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Nova Scotia

The ideal summer land.

Yarmouth steamship Co.

1901.





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THE YARMOUTH STEAMSHIP CO. (Ltd.)

HAS BEEN ABSORBED BY THE

Dominion Atlantic Railway Company

WHICH NOW OPERATES

THE ONLY LINE TO YARMOUTH, NOVA SCOTIA.

Its SUMMER SERVICE is perfected by the

S. S. "PRINCE ARTHUR" S. S. "PRINCE GEORGE" S. S. "BOSTON."

At Yarmouth, steamers make close connection with the

"FLYING BLUENOSE" and "IMPERIAL PURPLE" EXPRESSES

for all points in the MARITIME PROVINCES.

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P. GIFKINS

General Manager.

KENTVILLE, N. S., June 26, 1901.

Beautiful

NOVA SCOTIA

The Ideal Summer Land



1901

The Brief Story of a Summer Ramble through Nova Scotia,
a Land with every Summer Charm — Peerless in Climate,
Beautiful in Scenery, Wondrous in History, Famous in
Song — Nature's Perfect Vacation Land — Acadia

1901

PUBLISHED BY

THE YARMOUTH STEAMSHIP COMPANY

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W. A. CHASE, Sec. and Treas.,
YARMOUTH, N. S.

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A BUSY DAY AT LEWIS WHARF, WHERE THE STEAMERS START FROM BOSTON.

Author

13 April

JUST A LITTLE INTRODUCTION.



HE popularity of the British Maritime Provinces as a summer resort is shown by the fact that 56,000 persons, mostly returning vacationists, were recorded by the Boston government officials last year, and from the present outlook the travel to this popular summer land during the season of 1901 will surpass all previous records.

Of these provinces Nova Scotia is by far the most interesting. It is the land of historical romance and good hotels; of picturesque scenery and superb transportation facilities; of invigorating climate and open-handed hospitality.

During the past few years the improvements in the matter of accommodation for visitors has been remarkable. Large and commodious hotels have been erected, which in addition to the smaller boarding-houses, so popular in the past, amply provide for the wants of all those who journey from "the States," without overtaxing their purse.

A few of the attractions of the queen province of Nova Scotia are set forth in the following pages.



L. C. C. N.



YARMOUTH HARBOR.

THE JOURNEY BEGUN.

LEAVING Lewis Wharf, Boston, at the sailing hour, now 2 P. M., amid the last good-byes and the waving of handkerchiefs, the speedy "Boston," the pride of every Nova Scotian, glides down the harbor past old Fort Independence, formidable Fort Warren and the various landmarks which make Boston Harbor a most interesting place to strangers.

Out along the north shore the staunch vessel steams until the coast line fades from sight and ere night casts her shadows over the horizon, the "Boston" is out at sea. If the night is a glorious one, as most summer nights are apt to be, a stroll on deck previous to retiring into the comfortable berth conduces to sound and refreshing sleep. Should the

traveller awake sufficiently early he may see the Yarmouth lighthouse, with its great broad, perpendicular stripes of red and white, and watch the big steamer nose her way cautiously up the sinuous channel. A few minutes and the Yarmouth Line pier at Yarmouth is reached and at 7 o'clock passengers set foot on a foreign shore. Carriages may be taken at once for the Grand Hotel, where excellent accommodations are assured.



YARMOUTH LIGHT.

YARMOUTH, THE GATEWAY OF NOVA SCOTIA.



THIS dear, quaint old seaport was settled in 1761 by citizens of Yarmouth, Mass., so that the present residents rather proudly date their ancestry from good New England stock, which may explain to some extent the similarity in manners and customs so noticeable to their keen-eyed cousins from the realm of Uncle Sam. Quite naturally, however, the citizens of Yarmouth are thoroughly loyal to Great Britain, and one of the first things that attracted our attention was the transfer from the stars and stripes to the British flag, although they were frequently seen in close companionship, and we were much gratified to see in the home of a prominent citizen a large and handsome engraving of Lincoln signing the Emancipation Proclamation, and rejoiced in the evidence it gave that, as nations, in all the higher essentials, "we two are one."

