, we stopped on the way to visit one of those summer camps of which there are so many in this region.

The camp was located about six miles from Shelburne, and we found it without difficulty. Beside a beautiful little pond perhaps a quarter of a mile from the road, among the tall trees of the forest, was a comfortable summer cottage, its wide veranda, upon which were stretched two or three hammocks, facing the silvery waters of the pond. At the foot of the path, leading from the front door, a small pleasure boat rested peacefully upon the water. Upon poles in front of the house were moose skins being "cured" by the sun. Near by, two cosy bowers had been constructed out of the trees and limbs of the forest. From the top of a tall tree, from which the limbs had been trimmed and the bark peeled, waved a large British flag. Here was a sight to refresh the weary. Reposing in a hammock on the veranda was our courteous lady friend, and in the other hammock a lady, whom we had not previously met, was reading. In still another hammock, suspended from trees in the yard, two or three children were vigorously swinging each other.

What a picture!

We stopped to feast our eyes on the scene—nature made to yield her treasures of health and happiness to the cultured residents of a large city, who, tired of the conventionalism of life, find here a calm and peaceful serenity that restores the bloom of health and makes buoyant the tired spirit. And with enough of romance, too, to enhance the charm of living with nature.

Upon our approach the ladies arose from their hammocks, and, after greeting us cordially, called upon the servants—two of whom were in the back part of the house—to bring out refreshments, of which we gladly partook. We would willingly have spent a day, a week, or a month in a place like this, but our carriage was waiting, and, after a pleasant hour, bid our hostess good bye and again resumed our journey to Lockport.






LOCKEPORT.



On a sharp turn of the road, from the brow of a hill, we first perceived this gem of a town nearly surrounded by water. The sight was so beautiful that we called upon the driver to stop, that we might gaze upon the scene and fix it on our minds, for never had we come abruptly upon one so beautiful. Winding down the side of a gentle decline the road made its way to a substantial iron bridge which connected what seemed to be an island with the main land. Beyond the bridge streets regularly laid out, from north to south and east to west, intersected the island and cut it up into squares of pretty houses, each with its well kept grounds denoting the thrift of the inhabitants. To the left of the island the bay extended inland several miles, forming various little harbors and dotted with pretty verdure covered islands, on one of which—Carter's Island—stands the harbor lighthouse. To the right, forming a bay on this side of the town, juts out a long promontory which bears the evidence of having protected the town from many a severe storm, yet looking peaceful and even gay in its summer verdure. In front and beyond the town a high bluff seemingly marks the furthest boundary of the island, for beyond appears the limitless expanse of old ocean as far as the eye can reach. Later we learned that beyond this bluff there lay Cranberry Island, forming a narrow channel which becomes nearly dry at ebb tide. Crossing the bridge we entered the town, which contains about fourteen hundred souls, and put up at a neat little hotel. Ragged Island, as this place was originally called, was settled by two families,—Lockes and Churchills,—loyalists who came from Plymouth about the time of the War of Independence, and the name has since been changed to Lockeport. The descendants of these two families have remained here, and, in spite of its present population of about 1400, these two names are so common in the town that one might almost believe that the place was inhabited entirely by Lockes and Churchills.

Fishing and lobster canning are among its principal industries, and every Monday morning a fleet of schooners sails down the harbor to return again laden with cod, haddock, and halibut the following Saturday. After dinner Max took his camera and we sauntered over to Spy Rock, from which elevated point we got an excellent



view of the town and the coast as well. With the aid of a glass we were surprised to see, on the western horizon, Shelburne light, and learned that on a clear night its light was distinctly perceptible. Following the brow of the hill we came to the end of the promontory on the west side of the bay. Before our eyes lay the beach. And such a beach! We have never seen its equal. The water, confined on one side by a promontory four miles long and on the other for a mile or so, rolls in with beautifully crested billows, changing its deep blue color to a light pea green as it reaches the shore, and finally, breaking and dashing up the almost level surface of the beach, returns to mix itself with the incoming wave. The white, silvery sand, full of mica dust, glistens in the sun, and even when perfectly dry it is so hard that it does not show a heel print. No wonder that everybody in town, young and old, owns a bicycle. No wonder that the boys like to play cricket. No wonder that the young ladies are rosy cheeked and beautiful. No wonder that the young men are so strong and manly. With such a beach before them who could stay indoors when there was a possible chance to get out. And the residents, too, appreciate their privilege, for on every pleasant afternoon and evening nearly every unoccupied person in the town will be found here seeking all kinds of amusement, and many bringing their fancy work to find a cosy nook among the rocks along the shore, there to sit and sew or crochet, while drinking in the balmy breezes of old ocean.

Now and then the sharp crack of a rifle or the report of a fowling piece denotes the fall of a duck or coot, and the boat of the enthusiastic sportsman will be hurriedly pushed out to seize the prey.

Again, shouts and bravos are heard, and there is a bicycle race or horse trot on the beach.

In fact, hours upon hours may be spent here and the senses never grow weary, for here there is constant occupation for the mind or body, as one may feel disposed. The beach is a strip of sand separating the ocean from the bay, about a mile long and fully a quarter of a mile wide. Before the bridge was built it formed the only connection Lockport had with the main land, and at the present time it is often used for travel instead of the bridge road.

