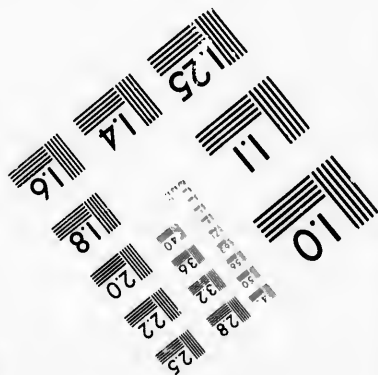
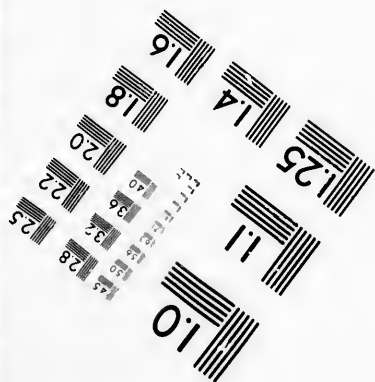
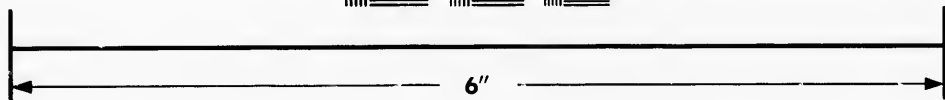
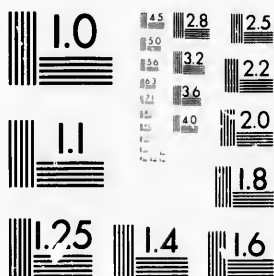


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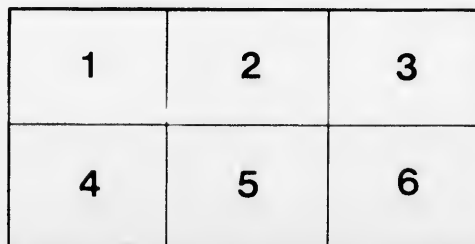
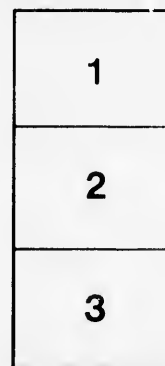
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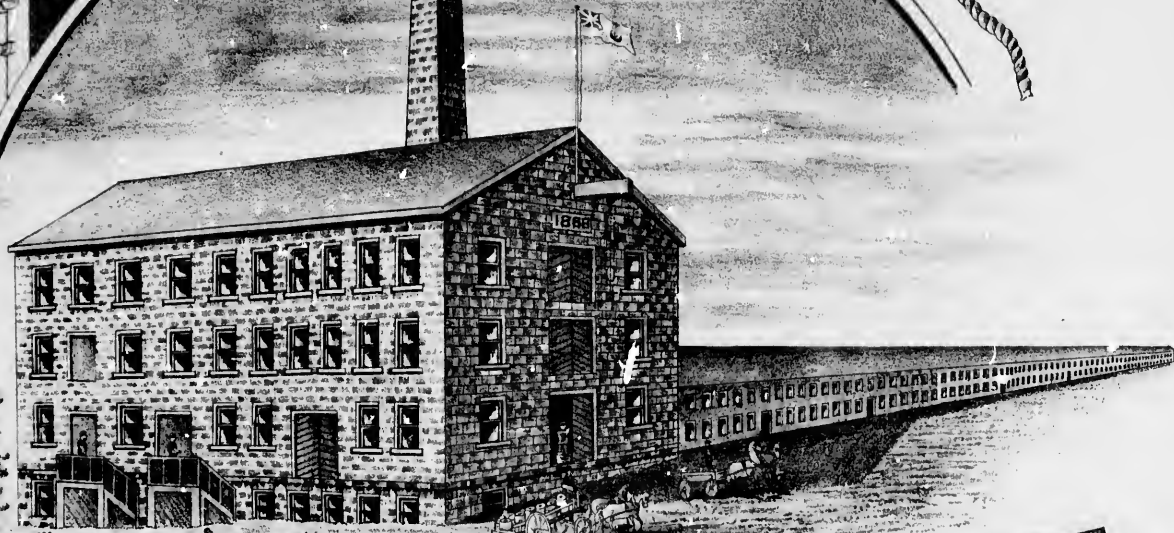
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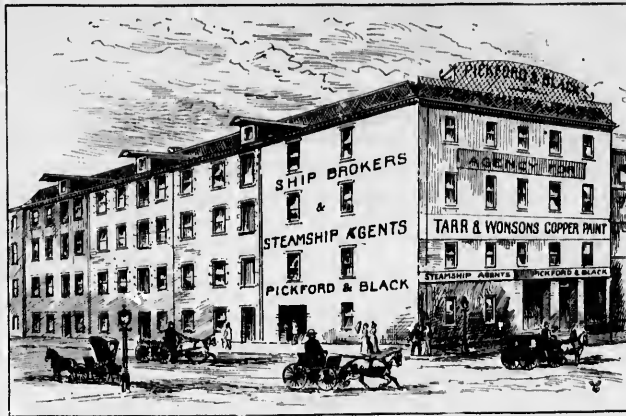
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THE GRAND NARROWS is the "Narrow Strait" referred to in the above extract and no other point on the lake commands the charming and picturesque views which are visible from a mountain 1,000 feet above the sea and within a quarter of a mile of the hotel.

A smooth, sandy beach extending miles each way from the house, water clear and warm, no rise nor fall of tide, affording the most safe and pleasant bathing for children and ladies.

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Leading families from Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, New York, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Quebec, and other parts of the United States and Canada, who patronized this hotel during the season of 1888 have all expressed themselves delighted with the comforts of the house and its charming situation.

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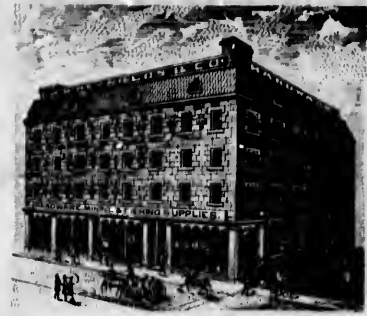
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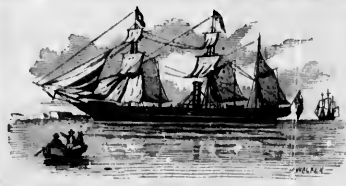
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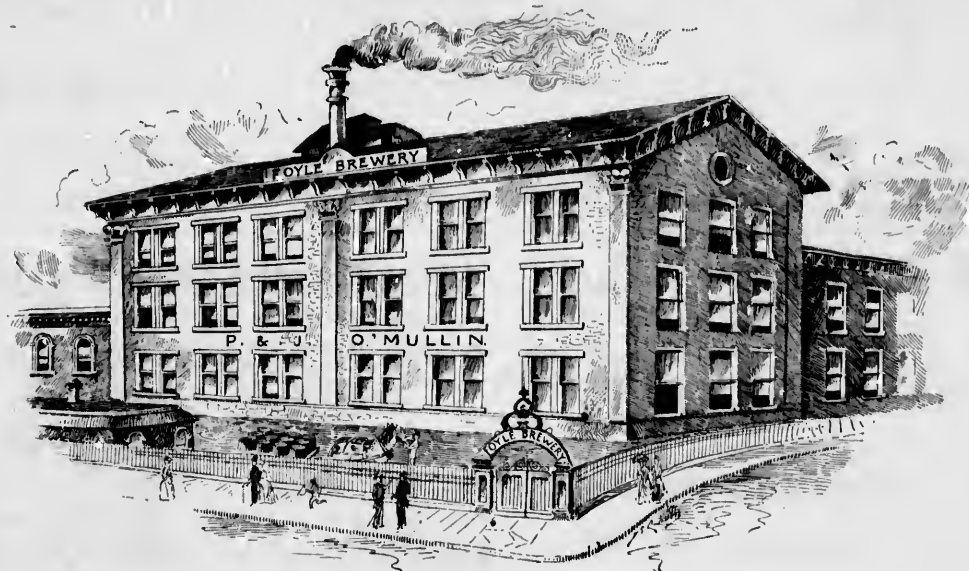
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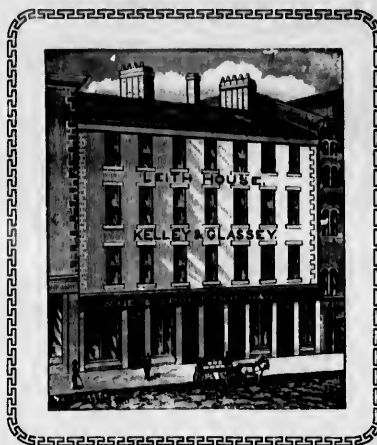
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Of the leading Companies of the world, the Equitable Society has the Largest Surplus, and the highest ratio of Surplus to Liabilities.

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RECORD FOR SIX YEARS OF THE THREE LARGEST LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANIES IN THE WORLD

EQUITABLE.									
YEAR.	OUTSTANDING ASSURANCE.	NEW BUSINESS.	TOTAL INCOME.	PREMIUM INCOME.	SURPLUS, 4 PER CENT.	INCREASE IN ASSETS OVER PREVIOUS YEAR.	PERCENTAGE OF ASSETS TO LIABILITIES.	YEAR.	
1883	\$275,160,588	\$81,129,756	\$13,470,572	\$10,727,548	\$9,115,969	\$5,004,831	121	1883	
1884	309,409,171	84,877,057	15,003,480	12,931,330	10,483,617	5,131,344	122	1884	
1885	357,338,246	96,011,378	16,590,053	13,461,679	13,862,239	3,391,461	126 1/2	1885	
1886	411,779,098	111,540,203	19,873,733	16,272,155	16,355,876	8,957,086	127 1/2	1886	
1887	483,029,562	138,023,105	23,240,849	19,115,775	18,104,255	8,868,432	127 1/2	1887	
1888	549,216,126	153,933,535	26,958,977	22,047,813	20,794,715	10,664,018	128	1888	
MUTUAL.									
YEAR.	OUTSTANDING ASSURANCE.	NEW BUSINESS.	TOTAL INCOME.	PREMIUM INCOME.	SURPLUS, 4 PER CENT.	INCREASE IN ASSETS OVER PREVIOUS YEAR.	PERCENTAGE OF ASSETS TO LIABILITIES.	YEAR.	
1883	\$342,946,032	\$37,820,597	\$18,500,893	\$13,457,928	\$6,702,610	\$3,186,930	107	1883	
1884	351,789,285	34,687,989	19,095,318	13,850,258	6,325,273	2,727,931	106 1/2	1884	
1885	368,952,337	46,548,894	20,214,954	14,768,902	7,420,954	5,032,789	107 1/2	1885	
1886	393,776,174	56,898,214	21,137,177	15,634,721	7,760,834	5,274,995	107 1/2	1886	
1887	427,833,359	69,641,110	23,119,922	17,110,902	6,858,501	4,624,889	107	1887	
1888	482,125,184	103,214,261	26,215,932	19,444,308	7,940,064	7,275,302	106 1/2	1888	
NEW-YORK LIFE.									
YEAR.	OUTSTANDING ASSURANCE.	NEW BUSINESS.	TOTAL INCOME.	PREMIUM INCOME.	SURPLUS, 4 PER CENT.	INCREASE IN ASSETS OVER PREVIOUS YEAR.	PERCENTAGE OF ASSETS TO LIABILITIES.	YEAR.	
1883	\$198,749,043	\$52,735,564	\$13,207,532	\$10,530,940	\$7,496,911	\$4,742,506	115 1/2	1883	
1884	229,382,586	61,484,550	13,832,752	10,959,363	6,960,172	3,740,851	113 1/2	1884	
1885	259,674,500	68,521,452	15,905,141	12,486,848	10,148,091	7,580,567	118	1885	
1886	304,373,540	85,178,294	18,831,758	15,166,468	12,263,902	8,557,132	119 1/2	1886	
1887	358,935,530	106,749,295	21,590,845	17,826,892	12,420,285	7,658,392	117 1/2	1887	
1888	419,886,505	125,019,731	25,401,283	21,127,591	13,500,000	10,400,341	117	1888	

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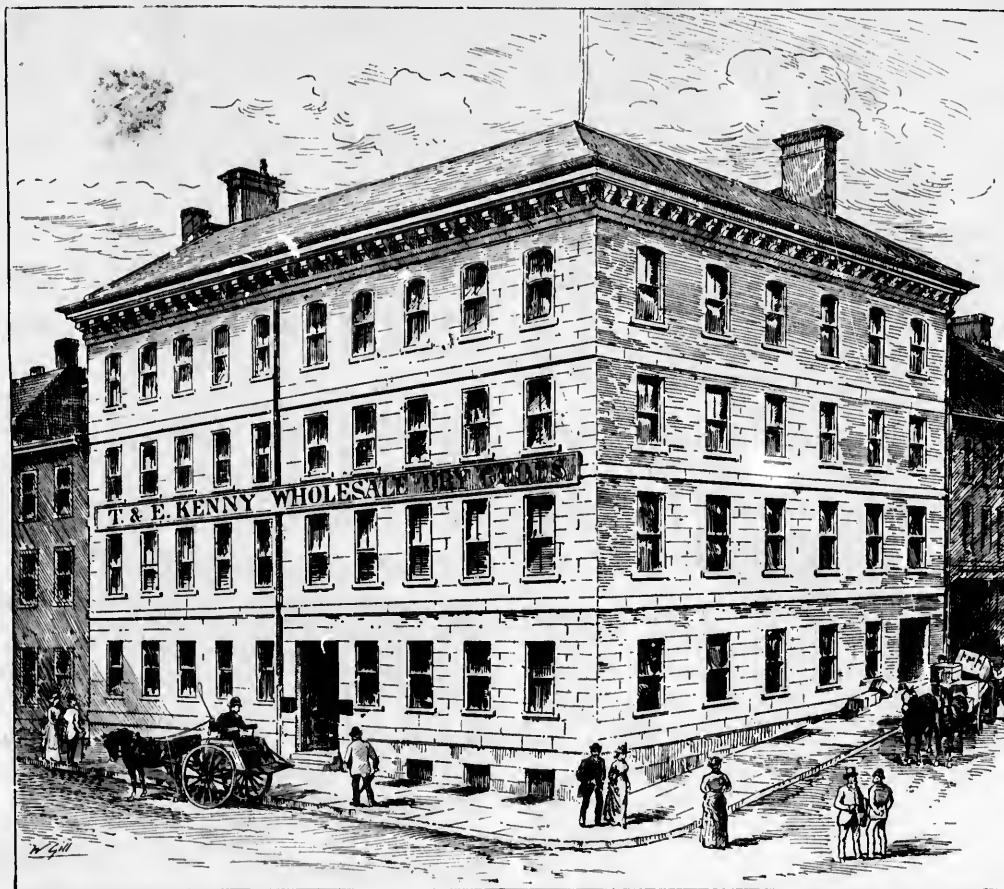
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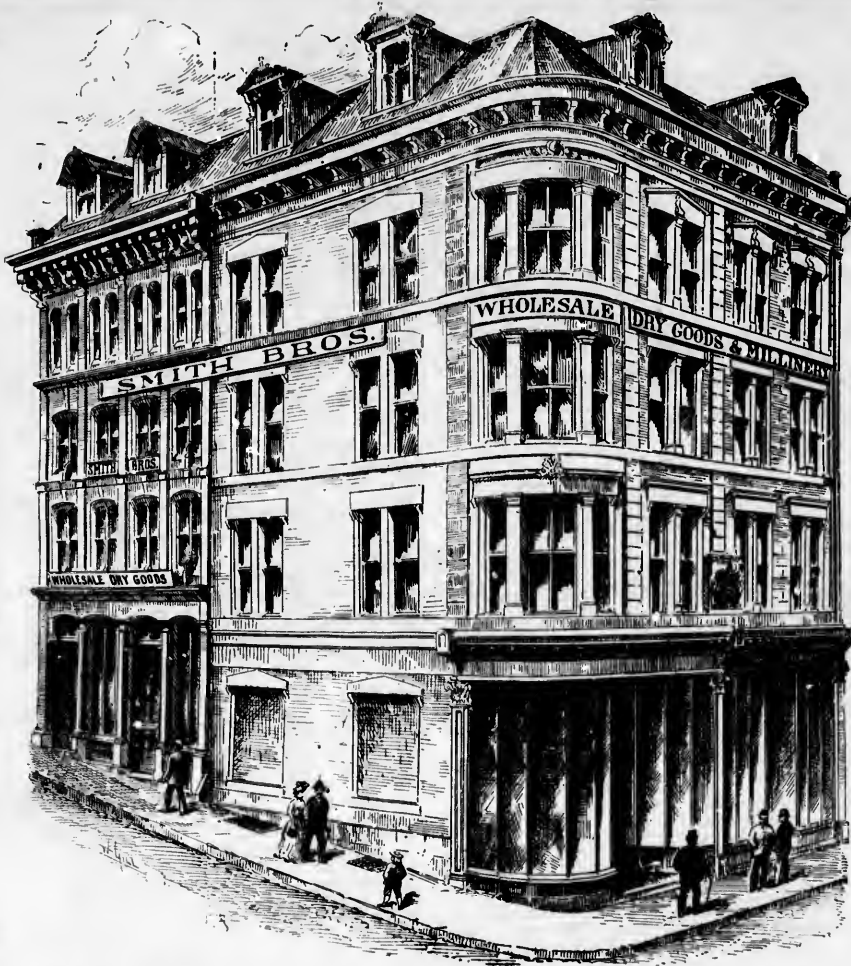
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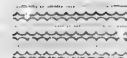
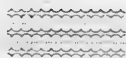
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HALIFAX AS A SUMMER RESORT.



THE thermometer is going up, up, past the seventies, into the eighties, touches the nineties. —Life in the crowded cities of the interior becomes unbearable! Even Boston and N. York, washed by the ocean, swelter in the summer sunshine; the multitudes pant for

breath, the busy crowds long for coolness. The hours go by; evening comes on; darkness falls, but the heat remains—no whisper of air; no stray, feeble current to bring refreshment to feverish brows; the worn toilers and seekers after wealth find night as irksome, as terrible as day. Heat hath murdered sleep. Morn dawns, and it is again

The blaze upon the waters to the east,
The blaze upon the city over head,
The blaze upon the waters to the west.

Tempers suffer; the sweetest dispositions sour readily under the scorching rays of the worse than tropic sun. Sharp replies, hasty rejoinders rise easily to the lips.—“Oh I go to Halifax!”

Now, you have unwittingly hit it. That is the best advice you can give, O fellow-cooked, to all who

long after coolness and delights of summer-time. By all means go to Halifax—by sea, if you can; by land, if you come from the interior—but go; spend a week, a month, your whole summer vacation there; and you will not only enjoy it yourself, but you will want every man, woman and child you know to come down there too.

What does one expect to find in a summer resort? Some will answer—quiet walks, secluded lounging places, where one may lie under canopy of trees and hear the soft sighing of the wind through the foliage; or rocky nooks, where the rippling tide plashes gently and the weary worker may gaze out on the blue sea spotted with white sails.

