

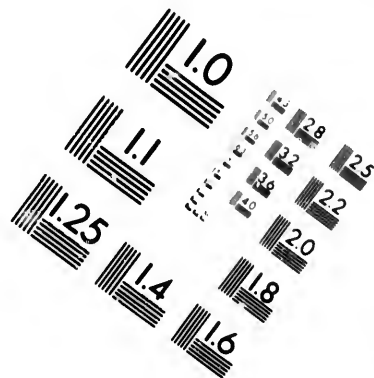
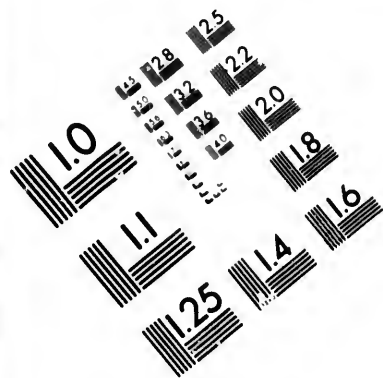
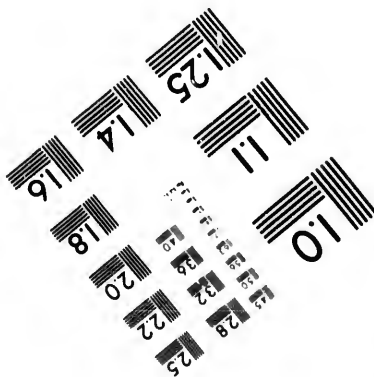
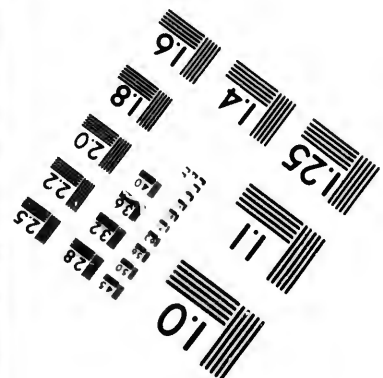
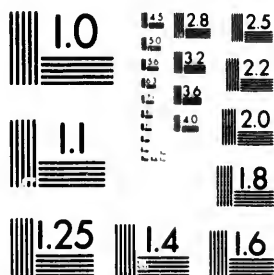


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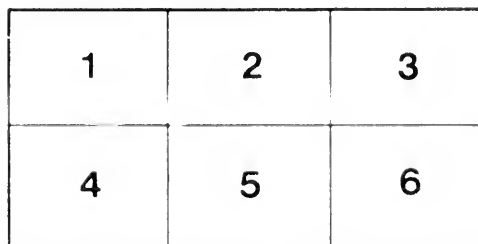
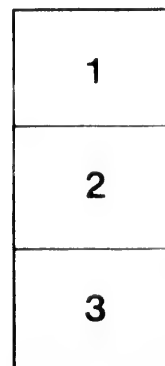
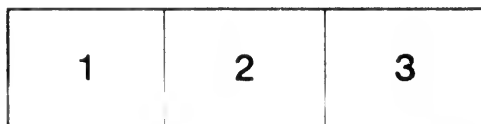
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NOVA SCOTIA

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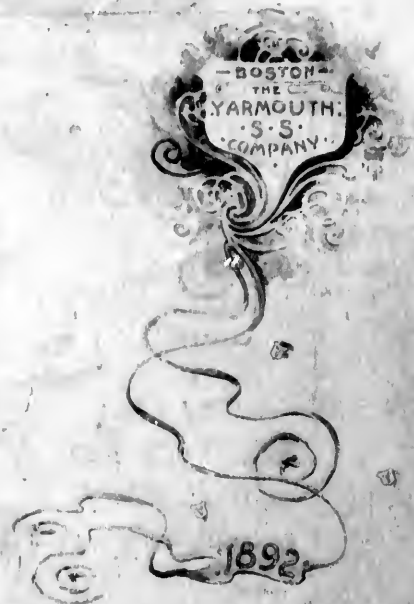
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LONG FALLS, TUSKET RIVER.



"Traveler hurrying from the heat
Of the city, stay thy feet!
Rest awhile, nor longer waste
Life with inconsiderate haste."

SWEET and balmy and joyous in spring-time; transcendently beautiful and picturesque in summer; inspiring and uplifting in its peaceful autumnal grandeur; restful and scintillating with beauty even when the white mantle of winter has been thrown over its varied landscape—the most magnificent, hospitable, health-giving, peaceful and alluring resting place ever set apart for tired and care-worn mankind—such is the province of Nova Scotia.

Such, indeed, has it ever been, but it is not until these latter days of ours that its existence has become known to others than its open-hearted inhabitants.

This is not a history of Nova Scotia. It is not a treatise on reciprocity or annexation. It is not even an adequate description of the lovely province, for the writer, the poet, the artist has yet to come to the front who shall do it full justice through either of these departments. Let these few lines stand, therefore, simply as a brief and modest suggestion upon that most absorbing of all the topics of modern life—the annual vacation.

"**VACATION.**" What a world of meaning is wrapped up in that one familiar, simple word! As inseparable a part of our present existence as the very work from which it brings surcease, the spending of our annual vacation has come to be almost a science in itself, and days and weeks are spent in the attempt to figure out the complicated problem of where the "best time" can be spent amid the newest and most pleasant of surroundings, with the slightest expenditure of time—and cash. With the modern American there is no question as to the vacation itself. It must be had, whatever the cost to him or the disarrangement of his business affairs, and the year that finds no vacation chronicled in his diary is a year that is to be counted lost, indeed. The man and his family who dwell in the city have got to go away to some place that bears some semblance, at least, to the country, for a week or a month, and the tendency is to lengthen this period of annual rest rather than shorten it.

But where to go?

That is the most important part of the question. It is an undeniable fact that the popular vacation resorts of this country, numerous and beautiful as they are, are yearly becoming more and more passé, and the great American public, particularly that portion of it residing within the borders of the New England States, is becoming more and more restless and dissatisfied, and is looking around eagerly for "greener fields and pastures new." New Hampshire has its White Mountains, Maine its woods and lakes, Vermont its green hills and New York its Saratoga and Catskills and Adirondacks; but all these, beautiful though they are, are old and oft-explored, and that means the death penalty for a summer resort in these days of restless activity and universal desire for something NEW.

In this blessed land of ours there is nothing that man can want in reason that is not at his hand; and so it is in this emergency. Right at the very doors of New England, more quickly reached than many a point in its own territory, a bountiful Providence has placed for the enjoyment of its toil-worn people a very Garden of Eden, which can never grow old or tame, where there is room and hearty welcome for all who can possibly wish to come, and where the New Englander who once tarries will ever leave his heart. It is a glorious summer garden, this rock-bound, verdant, beautiful, romantic province by the sea. Several hundred years have rolled by since this magnificent outpost of the great Canadian Dominion was discovered, but the work was poorly done, and it is but recently that its real discovery has occurred. Perhaps it would not have been discovered yet had not the Adirondacks and the White Mountains come to be such an old story.

Slowly and surely, however, the fame of this favored section as a health-giving, restful, inspiring place of summer resort has been spreading abroad, and the annual exodus toward its shores has assumed such proportions that an entire revolution in transportation facilities has been made necessary in order that the comfort and convenience of the thousands of tourists may be properly conserved. Happily, Nova Scotia itself has not been revolutionized, however, and it remains to-day, as it undoubtedly will for years to come, the same unique and picturesque Bluenose land. Those who have found their way thither have stopped and seen and marvelled that such a lovely, romantic and historically interesting region has so long lain undiscovered and unexplored by the pleasure-loving Yankee; and their wonder has deepened into profound admiration as its superb natural beauties and thoroughly local characteristics have gradually been unfolded to them. "Surely there can be on earth no fairer spot than this!" they have exclaimed, as they have rambled through its leafy and balsamic forests, sailed upon or bathed in its pure and sparkling waters, fished in its winding rivers, hunted upon its breezy marshes, or studied the numberless and varied industries peculiar to the country and the quaint and curious characteristics of many of its people. Small wonder that they thus exclaimed! Surely the poet must have had in mind this beauty spot, when in reminiscent mood he wrote:

With favoring winds, o'er sunlit seas.
We sailed for the Hesperides.
The land where golden apples grow
But that, ah ! that was long ago.

There are three great features about a vacation in Nova Scotia that will appeal to everybody, aside from the natural attractiveness of the place itself. It is quickly and comfortably reached, it is a new and unique country when you get to it, and it is a very inexpensive place to live in. Fancy Saratogian prices are not yet known in Nova Scotia, nor are they likely to be for some time; and the hospitality for which Nova Scotians have always been famous, particularly when their visiting Yankee cousins were concerned, has not yet become part of the stock in trade of Nova Scotia commerce. This being the case, you can spend a week at one of their hotels without having to contribute enough to erect a new building, and you can safely enter into negotiations with a livery keeper without the fear of being obliged to pay the price of the entire turnout.

But about the getting there.

Nothing easier in the world. The only problem is where to make your headquarters when you reach there. There are eighteen counties in Nova Scotia, and it is safe to say that there are an average of at least twenty-five towns or villages in each that vie with each other in presenting the greatest number of attractions to vacationists; so that, if a man or woman took twenty-five vacations a year there are enough places in the province to last them at least eighteen years. As most of us have only one vacation annually, however, it is plainly seen that none of us will have to worry about where to enjoy it, if we live to be centenarians. There are thousands now who are trying to make the best record in this respect, and many of them have been keeping it up for years; for the rule is that once a vacationist there, always a vacationist.

The manner in which one shall spend a vacation in the Land of Evangeline is, of course, dependent altogether upon the length of time given to it, as in all other places. If one is not hampered in this respect, a good plan is to spend a few weeks in leisurely travel through the province, in this way getting a comprehensive idea of its topography, and the characteristics and occupations of the thrifty people who inhabit its different sections. One will find many interesting contrasts in both these respects, and not a few genuine surprises. Then the traveler can settle down for a few days or weeks in some chosen spot that has particularly struck his fancy, and gain the recuperative rest that ought to form the first principle of a vacation, varying the programme from year to year, to suit one's self. If the intending tourist has a friend who has lived in or visited the

place, the whole thing can be settled in a minute. Failing in that, the YARMOUTH STEAMSHIP COMPANY'S bureau of information can very successfully take the place of the "friend in need" and be most happy to do so.

HOW TO "GET THERE."

Nothing aside from the usual vacation preparations need be made, when the decision to go has been arrived at. The climate of Nova Scotia is not essentially different from that of New England, in summer, except that the nights have a tendency to be cooler, and that the east winds are not so cruel and penetrating. Stout shoes for beach walking and hill climbing should be taken, and dress suits may be left in camphor, at home, unless you intend to attend one of the fashionable levees of the lieutenant governor, or invite yourself to one of the admiralty balls at Halifax. Fogs are kept on hand on some parts of the coast, for the purpose of beautifying the complexion, but they are no worse and no more numerous than New England fogs—not half so much, in fact, as some people have been taught to believe. No sleep need be lost, either, on account of that terrible ogre, the customs officer. They are not half so much to be feared as the baggage man to whom you will have to entrust your trunks in Boston. You can change your money into Canadian currency before you start if you want to, but if you forget, there are a number of places in the province, notably Yarmouth, where you can get it exchanged at par. This is one result of the close relationship that is growing between the two countries.

The most important preparation of all has yet to be mentioned, that of purchasing your ticket at one of the numerous agencies of the YARMOUTH STEAMSHIP COMPANY (a list of which is given further on), and securing your stateroom. If the "season" is well on, you will be wise to do the latter as early as possible, for while the splendid steamers of the line are as commodious as they are comfortable and speedy, they have a limit which is bound to be reached some time. Perhaps a word about these steamers, which have been termed "the queens of the Boston fleet," may not be amiss right here. They are two in number, and are very appropriately named after the two ports which form their termini. They have become so famous now that it is scarcely necessary to describe them. The contrast between them and the steamers that plied between the two sections previous to their advent is almost startling. The largest of the two, the "Boston," is a steel Clyde-built boat, and this is only her second season. She is 245 feet keel, 35 feet beam with hold $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet and $12\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and has expansion engine of 4000 nominal horse power, two boilers and smoke stacks and a guaranteed speed of 17 knots. Bilge keels and all other modern improvements have been supplied. There are over 80 staterooms, and the total passenger accommodation is from