Yarmouth has a population of about ten thousand people and is thoroughly up to date. It is noted for the delightful coolness of its summer climate and the warmth of its hospitality. The stranger guest feels welcome from the moment of landing, and many delay their departure till the closing of the season.





SCENES IN AND ABOUT YARMOUTH.



The climate of Yarmouth is always cool, always pleasant. The thermometer rarely mounts above seventy on an August day, and it seems incredible as you sit on the broad piazza of "The Grand," looking out across the harbor and away off over the Atlantic beyond, that you are only a matter of two hundred and twenty miles from sweltering Boston.

Speaking of the Grand Hotel and its generous equipment in all details, it would be doing Yarmouth a distinct wrong not to dwell a moment on this subject.

"The Grand" is a handsome structure of brick and freestone, erected on the most commanding site in the city. From its large office, from all its front rooms, and from any spot upon its generous piazzas, you get a most extended view. Sitting on the front piazza you look down across an open park, take in a full sweep of the harbor, with its shipping and its green islands, the rocky ridge of land that bounds the harbor on the other side, and over that and far away the Bay of Fundy and the open Atlantic. It is a superb view. In fact, it is a superb hotel all through, superb in its building, in its appointments, and in its service. The dining-room is particularly attractive, so spacious, so light and airy, and so immaculately white; and then those waitresses,—those exceedingly pretty, white-browed, red-cheeked Nova Scotia lasses, who trip so lightly over the floor, serve you so gracefully, and look altogether like a demure little company of Evangelines in their spotless white aprons and snowy caps.

The electric cars pass at regular intervals, often enough to offer every convenience to the residents.



GRAND HOTEL, YARMOUTH, N. S.