Others prefer more bustle—ask for change of excitement, novel amusements, rather than for rest and solitude. They want the varied aspects of life, the pleasures of society; the frequent picnic, the sailing in company of kindred spirits, the games and sports they particularly affect—these are the attractions that alone can win them.

Others again differ—a summer resort must show them something new, strange, unaccustomed. What they have not and cannot have in their homes they wish to see abroad. To them the American seaboard or the banks of the St. Lawrence are wearily familiar.

All can find what they look for in Halifax and the Province of which it is the capital.

Let them try it. Lovers of society, worshippers of nature, seekers after novelty, inquisitive linguists in search of dialects, antiquarians hunting for new treasures of former days, historians building up the story of the continent, adventurous canoeists and yachtsmen in quest of new grounds, fishermen longing for fresh brooks and lakes, worn-out toilers asking only for peace and quiet under changed skies; those who love mountain and forest, and those who care for naught but the mighty ocean—one and all exploring city, coast, and interior will acknowledge their merits and attractions. Very easy, is it not, to write all this? Imagination will do much, and a picture can be painted with but scant materials to come and go upon. True, universal sceptic; but imagination has nothing to do with this.

I know Halifax like a book; being a reader, that means a great deal; and not only know it, but love it, spite of its drawbacks, for it has some, and no one is better acquainted with them than an ex-resident. But one cannot love a place unless it has charms, and the summer charms of Halifax are manifold and great.

Sail up the harbor on an incoming steamer. You need not fear the fog, it is not always there; the Bay

of Fundy, not of Chebucto, is its home and favored abiding place. Look, in the glorious sunshine that lights up the landscape, at those granite cliffs, verdure-topped, on the left. See, down in the clefts of them, the fishers' huts nestling close together; and yonder, frowning over all, the formidable redoubt that watches the ocean. Here, on the right, beyond the stretch of golden sand, guarded by red-roofed lighthouse, the swelling downs of Macna's, clothed with rich woods, and farther yet, the crimson and green coast line fading into the blue of the horizon.

Now opens up yet another scene—the Arm, its waters gleaming like burnished gold between its banks, fringed with gardens, lawns and shrubbery; the Park of Point Pleasant, its dense woods coming close to the beach, where break with subdued roar, the white-manned rollers. There Dartmouth's shores, all copse and fields, with villas hid between; here, right in front, rising from the waves, another fort, still, silent, seemingly deserted, but full of life within its casemated walls. And now the whole city is in view; rising tier upon tier from the wharves where lie great steamers and smart sailing craft; tree-embowered, spire-studded, and guarded by the great fortress reared on topmost hill, and over which waves and flutters, and gleams and shines the glorious flag that circles the world and tells all men of freedom and power.

Yet onwards, and the harbor you thought ended, spreads out northward, whence comes the cool and grateful breeze that fans your cheek. Lying on the waves, majestic in the consciousness of might, are the great war-ships, their taunt spars and square yards standing out against the blue sky, and the flash of brass and steel making an aureole of glory around them. There flies the red cross of England; and see, near by, the white and black of triumphant Germany, the tricolor of France, the Stars and Stripes of the Union, show a meeting of the powers. That American frigate has just arrived; watch her, there is time before the wharf is reached. Away aloft on the foretopmast stands a single tar—he puts out his arm—guides a black ball that runs up past him; it reaches the truck, breaks out, and England's flag blows out—hark! a gun; and from the shining black sides of the ship flash after flash spurts out, cloud after cloud of white smoke rolls, and curls and rises. It is the salute to the flag. Now turn to the Citadel. There, right under the low walls, you see a crowd of dark uniformed men. They are the gunners at the saluting battery—Crash! goes the first gun. Keep your watch in your hand and time them. Never a fraction of a second between each shot of the twenty-one. And the American lieutenant on board his ship notices it with an appreciative smile, as he counts the replies. Gun for gun; the two countries have said, “How do you do?”

Is it over? Oh, no. Our friend the tar is still



ALONG THE SHORE, POINT PLEASANT.

aloft, and again the little black ball travels up, breaks out, and shows once more the British flag. But this time the jib has been set, and bellies in the wind. That means a salute to an officer aloft and the flagship is ready. Bang, bang, bang, go the guns; down come sail and flag, and bang, bang, bang, go the Admiral's thunders in reply. Next, each national flag present will be saluted, with great expenditure of smoke, and to each salute due answer will be returned. These are naval courtesies, and in no port will you see them more friendly than in that of Halifax.

Here we are ashore. We shall come back to the harbor by and by.

A ramble through the streets is interesting. Halifax is a busy commercial centre, though it is part of the Sch'm'a daily saluted by every merchant in the place that "business is very dull—never knew it worse." This is a blessing in disguise. It leaves these merchants—who you will find mighty pleasant and hospitable people—time to look after you. Probably one of them will take you for a ramble through the market on a Saturday morning. The market is held in primitive fashion on the street itself, or rather streets, for the worthy Chezzel cooks, and Prestonians, Acadians and negroes respectively, take up a large portion of Bedford Row, and overflow up the sides of the Post Office on to Hollis Street. Thanks to the long practice gained by weekly marketing through the labyrinth of vegetables, flowers, fish, fowl and fruit, no Haligonian has ever been known to slip on a banana or orange peel—he is used to feeling his feet go from under him and knows how to recover them before the equilibrium is lost. A stranger, of course, goes about more cautiously and finds enough to detain him in the quaint costumes of the Chezzetcook women, whose kerchief-covered heads remind one of *la belle France*, a reminiscence strengthened by the *patois* pattered out all around. The richly colored dark dialect, so well adapted to the odd wit of the race, strikes on the ear even less than does the thorough English accent which here is so frequent.

To enjoy the market to the full, the visitor must go early; really early, not at nine or ten o'clock, but between eight and nine, before the crowd of purchasers has overrun and the traffic of the day seeks a devious passage between the carts of the vendors and the toes of the tourist. Then other interesting points may be visited. The older streets, the quaint Dutch church, and close to it the giddy St. George's; St. Paul's, the oldest church in Halifax, full of colonial reminiscences, hatchments, rural tablets that record tales of the olden time when men made history very fast.

The truth is, there is just enough of this historical interest in Halifax to satisfy without satiating, and to give enjoyment without entailing fatigue. One can comfortably see and study all points of interest and have ample time for other pleasures. To feel, as one does in some of the great European towns, notably Paris, that days and weeks will not suffice to exhaust the mass of houses, churches, palaces, squares, places, bridges, and so on, which have intensely historical memories attached to them, causes a sense of desperate weariness which is hard to remove.

Then what place is there in which one can so quickly escape from the habitations of men and plunge into sylvan retreats? Take a car on Pleasant Street, leave it where it turns into Inglis, and walk along the shore road to Point Pleasant. The whole city lies behind you; before you the ocean on one hand, flowery, shady woods on the other; and such woods! Not the painfully formal result of careful planting, where trees are evidently placed where they will present the finest appearance, but woods of nature's own handiwork; thick in places, open in others, with a mass of flowering plants and shrubs beautifying every hollow, carpeting every glade; with bold rock faces, softened by fronds of ferns, breaking through by pathway side or drive edge; calm pools, reflecting the greenery around them; still tarns, homes of aquatic plants and resort of water birds; crystal springs dropping down in silvery lines amid blooms and blades of grass. Here and there, through the interstices of the foliage, between the trunks of pine and fir and maple, the blue of the sea or the azure of the sky. The squirrel leaping from branch to branch; the robin chirping his note of gladness; mayhap a partridge startled by a wandering hound, give life to the place. Through these woods one can drive along beautifully made, perfectly smooth roads, or ride down green lanes that remind one of the famous lanes of Old England, or roam at one's own sweet will, and never exhaust the beauties of the place.

Only, to remind you that you are in the great fortress of British America, the sudden appearance of a fort, with its monstrous guns trained on the entrance to the harbor; huge pieces of ordnance tenderly cared for by the stalwart artillerymen in jaunty uniforms. And on one spot, close under the frowning embrasures, a wealth of the glorious Scottish heather

planted there by loving hands mindful of "Caledonia stern and wild," of Scotland "land of mountain and of flood."

There lies the Arm; right at your feet; and what a fairy view up the lovely sheet of water which repeats every tint of the firmament, now gleaming like burnished gold, now shimmering like polished silver, now steel gray and lurid, now calmly, deeply, beautifully blue. What a place for the swift canoe—it is covered with boats full of happy pleasure seekers, drifting, sailing, idling the sunny hours away; drinking deep the clear, bracing air, just cool enough to invigorate, just warm enough to fan as the soft westerly air comes stealing down the gullies rich with scent of fern, and pine, and wild flower.

See it at night, and particularly see it from a boat out lobster spearing. Never been lobster spearing? Ah, then you do not know one of the pleasantest, liveliest, most picturesque bits of amusement Halifax affords. The boat had better be a beamy one; if with good height of side all the better. The party, four in number, with a "gooseberry"—to chaperon? oh no; to pole. If you want to take her alone, you still need gooseberry; a good-natured brother is first-class, and there are some excellently trained ones. But an ordinary humble individual will do very well. Apparatus: two long spears, which are not spears at all, but long, light poles fitted at one end with two springy wooden barbs, the barbed part turned inwards; a torch, which can be made of birch bark stuck in the cleft of a pine stick, but is handier if made of tin with a big wick that will give a flaring flame. Don't be afraid of getting wet; splashes will occur; and don't take a tub for the crustaceans; it is much better fun to let them crawl round; leads to no end of pretty shrieking and affords many chances for reassuring. And reassuring, I have heard, is a charming part of the sport. Now, with your torch lighted and held well out over the side of the boat, "gooseberry" pushes out and poles the boat slowly along close to shore on the edge of the long eel grass that waves eerily in the transparent water. As two heads are better than one—well, anyhow, you keep a bright look-out over the ground and presently you see a big green fellow sculling along leisurely. Plunge in the spear—probably you will forget to allow for the refraction and noble His Nibs near the tail only to see him wiggle out with marvellous ease and rapidity. Try again; doing better this time. The barbs grip master lobster clean behind the head and up he comes, his huge pinchers waving a frantic invitation to your fingers, an invitation you had better not notice. Give the spear a shake and plop the gentleman into the boat; he will probably make first for the gooseberry, at the Arm lobsters know a thing or two by this time and invariably turn back before going far. They are conscientious in giving the desired opportunity for reassurance.

That's all very well for those who want to spoon, grumbles a lone fisherman, whose soul is enthralled in a split bamboo and whose mind is wrapped in a double multiplying reel—but that's not fishing.

No one says so, my excellent friend, but if it is fishing you want, you'll get fishing galore. Right on this same Arm you can have good sport with pollock; fish for them with a fly and look out for your rod, for the little beggars will often come two at a time. Or if you want sea fishing, just drop a line at the turn of tide near Blackrock or off Belmont and you will soon haul up nice pan fish. But if it's trout you're after, yer honor, why shure you can git them for the askin'. Lakes and brooks abound round Halifax. Sambro Road, Prospect Road, Margaret's Bay Road all traverse districts abounding in game trout, and day after day you can drive out and return with a basketful. I could tell you of half a dozen Haligonians who know every inch of good water, and like the hospitable fellows they are will put you up to all the best spots and enjoy your getting good sport.

Or if it is sea fishing you crave, trot down to the Market Slip and ask for either of my good friends Stone or George Liston. If you can't swim and tumble overboard you will be quite safe; George will have you out before you can get wet. Either of them will take you to good spots and make your arms ache with the pulling in of fine cod, or the hauling inboard of frisky mackerel if so be that capricious fish has chosen to "strike in" that is, pay a visit to the harbor for your benefit.

Yes, but there's Sunday, and Sunday in summer resorts is generally so—so—so unlike Sunday any where else.

Granted. But Sunday in Halifax is Sunday, even though horse cars still run, greatly to the satisfaction of thousands of people who find them useful. On Sunday you see the people going to church—not a few of them—but great crowds streaming towards the different places of worship: while the bells ring out gladly. There are two curious things for you—

for elsewhere you see the crowds not going to church and you hear the bells toll, as if the clergy themselves meant to warn their people that the inside of a church is a very gloomy and depressing spot. Further, what you will not see elsewhere, is the church parade of the troops—scarlet and blue-coated soldiers marching along with a band at their head and the usual crowd of interested loafers keeping time with the men and basking in the reflected glory. The military service is always very attractive to strangers, who are taken by the brilliant uniforms of the staff and the various regiments, the band helping the organ, the volume of sound produced by the singing of so many men, the military precision with which the chaplain ends his sermons and closes the service in ample time to allow his audience to go back to dinner.

The soldier pervades Halifax. You come upon him everywhere, as sentry upon a property which apparently consists of wooden fence and a poster; at barracks gate, at dockyard entrance; marching in squads through the streets, under the charge of a sergeant or subaltern officer, just going in or coming off guard; patrolling streets and looking for lark private; escorting in the dusk of evening or in the silvery sheen of moonlight the young woman temporarily occupying the fortress of his heart. Sometimes he marches out with his regiment, and then he is well worth seeing, as rank after rank goes by in steady form; or he is out on the Common going through manoeuvres of the profoundest interest to every one who does not know what they mean.

And with the soldier, the jack-tar—rolling along with his trousers tight around his waist, wide on the feet; his jumper and rolling collar and black necktie, showing off his firm neck and well set on head, and the big round straw hat with his ship's name on it. The tar is a splendid fellow, take him any way you please; and while the citizen may grumble at the soldiery once in a way, he has only a forgiving smile for the wildest pranks of the blue jacket. And when Jack Tar goes ashore, if you please, with guns and muskets and all, and constitutes himself into a naval brigade for field service, as you often may see him in Summer, he is worth going a very long way to look at, as he handles his guns, and wheels, marches and counter-marches all over the place.

In his glory on board ship, of course, and down to the harbour you must go again to see him. Lying off the big war vessels in a shore boat, or standing upon a neighboring wharf, you hear a word of command; you don't quite catch it, especially as it is at once drowned by piercing whistles of boatswain and mates—but the effect you see: a crowd of heads above the bulwarks; another command, more pipes—and away aloft swarm the sailors. And now those long yards and tall spars that a moment ago were traced against the sky have disappeared, and under lower masts and top-masts the ship lies, stripped for action, or bad weather, giving you just that impression of resolute force which you expect from a man-of-war.

Pull round at night, in a row-boat—on a still clear evening, and in the bows of each ship you will see clustered the men, yarning together. From yonder leviathan come the strains of music; she is the flagship and the band is playing during dinner, but as its strains cease a voice, clear and sweet, begins a simple, touching ballad, and in the hush of the starry silence is heard afar on the sleeping waters of the harbor. Or a strong and stirring chorus rolls from ship to ship and is taken up by the listeners in the boats.

The fleet, indeed, offers a unique attraction in itself. The manoeuvres of boats under sail, the drill of the men, whether in making and taking in sail, sending up or striking masts and yards, the arrival and departure of ships, generally under steam of course, but not unfrequently under sail, afford visitor and resident plenty of food for enjoyment. I have seen a large corvette beat out of harbor in a good working breeze, and H. M. S. Contest, bowing out under a crowd of canvas, all at once set stun' sails on both sides, aloft and aloft, as she made the most of a rattling northerly wind. A visit to the ships is always agreeable. The admirable order and neatness which reign all around, the snowy whiteness of the decks, the brilliancy of the metal-work, the jaunty look of the tars swinging up the ratlins or tailing on to a purchase, the formal etiquette of the quarter-deck seen at close quarters, the thousand and one objects of interest from many-ton guns to new sounding apparatus, make a morning or afternoon spent on board ship one long to be remembered. The invariable courtesy met with from every one is not the least point in the visitor's estimation.

Citadel and forts are different; they can only be looked at from outside; whatever secrets they contain are reserved for the military men, and civilians and strangers must be satisfied to know that the works are very strong indeed, and capable of sinking an

enemy's fleet in shot, if it escaped being blown up by the submarine with which the harbor is defended. An important idea of the number of the forts, of their location, of the amazingly powerful guns with which they are armed, can be obtained on the occasion of one of those attacks which the fleet makes on the port. These attacks form one of the prettiest sights that can be imagined, and to be enjoyed all the more that with all the pomp and circumstance of war, with all the deafening roar of artillery and muffled boom of torpedo and mine, one has the comforting thought that nobody is getting hurt. Nowhere else on this continent can such a sight be seen; for not only the forts and their garrisons of Imperial troops and the fleet take part in these fights, but the Canadian militia regiments are also called out, and an army is thus easily raised for purposes of defence.

The attractions of Halifax are, as has been seen, special and general. Among the general ones, not yet mentioned, are the beautiful Public Gardens, laid out with consummate taste by the head gardener, Mr. Power. They are not vast, but the very most has been made of the resources offered, and as a resort on a bright day are unsurpassed. There is usually a military band playing on Saturday afternoons, and some good tennis going on on the grounds set apart for the Tennis Club. All the Halifax beauties are out in their loveliest dresses; the crowd is good natured and happy; the flowers exquisite; and an ordinary mortal readily acknowledges that the scene is a very charming one indeed. And as charming, if changed, when a promenade concert comes off at night, when electric lights, lanterns and fireworks make a glow of light which lends a new and beautiful aspect to the picturesque spot.

It would be hard to say what one may not find to do in Halifax. Drives through the Park, round the shores of the Arm, to the Dutch Village, Bedford, Waverley, along the Chain Lakes, or the Dartmouth Lakes, and to Cow Bay tempt the pleasure seeker. Everywhere greenery and flowers; everywhere sunshine and beauty; coolness and stillness. The harbor affords endless means of enjoyment as well as an ever changing picture. The yachts of the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron racing frequently among themselves give lovers of aquatic sport a chance of seeing this form of it. Excursions may be made to the Arm, with its Fairy Cove and Dingle; or to Purcell's Cove, not nearly as well known as it deserves to be; or to Herring Cove, where lived the great oarsman George Brown; to Macnab's Island which offers a hundred pretty spots for picnics, or, to Lawlor's whence one can watch the great rollers coming up from the Atlantic and breaking in foam on the shingly beach. Northward, too, the boat's bow may be turned and passing by the fleet, and through the hideous and disfiguring railway-draw, one enters the expanse of Bedford Basin, with Rockingham, Prince's Lodge and Bedford on one side and Navy Island on the other.

Yet more. Within easy distance of the city are Preston, a charming drive, on the Dartmouth side; Wilson's and Mason's on the Margaret's Bay Road; Hubbard's Cove beyond, and then lovely Chester which with its island-studded bay and superb beaches can be reached by stage or steamer. Inland Truro and New Glasgow and Pictou, which brings one back to the sea—for the ocean clasps the Province close in its embrace; westward, Windsor, Wolfville, Kentville—all the land of Evangeline, the Bay of Fundy, the Basin of Minas. The camper can strike along the lines of rivers and lakes and cross the peninsula from side to side, and see the moose, and bear, the caribou in their forest-home—explore the wilds of Cape Breton, or follow the more travelled route of the Bras d'Or lakes round to Sydney through scenery Scottish in character.

Others will tell the reader of all these places which make Nova Scotia a paradise for summer visitors, since there they find just what they want—the bracing sea air, the invigorating mountain breeze, beautiful scenery and genuine hospitality. For let it be said in conclusion—no place is so really hospitable as Halifax; nowhere are people so ready to entertain strangers and make them feel really welcome.

