

SPECIAL EDITION

THE VICTORIA NEWS

The Home Newspaper of Victoria County, Cape Breton

Devoted to the Interests of VICTORIA COUNTY---The Home, the Farmer, the Merchant and the Tourist.

Summer Season, 1915.

BADDECK, CAPE BRETON, NOVA SCOTIA.

Price 10 cents per copy



HON. GEORGE H. MURRAY,
Premier of Nova Scotia.

Message from Premier Murray

I am pleased to learn that the enterprising citizens of Baddeck are supporting a special edition of THE VICTORIA NEWS. This manifestation of public spirit is gratifying. You are quite justified in giving the fullest publicity possible to the varied resources of Victoria County and its attractions for sportsmen and tourists.

Like other portions of this favoured Province, Victoria County possesses the requisites for several industries. There are excellent farms in the neighbourhood and many other farm properties that could very easily be brought into a state of fine cultivation. Indeed the farm lands are capable of tremendous development. What can be done is illustrated by the gratifying success attending the establishment of the Baddeck Creamery. During the first six months of operation the output from the creamery has, I am informed, reached 17,000 pounds of butter—more than was made at other creameries which had been in operation for several years. The farmers of the Baddeck district are deserving of great praise for this remarkable showing. I am quite satisfied, as confidently predicted by Principal Cumming, that, "In ten years' time people will look

back on the establishment of the Baddeck Creamery as a measure which has led to undreamed-of development along agricultural lines in Cape Breton."

The mineral wealth of the county, consisting primarily of gypsum, gold, coal and tripolite, is well worthy of and has attracted some attention. But preeminent among the attractions of Victoria County are its hunting opportunities. These may even now be exploited to the fullest extent. The pleasures of a sojourn in the district are enhanced for the sportsman and lover of wild life by the presence of game, wild animals and fish. It is not for me to elaborate what is necessary in that direction—this will be well said by others. For the devotee of the rod there is excellent trout fishing in the rivers throughout the county. Salmon are not lacking, and the world has heard a good deal of late years regarding the giant Tuna which can be fished for in St. Ann's Bay. Then we have preeminently the Great Bras d'Or, which is not only your means for obtaining an outlet to the markets of Cape Breton, but is at once associated with pleasurable days passed upon its waters fishing, sailing and boating by

people from widely separated centres of the world's thought and intelligence.

Baddeck is one of the centres to which go the searchers after health, sport and picturesque scenery. The charming situation of the town on the lake, surrounded by hills, is an asset of the greatest value. The tourist trade is certain in the future to attain larger proportions than ever before. Many of our sons and daughters, who in times past found it necessary to realize their ambitions in other walks of life than are afforded by the quieter pursuits of our country, now look back with tenderness and affection to the familiar scenes of their youth and long for the day of their return. The shadowless plain and the buffalo grass, the measureless range and the golden wheat, the bechimneyed city and the busy whirl, what are they to the beautiful surroundings of his homeland, to the exquisite woodland, and marine views, and to the many notable examples of the rugged and majestic in nature in Victoria County.

"And his thoughts, like the thoughts of other men,
Go back to his childhood's days again,
And to many a loved one in the past."

G. H. Murray.

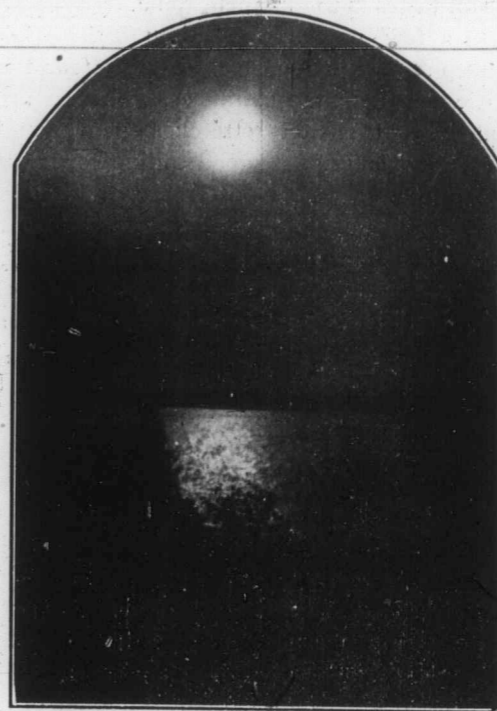
Foreword

In placing this Special Edition of the Victoria News before the public we feel that we are filling, to a certain extent at least, a long standing demand for authoritative information on Baddeck and Victoria County, Cape Breton.

The success of our venture has by far exceeded our fondest hopes, but we still feel that we have done but scant justice to the subject in hand. This is probably due to the fact that the beauties of Cape Breton cannot be properly portrayed on paper,—they must be seen to be realized.

Thanks to the kindly interest, cooperation and generous support of the people of the district it has been possible for us to collect and publish herewith a series of articles dealing with the attractions of Baddeck and its surrounding country for the Tourist, the Sportsman and the Agriculturist, which taken collectively would be difficult to surpass anywhere, and which are as great a credit to our County as they are to those from whose pens they come.

That such a number of attractions from, one might say, every point of view, can be found in one spot seems hardly credible, and simply goes to prove that when this country is really "discovered" it will become not merely a well known summer resort but the playground of a continent.



HOME-LURE

By CATHERINE DUNLOP MACKENZIE

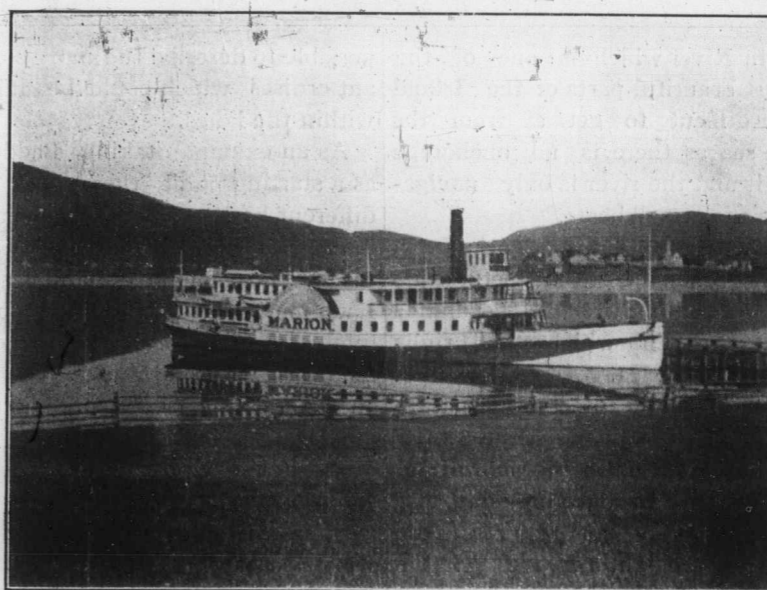
Courtesy of "The Westminster."

The harvest moon on the calm Bras d'Or
Reflects in the hotels of Baddeck from the wild duck to the Lake
And its magic beckons—the old words o'er
"To the end of the world, and back."

Oh, the moonlit track has a mystic charm,
And to follow its lure we're fain;
But ever comes back from the Golden Arm
The sob of the old refrain.

For well we know that the home-trail calls,
When the lure of the moon is gone;
And the spell that comes when the twilight falls
Is past with the breaking dawn.

"To the end of the world" is the old refrain,
"To the end of the world," but "back again."



S.S. "MARION," the popular Lake passenger boat.

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YACHTING

Yachting in Cape Breton

By F. W. BALDWIN, B.Sc.

Commodore of the Bras d'Or Yacht Club.

Cape Breton offers such a varied assortment of advantages for yachting that it is difficult to know which of its many good points would appeal most strongly to one who contemplates a cruise in these waters.

Sailing to suit all tastes is to be found here within a few miles. Anything from deep sea sailing on the board Atlantic to the almost indoor variety on the well sheltered bays of the salt water lakes.

The outside coast of Cape Breton is extremely variable in character. On the southern side near Isle Madame it is rather flat but by no means uninteresting as there are many harbors, and Lennox Passage—the narrow and winding channel between Isle Madame and the mainland is full of pretty scenery and well worth the trouble of its navigation, which is somewhat tedious if the wind should happen to be ahead.

From St. Peters Bay to Gabarus and Louisburg the coast is forbidding and uninteresting and has no harbors for a keel boat which is of course the only safe type for these waters.

North of Louisburg and Scattered Island there are plenty of harbors but the shore line is rather monotonous as far as Sydney with the notable exception of Mira Bay and

As a marked contrast to this outside work the Bras d'Or Lakes offer a cruising ground of an entirely different character where the anchor may be dropped and the yacht smuggled up for the night almost wherever one happens to be.

