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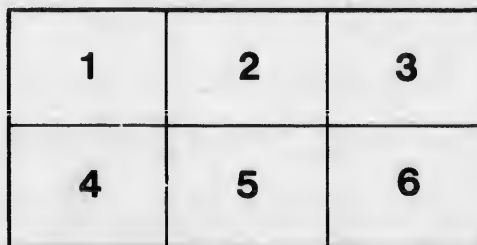
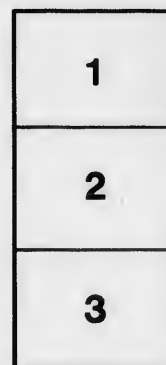
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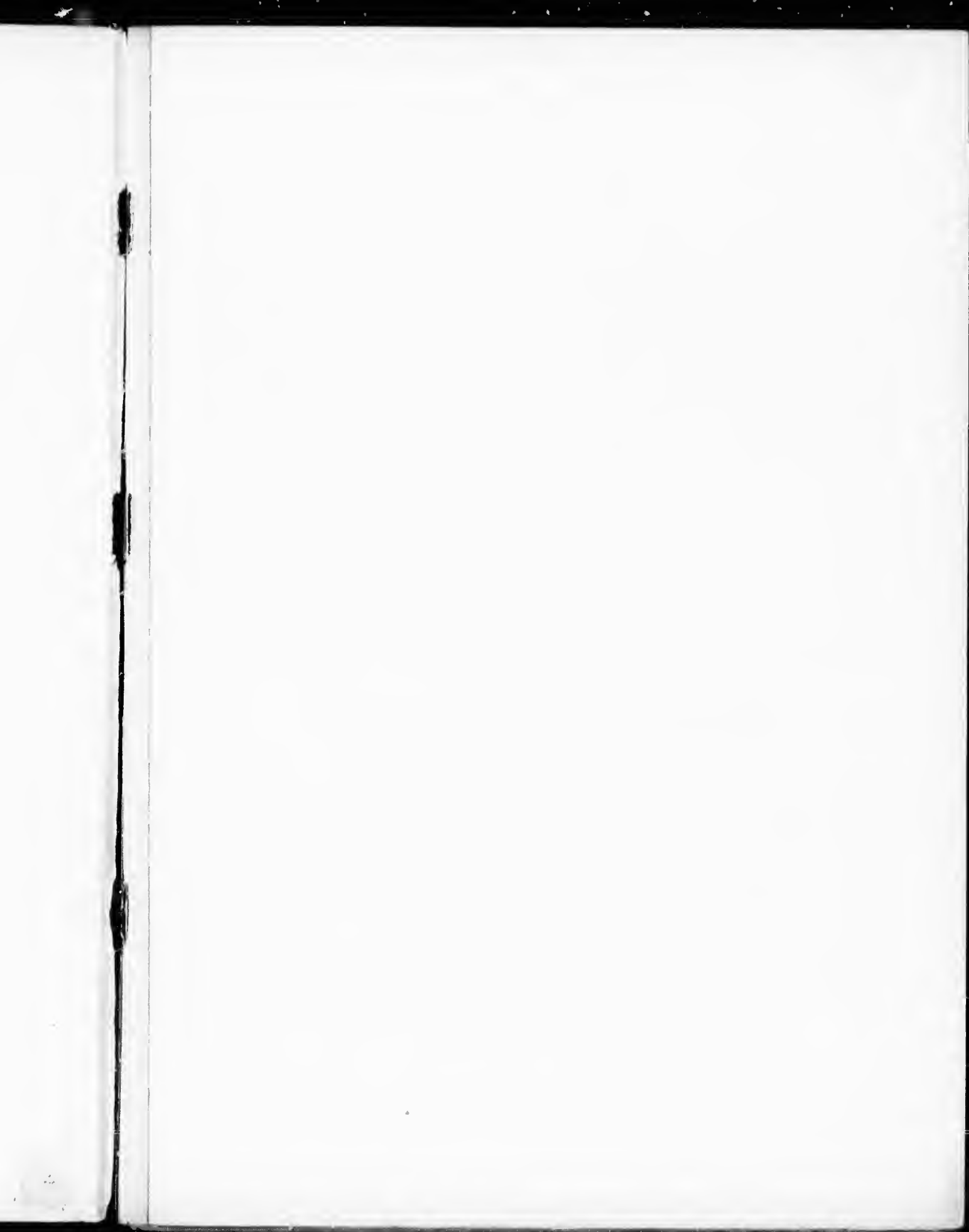
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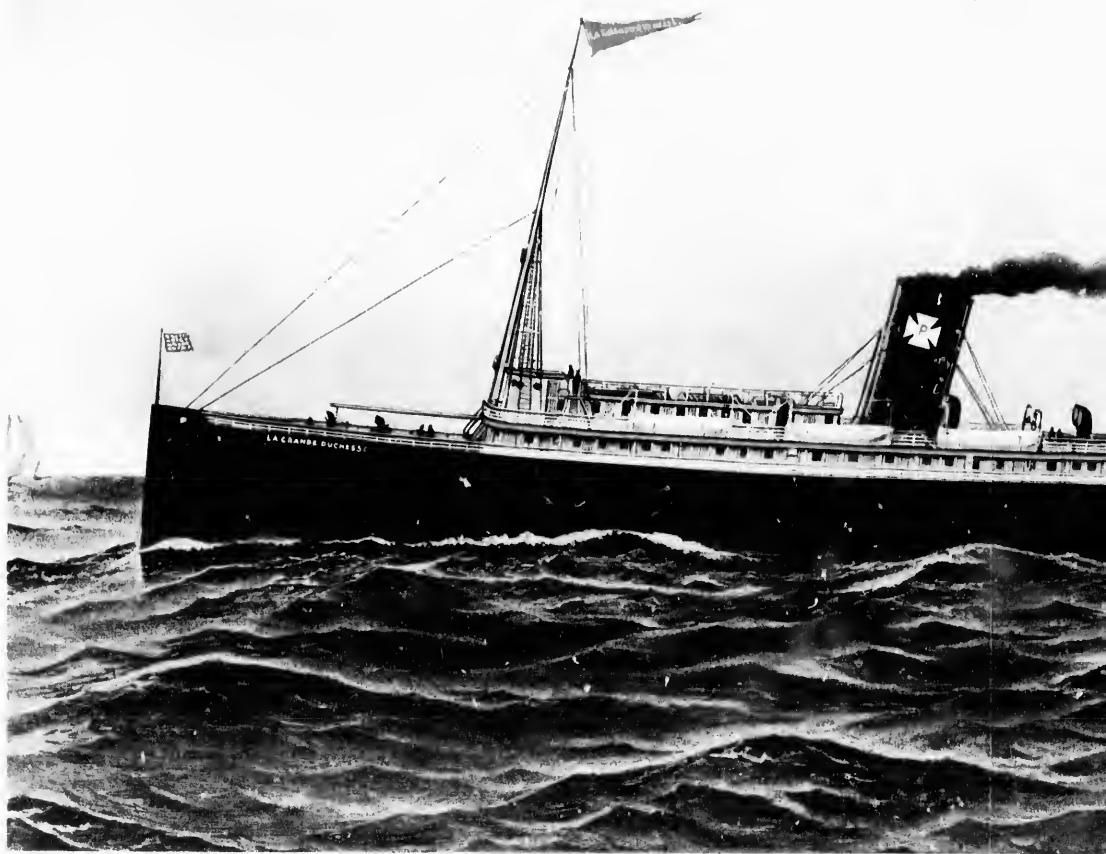
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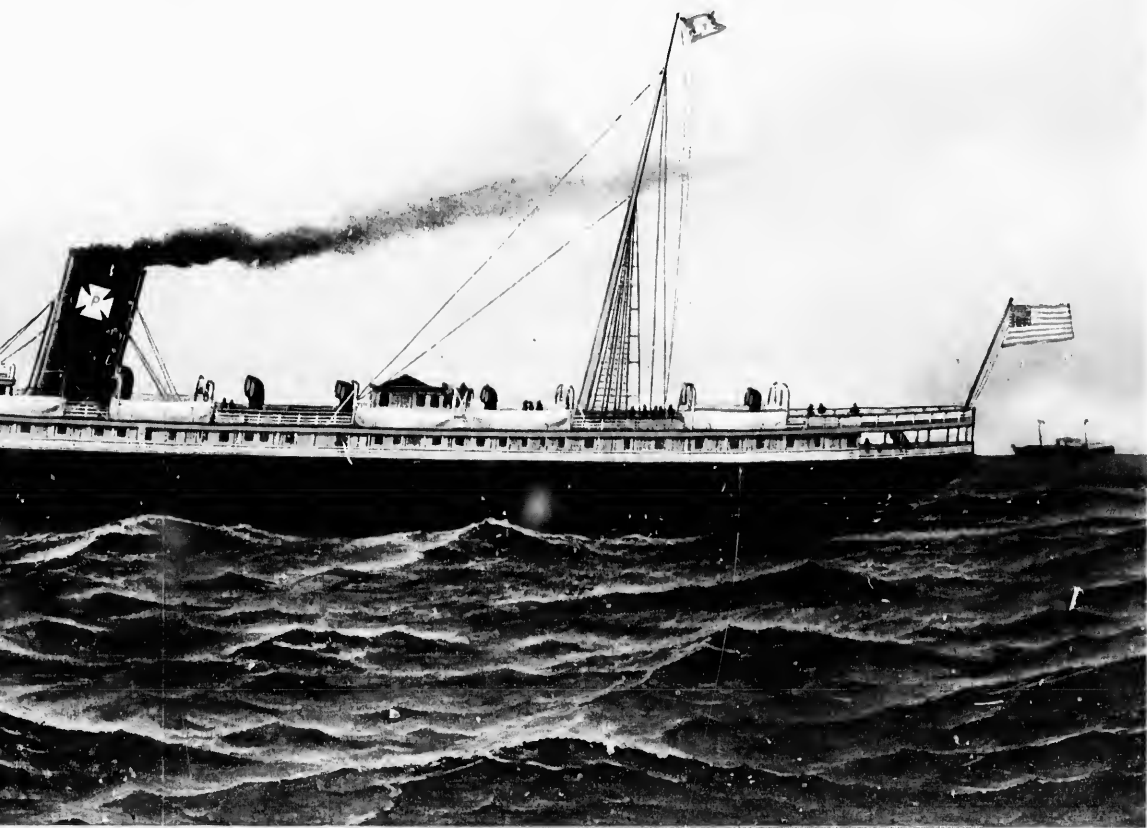




PLANT LINE TWIN-SCREW STEAMSHIP "LA GRANDE DUCHESSE"

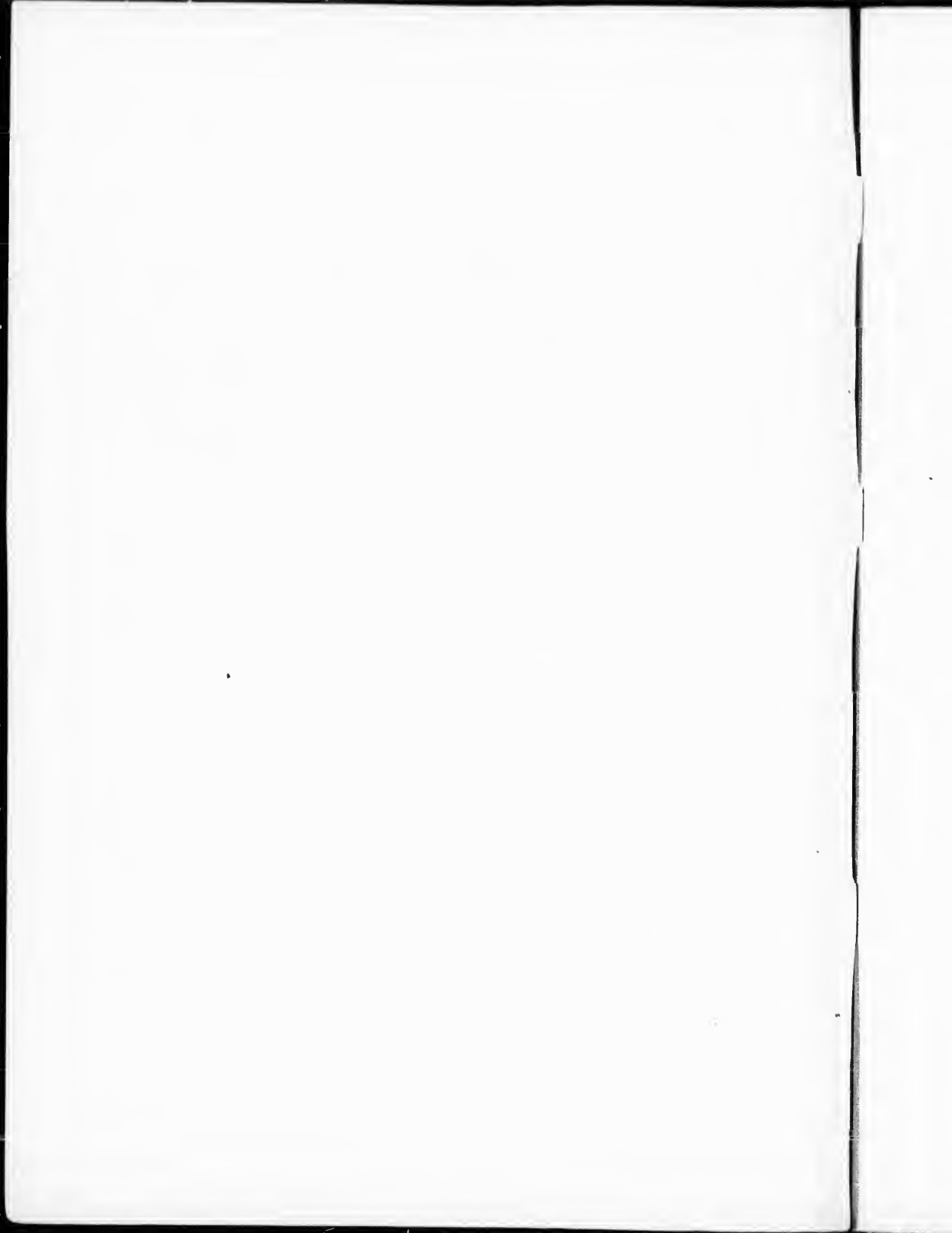
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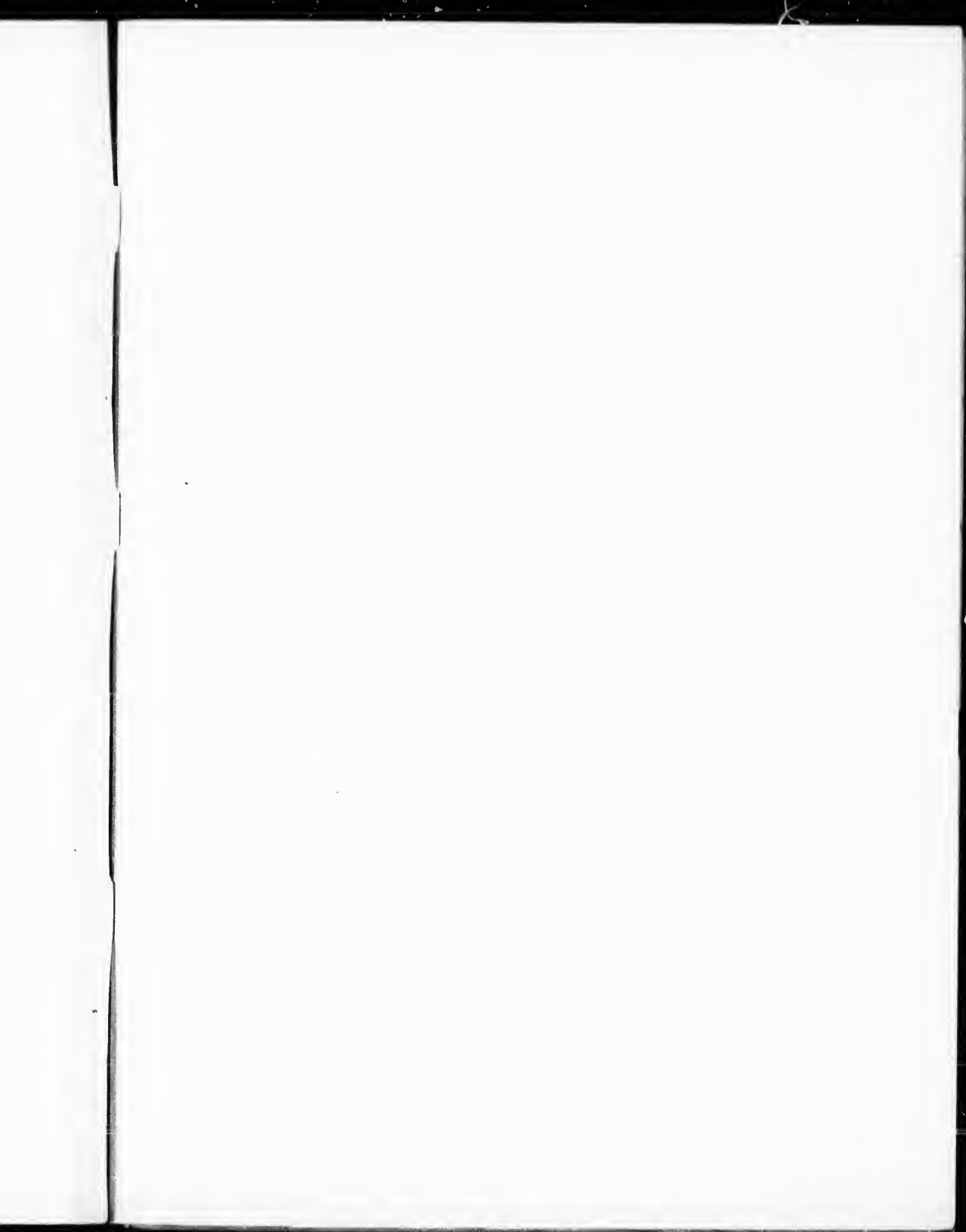
BOSTON, HALIFAX, HAWKESBURY AND C