F. C. SUMICHRAST.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY,
Cambridge, Mass.

LOBSTER SPEARING.

When you are invited to a lobster spearing party do not wear white kid gloves—they will get soiled. Neither is it wise to wear a tennis suit, of light flannel—that also will get soiled.

There is a certain barbaric *abandon* about lobster spearing which you will not find in any other of our

nineteenth century amusements; hence, so far as I know, and believe, lobster spearing parties are hailed with joy by the frail and beautiful as well as by the strong and brave—solely because they are unconventional, and afford lots of fun.

The last time I went lobster spearing we had three boats, eighteen young people, and twelve spears. We were away from 8 o'clock until 11.30 p.m., and if I remember correctly we captured 15 lobsters. At the rate, *per capita*, which those lobsters cost us I doubt if it would have paid to ship them to the Boston market. They were all small, except one very large African lobster, who was not all present when we landed him in the boat. He had one abnormally developed claw, but the other was gone—twisted off, no doubt, in some sanguinary battle, far removed from the possibility of police interference.

At this party, which I speak of, we started at 8 o'clock p.m.; Eastern standard time. The night was balmy and fine, but there was no moon. I don't suppose any of us wanted a moon just then because we had torches, and could see to spear the lobsters very well without it. Some of the party did not want any moon for other reasons. These latter were not the chaperons.

Well, we started off, keeping in the shoal water, and hugging the shore. There were those on board, as I was afterwards informed, who did not hug the shore once, and yet they hugged a great deal all the same, at times, when the excitement of the chase ran high, and the rest of the party were straining their eyes to see the spearsman strike his victim. I may say that he did not always strike his victim, for reasons which you will quickly discover if you try to do it yourself. I cannot explain in scientific terms, one of the chief reasons why, at a lobster spearing party, the spearsman, unless old and experienced, frequently fails to strike his victim, but you can discover it by sticking a spoon into a tumbler of whiskey punch, or any other transparent fluid. If you do this you will observe that the spoon, although in reality perfectly straight, appears bent, and from the surface of the liquid to the bottom of the tumbler, is not in the direction of that portion which is not submerged. It follows that, when the spearsman sees a lobster on the bottom, and makes a lunge at it, the spear seems to take another direction away from the lobster, whereas he (the lobster) smiles sardonically, and with two or three scoops of his tail, leaves the locality backwards, as if retreating from the presence of Royalty. At least that was the reason, assigned by our most scientific spearsman, why we did not capture more lobsters that night; and it was considered good and sufficient by the majority of those present, more especially those who (like the writer of these lines) did not care a caledonian "bawbee" whether we got any game or not; always provided that we had plenty of healthful hilarity.

It seems to be fixed by inexorable fate, that, at every festive gathering, there must be a dude. You have often noticed this yourself, I dare say; and at our party there was a dude named Palefellow. He came arrayed in a costume that must have cost a large sum of money, and also great care in the selection. It looked well before we embarked in the boat, but not so well after we got back again. This was owing to the occurrence of a great many casualties, or accidents, which no human wisdom could have foreseen or provided against.

This Mr. Palefellow did not take an active part in the proceedings, but reclined at the end of the boat beside a young lady of an ultra-sentimental turn of mind. He made no effort to assist in capturing the lobsters, or to entertain the company, and the rest of the crew—that is the male portion thereof—conceived a sudden hatred for the young man. This hatred soon manifested itself, and each strove to out do the other in damaging the costume of Palefellow. One of the most active and ingenious of Palefellow's enemies was a Mr. Bateman, of the Royal Navy. He succeeded, without arousing the least suspicion of malevolent intent, in upsetting two tumblers, one of Blood's porter and the other of milk punch, on Palefellow's coat and trousers; and dropping a large wad of marmalade down his back. Then there was the spearsman, a quiet inscrutable young man, who never smiled—in the literal sense of the word. He always landed his lobsters among Mr. Palefellow's feet, after first passing them close to the nose of the sentimental young lady, who, on each occasion screamed like an opera singer, and almost went into fits of hysterics. The lobsters, also, being lively and vindictive, attacked Palefellow's buff-colored "spats" and had to be forcibly removed therefrom, each holding samples of the material in one or both claws, which they branished freely in token of triumph.

Speaking generally, it may be confidently asserted that there is no fun of an aquatic nature to be compared to the fun of spearing lobsters; always provided you have a company of jolly light hearted young

people, and one or two comical fellows to act in the capacity of ringleaders; but to enjoy the sport, you must have on old clothing, which it will not break your heart to have spoiled by salt water, kerosine oil, or provisions of a mixed nature. Accidents are sure to happen. Perhaps, when refreshments are being handed around, some one will think that he, or she, discerns a large lobster crawling among the weeds on the bottom, and, to get a nearer view, he or she will suddenly lean over the gunwale of the boat. This will precipitate the young man who is trying to pass the nourishment on all fours; and the dainty viands will be scattered, broadcast, over the laps of the company at large. I have seen it done lots of times.

For purposes of illumination oil torches are very convenient, but if you can get them, pine knots, in a sort of metallic landing net, are much preferable; because the offensiveness of the smoke of burning paraffine is only excused by its permanence—one good whiff of it will fix a flavor in the nasal passages for a whole evening, destroying all enjoyment of the refreshments afterward.

Old residents say that the lobster is becoming scarcer every year, and it must be admitted that this is so; but a large catch of lobsters is not by any means essential to the success of a lobster spearing party. It is not the prospect of a large "haul" which is the chief inducement; it is the fun of an evening's frolic; and the more young men who fall overboard, without danger of a coroner's inquest, the better. The lobster spearing party can also be confidently recommended as affording opportunities for flirtation not to be had at any other kind of entertainment; because, as already hinted, there are times when the attention of the company is entirely centered on the movements of the spearsman, as he makes a sudden plunge, or waves aloft a bristling crustacean. When these moments occur, if the spooney young man, seated by the spooney young girl, has not sufficient enterprise to take advantage of his opportunities he deserves "to get left," and I sincerely trust he will, every time.

If you have not already done so, by all means promote and carry out a lobster spearing party. Do not invite any dudes to appear in purple and fine linen of Egypt, but if any do happen to get mixed in with your party persecute them—ruin their vesture with bottled ale, anchovy paste, or the juice of the sardine—make their lives a burden to them for the whole evening—yea a mighty burden, grievous to be borne.

GO TO HALIFAX.

In bye gone days, when ignorance was full of foolishness
And stupid people often talked of what they didn't know,
They used to think in silly scorn, we stood with open doors,
A sort of modern Jericho for nuisances and bores;
And in their lack of knowledge of what concerned them thus,
Their vagrants and tormentors were always sent to us;
And naughty children who deserved the rod upon their backs,
Were told by angry guardians, to "Go to Halifax!"

Now time has brought them knowledge and widened out their
ken,
Those who have been in Halifax, go back much wiser men,
And each returning summer, when worn with inland heat
In pent up court and office, or hot and dusty street.
Memory recalls our fresh green woods, our tender summer rain
Our cool still nights and days of rest for weary hearts and brain.
These memories stir each languid pulse—those throbbing
nerves relax,
They close the desk and ledger and go to Halifax.

And here in pleasant nooks above the blue and shining sea,
They drink in health and vigor from ocean and from sea;
Watching the white sails as they pass, or flash of thunder roar,
The great waves foaming on the rocks that line the sloping
shore;
And when green mosses wrap the turf under the pleasant trees
When fragrant tassels tremble, kissed by the summer breeze;
So full of quiet beauty, no charm the landscape lacks
And still the glad refrain is heard, "Oh, come to Halifax!"

So we in this glad festal week repeat the gracious call:
Come to our sea-side city and keep the Carnival.
Not Jericho or Hades, this pleasant land of ours,
More like an Eden in its wealth of fruit, and leaf, and flowers;
Sea, sky, and land are cool and fair, and full of health and rest,
When Nature in her happiest mood will give you of her best;
And friends will meet you with a clasp, as warm and close as
wax;
All know the warmth of kindly hearts who come to Halifax.

M. J. K. L.



ENTRANCE TO POINT PLEASANT PARK.

AT TWILIGHT IN THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS.

Roaming homewards through the rosy twilight,
 Ringed about with rosy heathery hills,
 Mid the roaring of the mountain river
 And the ripple of a hundred rills,—

Think I of the soft green braes beside me
 Tinged with orange by the rosy light?
 Think I of the silver lake before me
 Tinged with steel-blue by the falling night.

Think I of the trumpet of the river?
 Think I of the harping of the reeds?
 Think I of the low of distant cattle;
 Or the bright trout leaping from the weeds?

Rather of the rosy cheeks of childhood,
 Rather of a little rill-like voice,
 Big eyes brighter than the leaping trout are
 Joining in a common lynn—*rejoice*.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.



MARKET SCENES.



BLOMIDON.

"And away to the northward
 Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains
 Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic
 Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.



VIEW IN THE PUBLIC GARDENS, HALIFAX.

OUR MICMAC INDIANS.

"The memory of the Red Man,
How can it fade away?
While their names of music linger
On each mount and stream and bay;
While *Musquodoboit's* waters
Roll sparkling to the main;
While falls the laughing sunbeam
On *Chegegin's* fields of grain.



MARY PAUL.

It dwells 'round *Catalone's* blue lake,
'Mid leafy forests hid,
'Round fair *Dis cose* and the rusbing tides
Of the turbid *Flisquid*;
And it lends, *Chobogus*, a touching grace
To thy softly flowing river,
As we sadly think of the gentle race
That has passed away forever."

Mary Paul, whose portrait we give from a photo taken by James Ross of Halifax, is a well known Micmac Indian squaw, of Shubenacadie, somewhat noted for her porcupine quill work, many specimens of which have found their way to Britain and been much admired. Table mats, card baskets, backs and seats for chairs, moccasins, etc., are among the articles which attest her taste and skill. She herself, we think, will be regarded as a pleasing specimen of "the gentle race," the aborigines of Nova Scotia, among the remnant of whom the Rev. Silas T. Rand, the learned and devoted missionary and translator of the Scriptures into Micmac, has laboured for many years.—Murdoch's History of Nova Scotia says of the Micmacs—"They have ever displayed skill in making their wigwams or tents of bark—in their canoes of the same material, so light for carriage, so beautiful, framed with delicate pieces of elastic wood inside and securely fastened and made water-tight—in their bows and arrows—their fish spears for salmon and for lobsters, and in their peculiar portable cradle for their infants, carried by the mother on her back in their journeys. The shoe they wear (moccasin) displays great judgment and ingenuity, and when decorated, as is often the case, shows good taste. The snowshoe or raquette is an instance of masterly adaptation to use. Although they possess no written alphabet or letters, yet the structure of their language is so complex and it is so musical and refined, as to lead to the inference that they had long been a civilized and thinking race of people. * * * As far as our records can serve, it appears that they have usually been honest, brave and humane."

What the Micmacs numbered in Nova Scotia when first settled by the French, nearly three hundred years ago, can only be conjectured, but by the census of 1881 there were only in the whole province 2125, of whom 71 lived in the county of Halifax.

A FEW OF THE COMMON BIRDS OF NOVA SCOTIA.

How beautiful and varied is the bird-life of our native province! Too often we are led to associate beauty of plumage and excellence of song with the luxuriant vegetation of the tropics; and yet our own birds are just as worthy of admiration. On the sea-shore, and on the margins of lakes and streams, in the woods, in the fields, and even in our cities, the feathered tribes are to be seen searching for food or beguiling the time with their sweet songs.

It is my intention to say a little of a few of our common birds—those with which all ought to be familiar. During the summer months, no walk can be taken without encountering one or more of these, and in winter a few still remain and enliven the snow-clad country.

Let us begin with the American Robin, which, reader, you doubtless know well. It is usually the latter part of March when this merry fellow makes his appearance. He may then be seen in the fields associated with several companions; the whole making a lively troop. His song is generally described as uninteresting; yet, when heard in the morning or evening, at which times he usually exercises his musical powers, his voice is anything but unmelodious. He sings in a clear treble voice, a song which may be represented in syllables as follows: *trit-la-ree*,



COW BAY.

tril-la-rah, tril-la-ret, tril-la-rah. His mud-plastered nest and greenish-blue eggs are familiar to all. He greatly relishes the proverbial early worm, which suffers accordingly.

These is another member of the thrush family which is quite common in our province; yet, from his retired habits, he is seldom noticed by an ordinary observer. This is my favorite, the Hermit Thrush. How different is his disposition from that of the light-hearted and rollicking Robin! The darkest, most secluded, and wildest localities are selected for his habitation. Modest in the extreme, he sings only to Nature herself and stings, oh, how beautifully! How I wish I could describe adequately to you that song. Its soft, sad, liquid tones must be heard to be appreciated. See him, at close of day, perched near the summit of a tall dark evergreen whose form is sharply outlined against the evening sky, and beneath whose heavy shade twilight reigns even at noon. Occasionally he breathes forth a low, peculiarly plaintive *wee* which seems like a sigh from a heart heavy with sorrow. Then as though forgetting for one short moment his burden of grief, he utters a lively *tee*, and then is silent. Softly on, the fragrant air is borne the languid song of the white-throated Sparrow—*Oh come pity-me, pity-me, pity-me*, and the little hermit throwing up his head, seems to answer "I pity thee, pity thee." Varying ever in pitch, his notes run sweet and mellow. At one time high, at another so low as to be scarcely audible; "like," as Audubon says, "the emotions of a lover, who at one moment exults in the hope of possessing the object of his affections, and the next pauses in suspense, doubtful of the result of all his efforts to please." Far into night he continues his warblings. One by one his fellow songsters cease their carols, until the white-throated Sparrow only remains. Then he also retires and

"The thrush alone
Fills the cool grove when all the rest are gone
Harmonious bird t' daring till night to stay,
And glean the last reminder of the day."

Now, when all other sounds are still, his notes seem to have gained an additional charm from the calm which reigns around, now only broken by a faint echo to the chant of this lonely watcher in the dark spruce trees above.

Occasionally when passing through the woods at midnight, the white-throated Sparrow, or "Kennedy Bird" as he is usually termed in Nova Scotia, is heard to break forth into his sweet and plaintive lay, as though some sunlit dream had beguiled him into thinking that day was already there. Stirring up the embers of a camp fire will sometimes have the same effect. This bird will be better known to some under the name of "Old Tom Peabody."

The fearless little Chickadee is one of our resident birds, and such another light-hearted, active, rollicking little fellow it would be hard to find. He is usually seen associated with several companions and attended by the Nuthatch and Brown Creeper; in all a gay party. It is interesting to watch the chickadees as they alight on a bush and set to work to secure a meal. They run out on the branches, peer underneath, jump from side to side, now in one place, now in another, sometimes hanging by their feet to enable them to seize a distant insect and from time to time repeating their lively *chick-a-dee-dee-dee*, interspersed with a few simple twits for the sake of effect. Then with a rush and an angry cry, one little rascal chases a frolicsome acquaintance for a short distance and then alights on a neighboring tree and continues his diligent search. When they cry softly "sweet weather" or "all right," a storm is brewing. Their nest is a snug little structure of hair, wool and moss, placed in a hole in an old stump or tree. They rear quite a large family, the number varying from six to eight.

The Catbird, with us, is a summer visitor only. It is a fine songster, and from its frequent imitations of the songs of other birds, it is locally known as the "Mocking Bird." In the latter part of the month of June, 1887, one of these birds paid a lengthened visit to Willow Park, Halifax. Nowhere have I heard a catbird sing as he did. Perched on a thorn-tree, he poured forth, from sunrise till evening, an almost uninterrupted song, which varied from the quick trills of the canary to the warbling whistle of the robin. From a high clear note, the song would gradually fall until it became all but inaudible, when it would swell forth again, and, gathering power as it proceeded, would finish with a note so beautiful and so touching that it left the listener charmed, and impatient for more. At one time were heard the notes of some well-known bird only to be succeeded by another and another, until you would fancy that the whole feathered tribe were here assembled, striving in friendly contest for the foremost place in nature's tuneful throng. It is a pity that this bird has a peculiar note—a harsh,

catlike *mew*—which it utters most unexpectedly. A family of these birds when excited, can be exceedingly uproarious.

The American Redstart is an extremely beautiful little bird, and his actions inform us that he is by no means ignorant of the fact. He is always in motion; searching along the branches, and flitting his closed or open tail from side to side. From time to time he darts after a fly, which he pursues in a zig-zag direction, and, having snapped it up, returns to his search among the trees. On these occasions, the flashing appearance of his fiery markings has gained for him the local name of "Fire Bird." The female is more plainly dressed. Waterton, the great naturalist, found this bird in Demerara during the winter months. I have a nest of this species, which is decorated more elaborately than usual. The outside is completely covered with the red fluff of the cinnamon fern, a material which is sometimes employed by the summer Yellow-bird for the same purpose. This last bird is a well known frequenter of our gardens, in which it selects a small tree or bush as a site for its nest.

Four species of swallow are common in this part of Nova Scotia: the Cliff or Eave Swallow, building under the eaves of houses and barns, the Barn Swallow breeding in barns, and the Chimney Sweep, which prefers to place its nest in chimneys. These birds are perfectly familiar to all, and may be passed over without further notice. The deep-voiced Ravens and the noisy cunning crows are also well known. These have a curious habit of tumbling about in mid-air.

The Song Sparrow is one of the many species which are commonly known under the very indefinite name of "Grey Birds." He may be recognized by his dark brown "breastpin." At any time from morning until evening, he may be heard warbling one of the sweetest little songs it is possible to listen to. It sounds somewhat like the syllables "chink, chink, chol vo ree; and old Bill Pickett sha'n't have me." He likes the society of man, and seems never better pleased than when singing from a tree in his garden.

The Purple Finch in one state of plumage receives locally the name of "Grey Linnet." When in full dress, however, the males present a gay sight, and are then known as "Red Linnets." The name Purple Finch is rather misleading, for the color of the male is undoubtedly more crimson than purple. He is a fine songster and it is a splendid sight to see him engrossed in song. The wings hang quivering on either side, the crimson crest is raised, and his whole appearance betokens the ardour with which he is pouring forth his lengthy and expressive carol.

May finds the ruby-throated Humming Bird in our Province. He is the smallest of our birds, but his diminutiveness is amply compensated by his eminent beauty and bold and active spirit. Observe his breast as he flits from plant to plant, or poises on almost invisible wings before a favorite flower. Now it is of a fine rich tint, rivaling, if not surpassing, the ruby in splendor—now a black velvety shade darts across it, accompanied by dashes of glowing orange, which again give place to a darker hue, and then a gleam of light and he is gone. We turn away wondering at the marvellous skill of the Creator who, has invested this little inhabitant of the air with such rich and resplendent clothing, which seems to borrow its colors from the ever-changing tints of the evening sky.