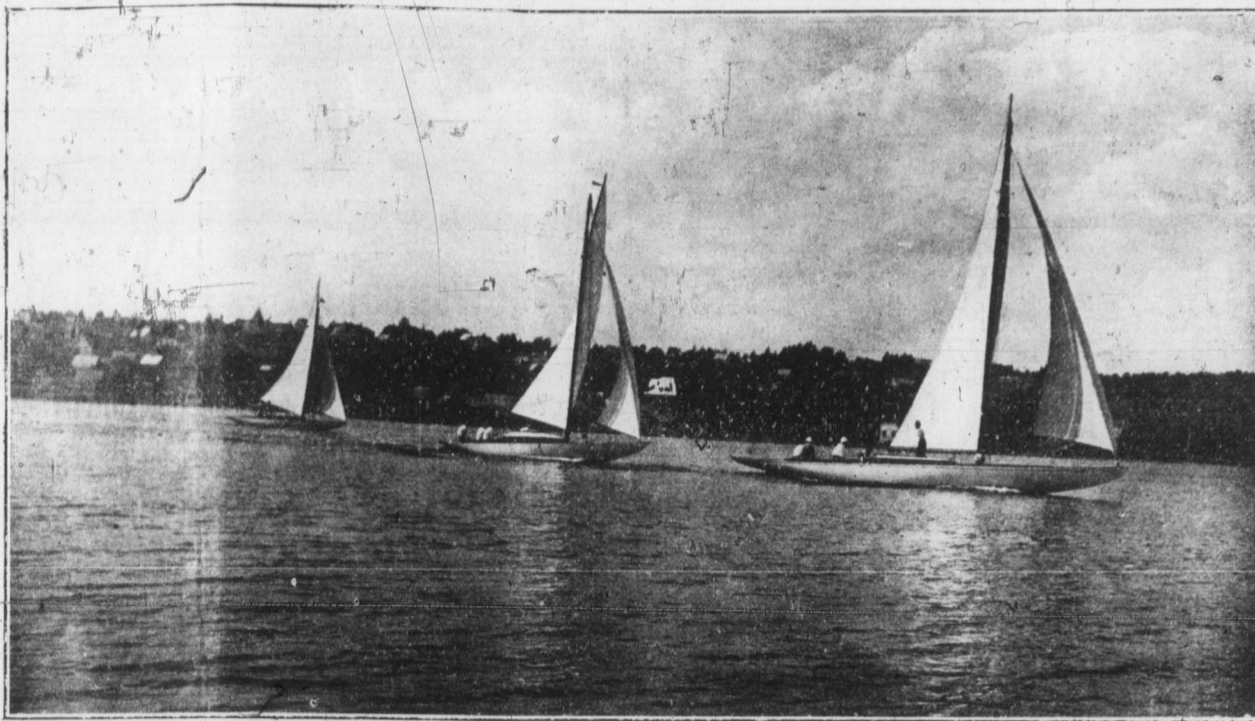
Although these lakes are landlocked except for the narrow entrances, there are plenty of stretches open enough to provide good sailing for large yachts.

The area of the lakes is almost 450 square miles with nearly 600 miles of ever changing and delightful shore line. For the most part the banks are bold and irregular abounding in bays and coves which provide good holding ground and secure shelter at almost every turn.

Unlike most places where harbors are plentiful the water is deep and remarkably free from shoals and reefs so that it is possible to explore its narrow and fiord-like channels in a deep keel boat without fear of grounding. A 90 foot schooner or a sailing canoe can nearly always find suitable conditions as open water or sheltered bays and equally available practically side by side in almost any part of the lakes.

In anything short of a large sized pilot book it would be im-

RACING ON BADDECK HARBOR



"Q," "R" and "S" Classes are always well represented in these races.

and not the exception even when it is thick as mud outside.

Another advantage which the Bras d'Or Lakes have over outside water is the absence of tides and all its inconveniences. The entrances to the lakes are so small relatively to the enclosed body of water that the rise and fall is hardly noticeable and is much more influenced by the direction of the wind than the lunar tides.

There are four yacht clubs in Cape Breton Island. The Royal Cape Breton Yacht Club, Sydney; Northern Yacht Club, North Sydney; Louisburg Yacht Club and the Bras d'Or Yacht Club, Baddeck. These clubs form the Cape Breton Yacht racing Association which promotes and controls inter-club racing and arranges for the annual cruise with the races held under the auspices of each individual club.

The annual regatta at Baddeck is always especially well attended partly due to the cruising possibilities in the immediate vicinity and partly to the exceptionally fine racing courses—a fifteen mile triangle on the Little Bras d'Or Lake. This course which is admittedly the best in Nova Scotia and one of the best to be found in America is becoming more popular every year.

"Q," "R," and "S" classes are always well represented in these races and it is expected that a new one design class of sailing dingys will do much to increase the interest in small boat sailing.

Anyone bringing a small boat to Cape Breton can be sure of getting some very keen racing and a hearty welcome from one and all of the yacht clubs.

Whether one seeks "The sea the sea, the open sea" and the zest of an occasional dusting from "The ever free" or the opportunity to loaf complacently on a houseboat well sheltered amidst beautiful surroundings it is hard to imagine a more ideal spot for an outing than the quaint old Island of Cape Breton.

SHOOTING

It is only in the northerly sections of Inverness and Victoria counties that caribou may be hunted, the open season being from September 15th to October 15th. A drive of 20 to 28 miles from Baddeck to North East Margaree will take the sportsman to good hunting territory, and competent guides will be found at Ingraham's and at Big Intervale. All through Cape Breton there is good shooting in the early fall for partridge, duck and geese, and in some sections there are excellent covers for woodcock.

An Outing in Cape Breton

By MICMAC,

In "Rod and Gun in Canada."

Feeling the need of a complete rest and change from the strenuousness of a large city I suggested to my wife that we take a trip to the Maritime Provinces and spend our four week's vacation there, becoming acquainted with the fishing pools of the famous Margaree River on Cape Breton Island.

We left New York on September second by S. S. Florizel, Red Cross Line, and arrived at Halifax on September fourth which we quitted the same evening at 5 p. m. by Intercolonial. At 5 a. m. on the following morning we detrained at a desolate station, Grand Narrows, and in the chill morning air made our way to the hotel. After repeated ringings of the bell a drowsy porter in pyjamas answered our call. We were nearly frozen and when we learned that there was no prospect of a hot cup of coffee before the usual breakfast hour at 7.30, rather than risk a wait inside we took a brisk walk outside to keep up our circulation, meantime consoling ourselves with the reflection that the next time we took this trip we would continue on the train until Sydney had been reached. It is possible to have a comfortable breakfast at Sydney and still have ample time in which to return to Grand Narrows and catch the S. S. Blue Hill for Baddeck.

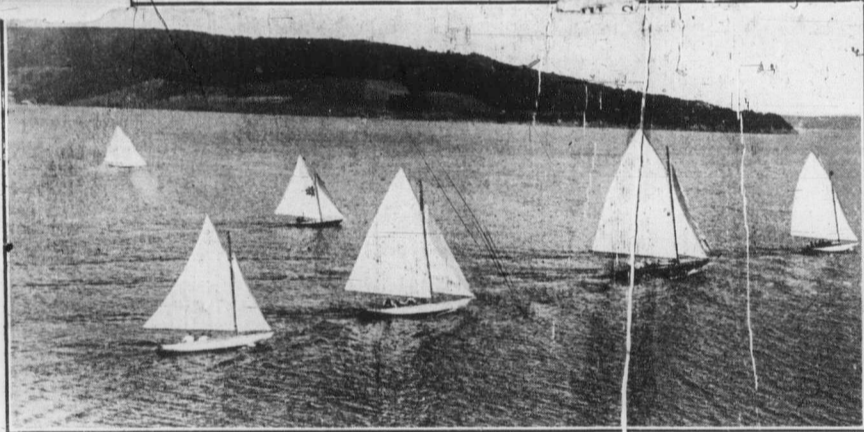
We crossed the beautiful Bras d'Or Lake on this steamship and registered at the Telegraph House, an hotel which has been made famous by Baddeck and That Sort of Thing written by Charles Dudley Warner thirty years ago. After a few days' rest in this charming little village which nes-

gles down on the shore of the lovely lake, we decided to take a team and guide and start out for Margaree. The road is a fairly good one and we arrived at Middle River, twelve miles distant from Baddeck, in time for dinner at the Riverside Inn. While waiting I fished a pool on the Middle River for trout with a four ounce rod. I tried "Dart," "Montreal," and then, Parmachene Bell and after casting about ten minutes I hooked—a salmon! He jumped clear of the water six times. I had no gaff or net so worked him down to the lower end of the pool where the bank slopes into the water and tried to drag him out on to the shore. As he touched the stony beach the hook came out and he lay for a moment in two inches of water. I jumped over him into the shallow water and threw him on the shore. This was said to be the first time that a salmon was ever landed in the Middle River with a hook and line.

We left for Margaree after dinner, the drive there being a very beautiful one. When nearing our destination we passed a chain of three lakes called Lakes O'Law. The mountains rising up beyond these hills are precipitous and grand, clothed for the most part with spruce and fir bal-am. When coming in to the north-east of Margaree the view is well worthy of a trip to the locality. The river runs through a level valley which spreads out fan-like to the hills which in circular form shelter it on every side. This is considered to be one of the most romantic spots to be found in Nova Scotia.

Concluded on Page 8

RACING ON BADDECK HARBOR



The Annual Regatta at Baddeck

Mira River which is one of the most beautiful parts of the Island but difficult to get at from the sea as there is no anchorage off it and the river is only navigable for small boats.

From Sydney to Cape North every bit of the coast is picturesque with strikingly bold headlands and steep cliffs which stand right up from the sea. As might be expected from the precipitous nature of this part of the coast the water is deep right up to the shore and there are no outlying dangers. The hills vary from 800 to 1400 in feet in height and are for the most part well covered with timber.

Little Bras d'Or, Big Bras d'Or, St. Annes, Ingonish and Neils Harbor all afforded good shelter and are not far apart, about twenty miles between St. Annes and Ingonish being the longest jump.

Neils Harbor is the most northerly one where the anchorage is really safe.

To double Cape North and follow the western coast down to the Gut of Canso thus circumnavigating the Island involves some real outside cruising as the harbors are few and far between.

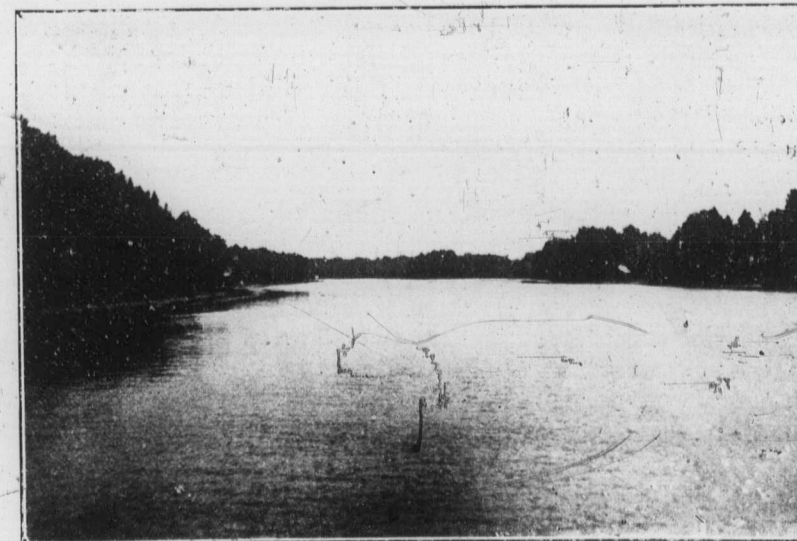
possible to describe the many pleasant cruises which could be taken within the lakes.