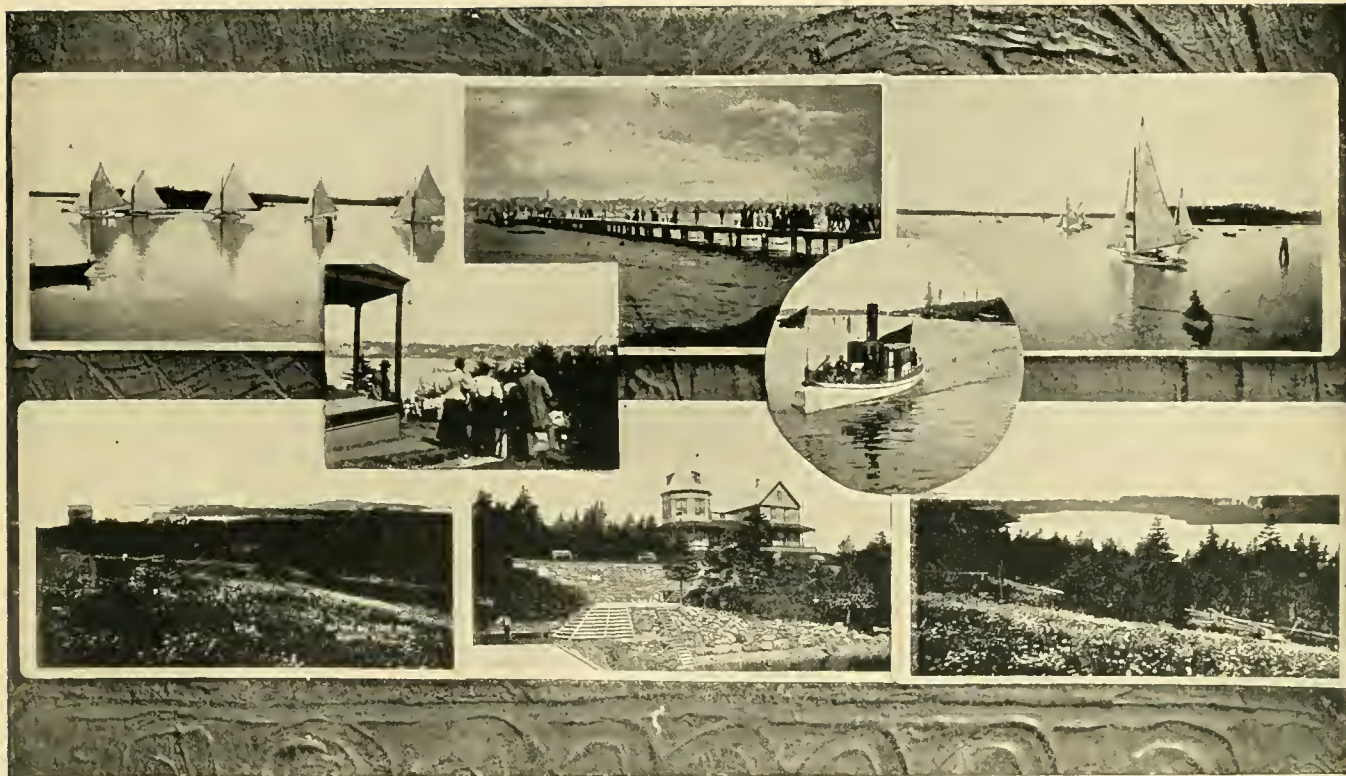


PICNIC SCENE.

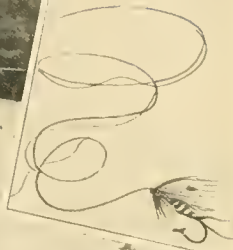
reasonable terms, by parties desiring to be free from hotel life. If you desire surf bathing, it is but a few minutes' walk over to the Fundy shore, where the waves come rolling in without check or hindrance. As for fishing, you have but to drop your line from the end of the long pier, and your basket will fill apace. And such air! If it blows from the east or the south, you get the pure breath of the Atlantic. If it blows from the west or north, you get the salubrious salt of old Fundy.

And best of all—the view! You will have no idea when you land at the pier and mount the short ascent how magnificent a vision you will soon enjoy. Stretching away to the south is the boundless Atlantic; over to the southeast, looking to the left of the lighthouse, you see Gannett Rock and the Tusket Islands, fifteen miles away. To the west of you rolls the restless bay. To the north of you is the bold and ragged shore, stretching away towards St. Mary's Bay, while across the harbor is the pretty little city of Yarmouth, with its bustling wharves, handsome homes, and stately spires.

The tourist, if he has time in Yarmouth for nothing else, must not fail to take the little steamer "Juno" and cross the harbor to Bay View Point. The park here contains in all about fifty acres, and is tastefully and attractively laid out in winding paths among the spruce and fir trees, where many a cosy nook has been utilized for tables and benches to accommodate basket picnic parties. Tennis, baseball and cricket grounds accommodate lovers of these sports, and there are ample bathing houses along the harbor beach for those who have time and inclination to bathe. An excellent restaurant in the pavilion will provide for temporary needs, while there are a number of rosey little summer cottages which can be secured for a long or short period, on very



YARMOUTH HARBOR AND BAY VIEW PARK.



FISHING SCENES ABOUT YARMOUTH.

ALONG THE SOUTH SHORE.



THE Halifax & Yarmouth Railway has opened up many new points in a section of the province replete with historic interest and other attractions for tourists. This new railway runs from Yarmouth to Barrington, a distance of fifty miles, and will be continued through to Halifax. At present, connection is made by boat at Barrington for Halifax, and all those beauty spots of nature intervening, Lockport, Liverpool, Chester, Mahone Bay, and Lunenburg, each offering an elysium to the summer tourist, either for a day or for the season.

One may board the morning train and soon be speeding down over the historic ground where, hundreds of years before the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock, the daring Norsemen and Vikings roamed about, leaving many memorials of their visits, which are still a source of wonder and mystery to men versed in antiquities. Later on, long before New England was ever dreamed of, the southern shore, with its peerless harbors, was explored by DeMonts, and subsequently became the scene of many of the battles which were fought between the Gaul and the Anglo-Saxon for the possession of the continent.