As we stood on the end of the bluff, taking in the magnificent scene—in front of us the ocean, to the right of us the beach, to the left of us the town, with its pretty houses, its wharves and

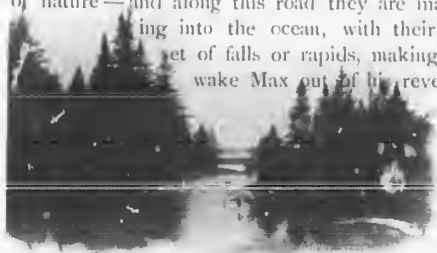


shipping, and behind us the bay, with its many beautiful islands—I could but wonder why some enterprising American had not long ago erected a substantial summer hotel on the spot where we were standing; and I will venture to assert that ere long some one will reap a rich harvest from such an investment, for when the beauties of this place become generally known it will be annually crowded with visitors.

There are many beautiful locations for summer cottages; the bay offers exceptionally fine conditions for boating; the surrounding country abounds with fish and game, the wary moose being plentiful within a short distance; the beach is always available; and with the genial and courteous nature of the residents of the town, no one will ever visit Lockport without desiring to repeat their experience.

Again we are on the stage road, rapidly leaving behind us the scenes of the previous day, and skirting the shores of the ocean in our comfortable carriage.

Again Max is dreaming of Yarmouth while I am drinking in the beauties of nature—and along this road they are many—the brooks and rivers emptying into the ocean, with their rustic bridges often built below a set of falls or rapids, making many a beautiful picture. One in particular was sufficiently attractive to wake Max out of his reverie, and, jumping out of the carriage, he rested his camera on the railing of the bridge and “took” Ogdun Brook. It was a charming spot. On one side of the bridge, looking up the stream, the brook spread out into a pool of still water from which the overhanging foliage was vividly reflected in all its beautiful colorings. Above the pool, the brook, until its winding course disappeared among the trees, was a mass of foaming rapids, sometimes dashing spray high in the air as its



impetuous course was checked by the jagged rocks. From the other side of the bridge, another pool, another set of rapids, and then, through an archway of trees, Jordan Bay is apparent and the shore on the other side of the bay. If art could but transfer this scene to canvas in all its rustic beauty, it would grace the walls of the finest gallery. I would gladly travel many miles to again witness it, and I would be nothing loth, either, to take out a few of those speckled beauties from Ogden Pool.

After a delightful journey we arrived at Liverpool, and soon retired to sleep as only those can sleep who spend their time in such air as we had continually breathed for more than a week now, and in such occupation as can but give the soul repose.



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LIVERPOOL.



LIVERPOOL came into existence in 1759 or '60. Like Yarmouth, Shelburne and Lockeport, 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. From that time until after the close of the Revolution in the states Liverpool continued to grow steadily, not only in population but also in ambition, the later characteristic never having forsaken her, and it is due to that trait that she possesses so many advantages today in spite of her many drawbacks.

Liverpool has now grown to be a town of considerable importance, and its residents are justly proud of their progress. They are liberal in public improvements and determined in their efforts to make the most of what nature has done for them in the beautiful location of their town where the waters of the river Mersey and the waters of the ocean mix. Two years ago the most of the buildings along the harbor front, as well as the wharves, were destroyed by fire, but they were immediately rebuilt in a handsome and substantial manner; and, as "there is no great evil without some small good," to this fire Liverpool owes the possession of one of the finest hotels in the province. The hotel will accommodate a large number of guests, and is exceedingly well conducted under the management of its accommodating proprietor. The town, too, has other hotels, and any number of summer visitors will find plenty of accommodation for any length of time they may desire to stay. And Liverpool is a good place in which to sojourn for some time. There are plenty of points of interest to attract the tourist, and plenty of amusements for those who remain. Its long main street, bordered by large shade trees and substantial residences, makes a beautiful promenade for a summer's evening, and furnishes an excellent track for the bicyclists, who are numerous. The street terminates abruptly at Fort Point, a tiny peninsula, where the old fort used to stand, but where now stands the lighthouse which guides the mariner at night to a safe harbor. Fort Point is also utilized as a public park, and although small in extent, it furnishes much of the out-door pleasure of the town. Near the lighthouse is a band

stand surrounded by rustic settees; and who can imagine anything more charming than an evening here with the music of the band mingling with the music of the waves, the lights of Brooklyn harbor opposite, and the lights on Coffin's Island, five miles away, twinkling their approval.



From the brow of Town Hill, on the stage road from Lockeport, a fine view of the town is obtained. But if you wish to see a fine bit of scenery, cross the river and ascend to the summit of Wild Cat, the highest point of land for miles around. From here a long stretch of the shore is visible, as well as the bay and both Liverpool and Brooklyn harbors. To the northwest the Liverpool River winds its way through a beautiful valley bordered on both sides by hills thickly wooded, except here and there where man has cleared away the trees and brushwood, and a cluster of houses rear themselves amidst green pastures which bear evidence of the fertility of the soil in this region, until it disappears among the hills in the distance. (Speaking of the soil, as many as six tons of hay per acre, in two crops, the first in June, and the second in September, have been secured from this soil.) The roads along the shore in both directions are excellent, and afford great pleasure to those who enjoy riding or bicycling. About six miles from Liverpool, on the Brooklyn side, is the famous Beach Meadows beach. To the west of Liverpool is Western Head, and you should by all means drive or ride out here. Such rocky walls, against which for countless centuries the mighty Atlantic has hurled her mighty waves only to dash them into boiling cauldrons of foam, except here and there where bits of shore less strong to resist have been formed into quaint coves, which add to the beauty of the scene.