As an example taking Baddeck as a starting point there are ten different harbors in four generally different directions with in easy reach for an afternoon's sail. Each one of them provides absolutely secure shelter and good holding ground for anything from an American cup boat to a sailing dingy.

On these expeditions fishing in the summer and hunting in the fall can easily be combined with cruising as several excellent trout streams empty into the lakes and there is fairly good duck shooting in some of the bays.

Nova Scotia has a bad name for fog. Off the south east coast a south or southeast summer wind is very likely to bring thick weather with it, but this condition does not hold true on the lakes due to the strip of land over which the south or south west winds have to pass before reaching the lakes. This passage over the land deprives the air of so much of its moisture that there is rarely enough water vapor left to condense on reaching the lakes. Clear bright weather is the rule

AN ARM OF THE BRAS D'OR



"It is possible to explore its many narrow and fiord-like channels in a deep keel boat without fear of grounding."

Baddeck as a Summer Home

By WALTER ARCHER FROST

A story is told of a tourist and a Baddeck Highlander: the tourist's trunk was taken from the Blue Hill and laid on the dock, and the tourist followed. There was no Rapid Delivery sign in sight, and the tourist began to be nervous; he knew that he had already lost forty five seconds in the delay over the delivery of that trunk, and the affair was getting serious. So he darted up to a local man, who had just driven down the dock in an open box wagon, and said,—

"I'm going to the — hotel. Take up my trunk?"

The other man nodded. The tourist waited nearly thirty seconds longer, then shouted,—

"Why don't you take my trunk up?"

And the only answer he got was, "The day's lang; you'll get plenty work done."

It was the last time that tourist ever tried to hurry a Baddeck Highlander. Incidentally it put the tourist in the way of getting the most out of his vacation. For you can't be nervous in Baddeck, C. B. There's nothing here to keep you tense. In the city you have come from, you may have had nerves strung to the snapping point; but you are not in the city now; and your nerves realize it even better than you do, and they automatically relax. Two days after that nervous tourist, of the trunk episode, had opened his trunk in his Baddeck hotel, he was wishing that his family physician could see him now.

Baddeck exerts its influence very effectively on everyone: artists, business-men, editors, professional men, and writers, have come here as tourists, and become regular summer residents. And these men had tried the resorts on the Massachusetts coast, the coast of Maine, Long Island Sound, the whole Atlantic coast, the mountains, the camps in the forests, the familiar and the unfamiliar corners of Europe and the Continent, but it was in Baddeck or the rugged country round about it that they made their summer homes.

They did it because no man

can be so tired that Baddeck will not rest him; because its air is clean and invigorating to a degree known only to those who have breathed it; because the little town is on a superb lake fifty miles long and having twelve hundred miles of coastline; because here you combine mountain and sea at your very door; because yachtsmen say there's no sailing so good as that on the Bras d'Or; because the water of this lake is as perfect to swim in as it is to sail on; and because, though the lake is salt, it never shows sand flats; you can't have sand flats where you have only five inches of tide!

These are only a few of the reasons why everyone who comes to Baddeck once, comes again. For one thing: the drives, along the shore of the lake, or back into the mountains, are superb, and the walks to be taken are as wonderful, though everyone takes the drives first; and, since these are quite inexhaustible, walking is less popular than driving.

The mountains and the deep forests are within easy striking distance. The spruces are everywhere, and the spruce is the most beautiful tree that the Lord Almighty ever made. Every ridge and mountain chain is clad with it, covered with it, apparently almost suffocated with it, and every tree seemingly made-over new just before you saw it, to evoke your admiration. Fresh armies of these lovely trees greet you at every turn of the road, some millions full-grown; others only lusty youngsters, still others just a foot or even a few inches up through the the vigorous turf, but all smiling and happy and serene.

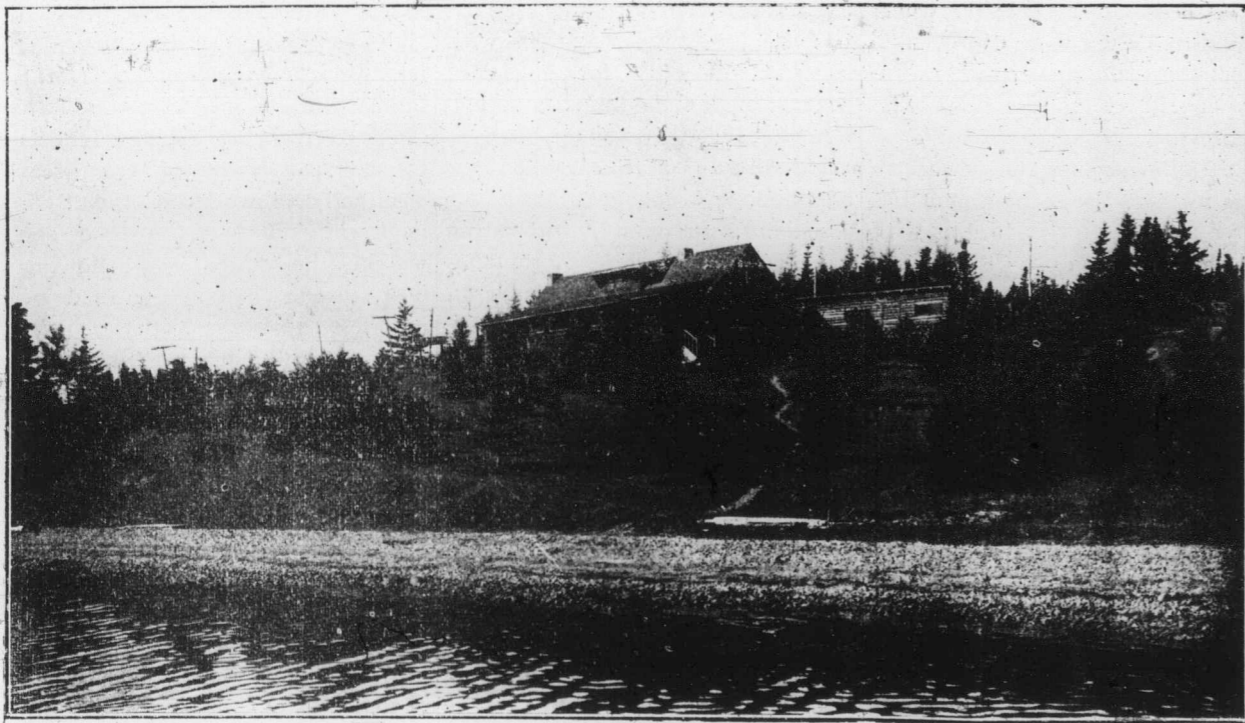
The serenity of this land is one of its chiefest charms; it is both infectious and contagious; it reaches everyone. It's in the air here. I know a man who, when in the city he spends his winters in, is known as a hustler and a mighty shrewd businessman, yet here tells with frank satisfaction what a good time he has in his own yard with — a shovel. In the city, if you spoke to him about a shovel, he'd know you were crazy.

I say the serenity of this land gets into every tourist, as it has already entered every resident: the little town and its allies, the lake, the mountains, and the forests, are satisfying. They do for their guests what the words of Sargeant Snubbin or Major Buzfuz — "I never can remember which, but it's in 'Pickwick' — did for that jury." put them on the very best possible terms with themselves.

Thank Heaven, there's no city near Baddeck. The nearest one is very nice and all right, and thirty two or more miles away. As a result, Baddeck is not overrun by those things which, according to Julius Caesar, "tend to effminate the mind." I mean that you can do as you like and wear what you like, in this part of the world: there is a good deal of grandeur here, but it is all Natural instead of tailor-made. If you want to be formal, everyone will gratify you. If you don't want to be, no one will insist on it. Baddeck is essentially not a smart summer-place.

You can stay up as late as you like; but every particle of noise goes to bed at nine o'clock every night. The man or the woman, who can achieve insomnia here deserves a prize. After nine, the only sounds are occasional Gaelic songs, the croak of a heron, flying lazily, low over the water; and the tinkle of a cow-bell among the spruces. You have gone to bed asking yourself if what you saw, of sea and sky and mountain, at sun-set, can be matched by what the morning will disclose. And the morning answers you that a Baddeck morning can match even a Baddeck sun-set: the water is still marvellously clear and luridly blue; Shunacadie is smiling over at you. A little church, which you had not noticed before, stands out white as snow. It looks just over there. It is just over there; but nine miles of water glisten between you and that little church which seems so near—the fault of the atmosphere.

And over-night, you have turned from a tourist into a summer-resident. You already look ahead to next summer here. Baddeck has become your summer Home.



One of the many Summer Cottages in Baddeck.

The TELEGRAPH HOUSE

Situated on the Bras d'Or Lake.
Established since 1858.

THE BEST KNOWN HOTEL ON
THE ISLAND OF CAPE BRETON

Made famous by Charles Dudley Warner in his book on "Baddeck and That Sort of Thing."

Has been built on to and has an annex in connection with the Hotel.

Has been patronized by some of the most distinguished men of Canada and the United States.

Has bath and all necessary arrangements to add to the comfort of the guests.

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ROW BOATS for hire by the hour, day or season.
SAILING PARTIES taken to all parts of the Lakes in a safe Yacht, handled by an Experienced Sailor.
SAIL OVER THE BRAS D'OR with a man who has sailed out of every port from Antwerp to Hong Kong, and from San Francisco to Durban.

CAPT. GEO. McKAY,
BADDECK, C. B.

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WE SELL NEARLY EVERYTHING
AND CATER SPECIALLY TO
THE TRAVELLER AND TOURIST

F. M. MacRAE The White Store
NEAR THE HOTELS

MIDDLE RIVER Its Accommodations, Its Beauty, Its Sport

By REV. ALLISTER MURRAY, B. D.