SCREW STEAMSHIP "LA GRANDE DUCHESSE"

... PLYING BETWEEN ...  
LIFAX, HAWKESBURY AND CHARLOTTETOWN









MAN is a nomad. In his natural state, before he was hampered by the conventionalities of society, or the demands of trade and commerce, he wandered aimlessly from hither to yon. Where his tepee or skin-covered hovel was pitched, there was his home. The modern man inherits the instincts of his aboriginal forefathers and wanders from his native heath as far as his purse strings will allow and whenever the opportunities offer. This spirit of exploration, this ever-strong instinct of the human race to penetrate into unknown countries, and sail trackless seas, led the Egyptians three thousand years before Christ to build vessels, the prows of which they decorated with carved images of goddesses, whose smiles were sought upon their explorations. It led the Norsemen across the great Atlantic, and was the ruling inspiration of Columbus, as it has been that of all the explorers down to the days of Livingston, Greeley and Peary. It has peopled continents and made the deserts bloom, created commerce and girdled the world with lines of ship and rail. It has made all men brothers, and has wiped out the intellectual boundaries of the universe.

There is, perhaps, no nation in which this inborn instinct to travel is stronger than in the American. Go where you will, you find the country webbed with railroads, and the stations and trains filled with an ever-restless throng. Stand upon the piers and see the ocean steamers leave, their decks crowded with tourists, and the wharves with people who secretly stifle the wish that they too were going as they bid the happy travellers *bon voyage*.



The spirit of travel is universal. Northerners go South for the winter, and Southerners come to the mountains and seashores of the North for the summer. Eastern people spend vacation days in the West, and Westerners come East. Families migrate in summer as regularly as the birds start south at the first motion of Jack Frost's magic wand. Scientists tell us there is life in motion of inanimate nature; and so, too, there must be intellectual and physical life and health in the ever-swinging pendulum of a moving humanity.

Americans have discovered within recent years that there are some provinces by the sea, located, as the mariners would say, north-east of us, which for wholesome climate and varied sights offer a greater wealth of attractions during summer days than is possessed by any other nearby region. Geographers have given



"Shaping her course down the harbor whose shores are dotted with historic points."

foreign atmosphere and quaint customs, the hospitality of the people; and lastly, but by no means the least important facts, that the country is but one night away from Boston, and the journey may be made in the fleetest, safest and most luxurious ocean steamships, and at an expense so trifling that the trip is within reach of those in the most moderate circumstances.

The interest of the journey to the Maritime Provinces begins the moment the steamer takes on life and the screws start their revolutions at the Boston wharf. Slowly the great ship, a veritable floating palace, draws away from her pier. The gay crowds on deck, full of delightful anticipations of the trip, wave adieus to the friends who have thronged the wharf to see them off; and then, as the vessel shapes her course and turns her prow seaward, those on deck gather in little groups to enjoy the varied scenery of Boston's beautiful harbor. While the city, with the gilded dome of the State House, and scores of spires and well-known landmarks, sink slowly into the horizon, Castle Island, Fort Warren,

Fort Independence and other points freighted with Revolutionary memories in the harbor are passed in rapid succession, and over to the left a panoramic view is had of the busy cities of Lynn, Revere Beach, Swampscott, Deer Island, Winthrop and fashionable



"The fleet of pleasure yachts which fly across the waves like a flock of white-winged birds."

to them the name of the Maritime Provinces, and they embrace Nova Scotia, with outlying Cape Breton Island, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. This modern discovery has turned a great tide of tourist travel toward their shores, for each returning traveller has told with ardent enthusiasm of the charming climate, the novel sights and scenes, the



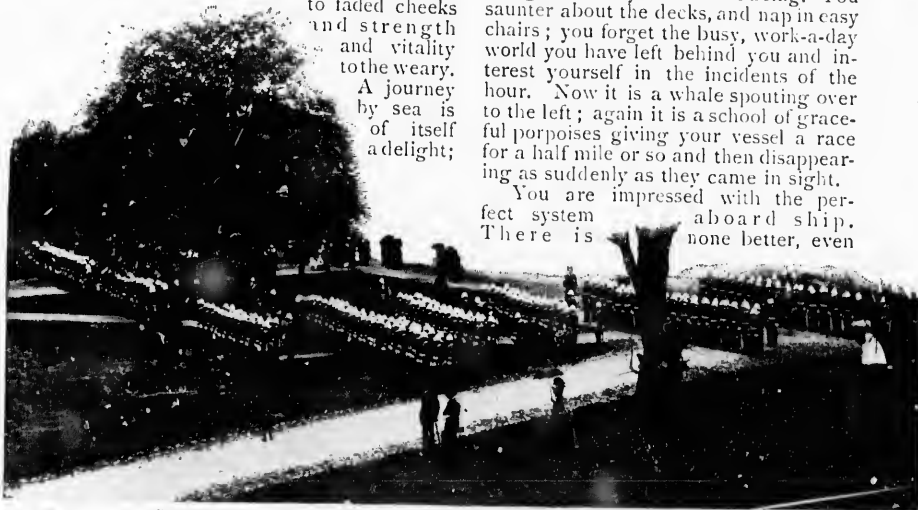
"The ever-present military in Halifax"

Nahant, with its charming summer homes by the sea.

Pemberton and Nantasket, the Manhattan Beach and great pleasure resorts of Boston, are to be seen to the right as the stately ship carefully makes her way down the channel through the fleet of pleasure yachts and fishing sloops, square-rigged ships and tramps of the sea; and then, as the pilot shapes his course out between the Boston and twin lights, standing like sentinels at either side of the deep sea gateway of Boston harbor, the horizon widens, the broad Atlantic unrolls majestically before you, and its tempered breezes sweep across the decks, bringing roses

to faded cheeks  
and strength  
and vitality  
to the weary.

A journey  
by sea is  
of itself  
a delight;



"Some of the crack English regiments are always stationed at Halifax, which is the strongest fortified British stronghold on the American continent."



for there is attached to the very life aboard ship a charm and novelty. It is refreshing always in its absolute freedom from the noise, turmoil and dust of travel by rail, no matter how much luxury may surround the latter, and nowhere else can be had such complete relaxation and uninterrupted rest. You make friends of your companions of the voyage. By com-

mon consent the ship's company becomes one great family for the time being. You saunter about the decks, and nap in easy chairs; you forget the busy, work-a-day world you have left behind you and interest yourself in the incidents of the hour. Now it is a whale spouting over to the left; again it is a school of graceful porpoises giving your vessel a race for a half mile or so and then disappearing as suddenly as they came in sight.

You are impressed with the perfect system aboard ship. There is none better, even

on the crack ocean liners; everything is literally in "ship shape," and when you go below to meals you will find them served in a dining saloon, the furnishings of which are not only in excellent taste, but rich in wood and tapestry. And what meals! The markets of Boston and those of Halifax have been levied upon. Delicacies from mountain, brook and meadow of Nova Scotia, served with toothsome meats from the Western prai-



"The wharves and warehouses of the Plant Line are all painted in the company's colors, and are the finest in Halifax."



"The Public Gardens in Halifax are a source of great pride to the citizens, and are beautifully laid out and maintained."

ries and the specialties of New England, furnish a menu the like of which no king or prince of Europe can boast.

You forget time except as you may hear the half-hours struck on the ship's bell forward. The day is gone before you realize it, and you watch the king of the heavens as he slowly relinquishes his sceptre to the stars and sinks majestically below the watery horizon. And then the twilight, that loveliest of all times at sea, follows, and night and darkness close in and a hush comes over everything. You hear naught but the hum of happy conversation about you and the indistinct throbblings of the great engines far below you, which are driving the ship with mighty energy along her course. You retire and say "good-night" to America, and awaken after a glorious rest to say "good-morning" to Nova Scotia, for when you go up on deck you see over on the port side the shores of this fair land, with here and there a lighthouse, and a village gleaming white in the early morning's sun, with fleets of fishing boats lying at anchor or making sail in the cliff-sheltered harbors. And then you realize that you are in sight of foreign shores, and have been but one night out from Boston; that you have crossed the corner of the broad Atlantic and are at the threshold of one of the most charmingly interesting regions on the continent.

That you have been able to do this,

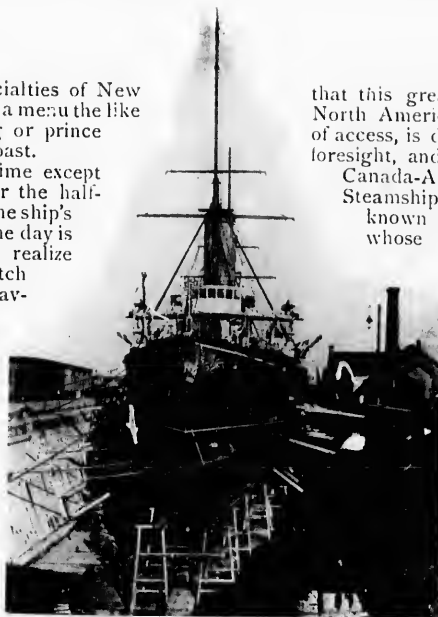
that this great vacation land of North America is now so easy of access, is due to the sagacity, foresight, and enterprise of the

Canada-Atlantic and Plant Steamship Line, universally known as the Plant Line, whose superb fleet em-

braces the "Grand Duchess," the "Halifax" and "Olivette." Three round trips a week are made between Boston and Halifax, and one, a longer one, between Boston and Charlottetown, the capital and chief city of Prince Edward Island, by way of Hawkesbury and the straits of Canso, which divide Nova

Scotia and Cape Breton.

If there is any one man to whom Americans owe a debt of gratitude for the magnificent plans he has made to enable people to enjoy the pleasures of travel, that man is Henry B. Plant, president of the great and comprehensive Plant system of railroads and steamship lines. He has not only made a paradise out of western Florida, but has erected at Tampa Bay, at an expense of more than \$2,000,000, the most magnificently



"In the great dry dock at Halifax there is most always a British man-of-war being overhauled."



"The harbor reverberates with the heavy salutes from the ships of the naval squadron which has its rendezvous at Halifax."

planned and luxuriously furnished resort palace in America, and has made it possible by his railroad service for the traveller to reach there quickly and in great

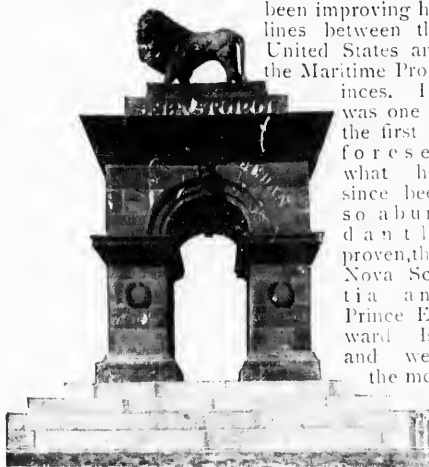


"The lighthouse which has guided many a craft to the entrance of this noble harbor."

comfort from the chief cities North and West. He has made Winter Park, in the lake regions of Florida, an ideal resort, and provided in the Seminole a hotel at which the traveller from the North may find all the joys and pleasures of a semi-tropical existence. He has reached further south, and the steamers of his line, the favorite "Mascotte" and other steamships, ply regularly all the year between Tampa Bay and Havana, Cuba, forming a popular tourist route, and offering a delightful winter's excursion to the tropics at small expense. From Tampa Bay, where he has built, right over the water, a good half mile from the shore proper, the quaint Tampa Bay Inn, steamers also make regularly appointed tours to Jamaica, affording a chance to many travellers to spend a week or so on this gem of the Antilles.