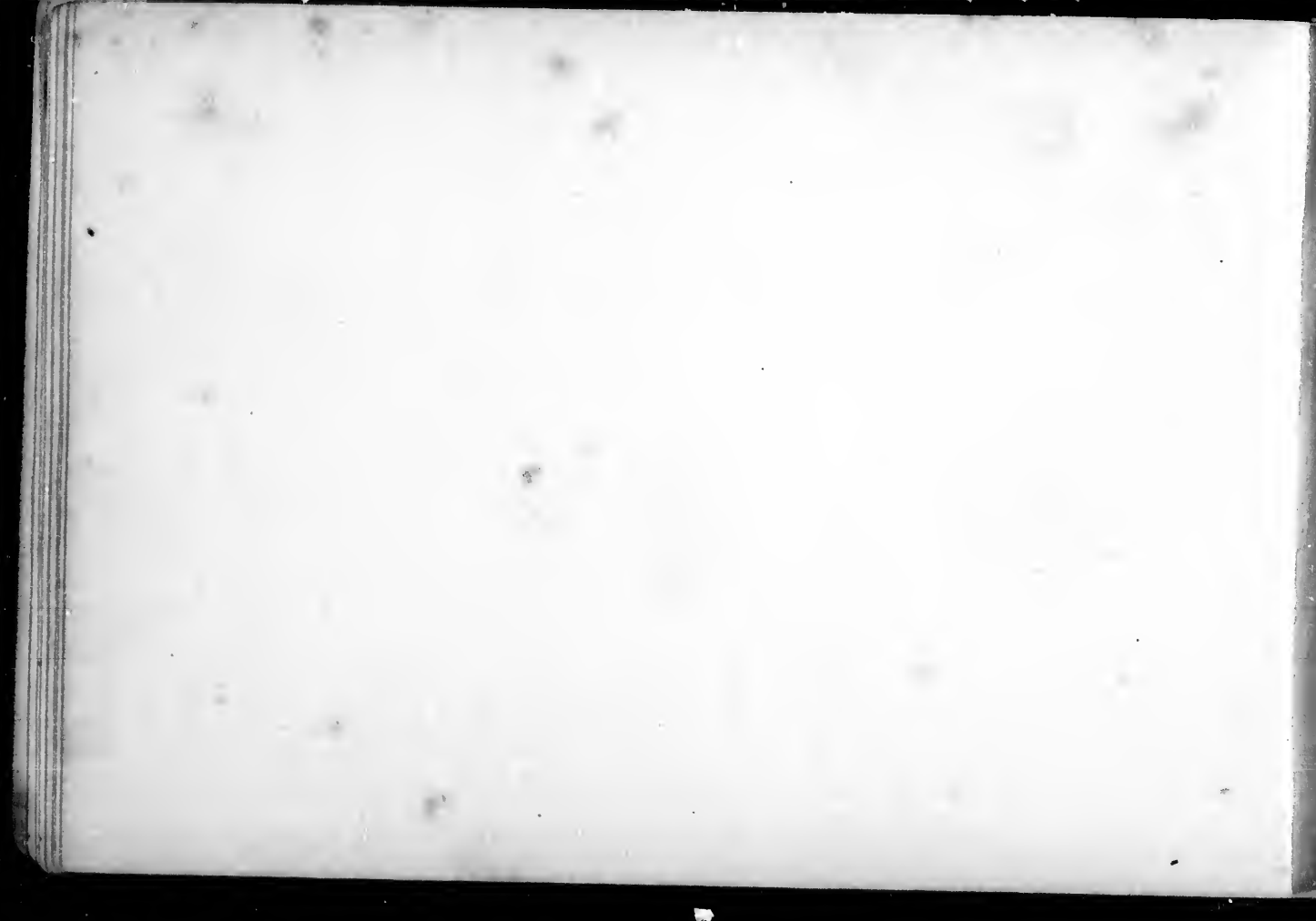
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YARMOUTH.



350 to 400. The dining saloon is forward extending right across the ship, and is handsomely furnished. In addition there is a saloon aft on the same deck, and a gentlemen's smoking room and a ladies' social hall on the upper deck. There are five water-tight compartments. The cabins, saloons, staterooms, etc., are furnished in mahogany and maple, and upholstered in Utrecht velvet. The ship is lighted by electricity, as in her companion, and each has an unexcelled culinary department.

The "Yarmouth," though somewhat smaller than the "Boston," is not in the least behind her in respect to accommodations and "modern conveniences." She is also a Clyde-built boat, and during her several seasons on the route has become immensely popular. She registers 1400 tons, and is very speedy. Both steamers are in charge of experienced and well-known captains, and the courteous officers and crews are picked men, whose first duty is the welfare of their passengers. "Safety, speed and comfort," is the motto of the YARMOUTH STEAMSHIP COMPANY, and altogether its steamers are conceded to be the finest of the coastwise fleet running out of Boston.

Better than all, however, this line is the quickest by many hours to Nova Scotia, and, almost before he has realized he is at sea, the passenger is landed upon the shores of the picturesque province.

And that brings us back to that vacation again.

Having come from the suburbs of Boston, New York, Western Massachusetts, or "way down in Maine," as the case may be, the intending vacationist finds himself at Lewis Wharf, Boston, as much before the hour of the steamer's sailing, as his railroad or street car connections have allowed. Promptly on the hour the boat leaves her dock, bearing a happy and expectant throng on her deck, and leaving a wistful and envious one on the wharf. Almost before she has got beyond hailing distance "full speed" is put on, not to be relaxed again until all but four or five of the 250 miles of watery pathway have been covered. The varied panorama of Boston harbor, with its steam and sail craft, its islands and forts and public institutions, is rapidly passed, Boston Light and the gilded dome are bidden an affectionate good-by, and with her log-line and black cloud of smoke trailing after her, the good steamer ploughs her rapid way toward the Bluenose land, which is to be reached at daylight next morning, only sixteen hours from Boston. Dinner, an afternoon siesta, reading or chatting with companions or new-made friends, a lazy and restful scanning of the ocean with its scattered white sails; then supper, followed, perhaps, by music in the cabin, another lounge on deck, with eyes already brighter, drinking in the fairy picture presented by the dancing lights of the haddock fishermen circling around their vessel in their dories, serve to wind up the afternoon and evening. Then comes sweet sleep, if you are one of those who *can* sleep upon the water, a few more thousand revolutions of the ponderous engines, and then daylight again — and Nova Scotia!

THE COUNTRY ITSELF.

And what is Nova Scotia? "Why, it is the land of Evangeline, to be sure," replies the knowing American making his first visit to the country, at whose rugged gate we now stand, as though Evangeline and her sad story and the history of the unhappy Acadians were the Alpha and Omega of Nova Scotia. There is something more than that to give to the province its individuality, however. It holds a place in history and in the great family of countries beside which that of the poet's creation is but a single circumstance.

To sum it up briefly, the expectant tourist is entering a province of the Canadian Dominion—a foreign country, if the term seems more romantic to him—made up of a rock-bound peninsula, within whose 21,731 square miles of territory are stored rich samples of nearly all the natural beauty, mineral and agricultural riches and industrial enterprises of the North American continent. Nature was in a very prodigal mood when she endowed Nova Scotia, and seems to have shared with it the best of all her possessions. This great peninsula, standing out in sentinel-like attitude in the restless Atlantic, is 300 miles in length and 100 miles in extreme breadth. This includes the island of Cape Breton, at the north, separated from the peninsula proper by the strait of Canso. If you are a farmer, and like to figure by acres, there are over 13,000,000 in the province, about 6,000,000 of which are under tillage. The country is threaded by winding rivers and sparkling lakes, where fish of various kinds come to the surface and make plaintive appeals for some one to come and catch them. In fact, nearly one-fifth of the area is water, which may account for the remarkable fertility of the country. The province is famed for its rich farms, its prolific orchards and immense lumber tracts. It is essentially an agricultural country, but those who expect to find simply a repetition of New Hampshire or Vermont life will be pleasantly disappointed. Nova Scotia is unique, even in its farms.

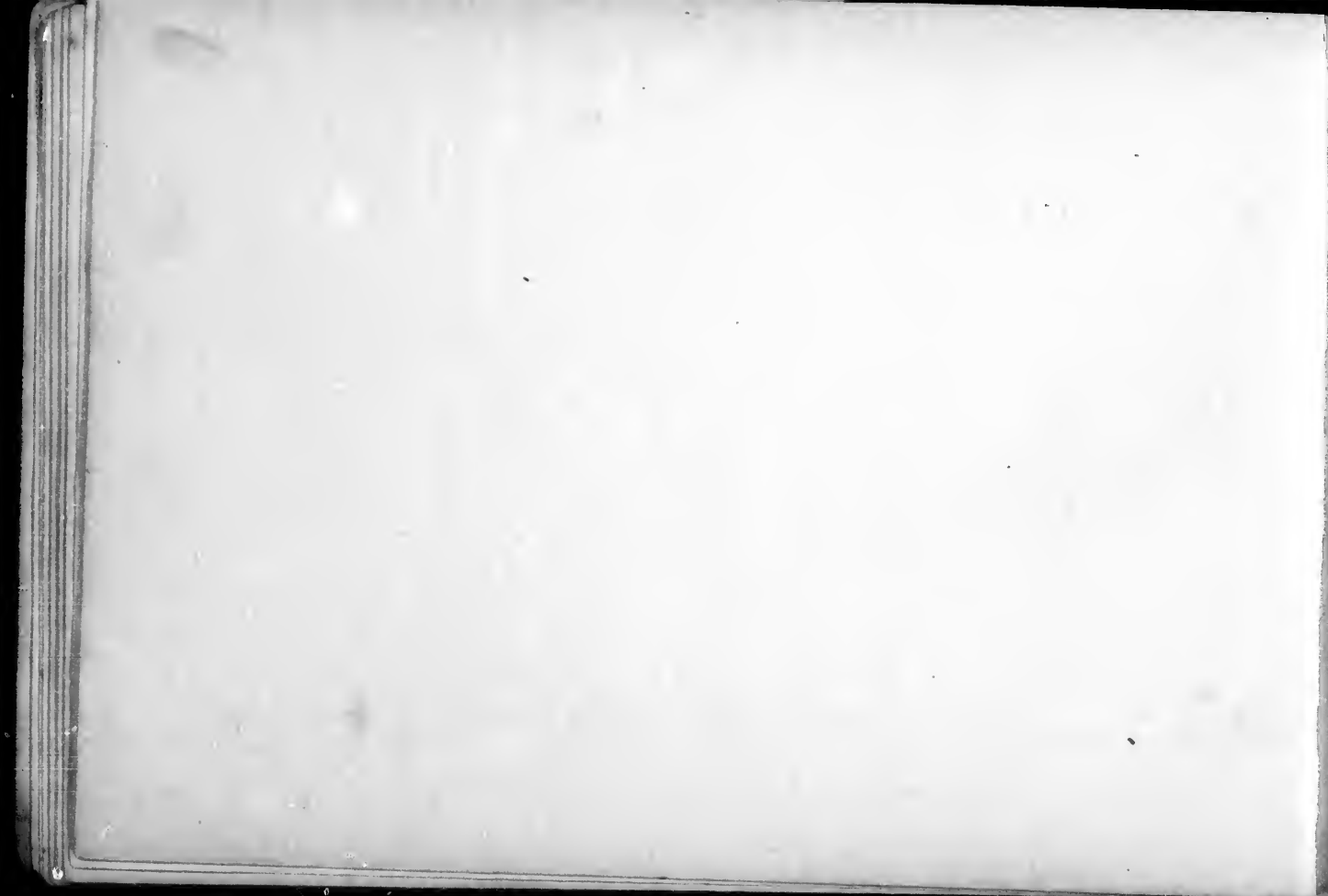
While there are no elevations really entitled to the name of mountains, the land sometimes takes a very ambitious turn and uprears itself to a height of 600 or a thousand feet, so that there is never any monotony to the scenery, and once in a while there is something akin to grandeur. It is one of these belts of hills that serves to protect the province from the cold north winds, and the near presence of that great public system of hot water heating, the Gulf Stream, is another factor in making the climate of Nova Scotia more equable than that of any other part of Canada. It is one of the most healthy climates in the world, has fewer medical men in proportion to the population than any other part of the continent, and is noted for the longevity of its inhabitants. In the official health returns from the British military stations, Nova Scotia ranks in the first class. In most parts of the province, in summer, the mercury seldom gets above 80° in the shade, and 70° is accounted pretty warm in many places.

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DIGBY.



When it comes to a question of what is to be had in the way of fishing and shooting — very important features of a vacation place — the quickest and best answer is — everything. Transportation, too, is as easy and comfortable as anywhere. There was a time, not very long ago, too, when communication was principally by stage coach, *a la* the wild West; but today the province is intersected by a half dozen well equipped railroads, bringing nearly every part within reach, and these are supplemented by nearly twice as many coastwise steamship lines, so that one can get almost anywhere in a day. An order to buy or sell stocks in Boston or New York, can be telegraphed from almost every point, unless, perhaps, you are in the woods after moose or caribou, and the mail service is excellent. No, Nova Scotia is not exactly a howling wilderness.

The inhabitants, who number 450,000, and are of English, Scotch, Irish, German and French descent, with a few thousand colored people and Indians, are an exceedingly intelligent and hospitable people, and reasonably progressive. They support their religious institutions with an enthusiasm that speaks volumes for their integrity and uprightness, and educate their children in free schools that are supported partly by the public and partly by local taxation. In commerce they cut a most important figure, the exports of fish, coal, lumber, agricultural products and other commodities aggregating nearly \$10,000,000 annually. A very large proportion of this trade is with the United States, where thousands of Nova Scotians have gone to live, so that the tie that binds the two sections together is a doubly strong one. An immense amount of shipping is owned in the province, its vessels doing a very large proportion of the carrying trade of the world. There are iron, cotton, sugar refining and other manufactures at some of the larger centres, but these are, perhaps, not exactly germane to a summer vacation.

The Yankee tourist will find the conditions of government somewhat different when he gets under the union jack than in his own country. The province is governed partly by the general laws of the Dominion of which it forms a part, and partly by local laws enacted by its own Provincial Legislature. This body sits at Halifax, the capital city, and consists of a Legislative Council, or upper house, and a House of Assembly, or lower house. The head of affairs of the province is the lieutenant-governor, who is appointed by the Governor General of Canada, representing the Queen, and has an advisory Executive Council to assist him.

The history of Nova Scotia, "boiled down" for vacation purposes, is something like this: The province was visited by the Norsemen, who evidently didn't know a good thing when they saw it, in the eleventh century, and who left it to be rediscovered by Sebastian Cabot in 1498. In 1518 the French attempted to colonize the country, as did the Portuguese in 1520 and 1530, when Joan Alvarez Fagundez, with a royal commission and two ships sailed with colonists to Cape Breton. The

Portuguese were largely unsuccessful in their attempts at colonization. The great bay between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick they called Bay Fondo, from which is derived its present name, the Bay of Fundy. In 1605 the first successful settlement was made by Champlain at Port Royal. In 1621 the territory of Acadie, named by the English Nova Scotia, was granted by Sir William Alexander. In 1632 the country reverted to France, but England again captured it in 1654. New Englanders took it in 1690. Seven years later it was restored to France. Massachusetts recaptured it in 1710. Finally, in 1713, the country was ceded to England, by the treaty of Utrecht. Forty-two years later, in 1755, occurred the expulsion of the Acadians, upon which the poetic changes have been so often rung. In 1867 the province entered into the Dominion confederation, and is there to-day. So much for the history of Nova Scotia, and several other things connected with it.

AT FAMOUS YARMOUTH.