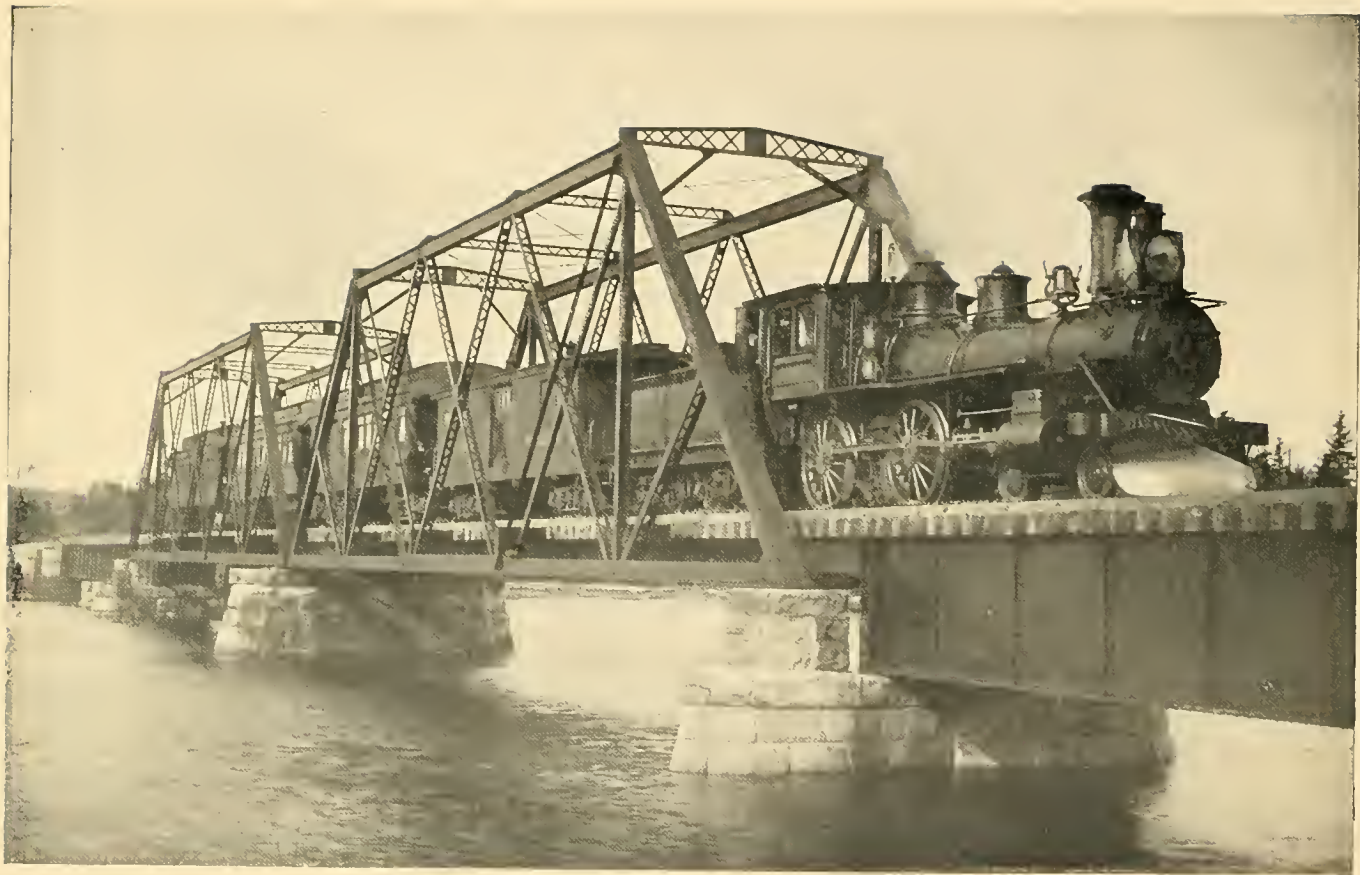
Here it was that the Huguenot, LaTour built a fort and hoisted the royal flag of the Bourbons, hoping to make this the centre of French power in the New World.

Ten miles from Yarmouth is Tusket, celebrated principally for its salmon and trouting river and its beautiful bay. This place was settled by Loyalists from New York and Connecticut.

Belleville and Eel Brook, on the shores of a beautiful lake five miles long, which abounds with the finest of fish, are but a short distance from Tusket. They are both French Acadian settlements.

Skirting the shore another eight miles, the road reaches the French Acadian settlement of Pouboncourt, anglicized as Pubnico, the oldest French Acadian settlement in the world.