While all this great development has been pushed vigorously in the South by Mr. Plant, he has at the same time, with the able assistance of his son, Mr. M. F. Plant, Vice-President and Manager

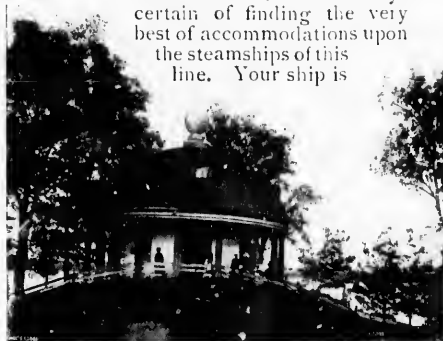
been improving his lines between the United States and the Maritime Provinces. He was one of the first to foresee what has since been so abundantly proven, that Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island were the most



"The majestic Sebastopol monument is one of the many interesting objects."

desirable summering spots within easy access for Americans, and that they would, as they have now become, the favorite and chosen regions for health as well as pleasure seekers. The policy of the entire Plant System reflects the generous, broad-minded spirit of its creator. It is not to see just how little can be done for its patrons to keep them from complaining, but rather to do all for them, and give them every convenience and luxury that good executive management considers the business will stand.

Thus it has become an axiom among travellers that one is always certain of finding the very best of accommodations upon the steamships of this line. Your ship is



"The only building now remaining of those upon the Duke of Kent's estate is the band house."

sure to be staunch, fast, well equipped and well manned, if it flies the Plant Line pennant at the foremast. Your stateroom will be large, well ventilated, and your bed and linen immaculate. You will find the officers courteous and obliging, and, what is of more importance, thorough seamen of long training, for there is not a captain on the line, or any officer of the higher grades, who has not gained his nautical knowledge by many years of practical experience.

The shores of Nova Scotia, which are in view from the decks of the Plant Line steamers some hours before reaching Halifax, have been likened to those of Norway. They are indented with innumerable deep harbors and inlets and many frowning and rocky promontories and sea-swept ledges. Along towards noon, on the day after leaving Boston, Chebucto Head Light and the Devil's Island Light, which stand as sentinels at the entrance of Halifax harbor, are sighted. A half hour's run and the ship has crossed the line between them and



"Halifax is a busy, prosperous city, substantially built, and of characteristics decidedly foreign "



"The Post Office at Halifax is English in its architecture and typical of all the business buildings of the city."

is plowing her way up the harbor. Meantime the flag of the Plant Line has been hoisted upon the citadel, for this is always done as soon as one of these ships is sighted. In the distance may be caught a shadowy glimpse of the city, while along the shores are little coves, where hardy fishermen dwell, whose crafts fly out to sea in the early morning on the wings of the wind, and return at nightfall like a great flock of tired birds. Martello Tower, of historic fame, and now a lighthouse on Macnab's Island (which, although the picnic grounds of the city, is heavily fortified), is pointed out, and a moment afterward George's Island, a

quiet, harmless-looking bit of land dropped in mid-harbor. But the tourist is told that this innocent bit of land is honeycombed far below the water-line, and its hidden batteries of powerful modern guns and connecting submarine torpedo mines would give the greatest man-of-war as much to think about as the man who had knocked down the hornet's nest. These fortifications, with the impregnable York Redoubt on the western shore, the heavy masked batteries in Point Pleasant Park or the tip of the peninsula, and those off the harbor mouth, to say nothing of a score or more of less importance, all modernly equipped and thoroughly manned, would make the approach to Halifax of a hostile war vessel an exceedingly interesting occasion. If the ship should show no disposition to withdraw, half the water in the harbor, and the ship with it, could



"The people of Halifax are devoted to aquatic sports in summer time."

be thrown into the air by the explosion of the electrically connected chain of torpedo mines quietly slumbering in these piping times of peace in their submarine berths.

Beyond George's Island the citadel-crowned city and wharves with their forest of masts come into full view. A few moments more and the great ship is warped into her slip, the gang-plank lowered, hurried good-byes are said to newly-made friends, and the voyager is at his hotel, scarcely more than twenty-four hours after leaving Boston.

Nova Scotia is a land girl round about by the sea. No spot within its confines is more than thirty miles from salt water. Its summer climate is as soft as that of southern Italy in May. Its sky rivals that of the Riviera in the intensity of color tones. Its air is vitalizing, exhilarative and recuperative.

It is a country in which nature has



"Carrying home with them at night an evidence of the day's success."



been so lavish in her charms that art is scarcely missed at all—a region where each little hamlet, whether by sea or far back in the rugged interior, has its individual charms of quaint novelty, and where days or weeks may be idled away in healthful rest.

One of the tenderest of poets has cast over the region "the consecration and purple light of his imaginings." Perhaps the hills will not be quite so softened in their lines; perhaps the mellow atmosphere may be less seductive, but if we

"The drive along the harbor side of Halifax leads to the Public Gardens, in which is the historic Martello Tower."

content, and need not fear the crucial test of personal acquaintance.

One of the great all-pervading charms of Nova Scotia is its health and wholesomeness. The people show it, and their manners bespeak it. The children you see are ruddy-faced and clumsy-limbed, the young men and maidens pictures of robust health. Malaria is a stranger, whose grim visage would be as unexpected as that of yellow fever in Maine. Hay fever is unknown, and the soft summer breezes, wafted from which way they may be, bring the ozone and the inspiration of the sea, and temper the rays of the summer's sun.

A noticeable peculiarity of the Provinces which strikes the man from "the States," is to be told that his train leaves at 10:26, for all railroad trains are run on the twenty-four-hour system. From midnight until noon the clocks and the time tables behave themselves in a manner well known to us all, but from noon until midnight they continue on from 12 to 24, instead of beginning with one again. This obviates the use of a.m.



"The Micmac Indians offer for sale at the city market an attractive stock of baskets."

lose the charms and fascinations of the ideal, if the fair dreams of our imagination are scattered in the awakening, we find in the reality of the present a full

and p.m., but is distressingly confusing to the newcomer until he becomes so familiar with the system that he can instantly recognize 23 o'clock as his old friend 11 p.m.

The United States money is taken everywhere in the Provinces, an American quarter passing current for a shilling. Almost every one has heard the *bon mot* accredited to ex-Senator Evarts upon being told at Mt. Vernon that Washington was such a powerful man that he could throw a silver dollar almost across the Potomac. "Oh, yes," responded Evarts, "but you know a dollar would go farther in those days than now."

It is a fact, however, that the dollar of the tourist will go farther in Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, and Prince Edward Island than anywhere else on the American continent. Board at hotels runs from 75 cents and a dollar a day in the country to \$3, the highest charged anywhere, and this only at a very few hotels in the Provinces. A dollar and a half a day for transients is the average price at hotels, and board by the week varies from \$3 to \$10. At farm houses good board can be had almost anywhere at from \$1.50 to \$5 per week.

Nova Scotia came within fifteen miles of being an island, for it is connected with New Brunswick by a narrow strip of land between Northumberland Straits and the Bay of Fundy, scarcely more than a dozen miles wide,



"The ruins of the old French Fort at Annapolis are well preserved."

Geographers tell us that it is 285 miles long by from 50 to 100 miles broad, but in this small area

is crowded a wealth and variety of natural attractions which few regions of similar area on the continent can match. It has been so cut into by the sea that its coast line measures more than a thousand miles, and is broken by a myriad of beautiful bays and natural harbors. Within the interior there are more than four hundred lakes, the largest and most famous being the Bras d'Or in Cape Breton. It is the Loch Lomond of North America, a gem of nature, so beautiful and so picturesque that it challenges the admiration of even the greatest travellers.

Those who have spent a vacation time with our neighbors to the northeast, know them to be a most hospitable, warm-hearted and wholesome people, without affectation or greed. The nervous activity, the ceaseless hurry and bustle of the United States have no place with them. Their characteristics are more like those which mark the Englishman at home. Genial, hospitable and generous, they make the stranger welcome within their gates. Ask a New Yorker on his native streets to direct you to a sought-



"The historical willows at Grand Pré, the home of Evangeline, may be seen from the train."



"There still remain occasional relics of the wars between the British and French."

for place, and you will get a quick incisive answer. Ask a man in Halifax, and ten to one he will go with you, even if out of his way, to make plain his willingly and politely given directions. In several districts and smaller towns throughout all of Nova Scotia this spirit is still more noticeable. The doors are always open to the stranger, literally, as well as figuratively, for locks have little if any place in builders' hardware, and if put on a door at all, are there more from custom than for use.



"Picking up a dozen birds in an afternoon."

Such a thing as a burglary would, it is safe to say, be considered a most unusual occurrence, for crime does not seem to thrive well in this climate. A writer, commenting on this subject, spoke

of having recently visited the jail in Halifax, and states that there was just one prisoner confined there. And this in a city of 45,000 inhabitants.

Those who wish definite information as to the length of their tour may put down Halifax as being 378 miles from Boston, 340 miles from Portland and 542 miles from New York by sea. But this is, as children say, cutting the corner, for if one goes by rail it is 618 from Portland, 720 from Boston and 939 from New York.

One would as soon think of going to England and not visiting London as of going to Nova Scotia and not making Halifax the central point of his tour. It is the commercial, social and tourist centre of the Provinces. It is the port easiest reached from the United States, and the

most convenient place from which to start on your inland tour. The railroads of Nova Scotia may touch and stop at other places, but they all begin at Halifax.

Halifax may be justly termed the British stronghold of North America. It is not only the headquarters of a larger number of British troops than are quartered at any other place in North America, but it is the principal naval station and rendezvous of the British North Atlantic and West Indies squadrons. Halifax is English in architecture, manners and customs; and the visitor will have no opportunity to forget for any ten minutes at a time that he is practically as far away from "the States" and their customs and mannerisms as if he were in Southampton or Liverpool. The presence of the army and navy officers adds an interesting feature to its social life. That it is distinctly brilliant is not to be



"It is a fair land about Halifax."



"Twice every twenty-four hours the tide leaves the ships high and dry."

wondered at when one realizes that it is the seat of the Provincial parliament, has a university and fine cathedral, a governor, a commander-in-chief of the army, an admiral of the navy, an archbishop and bishop as residents. It is the London and Paris of the Maritime Provinces; the commercial centre, and the dominating financial city of the English-



"Where Indians camp."

American colonies. The city stands on a succession of hills, occupying a peninsula four and one-half miles long, with a breadth varying from a half to two or more miles, and crowning its highest hill is the great citadel, of which so much has, and so much will in future, be written. Halifax is ten miles back from the ocean proper, its harbor and location being not unlike that of New York. On one side it is bounded by the Northwest Arm and a wide stretch of isolated water, and on the other by the harbor, which is accessible at all seasons, and is sufficiently large to permit the entire English navy to manoeuvre upon its waters with ease.

The citadel occupies the broad summit of a central hill, two hundred and fifty feet above the harbor level. It acts as a stern and watchful sentinel, keeping unceasing guard over its peaceful charge. Great cannon poke their noses out threateningly from under its case-

ments, and absolutely control the approach to the city from any direction. The Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, who was in his time commander of the forces at Halifax, built the original fortress, utilizing the labor of the army of Maroons who had been conquered by the British, banished from Jamaica and subsequently deported to Sierra Leon. It is surrounded by a deep moat, and the huge stone walls and embankments look as if they would be absolutely impregnable to any attack. Within these walls are the bomb-proof barracks. The view is more extended from the citadel than from any other spot near Halifax. You may overlook the entire city with its magnificent harbor teeming with shipping. You can plainly see Dartmouth on the opposite side, the wide-spreading Bedford Basin, or inner harbor, flecked with the graceful sails of pleasure craft. Fort Clarence, below Dartmouth, with its sombre casements, is in full view, as are Macnab's and George's Islands, the famous York Redoubt, the outer harbor with its fortified points, and far over toward the horizon the blue Atlantic.

Outside of the citadel and adjoining it upon the city's streets are many barracks for officers and married men, the military hospital, which cost over half a million dollars, and the garrison chapel, where the staff and troops attend service in full uniform, accompanied by the citadel band. To the west of the fortress stretches the common, a wide expanse of velvety lawns covering many acres, upon which the great regimental parades and sham battles, always such interesting spectacles to visitors, take place.

Halifax has been called the Gibraltar of North America, and while it bears no resemblance from a topographical standpoint to that "gateway of the conti-



"Its rocky coast has stood the prundings of the surf since the world was young."

nents" on the opposite side of the Atlantic, it would almost as stubbornly refuse capture. But aside from its military and naval features, Halifax has many points worthy the visitor's consideration. Several of her churches of which there are more than forty, are historical, and will repay a visit. St. Paul's, begun in 1750 and enlarged in 1812, is rich in mural tablets, and many of Nova Scotia's famous men sleep their long sleep under the shelter of its protecting walls. It is said the frame of this church was brought from Massachusetts in 1740, and it has had but five rectors in the century and a half since then. The "Little Dutch Church," built in 1755, and whose original size and architecture have never been altered, is still in good repair, and the seeker after quaint epitaphs can find many curious ones in the moss-grown old cemetery surrounding it.

The official buildings of the Province are architecturally striking, and bespeak solidity. The Parliament Building, the corner-stone of which was laid in 1811, was up to 1830 the finest structure on the North American continent. It is still the admiration of architects, and its great halls are beautiful in decoration and imposing in size. The Dominion Building, situated nearby, contains the Customs and Post-Office departments and Provincial Museum. The new City Hall and the Government House, occupied by the Governor, are imposing and conspicuous official buildings.

Dalhousie College, a handsome and pretentious modern structure, richly endowed and well equipped, is the most prominent of the educational institutions of Halifax.

The visitor whose time

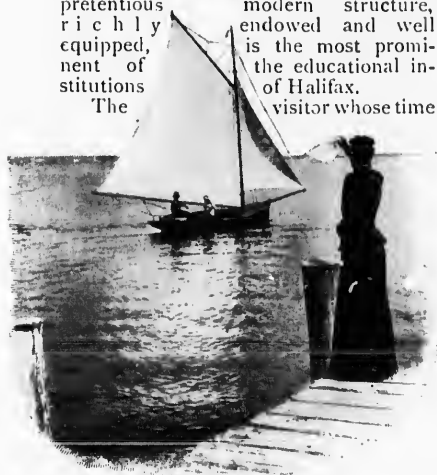
will permit should surely visit

the great dry dock and the navy yard. Both are instructive, particularly the former, which is one of the largest in the world, being of solid granite and concrete, 613 feet long, 102 feet wide at the top and 70 feet at the bottom. It is rarely unoccupied, and

there is almost always some mighty ship of war braced up within it receiving an overhauling. This dock was last summer used by the United States government to dock their battleship "Indiana."

Aside from her military and naval features, Halifax is most proud of her public gardens, and the park at Point Pleasant. And well she may be, for no other city of her population on this side of the Atlantic can boast of handsomer attractions. The gardens, containing fourteen acres, are admitted to be as beautiful as any in America. They are a gem in emerald, and one may wander about their well-kept walks, lounge under the graceful arbors, linger at the side of the crystal fountains or mirror-like ponds, feast his eyes on the graceful marble statuary, drink in the intoxicating fragrance of the flowers, and forget for the nonce that there is anything but the beautiful and poetic in this world of ours. Here on Saturday afternoons during the summer will be found a gathering of the representative people of Halifax, listening to the sweet music of one of the military bands. The park at Point Pleasant, with its many miles of woodland, driving roads and bridle paths, twisting and twining with serpentine graces in and out through forests of spruce and pine, is one of the most charming spots on the continent. It seems to the visitor as if nature had conspired to crowd into this "neck o'

"Rocky fortresses of nature's fashioning."