Stepping off the train at Iona about a minute's walk will land the tourist on board the S. S. Blue Hill and under the safe and genial care of "Captain Dan" MacRae, a stalwart and worthy scion of the once famous Clan MacRae of Kintail, and possibly a descendant of "Dunnachadh mor na Tuaighe, abha inneil san Fhine blo la Blax na Baire"—"Big Duncan of the Axe ever famous in the Clan for valour since the day of the Battle of the Park." However about an hour's delightful sail across one of the most charming of inland salt water lakes in the world—The Little Bras d'Or—will land you in the picturesque town of Baddeck, the Brighton of Cape Breton, beautifully situated on the gentle slopes of the western shore of the Lake.

Hiring a team from either of the two comfortable hotels of Baddeck,—The Telegraph House and the Bras d'Or House—across Hunter's Mountain, in about two hours you find yourself at the Riverside Inn, Middle River, where at most reasonable charges the creature comforts of all travellers are amply attended to by Miss MacDonald, the gracious and efficient Proprietrix of the place. Riverside Inn can accommodate a goodly number at a time and supplies livery to meet passengers at the boats, or for pleasure, or for sight-seeing around.

At this restful and shaded spot on the immediate banks of the River, above a fine fishing pool "tired nature" can find a "sweet restorer" and hold fellowship with the holy quiet which everywhere reigns around it. By the public highway over Hunters Mountain the traveller dips into this romantic Valley about its centre, and strikes the River about six miles

above its mouth. Here you find yourself in one of the most charming and beautiful valleys,—especially in its upper reaches,—to be found anywhere in this broad Dominion. Below the gold diggings of Gold Brook you are not oppressed or hemmed in by frowning mountains sharply ascending. Instead you find yourself in a broad roomy fertile valley, of fat intervals, of large comfortable looking farm houses and steadings with the flat topped mountains not too distant keeping their everlasting vigil all round, with a canyon or gorge here and there through which the melted snows and rain "freshets" in mountain torrents rushes and gurgles. Through these ravines also the pleasure seeker can climb to survey the country and the Atlantic far and near.

The sport of these parts include from the wild duck and the partridge to the Cariboo and the Black Bear, but that which charms most of our numerous visitors, is angling the silver salmon and the wily trout for both of which Middle River is justly famous. Go where you like on this cool crystal like river or the numerous brooks that feed it and you are sure of a goodly basket—June, July, August or September. One can scarcely imagine a more glorious outing than a week or so of camping, fishing and hunting among the upper reaches of the River. Schools of the speckled breed chased by the angler, or responsive to the instincts of their kind make for the upper waters until the pools below the falls team with them, as well as the different branches from the barrens behind which forms the source of Wagamatcook—meaning Clear Water—the Indian and original name for Middle River.

"RIVERSIDE INN," Middle River, C. B.

"RIVERSIDE INN," the home of the Summer Tourist in the beautiful Middle River Valley

Bathing and Fishing Pools on the grounds.
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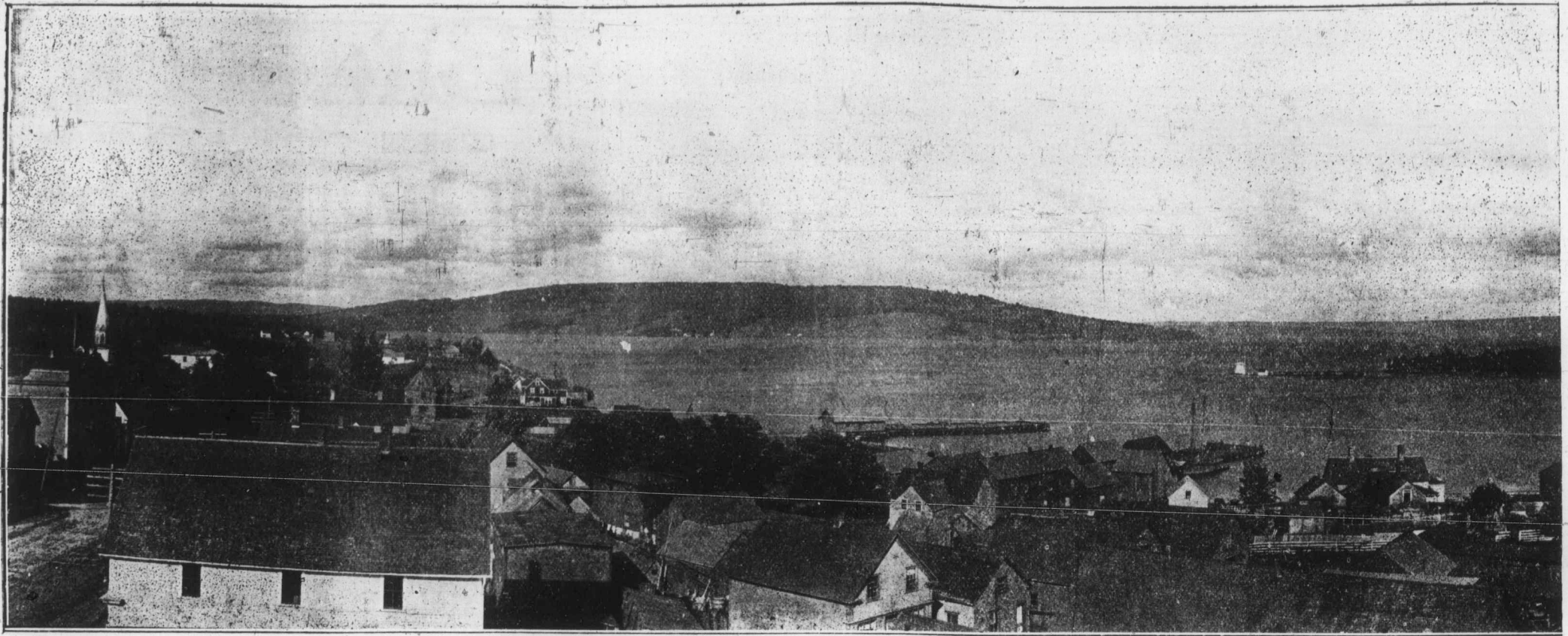
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Alexander Anderson, Prop., Baddeck C. B.



PANORAMIC VIEW OF BADDECK AND HARBOR,

BADDECK

By EDITH F. MACRAE, B. A.

The brilliant and fearless Jonathan Swift, in writing his conclusion to "Gulliver's Travels," severely censures those writers who, in order to please their readers, give fanciful descriptions of places seen by them in their travels, deceiving us often by the grossest falsehoods. In his own inimitable style he continues to urge the enforcing of a law compelling each writer of travel to take an oath before the Lord High Chancellor testifying to the truth of all his descriptions, at the same time picturing his own disappointment in beholding with disenchanted eyes scenes thus overdrawn. Impossible to read such a chapter unmoved! We therefore naturally resolved that hereafter we must either entirely avoid descriptive articles or endeavour "strictly to adhere to the truth" in that line. Imagine then our pleasure in having before us a subject incapable of exaggeration; one which, while calling for neither genius nor learning, admits of any amount of righteous enthusiasm without a single swerve from veracity.

We are told there is nothing new under the sun: This is the year nineteen hundred and fifteen yet it is just the same worship of beauty in nature that as we gaze over Baddeck and the scene before us incites us to cry with Spencer, that voice from the fourteenth century.

"I chauce to come
Into a place whose pleasure did appere

To passe all others on the earth which were;
For all that ever was by natures skill

Devised to worke delight was gathered there,
And there by her were poured forth at fill"

As if, this to adore she all the rest did fill.

Indeed I would go further; were I to embody in one all the songs of Browning, Wordsworth, Byron, Montgomery, Scott, and others it were a poem all too small to offer this "Land of beauty, virtue, valour and truth." My eyes have explored many scenes, some intoxicatingly lovely, yet the magnet still trembles and turns to this

one spot—Baddeck. In natural scenery there are just as innumerable and varied types as among men, beauty in both being oft-times distributed with apparent partiality.

Away to the poles there seems so little in nature apart from the ice scenes offering us the cold beauty of death.

Again in the torrid regions we are enervated and stifled by the too luxuriant vividness, or blinded by hot desert sands. But here, we find our happy medium our hearts desire, the temperate in wind and wave the ideal on land and sea. How then can one follow this lode-star? Where must we hie? Show us, we pray thee, the way that we may judge concerning it.

Far off among Asiatic Hills lies a city, the women of which follow a peculiar custom, unique, even

"Iona." There a pretty little two funneled steamer lies like a white sea-gull waiting to carry mail or men to Baddeck. Baddeck! Yes! We have surely heard of Charles Dudley Warner's Book, "Baddeck and That Sort of Thing," but a sweeping, though hurried survey fails to locate anything like a village, or town. On we go over the great bridge to Grand Narrows, and, creeping along to Shenacadie, we have our peep through the hood that covers our lovely village. There, far away, ten miles over the sparkling waters of the blue Bras d'Or lake, "Washabuck Point" and "Beinn Bhreagh" (the sides of the hood) we discern what our eyes have sought.

Nestled like a shy bird, on the lakeside, hidden behind a beautiful island, almost the length of the village and separated from it by a narrow channel, we find Baddeck, the summer Paradise, where the Lotus-Eaters once dwelt, and where the calming, peaceful influence still remains for those who seek rest.

But following out our figure a little further, the enchantment lies not so much with this bird as with her wonderful nest. Stretching out before her lies a portion of

them whither they will. Here and there the indispensable motor boats like swift messengers run hither and thither their chug-chugging the only disturbers of the almost perfect stillness; groups of bathers are splashing about, or sunning themselves on the island beach. Even in times of storm angry billows are seldom seen in this part of the inland sea, its waters less salt than the ocean, the joy of boaters and bathers.