Passing through Wood's Harbor and Shag Harbor, Barrington, with its long pier, its old Presbyterian Church, its crowd of gay summer visitors, and its comfortable hotels, is soon reached.



JUSKET RIVER BRIDGE, ON LINE OF HALIFAX & YARMOUTH RAILWAY.

BARRINGTON.

BARRINGTON is a settlement on the old stage road from Yarmouth to Shelburne,—in fact, from Yarmouth to Halifax, for the different stage lines connect all the way through,—and all its houses are built along this road, the town stretching out along the harbor four or five miles. Great Lake, about twelve miles from Barrington, which is the source of both the Pubnico and Barrington rivers, is also a popular resort for both the hunter and fisherman. Innumerable brooks and rivers also offer a diversity of sport for the enthusiast, while at any point in the harbor the best of duck and coot shooting is to be had.

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

A pleasant afternoon may be spent in cruising about the harbor, inspecting the lightship in Barrington Passage and Baccaro Light at the entrance to the harbor. The ferryboat, "Yuba," runs over to Cape Sable Island, the most southerly point of Nova Scotia. When you land here remember that, from the standpoint of civilized occupation, you are standing on the oldest tract of land in the two Americas.



BARRINGTON (N. S.) PIER.



REGATTA DAY AT SHELBURNE, N. S.

SHELBURNE AND ITS WONDERFUL HISTORY.

NOT more wonderful is the rise and fall of old ocean's tide than was the rise and fall of Shelburne. It was to be a great metropolis. It was planned on a generous scale. People of no ordinary clay, who understood the value of its wonderful harbor, intended to make it the commercial rival of New York.

The Revolutionary War was over. George of England had recalled his troops, and George of Virginia was supreme from Maine to Georgia. In the larger cities of the United States were many Loyalists who did not relish their position under the new régime. They had no love for a republic or an experimental government, and longed to get back under the old flag. So they decided to emigrate. Captain White, secretary of the New York society, got them together, many from Baltimore and Philadelphia joining their ranks. They built

their houses, ready for erection, in New York, and loaded them on a fleet of twenty English vessels,—men-of-war, square-rigged ships, schooners and sloops,—and, taking their slaves along to do the work, departed for Nova Scotia. Captain White had previously seen Shelburne Harbor, and, one bright morning in May, 1783, conducted his followers to its head waters, where, on a beautiful stretch of land nestling at the foot of surrounding hills, and plentifully supplied with an abundance of pure, fresh water, they disembarked and commenced the construction of what was to be the finest city in the New World. And why should it not have been?

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



ROUND BAY BEACH, NEAR SHELBURNE.

In the following September another fleet of almost equal size, and laden in the same way, landed its freight of families and buildings, and the new city was inaugurated with a population of fourteen thousand souls. Within a year, three million dollars—in those days an immense sum—had been expended on it, and when Governor Parr sailed from Halifax to visit them, they entertained lavishly, and changed the name of the gay capital from “New Jerusalem” to “Shelburne,” in honor of England’s Premier. Prince Edward, grandfather of England’s present King, also visited the famous place, and the whole city came forth to do him honor. Dining and feasting continued. Work was beneath the residents—and why should they work? The English government furnished the supplies. But the time came when these supplies were discontinued and the gay capital began to grow hungry. The people knew not how to work, and, indeed, all lucrative occupations were beneath them. They would neither fish, farm, nor trade. They had palatial houses, but they were empty and could not be maintained, and soon their stately mansions with mahogany balustrades and marble mantels became homes for the birds to nest in, and soon the fourteen thousand were reduced to four hundred.



MAIN STREET, SHELBURNE.



LOCKEPORT BEACH.

LOCKEPORT.