"Sailing is a popular pastime at Halifax."

woods" a lavish assortment of her brightest jewels; as if she had reserved it for a storehouse of her most fascinating combination of trees and wild flowers, rocks and beach. In this natural park you may lose yourself in the heart of the primeval forest, or you may sit on the edge of the bluff at the ocean side and watch the mighty Atlantic roll into the broad mouth of Chebucto Bay, the surf pounding upon the beach far below you, as if impetuous at being stopped in its watery race. You may sit for hours breathing the delicious combination of the perfumes of the resinous pines and that of the sea, and gaze upon the cease-



"There are large Lumber Interests at Bridgewater on the picturesque La Have River."



"La Have River has frequently been referred to by writers as the Rhine of North America."

less coming and going of ocean craft. Over back from the sea, in the heart of the park, you may visit the legend-enshrined Martello Tower, a memorial of days when "rough-handed marauders hung about the shores, and skulking Indians peered out from the surrounding greenery."

The visitor at Halifax can spend several days delightfully in driving or bicycling about the suburbs. Among the popular roads is that along the shores of the ever-attractive Bedford Basin, whose sparkling waters form almost a circle about five miles across. This inner harbor, as it is called, is hemmed in on all sides by bold and pretentious hills. Along their base and crowding in many places closely between the bluffs

and the murmuring waves of the Basin, and at others following the outer lines of some picturesque inlet, is one of the finest roads in Nova Scotia. To bicyclists it affords a glorious opportunity for a spin along the very edge of the water, across which come the softest and the most invigorating of sea-tempered breezes. This road leads to what is known as "The Dingle," three miles from town and near Dutch Village, a spot of fairy loveliness. To quote from Prof. C. D. G. Roberts: "Beyond 'The Dingle,' on the Margaret's Bay Road, is the famous 'Rocking Stone,' a mass of granite, 160 tons in weight, so nicely poised on a base of some twelve by six inches, that it may be swayed by a child using a stick as a lever. In this same direction lie the Chain Lakes, whence Halifax gets her water supply,

and where, in spite of prohibitory enactments, many fine trout are caught. Another favorite drive is to Bedford, along the Basin, passing Rockingham and the site of the 'Prince's Lodge,' where Prince Edward had his dwelling one hundred years ago. The Lodge, with its memories of love, and statecraft, and regal ceremony, has fallen before the siege of time; but the band rotunda stands, a quaint, semi-classic structure, overhanging a railway





"Camping is one of the delights of Nova Scotia life."

marine railway, a rope-walk, a skate factory, and—by no means least imposing feature—the great grim pile of Mount Hope Lunatic Asylum.

Back of Dartmouth, to the north, lies the beautiful chain of the Dartmouth Lakes, a famous resort of skaters when the ice has set firmly. From these lakes runs the old Shubenacadie Canal connecting the wa-



"The salmon is king of the finny tribe and is found in many of the Nova Scotia streams."

ters of the Atlantic with those of Minas Basin and Fundy, by way of the Shubenacadie River. Four miles north of Dartmouth are the Montague gold mines, well worth a visit. Along the coast south-eastward, a distance of seven miles, is Cow Bay, a summer resort famous for its noble beach and splendid surf. The whole country around Halifax and Dartmouth is a network of lakes

cutting. Then one should visit Dartmouth, across the harbor from Halifax, so picturesquely dropped among its dark hills. Ferryboats run every quarter hour between the places. The town has some 6,000 inhabitants, a sugar refinery, a

and streams, including some of the best fishing waters of the Province; and there is excellent cock, partridge, plover and duck shooting within easy reach."

Halifax, while one of the most sedate cities on the surface, is in reality one in which the spirit of honest sport and wholesome pleasure holds full sway. It has two fine social clubs, the Halifax and the City, whose memberships are



made up of representative citizens. Its Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Club occupies a handsome and modern building of its own on the harbor side at the foot of Pleasant Street.

In summer all Halifax rides and drives, sails and rows. In winter it devotes itself to those sports which put roses in the cheeks of her women and vigor and health in her men.

One of the side trips which should be taken from Halifax, if time will permit, is that by steamer along the coast to Chester Lunenburg, and Bridgewater,





the latter town being at the head of navigation on the river La Have, the Rhine of Nova Scotia. A pleasant way to enjoy the scenery along this beautiful stream is to go up in the steamer and to drive down on the river's bank from Bridgewater to the old French settlement La Have, where the stream merges with the Atlantic. If the visitor is a fisherman the yarns he will hear in Bridgewater of rod and reel will set his brain in a whirl. "Six twenty-five pound salmon killed in a day on one rod," "Five hundred brook trout taken on two rods in two days," etc., give a fair idea of what he may expect. They are repeated here simply because to be forewarned is to be forearmed, and not because they are in any way extravagant.



Chester is well known as a watering-place, the scenery most beautiful and noted for sea bathing. Chester Basin contains some three hundred and sixty-five islands, one of which is "Oak Island," where the famous "Captain Kidd's" treasure was supposed to have been buried.



Lunenburg is one of the most prosperous places in the Province, being largely interested in shipping and fishing enterprises. Near it is located a curious natural phenomenon known as the Ovens. These are several large caverns worn out by the tide, three of which are 70 feet wide and over 200 feet deep. The sea dashes into these dark recesses during a heavy swell, making a tremendous roar broken by deep booming reverberations.

They are enshrouded in local superstition and legend, and many a hair-raising tale of ghosts and pirates is spun around the old-fashioned fireplaces of the locality.



Halifax is the Atlantic terminus of the Canadian Government Railway System. The Intercolonial division from Halifax runs to St. John, Quebec and Montreal. From Truro the line runs to New Glasgow, thence to Pictou, where connection

"Prince Edward Island is an ideal place to enjoy the delights of sea and country combined."

is made with the daily steamer to and from Prince Edward Island. From New Glasgow eastward the line continues to the Straits of Canso, thence through Cape Breton to



ward Island. The island is notable as a health spot, surrounded as it is by ocean and strait, whose waters have broken the

Sydney, where connection is made with the Sydney & Louisburg Railway.

Prince Edward Island lies in the southern part of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the wide Strait of Northumberland, quite like the English Channel in disposition, separates it from Nova Scotia on the south, and New Brunswick on the west. This island enjoys the distinction of being the most thoroughly

cultivated territory on this side of the Atlantic. It is one great garden from land's end to land's end, and is not only beautiful in points of topography, but its summer climate is delightfully free alike from penetrating fogs and excessive heat. Those who have seen some of the more fertile sections of the Illinois prairies, with their undulating surface, scattering forests, wood-fringed streams, and prosperous farms, have seen an American reproduction of Prince Ed-



"Truro, which is a progressive city, has a very attractive public park."

shore line into numberless bays and estuaries. Its breezes are nothing but pure ones, bearing all of the healthful tonic and ozone of old ocean itself. The Great

North Bay on Prince Edward Island is skirted with fifty miles of wide sand-hills, and the clear waters of St. Lawrence Gulf that flow along its front afford one of the purest and most notable bathing grounds in the world. Char-

lottetown, the capital of Prince Edward Island, is a brisk, well-built, well-governed and prosperous city of about 15,000 inhabitants.

There are quite a number of seaside resorts on the island, the largest being Summerside, which is as well quite a ship-building and business centre; Georgetown, Souris, Mt. Stuart, Tignish (up at the extreme northern end of the island), Alberton, Kensington, Rustico and others. Malpeque, seven miles from

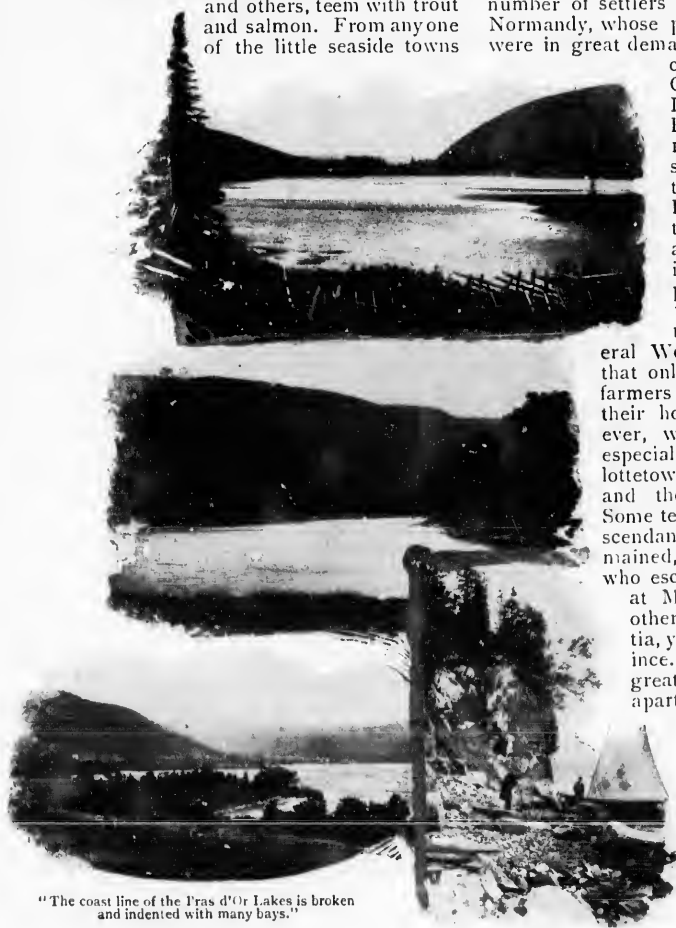
Kensington, on the north shore, has been made famous by the deep-sea oysters, which bear its name, and are to all this region and Canada what the Blue Points and Cherry Stones are to Americans.

Cape Traverse, on Northumberland Strait, has many things to commend it to the summer visitor, as have Barclay Point, about ten miles from Charlottetown, and Tracadie Beach, about four miles from Bedford Station, on the north side of the island.

The shooting on Prince Edward Island during the season is exceedingly good, and wild geese, brant, duck, partridge, woodcock and snipe are to be found in abundance, while such streams as the Mounce, the Dunk, the Pierrefaques, the Miminigash, the Kildare, Tignish, and others, teem with trout and salmon. From anyone of the little seaside towns

on Prince Edward Island, one may have, within a half-hour or hour's sail, an abundance of mackerel and deep-sea fishing.

The island constitutes the smallest of the Provinces, but maintains equal dignity with the greatest, having its own provincial government, comprising a governor and parliament, and sending six commoners and four senators to the dominion legislature at Ottawa. Its history is an interesting one, and upon its pages are written the same general outlines which are found on that of all this region—a strife between the French and English for territorial acquisition. Acquired by the French late in the seventeenth or early in the eighteenth century, it soon attracted a respectable number of settlers from Bretagne and Normandy, whose produce and grains were in great demand for the fortified city of Louisburg in Cape Breton (then L'Isle Royale, or the Royal Island). In 1745 many of these settlers were expatriated after the fall of Louisburg, but after the return of this city to France the island was again peopled, and when, in 1755, Louisburg was recaptured by General Wolfe, it would seem that only a few of these poor farmers were removed from their homes. Some, however, were thus deported, especially those about Charlottetown (then Port La Joie), and the adjoining coast. Some ten thousand of the descendants of those who remained, and of the Acadians who escaped the deportation at Minas, Blomidon and other parts of Nova Scotia, yet reside in the Province. They are still to a great extent a people set apart from the rest of the population, living in their own villages, intermarrying early with their own race, speaking the



"The coast line of the Bras d'Or Lakes is broken and indented with many bays."



"The timber railway at Truro is the only one of its kind in the country."

French tongue and keeping up in dress, traditions, customs, etc., the simple, hospitable, kindly traits depicted in "Evangeline." Thus, to a great extent, in certain villages, the women and maidens wear "the Norman cap and the kirtle of homespun"; the young girl begins at an early age to spin, weave and sew the coarse white linen and heavy deep-tinted woollens which she shall bring with her to the man of her choice; and the settlement still delights in assembling to start a young couple in their married life, to raise a barn or house, and to take their pay in an hour or two of dancing to a simple fiddle, and a supper of bread, tea, potatoes and meat, or fish.

Peaceful, economical, industrious, in a way belonging to a past age, these Acadians are a peculiar people, full of interest to every traveller fresh from the feverish press of business, or the artificial but onerous demands of modern society.

A remnant of the once powerful Micmac tribe of Indians, some three hundred in number, still haunt the northern harbors, and retain the garb and habits of their warlike ancestors. They are keen hunters, and faithful servitors for moderate pay, and a few days with one of them, among the trout, duck and plover, is generally a time to be long and pleasantly remembered.

Charlottetown, the capital and chief commercial city of Prince Edward Island, is a prosperous little city of 15,000, and in summer is attractive to visitors, although its pleasures and sights are soon exhausted. The general character of its business buildings is excellent, and its streets are wide and well

shaded by day and electric lighted by night. In the business centre of the city is Queen Square and the substantial government structures, including the Provincial Building and the Post Office. In the former are the legislature halls and the Colonial Library. Near by are the Convent of Notre Dame, the Prince of Wales College and the normal school. The residence of the Governor occupies an attractive point of land west of the city and commands a fine view of the harbor.

In the suburbs of the city are two colleges, the Wesleyan and St. Dunstan's, both well supported and prosperous institutions. From Charlottetown the various parts of the island are reached by the lines of local steamers and the Prince Edward Island Railway, which runs from one end of the island to the other, a distance of 130 miles.

This city is the terminus of the Boston and Prince Edward Island service of the Plant Line, and the popular and staunch "Halifax" of this line makes the round trip between Boston and Charlottetown each week. The steamship touches at Halifax and proceeds thence to Hawkesbury on the Straits of Canso, through which it passes into Northumberland Straits, upon which Charlottetown is located. This 1500-mile sea trip is the longest, cheapest and most delightful of any which can be made in one week from an American port without going to Europe. The accommodations are of the finest; and the extended views afforded of the south shore of Nova Scotia, together with glimpses of picturesque Cape Breton, and the opportunity of visiting Prince Edward Island, combine to make it a popular outing. For those who have only a week to spare for



"Fertile farms stretch down to pebbly beaches, which are fringed with strips of woodland."