All this time the eager steamer and its impatient passengers have been drawing nearer the rocky and forbidding wall that stretches out to the right and left, with nothing save a few ragged islets and a light-house clad in perpendicular stripes to relieve it. It seems as though there were no opening there at all, but at last it appears, and the steamer, slowing down gradually as it draws nearer to the entrance, finally sweeps into the long and serpentine channel that ends its tortuous course just where the still sleeping city of Yarmouth begins. In a moment the staunch ocean greyhound is at her dock, the lines are made fast, the 250 miles' journey is safely ended, and the travelers are ready to set foot upon British soil. Some of them are going through to other points in the train that is already waiting for them alongside the steamer, and some are to make Yarmouth their stopping place, for a time, at least. With these we shall linger for a moment, for they may need a little expert advice.

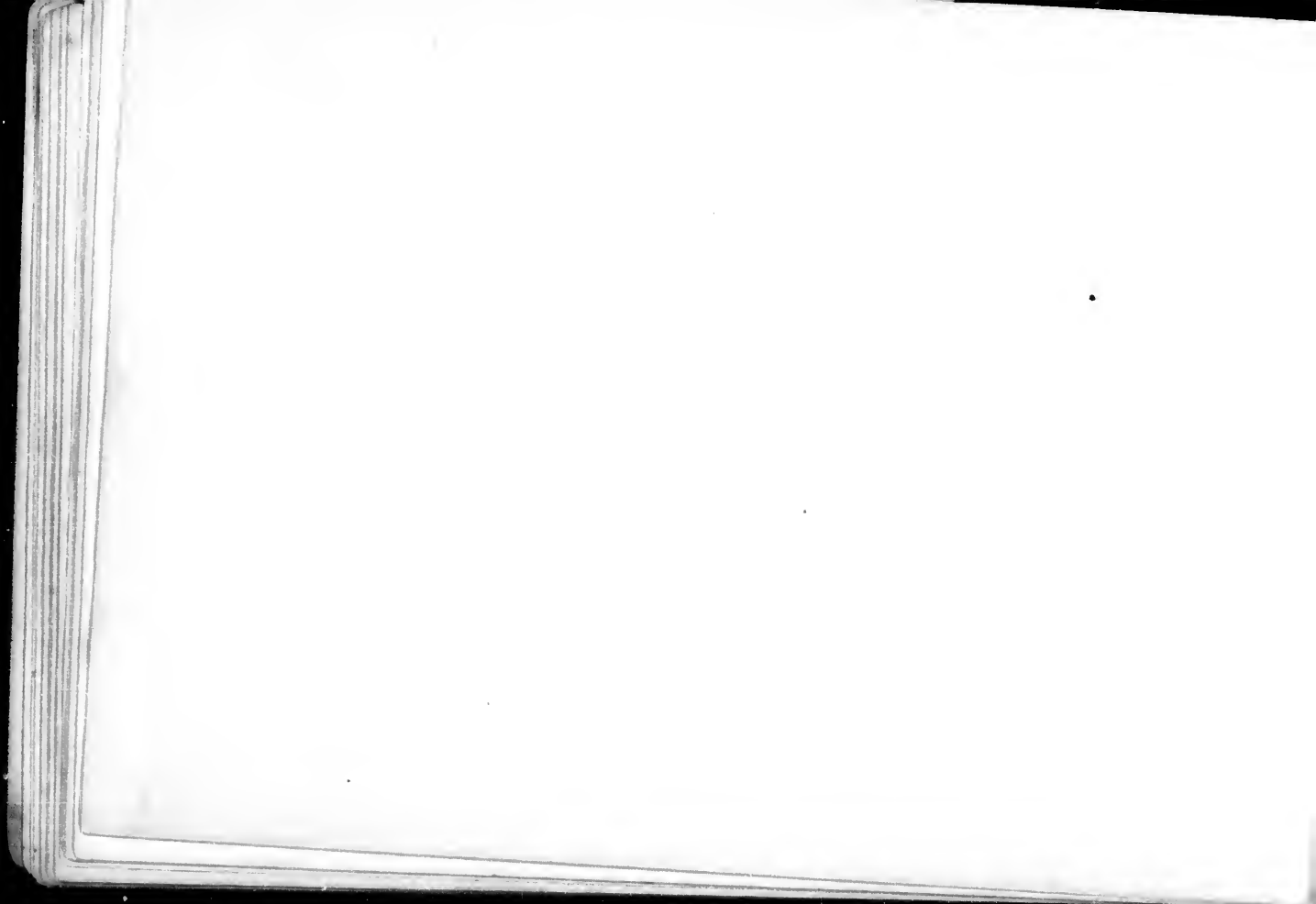
They have come to an ideal place to spend their vacation, and one of the best known and most popular of the many in the province. Partly from its close relationship with the United States, and partly from the fact that its original settlers numbered many hardy New Englanders, the place has come to attain the distinction of being the most American of all Canadian cities. Up to date there has been no mass meeting of the citizens to protest against this characterization. The place presents a strange admixture of American enterprise and aristocratic ease. The shipping industry of Yarmouth, famous the world over, has brought many a good fortune to the men who have invested in it, and its results are seen in scores of magnificent residences and estates, beautiful gardens, conservatories and picturesque English hedgerows such as no other portion of the broad Dominion can duplicate. The visitor who is fortunate enough to have the *entree* to one or more of these places will never be able to efface his first impressions of Yarmouth.

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ON THE ANNAPOLIS BASIN.



"As a summer resort," says Bishop William Stevens Perry, who visited the place a couple of years ago, "Yarmouth possesses every possible attraction. The sea air is full of life, invigorating, bracing, and 'salty' even to the taste. The view of old ocean cannot be excelled. The drives, the walks, the baths are each and all of the best. Charming, comfortable houses are scattered over the various ridges along either side of the 'Cloven Cape,' and for beautiful homes, attractive scenery, and delightful people, the Gate City of the province of Nova Scotia stands pre-eminent. The gate of Nova Scotia opens to one all possible pleasures of the forest, the lake, the river and the sea."

Thrift and decorum characterize the people themselves, their homes are all tasteful and their stores neatly kept; churches are numerous, and there is no poverty in the place. Even the common laboring men own their own little homes. A visit here might give Henry George or Edward Bellamy some new ideas on the solution of the vexed social problem. The town is large and prosperous, containing some 8,000 inhabitants, and has an electric lighting system, several public halls, and other modern conveniences. The fact that it is the Nova Scotian terminus of the YARMOUTH STEAMSHIP COMPANY is one thing that assures its future prosperity. The beautiful residence of Hon. L. E. Baker, the president of the company, is one of the features of the place, and its doors are always hospitably open to visitors from "the States."

The hotel accommodations of Yarmouth are fair, but they are soon to become unexceptionable, and another season will probably see a fine summer hostelry erected. The climate during the vacation months is salubrious, the normal temperature being 70 or 75 degrees, and the place is almost entirely free from fevers. The country is level, affording magnificent drives in all directions, and there are abundant opportunities for salt water bathing and fishing not far from the town itself.

Some idea of the opportunities for fresh water fishing may be gained from the knowledge that there are at least 250 lakes in Yarmouth county. Many of these are feeders to the Tusket river, a famous stream which finds its source away in the interior and empties into the Atlantic, at a point where hundreds of picturesque little islands are located. The river itself affords splendid trout and salmon fishing, while the islands form very fine headquarters for wild fowl shooting in the fall and winter. There are some who contend that the Northmen visited the Tusket Islands, and certain peculiarly marked stones have been found there which seem to give color to this supposition. The Tusket Lakes are veritable beauty spots, where one can forget the cares of the outside world if he can anywhere, and, altogether, Yarmouth and its surrounding country form a unique and picturesque section that must by no means be passed by, no matter how anxious the tourist may be to get to the grander beauties beyond.

On trying to leave Yarmouth for the interior of the province, the traveler finds himself at a cross-roads, so to speak, for

he can take his choice of going to Halifax by way of the south shore and its steamer lines and stage coaches, or via Digby and the Annapolis valley on the other side of the province, by rail. The local steamers of the YARMOUTH STEAMSHIP COMPANY will take him by the former route, allowing him to touch at Shelburne, Lockport, Liverpool, Lunenburg, and other interesting points en route; but perhaps it will serve as well to reverse the route and visit these places on the way back.

This much decided, it only remains to bid our kind Yarmouth friends good-by, board the waiting train, which some imitative genius has named the "Flying Bluenose," and start on the railroad journey to the beautiful region beyond. This train is another surprise, in its way, for nothing like it has ever been seen in this province until the past season. Not only has it splendid new passenger coaches, but an elegant buffet parlor car, in which one can ride with the utmost comfort from Yarmouth right through to Halifax, 220 miles away. The combined enterprise of the Windsor & Annapolis and Western Counties railways is what has brought about this great and much appreciated convenience.

It is over the rails of the last named line that we now speed, and our regret that the road does not run around the picturesque shore of St. Mary's Bay, instead of cutting through the semi-wilderness in its eagerness to "get there," as it does, is no doubt shared by the management of the line itself. However, it can show a stretch of scenery later on that can send even St. Mary's Bay into the shade; and, after all, there is much that is interesting in the long stretches of woodland, broken here and there by lakes and rivers, saw-mills and lumber yards, and the little stations with their French names and undeniably French congregations that we fly past.

Before we reach this "wilderness," however, there is much of civilization to be seen, for Yarmouth doesn't come to an abrupt ending, by any means. Five miles out, after passing a most charming succession of lakelets, is Hebron, a very pretty little settlement, and two miles further on is Ohio, a town of about the same size. Both are very picturesquely located. After Brazil Lake, a splendid sheet of water, the next important station is Hectanooga, where the "up" and "down" trains generally pass, and then comes Meteghan and Church Point, 30 and 37 miles away, respectively, bringing us right into the heart of the interesting French settlements of the Clare district. These settlements were established about 1763, by the descendants of the exiled Acadians, who had lived away up at Grand Pre, and they are located along the shore of St. Mary's Bay. This beautiful sheet of water, in which the shad and mackerel fairly swarm at certain times of the year, was explored by Sieur de Monts, in 1604, on which occasion a priest belonging to the party was lost, and had to exist on berries in the woods for over two weeks. It was named Baie de Ste. Marie by Champlain. The French people here retain many of their primitive customs, and are a very thrifty class of people. Fishing forms an important feature in their everyday life, and the

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OLD HOUSE AT DIGBY



long weirs stretching out into the shallow waters of the bay give an indication of this. There is a new college at Church Point, St. Anne's; a handsome \$50,000 church at Meteghan (called Stella Maris), and other important religious and educational institutions throughout the section. This is a part of the province that has been largely neglected by the tourists, who have been always hurried through from Yarmouth to Digby, as though there was nothing to be seen between these points. This is partly due to the unfortunate neglect of the railroad to affiliate more closely with the settlements, in its otherwise laudable effort to get to a given point in the shortest period of time. It is well worthy of exploration, and one of the most interesting reminiscences of the place is the career of the famous Abbe Sigogne, who was so closely identified with its history.

Passing Belliveau, another one of the numerous stations with French appellation, the pretty little town of Weymouth is reached, and the province is seen in still another aspect. Weymouth is a good-sized town, charmingly located on the banks of the Sissiboo river, which empties into St. Mary's Bay, a short distance below. It makes a wonderfully pretty picture as the train crosses the long and high bridge that spans the river. The sensation during the latter process is somewhat akin to that felt in crossing the gorge at Niagara, the river sweeping away grandly to the left, while the town, with its new vessels on the stocks and the old ones at the wharves, nestles at the right. The country begins to get hilly right here, but there is a level drive along the river bank to the shore of the bay that can hardly be excelled for beauty in America. When one takes this drive and is able to drink in the whole lovely expanse of St. Mary's, the beauty of Nova Scotia begins to dawn upon him very emphatically. There are two hotels at Weymouth, and the tourist should certainly tarry here for a while, if he has the time.

DIGBY, THE DELIGHTFUL.

Just now, however, the "Flying Bluenose" does not wait for us, but hurries us on at regular American speed, over another 23-mile stretch of territory that gradually leads us up to the glorious surprise that is in store for us. After we have passed Port Gilbert, North Range, and Bloomfield, we become conscious of an entire change in the topography of the country. Blue hills that are certainly higher than anything we have seen yet, appear in the distance, the country grows more broken, and before we realize what has happened, the train rumbles over another high bridge, a great, broad sheet of blue water is spread out before us, with verdant heights on either side, and we are in Digby. Could we have entered this favored town—the coming Bar Harbor of Canada—by the highway that runs to the top of the high hill on which the town is located, and then almost tumbles down a precipice, we would have beheld a scene no painter of this age could ever do justice to. Standing four or five hundred feet above the level of the sea, we would have seen spread out before us the beauteous 20-mile stretch of

Annapolis Basin and river, with historic Annapolis itself nestling almost out of sight in the misty distance. On our left we would have seen—in fact, we can from the train now—the wonderful Digby Gap, through whose mile-wide channel the waters of the mighty Bay of Fundy rush in and out with resistless force, as the tides come and go; Mt. Beaman, rising majestically on the one side, and the long North Mountain range running for miles and miles until it loses its identity in far-away Cape Blomidon, on the other. Then to the right of the beautiful basin we behold the gently sloping side of the South Mountain, dotted with smiling farms as far as the eye can reach, and begin to realize, indeed, that there is something in what we have been told concerning Nova Scotia.

Digby is certainly one of the fairest gems in the crown of the garden province. It has all the advantages that could possibly be looked for in a watering-place. It is easy of access—within 20 hours of Boston—and is a wonderfully satisfying place when you get there. Besides the transcendent natural beauty of its surroundings, it has the purest of air, the most equable of temperatures, the most beautiful of drives and the best of boating, bathing and fishing privileges. The ozone is a tonic, and you can take it on the ground floor, or at an altitude of 500 feet, just as you will. In fact, Digby is a sort of combination of seashore and mountain resort, and is rapidly becoming one of the most popular vacation headquarters in the Dominion. The population of the town itself is quite large, and the people are awake to the value of their heritage. There are already half a dozen small hotels and family boarding houses, with plans on foot for a big one. There has also been a company organized for the purpose of building summer cottages, which can be purchased or rented for a ridiculously small amount, and which are doubtless destined to be very popular.