Imagine yourself on a wild waste of land as the gloom of evening is rising in the east and slowly overspreading the whole sky. Westward the horizon is broken by the tall dark spikes of a clump of firs which are clearly defined against the sky. All is quiet. Everything seems to have gone to rest. Suddenly the silence is broken by a mysterious booming sound which seems to fill the whole air, yet cannot be located. Then all is still save the rustling brushwood and junipers beneath the feet. What was it? Shortly a curious squeaking note is to be heard, which is repeated from time to time. Then the same mysterious sound again reaches the ears, and now the straining eyes catch sight of a swift low-flying object, which passes close in front, and for a moment is seen clear and distinct against the sky, and then, by a sudden turn, is obscured by the gloom as it slinks beneath the line of the horizon. Presently it is seen in another direction, mounting high into the air by alternate slow and quick beatings of the wings, meanwhile uttering the harsh squeak which has been already noticed. Having gained a good height it precipitates itself with great rapidity down some distance, and as it gains the extent of its descent emits the booming note and sweeps off in a horizontal direction. This is the Night Hawk obtaining his evening repast. By day he is usually fast asleep on the horizontal bough of a tree. From here he is sometimes started by a gunshot and is then seen to plunge out and, flying a short distance,

again takes shelter on a neighboring tree. This bird has a curious manner of perching; instead of sitting across the bough as most other birds do, it lies along it in a longitudinal direction. It thus hides itself from many a prying eye which otherwise would instantly detect it at its mid-day nap. It is said that these birds occasionally breed on the gravel roofs of city houses.

Wherever there are a number of dead trees there will be heard the "tapping" and loud merry cackling of the Golden-winged Woodpecker, "Yellowhammer" or "Flicker." He is a happy, spirited fellow, well dressed but very shy. The rattling of his bill upon the trees resembles the sound produced by drawing a piece of wood along the teeth of a saw. Perhaps no other bird has had so many common names bestowed upon it; a list of thirty-six has been made out and furnished to the *Forest and Stream*.

How often, on a lovely summer day, I have sat watching the busy little Sandpiper searching for his food among the sea-weed cast on the shore of some small sheltered cove. How interesting it was to see him wading into the water to seize a morsel which had not yet been stranded, or running along the edge of the beach for the purpose of inspecting what was already on shore. When so engaged his little head and tail bob up and down, and he utters occasionally a soft "peet weet." While thus observing him, my ears have been assailed by the loud rattling notes of a Kingfisher perched on a neighboring tree. He has undertaken, in this sudden and unannounced manner, to break in upon the silence of the place. Then away he goes in a long swing-like curve which almost reaches the water, and then skims out over the glassy surface, again rattling away in a defiant air.

There are many other common birds, such as some of the water-birds and birds of prey, which deserve to be noticed in this paper; but these I must reserve for another occasion.

Those who are interested in our songsters should seek acquaintance with them in their native haunts; where they may be observed in all their wild beauty. The knowledge gained will be an ample reward to the faithful observer.

HARRY PIERS.

A CHAPTER OF ACADIAN HISTORY.

SOME INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT GRAND PRÉ AND SOME OF ITS PRESENT INHABITANTS.

IT is the general opinion, says the Wolfville Acadian, that at the time of the expulsion of the French Acadians from Horton there was a large village at what is now known as Grand Pré; and that few resided elsewhere in Horton. It is true that there were a few French houses in that locality, and to-day there may be found perhaps a dozen old cellars which are said to be of French origin; some two or three old French roads may be found leading towards the marshes, by the sides of which are yet growing willows imported from France by this people; the site of an old smith's forge not far from the Grand Pré station may yet be recognized by cinders and scraps of old iron; and some persons pretend to be able to point out the site on which formerly stood a French chapel with a burying ground adjacent, and also the spot where was a mill on the small brook which crosses the road a little below the Crane barn; but the evidence of there ever being a French village at that place is obscure and uncertain.

Evidences of French settlements are not wanting from the eastern to the western extremities of the township of Horton, and as far south as the Gasperau river. The French were evidently an industrious and frugal people, and some believe they had large amounts of ready cash which they buried previous to their leaving the province, in anticipation of their being able to return and remove it at a future time. Much speculation has been made as to the whereabouts of this hidden treasure, and many a party has spent time and money in searching for it; and there are not a few who have started to dig for it in the most improbable places, basing their faith on nothing more reliable than a dream or some gypsy's predictions. We can find such even in Wolfville and to them a mineral rod or a Spanish needle has charms unsurpassed. That a money has been found in small quantities, on several occasions, is quite probable—in fact evidence is not wanting to prove it.

Some years ago two strangers were seen at what was then called the "Town," now Grand Pré, making a careful examination of an old barn which stood near "Horton Corner." They asked permission to spend the night in it, which was granted, they preferring to stay there rather than in the house—to which they had been invited. In the morning it was discovered that they had cut a hole in the top of the roof and taken out a crock, which they left behind them, and

taken the contents which was undoubtedly coin. A similar circumstance occurred about the same time at Gaspereau, only on this occasion a hillock was opened and a crock taken which was found by some persons the next day under an elm tree, which is yet standing, near a spring of water, together with an old French coin they had doubtless dropped there. Others are said to have accidentally found hidden treasures when cultivating their lands. Be this as it may, it is a fact that several persons owning French farms have suddenly emerged from a state of indigence to that of comparative affluence with no perceptible cause for the change.

The French Acadians were not ignorant of the value of the rich marshes lying contiguous to the basin of Minas and the rivers and creeks running into it; neither were they of the valuable intervals on either side of the Gaspereau river at some distance from its mouth, as many valuable farms were cultivated by them there. In a line directly south of the eastern part of Wolfville there may be found to day on an old French farm the remains of an old orchard containing now over one hundred trees, vigorous and productive, which is probably the largest of the old French orchards now to be found in this province, the area of which could not have been less than from six to ten acres. This farm was without doubt a place of considerable note. It was upon it that the first mill was erected on the Gaspereau river, and it was probably the first ever built in Horton. It was also upon this farm that the old French battery was located, and was the principal headquarters for those engaged in the fur trade, as there they found a ready purchaser for all the fur they could bring. A part of this farm has been in possession of the Coldwell family for more than 100 years. It was here that some 60 years ago two large brass kettles were unearthed, the circumstances of which were as follows: Mr. Coldwell and his son were plowing with an ox-team not far from the river, when one of the oxen broke through into what seemed to be loose earth. It being the noon hour, the team was taken to the barn and put up to feed. After dinner some six or seven men and boys repaired to the spot and began to dig out the loose earth. They soon came to two brass kettles, one of them of the capacity of two bushels, the other smaller. In one of these kettles was found a human skull covered with long black hair, which on exposure to the air immediately began to disappear, leaving the skull completely bare and white. One of the parties placed it upon his head, which it fitted as a cap. There were also found in these kettles one dozen dagger knives and three axes. One of the axes is now in the possession of Obed Coldwell, a grandson of the then proprietor; and one of the kettles, we are told, is in the museum of Acadia college, and the other is still in use. Whether any money was found or not is a secret, and will remain so; yet it is believed by many that there was.

During the time they were engaged in digging out these kettles, a singular circumstance occurred. Two king birds came and lighted,—the one on the east side of the hole, the other on the west,—and it was with difficulty that they could be kept away from the place. The day was very fine, not a cloud to be seen in the heavens, when suddenly there came up a terrific thunder storm, the rain falling in torrents, which drove them to the house for shelter. The storm ceased almost as soon as they reached the house, and they returned to the digging, the birds having disappeared during the storm and were not seen again. Such in substance is the account as given by members of the Coldwell family, who distinctly recalled the story as told them by their parents.

HALIFAX.

In pleasant summer, warm and sweet,
Glad sunshine round and over,
Stirring with touch of tender heat
The grasses and the clover;
Where sea and land hold carnival
In this fair August weather,
And nature binds with sunny thrall
Her choicest gifts together.

The woods hang out their hennered green,
The wild flowers sleeping under
Look up with cups of dewy sheen,
In sweets, contented wonder,
Where old Point Pleasant's burnished guns
Tell out the ringing story,
Her forts are manned by soldier sons,
The heirs of England's glory.

And farther down, where York Redoubt,
A rampart grey and lonely,
Stands with her cannon pointing out,
A peaceful watchtower only—
A century since it was set—
The guard—which Britain made her.
Thank God! those guns have never yet
Answered the rash invader.

Between these warden of the sea—
(Grim sentinels on duty—
Are shining basins of the sea,
Small coves so full of beauty,
Where Paroli's fairy inlet seems
A sylvan haunt for lovers;
Near the soft whir by sunset streams
Of woodcocks and plovers.

Where Falkland lifts its stony hills
A nest for fisher people,
The mattin bell the silence fills
Around the snow-white steeples,
Where Portuguese and Herring Coves,
Green in this glad green summer,
Have pleasant paths and leafy grove
To greet each tired comer.

Where old Chebueto's giant head,
With shining lighthouse crest-ed,
Sate port for storm-tossed ships has made,
All shoals and currents breast-ed,
And Sambro's bold bluff headland stands
A watchman by the ocean,
Whose rocks are washed by foamy hands
Of breakers fierce in motion.

Back from the open sea we turn,
Up past the eastern border,
While tangled forests sweet with fern
Stretch out in green disorder;
And Thrum Cap looms, all grim and high,
Where whereabouts of danger found it,
While waves and winds and tides reply
To seagulls floating round it.

Lone Devil's Island trims its light,
Two beacon fires are glowing,
Out on the storm and gloom of night
Their welcome watch bestowing,
Past Lawlor's sunny sweep of green,
Meagher's beach and Macnab's Island,
Where bristling forts again are seen
Above the woodlet highland.

Fort Clarence dips its union jack
To-day in courteous greeting,
And George's Island answers back
The welcome of its greeting;
While sunny homes beside the shore
Green vines around them creeping,
The carnival of peace once more
This August day are keeping.

The harbour sleeps in sunny rest,
The city lies above it;
From north to south, from east to west
No fairer site we coveit.
Dear homes and tender hearts within,
Glad skies of beauty o'er her,
Gardens and parks beyond the din,
The blue broad sea before her.

Above—the brave old Citadel
Fort George—in grandeur towers;
The streamers on her flagstaff tell
Great Britain's Queen is ours.
God grant her long to rule our land
In peace and with our loving;
Long may we guard with loyal hand
The flag our fathers planted.

Back from the circling fortress hill
Our sea-grit town is growing;
Fair summer homes the woodlands fill,
Green vines and gardens glowing,
By the blue waters of the Arm,
On sunny slope and dingle,
Bright eyes and merry voices charm
And with the glassless mingle.

And past the wharves and spreading docks,
Where trade and commerce reckon,
Their gains and losses, ships and stocks,
And towering mast heads beckon;
Out from the hot and noisy street
The idle strollers hasten
To Richmond's cool and green retreat,
By Bedford's shining basin.

Where the blue Narrows touch each shore,
The tide and current breasting,
Old England's gallant ships of war
At anchorage are resting,
Gay pennons float upon the breeze,
The hidden guns are ready;
Though peace is mistress of the seas,
Our tars are true and steady.

When the pale moon and stars of gold
With radiance touch the waters,
And soft winds stir each silken fold,
Our merry sons and daughters
Launch out their boats upon the tide
Around the flag ship rowing,
And light canoes to music glide,
Each oar in silver glowing.

Oh, sunny city by the sea!
So fair in summer weather!
Where nature binds in welcome free
Her choicest gifts together,
From her sweet pine woods by the beach
Out from her pleasant places,
Wherever beauty's hand can reach
And fill with gifts and graces,
She greets you at her Carnival;
Let words of cheer begin it;
A welcome, warm and true, to all
A hand and heart within it!
What gift or good our city lacks,
In this glad time of being;
And if you come to Halifax
You never will regret it.

M. J. K. L.

HALIFAX SUMMER CARNIVAL.

Following is the programme of events for Carnival week, commencing August 5th—

MONDAY, AUGUST 5TH.

AFTERNOON—Regatta on Halifax Harbor—Amateur Four Oars, Single Sculls, Pair Oars, and Canoe Races. Amateur Athletic Sports, Walking, Running, Jumping, Putting the Shot, Throwing Hammer, etc. Baseball.

EVENING—Promenade Concert in the Public Gardens, Pyrotechnic Display, Music by Military Bands.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 6TH.

AFTERNOON—Military Tournament at Riding Grounds, similar to the Royal Tournament held yearly at Agricultural Hall, London, Eng., introducing Tent Pegging, Tilting at Rings, Lemon Cutting, Turk's Head, and other Marvelous Feats of Horsemanship; Tandem Races, Wrestling on Horseback, Umbrella and Cigar Races, Mounted and Dismounted Combats, Bayonet Exercise, Field Gun Drill, Sword vs. Bayonet; Shamfight—British Troops vs. Egyptians, by men who took part in the late Egyptian War; and many other Novelties. Baseball between Boston and Halifax teams.

EVENING—Continuation of Military Tournament at Exhibition Building. Moonlight Excursion on the Harbor, with Bands of Music.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 7TH.

AFTERNOON—Horse Racing, Trotting and Running, at Riding Grounds. Band Tournament, at Exhibition Building, in which 35 Bands will participate. Opening of Amateur Baseball Tournament.

EVENING—Continuation of Band Tournament. Brilliant Harbor Illumination, with immense Procession of floats illuminated on a magnificent scale, Huge Bonfires along the water front; Grand Illumination of Her Majesty's Ships of War, and an extensive Fireworks Display.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 8TH.

AFTERNOON—Professional Regatta, including Single Scull Race for the Championship of Halifax Harbor, open to the World; Four Oared Labrador Whaler, Races in Cutters between crews from Ships of War, Dingy, Canoe, Tub Races, etc. Procession of Boston Oddfellows, with their own Band. Baseball match, between colored clubs. Continuation of Amateur Baseball Tournament. Opening 30 hour Go-as-you-please Race, 10 hours per day, Exhibition Building, in which leading English and American pedestrians will compete.

EVENING—Grand Torchlight Procession by Firemen, Manufacturers, Trades, and Athletic Clubs, introducing handsomely decorated Engines and Hose Reels, Cars illustrating the various Manufacturers and Trades, Uniformed Athletic Clubs, Allegorical Cars, Quaint and Humorous Turnouts, etc. Chinese Lantern Bicycle Parade by Local and Foreign wheelmen. Go-as-you-please Race.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 9TH.

MORNING—Great Military and Naval Demonstration by British Troops stationed at Halifax, Sailors and Marines from Her Majesty's Ships of War of the North Atlantic Squadron, and the several Regiments of Halifax Militia, in an attack and defence of Halifax, with Bombardment by the Fleet of Warships.

AFTERNOON—Firemen's Tournament and Professional Sports at Riding Ground, Hose Reel Salvage, Corps, Hook and Ladder Races. Amateur Baseball Tournament. Go-as-you-please Race, Exhibition Building. Cricket Match.

EVENING—Carnival Ball. Promenade Concert, Public Gardens. Walking Match, Exhibition Building.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10TH.

AFTERNOON—Grand Excursion on the Harbor, Bedford Basin, and North West Arm. Races of the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron. Cricket. Walking Match. Baseball.

EVENING—Aquatic Concerts. Excursions on the Water. Illumination of the Ships of War and Mercantile Marine. Conclusion of Go-as-you-please Race.

HALIFAX IN YE OLDEN TIME

The originals of the sketches representing Halifax in 1780 are in the Provincial Museum, Halifax. We are indebted to Dr. Honeyman for the use of them.

TRURO'S BEAUTIFUL PARK.

Outside of Halifax, one of the most interesting places to visitors, will be the town of Truro, situate a little better than an hour and a half's run up the Intercolonial railway.

Located in the centre of the railway system of the province, with a rich agricultural country surrounding it, Truro occupies a commanding position as a distributing centre, and boasts of having some of the largest importers and wholesale dealers in the province especially in dry goods.

Being located on a level site with regular streets thickly bounded by overhanging trees, it is pronounced by travellers to be one of the prettiest as well as most thriving and enterprising towns in the provinces.

Not the least among its many attractions is the beautiful natural scenery of Victoria Park. Situated on the immediate confines of the town and close beside the railway station is a beautiful glen hidden among the hills. At the distance of a few hundred yards this valley suddenly narrows to a rocky gorge, which winds up through the hills, amid towering precipices on either side, occasionally opening out into little wooded dells, and then closing up again until there is scarcely room for the sparkling stream that comes leaping down between them to find its

seasons remains well into the summer, so that the unusual spectacle is presented of summer and winter side by side—the full rich foliage of summer above, while the snows and ice of winter still linger below.

At the falls a series of rustic staircases lead up the precipices to the heights above which presents many points of vantage, overlooking the valley and ravine for the distance of several miles.

One is instinctively led to wonder as he looks

tween; or whether this apparently harmless little stream that babbles along so peacefully, swollen sometimes into an angry mountain torrent, has in the course of ages, scooped out for itself in the solid rock this winding pathway among the hills.

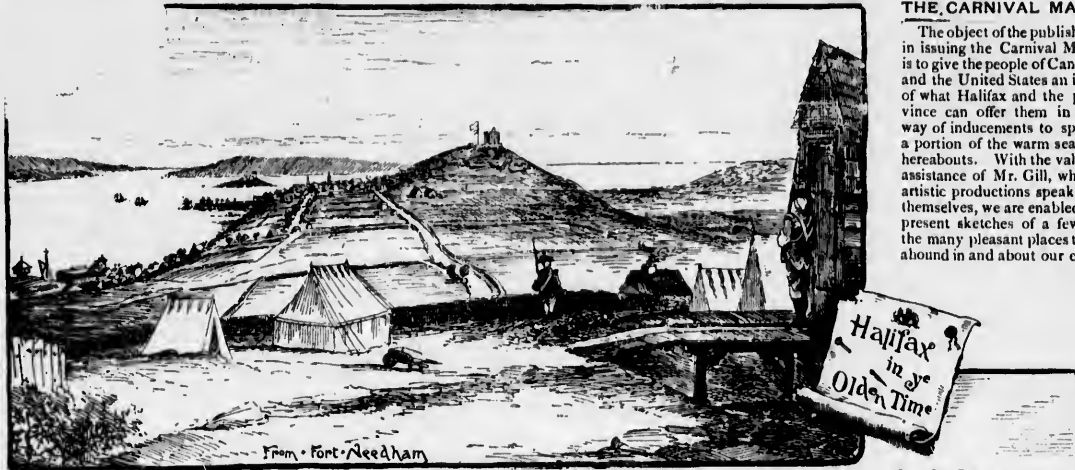
Whatever the cause, one cannot but feel, that here he is brought directly in contact with nature in her most poetic and romantic moods; that this is one of her choicest laboratories, in whose sequestered nooks and amid whose almost perpetual shadows by the skillful intermingling of fern and flower and mossy banks—with splashing water and dripping springs she produces some of her rarest combinations of shade and coloring and poetic effect, creating beauty spots fully equal in their way to many of the celebrated places of the earth that from the force of more fortuitous circumstances have gained a world-wide reputation.

The people of Truro are just beginning to realize how generous nature has been to them and what a rare treasure they possess. They have just begun to make it accessible by the construction of a few paths and steps up the precipices, but if they continue to improve it and open up and make known its beauties, we have no doubt that our American and Canadian friends as they come down to this province year after year to enjoy the luxury of Halifax attractions and its cool and refreshing summer breezes, as we have no doubt they will in ever increasing numbers, they will also stop off a few days at Truro to commune with nature in these sequestered little nooks amid the romantic scenery of Victoria Park.