The tramway from Liverpool, through Milton and along the lovely river Mersey, to the pulp mills, furnishes a novelty in the way of a ride, and the genial manager of the mills will show you how spruce logs are converted into pulp, which in turn is converted into every conceivable form of paper.

Milton itself, only two and one-half miles from Liverpool, is a beautiful village, located on the banks of the Mersey, where the salmon disport themselves in all the glory of that noble fish. Thirty salmon is no unusual catch in one day by the local fisherman.

The country about Liverpool abounds in lakes and rivers, and Lake Rossignol, one of the largest lakes in the province, is within easy reach. In truth, the largest fish and the largest game are to be found in greatest abundance about this vicinity. But we cannot remain in Liverpool, and reluctantly we take our departure for Bridgewater, twenty-one miles away. There is something about these south shore towns which impels one to linger. Is it the scenery? Is it the sport? We are inclined to think, as we look back and contemplate our journey through this country, that the prime cause of this feeling lies in the hearty good will with which strangers are received into these communities. Recognize anybody you meet and at once the hand of good fellowship will be extended with such frankness that you immediately feel at home. A stay of three days in any of these towns places one on a footing of entire freedom with everybody, and at the end of that time you will feel as though you had known these people for months and disliked to break off your associations with them.



MAIN STREET, LIVERPOOL.

BRIDGEWATER ON THE LA HAVE.



THE La Have River is called by some the Rhine, and by others the Rhone of Nova Scotia. Beyond all doubt it is the most beautiful river in the province. Fourteen miles from its mouth is located the beautiful town of Bridgewater, where many summer tourists find themselves located, year after year, because of the many facilities it offers for attractive side trips, as well as the beauty of the place itself. And Bridgewater *is* beautiful. Cross the bridge and walk for miles up and down the river and you will find it difficult to get any adequate idea of the town from what you can see. Why? Because you are looking upon the side of a steeply sloping hill, and, except for the water front, all you can see is an occasional row of roof tops breaking through the luxuriant foliage of the shade trees which line both sides of every street. Bridgewater is

young compared to the places we have been visiting, but she has made good use of the fifty years of her existence. Few places in the province have so ample and well appointed a court house, so capacious a music hall, and such a handsome and substantial railway station. There is a spirit of enterprise that impresses you immediately, and after you recognize it you no longer wonder how the people climb the steep sides of the hill from one street to another. Imagine a stairway of streets. That is Bridgewater. From the river front to the brow of the hill street after street runs parallel with the river, with just room enough between to allow a good-sized backyard or orchard for the houses which line the streets, and at regular distances others intersect these from the river to the top of the hill. As you stand at the bottom of one of these streets, you are not at a loss to understand how people come down in the winter, but the thing that will trouble you is, how do they get up?

But it is beautiful and novel as well, and you will find so many ways to utilize your time,—excursions down the river and excursions up the river. Trips to the Nictaux Mountains, drives into the country, and sails down to Mahone Bay, music and mirth. Such is life at Bridgewater.

Bridgewater is the headquarters of the Nova Scotia Central Railway, which crosses the province from Middleton on the north, where it connects with the Dominion Atlantic Railway between Yarmouth and Halifax, to Lunenburg

on the south, where it connects with the Yarmouth steamship line between Yarmouth and Halifax. This railroad opens up to Bridgewater a great variety of trips, many of which are replete with historic interest.

A visit to Crescent Beach should not be omitted by any one who finds himself in Bridgewater during the summer or autumn months. It can be reached by the steamer "La Have," or by carriage,—a beautiful two hours' drive. The beach in reality is an enormous gray sand dyke, jutting out from the rock-bound mainland seaward about one and one-half miles, to an extensive group of islands of all sizes and forms, and separating the waters of La Have Harbor, from Petite Rivière Bay.

Upon the La Have Harbor side there is no surf, and the water at full tide upon a bright day becomes quite warm, while upon the opposite or outer side, the surf is all that can be desired for ideal bathing. There are no sand flies or mosquitoes, and no undertow. The sand is hard and smooth—perfect for driving and bicycling.

We cannot leave Bridgewater without saying a word about the glorious sunsets which are witnessed from the hills above the town, whence may be seen almost any summer day as the sun sets, a gorgeously colored panorama taking in the lower part of the river and La Have Harbor, with its hundreds of islands and intersecting waters and the limitless ocean beyond,—a sight which cannot be described, but once seen never forgotten.



MAHONE, LUNENBURG, AND CHESTER.



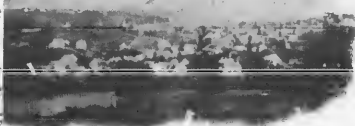
THREE gems of the coast are these dear little towns, with their picturesque beauty enhanced by the many points of interest, historic and otherwise, which are within easy reach of any of them; the beautiful drives along the shore; the elegant opportunities offered for sailing in and about Mahone Bay, with its many romantic coves and its three hundred and sixty-five emerald carpeted isles; the fine bathing on any of the numerous beaches; and the many opportunities for social enjoyment to be found in any of these towns.