PLANT LINE WHARF AT  
HALIFAX

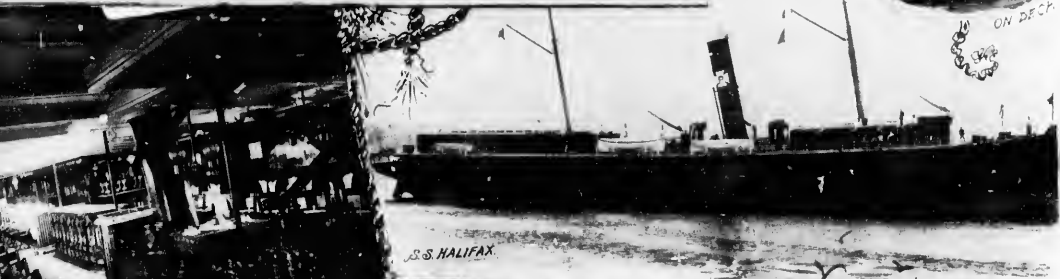


S.S. OLIVETTE





S.S. LA GRANDE DUCHESSE



S.S. HALIFAX



ENGINE ROOM S.S. HALIFAX

A CAPTAIN

vacation pleasures no trip can be compared to this for variety, health-giving features or economy. The round trip fare from Boston is but \$18, with an additional charge of \$2 for stateroom berths each way, and for meals, fifty cents being the breakfast and supper, and sev-

"La Grande Duchesse," "Halifax" and "Olivette." The former was launched from the Newport News Ship Building and Dry Dock Co.'s works, January 30, 1896. She is the queen of the North Atlantic and is beautiful in form and furnishings; is constructed entirely of steel, and is of such enormous size that only the most recently built transatlantic

leviathans exceed her proportions. She measures

405 feet from stem to stern, has a beam of 47 feet 9 inches, and tonnage in proportion. Her 7000 horse-power, quadruple expansion engines drive two manganese bronze screws of huge diameter. No crack ocean liner is more luxurious in interior appointments. The wood-

work of mahogany and quartered oak is beautified wherever good taste suggests it by rich and elaborate carvings.

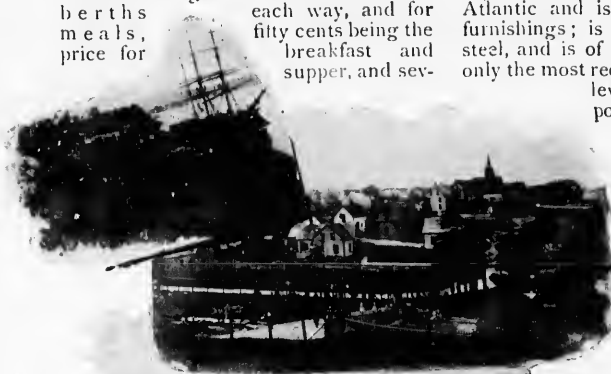
A stairway, handsome enough for a royal palace, and a veritable masterpiece of the wood-worker's art, with elaborate newels carved from special designs in Paris, leads from the social hall on the upper deck to the grand dining saloon.

This is a spacious, well-lighted room of

ample capacity and charming mural decorations in

white and gold. To the traveller accustomed to the usual half-lighted and sombre-toned steamship dining saloon that on "La Grande Duchesse" is a pleasing revelation. Its furnishings are in exceedingly good taste, and the table service of silver, china and glass ware of the finest. On the same deck are the officers' dining

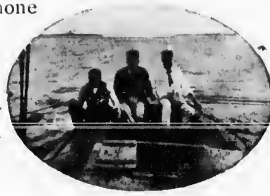
rooms, telephone exchange, through which all departments of the ship are in speaking communication



"Fort Mulgrave is across the narrow Straits of Canso from Hawksbury, on Cape Breton, at which the steamers touch."

enty-five cents for dinner. Thus \$40 is an amount sufficient to cover the entire week's outing, including carriage rides in Halifax and Charlottetown, and a few appropriate souvenirs of the outing.

The Plant Line fleet upon which these tours are made consists of the steamships



with each other, and a large number of state-rooms. Above the dining room is the large social hall, and on the same deck the smoking room for gentlemen, and the observatory for the ladies.

This latter is a novelty on ocean steamships, and illustrates the desire of the Plant Line to furnish everything possible for the comforts of its patrons. It is a spacious room, built of steel, and surrounded with windows. It is tastefully furnished, and being on the upper deck, affords the ladies, in inclement weather, an opportunity to enjoy an unobstructed view, while perfectly protected from wind and rain.

All the social halls and main deck are finished in mahogany as well as the ladies' observatory. The second-class social hall and reception room are finished in quartered oak. Every modern contrivance for comfort and convenience is found upon this superb ship. She is electric lighted from mast top to stokers' hole.

Electric bells and telephones connect the staterooms in all parts of the ship. She has fine bath-rooms and barber shop, and all the appurtenances of a palatial hotel. "La Grande Duchesse" has twin screws of manganese bronze, and engines of 7000 horse-power of the quadruple expansion pattern. She has accommodations for 700 passengers, and is in every particular and detail as handsome and perfect an example of modern ship construction as it would be possible to find upon any sea. She will run regularly between Boston and Halifax, al-



"None of the towns are large, but all look bright and inviting with their white houses and green background."

ternating with the "Olivette," while the "Halifax" will run as usual between Boston and Charlottetown, touching at Halifax each way. The latter ship was built on the Clyde, and is 260 feet in length, having a breadth of 35 feet, a tonnage of 1750, and triple expansion engines of 3000 horse power. She is electric lighted throughout, has bath-rooms, electrical call-bells, a grand saloon, handsome smoking rooms and a broad promenade deck, the staterooms being particularly comfortable and roomy. The "Olivette" was constructed at the famous ship-building yards of the Cramp's, at Philadelphia, and is fourteen feet longer than the "Halifax," but otherwise of about the same proportions.

Their passenger accommodations are superb, the arrangements and furnishings of the staterooms exceptionally comfortable, many of them being *en suite*. The sides and ceilings of the dining saloon, social hall, etc., are finished in lin-crusta, and the woodwork is of heavy walnut, highly polished. As the "Olivette" was built specially for passenger service her deck accommodation for promenading and lounging is convenient and roomy.

The visitor to the Provinces should not fail to spend a portion of his time on Cape Breton, the Switzerland of America.

It may be reached either via Halifax, taking the Intercolonial Railway through Truro and New Glasgow to Port Mulgrave on the Straits of Canso, or by steamer of the Plant Line around the southern shore of Nova Scotia from Halifax to Hawkesbury, directly across the Straits of Canso from Port Mulgrave.

From here the chief places of interest in the interior may



"Upon almost every inlet of the sea is located a little village."



"The steamer on its journey through the Bras d'Or lakes touches at various interesting little settlements where contentment and happiness are everywhere evident."

be reached either by rail or by boat. The latter is, from every point of consideration, the most interesting, the route being from Mulgrave around a point of Cape Breton, and through a beautiful archipelago of islands to St. Peter's Canal, which connects the Bras d'Or lakes at their western and southern end with the Atlantic. This four hours' trip is made upon a most comfortable steamer, and is full of attractive features from the start to the finish.

The panorama of island and sea is ever changing, and the journey may be compared to that on the St. Lawrence through the Thousand Islands. The steamer touches at several little villages, whose white-painted, scattering cottages look from a distance, as Charles Dudley Warner has so happily said: "Like a flock of sheep on the hillside," and then passes through the locks and canal, into the Bras d'Or, and thence through the lakes to Sydney and North Sydney, touching at Baddeck, Whycomagh and other points en route.

Mr. Warner, whose delightful and interesting little book, "Baddeck and that Sort of Thing," has been for years a classic in the literature of travel, says of the Bras d'Or lakes: "They are the most beautiful salt-water lakes I have ever seen, and more beautiful than I had

imagined a body of salt water could be. If the reader will take the map, he will see that two narrow estuaries, the Great and Little Bras d'Or, enter the Island of Cape Breton, on the ragged northeast coast, above the town of Sydney, and flow in, at length widening out and occupying the heart of the island. The water seeks out all the low places, and ramifies the interior, running away into lovely bays and lagoons, leaving slender tongues of land and picturesque islands, and bringing into the recesses of the land, to the remote country farms and settlements, the flavor of salt, and the fish and mollusks of the briny sea. There is very little tide at any time, so that the shores are clean and slightly, for the most part like those of fresh-water lakes. It has all the pleasantness of a fresh-water lake with all the advantages of a salt one. In the streams which run into it are the speckled trout, the chad and the salmon; out of its depths are hooked the cod and the mackerel, and in its bays fatten the oyster. These irregular lakes are about a hundred miles long, if you measure them skilfully, and in some places ten miles broad; but so indented are they that I am not sure but one would need, as I am informed, to ride a thousand miles to go round them, following all its incursions into the land."

Supplementing this description, no less an authority than Sir W. C. Van Horne, the President of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, and a great traveller, has said of the lake region of Cape Breton: "There is nothing I have ever seen on the American Atlantic seaboard resembling the inlets which expand into seas in the interior of



"The villages with their white painted cottages looking from a distance like a flock of sheep on a hillside."

Cape Breton, and there are no waters that I know nearer than the fjords of Norway, or those of the British Columbia coast and Alaska, to be compared with them in beauty and interest."

Prof. Sumichrast, of Harvard College, sums up the whole matter in a paragraph that is well worth quoting:

"I have been down through the Isle and shooting; fished at Lake Ainslie and on the Margaree River; visited ancient Louisburg and all the interesting portions of Isle Madame, and I must say

Cape Breton is one of the most

beautiful places I have ever visited. Art as yet has done little or nothing for Cape Breton, but nature has been profusely lavish in her gifts. Sylvan retreats; romantic glens; wild mountain gorges; magnificent lakes; deep, swiftly-gliding rivers; gently undulating plains; good,

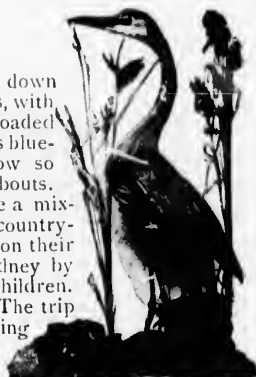
level intervalles, studded with stately American elms; gorgeous bays; rushing brooks; delicious springs; healthy atmosphere, and an intelligent, fun-loving Scotch race of people, hospitable and humane to a fault, and prosperous and contented with their surroundings and in their circumstances—this is Cape Breton. Fish and game are plentiful in their season, and I know no place where a man can spend a couple of months

with his rod, his dogs and his gun, more enjoyably than on this fascinating island."

The journey up through the lakes from St. Peter's Canal occupies a full day, for there are many landings to be touched at and many miles of tortuous course to be followed in reaching them. At each place there is an interchange of passengers and many quaint sights to be seen. At one place it will be a crowd of Mic-

mac Indians just down from the mountains, with shoulder hampers loaded with plump, luscious blueberries, which grow so abundantly hereabouts. At another it will be a mixture of Gaelic back-countrymen, accompanied on their annual tour to Sydney by their women and children. And thus it goes. The trip is one of ever-changing interest, for when the ever-present panorama of lovely scenery is not engaging attention, it is some unusual quaint picture of human interest.

The most important places on the Bras d'Or lakes are V'hycomagh (pronounced by the natives "Hogamah"), Grand Narrows and Baddeck. The latter has attained quite a degree of fame through Mr. Warner's widely-read book, but latterly because quite an aristocratic colony of summer residents have erected beautiful homes here.



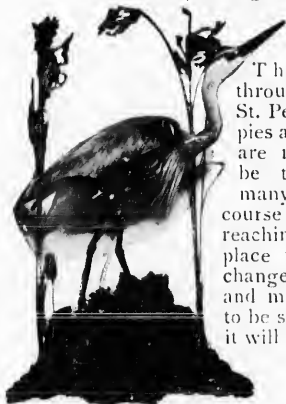
"Every now and then lazy herons are startled into flight."



"Pushing their canoe into quiet reed grown bays."



"You may still find primitive ferry boats making daily trips."



Prof. Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, owns a whole mountain of 1000 acres, upon which he has expended \$200,000 on roads. Upon its southern slope, up toward the summit and overlooking a wide panorama of lake and mountain, he has erected a \$35,000 residence, and near it a fully equipped laboratory where he conducts his experiments in electricity. This beautiful estate bears very appropriately the Scotch name of Beinn Bhreagh.



"The old church at Baddeck, where services are still conducted in the Gaelic tongue."

George Kennan, the Russian traveller and lecturer, also has a fine residence at Baddeck, and he and his charming wife have explored every bay and inlet of the lakes and all the inland secluded fastnesses, living for weeks at a time on their yacht or in camp. Mr. Kennan is an outspoken enthusiast on Cape Breton, and expressed to the writer his belief that there was no more beautiful, picturesque, or fascinating region anywhere.

Baddeck is a quaint, sleepy, half-open-eyed village. Mr. Warner, to quote him again, says: "Having attributed the quiet of Baddeck on Sunday to religion, we did not know to what to lay the quiet on Monday, but its peacefulness continued. I have no doubt that the farmers began to farm, and the traders to trade, and the sailors to sail, but the tourist feels that he has come to a haven of rest." This was written twenty odd years ago, but it's the same Baddeck to-day. You will find the same delightful air of quiet and repose everywhere manifest, and you can, now as then, look out over the same beautiful expanse of glistening water with its setting of purple hills. You may

breathe  
that delici-  
ously



The Residence of Alex. Graham Bell, near Baddeck.

cool air, compounded of sea and hemlock, and spend days or weeks in this climate and health-giving paradise, where the very living is a joy.

The country around Baddeck is a most picturesque wild and beautiful region. No one who can afford the time should fail to spend several days, or, better, weeks in exploring it. For fishermen and hunters it is a paradise. The Margaree River, reached easily from Baddeck, is the

famous salmon stream of Nova Scotia, and every one of the scores of crystal brooks are alive with trout.

"St. Anne's Bay, most beautiful of all on the island, is but ten miles northeasterly; and beyond the wild northern shore stretches away to Ingonish and Cape Smoky, the tip end of the continent, bound by a line of stupendous cliffs and mountains, back of them the vast



"Look where you may on the Bras d'Or, the view is one of entrancing beauty."

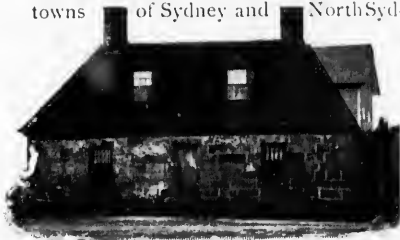
tablelands of Victoria County, covered with primeval forests, over which roam undisturbed herds of caribou. A drive along this coast, or, better, a journey afoot, depending on the warm and homely hospitality of the Gaelic settlers, reveals a mode of living that for absolute primitiveness is nowhere equalled on our continent. Here are seen grinding of corn by hand stones; timber hewn in a similar crude manner, or sawn by mills, home-made; while from every door comes the sound of spinning-wheel or click of shuttle in the family loom. Not



"Baddeck straggles along the seashore, its waters are seldom troubled by ships of commerce."

less interesting are the Micmac Indians, who pitch their wigwams on the hillside at Baddeck, their permanent settlements being at Indian Cove and at Lescaron near Grand Narrows."

The Bras d'Or Lakes connect with the ocean at their eastern end through two long arms or channels, and near the confluence of ocean and sea are located the towns of Sydney and North Sydney.