MARTELLO TOWER, POINT PLEASANT PARK.

down into these "dim vaults and winding aisles," where nature has entrenched herself among the rocks, whether she has secured this retreat by means of some great internal convulsion, that has thrust the rocks up from below and left a gaping wound be-



From Fort Needham

THE CARNIVAL MAIL.

The object of the publishers in issuing the Carnival MAIL is to give the people of Canada and the United States an idea of what Halifax and the province can offer them in the way of inducements to spend a portion of the warm season hereabouts. With the valued assistance of Mr. Gill, whose artistic productions speak for themselves, we are enabled to present sketches of a few of the many pleasant places that abound in and about our city.

From Pt. Pleasant Road
1783.

way through. The ravine is interspersed here and there with pools and rapids and finally culminates in a series of beautiful water falls which though small in size, yet for grace and picturesqueness of surroundings, have few equals anywhere.

Another interesting feature, at present inaccessible, is a dripping mossy cavern under the brow of a frowning precipice, fed by a spring from above, which, in winter, freezes as it falls into the deep vault below, forming an immense glacier which in favorable



COW BAY.

COW BAY, lying nine miles to the eastward of Halifax, has natural advantages which entitle it to a high place in public estimation, as a watering place of the first order.

The beach, proper, is of crescent shape and measures, in extreme length, 1 1/2 miles.

Just inside of this beach is a shallow lake, covering an area of about 100 acres, and bordered by trees of soft and hard wood. It is a very pretty lake, but of an irregular shape, defying precise description; and, towards its eastern side, is an island, clothed with trees—the cool shady beech, and the ever graceful white birch.

LOOKING SOUTH.



water it is only deep enough to cover his knees when the wave is in, and much shallower when it recedes. Happy thought—he will wade 5 or 10 yards more, and then turn around and swim for the shore. He will thus escape an encounter with one of those giant waves, such as he saw but a moment since. The scheme is good and he proceeds to execute it. He is swimming ashore quite nicely. What is that premonitory undertow that seems to be pulling him back, but at the same time lifting him? Ah, now it is letting him down again. Why are his friends ashore cutting capers of delight, and at the same time, signalling him to look behind?—He does look behind, and sees a high, pale green, concave fence chasing him with intent to kill it is close upon him—ah!! oh!!! —boom! splash!—head up!—heels up! —tons of water between him and daylight!—“roaring in the ears, and gloomy foreboding!” (but no catarrh remedy at hand, to effect instantaneous relief, and a permanent cure.) A wild struggle, and again he breathes the air of freedom, in huge gasps. He chases his friends, and hurls large stones at them with all his strength, but they elude him with shrieks of derisive laughter. He decides not to go so far out another time, until he has learned more about swimming in the surf of an ocean beach.

It is not only strangers and pilgrims who visit Cow Bay in the hot summer season. Large number of people from Halifax, and out sister city across the



MONUMENT—OLD ENGLISH BURYING GROUND.



NORTH WEST ARM FROM THE HEAD.

Into this lake, at its north eastern side, flows Cow Bay river, one of the prettiest small rivers in the province, with its miniature falls, wide and deep black pools, and rapid runs—the subject of many a sketch, from many different points of view.

The outlet of the lake is just beyond the farther end of the beach, and here the fresh water seeks the salt through a narrow run, and by a gradual descent, from the level of the lake, which is little higher than that of the neighbouring tide.

But the main feature of Cow Bay is its magnificent beach, the reputation of which has been gradually extending for years, until it is now known on both sides of the Atlantic.

Each summer the number of visitors goes on increasing and must continue to increase, as long as “the sultry summer sun” hath power to drive overheated humanity to the brink of old ocean, where the mighty billows roll and tumble, beckoning the enervated denizen of dusty bricks and mortar to doff his garments and plunge in, “so that his youth may be renewed like the eagle’s.”

The difference between still water and surf bathing is like that between stale and fresh soda water.

There is a wild exhilarating movement to ocean waves which will almost set a man from the interior crazy as he watches them, for the first time, tumbling on the shore, and deafening his ears with the noise of their roaring; while the salt spray flies to leeward, tingling on his face, and he inhales deep breaths of the strong briny air. After he has divested himself of his clothing he starts for the seething water and begins to wade in. The slope of the firm smooth sand is so gradual that though 20 yards out from the edge of the

harbour resort thither to picnic, to bathe, to walk on the sands; or seated on the natural embankment of smoothly rounded stones which form an inner circle, above the soft dry sand, to meditate on eternity and the infinity of space, to gaze into each other’s eyes and exchange found vows of love, or to wax eloquent in argument concerning the best way to make a lobster salad; for the sea is suggestive of lobsters. It also sharpens the appetite, and thereby arrests the wandering thoughts, turning them inward upon the digestive organs.

No doubt the majority of Carnival visitors will hie them to Cow Bay, thereby furnishing full fares to the excellent busses which are now run regularly by the larger firms of Dartmouth livery men, and when they return home (the visitors—not the busses) its reputation will be still further extended by this best of all systems of free advertising.

TRIUMPH.

For a little while,
A heart-sick season,
Blind fate’s unreason
Withheld thy face,—
For a sunless space
Thy voice, thy smile.

But now on the hills
There is health and laughter.
No more hereafter
That voiceless pain,
There’s mirth in the rain.
There’s May in the rills.



BELOW THE OLD BATTERY—A RELIC OF WAR TIMES.

For earth’s far corners
No more withhold thee,
No more enfold thee
The letters of change
And though art strange
To the tears of mourners,
For me and thee
No more, no longer,
The hopeless hunger,
The hearts of fire,—
The unquenched desire
No more for me!
For now the gleam
For now the gleam
Of the dew thy glance is,
My heart’s deep trance is
Yea, I have won thee.
From death and dream.

King’s College Windsor, N. S. CHARLES G. D.

CELEBRATIONS.



VER since
man was
created; or,
to speak by
the book of
modern science,
ever since man
created him-

self, he has been prone, at times, to kick up his heels, and celebrate things; hence the Olympic games of old, the Roman Saturnalia, and the Halifax Summer Carnival.

The first named was started several years ago, (B. C. 776), at which time the foot race was won by one Coroebus, a champion heel and toe pedestrian, who got away ahead of the crowd and gradually increased his lead to 3 stadia and 5 laps; winning in the unprecedented time of 2h. 45m. and 63/4s., amidst great applause. For this he received a vote of thanks from the board of health, and an honourable place in history, which he has since occupied. The almanacks were also started on that day, in his honour, and the occasion celebrated every 4 years, thenceforward, under the name and style of "Olympic games," the name being derived from the sudden exclamation of a friend of Coroebus, who had laid heavy odds on the result, and seeing the champion falter and totter in his gait just at the finish, in consequence of a paper of No. 3 carpet tacks having been carelessly scattered on the track, presumably by some one in the crowd who had bet the other way, shouted out: "Oh! limp quick, old son; expedite yourself, or all is lost!" From this exclamation, "Oh! limp quick," was, in time, derived the name "Olympic," since familiar to students of ancient history.

Although the ancients had not the facilities for enjoying themselves that we have to-day, yet they seem to have been quick to recognize a good time when they saw it coming, and possessed a large capacity for enjoying the same without benefit of clergy or permanent injury to the general health. They went at it with the materials at hand, and also with whole-souled enthusiasm and a stability of digestive organ rarely met with at the present day. Their rugged health was due to a nomadic out-door existence, and the frequent necessity of long, forced marches across country, when they went to steal each others goods. Though the refining arts of brewing and distilling were at that distant day but little known; still, after a while, might be heard the joyous shouts of invigorated youth, issuing from the primitive saloons of an awakening civilization, and with three or four quarts of 7 year old *shekar* and a couple of schooners of *yayin* under his belt, the old-time hustler was not the man to be lightly told he was a liar, by a person, or persons, of delicate physique. On the contrary, he would pull off his toga, put up his "dukes," and dance around in an ecstasy of sanguinary anticipation, challenging civic authority to come on, and receive an amount of elaborate personal injury which no human body, as at present constituted, could every hope to survive.

Since the above date, celebrations have increased and multiplied on the face of the earth, and foot races are not now made occasions of public rejoicing. Neither are almanacks dated from victories on the saw dust track, nor champion pedestrians honoured with niches in the temple of fame. Whether this arises from a scarcity of niches, or a superabundance of pedestrians, I have no figures at hand to determine.

The celebration of celebrations across the line, in brother Jonathan's country, is on the 4th of July. On that day, all classes of citizens join in setting off fireworks and walking in torchlight and other processions. It is the day which brings forth the early cocktail, that biteth like an adder, and the holiday cigar of the dissipated clerk, which, if once smelt, is never afterward forgotten. "By their cigars ye shall know them." "I have seen the dew drop clinging to the rose just newly born, and have smelled the fetid odor of the sauer kraut pot boiling dry in the cottage home of some hardy Dutchman nestling by our rock-bound coast; but the anniversary cigar left the most lasting impression. I have often wondered that the health authorities will permit its use inside of the city limits.

It was my intention when I sat down to give short descriptions of all the principal celebrations of antiquity, but I refrain from doing so, principally on the score of ignorance; besides which the effect of such descriptions on the minds of the young might be bad.

Chief among modern celebrations, however, is that of St. Andrew's day, by the North British Society. It is celebrated by a dinner, at which all kinds of speeches are attempted to be made, and the haggis is cooked on the European plan. This, on the whole, I regard as a mistake. Any Scotchman will tell you the same thing. When Burns said of the above pudding: "Blessins on thy sonsy face, great chief tain of the puddin' race," he referred to the haggis of his native wilds, and not to the kind which we, in the colonies, have palmed off on us. No one eats this latter because he likes it, but merely as an evidence of good faith. Many old standing members receive severe internal injuries, and have to sit down on their door steps, after they get home, on account of the haggis. This often happens after a St. Andrew's dinner, and has been frequently noticed.

In a pen and ink sketch, "from the monuments" which I have in my possession, an Egyptian feast is represented, which proves to my mind that the ancient Egyptians knew of the colonial haggis, and used it on state occasions; because one of the company, a large man, wearing a chignon on the back of his head, had just sneaked out, behind a small plantation of double-leaved sugar canes, with a large spittoon in his hands, and is in the act of becoming sea-sick in the same. Thus we can gather, from these slight records, carved and painted on the rocks of Thebes, what sort of fellows the ancients were, and how they could enjoy themselves when they set about it.

There are many sour-faced moralists who are down on celebrations of all kinds—public or private, and when amusements are in progress they look upon the happy crowd with a malevolent eye; but the large majority will always agree with Dr. Watts in his opinion that:

"Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less."

In fact I have often put a very liberal interpretation upon those lines myself, and have known others do the same thing, at times. Different peoples have widely different notions as to what constitutes a good time. The inscrutable Chinaman, no matter how far advanced in years, attends the festival of kites, and will sit all day hauling at a string, and drinking tea without any milk in it. He labors under the delusion that he is having a roaring time. You could not get a burly son of Britannia to do that—not if you paid him. He would smash the tea pot, and rend the kite in pieces; after which he would hunt around to see if it was possible "to get a decent glass of beeah in this blawsted cot'rah."

Concerning celebrations in general it may be said that, as man is evidently not built to walk in a straight line, he must have an occasional "toot," for the good of his health.

The history of the individual is, approximately, the history of the race. A man will attend a revival meeting and catch a religious fever; but, ere long, the fever will subside, leaving him where he was before, or, perhaps, lower down. Another will start out at a 2.40 gait on the path of reckless dissipation, and anon be found lifting up his voice, like a pelican in the wilderness, in the cause of severe morality. Godly parents, on an average, have more ungodly children than those less saintly; (statistics have proved that minister's sons are worse than those of laymen) and the children of ungodly parents, on the other hand, frequently turn out better than those whose opportunities were many, and their surroundings in every respect favourable to the development of good character. England, under the gloomy shadow of Cromwell, was a long-faced meeting house, with a refrigerator in each corner; but, after Oliver stepped out, the people rose up to play, headed by festive "Rowley"—the Merry Monarch.

Speaking generally, an age of temperance is followed by a period of carelessness and free drinking; and an age of religious fanaticism by a period of carelessness and backsliding. There is action and reaction every where. In the heart of man, from faith to infidelity—from morality to immorality. In nature, from the process of building to that of disintegration. On the sea-shore the rock is being ground into sand, and, in other situations, the sand is being formed into rock; and so on. But this thing is getting too philosophic, and I am getting to the end of my letter; so I will close by advising every one to attend the Halifax Summer Carnival, in honour of which, and for no mercenary reason whatsoever, this special number of the MAIL is issued.

If you cannot raise the money any other way, borrow it from me, and make up your mind to have a

good time. All the materials are here on the ground, and you will find the price usually 3 for a quarter. Try all you can to beat the record of the ancient Romans, but don't go and get mixed up in an argument with constituted authority.

Yours affectionately,
ADAM SMITH.

WATERLOO.

Sunday, June 1864, 1815.

"What struck?"
"Half-past ten o'clock,"
As over his saddle how he bent,
He thought of a village church in Kent,
And said "She'll be kneeling soon to pray—
Perhaps for me—on this Sabbath-day."

Ping! Ping!
Hark the bullets wing!
Their cuirassiers sweep across the plain,
"Charge them, our Life Guards!"—they turn again;
While English beauty is on the knees—
For English valour across the seas.

There goes
The Vanguard of the foes!
They've taken the wood by Hoogmoont!
"Coldstreams and Fusiliers to the front!"
Taken again, lads! that's not amiss,
Your sweethearts at home will boast of this.

Pell mell,
Hullet, shot, and shell
Rain on our infantry thick and fast,
Many a stout heart will beat its last;
Blue eyes will moisten many a day
For good lives lightly given away.

Crash, clash,
Like a torrent's dash,
Lancer and cuirassier leap on the square,
Scarcely a third of the bayonets there.
Ye, who would look on old England again,
Now must ye prove yourselves Englishmen.

Stamp, Stamp,
With its even tramp,
Rolls up-hill the invincible guard:
Falters it at the fiftieth yard?
Weak, worn, and oft assaulted the foe,
Yet never its heart misgave it so.

On, On,
And the light is won!
Shot-stricken luesman and thrice-charged guard
(Gares at them lion-like, hungry and hard)
His waiting is done—his hour has come;
Pent-up fierceness drives bayonets home.

On, On,
Life Guard and Dragonn!
An English charge and a red right hand
Will bring fair years to your fair old land,
With river—net and shivered lance,
Is left and sattered the Priet of France.

Still, still,
In the moonlight chill,
A dying Dragonn looks up to a friend:
"Tell her I did my part to the end—
Tell her I died as an Englishman should—
And gave her—her handkerchief—it is my blood."

There went
From a church in Kent
An eager and anxious prayer to God
For lovers, brothers, and sons abroad—
The fairest and noblest prayed for one—
Neither lover, nor brother, nor son.

A calm
After hymn and psalm—
The preacher in silent thought is bowed,
Ere he gives out the bidding prayer aloud,
Hark! what can that long, dull boom be,
Swept by the east wind across the sea?

boom, boom,
Like the voice of doom!
The preacher has fought, and knows full well
The message that booming has to tell,
And gives out his text, "Let God arise,
And He shall scatter our enemies."

One night
In two memories bright;
One golden hour unwatched at a hall,
A kerchief taken or given was all,
"Off to the war tomorrow—good bye—
I'll carry it with me until I die!"

He is dead!
"You have come," she said
"To bring me tidings of him I loved?"
Your face has told me your tale—'he proved
Worthy the name that I did not know,
The man that I thought him a year ago."

He died!
With stern English pride;
But lived to fight the great battle through;
His last words were of England and you;
He died as an English gentleman should,
And sent you—your handkerchief—rich with his
blood."

"Ah, me!
Life is sad," moaned she,
"When all the sun in its sky hath flown,"
And "one loving bosom is very lone;"
And, "Oh! if I might but be by you,
In your soldier grave at Waterloo."

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

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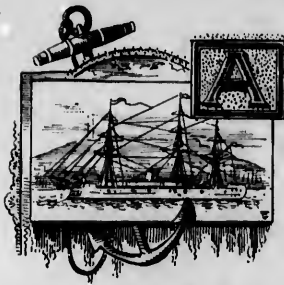
SUMMER STORIES



SUPPLEMENT TO CARNIVAL NUMBER EVENING MAIL, HALIFAX, 1896.



THE PROVINCIAL MUSEUM



is the door of "The Provincial Museum." Entering this door (which is, by the way, flanked, on either side, by a low stout railing, enclosing a formidable looking array of fossils) you encounter Dr. Honeyman—well-known to the initiated few of many countries; ever busy in the practical study of that most fascinating of the sciences—Geology; and ever ready, with much kindly forbearance for the ignorance of the unlearned, to show the said unlearned all the treasures of the museum; and to lavish his valuable time, without stint, in explaining, with unaffected simplicity, the origin, nature, and purpose of each peculiar specimen; and according to the latest accepted theories. Considering the extent and value of the collection in the Provincial Museum, it is surprising that it is so sparingly visited by the more intelligent of our citizens. Some one has said that to become acquainted with the contents of a museum is to acquire a liberal education; which is quite true; yet, outside of a small number of cultured gentlemen, who are possessed by a passion for Geological and Archaeological study, the Provincial Museum is visited, principally, if not altogether, by strangers. This is not as it should be. Nothing blights the prospects of an institution so much as cold neglect and lack of appreciation on the part of those from whom it should receive support, and it is due not only to Dr. Honeyman, and the gallant little band who are aiding him with practical assistance, and, what is of still greater value, warm sympathy, but to Nova Scotians themselves, to take more pride, and a deeper interest, in an institution which has taken many years of careful toil in the building, and which is a credit to the maritime provinces.

Entering the museum, the eye is at once arrested by a slender gilt pyramid, on a square base, the whole being about eight feet in height, and representing the bulk of the gold mined in this province up to the year 1874. Since then 167,408 ounces have been added to the total, which now stands at 433,754 ounces worth \$8,675,000. It may be mentioned that a pyramid similar in shape, but of larger dimensions representing the gold product of Nova Scotia at "The Indian and Colonial Exhibition" held at London in 1886, had excited much interest and admiration, representing by its gilded bulk, just as well as the shining metal itself could have done, 16½ tons of pure gold. Wandering slowly up and down, looking into jars of alcohol, the visitor is stultified by a certain feeling of helplessness;—his faculties, "go out on strike," and refuse to take in, and intelligently comprehend, the information which the genial Dr. so glibly utters.

Here is a case containing coins, of all nations; the oldest bearing "the image and superscription" of Alexander the Great—"Macedonian Sandy" as Burns irreverently styled him. An imaginative man, with plenty of time at his disposal, could amuse himself for a whole afternoon with this junky, mean looking little coin—a coin which was in circulation some 2,200 years ago; which was more than 300 years old "when humble shepherds watched their flocks on Bethlehem plains by night;" or which may have been expended for confectionery, by some pretty girl 900 or 1,000 years before Mahomet set up in business for himself as an inspired prophet, and went forth, with a crooked sword, and a prancing steed, to make himself popular with the masses, and convert souls to the new faith, which he invented without assistance from anybody, but modestly ascribed to the maker of Heaven and Earth. It seems strange to think that that coin is now in Halifax, and you can go and look at it any day you like.