Mahone is cosily cuddled about its pretty harbor, only thirty minutes' ride from Bridgewater, through a beautiful country along the La Have River, and past many lakes and streams. It is blessed with one of those rare little hotels, with its bowered portico nestling under the trees, where home food of the best quality and cooked with a degree of skill unexcelled by the best *chef* of New York, can be obtained. You would fain tarry here, but if you desire to make the tour of the province with us come now to Chester, at the head of Mahone Bay.

Chester is seven miles sail from Mahone, or twice that distance along the winding shore road, but the beauties of either route are so fascinating that you will be sorry when the trip is over. 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, the bay stretching away to the east, and ocean's horizon closing the picture in the distance. Here the bicyclist will be in his glory, and many are they who avail themselves of this beautiful road.

Chester is more like a summer resort than any place you have seen since leaving Yarmouth, and when its facilities for this purpose have been fully utilized it will stand, *par excellence*, high in the favor of those who have enjoyed its charms.

Words are inadequate to portray the exquisite scenic attractions of river-like Deep Cove, an arm of the sea a mile in length but only a few rods in width.



or the kaleidoscopic view from the summit of old Aspotogan, the highest point of land on the south shore of Nova Scotia. This high promontory juts out into the bay, and when you have climbed three or four hundred feet to its summit you will find a magnificent cyclorama spread out around you—the bay and ocean beyond, and back of you mile upon mile of rolling country.

In full view, about four miles to the southwest, is Oak Island, where the Boston Treasure Company are digging day and night for Captain Kidd's ingots of gold and silver.

It is but an hour's sail out there, and before going to Lunenburg let us go over and see the wonders of this far-famed island.



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 shovelfull 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 gentlemen 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.

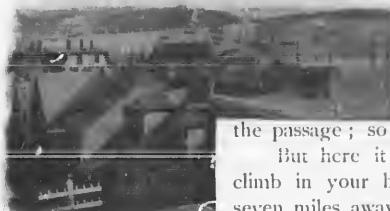
Unfortunately at this point night came on, and they went home to dream of the fabulous wealth which was to be theirs on the morrow; but alas, on the morrow, when they returned to the shaft, it was full of water to within twenty-five feet of the top. They bailed and bailed with ardor and assiduity, by 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 distanded 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 treasures 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 two 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.



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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 today, 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 an 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 quintails 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."

Time does not permit us to view all the points of interest in and about these places, for we have yet to visit Halifax and the Annapolis valley.

Arising early in the morning, we bade adieu to Lunenburg, with its pleasant associations, and took the 6.40 train over the Central Railway for Middleton, where we arrived at 10.30. Here we enjoyed an excellent dinner at the railroad hotel, having ample time to catch the 1.30 p.m. train, which arrived in Halifax at 5.45 o'clock.

On the way we made the acquaintance of the courteous manager of the Central Railway, and promised, on our return, to inspect some of the wonders of his road.

HALIFAX, THE CITY OF THE SEA.



It is with a sense of awe that we begin our tour of this beautiful city, so replete with thrilling historic interest. The Halifax of today presents a far different aspect from that seen by Governor Cornwallis as he sailed up Chedabucto Bay that beautiful June morning nearly a century and a half ago. Then a dense and unbroken forest stretched away from the water's edge back as far as the eye could reach, while lurking savages, concealed in the thicket, breathed fearful menace against the hardy voyagers who had dared to invade their domain. Amid difficulties and dangers the settlement was begun. Arduous though the task, the forest was felled, dwellings were created, and soon all was life and animation where so short a time before had been silence and solitude. Confined at first within a space bounded by Barrington, Salter, and Buckingham Streets, the town soon reached out and climbed the hill to the base of the Citadel. Then as though becoming emboldened and conscious of increasing strength and security, it crept first north and then south. Afterwards outlining suburbs were built, sometimes rapidly, sometimes slowly and cautiously, as though half-fearful of its own temerity, and uncertain of the result. As time rolled on the dangers which beset the path of the earlier settlers were removed and more rapid progress was made, until to-day Halifax is a thriving and picturesque city of some 45,000 inhabitants—the commercial and political capital of a prosperous and wealthy province. Its fleets scour the waters of the Atlantic from the Bay of Fundy to Labrador, and the white sails of its traders dot the harbors of the globe. Rich in natural products and manufactures; possessed of one of the finest roadsteads in the world, in which a thousand of the largest vessels afloat could ride in safety; the winter port of the Dominion, nearer to the Old Country than any seaport of consequence in America, and having railroad communication with the whole continent, its brilliant future is assured.