Digby was originally settled by the loyalist refugees from New York and New England, but their descendants do not cherish any hard feelings against their Yankee consins, albeit they did have some little difficulty with them on account of a certain three-mile fishing limit law; so nothing need be feared on that score. The people keep pretty well informed on American affairs, and will be found very hospitable. There are several churches, and the town can boast of, at least, some social life. Fishing still forms an important industry of the place, although the glory of the once famous “Digby chicken” has largely departed, and there are extensive farms in the surrounding country. The points of interest near by are not a few. They include the beautiful Acacia Valley, to the south, where a new summer hotel has been erected; the lighthouse at rocky Point Prim, at the entrance to the wonderful Gap, and which can be reached in the pleasant drive of an hour or so; a drive to Bear River, the great cherry-growing centre of the province, some five or six miles away; a short railroad jaunt to Annapolis, or a climb to the top of Mount Beaman, where a magnificent and inspiring view of the country around can be

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had. Among the longer drives that can be taken are one to Weymouth, 23 miles distant, and another to Digby Neck. This is a narrow point of land that runs from the head of St. Mary's Bay, on the opposite side from that on which the journey from Yarmouth was made, and, including Long and Brier Islands, which are virtually a part of it, is about 40 miles in length. The most important settlements on this Neck are Waterford, 12, Centreville, 15, Sandy Cove, 20, and Westport, 40 miles from Digby. These are all quiet little fishing settlements, Centreville being on the Bay of Fundy side of the Neck, and Nova Scotian maritime life can be studied here in its present and most interesting form. There is a hotel at Sandy Cove, and a daily stage runs the entire distance. The Neck averages only about a mile and a half in width, and some beautiful views can be had from it. Sand as red as that of New Jersey forms a large part of it, and it contains a rich store of minerals. Many of these can be picked up on the shore by those who know minerals when they see them, and they include jasper, agate and amethyst. Many other ways of spending a vacation in Digby will suggest themselves, and the man or woman who cannot find some enjoyment out of a stay at this delightful place will never be satisfied with a vacation this side of the heavenly kingdom. Well may the local poet sing:

"I'm going back to Digby,
The heat is growing stronger,
I'm going back to Digby,
I can stay here no longer.
I want the cooling breezes
With ocean perfumes laden,
My heart turns back to Digby,
And I must go."

Just now, however, we are going away from Digby, regretfully, of course, but with the consoling thought that there are still other beauties ahead of us, and that we can return again, anyway. Our way lies along the southern shore of Annapolis Basin, blue and sparkling in the summer sunlight, with just enough sail-craft moving upon its surface to prove that it is a reality and not a painting. We are still upon the rails of the Western Counties road, and shall be for the next 20 miles, until Annapolis is reached. This 20-mile stretch comprises the new extension of the railway, opened in 1891, after having been talked of for a generation. It gives for the first time unbroken rail connection between Yarmouth and Halifax and the great outside world, communication having formerly been by steamer across the Basin, between Digby and Annapolis.

It is not extravagance of language to say that a more magnificent stretch of railway does not exist in the Dominion of Canada, and, brief as has been its existence, scores of writers have already gone into raptures over it, and the artists and photographers are rapidly getting in their work. It fully and triumphantly redeems the railway for the possible tameness of its territory between Yarmouth and Weymouth.

Several bridges that have the honor of being among the largest and highest in the Dominion span the deep gorges and are met at various points; and the train also speeds through immense cuts hewed in the solid rock. The view toward the Basin as the journey is made is simply sublime. As the train passes over the long bridges at Grand and Little Joggin (a name that typifies "mitten" in the Micmac Indian nomenclature), a magnificent view of Digby Gap is had on the left, and an equally inspiring one of the beautiful Acacia valley on the right. Over ravines and through farms and orchards, past quaint little huts, from the doorway of which little Indian papposes and their stolid-looking parents peer with interest, the train rushes on, the picture ever changing, yet ever the same in its general scope. The first important station, after leaving Digby is Bear River, one of the most delightfully located towns in the province. It is situated among the picturesque hills, on the banks of the river bearing its name, and has a population of 1,000. Cherries grow here earlier and in larger quantities than in any other part of the country, and the exportation of these, the shipping of lumber and cordwood to the United States and West Indies, and the building of vessels, form the chief occupations of the people. Gold and iron are found in the vicinity. A ride from Digby over the hills to Bear River is one of the best appetizers that could possibly be recommended. The railway station is not within sight of the town itself, and the train crosses the river at its widest point, and in full sight of Bear Island, at its entrance.

The next station of importance is Clementsport, another pretty village among the hills, where iron mining and smelting were once carried on, as the ruined foundry near the track testifies. From Clementsport it is a pleasant drive to Annapolis, if one should stop off to explore it, and roads also lead from it to the romantic Blue Mountain district, south, and the upper Liverpool lakes, which empty into the Atlantic, away on the other side of the province. A vacation journey through this region would be a delight to those who like that sort of thing.

After leaving Clementsport, the Basin loses its identity in the yellow waters of the Annapolis River, which has a mouth proportionate to that of a boa-constrictor. Goat Island, which figures somewhat conspicuously in the early history of the province, but which bears no more relationship to goats than Bear Island does to bears, is next passed, and then the tourist is given his first glimpse of the dykes that are such a prominent characteristic of this part of the country. For several miles a

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long section of these, keeping back the river from the level meadows is followed, and sitting in your chair and looking dreamily out of the car window, you can almost imagine yourself in Holland. These are only modest, retiring sort of dykes compared with those to be seen further on, however.

ANNAPOLIS, AND THE VALLEY.

At last, at last we are in Annapolis. Annapolis, the historic, the world-famed, the former football of contending races, the gateway to the glorious valley beyond which bears its name. Founded as Port Royal in 1605 by the Frenchman, Sieur de Monts, captured in 1613 by an expedition from Virginia, rebuilt then, only to be again captured fifteen years later, then taken several times subsequently by the English, and finally, in 1716, falling for good into the hands of Great Britain — such, in brief, is the pyrotechnic history of Annapolis. In 1713 its name was changed to Annapolis Royal, in honor of Queen Anne. To-day there is little to it but its history. The old fort and sally-port and ramparts are grass-grown and long ago in desuetude. Within it still stands the old magazine, with the names of hundreds of tourists carved or written upon its walls. Those of a romantic turn of mind can still find much to interest them in these relics of olden times, and in the old Rice homestead, 130 years old, which stands in another part of the town. Annapolis itself has a population of about 1,400, and is chiefly noted now for its exportation of apples, which are justly famous for their size and quality. There are several hotels in the place, and the drives are many and delightful. The pretty town of Granville, on the opposite side of the river, is reached by ferry, and is worth a visit. The scenery of the La Quille river is charming. Nothing could be more beautiful, either, than the scene from the site of the fortress, looking toward the Basin. There are ample facilities for boating, bathing and fishing.

As a matter of fact, up to within a comparatively short time, Annapolis has been regarded as the real threshold of the province, and very few tourists have been aware of what the more western section can present in the way of beauty and interest. They have even slighted delightful Digby itself, on this account; but things are a little different now, thanks to the better transportation facilities and the good offices of the journalistic envoys from "the States," who have found their way thither.

In leaving Annapolis, with its pleasant people, its balmy air and inspiring associations, we bid good-by to the Western Counties railway and place ourselves in the care of the Windsor & Annapolis railway (they don't call it "railroad" here).

The line of this road is 130 miles long and runs clear through to Halifax, after traversing the 70-mile Annapolis valley, and being tapped by two or three connecting lines. If we are through passengers from Yarmouth, however, there is no change of cars, for the "Flying Bluenose" simply changes engine and conductor, and rushes right ahead. The places passed in this wonderfully interesting journey can only be briefly referred to here. The Annapolis valley itself, while perhaps not more beautiful than some others that might be mentioned, has an individuality all its own. It is one of the richest and most fertile farming regions on the continent, irrigated a part of the way by the winding Annapolis River. Beyond all things else, its most prominent and enduring feature is the grand North Mountain range of hills, varying from 500 to 700 feet in height, that keep unbroken guard over it from its beginning to its end. Rev. Dr. John Clark, one of the favorite poets of the province, fitly described this great panoramic wall of green and black, when he wrote:

Oh, mountain, ranging league on league, with varying breadth and height,
A wide read 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.

The first important stopping place is Bridgetown, 14 miles from Annapolis, situated in the richest part of the apple-growing country. It was here, at Bloody Brook, that a company of New England troops were massacred by the French and Indians in the days when the fortunes of Annapolis fluctuated so much like some stocks do to-day. Bridgetown has about as many inhabitants as Annapolis, and it is a fine fishing and hunting centre.

When the conductor calls out "Paradise," it will be in order to try to work off some new joke upon the name, or else listen to some one else tell the very old one of how some conductors always add, after a pause, the explanatory words, "Nova Scotia." This is certainly an earthly paradise, and, as with Bridgetown, it is cultivated very assiduously every year by many American "boarders." A road leads from here across North Mountain to Port Williams, a fishing village on the Bay of Fundy shore, seven miles distant.

Lawrencetown is a very prosperous and pretty place, and has quite important farming and lumbering interests.

Twenty-eight miles from Annapolis the train halts at Middleton. This is a small, but very important place — important for two reasons: it is the junction of the new Nova Scotia Central railway, which cuts directly across the province to the Atlantic coast, and you can get lunch here. The railway has its other termini at Bridgewater and Lunenburg, and traverses some of the most rugged and picturesque scenery in the province. It is a splendidly equipped road, too, and ranks as one of

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the finest in the Dominion. It makes an addition to the tourist's itinerary that is becoming more and more appreciated every year, for by it he can, in returning from, or going to, Halifax, avoid a repetition of the valley route, pleasant though that would be again, and enjoy a comfortable railroad jaunt through a new part of the province and a delightful 60-mile sail along the rock-bound Atlantic coast.

The beautiful Nictaux Falls and valley and Nictaux iron mines are near Middleton, from which can also be reached Lower Middleton, Wilmot, Farmington and Margaretsville. The celebrated Wilmot Springs are located about three miles from Farmington. They are delightfully situated, and the waters of the spring have remarkable curative properties for certain ailments. The time is probably not far distant when this will be to Nova Scotia what Poland Spring is to Maine.

After Kingston and Auburn comes Aylesford, twelve miles from which the magnificent chain of Aylesford Lakes begins. The chief of these is Kempt Lake, about seven miles long.

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The village of Berwick, which is next reached, reminds us that we are 47 miles from Annapolis, and at the entrance to the Cornwallis valley, the great and well-named "Garden of Nova Scotia." This is the finest agricultural section in the whole province, and its scenery is unsurpassed. After Waterville, Cambridge and Coldbrook have been passed, the train stops at Kentville, the most important town between Yarmouth and Windsor, 25 miles farther on. Kentville is the headquarters of the Windsor & Annapolis railway, and is a thriving and pretty town, of decidedly English tone. The latter fact is due, in some measure, to the presence among the inhabitants of a number of retired British officers. The population of Kentville is 3,000, and the fact that it is the centre of such a large and rich agricultural district makes it of no little importance commercially and socially. The town is charmingly laid out, and the opportunities for drives are among the grandest in the province.

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From Kentville, the little Cornwallis Valley railway, 15 miles in length, takes the tourist through the remaining portion of the valley, and into a land that words can do but faint justice to. Not to stop off here and make this enchanting side trip would be simply a crime, the only meet punishment for which would be the forfeiting of all further vacations. Let Halifax and Cape Breton and all the rest of the province wait, therefore, until we have made it.

If time allows, the most satisfying way in which to journey to this lovely corner of the Nova Scotian province is to make the trip in a leisurely way behind a span of Kentville horses. If the saving of time is our object, the little railroad — which

has the double distinction of being, probably, the only passenger railway in the world on which a first-class ticket over its entire length can be purchased for fifty cents, and the only one that runs its entire distance between two rows of specially planted apple trees—will make a very good substitute. In going this latter way, the tourist may stop at Canning, half-way along the line, or continue to Kingsport, the terminus of the railway, on the shores of the beautiful and historic Basin of Minas. From this highly favored spot, a wealth of agricultural produce is shipped in steamers and sailing vessels each season. But there is a way to see all this and a hundredfold more at a single glance, and enjoy a scene that it is hard to parallel the world over. This is by getting off at Canning, and ascending the steep road that leads to the famous "Look-Off," some four miles away. It seems more like 40 while you are getting there, but when the summit of the North Mountain is reached, and the glance is directed backward over the road whence the traveler has come, such a picture of panoramic beauty is presented as almost stuns the senses. It is only 600 feet above the level of the sea—and mountains of six thousand feet do not count for much nowadays—but the view of meadow, orchard, forest, and marsh land, gemmed with the waters of river and bay, spreading out into parts of five of the richest counties of the province, that confronts the overpowered beholder, is something that can never be effaced from the memory. The white farmhouses, and the houses and churches in the distant villages look as though they were children's toys. To the right, the converging lines of the valley, melting into misty nothingness, are seen, and to the left is spread out the sparkling Minas basin, and the silvery outlines of the Canning, Cornwallis and Canard Rivers, while directly opposite, behind the beautiful village of Wolfville, rises the "ridge," from which a counter view of the same delightful scene from a slightly less elevated position can be had. It is here at Look-Off that you want to sit down in the grassy clearing, and take out your volume of Longfellow and read his immortal story of "Evangeline," for right at your feet, in front of Wolfville itself, is the historic Grand Pré of Evangeline and Gabriel, and Basil, and all the rest, with the identical river down which they were taken to the ships that bore them to their exile. "Evangeline" has been "done to death," in a measure, and the impression has gone forth in some quarters that this is all there is to Nova Scotia; but this is a mistake that will soon regulate itself. "Evangeline" is only one of the many dazzling gems in Nova Scotia's priceless collection.