In addition to a large number of valuable coins there are, in the collection, a lot of beautifully executed casts, which are exact representations of the originals. These coins and casts give us correct portraits of many celebrated and notorious figures in ancient history. Figures which have, in their short day, inspired worship, or fear, or hatred. Authorities say that these ancient coin portraits are correct, and prove it by

the similarity of likeness between different coinages of the same reign. (It is a pity that this cannot be said of the portraits on modern coins and medals, which are invariably flattering, and in most cases might be meant for anybody.)

Here, in the Roman divinity, we see the features of the renowned and infamous Nero. Nothing spiritual in the face, and the neck would need a No. 17 collar. We also see Nero's mother—evidently neither a stout nor a thin woman, and having a straight Grecian nose. Here, also, are the Cæsars; Julius, and Augustus; the Trajans, young and old; besides a host of other men and women, ages since turned to harmless dust; but whose lips, then full of blood, could speak the word that shattered kingdoms and turned happy cities to heaps of ashes and calcined bones.

Turning from these coins we see fossils, by the thousand—leaves from the book of nature, which, according to some orthodox authorities, were placed within easy reach "when the windows of Heaven were opened, and the foundations of the deep were broken up";—when the stupendous convulsions took place which burst up the earth's crust, exposing the edges of the ancient strata, so that the modern man of science can now have a look at them, and take home a few chips, if he feels so disposed. Here, in the museum, also are warlike implements—savage and civilized?; ancient and modern; specimens of birds and fishes; insects; relics of the stone age; specimens of peaceful handicraft; skulls of pirates; and a host of curios, which, if catalogued, would fill a good sized book. Not even a bare outline is attempted in the limited compass of this article, which may as well be closed with the narration of a rather humorous incident from the experience of Dr. Honeyman at the Fisheries Exhibition, which was held in London in 1884.

It seems that, on that occasion, "The Great American Eagle" did not come to hand; and the U. S. section was without the familiar national emblem. Nova Scotia felt no particular pride in her eagles, but the Dr. happened to have with him in the Canadian section, a very fine specimen, which excited admiration in the breasts of all beholders. After some time, Minister Lowell and his lady came and asked the Dr. if he would lend his eagle to the American section, which he cheerfully did; so that, though Senators Frye and Edmunds, at a later date, shouted "bloody war" on this side of the Atlantic, over the supposed ill-usage, by Canada, of American fishermen on the Nova Scotian coast, the American nation was, a couple of years before, represented, on the other side of the world, by a Nova Scotian eagle from Jeddore.

On the diploma of honour, presented to the various countries represented at the exhibition, an eagle stands screaming, with upraised wings, at the right hand of Her Most Gracious Majesty, symbolizing America. It is the same Jeddore eagle which was lent by Dr. Honeyman, to the American section, and sketched on the spot by a celebrated London artist. (Sandbourne, of "Punch.")

The original is now in the provincial museum, and it won't cost you a cent to go any day and have a look at it. It may be proper to explain that the bird was then, and is now, dead, but beautifully stuffed, and looking "as natural as life."

THE PUBLIC GARDENS.

THOUGH the passing tourist is prone to seek out, and grumble at any objectionable features to be found, here and there, about Halifax, he is known to express anything but unqualified, nay, *enthusiastic* praise of our public gardens. We certainly have reason to be proud of them; for, unless, perhaps, in mere size, they are not excelled anywhere on the continent. Strolling, slowly, along the gravel walks, which wind gracefully through the grounds, bordered by shade trees, flowering shrubs, and close cropped Emerald turf, it seems incredible that, a few years ago, this beautiful spot was nothing more than a small market garden, owned by a private company, who sold cabbage plants and gooseberries, and a small piece of swamp and dry ground adjoining, the property of the city, which had been laid out, by the late John McCulloch, as a public garden; consisting of a few straight walks and four flower beds.

In 1874, owing, as the writer is informed, to the efforts of three public spirited citizens (Mr. Michael Dwyer, the late Wm. Ackhurst, and the late Wm. Barron), the Horticultural Garden Company was induced to sell, and the city to purchase, for \$15,000, the property of the Company; after which both were united, making 16 acres in all, and the work of leveling, draining and planting was commenced under the direction of Mr. Power, the superintendent. It is owing to the perseverance and natural artistic taste of Mr. Power that we now have the public gardens

as they are; after years of thoughtful and intelligent labor; and it seems impossible, as it would be unjust, to write a sketch of those gardens without giving him full and generous praise for the beautiful results which he has accomplished in carrying out the work entrusted to him by the city.

The work done by Mr. Power in the seventeen years during which he has been in charge, rises above the level of dollars and cents; it is the heart-work of an artist,—a lover of the beautiful, and can only be paid for by appreciation, sympathy, and hearty encouragement from all of us who enjoy its results.

Owing to the unusual moisture and warmth of this season, which is some three or four weeks earlier than usual, the trees and shrubs, in particular, look beautifully fresh and bright, and the continual exhalation, from the foliage, of faintly odorous moisture keeps the air in the gardens deliciously cool and refreshing; so that the jaded pedestrian feels, on entering the gates, as though he was in a new country.

On Saturday afternoons, and on Sundays, the number of visitors is very large, embracing all classes of citizens, rich and poor. You will often see an aged man seated, with the abstracted far-off gaze peculiar to those advanced in years, who feel that their journey is well nigh accomplished; and, not ten feet away, a small baby, in his perambulator, whose age can only be counted in months, crowing with self-satisfaction, as he gazes, patronizingly, about him; or howling, dismally, because his young and susceptible nurse is neglecting him, and listening to the polite gallantries of "Tommy Atkins."

The old man has been through the world, and is awaiting, serenely, the call of "time." If he is a good old man, he is rather relieved to think that the scramble for existence is over, and that he will soon be able to fold his toil-worn hands and float out with the tide. If he is a bad old man, he will say that "he is better than two dead men yet" and tell you profane stories of his younger days, calculated to convey the impression that he was a perfect Don Juan; at the same time intimating, with tremulous nudges and winks, that he has a deucedly keen eye for a pretty ankle yet.

The baby will tell you nothing; because he cannot speak yet awhile; but, if you ask him a question as to his general health, he will so far give you change for it as to answer "baroo, baroo," or words to that effect. What is he thinking about—what are his first impressions of life in general, learned metaphysicians would give bags of gold to discover; and they have to take things as they find them, and derive what satisfaction they can from speculation and theory.

To the poor, who have no gardens of their own, the public gardens are a priceless boon. Here they can come and sit, in shade or sunshine, surrounded by the beautiful in nature, and, undoubtedly, made better and happier by its refining and tranquilizing influences. They can leave the stifling atmosphere of the tenement and breathe the free pure air of Heaven; which, but for these gardens, would never enter their lungs. Let the city fathers remember this, with satisfaction, as they write out cheques for needed improvements. One of the chief attractions is the small, but exquisitely pretty, artificial lakes; surrounded by clumps of water-loving trees, and reserved for the special use and behoof of a mixed colony of choice waternowl—swans, geese, ducks, and other birds from the ends of the earth—China, Australia, Egypt, Labrador, and other countries, which you will find in any good geography. To juvenile visitors these birds are "a joy forever;" or, at anyrate, for more than one season; and their digestive organs have not been complained of, so far as the writer is aware; for, though the Egyptian goose, in his native wilds, probably never encountered sponge cake, yet he will greedily devour the same here, in Halifax, as this deponent is prepared to make oath and declare, before any duly authorized commissioner of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia; and, although it is not at all likely that the Brant goose, from the stormy coast of Labrador, was designed by the Creator to swallow sections of the hardy annual dough nut, yet he does so, every summer, without apparent injury to a naturally fine constitution. Thus does savagery succumb to civilization. It is impossible to give a close estimate of the number of different varieties of trees and shrubs now growing in the gardens. Professor Lawson published a list numbering 107, in May last; but this list is not a full one, though it contains all the principal varieties. These trees and shrubs were marked with labels, at the request of the School Commissioners, to afford the pupils of our public schools an opportunity of practically studying botany, with the various specimens before them, and the professor's work will no doubt result in much practical benefit to students, both old and young.

On Saturday afternoon, throughout the season, the military bands will perform selected programmes of music; thoroughly enhancing the pleasure of visitors, who are wise enough to "banish dull care," for a few hours, at the end of each week, and to enjoy the beauties of sight and sound placed within their reach, "without money and without price."

It has been long since considered of first importance, from a sanitary point of view, that every city should have one or more public gardens or parks; to give the working, or, indeed, any other classes, the opportunity of breathing fresh air as frequently as possible. In Halifax we have to congratulate ourselves that we are particularly fortunate in this respect; for, between the public gardens and Point Pleasant Park, we have breathing space and to spare—amply sufficient for a much larger town. In reference to the park, and the recent improvements made in it, it may be mentioned that Mr. Power's taste "crops out" there also; he, having suggested, and in great part superintended, the clearing away of low growing limbs and unsightly brush from the drive ways, so that the natural ferns and wild flowers might grow up freely, "and be seen of men."

There is no doubt that Carnival visitors, while "doing" the sights of the town, will not fail to visit and bestow lavish praise upon "the Halifax public gardens."

THE NORTH MOUNTAIN, N. S.

BY THE REV. J. CLARK, NICTAUX.

O mountain! ranging league on league,
With varying breadth and height;
A widespread majesty by day,

A guardian wall by night,
On valley side I oft have felt,
While looking up to thee,
Secure, as though thy massive strength
Were keeping back the sea.

O'er thee the pole-star hangs aloft
Its seven-starred scutcheon bright;—
A glittering chart for all to scan,—
The mariner's delight,
And o'er thee shines, in liquid air,
The evening's fairest star;—
A spark of heaven's self-kindled fire,
A glory seen afar.

O'er thee the chill aurora plays,
And darts its rays on high;
And not unoft, with varying glow,
Lights up full half the sky.
On thee the winds hold carnival;
Thy brooks lift up their voice;
Thy forest giants clap their hands,
And all thy glens rejoice.

The traveller, standing on thy heights,
Beholds, becharmed, below,
One widening stretch of fruitful vale,
All emerald or snow,
He sees the river, winding on,
With stately, calm delay,
Until its waters find themselves
In Fandy's tide-strong Bay.



POND, PUBLIC GARDEN.

Or, turning northward, at his feet,
He sees fair hamlets spread;—
The homes of those who love the sea,
And toiling, gain their bread.
Then looking farther, while he hears
The billows' plash and roar,
He sees, beyond you widespread sails,
New Brunswick's distant shore.

Along thy sides, I oft have watched
The storm-clouds hurrying on,
Till, freed from tangling woods, they blent
Off dark-browed Blomidon;
Or silently have glided forth,
With wavering light and shade,
The airy, floating shadow-fields,
By cloud and sunshine made.

O mountain grand! I love thee well;
A solemn charm is thine;
The strength which dwells within thy heart,
In measure, enters mine:
For countless ages thou hast stood;
Heaven grants few years to me;
Yet I, myself, must last and live
When thou shalt cease to be.



FOUNTAIN, PUBLIC GARDEN.

THE FOUNDING OF HALIFAX.

The good city of Halifax has only been known as such for 140 years. In 1749 the British Government, at the request of the Colonial Governments of New England, founded the city, and gave it its

By means of the Shubenacadie river, and the chain of lakes reaching from the head of that river to within a few hundred yards of the eastern side of what is now known as Halifax harbor, they were able for untold generations to travel and traffic between the Bay of Fundy and the Atlantic—and from the head waters of the Bay of Fundy in turn, at Cobequid and Chignecto they were able to connect with the gulf and river of St. Lawrence. Thus long before Halifax was trodden by European feet it was the Atlantic entrepôt of the trade of a large portion of what is now the Dominion of Canada. Chebucto, "the greatest of harbors," was to our Algonquin predecessors what it must ever remain,—the Atlantic terminus of the trade and traffic of the Great River of Canada, and all the territory to which that river gives access.

In 1604 the French founded Port Royal (now Annapolis) in Nova Scotia, and thus effected the first European settlement in North America. Thenceforward, for 150 years, this province was the theatre of many stirring incidents in the gigantic duel between France and England, to decide which should be supreme on this continent. And of all those incidents, perhaps the most romantic, as well as the most tragic occurred in Halifax harbor. It was in the year 1746, three years before the founding of the present city, that France fitted out what up to that time was her most formidable naval expeditions,

in America and the West Indies. It consisted of 11 ships of the line, 20 frigates, and 34 other vessels, transports, fire ships, etc., and had in addition to its full complement of marines, a detachment of 3,100 soldiers on board, with abundance of arms, ammunition and provisions. It was commanded by M. de Rochefoucauld, Duc d'Anville, a distinguished member of one of the most noble families of France. It is no wonder that the announcement of such an expedition being sent against them was received with profound dismay by every English colony in America, for there is little doubt that it was quite capable of destroying everything English on this side the Atlantic. But it was overthrown and destroyed by a series of misfortunes, equalled only by those which overwhelmed the Great Spanish Armada in the reign of Elizabeth. It sailed from Rochelle, 22nd June, 1746, for Chebucto, where it was to be joined by the Indians and French neutrals. The Indians and French came according to appointment, but the fleet that sailed from Rochelle came not. After a succession of storms and disasters, which had stranded a number of his vessels on Sable Island and forced others to return to France, d'Anville arrived in Chebucto, on September 10th. Here, in a few days, 1,000 of his men died of fever and dysentery, and the duke himself, overcome with dismay, took poison, as is believed, and died on the 16th. The command then devolved on the Vice-Admiral, d'Estourmel, who having been ordered by the Governor of Canada, La Jonquière, to proceed to attack Annapolis, fell on his own sword, and was found dead in his state-room the next morning. Finally, on the 13th of October, "all that was left" of d'Anville's fleet took its departure from Chebucto, but being once more overtaken by storms, it returned to France without attacking a single English settlement. When three years later the English arrived in the harbor of Chebucto, to found the city of Halifax, they found what is now called Bedford basin—an extension of



LIEUT. GOVERNOR MCELEAN.

present name. For long ages before that it was known among the Indians as "Chebucto" or "Chebuct," meaning "the greatest of harbors." But while the Indians showed by the name they gave it that they fully appreciated its advantages as a harbor, it was chiefly useful to them as the Atlantic terminus of their great line of trade and travel between "the Great Sea" and the interior of the country.

charged with the fell purpose of retaking Louisbourg, destroying Annapolis, burning Boston, and reducing, as far as possible, all the English colonies



VIEW FROM THE ROAD.



ON TOWER ROAD, EDGE OF PARK.

the harbor—strewn with the debris of sunken and destroyed French vessels, and its shores dotted with French graves,—striking mementoes of the signal collapse of an expedition that a short time before had threatened, not only English supremacy, but English existence, in North America. Thus, on the new-made grave, as it were, of the last great effort directed against the English in America, was built the City of Halifax, the first English settlement in what is now the Dominion of Canada.

Great was the rejoicing throughout the English colonies of this continent over the destruction of the d'Anville expedition. With devout thankfulness it was hailed as a direct interposition of the Almighty, who, it was believed, had overthrown the French, even as He had overthrown Pharaoh in the Red Sea,

or at a later period had wrecked and scattered the Invincible Armada. Praise and thanksgiving arose on every side. But with true Puritan worldly-wisdom, it was resolved not to tempt Providence further by leaving the French the same facilities for another attack. So the colonies asked the Imperial Government to occupy, fortify and garrison the important harbor of Chebucto, the strategic importance of which was already clearly recognized by military men. This request was formally laid before the Imperial Government in the autumn of 1748, and was warmly supported by George Montague, Earl of Halifax. Soon thereafter advertisements appeared under government sanction, "holding out proper encouragement to officers and private men lately discharged from the army and navy to settle in Nova Scotia." Among the inducements offered were to convey the settlers to their destination, maintain them for 12 months at public expense, and to supply them with arms and ammunition for defence, and with materials and articles proper for clearing the land, erecting dwellings, and prosecuting the fishery. Within a few months 1776 settlers volunteered. Parliament voted £40,000 for the purpose, (the first of a series of votes that in a few years aggregated £580,000 stg.); and in May 1749, an expedition under command of Hon. Edward Cornwallis (uncle of the General who surrendered at Yorktown) containing the future city, sailed from Portsmouth for Chebucto. This expedition consisted of the sloop of war "Sphinx," with 13 transports, having 2,376 passengers on board. It arrived in what is now Halifax harbor, on June 21st, 1749. At first it was determined to locate the city on the south-eastern extremity of the Peninsula, now known as Point Pleasant, and work was actually commenced there. But after a few weeks this idea was abandoned, it being found that the water was not of sufficient depth, and the location was too exposed to afford good harborage. A site was accordingly selected further up the harbor, between what are now known as Buckingham and Salter streets. On the space bounded by those two streets, the harbor and citadel hill, (about a third of a mile square) the new city was erected, and named after the distinguished statesman to whose interest and advocacy it largely owed its existence. Around it, for defence, were erected palisades, fences formed of huge pickets of twelve or fourteen feet in length placed upright with blockhouses built of logs at convenient distances. These were constructed to guard the infant city against attack by Indians. The new comers had indeed good reason for the first years of their presence in the colony, to regard their red neighbors,—controlled as they were by the French,—as enemies against whom it was prudent to be always prepared. Not a few settlers, venturing beyond the palisades, were waylaid and scalped by these stealthy and cruel allies of France. And in the spring of 1751, Dartmouth, on the opposite side of the harbor, which already had grown into an important suburb, was surprised, a number of its inhabitants murdered and scalped, and a number more carried off as prisoners to be sold to the French. A letter from Halifax, dated June 30th, 1751, published in the *London Magazine*, states a few that day since, the Indians, ("in the French interest), perpetrated a most horrible "massacre in Dartmouth, on the opposite shore, where they killed, scalped and frightfully mangled several of the soldiers and inhabitants. They spared not even women and children. A little baby was found lying by its father and mother,—all three scalped. The whole town was a scene of "butchery." But beyond cutting off stragglers, and devastating adjoining settlements, the Indians never ventured. They never attacked Halifax. What is more, no enemy has ever attacked it. Though 140 years have elapsed since it was founded, and though during that period Great Britain has been at war with nearly every nation in the world, and though during all these wars Halifax was her principal military and naval station in America, it has never been attacked or seriously menaced by any foreign fleet or army. It is, perhaps, the only city on the continent of the same age, of which that can be said. Its immunity speaks volumes for its strength, and shows that its reputation as "the Constradt of America" is not undeserved.