There is much in Halifax to interest and attract. To its commercial advantages and natural beauties its importance as a military and naval station adds a prestige which it might not otherwise enjoy. From the summit of Fort George, better known as Citadel Hill, a superb view of the city, the harbor and the surrounding country may be obtained. The older portion of the town lies between it and the water. The straight, cross streets lead the eye down to the harbor, where vessels bearing the flags of all nations are at anchor. On a clear sunny morning the scene is one of the prettiest sights imaginable. To the north, shimmering in the summer sun, and specked with the white wings of pleasure boats, lie the bright waters of Bedford Basin, into which the harbor opens out after passing through the Narrow. To the east are the low hills on the Dartmouth side, and George's Island, green and well-kept, looking as though dropped in mid-harbor by some giant in his play. Beyond are the massive buildings known as Mount Hope Insane Asylum, with Fort Clarence grim and stern, a little below. Near the mouth of the harbor is McNabb's Island, the city's picnic grounds, with its beautiful groves and walks, its fort and rifle range; while on Mauger's Beach, "jutting out nose-like from the island," stands an antiquated Martello tower, turned in old age from the warlike uses of its youth, and peacefully holding aloft a bright beacon to warn the sailor off the reef below. Beyond this again is a wide sweep of sea-flecked ocean, with perhaps the smoke of a passing steamer dimly visible on the horizon. Below and around are the buildings of the town, with here and there a spire rising from among green foliage.

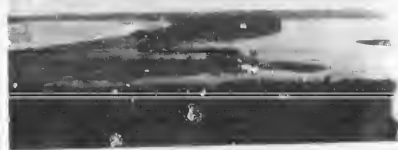
Halifax, however, is seen to best advantage from the water. A former writer thus refers to it: "Step into a small row-boat, such as lie for hire by the score at the various public wharves, and push out on a summer evening when the sun is setting behind the Admiral's house, and the moon waits, over the Dartmouth hills, for her turn. On every glassy ripple glimmers a mimic sun, the terraced city is



bathed *en couleur de rose*, the grass in Her Majesty's dockyard, and the big tree near which his worship the Mayor stands to welcome royalty, take on a gem-like green—as though illumined and transformed by Aladdin's lamp. The windows of Mount Hope Insane Asylum are sheeted with fire, that slowly dies as the sun sinks lower; soon only the tall flag-staff on the Citadel, with its many streamers telling of ships coming home, wreathes itself aloft in the dying sunset. Myriads of pleasure boats thread their way in and out on the water-alleys among the ships at anchor. Her Majesty's flag-ship and its consorts lie motionless as forts amid animated scenes."

Besides its historic importance as the capital of the great Maritime Province of Nova Scotia, Halifax has a special importance as the only garrison town now in Canada, and as the chief naval station of Britain in the New World. In this latter respect it seems to form the one distinctive and inseparable link of connection between the colony and the mother land. In its origin, not only is the link with Britain close and intimate, but, in what may be termed its medieval era, the link is strengthened by the fact that it was once the residence of Her Majesty's father, the Duke of Kent, while commanding the forces of Britain on the North Atlantic Station.

The distinctive feature of the city is its military and naval character. Here, on any summer day, may be seen throngs of "jolly tars," or, in the popular phrase, "blue jackets," parading the streets, a company of red-coated soldiers marching with measured tread from some one of the many military stations to another. In the beautiful harbor, riding secure from dangers of wind or wave, are vessels of all nations; the peaceful trader from remotest clime, the hardy fisherman, and the mighty war-ships of old England. Guarded by forts and battlements on shore, and by a noble fleet on sea, Halifax basks contentedly in the genial warmth of her summer sun, and invites her American cousin and inland Canadian sister to come and note her war-like security, to be enlivened



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by her sports and pastimes, and enraptured by the sights she can show them. Here is the land ; there the sea. Would you walk, drive, hunt or shoot? Would you row, sail, bathe or fish? Each and all are open to you. Would novel sights and sounds amuse you? Then, again, will Halifax furnish such entertainment as can be had nowhere else in America. In the spacious roadsteads may be seen mock battles of the war-ships with each other and with the forts ; on shore the sham fights of the garrison, divided for the occasion into opposing forces. To this is added a summer climate, clear, cool and healthful ; scenery and surroundings of extreme beauty ; and a hospitality which the visitor has ever found warm and true.

We have not space to tell half the wonders of old Halifax, but its Public Garden and Point Pleasant Park alone will furnish days and weeks of pleasure, and there is so much that is novel and interesting wherever you go that the mind never grows weary.

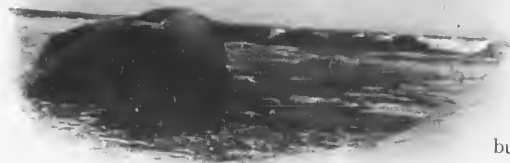


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A PICTURESQUE JOURNEY.

IT had been our intention to return by way of the Annapolis Valley, but upon seeing the beautiful new boat of the Yarmouth Steamship Co., "Express," resting so gracefully upon the water at her dock, we decided to return in her to Lunenburg, thereby getting a fine view of the beautiful coast and escaping the dusty travel on the railroad. And right here we cannot refrain from saying a word about this beautiful steamer, which, plying between Bridgewater and Halifax, makes four trips a week along the most beautiful part of the Atlantic coast.



She has been rightly named "Express," for her large paddle wheels and powerful engines give her great speed. She is a double stacked, steel built, ocean going, side-wheel steamer, combining, apparently, all the latest ideas in marine building, and her equipment, speed, and sea-going qualities are such as to make a trip in her a source of delight as well as comfort. She has two sets of boilers and engines, working either together or independently, and so carefully is her machinery balanced and adjusted that the uncomfortable vibration, so common on steam vessels, is not felt. The boat is 218 feet long, and has ample accommodation for 250 passengers.