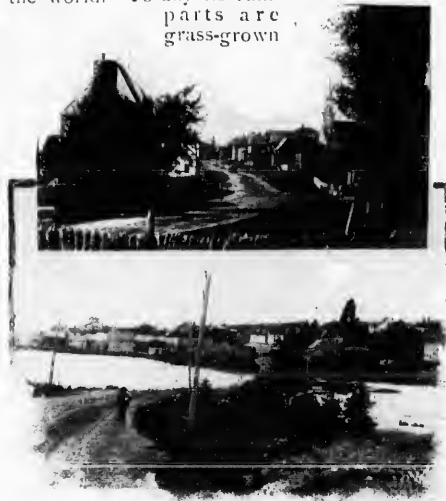


"The jail at Baddeck, which was torn down because of lack of use."

ney. The former has enormous coal and shipping interests, and while it has many quaint features, is, as a whole, such a town as one can find many times duplicated in the coal regions of Pennsylvania, with the added features of one of the finest harbors on the Atlantic seaboard, in which, so the statistics of the place show, more than fifteen hundred steamships and sailing vessels entered and cleared last year. Sydney is the terminus of several of the European cables, as it is nearer Europe than any other place on this continent, and a visit to the

offices of the company is worth the making. It is the centre of the enormous coal interests of Cape Breton, and all about it are the mines from which hundreds of thousands of tons are taken annually, a large proportion of the coal used in both New York and Boston for making gas being mined near Sydney. Sydney has one of the best hotels in Cape Breton.

About thirty miles from Sydney, reached by the Sydney and Louisburg railway, is Louisburg, once counted among the strongest fortified places of the world. To-day its ramparts are grass-grown



"The quiet, peaceful streets of Baddeck."



"The valley of the Margaree River in Cape Breton is a paradise, the stream itself offering the finest salmon fishing in America."

ruins, with hardly one stone standing upon another.

"Once it was a city with walls of stone which made a circuit of two and a half miles, were thirty-six feet high, and of the thickness of forty feet at the base. For twenty-five years the French had labored upon it, and had expended upwards of thirty millions of livres or nearly six million dollars in completing its defences. It was called the 'Dunkirk of America.' Garrisoned by the veterans of France, and with powerful batteries commanding every point, it bristled with most potent pride of war. To-day it is difficult to trace its site among the turf which marks the ruins. Desolation now sits with a ghastly smile around the once formidable bastions. All is silent except the loud reverberation of the ocean, whose surfsurges along the rocky beach. Seldom has demolition been more complete. It seemed built for all time; it has vanished from the face of the earth.

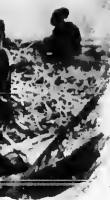
"Its capture by the undisciplined New England farmers, commanded by William Pepperell, a merchant ignorant of the art of war, is one of the most extraordinary events in the annals of history. The zealous crusaders set forth upon a task, of the difficulties of which they had no conception, and they gained a triumph which should make their names as immortal as those of the 'noble six hundred.' It was a feat with-

out a parallel—a marvel among the most marvellous deeds which man has dared to do.

"Restored to France by the peace of Aix la Chapelle, Louisbourg was once again the stronghold of France on the Atlantic coast, and French veterans held Cape Breton, the key to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The brief truce was soon broken, and then came the armies of England, and General Wolfe sought and won his first laurels in



"The camps of the Micmac Indians, where birch bark canoes are made by the squaws."



where birch bark  
laws."



the new  
world.  
Louis-  
burg fell  
oncemore  
and the knell of  
its glory was  
rung. The con-  
quest of Canada  
achieved, the  
edict went forth  
that Louisburg  
should be de-  
stroyed. The work of demolition was be-  
gun. The solid buildings, formed of  
stone brought from France, were torn to  
pieces; the walls were pulled down, and  
the batteries rendered useless for all  
time. It took two years to complete the  
destruction, and then the once proud for-  
tress was a shapeless ruin. Years passed  
by; the stones were carried away by the  
dwellers along the coast and put to  
peaceful  
uses; and the hand of  
time was



"Sydney is the tip-end town on the North American  
continent."



"The building in which one of the transatlantic cables  
ends at North Sydney."

left to finish  
the work  
of ob-  
literation.  
Time has  
been more  
merciful than  
man; it has  
covered the  
gloomy ruin  
with a mantle  
of green and  
has healed the  
gaping wounds

which once rendered ghastly the land  
that nature made so fair. The surges  
of the Atlantic sound mournfully upon  
the shore—the requiem of Louisburg,  
the city made desolate."

The modern Louisburg, a place of  
1,000 inhabitants, takes on quite a little  
commercial importance. Its fine, deep  
water harbor opens directly out on the  
Atlantic, and many boats engaged in  
fishing on the banks off Newfoundland  
call it their home port. One of the sights  
of the place is the handsome monument  
dedicated last year to commemorate its  
capture by Capt. Pepperell and his New  
England yeomen. A project which has  
been talked of, off and on, for years,

is to make Louisburg a port of call for transatlantic steamships, so that passengers could save time, and a thousand miles of ocean voyaging, by taking or leaving the steamers here. Any one having faith in the materialization of this scheme can at present secure corner lots in Louisburg at figures which will allow of considerable rise.

Those who wish to visit the land made famous by Longfellow in his "Evangeline" can take the Dominion Atlantic Railway, leaving Halifax every morning. The route for the first few miles out of Halifax is exceedingly attractive, with its many views of Bedford Basin, but after the last glimpse has been had of this ever-beautiful sheet, there is nothing to interest the traveller until Windsor is reached. It is a dreary stretch of rocks and stunted pines, with here and there a pond hemmed in by uninviting shores. Windsor, until its recent destruction by fire, was one of the prettiest towns in Nova Scotia. It contained 3,500 inhabitants, a pretentious college, and was the home of the genial and witty Haliburton, author of "Sam Slick, the Clockmaker," etc. The town is being rebuilt.

The town occupies a promontory between the Avon and St. Croix rivers. It is a considerable commercial centre, and from here vast quantities of plaster are shipped. The Avon River, which is in reality an arm of the Bay of Minas (itself a part of the greater Bay of Fundy), cuts up strange pranks because of the tremendous tides. Twice every twenty-four hours the water all runs out



"There are many spots where one could pitch his tent amid beautiful patches of woodland."

of the wide river, leaving ships high and dry on the mud, and twice it flows back again to such a depth that the largest vessels can sail anywhere over its swift-running surface. This is the stream which led Charles Dudley Warner to exclaim: "I never knew how much water added to a river until I saw the Avon."

Here, as at most of the ports on the Bay of Fundy and its estuaries, the ships have to watch their chance and slip up to their moorings on the rush of the incoming tide, for when it turns it goes out like a whirlwind, and vessels are left dry to the keel, cradled in the ooze, while far above their decks is the dripping wharf. In many places, as at Digby, where there is a depth of water sufficient to allow boats to reach the dock at all hours, the wharfs are built double, one far below the other, for use at low tide. It is a strange and novel sight to those unaccustomed to it, to stand on the deck of a steamer



"The hills have drawn apart and the Gaspereau Valley spreads out its verdure covered meadows."



and see the upper wharf above the top of the smokestacks, while people are coming aboard or leaving the steamer over the slimy, barnacle-encrusted lower wharf, which was an hour or so ago thirty feet under water.

Westward from Windsor the country takes on a different character. Barren rocky slopes have given away to fertile fields. The hills have drawn apart and the Gaspereau Valley spreads out its verdure-covered meadows and luxuriously foliaged orchards on every hand. Over to the right sparkles the Bay of Minas, and outlined on the horizon is grand old Blomidon, that majestic bastion, keeping faithful sentinel, as in the days of Evangeline, over the turbulent waters which rise and fall with mighty force at its rocky base, guarding the peaceful valley from the cold north winds and sea fogs which hover on its frowning summit, as if afraid to trespass further on the fair lands below.

And here lies Grand Pré, the home of the Acadians, the spot where was written one of the saddest and most romantic pages in the history of North America. Early in the seventeenth century there came from France a goodly company of immigrants, and settled here. Dikes, with which the tides were kept from the meadows, were built, and great crops gathered upon the reclaimed land. Prosperity came and gentle peace spread wide its protecting wings over these faithful people. The Indians loved them and were beloved in turn. Little heed paid they to aught about them save their daily toil. For it was a fair prospect that stretched away from their thatched

cottages. Through the winding ways of the marshes the hurrying tides of Minas rushed back and forth, while their cattle waxed fat, their crops grew heavy, and the days came and went in happy uneventfulness.

When France and Great Britain went to war, the Acadians being intense Roman Catholics, considered it a crusade, and fought valiantly for the cause of their native land. Then came the ceding of Nova Scotia to the British, and soon after the demand upon these simple-hearted people that they should take the oath of allegiance to the British crown. They rebelled and

showed hostility. The English settlers, who hungered after these fairest lands in all the province, fretted because they were held by an alien people. Yet the Acadians sowed and reaped, unmindful of everything save their loyalty to their God and their native land.

"Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers,  
Dwelt in the love of God and man. Alike were they free from  
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the  
vice of republics.  
So passed the morning away. And lo, with a summons sonorous,  
Sounded the bell from its towers, and over the meadows a drum beat."

For the British Council at Halifax had decided that these kindly people must either take the oath of allegiance to Great Britain or be deported from the country.

Almost unanimously they refused to take the oath, preferring exile and confiscation to such an act, and seeming to regard their neutrality of the past forty-five years as having become a vested right. Diplomacy and argument were tried in vain, and it was resolved that the whole Acadian people should be banished to the southern American colonies, and that their estates and buildings, cattle and vessels, should be declared forfeited to the crown.

"Thronged ere long was the church with men.  
Without, in the churchyard,  
Waited the women. They stood by the graves,  
and hung on the headstones



"There are places in Nova Scotia which resemble New England in their rural beauty."

Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh  
from the forest.

Then came the guard from the ships, and marching  
proudly among them

Entered the sacred portal. With loud and disso-  
nant clangor

Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceil-  
ing and casement,—

Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous  
portal

Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will  
of the soldiers.

Then up rose their commander, and spake from the  
steps of the altar,

Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal  
commission.

'Ye are convened this day,' he said, 'by his  
Majesty's orders.

Clement and kind has he been; but how have you  
answered his kindness?

Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make  
and my temper

Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must  
be grievous.

Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of  
our monarch;

Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and  
cattle of all kinds

Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves  
from this province

Be transported to other lands. God grant you may  
dwell there

Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable  
people!

Prisoners now I declare you, for such is his  
Majesty's pleasure.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir  
of embarking.

Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the con-  
fusion

Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers,  
too late, saw their children

Left on the land, extending their arms, with  
wildest entreaties.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn  
the blood-red

Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er  
the horizon

Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon moun-  
tain and meadow.

Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge  
shadows together.

Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs  
of the village.

Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that  
lay in the roadstead.

Columns of shining smoke uprose, and  
flashes of flame were

Thrust through their folds and withdrawn,  
like the quivering hands of a martyr.

Then as the winds seized the gleeds and  
the burning thatch, and uplifting,

Whirled them aloft through the air, at once  
from a hundred house-tops

Started the sheeted smoke, with flashes of  
flame intermingled.

Many a weary year had passed since the burn-  
ing of Grand Pré,

When on the falling tide the freighted vessels  
departed.

Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into  
exile,

Exile without an end, and without an example in  
story.

Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians  
landed;

Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the  
wind from the northeast

Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the  
Banks of Newfoundland.

Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from  
city to city.

From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern  
savannas,—

From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where  
the Father of Waters

Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down  
to the ocean,

Deep in their sands to Lure the scattered bones of  
the mammoth.

Friends they sought and homes; and many, de-  
spairing, heart-broken.

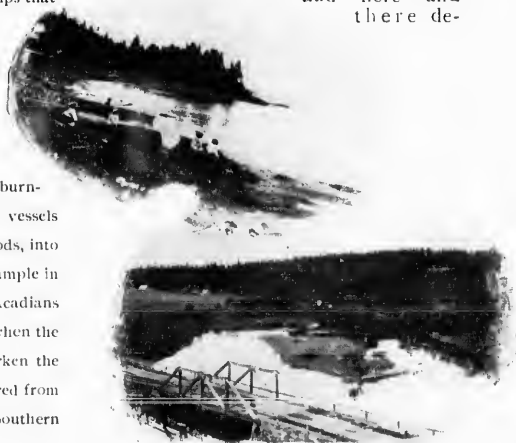
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a  
friend or a fireside.

Written their history stands on tablets of stone in  
the churchyards.

LONGFELLOW'S *Evangeline*.

"All history presents no parallel to  
the spectacle of the deportation of the  
Acadians. Nations have been put to the  
sword, and peoples not engaged in war-  
fare have been massacred. In our own  
century the ineffable Turk descended  
upon a peaceful community during the  
Grecian war, and wiped it from the face  
of the earth. The same power is now  
fiendishly at work, while the civilized  
world looks on, to blot out from existence  
the Armenians. But never was a nation  
rooted out of the soil and ruthlessly scat-  
tered to the four quarters of the earth in  
a brief space, as were the French in-  
habitants of Nova Scotia. It is strange  
that so fruitful a theme for the poet and  
novelist has been so little made use of.  
Longfellow, alone, has immortalized it in  
his epic, in which, however, while the  
facts may be idealized, they do not de-  
part in substance from the truth."

The railroad running from Grand  
Pré westward takes the traveller through  
the Cornwallis, Gaspereau and Annapolis  
valleys in turn. Each is a beautiful  
region, dotted with prosperous farms,  
great orchards,  
and here and  
there de-



"Quiet bays and inland tidal basins along the  
shore line."



"A relic of the generations gone."

lightful villages, in which the summer tourist will find plain, wholesome inns and the choice of many private homes, which are thrown open to summer boarders. Wolfville and Kentville are most desirable points at which to spend a day or a summer. The roads round about are excellent, and as the price of horse hire in this country, as everything else, is exceedingly cheap, it is easily possible for the tourist, making these places a centre, to visit all the region round about, including several pretty resorts on the Bay of Fundy shore.

Kentville is a charming little leaf-embowered and elm-shaded village tucked in between the hills. Prof. Richards paints this pretty pen picture of this quaint and quiet little town:

"The valleys wind unexpectedly, and the enclosing banks are abrupt. The tidal stream of the Cornwallis, twisting through its narrow strip of meadow, is met here by a chattering amber brook set thick with willows. The brook washes the dooryards. There are unexpected bridges, and green shade dapples the streets. Every turn gives a new and haunting picture, and one feels as if the place had been planned in a dream. The air is wholesome, especially kindly to the

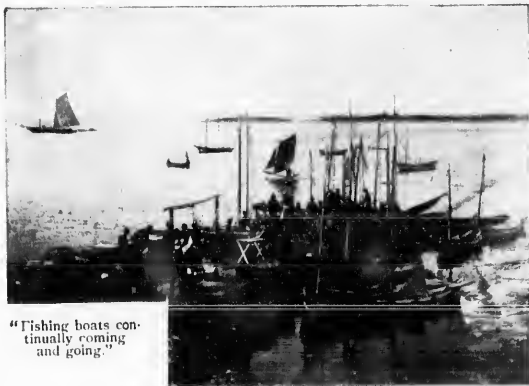
throat or weak lungs. The streets, windless though shady, are warm in summer; but it is only a step to climb the surrounding bluffs and come out into the breezes and wide views of Cornwallis. The view from Canaan Heights, several miles back of the town, is one not to be forgotten. Kentville has a charming social life, many families of culture having settled in the neighborhood. It has also an extensive business as the capital and trading centre of the rich county of Kings. It has an excellent hotel close to the station, the Aberdeen, large, comfortable, and modern in equipment; and smaller hotels, with good accommodation, are numerous.