Over 140 years have passed since Halifax was founded. The history of the city during that period is very largely the history of the province; and the history of the province since 1749 is closely connected with the most important changes that have taken place on this continent. For the first 70 years of its history, Halifax was little more than a military and naval station, that prospered when war was abroad, and languished as soon as peace was proclaimed. To it, during that time, came Royal princes, great admirals and distinguished soldiers. The harbor was not infrequently filled with shipping, but the ships were mostly men-of-war and their

prizes. The city was occasionally full of men, but they were principally soldiers, prisoners and refugees. Commerce was carried on spasmodically, but as an adjunct to war; and while large fortunes were made by a few, they were oftener the spoils of war than the fruits of legitimate trade. Hither, during that period, came the army of Amherst and Wolfe, and the fleet of Boscawen, preparatory to the reduction of Louisburg in 1758; and from here departed the expedition to Quebec, in 1759, that gained the decisive victory on the plains of Abraham. Hither came the exiled United Empire Loyalists, during 1776-83, victims of greed and intolerance; and from here was fitted out the expedition, 30 years later, that conquered Maine and made Castine a British port of entry. Hither came the "Shannon" with the "Chesapeake" after the memorable duel between those vessels; and here were condemned and sold many French, Dutch, Spanish and New England merchantmen, the prizes of Nova Scotian privateers. It was not until after the fall of Napoleon and the beginning of the era of comparative peace, that Britain has ever since enjoyed, that Halifax began to assume the characteristics of a commercial metropolis. In 1819, seventy years after it was founded, it had a population of less than 10,000, and the assessed value of its real and personal property was only three and a quarter million dollars. From that time forward, however, it began to change its character for the better; to put off the form of the military station, and to acquire more and more the status and character of a commercial community.

"The past was a dream, and its life began."

In 1825 the first bank in the city opened its doors for business. Fifteen years later, (in 1840) through the enterprise of one of their own sons,—the late Sir Samuel Cunard,—the city was connected by a regular line of steamers with Liverpool and Boston. Ten years subsequently, (1850) the electric telegraph reached Halifax; and in four years more (1854) the first sod of what is now the great Canadian transcontinental railway system was turned, within the boundaries of the city. In 1867, Halifax became,—in addition to being the metropolis of Nova Scotia,—the Atlantic seaport of Canada. In 1876 it was connected by means of the Intercolonial Railway with Quebec and Montreal; and in 1886 with Vancouver on the Pacific. Her progress, though not rapid, measured by western standards, has been steady and stable, and on the whole, satisfactory. The following figures show the population of Halifax at each of the dates mentioned, of the city proper, as well as of the city and Dartmouth, that, for all practical purposes, are one city:—

	Halifax City (proper).	Halifax and Dartmouth combined.
1784	12,234	13,000
1838	14,427	15,788
1851	20,749	23,000
1861	25,026	28,181
1871	29,582	33,940
1881	36,100	41,663
1889 (est'd)	41,000	48,500

This is in addition to the garrison, of whom there are, all told, probably not less than 2,500 souls. In all, it may be safely said that there is an urban population around Halifax harbor of upwards of 51,000. To many this population may appear small, considering the age of the city, but it will be observed that the growth has nearly all occurred in the last half century. And it is also encouraging to know that there never was a period in its history when it was making more satisfactory progress, or enjoying a larger measure of commercial prosperity than at present. To accelerate that progress and increase that prosperity will ever be the highest ambition of the MAIL.

Cornwallis brave
Cam o'er the wave,
With gallant crew and gay,
And he did land
Upon the strand
In bright Chebucto Bay.

That gallant crew
Were soldiers true,
In many a battle tried;
And now they claim
The noblest fame
A warrior may bethine—

Upon the front
That bears the hunt
Of vicious nations' rage,
To plant a race
All time shall trace
Adown the historic page.

The foe they quelled,
The forest felled,
Built up the street and square;
For as they fought,
For as they wrought
And they our fathers' ware.

Now honor we
Our parent tree,
And may Chebucto rock
Forever rear
The brave and fair,
Of that old gallant stock.

THE "TUCKING FROLIC."

A CAPE BRETON WINTER STUDY.

It is a glorious night in March. Hosts of glittering stars sparkle in the winter sky. Masses of soft fleecy clouds sail majestically past the silver moon, and cast strange shadows on the white plain beneath.

The snowbound outlines of the opposite shore are wonderfully softened and rounded; here and there a group of fir stands out sharply against the snowy back ground.

Before us lies the broad bay—one dazzling unbroken sheet of white, whilst seaward, as far as the eye can reach, are piled fantastic masses of drift ice. The distant horizon line is sharply indented with cones and points and waves of ice, whose tops are of gleaming silver.

The air is keen and bracing, the snow crisp, the sleighing perfect. Scarce a breath of wind is stirring: the cold is intense.

Truly an ideal night for a drive we think, and are soon being carefully wrapped in the ample furs of our small low sleigh, and are presently flying swiftly along the smooth white roads, in the direction of the bay. For we are bound this evening for a farm house, some five miles distant, where we shall receive a true Highland welcome from our dear old host and hostess and their worthy daughter. All through the early winter months the women have been busily preparing and spinning the wool from their flocks of Southdown sheep. Now, woven into cloth by the same skilful hands, it is ready for the last process of shrinking or "milling in" as it is termed, and what more fitting than to celebrate this event with a real, old time "tucking frolic?"

So we pass on swiftly winding in and out, now on the bay itself, now crossing a narrow belt of the mainland. At last we are fairly out in the centre of the ice, and as my companion remarks, can look across to England!

The air is intensely cold but most exhilarating and the snow creaks and gives forth a metallic sound under the horse's tread.

From headland to headland, at the entrance of the rock bound bay, stretches one glittering sheet of ice three miles in width. The great Atlantic beyond lies in an enchanted sleep. The ice-peaks look like fairy castles. The scene is wonderful, but oppressive in its loneliness.

We shudder involuntarily as we gaze ocean wards; the eye seeks relief from the intensity of whiteness, and we turn gratefully toward a belt of stunted fir trees, which we are now nearing. Presently we are in their shelter and turning sharply to the right we enter a narrow cove or inlet, leading from the bay. Now we are close to the shore, and experience a sensation of warmth and comfort as we pass the cheery lights from farm house windows on either side.

Here is a black pond of water, perilously near! This is a mussel-bed, always open in the coldest season. Now with a jerk and a thump we are once more on the land, speeding across a field; the fence rails and posts buried deep in snow. Again we are on the ice: this time it is a small lake, dotted with little islets. Away in the distance stretches a sand-bar: outside this the ocean. On a rounded knoll, overlooking both the sea and the lake, is a long low house, our destination. As we approach the barking of dogs breaks the stillness; the door is thrown open wide and we are soon receiving a tumultuous greeting from the entire family, in which Gaelic and English are impartially mingled.

Soon we are being warmed and refreshed by our kind hosts before a huge fire of mingled coal and driftwood; and after partaking of the cup of strong boiled tea which never fails to cheer the Cape Bretonian heart, and tasting some real old fashioned Scotch shortbread, we are permitted to adjourn to the scene of festivity in the adjoining kitchen.

The room is long and low, with a raftered ceiling and huge brick fire place. Cranes and pot hooks are here, and above the tall, narrow mantle shelf are several old flint lock muskets and fowling pieces of ancient make. There is a tall dresser full of quaint old china. Bunches of herbs and strings of onions descend from the ceiling. Round the fire, and occupying the chimney corners are several of the older guests: the men with hard, weather-beaten faces, the women brave in much be-filled, closely fitting white caps. The men smoke, the women knit.

The fire light as it flickers in the broad chimney warms up their withered cheeks with something like the glow of youth, and casts fantastic shadows athwart the room. A sort of rude table of boards supported on barrels occupies the centre of the kitchen and some twelve or fourteen young people of both sexes are seated around it, chatting volubly in Gaelic, and much interested in the operations of a

sour visaged elderly female who is manipulating in some wonderful manner the contents of a steaming wash tub.

Our host sits beaming at the young people as he smokes his short clay pipe. There is a kindly twinkle in his deep set gray eyes, and thick masses of reddish brown hair shade a forehead both massive and intelligent. His clothes are of homespun and home manufacture with the exception of a very gay blue satin waistcoat much be-crested with yellow roses. Forty years have passed since he left his Highland cottage for the rugged shores of Cape Breton. But his heart is in the "auld countrie" yet, and he delights to tell of the days when he was a gillie on the estates of "Lord MacTonal'd o' the Isles" and stalked the deer on the mountain side and the heather in far away Mist. The good wife was young and sony then and a "notable guid dairy-maid what-ffer." Though her hair is streaked with silver now, under her snowy mutch, her heart is still young, and her sweet, kindly ways and quaint old time courtesy make her greatly beloved. She is devoted to her Gaelic mother-tongue and has never been persuaded into learning to speak "ta English" although she understands it somehow. From her lips the Gaelic sounds strangely soft and musical and we could almost fancy we understand her, as she pats us with her kind, motherly hand and utters little ejaculations of kindly welcome.

Now she draws our attention to a young man who, with his chair tilted against the dresser, at the end of the long table, is apparently oppressed with the deepest gloom. He seems to be afflicted with toothache for his face is buried in his hands. The somewhat boisterous merriment of his companions appears to jar upon his feelings, and he is quite indifferent to their jokes and laughter. We look at him sympathizingly and feel much exercised on his account. Suddenly, his foot begins nervously to tap the floor; he writes:—poor fellow! we know how it is,—we can feel for you!

He sways backwards and forwards,—really, this is very distressing,—and at last utters a sound—a long, dismal melancholy wail—which goes to our very marrow. To our horror, the guests take it up and we are just considering whether we too *must* shriek, when the sour visaged female, with a seemingly superhuman effort, dumps down on the table before the company, about fifty yards of steaming hot, wringing wet flannel cloth. The wail passes into a recitative and from this into a rhythmic measure. And now begins the work of "milling" or "tucking" the cloth. Led by the gloomy young man, who never once lifts his hands from his face, and never ceases his foot-beat, the young men and maidens commence a process, compounded of wringing, swaying and thumping. With measured beat they bend right and left; again they lean forward on the table, passing along with a sounding thump, the cloth now twisted into a long rope. Every muscle in the body is brought into play. The song rises and falls; now it is mournful and joyous; sometimes a solo in recitative, again a ringing chorus. There is no attempt at harmony, the singing is all in unison. The women's voices rise shrilly above the male chorus: the whole effect is wild and weird in the extreme.

The features of the sour faced female relax, her eye brightens; she paces majestically up and down, keeping time with her withered hand to the music, and urging the "tuckers" to still greater exertions.

Suddenly the chorus ceases: the waving and clapping still go on; the soloist continues his mournful strain; it is indescribably pathetic. He droops—he falters—surely he *must* stop—we fairly suffer for him!—Whence this wild shriek? Can it be? yes! it is! the sour-visaged damsel—and—what is this she is reciting? Mark the effect upon the company. The swaying and bending become more rhythmic, more languid, less boisterous: eyes brighten; many are the sly pokes and pushes given by the gallant swains to their fair neighbors. Even the clapping motion is changed; hands are crossed and recrossed; they fairly twinkle; one by one the lasses take up the strain, each singing at the highest possible pitch. The men chime in *al libitum*: the primo tenore chants with renewed vigor. Even the old people in the chimney corner nod their heads and feebly beat time to the music. What is it they are singing? what, but the old, old story, told in the Gaelic: a Highland love song. "*Mairi laghach*."

"Ho! my bonnie Mairi
My dainty love, my Queen,
The fairest, rarest Mairi
On earth was ever seen."

The melody is sweet and sad: a mournful minor strain. How is it that all, or nearly all, of these songs of the mountains and glens are so full of wailing minor cadences?

GAELIC LOVE SONG.



Now the tune changes and we are listening delightedly to the soft rippling strains of "*Fhir a Bhata*" the "Boatman." Surely never was any song so witching, at once tender and pathetic, yet full of hopefulness and joy.

"Fhir a bhata—na h-oro eile
Fhir a bhata—na h-oro eile
Fhir a bhata—na h-oro eile

Chead soire slame leid ge thobh a theid w! "

"Oh, boatman"—sings the maiden—"a hundred thousand welcomes would I give thee!"

"—Oh times I look down from the hill to see
When my boatman brave may come back to me.
He may come to-day, he may come to-morrow!
But if he comes not, 'tis my heart's own sorrow.

GAELIC CHORUS—"THU CO ORAL THU."



The company, once roused by these Highland love songs, cannot be persuaded to cease, and so presently give us another favorite, "*Mo chailum dillis donn*" which is an ode in praise of a "Nutchrown Maid," the Sailor's Sweetheart. Our host assures us it is indeed old,—older than the flood! He would have us believe that Adam wooed Eve in some such terms. We are incredulous on this point, although the sweet wild minor melody is charming!

At last the amorous ditty ceases, and there are signs of evident fatigue among the workers; and fresh volunteers, seizing hold of the cloth as tired fingers relinquish it, slip into their places, hardly losing a measure of the elapping and pushing which still goes on. Soon our hostess tells us that the next vocal effort will be a ballad about Prince Charlie and Flora MacDonald. We are all attention, and resolve that we *will* understand it. The verses are given entire as a solo by the indatigable, still concealing his features from the public gaze, and the chorus is brisk and hearty, in six-eight time. We mentally follow the story of the fair Flora's brave stratagem as she faces the danger of her romantic and loyal errand. The chorus is sufficiently simple for us to catch the strain and we join in enthusiastically, making a desperate effort to approximate our articulation to the sound of the Gaelic. We even, after the one and twentieth repetition of the chorus, determine to try and harmonize the air on our return home.

At last, the fair Flora having gloriously accomplished her patriotic purpose, the song ceases. It is followed by the grand finale: the entire history in a kind of Gregorian chant, interspersed with wild chromatic passages by way of chorus, of the now almost completed web of cloth. It commences with the pedigree and early history of the sheep whose fleeces supplied the wool; mentions by name and praises the skill of the industrious maiden who carded and spun it into yarns; describes at length, too, the entire process of dyeing and weaving the cloth, and finishes triumphantly with an original and impromptu panegyric on the host and hostess, as well as the guests who are engaged in "tucking" it. As the voices rise and fall, the monotonous thump, thump ceases. A sudden change of motion is made and the long web of cloth, now as dry as tinder, is rolled up and handed over to the hostess.

"From labor to refreshment" is now in order and the laughing girls, mopping their heated faces, and exchanging witticisms with each other and their comrades in arms, file out into the "living room," where the table fairly groans under the load of substantial and inviting dainties. They fall to with an appetite well earned by their evening's work, and after the goodly number of dishes are duly appreciated, the table is pushed back and the company prepare to enjoy themselves and to make a night of it. Games are played, mainly those in which forfeits figure largely, and the extreme penalty of the law is enforced in the matter of osculatory fines.

The mournful young man, freed from his responsible office of preceptor, shakes off his professional gloom and now appears as the merriest of the guests. He sings a stave in praise of the "mountain dew," a beverage which we strongly suspect to be of earthly rather than heavenly extraction! This at once enthralls the company, especially the old men, who join lustily in the chorus. Is it not John Stuart Blackie who says that it is difficult to conceive of the typical Highlander without whisky? We glance at the clock, and are horrified to see that it is close on midnight, and quite time to think of returning home. The dear old hostess protests, and would fain have us remain. She vociferates loudly in Gaelic, which being interpreted to us, we learn that the guest chamber has been arranged for our accommodation; she relates with pride that the bed-linen was spun and woven by her own fingers, forty years before, in Bonnie Scotland; and the blankets are also her own handiwork and never used before! We appreciate her consideration, but are obdurate, and finally depart amid a babel of the united farewells and blessings of the family.

"*Beannachd leat!*"
The Gaelic farewell is a benediction. "The Lord go with thee!"—Truly, in this case a blessing, right from the warm heart of our dear old friend, and the musical words haunt us as we glide homewards over the frozen lake.

The moon is setting now, and the shadow of the pines along the edge of the ice weird and dark. The little lonely grave-yard on the hill lies buried deep in snow; through the empty and ruined old church beside it the night wind sweeps mournfully. Far out to sea the lighthouse lamp glazams like a solitary watcher above the wide white plain.

E. J. ARCHIBALD.

CAPE BRETON AND THE BRAS-D'OR LAKES.

AN eight hour's journey from Halifax will bring the tourist to the western shore of the strait of Canso, on the opposite side of which lies the island of Cape Breton. The name has a decidedly French flavor, and suggests former French ownership, a suspicion which is strengthened by other names such as Louisburg and Bras D'Or. And indeed Cape Breton has a history all its own, quite distinct from that of the rest of Nova Scotia, with which it now seems so completely identified. Discovered probably in the 15th century, it is thought to have received its name from the Basque fishermen who early frequented its coasts, in remembrance of Cap Breton, near Bayonne. For more than 130 years while the peninsula of Nova Scotia was being tossed like a base-ball to and fro between France and England, Cape Breton remained almost undisturbed in the possession of the former. Even when Nova Scotia was finally ceded to England, the Island was retained by the French, who erected various fortifications for its defence, by far the most important of which, was the famous military town of Louisburg.

It was not till fifty years afterwards that it passed into the hands of the English, and was made part of the province of Nova Scotia. After a while, however, it became a separate province, with its own governor, capital, council, &c., and remained so until 1820, when in the face of strenuous opposition it was re-annexed to the peninsula.

This independence of Nova Scotia in the past has perhaps left its impress upon the inhabitants. At all events the Cape Bretonian is not yet quite a Nova Scotian. Consciously or unconsciously the Peninsula and the Island occupy in his mind two separate places, a mental distinction which frequently finds expression in his speech. Let him but fancy that the government at Halifax is disregarding the righteous claims of the loyal citizens to the east of the Gut of Canso, and at once he will burst forth into vehement advocacy of the restoration of Cape Breton to its pristine grandeur—the elevation of its four counties to the dignity of separate provincial rights,—with its Lords and Commons at Sydney. One patriotic son of the soil assured me that Nature herself had pronounced her dictum against the union. I imagined he referred to the narrow strip of water which divides the two places, but he enlightened me, and illustrated his argument, by declaring that the porcupine which passes a vigorous quill driving existence on the Nova Scotia side of the strait, finds life impossible or else intolerable on the other, though but a mile away.

The Cape Bretonian usually talks *long* and *broad*; that is to say, he is mostly loquacious, and his loquacity vents itself in the very broadest of Scotch.

The student of human nature could find many things to interest him in the inhabitants of the Island. Cha. Dudley Warner certainly extracted a great deal of fun from his experiences among them, and has invited the world to laugh with him in his mirth provoking book "Haddeck and That Sort of Thing." The characteristics which Max O'Rell noted in his

fed landscape,—at one time margined by low lying meadows and cultivated farms, at another lapping the feet of giant hills and soaring peaks; now playing with the dabbling fringe of some long stretch of undulating woodland, now reflecting the rugged scarps and massive outlines of frowning precipices or beetling promontories; here curling around some

which those waters abound, would require the genius and the graphic pen of a Wadsworth, or Shelley. The lakes do not display a large array of their treasures all at once, but, guilefully as it were, show you a few at a time, and those of so rare a quality as to whet your appetite, and make you long for more. As you sail along you are constantly finding yourself



BISHOP COURTNEY.



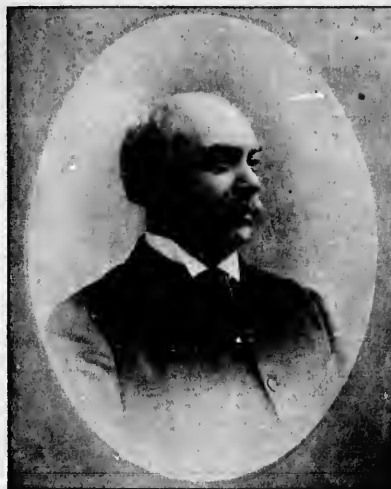
ARCHBISHOP O'BRIEN.

canny "Friend McDonald," have reproduced themselves in McDonald's cousin's on the shores of the beautiful Bras D'Or.