Down to the left runs a long quiet bay the shores of which are dotted with summer homes of wealthy and distinguished Americans, who find there the health of body and rest of mind they perhaps failed to find elsewhere. On the opposite side of the bay lies "Beinn Bhreagh" which is the gaelic translation for "Beautiful Mountain." This is really a peninsula jutting out into the lake. It is much more than its name indicates; it is an estate, teeming with interest, not only for lovers of beauty; but for men of science and letters. It is the summer home of the distinguished inventor of the telephone now engaged, with his associates, in many, interesting experiments. Here Aeroplanes and Hydroplanes have been constructed and experimented with, while rising eighty feet against the sky line from the top of the mountain a wonderful Tetrahedral Tower testifies to the great inventor's genius.

Visited by men of note from all over the world Beautiful Mountain stands peacefully bearing its treasures of nature and science.

Peeping from behind Beinn Bhreagh comes the pointed head of Boulardarie Island, which, stretching twenty five miles down the Bras d'Or forms a lovely channel on each side through which steamers run to the Sydneys.

Beyond and facing us lies Shenacadie where the railway runs, and from which we had our first view of Baddeck. Round the circle a bit farther and we come to Washabuck with its beautiful little coves and wooded islands and further up its river all most enticing beauty-spot for pic-nickers, and accessible by steamer, motor boat or sail boat. Then yonder to the right as far as eye can reach runs another shining Arm of Gold, on it goes twenty or thirty miles, past Nyanza and Little Narrows, to Whyccomac in beauty and fame only second to Baddeck.

But we must turn to the other portion of this wonderful nest, and find we have only half-exhausted the charm. The surroundings of

Baddeck on land are quite as enchanting though in a different way. Follow which path we will, to right or left even the hills or down the dales we find joys unimaginable. Here Baddeck River with its beautiful fourteen mile drive picturesque beyond description, and full of interest to the sportsman: ranges of thickly wooded mountains thousands of acres of moss carpeted forest hiding in their glens lovely little falls of water, quantities of wild fruit in season and perhaps here and there a bear or a fox, (perhaps only in tradition for they are seldom seen) and all around in every direction lie rolling meadows and thriving farms. Down past the Bay we can drive to the White Plaster cliffs, on to the Quarries, and yet farther to Englishtown. In fact pages of writing, or months of holiday, would fail to exhaust the resources of Baddeck. Yet quietly and unassuming she sits year after year peeping from over the hills at the busy world beyond.

Far over yonder the sky reflects for her the lights of the great steel and coal works at the Sydneys while out over the lake she watches the trains go bellowing past, in the distance a shadowy noiseless snake. Yet the little white sea gull steamer links her with this vast outside, twice daily she brings the mail, freight, and passengers. But let us look for a moment at the village itself.

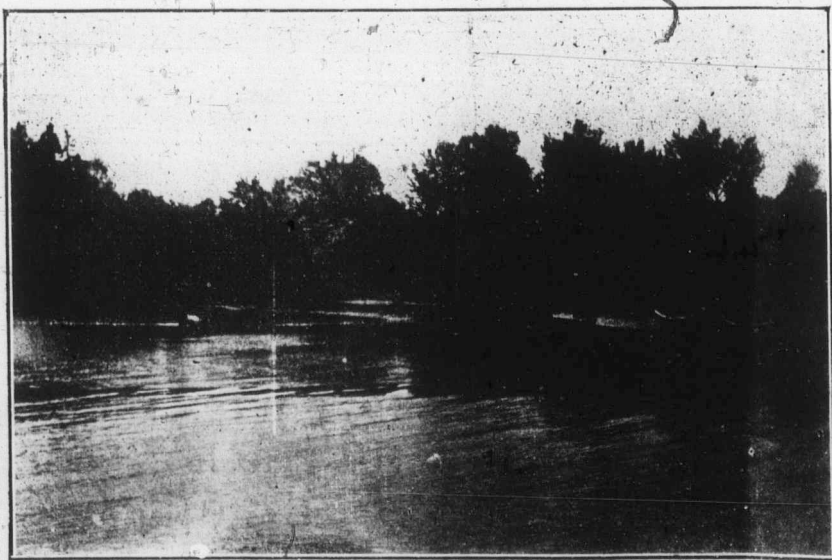
Amidst all this beauty about one thousand of people have made their homes, about eight hundred perhaps in town and two hundred on the surrounding farms. Thrifty healthy joyous people, mostly of Scotch descent, with well built comfortable houses not many luxuries, perhaps, but full of happy ambitions: None with great wealth yet none in absolute poverty.

Living in contact with such rare natural beauty they with one heart and mind worship its Creator.

Unto Thee, O God, do we give thanks

Unto Thee do we give thanks: For that thy name is near Thy wondrous works declare."

Four churches, then, we see Roman Catholic, Episcopal, Presbyterian and Methodist. Here too a Masonic Brotherhood flourishes, and a small Temple adorns one of the hill sides. Two comfortable unassuming hotels we find. While they neither attempt nor promise the luxuries of city hotels, the kind hearted proprietors endeavour rather to offer the hospitality of a home, giving with the

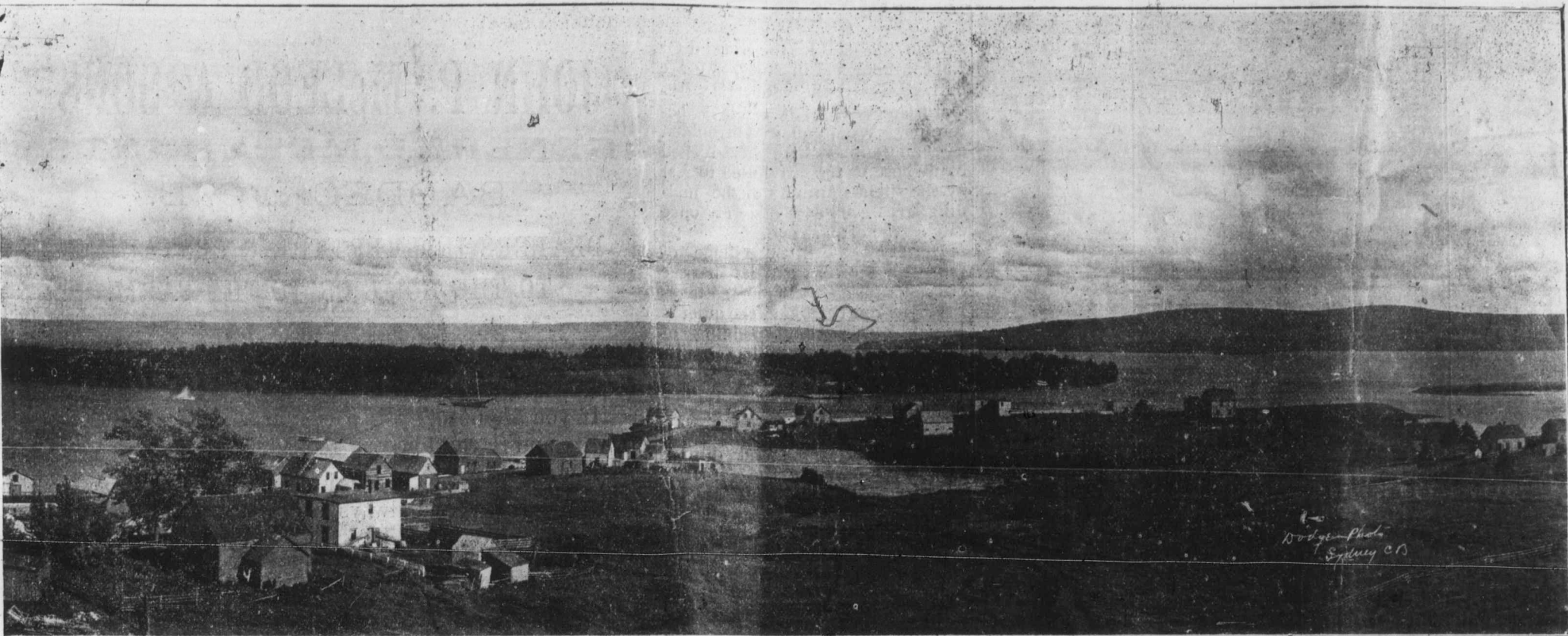


AN IDEAL SPOT FOR PICNICS NEAR BADDECK

in that strange land. I refer to an immense folded hood extending far out over the face completely hiding each lovely countenance, a shadowy glimpse being obtainable only by peeping directly in through the opening. Baddeck, in its relation to the railway, constantly reminds us of that glimpse. Running along on the Intercolonial Railway from Halifax or Truro to Sydney, Cape Breton, just as the sun begins to sink in the West, we pass a small uninteresting station known on the time-table as

that incomparable Inland Sea, Our "Arm of Gold," Our wonderful Bras d'Or Lake. Its blue waters are calm now serving as a mirror to reflect the soft undulating wooded hills, some almost mountains, curving down to the water's edge or the lovely little islands scattered like oases in a desert.

The dip of oars here and there breaks the glassy surface. Yachts and sail-boats, their white wings drooping lazily await the afternoon breeze sure to come and carry



SHOWING BEINN BHREAGH. (Taken from the top of The White Store.)

best at their disposal, a kindly interest, sparing neither time nor trouble in planning for the pleasure and comfort of their guests. Several up-to-date general stores keep people supplied with all they need of the best of food, and from the finest to the cheapest of clothing as well as all the ordinary fishing and photographic supplies. No articles of general service need be ordered elsewhere. Agencies for all sorts of machines, farming implements and musical instruments are well established. Then too real genuine ice-cream, many varieties of fruit and other

problems of finance, a branch too of the Nova Scotia Telephone and Western Union Telegraph company's line, and a Rural Telephone to the farms help to make life easier. A picturesque stone Post office and Custom House presided over by obliging officials, a well-built court house where the County Court sits, and where Probate Judge and Prothonotary are found every day and all day, a fine little Yacht Club building well furnished and cosy, almost completes the list of public buildings. But I have saved, shall I dare

for mention that go to prove undeniably this interest. But now we must close lest we weary our readers. Forgive we pray you if, in days to come, if, like Dean Swift, you find in our Paradise naught but bitter disappointment. The moments are rushing by to the day when we must leave it all for a far off Oriental City and whether it be in the hush of night when all is "mellowed and mingling" in the star-lit dusk, or coldly clear in the calm moonlight or when "O'er nights brim day boils at last Boils pure gold o'er the cloud cups brim"

And overflows o'er all this beauty it is alike undescribably lovely and precious to us for its being in this land." And as it has been in the past so must it ever be in the future. Memory will "..... Catch the poets flame And with a rapture like his own exclaim, These are Thy glorious works, Thou source of good; How dimly seen, how faintly understood! The power divine and bounty beyond thought, Adored and praised in all that Thou hast wrought Absorbed in that immensity I see (I shrink abased and yet aspire) to Thee.