Every possible arrangement has been made for the comfort and convenience of her passengers, — many new ideas being introduced in the staterooms, and in the sumptuous fittings of the social and dining saloons. The addition of this beautiful boat removes the only objection to a trip along the south coast, and will doubtless largely increase the summer travel to and from its many wonderfully beautiful ports.

Another motive for changing our plans was a desire to cross the Nictaux Mountains by way of the Nova Scotia Central Railroad, for while at Bridgewater the courteous manager of that road had offered us an opportunity to explore the mountain region on a handcar, a novelty which we could not resist.

Again we were well repaid for our change of program. Merrily we skimmed down the harbor, rapidly passing George's Island, where Fort Charlotte is located, and the large island which stretches across the harbor from one

side to the other, with a fortification at each end, called McNabb's Island. Away over to the east of us appeared Devil's Island, with its two lighthouses. But now our attention is attracted to a high cliff on our right, rising precipitous and sheer, with fortifications on its summit. That is York Redoubt, where some of Victoria's largest and deadliest guns are mounted, pointed out towards the mouth of the harbor, grim warning for those who have no business there to keep out.

Our boat skims over the water like a bird and soon we are to the westward of Ketch's Harbor, making for Sambro Island, with Mount Aspotogon beyond. Now, after three hours sail, we have passed Margaret and Mahone Bays and are again at Lunenburg. Embarking on the train, we again journey along the beautiful La Have, and in about two hours we begin to wind along the side of a ravine in Nictaux Mountains, rising gradually until as we near the top we look off to the right upon a scene of grandeur in strange contrast to that which but a short time before greeted our eyes along the banks of the peaceful river. Looking down over the tops of the high trees,—down, down, down, thousands of feet—our gaze was finally caught by the dashing waters of Nictaux River, showing here and there among the trees as it wound its foaming course at the bottom of the ravine. Beyond again rose the heavily wooded slopes of the highest peaks of the mountains, looking grim and misty in the distance as its outline broke against the clear blue sky, except here and there where the fleecy white clouds apparently mingled with the tree tops and hid the mountain from view.

The foaming waters of the Nictaux caught the artist eye of Max, and nothing would prevent him from making a descent to a point from which he could use his camera, so, preceeded by one of the railroad men, who used his hatchet to clear



the way, we made the descent without incident, and Max got his views. It is true they were worth the trouble, although no picture, either of camera or pen, could give any adequate idea of the sublime beauty of that rushing torrent, dashing itself against the jagged cliffs which rose hundreds of feet in an almost perpendicular wall, foaming and whirling until caught by a current going at right angles and rushing along over huge boulders and fallen trees until another turn churned the clear water into foam.

But when it came to the ascent, Max forgot all about his views. What he did remember was, that the high living he had been enjoying had made him somewhat corpulent, and although relieved of his camera, before he reached the car he had fully made up his mind to live in the future entirely upon hard tack and water.

After many a sharp curve in the road had brought each time before our eyes a scene of wondrous beauty, we finally met a special train, which we boarded, and proceeded on our way, much gratified with our experience in the mountains.

At length we arrived at Middleton, and made close connections with the train over the Dominion Atlantic Railway for Kentville, from whence we were to visit Blomidon and Wolfville, and, on our return, Windsor, Annapolis, Digby and Weymouth, with, possibly, a side trip across the bay from Digby to St. John.

These are the principal resorts of the tourist in the Annapolis Valley, and all offer points of more or less interest, though to one who seeks a change, they are not to be compared to the south shore resorts.

Kentville is an enterprising town of 1700 inhabitants. It supports two good hotels and offers many attractive trips by carriage or otherwise.

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



CAPE BLOMIDON.

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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 mile 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 the lofty “Look Off.” 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 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. At Kingsport occurs the greatest rise and fall of the tide on the Atlantic seaboard, the difference between high and low water averaging sixty feet.

You will not wish to leave this region without paying a brief visit to Windsor and Grand Pré, made famous by Longfellow's Evangeline. The history of these places has so often been told, and their praises so often sung, that a few notes concerning the points of principal interest will suffice. There are at least four things in Windsor 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 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 taunt 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 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



SAM SLICK HOUSE, WINDSOR.

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 peasant 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.

Welfville, 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 Clochester, 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 lisp of the gossipy brook,—a symphony of verdure, sunshine, and silence. You will hate unspeakably to leave that charming spot.

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 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 millenium 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 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 as I 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.

WEYMOUTH.



E cannot leave the valley without making a stop at Weymouth, the cosiest, prettiest little village in the valley. Nestling on the slopes of two hills which rise gradually from the banks of the Sissiboo River. Its clean, pretty buildings overtop one another and all have an extensive and beautiful view of the valley. Here the fisherman is in his glory, for the country round about abounds with speckled beauties. The river offers exceptionally good facilities for boating, and it is but two miles by the river from Weymouth to St. Mary's Bay, which is certainly one of the prettiest spots in the whole peninsula. In the evening, the village band discourses sweet music, and from the veranda of its comfortable hotel or in one of the hammocks which are suspended about the lawn in front of the house, you can enjoy the quiet of nature in its most beautiful aspects. There are plenty of amusements, too, and you will find the residents of the village courteous and interesting in the extreme.