"In the heart of the primeval forest where the camps of the hunters are established."

"The Cornwallis Valley Railway is a short branch of the Dominion Atlantic, running from Kentville through Canning and the heart of the apple country, the greatest and most famous of all those in North America, to Kingsport, a distance of fourteen miles. Canning (eleven miles from Kentville) is a typical farming town, surrounded by rich meadows, its placid streets buried in leafage. Its comfortable inn is quaint and old-fashioned. Through Canning flows a narrow tidal stream, the Habitant, once a large river, but now almost silted full. The heavy crops of clover and timothy now wave where of old large ships came in upon the flood to Canning's wharves.

"From Canning it is but a short drive across the Pereaue to the foot of North Mountain and the famous Look-Off.



"Fishing boats continually coming and going."

This latter is a lofty spur of the main range. As the carriage crawls slowly up its steep face a series of enchanting pictures is unfolded below.

The panorama seen from the summit is marvellous, not only for its sublime breadth, but for the variety of its loveliness. The local enthusiast will tell you that you are gazing into five counties—Kings, Annapolis, Hants, Cumberland, and Colchester—but this fact is a very insignificant item in the impressiveness of the scene. From your feet the mountain side falls away abruptly, a mass of foliage palpitating with colored light. Far down, as if you could drop a pebble into it, lie the basking roofs of Pereau, drenched with sun."

Kingsport, the terminus of the branch

from Kentville, is one of the leading ship-building centres on the north Atlantic, and a prominent port for ocean steamers



"The Micmac Indians are at home in canoes."

"The journey along the shores of the Bay of Minas and in and out of the many bays."

in the apple and potato trade. It lies on the western shore of the Basin of Minas, and puts up quite pretentious claims as a summer resort. It is one of the spots in Nova Scotia which the tourist should not overlook, for it has an invigorating climate and exhilarating outlook, good bathing and several comfortable inns. Then, too, it is the starting point of one of the most delightful side trips in the Province—that upon the twin screw steamer "Evangeline," whose captain is a uniformed yet genial encyclopædia of all the traditions of the fabled shores around which his staunch craft plies. The steamer hugs close to the land line, passing under the frowning heights of Cape Blomidon, whose upper portion is one sheer perpendicular wall of rock,

while the lower half is a slope of dizzying steepness. In the storm-eaten crevices of the red sandstone cling the birches and other trees which conceal, by a ragged carpet of foliage, the sterner features of Blomidon's rocky face. After passing Amethyst Cove, where, in the early spring, many beautiful specimens of this lilac crystal are brought down by the thawing of the ice in the rocky fissures, Spit Rock, old Blomidon's rival, is seen standing in bold relief against the sky, with the huge sliver torn away from the parent rock by some stupendous convulsion, standing alone and apart from it like a solitary sentinel. The entire trip of the "Evangeline" across the Basin to Parrsboro, on the Cumberland shore, is intensely interesting. The village of Parrsboro is a brisk town and the centre of a fine fishing and shooting region. The Cumberland peninsula is famous for moose, and the surrounding streams are literally alive with trout and salmon, and have been but little fished as yet.

Sportsmen tell prodigious stories of the fishing and shooting in the Maritime Provinces, and they are not overdrawn, for no country offers greater attractions, where in the still solitude of the forests nature has provided a home and a hiding place for game and fish.

Nova Scotia trout and salmon waters are at their best in May and

June. Following the salmon come the sea trout late in June and through July; then the great lusty, silver and vermilion fish, all full of game and all frequenting both salt and fresh waters. There is usually good trout fishing in most waters in September, and during the same month there is the fall run of sea trout. The slack month for fly fishing is August.

The brook trout is to be met with in every lake, or even pond, throughout the Provinces. One cannot walk far through the depths of a forest without hearing the gurgling of a rill of water amongst the stones beneath the moss.



"The Post Office, Dominion Building and Governor's Mansion at Charlottetown."

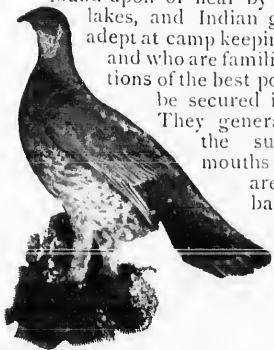


"Both the residence and business portion of Charlottetown have a prosperous look."

Follow this hidden stream a little way and you will soon come upon a sparkling brook fringed by waving ferns and varied by crystal pools in which is mirrored the overhanging foliage. The trout is sure to be here, and on your approach darts under the shelter of the projecting roots of the mossy bank. A little further, and a winding lane of still water, skirted by graceful maples and birches, leads to the open expanse of the lake, where the gloom of the heavy woods is exchanged for clear daylight. This is the "run in," as it is called, and here the lake trout will always be found, ready for the bait at all times of the year. A creel of two or three dozen of these speckled beauties is certain to be your reward for having found your way to these wild but enchanting spots. Frequently five dozen handsome trout, weighing from one to three pounds apiece, have been taken in a single hour in some of the favorite Nova Scotia streams.

The sea trout closely resembles its brother of the brook in shape and color. The size attained by this fish along the coast varies from three to five pounds. The favorite localities are the harbors with which the coast is indented. When hooked by the fly fisherman on their first entrance to fresh water, they afford sport second only to that of salmon fishing. No more beautiful fish ever reposed in an angler's basket. They are of delicious flavor, and are entitled to a high consideration and place among the game fish of the Provinces.

Excellent camping grounds may be found upon or near by the streams and lakes, and Indian guides, who are adept at camp keeping and canoeing, and who are familiar with the locations of the best pools, can readily be secured in all localities. They generally live during the summer at the mouths of the rivers, and are alert at making bargains to accompany sporting parties.



"The caribou."

As a rule all sportsmen's supplies may be purchased to good advantage in Halifax, but in any case it is best to get flies in Nova Scotia, where the local requirements are well known, the Bluenoses being born fishermen. Guides usually charge \$1 a day, or \$1.50 to \$2 with boat, and can be secured in any town, while dealers in tackle are always well informed as to localities and ready to impart information.

From Halifax fishing trips may be taken either by the several coach lines along the coast, or by private convey-



"Gathering about the boats upon the return to camp to discuss the sport of the day."

ances, which are to be obtained at reasonable cost. There is good sport along the western shore all the way to Cleveler and Gold River. Indian River, twenty-one miles from Halifax, and Ingram River, twenty-five miles, are also good points, as is Grand Lake. At St. Margaret's Bay may be found an old-fashioned inn and good guides. Indian Lake, about eight miles from Halifax on the Prospect Road, Peters Lake, Spruce Hill Lake and Nine Mile River are good points for the spring and summer sport.

It is impossible, in an article of this length, to give a list of all the favorite places for sport, but this information can

readily be secured in Halifax or any of the larger or smaller towns.

No reference to fishing in the Provinces would, however, be complete without a mention of that most famous of all salmon waters, the Margaree River in Cape Breton. This is easily reached from Baddeck, and runs through a country so beautiful, that should the sportsman fail to get a single rise, he would be abundantly repaid for the trip.

The laws regulating fishing fix the open season for salmon from March 1 to August 15, although they may be fished for with a fly a month earlier, that is from February 1. No one is allowed to fish for salmon between 6 p. m. Saturday and 6 a. m. Monday, or for any other fish in waters frequented by salmon. The penalty for violation is \$30.

Speckled trout may be fished for from April 1 to October 1, and bass at any time with hook and line. Non-residents, upon arrival in the Provinces, are required to pay duty upon their rods and tackle, but a receipt is given by the customs officials, and the amount returned when the fisherman leaves the country.

Shooting in Nova Scotia does not commence until September 15th, moose, caribou and deer being protected for the nine months preceding that date. The chief ambition of the sportsman who visits Nova Scotia is to kill a moose, the male of which species is frequently eight feet high, weighs fifteen hundred pounds, has horns measuring from five to six feet from tip to tip, and as much light in him,

when wounded, as a Rocky Mountain grizzly bear. In September and October moose are often surprised and killed while wading in the cool waters of inland lakes, where they feed on the roots and stems of aquatic plants. Like the red deer, the moose "yard" in winter, the "yard" consisting of a cedar or spruce

swamp, round or through which they make beaten tracks in their rambling. A yard will sometimes be found by hunters containing forty or fifty animals. After a fresh fall of snow, hunters on snow-shoes can easily overtake the moose, whose great weight causes him to sink in the snow, but this is a kind of hunting looked down upon by the true knight of the gun, and not considered sportsmanlike. Indian and half-breed guides frequently attract moose by imitating their cry, the animals coming cautiously towards the sound. A repeating rifle of heavy calibre is a necessity in moose hunting, for a wounded bull moose will invariably turn on his assailant. No hunter can do better than make his first essay at moose shooting in Nova Scotia. There are in this province three recognized sporting districts, of which the best is probably the western, which takes in all the country to the west of a line drawn from Halifax to Yarmouth. Here moose are reported plentiful and increasing in number. No one is allowed to kill more than two moose or four caribou in one season, the penalty for violating this



"The moose."



"The trapper who in winter makes his rounds."



"Watching for moose from the camp."



"Prince Edward Island is a quiet region, in which, if time is money, every man is a millionaire."

law being from \$50 to \$200, and is rigidly enforced.

Caribou, or American reindeer, are abundant in Nova Scotia and in parts of Prince Edward Island. They are not as large as the moose, rarely weighing more than 500 pounds, and are a less dangerous foe when wounded. They are light-colored, almost white in certain seasons, and have broad horns of the elk pattern, with a peculiar formation which follows the bridge of the nose almost to its tip, perfectly protecting it from the attacks of its fellows. The common red deer of the States are seldom, if ever, found in Nova Scotia.

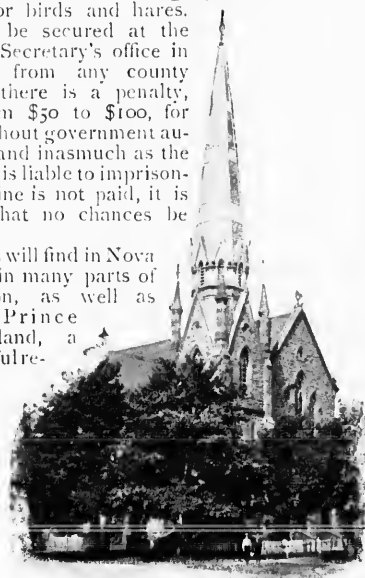
Good bird shooting may be obtained in almost every part of Nova Scotia. Duck and snipe abound, and English pheasants, that have lately been imported, are said to stand the winter well and to be increasing rapidly. In many sections capital sport may be had with ruffed

grouse, woodcock, snipe, quail, plover, ducks and geese, which are so plentiful that good bags may always be counted on.

Sportsmen, not residents of Nova Scotia, must take out a license before they can enjoy the excellent sport they are sure to have. These cost \$30 each for the season for all large game, and \$10 for birds and hares.

They may be secured at the Provincial Secretary's office in Halifax, or from any county clerk. As there is a penalty, ranging from \$50 to \$100, for shooting without government authorization, and inasmuch as the person fined is liable to imprisonment if the fine is not paid, it is suggested that no chances be taken.

Bicyclists will find in Nova Scotia, and in many parts of Cape Breton, as well as throughout Prince Edward Island, a most delightful region for cross-country runs. The roads as a general thing are free from sand, and



"One of Charlottetown's churches."



"The rugged promontories of Cape Treton which withstand the savage poundings of the North Atlantic."

well kept up, and as the people are notable for their hospitality and free-heartedness, the wheelman, as well as the wheelwoman, is sure of a graceful welcome at any of the thousands of quaint little farm-houses which are found along the rural thoroughfares.

The Plant Line transports bicycles free, when accompanied by the owner, provided he or she has not an unreasonable amount of other baggage. The Canadian Government collects a deposit of duty on bicycles when landing, which is returned when leaving the country. Members of the American Wheelman's League are not required to make a deposit, but can pass their wheels on presentation of their membership ticket.

In the preceding pages the writer has

somewhere, and yet, in point of fact, they are almost at our very doors, and their people bid a hearty welcome to all who come to their fair land. Through the enterprise of the Plant Line one may walk the streets of Boston to-day, and to-morrow be in Halifax among novel scenes, and in a country as foreign in all its mannerisms and customs as if it were across the wide Atlantic, instead of just beyond the threshold of the United States. A summer's tour to Acadia will long be a happy memory to all who make it, and if the journey thence be upon one of the steamships of the Plant Line,

which are furnished and finished with everything to make a sea trip upon them enjoyable, it will have an added pleasure.

In addition to the tours shown on the following page, a pamphlet is issued by the Plant Line giving a complete set of tours, together with their prices, as well as a list of boarding-houses and hotels in the Provinces. This pamphlet will be sent free on application to any of the agents of the Plant Line.



undertaken, in a modest way, to touch upon the



"Louisburg, now a sleepy fishing town, was once the most strongly fortified spot in North America."

... A FEW ...

# SUMMER TOURS IN ACADIA

BY THE PLANT LINE TO HALIFAX, HAWKESBURY  
AND CHARLOTTETOWN. . . .

**Halifax.**—Plant line to Halifax. Return by the same route.

**Hawkesbury or Charlottetown.**—Plant Line to Hawkesbury or Charlottetown. Return by the same route.

**Charlottetown.**—Plant Line to Charlottetown; Charlottetown Navigation Company to Pictou; Intercolonial Railway to Halifax; Plant Line to Boston.

**Baddeck.**—Plant Line to Hawkesbury; Bras d'Or Navigation Company to Baddeck. Return by the same route.

**The Bras d'Or Lakes.**—Plant Line to Hawkesbury; Bras d'Or Navigation Company to Sydney. Return by the same route.

Plant Line to Hawkesbury; Bras d'Or Navigation Company to Sydney; Intercolonial Railway to Hawkesbury, or vice versa; Plant Line to Boston.

Plant Line to Hawkesbury; Bras d'Or Navigation Company to Sydney; Intercolonial Railway to Halifax; Plant Line to Boston.

Plant Line to Halifax; Intercolonial Railway to Sydney; Bras d'Or Navigation Company to Hawkesbury; Plant Line to Boston.

**Three Provinces.**—Plant Line to Charlottetown; P. E. I. Railway to Summerside; Charlottetown Navigation Company to Point du Chene; Intercolonial Railway to Halifax; Plant Line to Boston.