While we are still on Look-Off, and preparing, reluctantly, to descend to mundane things again, it is well to remember that we are but a short distance from that remarkable conformation of the land which forms the abrupt ending of the long North Mountain range, and stands, sentinel-like, between the Basin of Minas and the Bay of Fundy—Cape Blomidon. This majestic mass is formed of red sandstone, bearing some indications of volcanic action, and is about 670 feet high. In what-

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ever aspect it is seen — whether with the bright sunlight shining on its precipitous sides and through the trees that crown it, whether the fleecy fogs environ it, or its 40 feet of tide be high or low, Blomidon is always grand and inspiring. To make it even more interesting, Indian legend clings closely to it, and the superstitious Micmacs of former times believed that the cape was erected by the mighty Glooscap. It was thought by them to have originally formed part of a mammoth beaver dam that was thrown across the basin and was causing the Cornwallis valley to suffer from disastrous overflows. Instead of petitioning for a "river and harbor" appropriation to overcome this difficulty, the Indians appealed to Glooscap, the mighty, who broke away the dam, swinging this end of it around into the present Cape Blomidon. Then, for some reason that was not ascertained by the news-gatherers of that period, he strewed it liberally with gems, some of which are found to this day, in the shape of amethyst, agate, chalcedony, etc. It is a fine field for the mineralogist.

Grouped around Blomidon, in the Minas region, are various other places of interest that are usually visited from Kingsport, Grand Pré and Wolfville by steamer or boat. They include Partridge Island, a favorite rendezvous of Glooscap; Five Islands, which are the huge masses of rock he playfully threw at the Great Beaver when he was demolishing his dam; Cape Split, a huge mass of rock adjoining Blomidon; Parrsboro, a delightful summer resting place on the opposite shore of the basin, from which enjoyable drives and excursions may be made to Fraser's Head; Moose River, with its picturesque waterfall; and Bear's Back, the remarkable natural causeway of eight miles, for which Glooscap also gets the credit. In fact, Glooscap had things all his own way in this vicinity until the advent of Evangeline. The fact that 19 rivers flow into the Basin of Minas is enough to show what the diversity of scenery is here.

This pleasant side trip over, a return to Kentville once more through the same beauteous scenes is imperative, if we want to continue our rail journey. And still we are not half through the province.

If we wanted to "rough it," and enjoy another side trip, we might get booked as a passenger on one of Her Majesty's royal mail stages and cut across country to Chester, 46 miles distant, on the Atlantic coast, just as the Nova Scotia Central Railway would have taken us from Middleton to Lunenburg; but we are not going that way this time. About a mile and a half from Kentville, on the line of the Windsor & Annapolis, is Port Williams, from whence a stage runs daily to Canning. Wolfville, the pretty town famous as the site of Acadia College, is the next stopping place. It is located in full sight of the Basin of Minas, the Gaspareau River, and the famous dykes of the ancient Acadians, and those which have been added to them by their successors. These dykes reclaim thousands of acres of rich meadow from the sea, and make a beautiful picture as the train moves through them. It is from here that the most glorious view of all can be had of Blomidon, and one might

pass here a hundred times a year and not grow insensible to the beauty of the scene. The view from the college itself is worth a thousand miles' journey to enjoy. There are drives as innumerable as beautiful, and in summer excursion steamer for points in the basin already mentioned leave the town. The view from "the ridge" is sublime, and includes, not only what has already been described, but the picturesque and fruitful Gaspereau valley on the other side. This is where "Paradise" ought to have been located. The population of Wolfville is about 1,000, and the college and seminary, both of which have graduated many a brilliant young man and woman, are its chief features. There are half a dozen hotels and boarding houses in the place, and it is becoming deservedly popular with Americans. Next to Digby, it is probably the best vacation place on that side of the province.

The Grand Pré station, three miles beyond Wolfville, is a very unassuming one, but it is more important than all the rest of them put together. For is not this the very heart itself of the sacred "Land of Evangeline?" Here the train stops for a moment, in order that the passengers may photograph upon the tablets of their memory the characteristics of this most "sadly poetical" place. Here will be pointed out to you the site of the ancient Acadian village, where Evangeline and her people dwelt together so happily until their sad but necessary ejection, the faintly perceptible foundation of the old church, the traditionary site of the shop of Basil the blacksmith, the old willow trees — sure indication of former French occupation and other features of the historic ground. But all those things can be seen with greater satisfaction by stopping off at Wolfville, as all who can do so should.

Leaving this lovely and romantic scene, Horton Landing is next reached. This is but a mile from Grand Pré, and is also a favorite stopping place for tourists and headquarters for excursions. There are a couple of hotels here, where the usual low Nova Scotian rates obtain. Two miles farther on is Avonport, on the banks of the Avon River. Here evidences of shipping are seen, and the railway keeps the river company until Hantsport, five miles away, is reached. This is a bustling village, where shipbuilding and manufacturing are carried on extensively. It has a goodly population, owns considerable shipping, and has large interests in freestone quarries in the vicinity. From the top of Mt. Denson, near by, can be had another superb view of the Basin of Minas and surrounding country, and we have the word of Judge T. C. Haliburton (the famous "Sam Slick"), that there is little in Europe or America to compare with it.

The railroad has by this time changed its course in a more easterly direction, and after the little village of Falmouth, resting in the heart of the rich gypsum district, is passed, the train crosses the Avon on one of the finest bridges in the maritime provinces, and shortly afterwards rolls into the important town of Windsor, and brings the tourist to another interesting and historic stopping place.

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CAPE BLOMIDON.



Windsor is unique in some of its characteristics. It is situated in that part of the province where the Bay of Fundy runs things to suit itself, and where tides of 40 or 50 feet are taken as an everyday occurrence. As a consequence, the river conducts itself on a "now you see it, and now you don't," sort of principle, and vessels have to be tied to the wharf for more reasons than one. This seemed to disturb Charles Dudley Warner more than anything else, when he came down and wrote "Baddeck, and That Sort of Thing." Windsor has a population of over 3,000, and is well supplied with churches, banks, hotels and manufactories. It has an immense trade in the exportation of plaster, the average yearly output being over 100,000 tons, and owns about 180,000 tons of shipping. The points of interest in Windsor include King's College, the oldest educational institution in the province, and which is conducted on Episcopalian, or Church of England, lines. It has a very interesting library and museum. "Clifton," the former residence of Judge Haliburton, one of the ablest writers, judges and legislators the province ever produced, is located not far from the college, and should be visited by all means. The ruins of Fort Edward, from which another fine view of river and basin can be had, should also find a place in the itinerary. The Indian name of Windsor was "Pisiquid," "the junction of the waters," and in by-gone years the trail of the predatory redskins from the Annapolis Valley to Halifax led through here.

The time-table will show the tourist that he is now 46 miles, or two hours, from Halifax. There will be little to divert his attention until the capital city is nearly reached, and, perhaps, he will appreciate this just as much, when the surfeit of sight-seeing he has already had is taken into consideration. The stations passed by the railway on its own line are Newport, Ellershouse, Mt. Uniacke and Beaver Bank, and at Windsor Junction, which some wag has said has admirable facilities for the pasturage of goats, and the procuring of ballast for breakwaters, the rails of the great Intercolonial system, which weds Halifax with St. John and Quebec, are entered upon. The intervening 32 miles have been through a wooded country, in whose quiet recesses a complete change has come over the physical make-up of the land.

From Windsor Junction the journey lies for several miles through a rather wild and rocky country, broken by several lakes that appear on either side of the track. This scene of desolation suddenly gives way to one of the fairest prospects on this side of the province, however, when the head of Bedford Basin, 10 miles from Halifax is reached. This broad and deep and placid sheet of water, with nothing to distinguish it from a huge lake save the sea-weed and the marks of the tide upon its pebbly shores, is one of the favorite excursion points for the Halifax people. The facilities for boating and bathing are unexcelled, and the locality deserves all the good things that have been said about it. At Bedford itself, which is passed by the train, there is quite a settlement, and several summer hotels.

A HALT AT HALIFAX.

As the train draws near the city, hidden behind a promontory where the Basin joins the harbor at the "Narrows," that white building you see perched upon the hill to the right is the city prison, and those peculiar little houses, around which a colony of colored people lounge and little pickaninnies play, is Africville, one of the numerous settlements of the colored brother in this vicinity. Richmond, at the northern limit of the city, with its big deep water terminus, at which ocean vessels lie, and its immense dry dock and sugar refinery, is next passed, and in a moment more the train rolls into the splendid station of the Intercolonial railway, and the tourist is in Halifax, the Gibraltar of the Maritime Provinces, the famous North American headquarters of Great Britain's army and navy, and the capital of Nova Scotia. Don't mind those clamoring, Niagara-like hackmen. They don't represent the people of Halifax, any more than do the gloomy and old-fashioned streets through which, with true hack-driver's instinct, they take you, represent the city itself.

You will realize before you are in it long that the place which Lord Cornwallis founded in 1749, is something more than a country village, and that you cannot do justice to it in a day. Neither can this unique Nova Scotian metropolis be done justice to in a book that is necessarily limited as this is. In the first place, there are some 39,000 people in it. There has been just about this number for several years, for Halifax, which is conservative in all things, is consistent even in respect to its population. The city is spread out over a very wide area, so that this, together with the many things of interest within it, and innumerable attractions outside its limits, makes the thorough inspection of it a matter of days. The city has been written about so much, that its principal characteristics are reasonably well known to the New England public. In the first place, it is an essentially English city, and it could not well be otherwise when its importance as a military and naval station is considered. A great many American journalists who have come and seen and written have failed to take Halifax seriously, much to the disgust of its people; but to "go to Halifax" means to find one's self at a very substantial and important place. There is plenty of wealth in the community, wrested from a one-time profitable commerce, and "society" and "culture" are no more strangers to the place than they are to Boston. The tie that binds it to the latter city is very strong, too, for hundreds of its young men and women have found their way there in the past few years, to make new homes and fortunes for themselves.

That first great requisite, from the tourist's standpoint, good hotel accommodations, are to be found here. Of the several hotels, either the Queen or the Halifax, both adjoining in the central part of the city, can be unhesitatingly recommended.

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ON THE SOUTH MOUNTAIN.



They will be found to rank with the best in Canada. Once established at one of these, the visitor will not find the time hanging heavily on his hands, for the sights of the city are within a few minutes' walk or drive. These include, perhaps first of all, the Citadel hill, rising 300 feet above the level of the harbor, at the back of the city, and from the top of which a glorious and comprehensive view of Halifax and its environs may be had. An impregnable fortress—one of a dozen like it in the vicinity—surmounts the hill, but is not now accessible to visitors who have no "pull" at headquarters. This is really the best way to start out to see the town, for it gives a well-defined idea as to what the place is. Commencing with the old Province Building, where the local parliament meets, and where the provincial library and a fine collection of portraits of famous Nova Scotians are maintained, there is a long list of public buildings and institutions to be seen. Within ten minutes' walk of the Province Building are the Post-office Building, in which is located the splendid provincial museum; the Queen's wharf, the Ordnance yard, where cannon and shot enough to make a sieve of the sky are kept; the new and handsome City Hall, fronting on the Grand Parade; St. Paul's Church; St. Mary's Cathedral; St. Paul's cemetery, where the monument to Parker and Welsford, the Crimean heroes, is seen; the quaint stone residence of the lieutenant-governor; the Academy of Music; the Halifax Club, and the leading banking, insurance, telegraph, railroad and newspaper offices. Then there is the big Wellington Barracks, at the north end of the town, where the red-coated soldiers of Her Majesty are housed, and the smaller one at the foot of the Citadel; the wonderful dry-dock, 613 feet long; the imperial Dockyard adjoining and the great men-of-war; the Victoria General Hospital; the new Dalhousie College; the institutions for the blind and deaf mutes; the Exhibition Building, and a score of other institutions. One of the most unique and interesting sights of the town is the open market scene in the vicinity of the Post-office, on Saturday. Here, from daylight until dark, may be found scores of country people who have pre-empted the sidewalks for whole blocks, and are busy disposing of their poultry, eggs and garden truck to the housewives of the town. They come from miles away, many of them, and the coal-black "darkies," with their berries and "yarbs," and the melancholy relics of poor "Lo," with their baskets and bows, are also there in goodly numbers to add to the picturesqueness of the scene. It is truly an interesting sight, and cannot be duplicated outside of the market-place at Quebec, where everything is French. Another important event in the rather uneventful Halifax week is the parade of the soldiers to church on Sunday morning. They worship in Garrison Chapel, near the Citadel, and are always headed by their big brass band. It is always in order for the visitor to watch them march into the church, and then follow them in and witness the services. Indeed, Halifax without its soldiers, would be like Boston without its gilded dome.

It is in her natural beauties, though, that Halifax scores her greatest triumph, and the chief of these is the lovely Public

Garden. Not to visit this would be to fail to see Halifax. It is a little square corner cut out of Paradise, where the social life of Halifax, especially on Saturday afternoon, when the band concerts are given, can be seen in every aspect. Money couldn't buy it from the Halifaxians. Another beauty spot is Point Pleasant Park, a magnificent stretch of virgin forest, with beautiful driving roads cut through it. At its extreme end is another fort and martello tower, and an enchanting view of the ocean. There are numerous other drives, one of the most charming being to the North West Arm, a beautiful inlet of the sea, west of the city. It is about three miles long and a quarter of a mile wide. Its shores are lined with the elegant estates of some of the most prominent citizens of Halifax, and, in this respect, reminds one of the banks of the Hudson, just above New York. Excursions by steamer can be made to this place, to Bedford Basin, Cow Bay (the coming watering place of Halifax), Prince's Lodge and several other points. When all these are exhausted, there is the pretty town of Dartmouth on the opposite side of the harbor, reached by ferry, and with a delightful chain of lakes at its back door. Access can also be had through here to the gold mines in the eastern part of Halifax county, the colored settlement at Preston and the Acadian French one at Chezzetcook, and the splendid farm and forest region of Musquodoboit. What with the natural hospitality of the people of Halifax, and the unrivalled bill of fare they can set before one in the way of outdoor and indoor attractions, combined with the bracing quality of their summer climate, that visitor is hard to please, indeed, who will go away dissatisfied with his stay in the delightful city by the sea.