FLYING MACHINES

In connection with the photo shown on this page of the Baddeck No. 2 with J. A. D. McCurdy on board it is interesting to note that this machine was the first heavier than air flying machine built and flown in Canada and at the time it was constructed (August 1909) it was the largest machine of its kind in the world. It was constructed at Beinn Bhreagh the estate of Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, near Baddeck, and is here shown approaching town on one of its many successful flights over the beautiful Bras d'Or Lakes.

Dr. Bell for some years past has been experimenting with hydro-surfaces and in his laboratories under the direction of Mr. F. W. Baldwin has been constructed a boat which fitted with these appliances, under power rises out of the water and skims along the surface at the almost incredible speed of 60 miles an hour.

At present Dr. Bell is engaged in experiments leading to the application of these same principles to sailing craft.

Baddeck Public Library

J. B. TAYLOR, LIBRARIAN

On the main street of Baddeck, and only a few yards from the hotels, stands Gertrude Hall—the home of the Baddeck Free Public Library. Gertrude Hall belongs to Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell, and has been placed at the disposal of the Library Trustees by her. Let us go in and look around. We find a bright attractive room, lined with bookshelves, well filled, for the one hundred and forty one volumes which constituted the Library when it was opened in 1891, has increased to over three thousand.

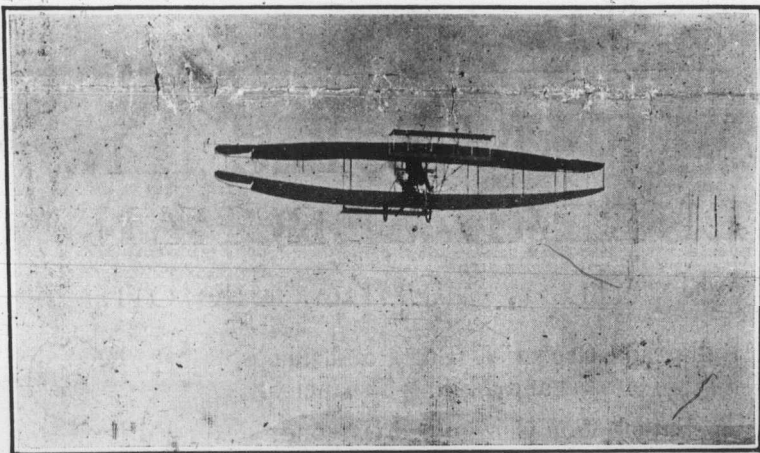
To the left hold fiction arranged alphabetically by authors. Would you like something old or new? Here side by side we have Blackmore's "Lorna Doone" and Florence Barclay's "The Wall of Partition"—Charles Dickens's "Pickwick Papers" and Margaret Deland's "The Hands of Esau"—Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables" and Henry Sydnor Harrison's "V. V's Eyes," Sam Slick's "The Old Judge" and Hopkinson Smith's "Peter"—surely something to suit every reader.

To the right is the General Collection, classified under the following heads—"History," "Biography," "Travel," "Literature," "Fine Arts," "Useful Arts," "Natural Science," "Philology," "Sociology," "Religion" and "Philosophy."

At the other end of the Hall is the "Study Corner" where the books of reference are kept. Here we find the Encyclopaedia Britannica," Chamber's Encyclopaedia," Warner's "Library of the World's Best Literature" Dictionaries &c., and opposite these, the bookcase containing the "Hubbard Collection"—standard works on subjects. The fund to buy books was given to the Library by Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell; a memory of her husband; and purchased by George Kennan.

More than any other tables strewn with greatly interested during the development of Victoria Room. This and emotions of commiseration by the generosity of the citizens. The idea of a free Public Library for Baddeck originated with Mr. George Kennan, and it was with the proceeds of a lecture by him that the first books were bought. Since that time the efforts of the citizens have been seconded by our visitors. A number of distinguished men have helped the finances of the Library by giving lectures: Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, the late Major, J. W. Powell of Washington, Mr. George Kennan, the late Mr. E. J. Glave of New York, Dr. Grosvenor, Mr. Ellsworth, Dr. Macoun of Ottawa, Rev. Mr. Bullock and others. In this way and by entertainments and voluntary contributions money has been secured to buy books.

To citizens the Library is free. Visitors are asked a nominal fee of 25 cents a week, or \$1.00 for the summer season.



J. A. D. McCurdy in the "Baddeck No. 2," Flying over Bras d'Or Lakes.

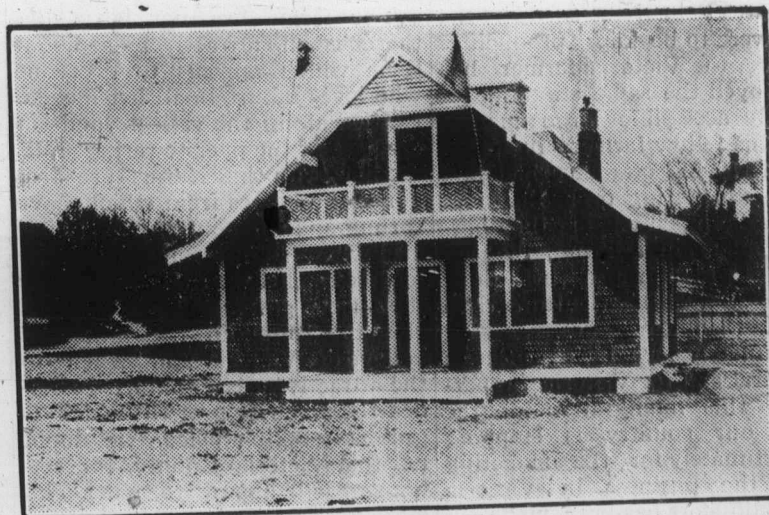
luxuries of the palate are provided by enterprising confectioners who wisely prefer to give more attention to the purity and quality of their confections than to the building of showy parlours. Imitation food in rich surroundings is not the way in Baddeck.

An obliging young photographer is ready to take or make snap-shots, tailors and dressmakers are here to make up the latest fashions, up-to-date barbers, shave and clip and shampoo, blacksmiths ply their invaluable trade, a flourishing local paper publishes the latest news, and all this just as in other towns beyond; but, mark you well, the sturdy people of Baddeck offer no inducement to the apothecary, the clever doctors dispensing their own drugs, for even here there must once in a while be an occasional accident or a stray germ perhaps loses his way and enters by mistake; but tonics and cosmetics nerve-foods, and muscle builders live in the pure air. A creamery makes the sweetest of butter, a flourishing lumber enterprise brings in money, and favors innumerable from its obliging promoters a Branch of the Royal Bank of Canada with its good manager and staff solves the

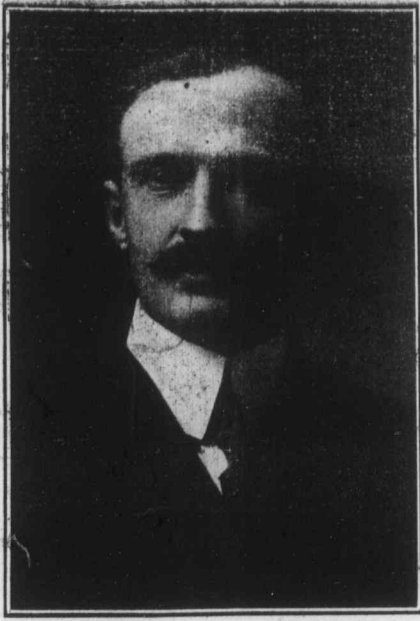
say, the best for the last: my roundest, hardest shot for the closing fire.

The really high literary tastes and well cultivated minds of the people of Baddeck (and in this I may not be contradicted) is shown by the fact that a Women's Literary Club has lived an uninterrupted life in their midst for almost twenty-five years. Moreover Baddeck boasts the finest Public Library in the Province, with the single exception of the Legislative Library in Halifax. Its origin, history, and description must form another article, but just here I cannot refrain from remarking in this particular connection, how deeply grateful and appreciative the people of Baddeck must be for the more than kindly interest, I will say further, the absolutely unselfish devotion, to their interests of the American summer residents. Here in search of much-needed quiet rest they are still ever ready to unite with and sometimes lead in whatever is of public or even personal interest to Baddeck and her people. Lectures they have given worthy of a crowded Lyceum: Gifts of money and books to Library and Patriotic Funds. Indeed the instances are too numerous

HOME OF THE BRAS D'OR YACHT CLUB



Above is shown the home of the now famous Bras d'Or Yacht Club, which has made Baddeck the centre of yachting activities in Cape Breton Island.



Agriculture in Victoria County

By M. CUMMING, B. A., B. S. A.

Secretary of Agriculture for Nova Scotia

To the Agriculturist Victoria is a very attractive County. Much of the land is too stony to cultivate, but along the sea shore and up the river valleys are farms unsurpassed in natural fertility anywhere in the Province. The rougher and more hilly part of the County towards the East is for the most part of an even older formation than that which occupies the Southern Shore of the mainland of Nova Scotia. The soil there is thin, but wherever any deep pockets have accumulated it is fertile. The Western half of the county along the Bras d'Or Lakes is of carboniferous formation over lying for the most part its of gypsum and lime stone, where, ever found, adapted to the highest type of agriculture, being generally better than Swift, in which the growth of clover is so remarkable to the westward. The brilliant cereals and writers who, in the East, at Ingogre, give the East, at Ingogre, places seen in St. Lawrence, deceivingly, this is the same, the best falsehoods, which is found in the most fertile soil, and one of the enforcing of the statement in oath better than in any other place.