Plant Line to Charlottetown; P. E. I. Railway to Summerside; Charlottetown Navigation Company to Point du Chene; Intercolonial Railway to St. John; Steamer

"Prince Rupert" to Digby; Dominion Atlantic Railway to Halifax; Plant Line to Boston.

Plant Line to Halifax; Dominion Atlantic Railway to Digby; Steamer "Prince Rupert" to St. John; Intercolonial Railway to Point du Chene; Charlottetown Navigation Company to Summerside; P. E. I. Railway to Charlottetown; Plant Line to Boston

**Cape Breton and Quebec.**—Plant Line to Hawkesbury; Bras d'Or Navigation Company or Intercolonial Railway to Sydney; Intercolonial Railway to Point Levis; ferry to Quebec; Grand Trunk Railway, Canadian Pacific Railway or R. & O. Navigation Company to Montreal; rail lines to Boston.

**Quebec and Montreal.**—Plant Line to Charlottetown; P. E. I. Railway to Summerside; Quebec Steamship Company to Quebec; Grand Trunk Railway, Canadian Pacific Railway or R. & O. Navigation Company to Montreal; rail lines to Boston.

Plant Line to Charlottetown; P. E. I. Railway to Summerside; Charlottetown Navigation Company to Point du Chene; Intercolonial Railway to Point Levis; ferry to Quebec; Grand Trunk Railway, Canadian Pacific Railway or R. & O. Navigation Company to Montreal; rail lines to Boston.

## OTHER TOURS.

Persons desirous of going to other points and by other routes not indicated in the foregoing will be given figures on application to the agents at Boston or Halifax.

RATES FOR ABOVE TOURS ON APPLICATION TO AGENTS.

## GENERAL INFORMATION.

*Relative to Local Rates of Passage, Meals on Steamers, Prices of Staterooms.*

### HALIFAX SERVICE.

RATES OF FARE BETWEEN BOSTON AND  
HALIFAX, IN EITHER DIRECTION: . . .

**First-Class, one way, including berth in cabin** (meals and stateroom berths extra), \$ 6.50

**First-Class, excursion, including berth in cabin** (meals and stateroom berths extra), 12.00

Berths in staterooms, sold only to passengers holding first-class or excursion tickets, \$1.00 to \$3.00 each, according to size and location of rooms. Two berths in each room.

**Meals:—Dinner, 75 cts. Breakfast or Supper, 50 cts.**

### CHARLOTTETOWN SERVICE.

RATES OF FARE BETWEEN  
BOSTON AND HAWKESBURY:

**First-Class, one way, including berth in cabin** (meals and stateroom berths extra), \$ 8.50

**First-Class, excursion, including berth in cabin** (meals and stateroom berths extra), 15.00

RATES OF FARE BETWEEN BOSTON AND CHARLOTTETOWN

**First-Class, one way, including berth in cabin** (meals and stateroom berths extra), \$10.00

**First-Class, excursion, including berth in cabin** (meals and stateroom berths extra), 18.00

Berths in stateroom, \$1.50 to \$3.50 each; two berths in each room. Limited number family rooms, accommodating three or more persons at \$5.00 and upwards per room, according to size and location.

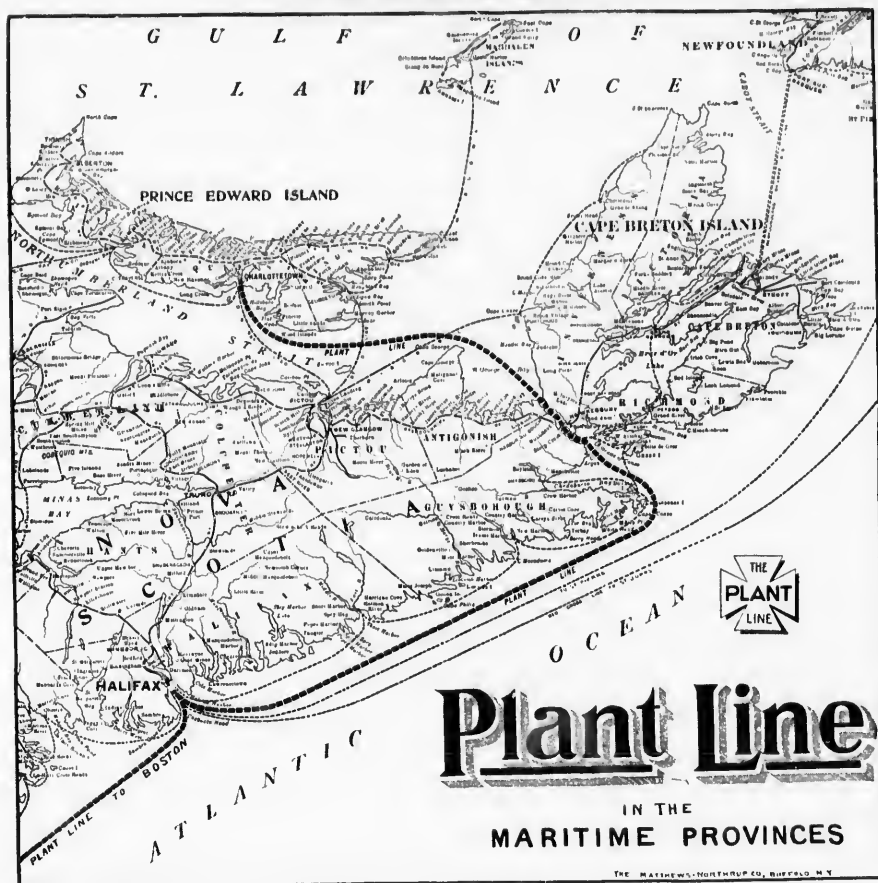
**Meals:—Dinner, 75 cts. Breakfast or Supper, 50 cts.**

# "PLANT LINE"

STAUNCH STEEL PASSENGER STEAMSHIPS

... BETWEEN ...

BOSTON AND HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, CAPE BRETON AND  
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.



SUMMER SERVICE, BI-WEEKLY

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Lewis Wharf, Boston, Mass.

H. L. CHIPMAN,  
Canadian Agent,  
Halifax, N. S.

H. B. PLANT,  
President.

M. F. PLANT,  
Vice-President and Manager

B. W. WRENN,  
Passenger Traffic Manager.



# THE PLANT SYSTEM

The Favorite Route to the Favorite Resorts beyond the Frost Line.



The Finest Hotels.

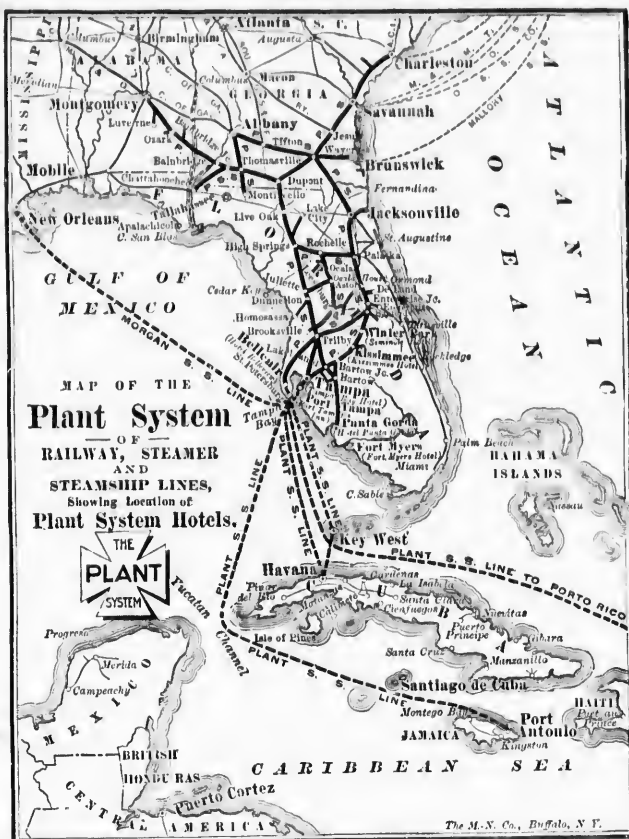
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The Finest Fishing.

The Most Enjoyable Boating, Sailing and Bathing are found on the Gulf Coast of Florida.

The Gulf Coast of Florida is the Health and Pleasure Seekers' Paradise.

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5,320 Miles of Perfect Passenger Service. Luxurious Passenger Trains, with Pullman's Finest Sleeping Cars Attached, between all Points.

## PLANT STEAMSHIP LINE

Operating magnificent steel passenger ships, carrying United States Mails, sailing from Port Tampa, Florida, maintaining a regular three to five times weekly schedule for Key West, Florida, and Havana, Cuba, all the year round, and making occasional trips during the winter to Jamaica. Whenever you visit Florida or Cuba, by whatever route you take, be sure that your tickets read via Plant System.

### ...THE GULF COAST HOTELS OF FLORIDA... REACHED VIA PLANT SYSTEM:

**TAMPA BAY HOTEL, TAMPA, FLA.**—With Casino, Theatrical Auditorium and Swimming Pool attached. Finest Race Track in the South. Unsurpassed Golf Links. Open December to April.

**THE INN, PORT TAMPA, FLA.**—Open all the year.

**THE SEMINOLE, WINTER PARK, FLA.**—Open January to April.

During Summer season, address Managers of Hotels, at 42 West 231 Street, New York, for information as to rates and rooms; and to representative's Passenger Traffic Department Plant System shown below, for rail and steamship rates and schedules, sleeping-car reservations, etc.

**W. V. LEESEY**, Division Passenger Agent, TAMPA, FLA.

**I. A. FLANDERS**, New England Passenger Agent, 290 Washington Street, BOSTON, MASS.

**H. B. PLANT**, President.

**FORT MYERS HOTEL, FORT MYERS, FLA.**—Open January to April.

**OCALA HOUSE, OCALA, FLA.**—Open all the year.

**THE BELLEVIEW, BELLEAIR, FLA.**—Open January to April.

**THE KISSIMMEE, KISSIMMEE, FLA.**—Open January to April.

**J. J. FARNSWORTH**, Eastern Passenger Agent, 200 Broadway, NEW YORK.

**L. A. BELL**, Western Passenger Agent, 295 Clark Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

**B. W. WRENN**, Passenger Traffic Mgr., Savannah, Ga.

**B. DUNHAM**, General Superintendent.

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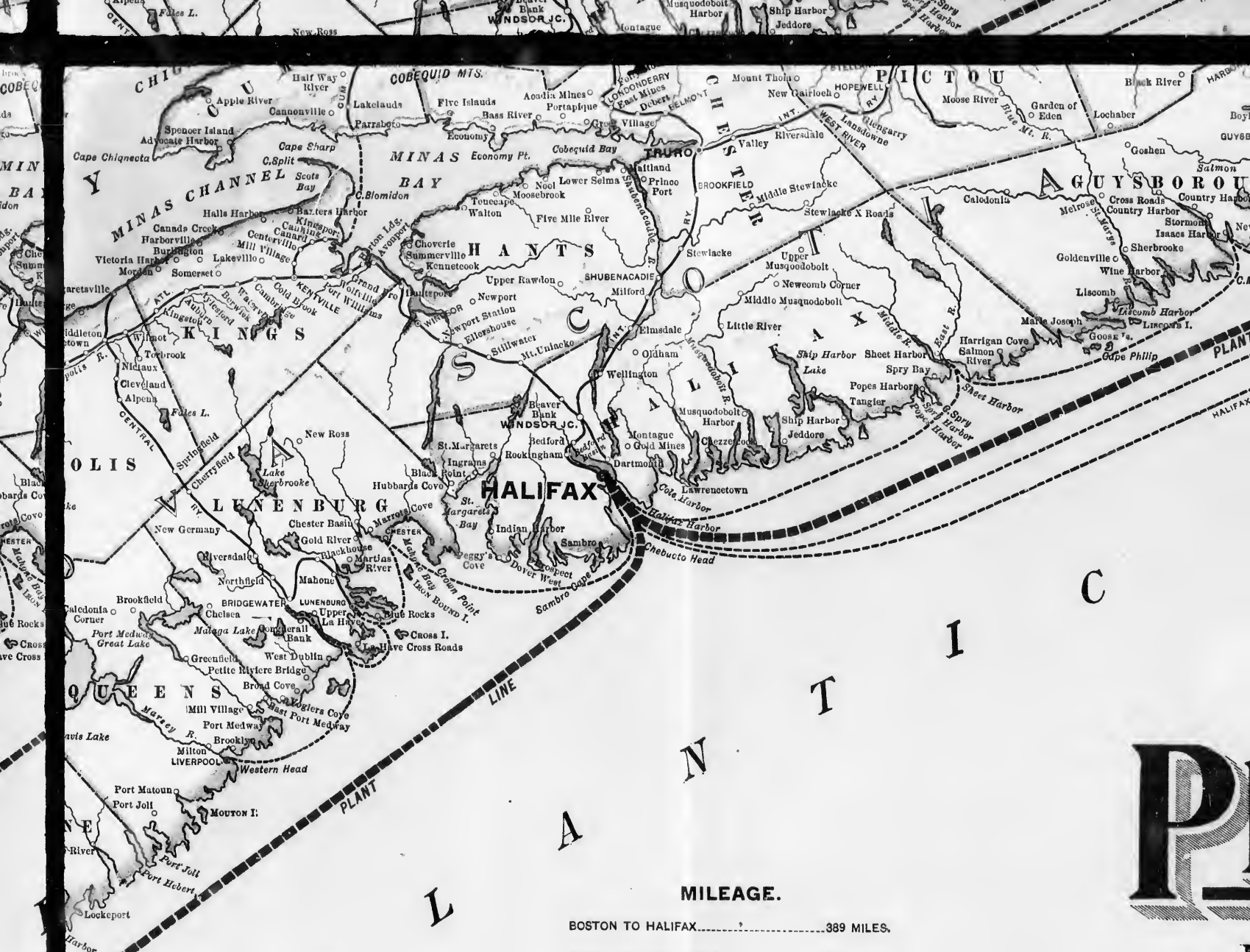






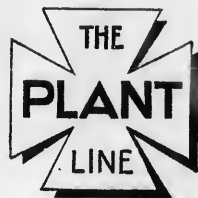
Ocean S. S. Co.  
Metropolitan S. S. Line  
Boston and Philadelphia  
Steamship Company.  
Merchants and Miners  
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# MILEAGE.

BOSTON TO HALIFAX.....	389 MILES.
BOSTON TO HAWKESBURY.....	569 MILES.
BOSTON TO CHARLOTTETOWN.....	663 MILES.
HALIFAX TO HAWKESBURY.....	180 MILES.
HALIFAX TO CHARLOTTETOWN.....	274 MILES.
HAWKESBURY TO CHARLOTTETOWN.....	94 MILES.
<b>TOTAL.....</b>	<b>2169 MILES.</b>



# Plant Line

BETWEEN

**BOSTON**  
 AND  
**NOVA SCOTIA, CAPE BRETON**  
**PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND**  
 AND  
**NEWFOUNDLAND.**