TO CAPTIVATING CAPE BRETON.

When the already delighted tourist has completed his inspection of the capital city, there are yet a score or more places wherein he can still feast his soul upon Nova Scotia scenery and study still more unique provincial characteristics to his heart's content. These lie along three distinct routes, and a volume might be devoted to each of them. The first of these lies back over the former route as far as Windsor Junction, and through the remaining half of the province, across the Strait of Canso, and through the wonderfully beautiful island of Cape Breton — the Switzerland of North America. The second is to follow this route to Truro and then branch off through the narrow but interesting isthmus that joins the province to the mainland and New Brunswick, continuing around as far as St. John, if desired. In either case the line of the Intercolonial railway will be followed, and the routes can, therefore, be plainly picked out on a map of the province. The third is the Atlantic coast route, westward from Halifax, taking in the magnificent shore scenery that lies along this unbeaten path, with its numerous important settlements, and ending the tour at Yarmouth, where it began.

We are not ready to turn back yet, however, and so let it be the first-named route. The train leaves Halifax over the Intercolonial early in the morning, and the principal point of interest between here and Truro is Shubenacadie, 40 miles distant. This is a pleasant farming region, through which a river of the same name runs, and was at one time quite an important headquarters of the Micmac Indians. Some of them still remain, but not exactly in primitive condition.

Truro, 22 miles farther on, is a town of about 5,000 inhabitants, and is very pleasantly situated about two miles from the head of Cobequid Bay, an arm of the Basin of Minas. It contains the provincial Normal School, has various industries, and is altogether a very bustling place. It was originally settled by the Acadian French. Truro is a very important railroad junction, and trains usually stop here for meals. The lakes and rivers in the vicinity offer splendid opportunities for fishing.

Leaving here, the train passes through the picturesque little towns of Union, Riversdale, Landsdowne and Glengarry, until it reaches Stellarton, 41 miles from Truro and 103 miles from Halifax. Here we come upon the outskirts of the great coal fields of that part of Nova Scotia, and could spend many an instructive hour exploring the mines and studying the people. Coal mines are much the same the world over, however, and the only special difference between the mines of Nova Scotia and those of Pennsylvania will be found in the character of the people who work them. The coal mined here is of a soft or bituminous character, and is of almost inexhaustible supply.

From Stellarton, a branch runs to Pictou, 14 miles distant, on the shores of Northumberland Strait, and from which the neighboring province of Prince Edward Island can be seen. It has a goodly number of inhabitants, and is the great coal exporting point of this region. It was formerly the site of an Indian village—which means, of course, more Glooscap legends—and, despite the prosaic nature of its chief industry, has some really pretty scenery to commend it. Its harbor is one of the finest in the province. Steamship connection with Prince Edward Island is maintained from there.

New Glasgow, “the Sheffield of Nova Scotia,” is next reached after the return to the main line. This bustling place, with all the “get there” of a Western “boom” town, has some very important industries, particularly in the manufacture of iron and steel. It is located on the East River, and has a population of about 4,000. There is some good scenery in the vicinity.

Thus far, since leaving Pictou, the way has been through one big coal bed, and one can readily believe the statement that in Pictou county (which, with Cumberland county adjoining, furnishes three-fifths of the output of the province), there are 5,567 feet of strata, containing 14 feet of coal in 16 beds; also, that there are in the whole province 76 great seams of coal, having a thickness of 14,750 feet of deposits. Before leaving this part of the country, too, let it be remembered that Pictou,

Stellarton and New Glasgow are important starting points for the sportsmen who have come down in the fall and winter for moose, caribou, bear, and other big game, besides an unlimited collection of small fry.

It is a run of 42 miles to the next important stopping place—Antigonish. Meanwhile, the train has been passing through some superb valley scenery, at times almost wildly picturesque. Here, again, the province takes on another of its many aspects. Glenfalloch, Merigomish and Marshy Hope are names of way stations that will strike the visitor as somewhat peculiar, perhaps; and, possibly, the broad Scotch accent of some of the inhabitants might do the same. Antigonish is a very striking and beautiful town, inhabited mostly by Scotch Catholics. It has been called by many the prettiest settlement in the province, and its people are quite content to have it known as such. It is certainly a most unique one. Antigonish is the residence of the Bishop of Arichat. Its principal features are St. Francis Xavier College, and the cathedral of St. Ninian, one of the largest and handsomest places of worship in Canada. The scenery about Antigonish is delightful, and a drive amongst the hills or toward the distant harbor is recompense enough for a journey thither. Not so picturesque, but decidedly interesting, is a visit to one of the big cheese factories of the town. From here, also, a desirable hunting and fishing region can be reached, for Guysborough, the great wilderness county of the province, fronting on the Atlantic, adjoins it.

After Antigonish comes some more fine scenery, charmingly diversified, with here and there glimpses of the salt water. Twenty miles beyond is Tracadie, famous for the monastery and farms of the Trappist brothers, and where an Indian reserve is also located. The situation of this place, on the shores of St. George's Bay, is most beautiful. Greater beauties than this are in store for the traveler, for 17 miles farther on he reaches the limit of his land journey, and stands on the shore of that most magnificent "golden gateway to the Gulf of St. Lawrence," the Strait of Canso, separating him from the intoxicating glories of Cape Breton beyond.

It is not the design of this publication to give a complete description of Nova Scotia in one edition. Such a book, if anything like full justice were done the subject, would be unwieldy, and would defeat one of its most important objects. In pursuance of this idea, therefore, Cape Breton and the other places to be hereafter touched upon will be but briefly mentioned, to be given later on the more extended mention they merit, accompanied by appropriate illustrations. It is hard, however, to dismiss Cape Breton in this summary manner, for this sea-invaded island is verily the queen of summer resorts. A delicious sample of its beauty can be seen even as the passenger stands upon the wharf at Port Mulgrave, the terminus of the Inter-colonial railway in Nova Scotia proper, where he is to take either the transfer across the beautiful strait to Port Hawkesbury opposite, there to resume his railroad journey over the New Cape Breton railway, or board the little steamer that will take

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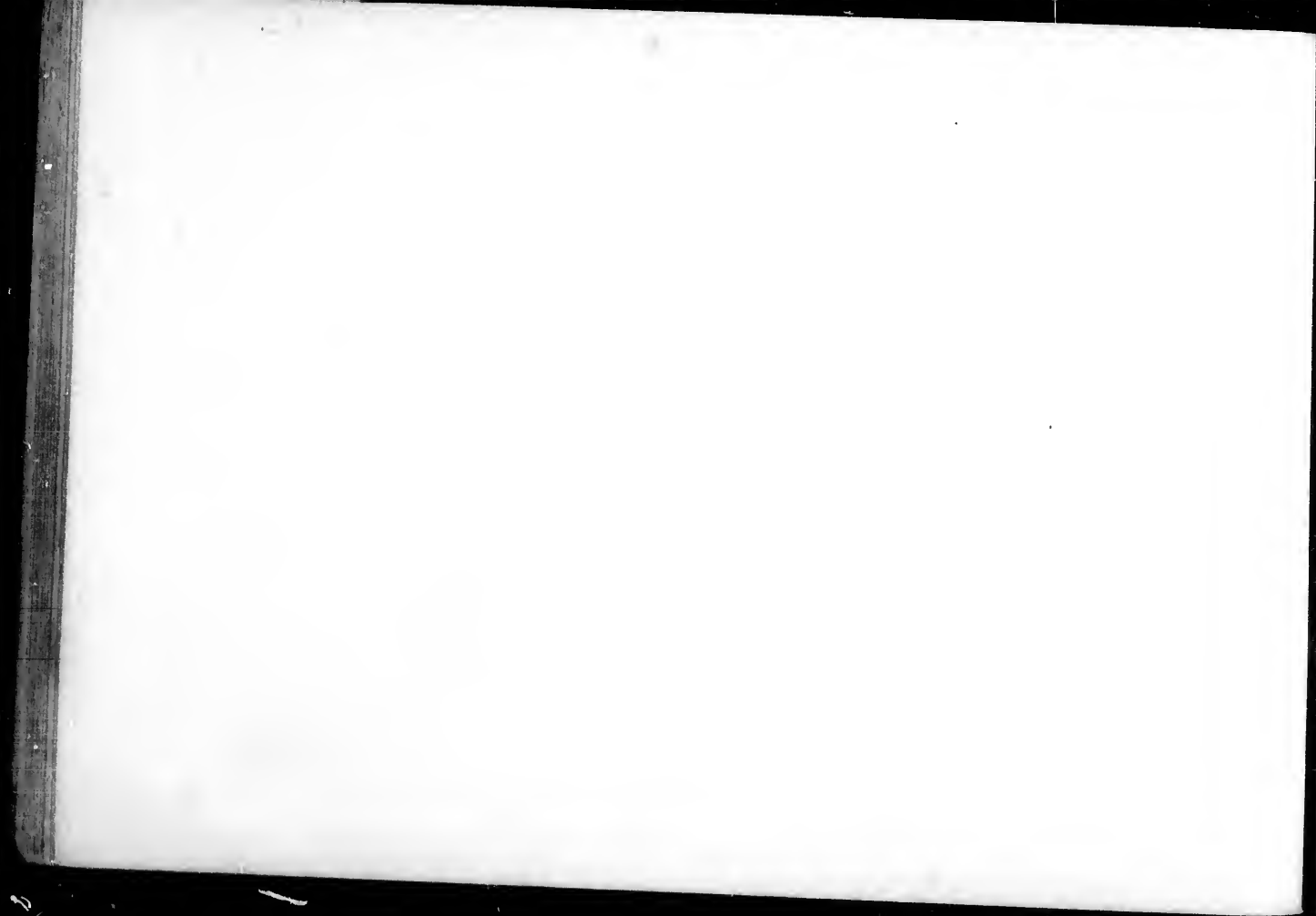
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VIEW FROM THE LOOK OFF.



him on an even more romantic journey through Cape Breton's enchanting inland sea. This picturesque strait, which connects the Atlantic with the Gulf of St. Lawrence and separates the peninsula of Nova Scotia from its insular sister, is about 14 miles long and a mile in average width. Its waters rush between precipitous wooded banks, and thousands of vessels find it a convenient passage way or anchorage every year. Some times whole fleets of them may be seen there, detained by adverse winds, or majestically making their way through. Not far from Mulgrave, on the West, is Cape Porcupine, high and impressive, and toward the Atlantic end are Pirate Harbor, and other picturesquely located places.

Crossing to Point Tupper, Port Hawkesbury, if we are to continue the railway journey, some 15 stations are passed, on a run of 90 miles, until Sydney at the farthest point north usually visited by tourists, is reached. These include Grand Narrows, where the train crosses the great iron bridge, 1,697 feet in length, having seven spans and a draw in the centre; and North Sydney, the great coaling station for ocean steamers. Some of the finest of Cape Breton's renowned scenery is to be seen on this trip, but an excellent plan is to make the journey one way by rail and another by steamer. The latter connects with the express train from Halifax (which carries elegant buffet parlor cars right through to Sydney, by the way), and after leaving Mulgrave sails through the prettiest part of the Strait of Canso, and follows the Atlantic shore of Cape Breton until it reaches Lenox Passage. This lovely strait divides the island from quaint old Isle Madame, on the further side of which is located the famous French fishing settlement of Arichat. After a brief stop at the west side of Madame, the little steamer ploughs her way through the quiet waters into St. Peter's Bay, on the Atlantic side of Cape Breton proper. Here the steamer enters the lock of the half-mile canal which connects the ocean with its inland tributary beyond, and saves so many weary miles' sail along the perilous coast. In going through this canal, the interesting village of St. Peter's, a Scottish settlement, is passed. Near here, too, is Chapel Island, where the Micmac Indians gather each year to hold their quaint ceremony of the festival of St. Anne. What a picture bursts upon the gaze when St. Peter's canal is finally passed, and the vessel is fairly launched into the placid and crystal waters of the ever beautiful Bras d'Or! It is only the beginning, however, of the same beautiful panorama that is to be unfolded to the surprised and delighted gaze for nearly a hundred miles. Cape Breton is about 100 miles long by 80 miles wide, and of the 2,000,000 acres, nearly 800,000 consist of lakes. The latter are principally the great salt water inlets, Great Bras d'Or and Little Bras d'Or, very appropriately typifying "the Arm of Gold." The long and narrow island of Boularderie divides the two, and it is the larger of the two passages that is used mostly for navigation. Stretched along the shores of this lovely inland sea are various points of interest that are touched at by the steamer, notably Grand Narrows, which boasts of a first-class hotel, and Baddeck, the glorious summer home of Prof. Graham Bell, George

Kennan, and other notables. Near Grand Narrows (more properly the Strait of Barra) is the magnificent river Denys and its basin, and at Baddeck excursions may be made to the Margaree and Big Baddeck rivers, Whycocomagh, with its beautiful waterfall, and other interesting points. Explorations into the hunting grounds of the untravelled northern highlands region can also be made. At Baddeck, there is usually an interesting Indian camp to be seen in summer. In fact, you can find bands of the once proud Micmacs in almost any part of the province you may happen to visit, and one begins to think the census enumerator made a slight mistake when he gave the country credit for owning only about two thousand of them. The scenery at Baddeck is like that at all other points along the journey, sublime—only a little more so. Green hills are always at hand, and blue ones in the distance, and if the trip, or a part of it be made by moonlight over the calm and mirror-like waters, with the sweet incense of the forest tempered with the salty fragrance of the ocean blowing in one's nostrils, the fortunate possessor of this rich privilege will never again wonder why people rave over Cape Breton.