Despite the statement based upon the prevailing geological formation one cannot deny the fact that while there are to be seen in the vicinity of Baddeck, as fine fields of clover and oats and turnips and potatoes as are to be seen any where in Nova Scotia, yet there are also to be seen too many fields the production of which falls short of even the average of the whole province. The reason is not far to see.

When well tilled, the farms of Victoria yield large crops and when poorly tilled, as it is the case in any other part of the world, the production is correspondingly low. No one is more ready to admit that his lands have not been as well cultivated as they might have been than the Victoria farmer himself. And he has some good reasons to give. The natural depopulation which, for the past half century, had drained much of the best blood of Nova Scotia first into Massachusetts and later into the Canadian West has been the means of robbing Victoria of many of its young men whose services were badly needed if the farms were to be kept producing. Moreover the Victoria farmer has not enjoyed the same stimulus of an easily accessible large market which his fellow farmers in other parts of Nova Scotia have had and there is no getting over the fact that marketing is one of the biggest problems in farming, the solution of which has always done more to stimulate agriculture than any other single measure.

Fortunately for all Nova Scotia in general and for Victoria in particular this immigration of the sons of our country is stopping and fortunately for the marketing end of the business in Victoria a splendid start has been made in the creamery, which was so successfully operated in the county during 1914.

A Nova Scotia creamery is not merely a factory where so much butter is manufactured. Rather it is the centre and the motive for better cash markets, better cows, bigger crops and with all better

farming. The history of such creameries along these lines is already written large in Scotsburn and other centres of main land. Not many years need pass until similar history will be made by the farmers who, taking advantage of the opportunity offered by this creamery and the progressive measures growing from it, will develop their farms to an extent undreamed of by past generations. The Creamery at Baddeck commenced operation in the middle of June last and by the end of October it manufactured some 17,000 lbs. of butter which is more than was made at Scotsburn after that now famous creamery had been operating six years. It will take a few years to improve the cows and to develop the farms but, when these few years have passed by, it is our belief that the Victoria County farmers need take second place to none in the character of their farming and the prosperous condition of their homes.

Victoria is best adapted to general farming with some specialization in dairying or sheep raising. Where the lands are well drained crops of clover and oats, and of oats and turnips be which cannot be surpassed in any part of Nova Scotia. As dairying develops farms upon which the foregoing crops will be most largely raised will be gradually improved. Here and there opportunity will be afforded for the growing of vegetables, small fruits of all kinds and to a lesser extent apples. One has only to spend a few hours on the attractive grounds at Beinn Bhreagh or even on ocean swept Middle Head at Ingogre to see what rare and tender shrubs can be grown in this part of Nova Scotia and it must be remembered that these estates are much more exposed to the winds and storms than are most of the lands of the County. On the lower lying area frosts are somewhat inimical to tender fruits but on the higher well drained lands there is no doubt that many fruits can be successfully grown. In fact, the conditions are such that almost every type of farming which can be practiced on the mainland of Nova Scotia can be practiced in Victoria and the time will come when development along the lines suggested will lead to just as large returns from the farms as can be derived in any other part of the Province.

The farms are not large but there is an attractiveness about them which appeals to everyone who loves nature in all her moods. Nestled along the valleys and at the base of the over towering hills the homes on these farms are real homes—homes from which have sprung and will continue to spring men whose abilities and influence for good will be felt where ever they may go. You always feel close to nature mid the hills and valleys of Victoria and when to the attractiveness of nature is added the material growth which is gradually taking place, we doubt not that Victoria County for settlement will appeal to many and more especially to those who are looking for homes where nearness to nature and healthful surroundings everywhere will give opportunity of rearing their families under those conditions which will always make the farm the conservator of all that which is highest and best in our Country's life.

M. Cumming.

Nyanza

Established 1874

Coursing along the Bras d'Or Lakes, renowned in story, we are entranced with the wonderful vistas Nature's generous hand lays before us. We go on in untroubled ease and enter a little land-locked bay whose waters are lulled to rest by the silent murmurs of the nodding trees. The scene at once catches the artistic eye.

Here lies the little village of the "Red Man" with its barrier of mountains. Small cottages rise here and there and the quiet is only broken by the rumbling of the mill and the rushing of its waters.

Beautiful little islets are scattered out the bay inviting the seclusion so dear to the poetical mind. Here is not the toil and din of the city, here is not the roar of the mighty Atlantic but "secluded and still the little village lies in the peaceful valley."

Nyanza boasts of four stores and vies with the metropolis of the county in commerce. It trades with the surrounding villages and towns in lumber and country produce and generally is a modern, up-to-date little village.

This village is particularly noteworthy being the home of the "Indian." Here they live in all their native simplicity without that pollution common to the assimilation of a new order of things. The types of native dwellings vary from the Algonquin wigwam to the modern cottage there being no traces of the fine-storied pueblo.

These Indians are not entirely ignorant of the "humanities." Their little school is a scene of research and deep study.

In the fabrication of domestic implements, weapons, ornaments, ceremonial objects and in the making of pottery and baskets they show remarkable ingenuity of design and infinite patience of execution often taking precedence of their white brothers in both.

But Nyanza is not only of interest to the Ethnologist and Artist it also has its fascination for the farmer, the sportsman and the tourist. In summer and autumn the mountain valleys are brooded by the remaining green of the season, the shot tells the access of some sportsman, and the rivers give forth their flecked beauties. Indeed it is an ideal spot for every type of man. Here too the poet and philosopher have ample means for ideal expression and reflection.

Naught disturbs the even tenor of its ways save in the winter when the hearts of all are filled with enthusiasm at the most exciting of sports—horse-racing.

Thus we have described what is seemingly an ideal spot. Are there possibilities in store for this little village? Will it live out its existence in its accustomed groove? The hand of prosperity seems to thwart this hope—a hope for it is a delight to wander up and down its peaceful waters.

As in a cloud Translucent, solid firm and polished bright Like adamant which the sun's rays have smite."

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FISHING

Fishing in Victoria County

By E. G. MACASKILL.

When a pleasure trip is being planned by anyone, many things have to be considered, such as "Where shall I go? Where is the best scenery? Where will I have quiet combined with out of door pleasures, boating, driving, shooting and fishing?" To all these queries Baddeck, Cape Breton Island, is a sufficient answer.

A great deal has been written about trout fishing on our many rivers, but little or none has appeared about our surf fishing.

From the middle of May to the first of August the trout fishing along the shores of the Bras d'Or Lakes in the vicinity of Baddeck offer excellent sport. You can leave your hotel any morning during this period and fish off the docks or along shore and in a few hours return with a good fare of sea trout.

From the wharves codfish can be hooked and if the fisher is ambitious to go further and like Micawber wait for "something to turn up" a short sail or row will bring him to the "deep hole" from which many large catches, have been taken, and the trip across the lake is well worth taking even

Some two miles from the mouth of the Baddeck is the entrance of Wagamatcook (Micmac for Clear Water) or better known as Middle River. For 15 miles up this stream as it flows through the fertile meadows which stretch on both sides of it, the very best trout fishing opportunity is afforded and an occasional salmon rises also to the fly in some of the particularly large and clear pools of which there are many along its course.

Large numbers of tourists visit this stream every year and those not pressed for time desiring to take advantage of the fishing for longer than one day can get the very best attention and accommodation at the "Riverside Inn" which under the efficient management of Miss Macdonald has acquired a well merited reputation for the excellency of its cuisine.

From the head of this river and extending through to the Margaree valley are a chain of lakes called the Harvard Lakes locally known as Lake O'Law. These lakes nestle in a gorge between high mountains whose grandeur is reflected in their tranquil waters. The drive

daniel's Brook, and Seal pools offer better prospects.

The average Salmon taken in this river is much larger than from any other in the Province. Here too as well as at Middle River one can be provided with excellent accommodation at any of its three hosteries—Mrs. Ross's and the James Ross hotel at the North East and the Chessington House at the Forks. If salmon are not rising to the fly a drive of 10 miles will bring the angler to Lake Ainslie whose waters seem to have an inexhaustible supply of trout. At Trout Brook on the shore of this magnificent sheet of water one finds it difficult to conform with the law which limits the number of fish to be taken in one day. There the home comforts of Mrs. McLean's who for years has kept her house open, has been much enjoyed and appreciated by the travelling public. Along this route a few miles more will bring the traveller to the lovely cosy town of Whycomagh where exceptional good hotel accommodation can be had. If tired of driving one can take the comfortable steamer Marion every other day and a delightful sail of 2 1-2 hours through the Bras d'Or lakes brings us back to Baddeck. So much may be said for the West and South of Baddeck but what of the East and North?

In this section also the sportsman is greeted by excellent water on which to wet the tempting fly.

A short drive of 8 miles and the St. Anns Bay on the Atlantic opens to view. Of late years this has seen the development of a sport nowhere else enjoyed on the Eastern side of the American continent. The name of Mr. J. K. L. Ross and tuna fishing are so closely associated as to be almost synonymous he being the first in Canada to introduce this most exciting sport, and having succeeded in landing after a struggle of 12 hours a record fish weighing 680 pounds. At certain seasons the waters of the bay fairly teem with these denizens of the deep. The difficulty lies not in the scarcity of the fish nor in getting one hooked but in the playing and landing of such a game fighter.

But if one were disposed to suppress the ambition to become eligible for membership in a California Tuna Fishing Club and discard regulation gear many of these fish could be taken.

Entering this bay is North River a trout and salmon stream of great merit both its tidal reaches and pools being the home of large numbers of these game fish so much sought after by the fly fisher. Smith's pool is one of the finest the writer ever fished. In this pool few years ago two well known sportsmen, Mr. Kennan and Mr. Howell had the unique experience one hooking a salmon the other a 4 1-2 sea trout at the same time.

TUNA FISHING



Monster Tuna weighing 680 lbs. landed by J. K. L. Ross at St. Ann's.

Notwithstanding the crossing and tangling of lines and other difficulties known to anglers both fish were landed.