If you would fish, you will find plenty to direct or go with you to the right spot. If you wish a pleasure trip on the river, there are those who will loan you a boat, or get up a party for you. Weymouth is within easy reach of Yarmouth, and if you have a day or two to spare before leaving the province, take a run up there. When you get off the train at the neat little station, you will find there the proprietor of the hotel in waiting for guests, and you need have no further trouble. He will do the rest, and you can immediately enter upon all the pleasures the place affords, and you will find them to be many. You need but be good natured yourself and you will enjoy every moment. Whatever you may desire, willing hands will assist you to make your stay in Weymouth one never to be forgotten.



HOME AGAIN.



SHORT ride and we are back again to Yarmouth. Max has forgotten about the hard-tack, and his eyes glisten as he thinks of the "Grand." (Perhaps not altogether because of the food.)

Approaching the hotel, the first person we meet is our old acquaintance, the irascible old gentleman with hay fever. But he is no longer irascible, instead his eyes gleam with good nature. The fever has vanished and he is thoroughly contented. No amount of urging would induce him to leave Yarmouth until his vacation time has expired.

Again, in the evening, sweet strains of music from the band at Bay View come floating across the bay, and we were fain once more to visit this beautiful spot.

It is strange, but Max did not return with me that evening, and what is more I saw nothing of him until the next afternoon, when he appeared on the boat ready for the homeward trip. When the steamer left the wharf, he struck an attitude against the rail and waved his handkerchief until the crowd on the wharf were lost to view. I was so amused that I almost forgot to take a final look at Cape Fourchu and Yarmouth Light.

Again we are on the broad ocean.

Again we are enjoying a night of sweet repose, to be up betimes in the morning watching for the line marking the shore of Massachusetts Bay; for the reflection of the sun on the guns of Fort Warren.

Now, we are tied to the wharf.

Now, reader, while I say good-bye, let me also say, that would you realize the beauty of Nova Scotia in the summer season, see it. It cannot be fittingly described.



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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 3th 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 fortinalis*), 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 carcase 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.

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NOVA SCOTIA HOTELS.

The following is a partial list of the principal Hotels and Boarding Houses of the Provinces. 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 . . .	T. Millidge Gavaza.	DIGBY	Bay of Fundy . . .	J. O'Conner.
"	Queen	Riordan Bros.	FREDERICTON . . .	Barker House . . .	F. B. Coleman.
AYLESFORD . . .	Aylesford	M. N. Graves.	GRAND NARROWS . .	Grand Narrows . . .	McDougall & McNeil.
"	Aylesford House . .	Mrs. Corbin.	GRAND PRÉ	Clear View	Hy. Mitchell.
BADDECK	Bras d'Or House . .	Frank Anderson.	"	Delamere	Mrs. G. H. Roscoe.
"	Telegraph	J. Dunlap.	HALIFAX	Halifax	Hesslein & Sons.
BERWICK	Central House . . .	Mrs. Vaughn.	"	Queen	James P. Fairbanks.
"	Evangeline	Geo. Kirkpatrick.	"	Waverly	Miss Romans.
BRIDGETOWN . .	Grand Central . . .	J. D. Belcher.	"	Albion	S. Le Blanc & Co.
BRIDGEWATER . .	Fairview	Fred. Clark.	"	Revere	J. F. Priest.
CANNING	Waverly	Mrs. A. B. Baxter.	"	Royal	Mrs. Winsor.
CHESTER	Lovett House . . .	L. C. Manning.	"	Acadian	Geo. Nichols.
"	Columbia	E. M. Robinson.	"	Central	Miss Payson.
DIGBY	Dufferin	C. A. Jordan.	HANTSPORT	American	E. W. Dalton.
"	Trefry House . . .	Mrs. J. Trefry.	"	Hantsport	Jas. Wall.
"	Acacia Valley . . .	Capt. Raymond.	HORTON LANDING . .	Dunedin	Thos. Harris.
"	Myrtle	W. S. Troop.	KENTVILLE	Aberdeen	Aberdeen Hotel Co.
"	Short's Hotel . . .	Miss Short.	"	Porter	W. H. Townsend.
"	Waverley House . .	Miss Woodman.	"	Kentville	Mrs. J. Lyons.
"	De Balinhard's . .	J. A. C. De Balinhard.	"	American	Jas. McIntosh.
"	Digby House . . .	Misses Smith.	KINGSPORT	Kingsport House . .	E. C. Borden.
"	Burnham's	Mrs. Burnham.	KINGSTON	Kingston	C. Neily.

NOVA SCOTIA HOTELS.—Continued.