Whatever different opinions, complimentary or very much the reverse, the student of humanity may form concerning the people of C. B., the student of nature,—the man with the eye to perceive, the soul to drink in and appreciate the grand, the beautiful, the picturesque,—can carry away but one impression with regard to its scenery.

unusually attractive bit of earth as though enamoured of its loveliness and wishing to embrace it and make it all their own, there stretching an arm up into some quiet flowery glen, forming in this way those enchanting inlets, those reposeful little nooks and shady recesses, which have such magic power to gladden the gaze and sooth the spirit; here widening out towards the horizon till they look like seas, there narrowing until the steamer in which we are sailing seems to be making its way through a brook in which there is scarce

in the midst of a small basin with apparently neither entrance nor outlet. You look around and the hills and the fields and the rocks seem to enclose you, you bend your gaze backward and discover no vestige of the passage by which you entered. The boat makes her way straight for the shore as if the Captain harbored a treacherous design of beaching her, when lo, as she approaches it the land seems to recede before you, moulding itself as it does so, into new shapes and different forms of beauty.



HON. A. G. JONES, M.P.



T. E. KENNV, M.P.

Two lakes, or what is more correctly, one large sheet of water, divided into two unequal portions by a long narrow island (called Boularderie) occupies the whole centre of the Island. When one bears in mind that these lakes spread themselves for several scores of miles in the midst of a varied and divest-

room to pass, or water to float her,—when one remembers all this he must see that nature here has the opportunity of displaying herself in her most captivating aspects, and can spread some of her choicest dainties before those who love to sit at her banquet table. To do anything like justice to the fair views in

The aspect of the shore on either hand is ceaselessly changing. The gentle, the grand, the mild, the rugged, the grass-clothed, the rock-bound follow each other in quick panorama-like succession. Here, for instance, lifting itself leisurely from the waters edge is a delicious combination of glade and grove.

The leaves twinkling in the sunlight, the grass green and glossy, the deep inviting shadows thrown by the thick branches of the trees, the delicate and manifold tints of blade and bud and bark and foliage, all reproduced in the glassy surface of the adjacent lake, make up a picture inexpressibly charming in its faultless harmony of color and arrangement. Back of this the landscape lies stretched out in open expanse of field and forest and waving slopes, till it reaches the blue haze of the mountains which skirt the sky. We round a point and the scene is changed. Now the bank shoots up almost perpendicularly for hundreds of yards; the summit towers far above you, and all the sides of this peculiar looking precipice is thickly clothed with trees and shrubbery, and clinging vines. These trees are for the most part hard wood, and in the autumn when the early frosts have touched the leaves, the effect is gorgeous—it is then a magnificent mass of rich browns, vivid crimsons, and glorious golds.

Here in another place the shore rises almost as abruptly, only now instead of thick climbing foliage, patches of cultivated ground and gardens, each with its dwelling house, stud the front of the steep. One cannot help wondering how the people got there, and getting there how they managed to stick-on. From the water it looks as if one ought to have the clinging properties of the fly in order to retain his position where the angle of elevation is so very near 90°. It looks as if a touch would make any one of the houses topple over, and send it rolling like a stone, swiftly down into the water beneath.

One of the most captivating spots in the lake journey is the now famous Baddeck. This pretty village lies on the bank of a beautiful little isle-besprinkled bay. It was by bright moonlight that I took my first view of Baddeck, and then it was a scene to think of, and dream about, but whose soft romantic glories it seemed treason to profane with rude language of description. The moon rays, we know, have mystic power to mellow the harshest lines into a kind of loveliness; what wonders, therefore, must they work, when as here, they bathe in subtle



PRINCE'S LODGE.

mouths while she arranged her tripod and fastened her instrument, but when she placed her head under the focussing cloth, and levelled the eye of the lens upon them, every particle of dusky juvenility vanished as if by magic. Had she pointed a six shooter at them they could not have disappeared more expeditiously. "Poor ignorant untutored 'Lo's'" you may exclaim, "they were stricken with terror by this mysterious offspring of civilization." Not by any means. An ancient specimen of the race presently appeared. Conversation ensued. He informed her that tourists were all the time taking their pictures, and they had decided not to submit to the indignity any longer. The great soul of the red-man objected to being treated as mere adjuncts of trees, and grass and water. His objections were not long, however, in taking a practical shape. For a consideration, pride would unbend. The would-be photographer learned that for 25 cents she might have one youngster to attitudinize before the camp, and others at the same price. No amount of haggling would induce him to lower his rates. Papoose was evidently good stock in the marked and couldn't be cheapened, and as finally one dear "little Injun . . . all alone" placed himself where ordered, and was duly "taken."

A few hours drive from Baddeck will bring you into the vicinity of the falls of Uisge Bhan. There are three in number, one above the other. The lowest tumbles over a height of about 70 feet, the others are still higher. These cascades have only recently been discovered. They are hard to find, difficult to get at, but when reached well worth all the severe climbing, scrambling, and scratching through which you have passed. The two lower

falls have been visited and photographed, but the higher one is so very difficult of access that only a few have had the pleasure of looking upon it. The stream which forms these falls, pierces its way through perpendicular walls of rock, situated in the midst of thick woods. In some places the trees reach over from each side of the chasm and meet, forming wild and romantic grottoes. One who had travelled much in Germany, France and England told me that never in his life had he spent so delightful a day, as that which he devoted to rambling amidst the environments of Uisge Bhan, scaling its cliffs, threading its bush, admiring its plunging frothing cataracts, collecting the mosses, and ferns and rare woodland plants which have their dwelling place there. I might add that Uisge Bhan means the falling of "white waters."

At the distance of a short sail from Baddeck you come suddenly upon Whycocomagh. Villages are always said to "nestle," but never could the term be more appropriately applied than here. On all sides are mountains, their steep curving sides forming a kind of huge nest, in the bottom of which like so many little eggs rest the few houses which compose the village. Claude Melnotte might have been referring to Whycocomagh when he spoke of the home "shut out by Alpine hills from the wide world" and the lake "cloudless save with rare and roseate shadows." The scenery here is of the larger, grander type. The sheltering mountains, though not of course of Alpine vastness, yet rear their summits far up toward the sky. On their surface is reflected every change which takes place in the atmosphere above them. They have a thousand features in a thousand hours. Every motion of the clouds, every change in the heavens, finds a responsive change of light and shade and color. Between them and the air which kisses them exists a subtle and delicious sympathy.

"The clouds, and mists and shadows, light of golden suns,
Motions of moonlight, all come hither, touch
And find an answer."

But I must have done. One could linger for ever in loving though imperfect portrayal of the beauties which the Bras D'Or opens up to those who care to search for them. Baddeck and Whycocomagh are but two out of many, and *ex uno* or in this case *e duobus discimus omnes*. St. Peter's, Margaree, Indian Brook, Lake Ainslie, these too are spots brimming over with fascinating spells for the man who loves now and then to steal away from the noisy vociferations of the world's traffic, and "mingle with the universe."

Sydney the former capital of the Island, now however shorn of its old splendor of governor, garrison, and the various brilliant appendages of legislative independence, is a very pretty town, with shady creeks and winding streams near by, such as are wont to delight the artist and the picnicker's heart. A favorite drive from the capital is that to Louisburg. Here the tourist of antiquarian proclivities finds food for his passion in the ruins of the old fort, once the famous garrison occupied by thousands of soldiers, and the pride of the King of France in the New World.

D.

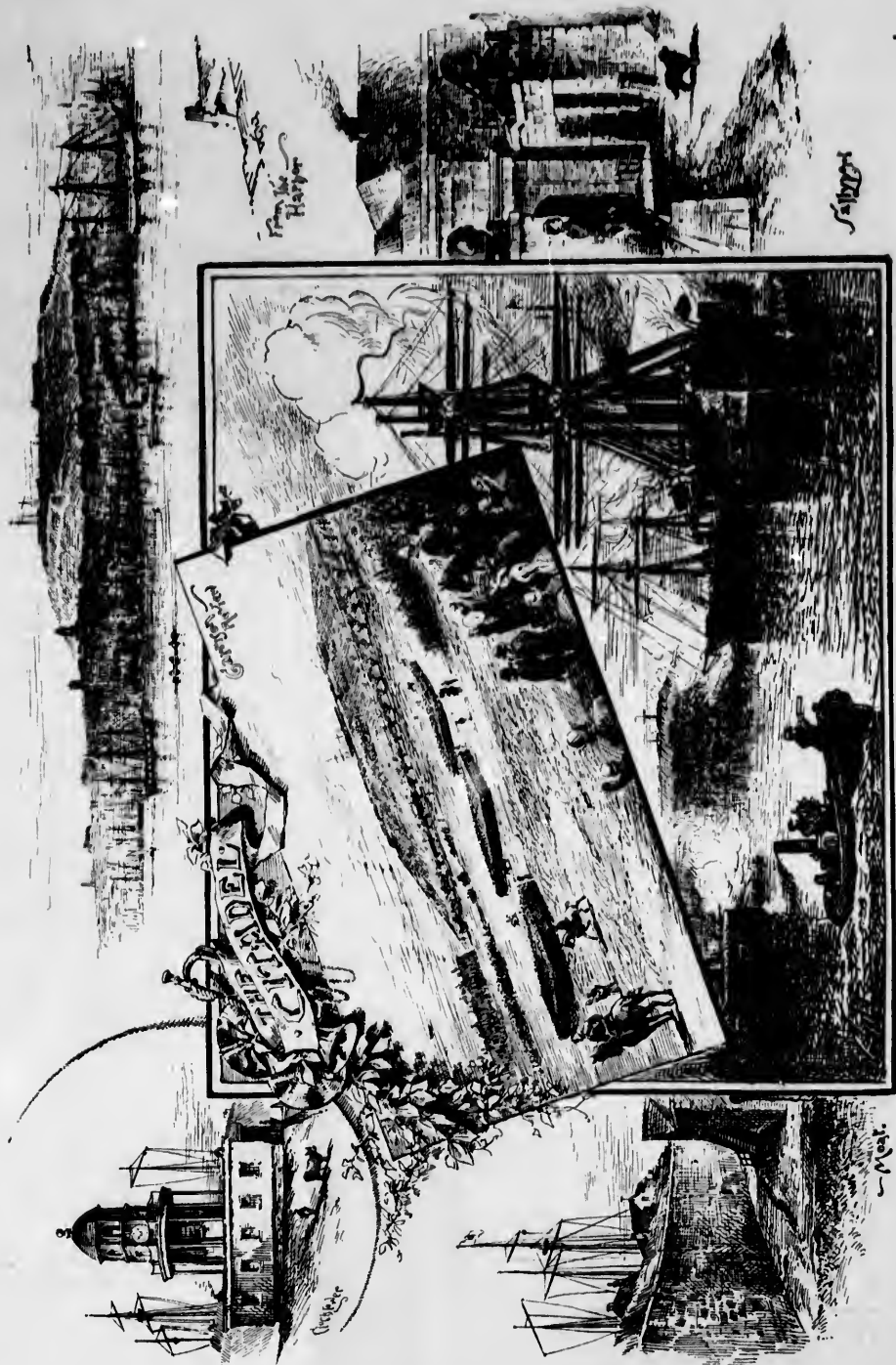
ERRATUM.

On page 32, a mistake occurs in the transposition of the names of the Hon. A. G. Jones, and T. E. Kenny, M.P. The portrait under which Hon. Mr. Jones' name appears is Mr. Kenny's portrait, and *vice-versa*.

simplicity, it has made them, in fact, basely sordid! A friend of mine wandering hither with her camera, thought to include in "a view" some of the numerous Indian children that were playing in front of their wigwams. They looked on with big eyes and open



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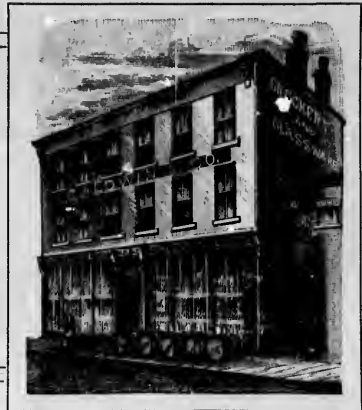
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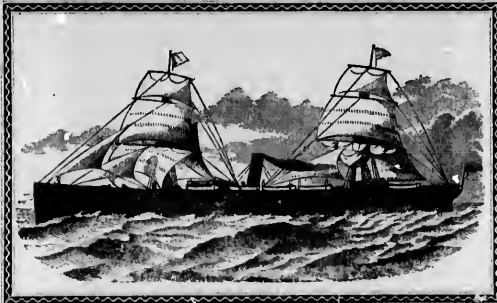
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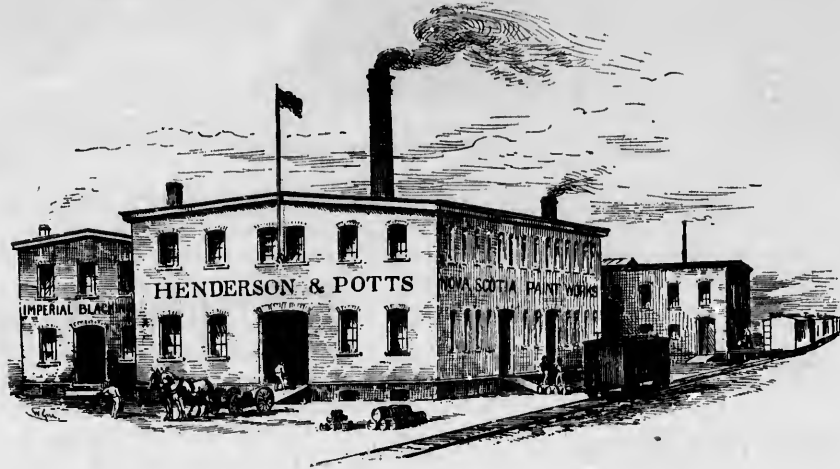
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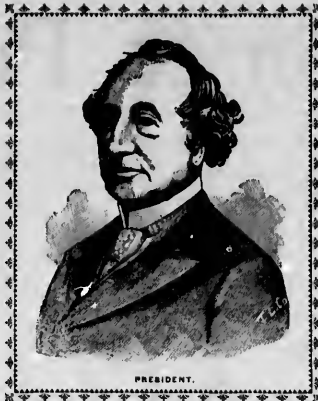
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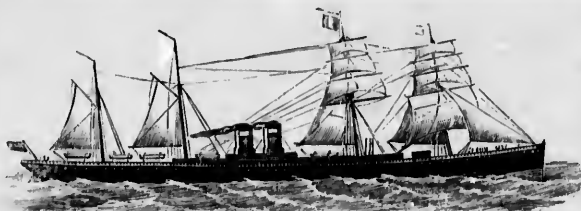
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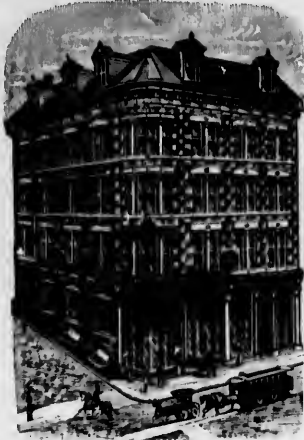
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(Opposite Bedford Row.) **HALIFAX, N. S.**

+ + **THE HALIFAX** + +
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 THE PRINCIPAL THOROUGHFARES OF THE *
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 * THE PRINCIPAL HOTELS. CARS MEET ALL INCOM- *
 * ING AND OUTGOING TRAINS AT I. C. R. STATION. *

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Mercantile Collections and Commercial Law a Specialty. Estates managed and settled.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

ORGANIZED 1845



PURELY MUTUAL

SYNOPSIS OF ANNUAL REPORT

JANUARY 1ST, 1889.

Insurance in Force, - - - - -	\$419,886,505
New Insurance Written in 1888, - - - - -	125,019,731
Cash Assets, January 1st, 1889, - - - - -	93,480,188
Liabilities, New State Standard (4 per cent.) - - - - -	79,974,159
Income in 1888, - - - - -	25,401,282
Premiums Received in 1888, - - - - -	21,127,590
Surplus, by New State Standard (4 per cent.) - - - - -	13,549,099
Divisible Surplus, Company's Standard, - - - - -	7,082,250
Tontine Surplus, - - - - -	6,423,777
Interest Receipts in Excess of Death-Losses in last Ten Years, over - - - - -	4,000,000

The NEW YORK LIFE'S Endowment and Annuity Business is larger than that of any other company in the world. Investors of large premiums are attracted by the superior value of its Tontine Insurance Contracts, which have so far returned larger profits to policy-holders than those of any other company.

This Company does business in all healthy portions of the civilized world, and is not dependant on the health and prosperity of any country, or the stability of any government. Its annual income is nearly five times its annual maturing obligations for death-losses and endowments, and its interest receipts during the last ten years have exceeded its death losses by over \$4,000,000.

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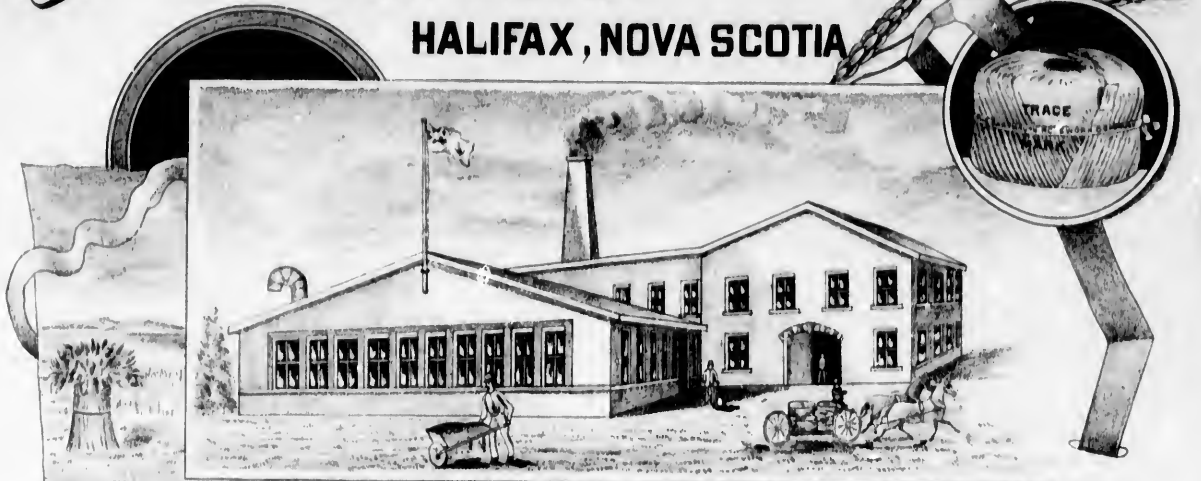
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Prices or F. O. B.

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THE DARTMOUTH ROPEWORK CO.

BINDER TWINE FACTORY

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DARTMOUTH ROPEWORK CO

MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED

"BLUE RIBBON" BINDER TWINE.

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