Another transition comes when Sydney and North Sydney are reached. Here we are again within sight of the ocean, and 600 miles from Boston. Here, too, is another and even richer section of the great Nova Scotian coal bed, where hundreds of workers are busy night and day extracting the bituminous product that is to be carried away in great steamers and sailing vessels, and where the tall and ghostly chimneys and shaft houses of the mines uprear themselves on every hand. Sydney itself, the principal city of Cape Breton, is an interesting place and has a very fine harbor. It can be seen, however, in a few hours. Twenty-four miles away is historic Louisburg, the once magnificent fortress, upon which the French lavished 25 years and six millions of dollars in their attempt to make it impregnable. No need to repeat its familiar story here, or to call attention to the peculiar interest it should have to all New Englanders. The old fort is in much the same state as that at Annapolis now, but its historic memories make it well worth a visit. Here, and at Sydney, ends the more beaten path of the tourist, but the beauties of the route have only been barely hinted at. Some day the great unsettled country toward Cape North will be opened up to the vacationist, but a month and more could be spent in exploring the places already familiarly known, and still not yet overrun with visitors. As to the climate of this peerless Scottish-highland region, here is what an expert upon such matters has to say, and surely no more need be said: "The summers of Cape Breton, say from May to October, may challenge comparison with those of any country within the temperate regions of the world. Bright, sunny days, with balmy westerly winds, follow each other in succession, week after week, while the midday heats are often tempered by cool, refreshing sea-breezes. Of rain, there is seldom enough; the growing crops more often suffer from too little than too much."

THE ISTHMUS, AND ALONG THE COAST.

Good-by, for the present to bonny Cape Breton, and its Gaelic accent and customs, and back once more to Truro, for a fleeting glance at what the busy isthmus has to offer. The Nova Scotian part of this territory is included in the 76 miles between Truro and Amherst. There are 16 stopping places on the line of the Intercolonial railway, each one, of course, leading to half a dozen other interesting places. The first important one of these is Londonderry, from which a branch railway runs three miles to the Acadia Iron Works, and from whence stages can be taken for Economy and Five Islands. At Folleigh Lake, a few miles farther on, the traveler finds himself on the crest of the picturesque Cobequid mountains, and 607 feet above the sea.

From Oxford Junction, a few miles farther still, a branch road runs to Pictou, already described, and also gives access to the pretty villages of Oxford, Pugwash, Wallace, Tatamagouche and River John. Oxford is noted for its manufacture of Nova Scotian homespun, and Pugwash has a remarkably fine harbor. The hunting and fishing (both fresh and salt water) are excellent all through this section.

Next in order, and just 121 miles from Halifax, is Springhill, whose great coal mines produce double the amount of black diamonds that any other mine in the province does. The terrible explosion here, on Feb. 21, 1891, by which 125 people lost their lives, is still fresh in the public mind. From here, a short side journey can be taken to Parrsboro, where the scenery of the storied Basin of Minas, already mentioned in connection with Blomidon and Grand Pré, may be enjoyed.

At Maccan a branch railway will open up another interesting side trip to Joggins, on the shore of Chignecto Bay, which marks the furthest limit of the misty Bay of Fundy. At Joggins there is an extensive coal mine, but of late years it has become chiefly famous on account of the construction there of the famous Leary log rafts. These huge rafts, some of them containing 27,000 sticks, weighing in all 11,000 tons, and having a total length of 730 feet, are built on the shore and launched the same as vessels. They are then towed to New York or other points, saving thousands of dollars that would otherwise have to be paid in freight. Here, too, are to be seen the highest tides of the Bay of Fundy, and they are well worthy the name of high.

Regaining the main line of the railway, and passing Nappan, where the government experimental farm is located, Amherst, and at the same time the boundary line of the province and the narrowest part of the isthmus, is reached. Amherst is one of the most interesting places in the province. Surrounding it are thousands of acres of the richest salt marsh land in the world. It is wonderful in its extent and wealth, and New Brunswick, across the line, has been even more prodigally en-

dowed with it than Nova Scotia. One of these marshes is known as the Elysian Fields. The original French settlers named the place Beaubassin on account of its great beauty. Amherst itself is one of the prettiest and most progressive of towns and has a present population of 5,000. It offers opportunities innumerable for drives and excursions, and a great many sportsmen make it their headquarters. The concluding wonder of this part of the province is the partially completed Chignecto Ship railway. This enterprise is designed to carry vessels of any size overland, between the Bay of Fundy and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, thus saving the long and dangerous voyage around the Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia. The isthmus here is only 17 miles wide, and the idea seems feasible enough.

If he desired to, the tourist could now continue his railway journey until he reached Moncton and St. John, taking at the latter place either a steamer of the YARMOUTH STEAMSHIP COMPANY for Yarmouth, one for Digby, 40 miles across the bay, or a train for Bangor, Boston, Montreal, Vancouver, or any other point in the United States or Canada. For present purposes, however, he will allow the railway to bring him back to Halifax again, from which place he will set out over the last of the three routes previously mentioned. Again, as ever, something equally new and interesting awaits him. Thousands of people have sailed out of Halifax harbor and never known what beauties lay along their path, simply because their vessel did not keep close enough to the shore to allow of an inspection of them. There may have been other reasons, but that is neither here nor there. Halifax is located almost in the centre of the peninsula proper, so that there is a coastline on each side of it to be explored. These are known as the east and west shores, respectively. The east shore is interesting, presenting as it does some of the most famous of the Nova Scotia gold mines, the picturesque region of Guysborough county, terminating in the Strait of Canso, but as yet it can hardly be said to be open to general travel. It is accessible now only by stage. The west shore, however, is the tourist's paradise, and it, too, will receive the description and illustration it deserves at another time. The time is near at hand when certain parts of it will be as popular as those that are better known are to-day. The time may come, too, when this whole coast will be accessible by rail. The two most important stopping places after Halifax are Lunenburg and Bridgewater, which are reached by the steamers of the Lunenburg & Halifax Steamship Company and the Coastal Steam Packet Company, respectively. In the 65 miles that are passed before Lunenburg is reached, the steamer skirts one of the most forbidding and dangerous sections of this "iron-bound coast," upon whose cruel cliffs many a vessel has plunged to destruction. Numerous little harbors and inlets, where the hardy fishermen dwell, are passed; then comes Sambro, with its light, then Mar's Rock, upon which the steamship Atlantic was wrecked, in 1871, and 600 lives lost; then beautiful St. Margaret's Bay, and then Chester, that most glorious of all seashore resorts, with its island-dotted bay, with grand Mt.

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ON CAPE BLOMIDON.

Aspotagon (from whose summit is to be had a most superb view), in the distance. Lunenburg is finally reached, and here is found another place, where, as at Chester, the visitor can well afford to spend days. Lunenburg, the old Indian name of which was Malagash, was settled in 1753 by a number of German emigrants, whose characteristics have been handed down to the present day. The population of the town is 5,000, and of the surrounding country of the same name, 30,000. The people are industrious, progressive and law-abiding. Lunenburg, from the importance of its fishing business, is known as the Gloucester of Nova Scotia. It can boast of a post-office and public building, new court house, two newspapers, two steam wood manufacturing mills, a county academy, two schools, six churches and an excellent fire service. There is certainly an abundance of energy in its people. Among the points of interest near by are Oak Island, recalling memories of Captain Kidd and his elusive buried treasure, and "the Ovens." These are situated on the western side of the harbor, and comprise a number of yawning caverns worn by the sea, some eighty feet deep. Indian legends tell how a chief entered one and came out at the Basin of Minas.

Mahone Bay, the next point of interest, is reached by the Nova Scotia Central railway, and is another charming place, with unexampled facilities for salt water fishing and bathing, and boating. Scores of islands dot the surface of the bay itself, and the air is a very tonic. Next comes Bridgewater, that perfect gem of a riverside settlement, nestling on either side of the lovely LaHave. This is the next station to Mahone Bay, on the railway, but the water journey from Lunenburg to the mouth of the LaHave, and then up the 15-mile stretch of that "Rhine of Nova Scotia," is far to be preferred, from the tourist's standpoint, even if it is four times as long. Nothing could excel the quiet grandeur of that river scenery, and if anything can awake the romantic in one's nature, it is surely that.

Bridgewater is as bustling a place as it is attractive, and is the home of some of the most enterprising men in the province. It formerly did an immense business in lumber, although an embargo has recently been placed upon that, which is not yet lifted. The headquarters of the Nova Scotia Central railway, whose handsome station is a credit to the whole province, are here, and this road is each year becoming more and more prominent a factor in the summer travel of the province. From Bridgewater interesting drives, fishing expeditions and railroad and river excursions can be taken; and the solemnly beautiful region of the great Ponhook and Molega Lakes, with their ancient Indian traditions, may be explored and fished in for trout and salmon. At Molega are located the extensive gold mines of that name—a wonderfully productive field, and a bit of Australia set down in the Nova Scotia wilderness—the combination drive and sail to which form a most delightful and

instructive experience. Here the whole process of gold mining and smelting may be studied and facts learned as to the productiveness of the province in this precious metal that will astonish the stranger.

Once having penetrated to this romantic neighborhood, the tourist can take his choice between pushing on further to the great hunting and fishing grounds in and about Lake Rossignol, or follow the Liverpool River to Liverpool, on the Atlantic coast itself. If he goes to Rossignol, which is the largest lake in the province, 12 miles long and 8 miles wide, he can pass through a whole series of lakes, and may visit the hunting region of Indian Gardens or the Blue Mountains. He will need a guide at any rate, and if he can secure an Indian one, so much the better. The Liverpool Lake region is very beautiful, but it is often very intricate. It affords magnificent opportunities for "camping out."

As to Liverpool, to return to the coast, here is another ideal resting-place, and one which can be reached direct from Halifax or Yarmouth by the South Shore line of the YARMOUTH STEAMSHIP COMPANY. Liverpool is one of the most interesting towns along the coast, and occupies the site of a former Indian rendezvous—consequently, more Glooscap legends. It has been a favorite place for summer visitors for several years, and offers many natural attractions, besides an opportunity to study lumbering, fishing, shipbuilding and other industries. It is one of the most important centres for fresh water fishing in the province.

Leaving the rock-bound harbor, the steamer passes Port Mouton, which was visited by Sieur de Monts in 1604. Next comes Little Hope Island, famous for its wrecks, Port Joli, and Lockport. This latter point is an important fishing centre, having a large West Indian trade, and furnishes not a few recruits for the Gloucester fishing fleet, as do a great many other Nova Scotian towns and villages. Carter's Island, with its red light, and Gull Rock ledge, with its white one, next appear to view. These are followed by Cape Roseway, which has two powerful fixed white lights, and then the course lies between the picturesque banks of a deep and roomy bay, until the town of Shelburne is reached. Shelburne is an illustrious example of the might-have-beens, and, indeed, of the has-beens. Its real founders were Loyalist refugees, who came from the United States and settled here in 1783, intending to make it the capital city of the province. Their plans miscarried, however, and the 12,000 population which the town contained in 1785, soon diminished to 400, many of the people returning to the land they had left. Over two million of dollars were sunk in the enterprise, and, altogether, the early history of the place is a melancholy one. To-day there are about 1,500 people in the town, and, besides the magnificent harbor, the points of interest include the Roseway River, and Birchtown, a settlement peopled by the descendants of Southern slaves, five miles from Shelburne. A daily stage runs from Shelburne to Liverpool and Yarmouth.

The remainder of the coast journey is along the rocky south-eastern shore of the province, in the track of peculiar currents that sometimes take wreckage from the vicinity of Shelburne itself, away around to the eastern shores of the Bay of Fundy. Numerous points of interest are passed, including Clyde River, where lobster-packing is carried on, and Cape Negro, which was so named by Champlain, in 1604, because of the supposed resemblance of a certain rock to a negro's head. The Salvage Rocks, off Blance Island (another scene of wrecks), stand at the gateway of the historic Bay of Port Latour. Here again, as at Annapolis and Louisburg, the tourist must brush up his knowledge of early American history, and call to mind the stirring story of *Sieur de la Tour*. The remains of this noted man's fort can still be seen here.

Still farther down the coast is Cape Sable Island, located at night by a fixed red light, and whose first settlers were French Acadians. They were followed by New England Loyalists, after the original settlement had been broken up by the British. At the extreme southern end of this island, and likewise of Nova Scotia itself, is Cape Sable. There can be no question about this being an interesting place, for it is here that Leif Ericson, the intrepid Norseman, is supposed to have landed in the year 994, and others of his countrymen, subsequently. Here, indeed, is food for reflection and speculation as the tourist sails slowly by on his gradually ending journey, and studies intently those rocky shores that might tell so much if they could.

Through Barrington passage the steamer runs, with Cape Sable Island on the left and the mainland on the right, stopping at Barrington itself, the home of many a hardy seaman and many a stout Nova Scotian ship. After navigating several narrow and tide-swept channels, the open sea is once more gained, and the steamer gradually veering to the north-east, comes in sight of Seal Island, "the elbow of the Bay of Fundy," as it is called. This is some distance out to sea, on the left, and has a tall lighthouse. Some bad wrecks have occurred on the shores of this wind-swept outpost. The important fishing village of Pubnico is the next point of interest on the right, and then the steamer crosses the mouth of Argyle Bay and the estuary of the Tusket River into the remarkable and picturesque archipelago of the Tusket Islands. These islands, in infinite variety of size and shape, stand right out in the ocean, without even the protecting shores of a bay to encircle them, and through them the swift tides and currents rush in all directions. In their beauty and uniqueness, they are truly a fitting climax to the wonderful journey through and around the province of Nova Scotia that the tourist is now reluctantly completing.

And thus it ends, as all things earthly must. Soon comes Jebogue Point and Yarmouth Sound, and then Cape Forchu, which gave us greeting to the Land of Evangeline. Upon it stands the lighthouse that illumines the way to Yarmouth harbor, and from which is always given the affectionate farewell salute to the stately steamer as she sweeps by in the early night, taking back the returning traveler to his native land.

And the great ships sail outward, and return,
 Bending and howing o'er the billowy swells,
And ever joyful, as they see it burn,
 They wave their silent welcomes and farewells.