TOWN.	HOTEL.	PROPRIETOR.	TOWN.	HOTEL.	PROPRIETOR.
LAWRENCETOWN,	Elm House . . .	A. Oswell.	SHELBURNE . . .	Atlantic	D. B. Frost.
LIVERPOOL . . .	Thorndike . . .	Geo. Schultz.	SMITH'S COVE . .	Pleasant View House	E. R. Thomas.
" . . .	Acadia	Mrs. Sellon.	ST. JOHN	Royal	Raymond & Doherty.
" . . .	Grove Mansion . .	Mrs. Hill.	"	Victoria	D. W. McCormack.
LOCKPORT . . .	Clifton	M. Ringer.	"	Dufferin	E. LeRoy Willis.
LUNenburg . . .	King's	Jas. King.	TRURO	Learment	A. H. Learment.
MIDDLETON . . .	American	E. 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.
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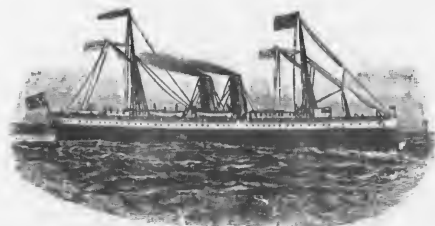
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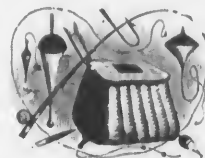
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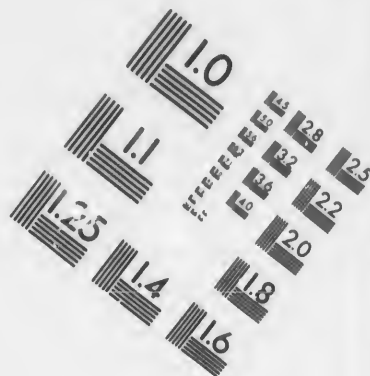
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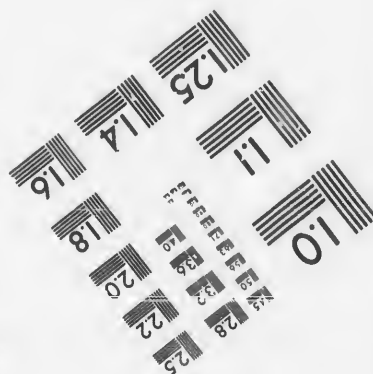
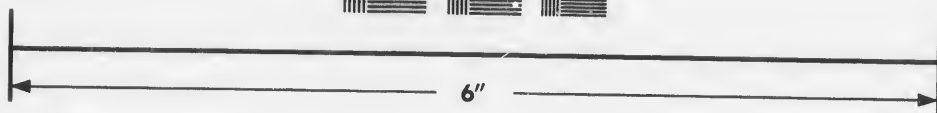
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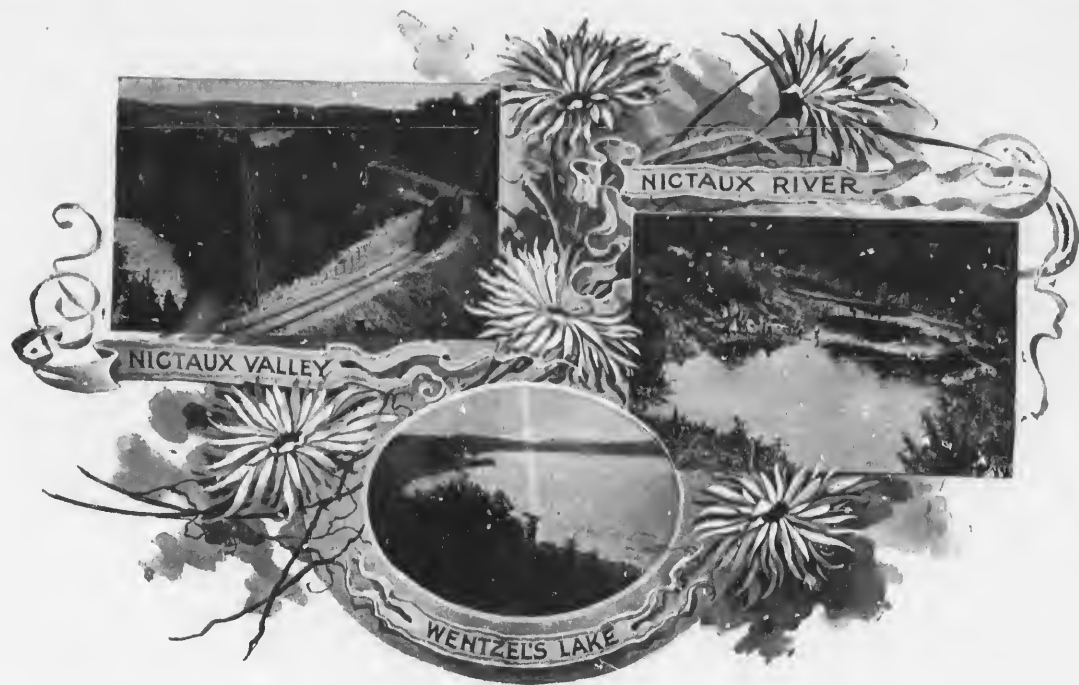
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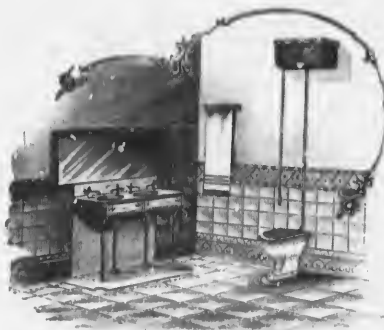
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