Four miles north is the Barrachois where good catches are taken every year. Two miles more and we are at the Indian Brook which enters the Atlantic. This is famous for its magnificent sea trout and in its tidal pool 4 or 5 pound trout are not the exception. This stream is most interesting as it affords a change from its calm to rapid swirling foaming pools where the fly cannot always be watched and the sudden

more effective than in the past. The government has appointed five special officers, one each for Baddeck, Middle, Margaree, Mira and Clyburn Rivers and it is confidently expected this will materially lessen the number of fish illegally taken and that in consequence the supply for true sport be greatly increased.

True sportsmen do not fish entirely for the killing alone. While not denying the thrill of pleasure in having a salmon take the fly, its runs and leaps and the safe landing, yet great as these are they are not to be compared with other



FRANK J. D. BARNJUM

of Boston, who owns more timberlands than any other man east of the Mississippi River, and who is greatly interested in and highly optimistic of the future development of Victoria County

splash and quick strain on the line alone gives notice that a speckled beauty has fallen a victim to the lure of the fly and the angler's skill. From this river north to Cape Smokey there are many opportunities for surf fishing, the conditions for this being ideal at Briton Cove. Passing over Smokey the Clyburn Brook at Ingonish, the rivers of Cape North district and several streams entering Bay St. Lawrence are of great importance.

The above is a brief resume of the various streams and lakes in the vicinity of Baddeck where a fisherman can exercise his skill. From the nature of this article and the space allotted to it the information must necessarily be limited and the descriptions mere sketchy outlines.

The writer has hesitated to give any personal experiences recounting the many large catches and particularly the "big fellows" which nearly always got away. In order to show that some of the above streams are unusually fertile of results it might not be amiss to briefly state that in reference to trout fishing in Baddeck, Middle and North River that during my experience of 30 years few are the trips that did not result in a fair catch and have never known of an entirely bad season. But for large catches and ideal sport water conditions must be reckoned with. I have fished the Margaree for salmon for sixteen consecutive seasons remaining three or four days each year and have taken from 3 to 10 fish each season, ranging in weight from 7 to 35 lbs., and on one occasion landed 85 lbs., in one morning.

Thanks to the untiring efforts of Mr. Kennan, Secretary of the Victoria Fishery Protective Association, the regulations governing the taking of fish in these waters by any other means than by hook and line in the future will be made

pleasures and emotions of competition searches the innermost heart, appeals to all that is best, and in their own silent language speak good will.

There may be other places where the natural conditions for good fishing are equal to those in the localities which are the subject of this article, but there are few where the roads make the traveling to and from the fishing grounds such a pleasure as they do here. We have much to thank our local government and the progressive road policy of Premier Murray. Not only are the roads to our principal streams such as make traveling by carriage easy and comfortable but are excellent for automobiles as well, so that those owning machines need not hesitate to bring them, as there are no oppressive local regulations. Their use will tend to add to the enjoyment of the fishing and other advantages offered.

The question might have been asked at the beginning "Why do you say Baddeck is the ideal tourist resort?" At least so far as fishing is concerned no argument can be advanced against the proposition. Nor can it in any other respect. Surrounded on all sides by such sporting opportunities, its lakes and bays on which to boat or sail, its splendid scenery, its central location, its pleasant drives, its good hotels and general quiet citizenship all unite to proclaim it first and above all others the ideal tourist's resort.

Already many prominent men have discovered this beautiful spot and appreciative of its charm have built summer homes here. But were it possible for those seeking a place in which to spend a delightful holiday to know this haven of quiet enjoyment this colony would be increased many fold, and numbers would benefit by the advantages which as yet confer few enjoy,

SALMON FISHING



A common sight on the far-famed Margaree

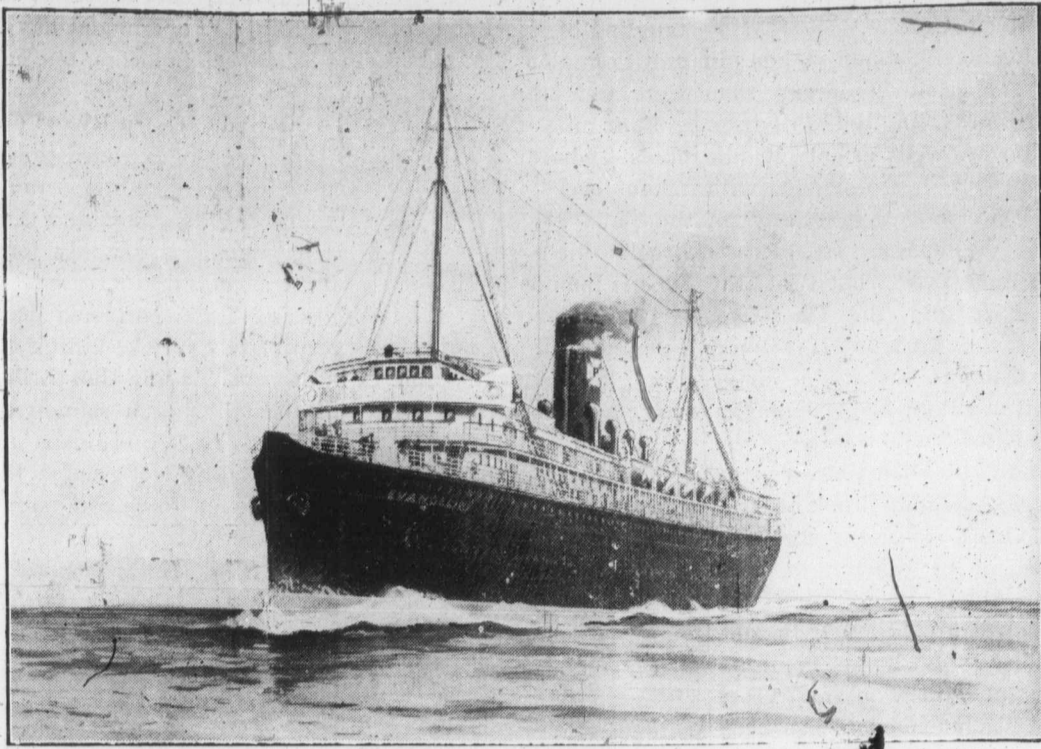
though no fish were secured, which is seldom the case.

Across the lake, which can be reached in half an hour's sail, is Washabuck River a small but good sea trout stream. This river is not so frequently fished as some of our other rivers but few if any who have tried it, have returned with an empty creel.

Leaving Baddeck and driving over shaded excellent roads for about 3 1-2 miles one arrives at Baddeck River. The scene suddenly changes and a beautiful panorama opens to view—the Baddeck river and valley. About the centre of this valley is situated the McKay's pool which for many years has been famous for its trout. It extends for about 200 yards. On one side is a large brush and stone breakwater which affords a good hiding place for fish and on the other a gently sloping beach. The pool is clear of all obstructions and ought to delight the heart of any fly fisherman. Above are many exceptionally good pools. The North Branch and Gillis's brook have yielded the best result of any one day's fishing on this attractive stream. Below, Harris's brook pool and Bentic's tidal pool are the best for early spring and summer. The average trout taken on this river is larger than on any other of our many streams.

along these lakes (5 in number) and the view obtained has been favorably compared with the renowned lake scenery of Switzerland. Nor is it for their beauty alone are they so attractive to travellers. Their waters contain large number of trout and reports come in yearly of the large catches taken. Leaving the last of these lakes the scenery changes rapidly, high precipitous mountains give place to a flat country, closely wooded slopes to barren land and all at once this passes and the Margaree is spread out before one in a misty haze.

Stretching as far as the eye can see, on either side extends the beautiful Margaree valley. Mile upon mile of rolling meadow dotted with graceful elms and hedges with prosperous well kept farm houses situated at the base of the mountains. While through this valley flows the Margaree, a salmon stream famous through the whole breadth of the American Continent. It would be difficult indeed to direct the angler to any particular pool in this river. If water conditions are right for a distance of 15 or 20 miles is one succession of pools in which a sportsman is likely to take a fish. During low water the pools of the lower reaches, Ethridges, Forks, Long, Mac-



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BADDECK, C. B.

An Outing in Cape Breton

Continued from page 2

Arrived at Margaree we stayed at "Widow Ross's" where we were made very comfortable.

The day following our arrival the clouds hung low but only a few drops of rain fell. I did a little fishing but only caught a dozen or so small trout.

That night after supper a heavy thunder and lightning storm set in and soon the rain was coming down in torrents. The next day the Margaree was away up. My wife and I with guide Dunlop fished the Forks Pool, the Long Pool and the Bridge Pool, also the Ethridge Pool where I distinguished myself by falling in.

The next day we left my wife at home and started at the Forks Pool. After about ten minutes Dunlop hooked an eight pound salmon and let me play him. A few minutes later I hooked and landed one a little under twelve pounds. Then we tried the Long Pool but without results, so returned to the Forks.

In the afternoon Dunlop caught an eight pound salmon from the Chisholm side of the Forks Pool which I was fishing from the upper side. I went over to the Chisholm side with Dunlop's gaff and then fished there, landing a four pound and then a twelve pound salmon.

The next day we again fished the Forks Pool, then the Long and Seal Pools and later on the other side of the Long Pool. Just as we were about to give up Dunlop caught an eight pounder. We tried the Forks again but caught nothing.

That afternoon my wife joined us again and we fished the Forks, my wife fishing from the upper side while I crossed over to the lower side of the pool. My better half had not been casting ten minutes when she hooked a salmon between eleven and twelve pounds in weight, which she landed in due course. Dunlop, who has been a guide on the Margaree River for twenty-five years, was delighted and averred that she was the first woman he had ever seen land a salmon. He had seen them hook them but afterwards prove themselves unable to land their prize. We tried that pool for a while and then came back to the Forks where, after casting only a few times, I caught a twelve pounder.

The following day we returned to Baddeck remaining some days at the Telegraph House.

Anyone who wishes a rest and a change of scene should visit Cape Breton where the deliciously balmy air provides one with an excellent appetite and is sure to bring restful sleep after the joys of the out-of-doors.

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