So may these pages be a light unto the weary and heavy laden, and, dimly as they burn, serve as a guide to one of the sweetest and most restful havens that God has vouchsafed to man—a place that cannot be adequately described with pen or brush, that cannot be seen in a week or in a year; a place where there is room and welcome for every man, woman or child in the United States who ever takes a vacation—the hospitable, glorious, health-giving Land of the Mayflower.



GAME LAWS OF THE PROVINCE.

The following summary of the game laws of the province will be found useful for reference. Licenses can now be obtained from agents at most of the popular points of departure for the hunting regions:

MOOSE AND CARIBOU. The close season for moose and caribou is from 1st February to 14th September, both inclusive—that is to say they may be hunted upon and after 15th September till and upon 31st January. No person shall have any green meat in his possession, nor offer it for sale except in the months aforesaid, and the first five days in February. Possession of green meat in close season is presumptive evidence of its having been killed in close season, by the person in possession of it. Any person killing moose or caribou shall carry the meat out of the woods within 10 days, but not later in any case than 5th February. Penalty for breach of foregoing, not less than \$30 nor more than \$50 for each offense. No person shall kill in one season more than two moose and five caribou under the same penalty. Hunting moose or caribou with snare, or by dogs is punishable with heavy fine.

OTHER ANIMALS. Beaver.—No person shall hunt for or kill beaver except in November, December, January, February and March. Penalty not less than \$10 nor more than \$15.

Hare, rabbit.—No person shall hunt or kill or have in possession hares or rabbits between first of March and October. No snares shall be set during that period. All snares set shall be taken up. No hedge of greater length than 50 feet shall be erected in connection with or between any snare or snares. A space of 100 feet must be left between any one hedge and another. Any such illegally set may be destroyed. Penalty, five dollars for each offense. Possession after 5th March is presumptive evidence that the same was illegally taken.

Other mink-furred animals.—Close season between 1st May and 1st November. Close season for all other fur animals from 1st April to 1st November. Animals excepted—the bear, wolf, loupcervier, wild cat, skunk, raccoon, woodchuck, mushquash and fox. Penalty, five dollars for each offense.

BIRDS. Woodcock, snipe, teal.—Close season, from March 1st to August 20th. No person shall kill any woodcock before sunrise or after sunset.

Partridge, Grouse.—Close season from January 1st to September 15th. Unlawful to sell, buy, or have in possession during such time.

Duck.—Unlawful to kill or have in possession any blue-winged duck during the months of April, May, June and July.

The possession of any of the above-mentioned birds in close season is presumptive evidence of unlawful killing by the person in possession

of it. Penalty for killing any of the above-mentioned birds not less than \$5, nor more than \$10 for each offense, in addition to \$1 for each of such birds killed, taken, or had in possession in close season.

Pheasant.—Unlawful to take, kill or have in possession any pheasant at any time of year — penalty \$2.

Insectivorous Birds.—Unlawful to kill robins, swallows and other small birds or birds of song, except such as may be killed for special license from provincial secretary as specimens of natural history. Any game may be killed under such license, at any time for scientific investigation. Unlawful to trap or take alive or expose for sale alive or to destroy the eggs or nest of any of the birds referred to. Penalty, \$1 for each offense, in addition to 10 cents for each bird. Any trap or snare may be destroyed, and any such bird set free.

LICENSE.—No person whose domicile is not within Nova Scotia shall kill or hunt any of the above mentioned animals or birds without having obtained a license. Licenses are sold by the clerk of municipality in each county, from the office of the provincial secretary and by the agents of the Game Society appointed in various convenient places through the province. Licenses shall be in force only from August 1st, or the day of their delivery, till August 1st ensuing. License fee, \$30 for moose and game, and \$10 for birds. Every holder of a license must produce the same when required by any justice of the peace, game commissioner or officer of Game Society.

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

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

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

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

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

Shad and gaspereaux.—Close time for shad and gaspereaux shall be from sunset on Friday evening to sunrise on Monday morning in each week. Penalty, \$20.

NOVA SCOTIA HOTELS.

The following is a list of the principal hotels and boarding houses of the province. Outside of Halifax (whose two leading hotels, the Queen and Halifax, can comfortably house 250 and 350 guests, respectively), they will accommodate from 15 to 75, or 30, on an average. Rates will range from \$4 to \$9 per week, but will average \$5 to \$6. It will always be well to communicate with the proprietors in advance, as to terms and accommodation.

TOWN.	HOTEL.	PROPRIETOR.	TOWN.	HOTEL.	PROPRIETOR.
AMHERST.	Amherst.	George McFarlane.	BRIDGEWATER.	Fairview,	T. L. Doyle.
"	Lamy.	W. B. Ganong.	"	Eureka,	Mr. Forshay.
"	Terrace.	Geo. D. Fuchs.	CANNING.	Waverly,	A. B. Baxter.
ANNAPOLIS.	Perkins' Hotel.	C. A. Perkins.	DIGBY.	Royal Hotel.	J. Daley.
"	American House.	Mrs. J. H. McLeod.	"	Myrtle.	W. Hayden.
"	Clifton House.	Wm. McLellan.	"	Short's Hotel,	Mrs. Short.
"	Dominion,	A. H. Riordan.	"	De Balinhard's.	J. A. C. De Balinhard.
"	Oakland Farm,	Mrs. D. M. Nichols.	"	Acacia Valley,	Capt. Raymond.
ANTIGONISH.	Central House.	Rufus Hale.	GRAND NARROWS.	Grand Narrows,	McDougall & McNeil.
"	Cunningham Hotel.	Mrs. H. E. Cunningham.	HALIFAX.	Halifax.	Hesslein & Son.
"	Smith's.	H. C. Smith.	"	Queen's,	A. B. Sheraton.
"	Randall's.	Mrs. W. Randall.	"	Waverly,	Miss Romans.
ARICHAT.	Sea View.	Mrs. Bosdt.	"	Acadian,	Geo. Nichols.
AYLESFORD.	Aylesford.	M. N. Graves.	"	Royal,	L. D. Windsor.
BADDECK.	Bras d'Or House.	Frauk Anderson.	"	Carleton,	Mrs. Margeson.
"	Telegraph.	J. Dunlap.	HANTSFORT.	American.	E. W. Dalton.
BEDFORD.	Bedford.	J. C. Morrison.	"	Hantsport,	Jas. Wall.
"	Bellevue.	William Wilson.	KINGSTON.	Kingston.	Capt. West.
BERWICK.	Central House.	Mrs. Vaughn.	KENTVILLE.	Lyon's,	D. McLeod.
"	Commercial.	Thos. Murphy.	"	Kentville.	Jas. Lyons.
"	Berwick Hotel.	Geo. Kirkpatrick.	"	Revere.	Mrs. W. Redden.
BRIDGETOWN.	Revere.	Mrs. Russell.	"	Porter,	Rufus Porter.
"	Grand Central.	W. J. Glencross.	"	American.	Jas. McIntosh.
"	Chute's.	Mrs. A. M. Chute.	"	Victoria,	C. E. Farrow.
"	Bridgetown Hotel.	T. J. Eagleson.	LAWRENCETOWN.	Elm House,	A. Phinney.

TOWN.	HOTEL.	PROPRIETOR.	TOWN.	HOTEL.	PROPRIETOR.
MIDDLETON.	American,	D. Feindel.	SYDNEY.	McKenzie House,	H. R. McKenzie.
"	Middleton,	D. Freeman.	"	Clarke House,	Mrs. Clarke.
MABOU.	Murray House.	Mrs. Murray.	"	Private Boarding House,	Mrs. Chas. M. Lorway.
MULGRAVE.	Sea Side,	P. A. Grant.	TRURO.	Prince of Wales.	A. L. McKenzie.
"	Central,	C. Whooten.	"	Parker House.	Mrs. Schroder.
"	Murray House.	D. Murray.	"	Victoria.	N. A. Ross.
"	McLeod House.	Mrs. McLeod.	"	Railway,	A. S. Murphy.
NEW GLASGOW.	Windsor,	Mrs. C. McKenzie.	"	Learment,	A. H. Learment.
"	Norfolk,	H. Murray.	"	Grand Central.	A. Carter.
"	Vendome.	Thomas Beech.	TUSKET.	American House,	W. H. Gilman.
NORTH SYDNEY.	McLellan House.	J. R. McLellan.	WALLACE.	Wallace.	Mrs. Munroe.
"	Vendome.	John Smith.	"	Hillside.	E. Edgett.
"	Belmont.	John McDonald.	WEYMOUTH.	Jones' Hotel.	Forbes Jones.
OXFORD.	Oxford.	N. S. Thompson.	"	American House.	"
"	Eureka House.	Patrick Woodlock.	WINDSOR.	Avon,	John Cox.
"	Waverley House.	Mrs. Wm. Moore.	"	Victoria.	T. Doran.
PARRSBORO.	Grand Central,	C. E. Day.	"	Clifton.	F. Kilcup.
"	Queens,	D. McNamara.	"	Windsor.	T. Gibson.
"	Minas,	M. Gavin.	"	Somerset.	W. Gibson.
"	Kelse House, (Pat. Isl.)	J. T. Tipping.	"	Hotel Thomas.	Fred Maurice.
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"	Weldon House.	George Geldert.	"	Wolville.	H. D. Farrell.
"	Central.	D. P. Adamson.	"	American,	J. W. Harris.
PORT HAWKESBURY.	American House.	Mrs. Cameron.	"	Bay View,	Mrs. H. Brown.
"	Farquhar,	F. McGinnis.	"	Kent Lodge,	Mrs. Haliburton.
PORT HASTINGS.	Chisholm House.	Mrs. Chisholm.	"	Waverly.	A. B. Baxter.
PUGWASH.	Central,	E. D. Woodlock.	YARMOUTH.	Queen.	E. M. Nichols.
"	Acadia,	Mrs. Wm. Chapman.	"	Lorne.	Fred Ryerson.
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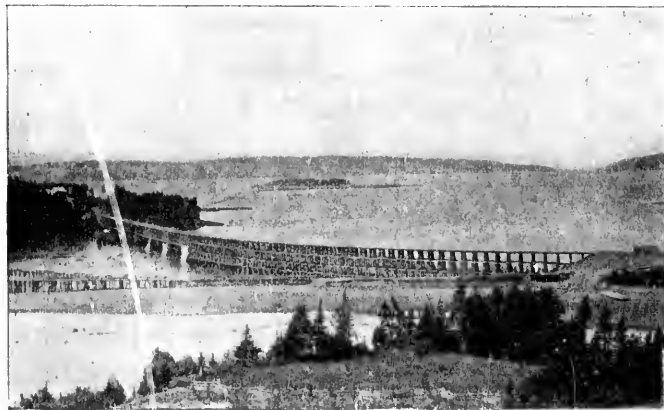


Stage connections are made at Yarmouth and Digby for local points. The Western Counties Railway forms the popular GATEWAY TO NOVA SCOTIA'S SUMMER RESORTS.

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J. BRIGNELL, General Superintendent.

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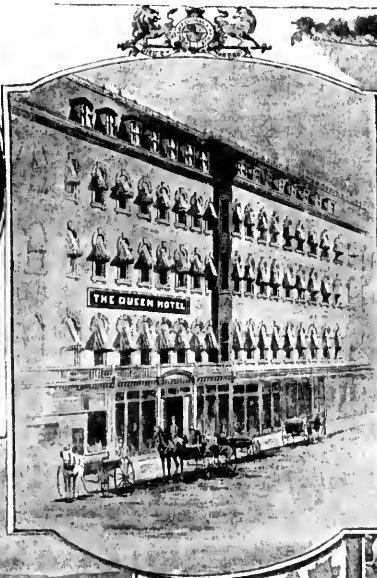
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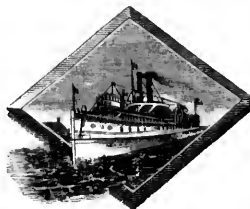
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was woven in fate's shuttle. The beauties of seascape and landscape can

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her people building the twenty-three miles of Dyke, to keep at bay the turbulent tides, and where "distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand Pré lay in the fruitful valley," whence far away to the eastward as far as eye can reach, stretch vast meadows pictured by

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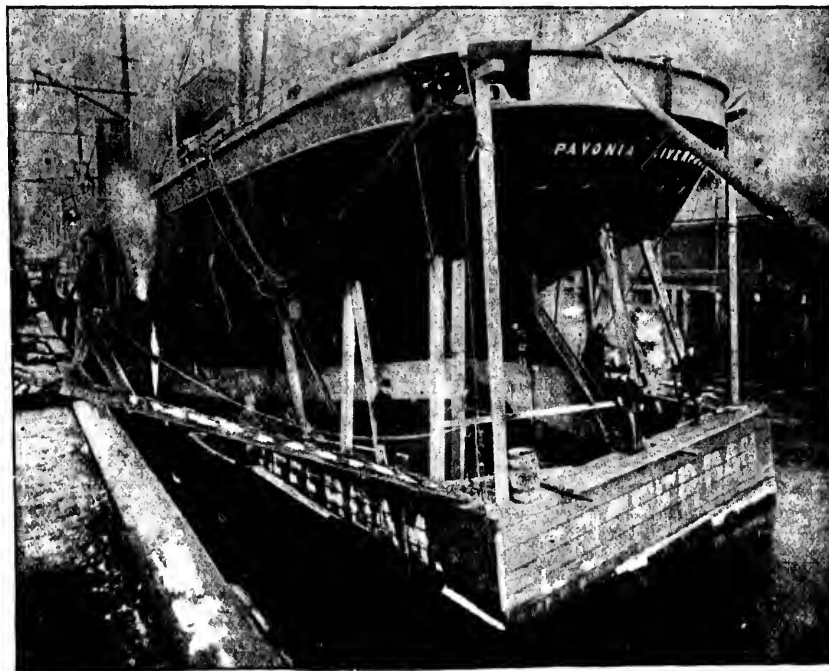
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