THE sail from Shelburne to Lockeport is very pleasant, but if one is pressed for time it is a pleasant trip to drive around by the shore instead of waiting for the steamer. In a sharp turn of the road, from the brow of a hill, this gem of a town, nearly surrounded by water, is perceived. Winding down the side of a gentle decline, the road made its way to a substantial iron bridge, which connected what seemed to be an island with the mainland. Across the bridge is the town, which contains about fourteen hundred souls, and here we put up at a neat little hotel. Ragged Island, as this place was originally called, was settled by two families,—Lockes and Churchills,—Loyalists who came from Plymouth about the time of the War of Independence, and the name has since been changed to Lockeport. The descendants of these two families have remained here, and in spite of its present population of about fourteen hundred, these two names are so common in the town that one might almost believe that the place was inhabited entirely by the Lockes and Churchills. From Spy Rock may be obtained an excellent view of the town and the coast as well. With the aid of a glass Shelburne

Lighthouse and its light is distinctly perceptible on clear nights. Following along the brow of the hill to the end of the promontory on the west side of the island lay the beach! The white, silvery sand, full of mica dust, glistens in the sun, and even when perfectly dry it is so hard that it does not show a heel print. No wonder that everybody in town, young and old, owns a bicycle. No wonder that the boys like to play cricket. No wonder that the young ladies are rosy-cheeked and beautiful. No wonder that the young men are so strong and manly. With such a beach before them, who could stay indoors when there was a possible chance to get out?



LIVERPOOL, LOOKING TOWARD THE PIER.

LIVERPOOL.



LIVERPOOL, the next port of calling, came into existence in 1759 or 1760, and while not as large as its namesake across the ocean, has now grown to be a town of considerable importance, and its residents are justly proud of their progress. They are liberal in public improvements and determined in their efforts to make the most of what nature has done for them in the beautiful location of their town, where the waters of the river Mersey and the waters of the ocean mingle. Two years ago the most of the buildings along the harbor front, as well as the wharves, were destroyed by fire, but they were immediately rebuilt in a handsome and substantial manner; and, as "there is no great evil without some small good," to this fire Liverpool owes the possession of one of the finest hotels in the province. The hotel will accommodate a large number of guests, and is exceedingly well conducted under the management of its accommodating proprietor. The town, too, has other hotels, and any number of summer visitors will find plenty of accommodation for any length of time they may desire to stay. And Liverpool is a good place in which to sojourn for some time. There are many points of interest to attract the tourist, and plenty of amusements for those who remain. Its long main street, bordered by large shade trees and substantial residences, makes a beautiful promenade for a summer's evening and furnishes an excellent track for the bicyclists, who are numerous. The street terminates abruptly at Fort Point, a tiny peninsula, where the old fort used to stand, but where now stands the lighthouse which guides the mariner at night to a safe harbor. Fort Point is also utilized as a public park, and although small in extent, it furnishes much of the outdoor pleasure of the town.



THE ELMS, MAIN STREET.



MILTON ON THE LIVERPOOL RIVER.

genial manager of the mills will show you how spruce logs are converted into pulp, which in turn is converted into every conceivable form of paper.

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

The country about Liverpool abounds in lakes and rivers, and Lake Rossignol, one of the largest lakes in the province, is within easy reach. In truth, the largest fish and the largest game are to be found in greatest abundance about this vicinity.

If you wish to see a bit of fine scenery, cross the river and ascend to the summit of Wild Cat, the highest point of land for miles around. From here a long stretch of the shore is visible, as well as the bay and both Liverpool and Brooklyn harbors, while northwest the Liverpool River winds its way through a beautiful valley.

The tramway from Liverpool, through Milton and along the river Mersey, to the pulp mills, furnishes a novelty in the way of a ride, and the

LUNENBURG.



LUNENBURG, thirty-five miles from Liverpool, has quite a commercial importance, being the terminus of the Central Railway of Nova Scotia, as well as a port whose trade is a very important item. It is also the shire, or county seat. Its settlement, dating back to 1753, makes it one of the oldest of provincial towns. The original settlers came principally from Lunenburg in Germany. The original German and French names, many of the old customs, a genius for music, and passion for flowers and horticulture, and the language of the *Vaterland* (which our Anglo-Saxon, with all its monopolizing tendency, has not yet been able to drive out),—these all impress the stranger, and point to the stock from which the present generation glory in tracing their descent.

No one ever visits Lunenburg, takes in the enchanting scenery,—landscape and marine,—partakes of the real old German hospitality of its people, without, on his departure, registering a vow that he will return some following season to renew the acquaintance.

There can be no more delightful view than that from Blockhouse Hill. Looking north, we see the Back Harbor and other arms of the sea in the distance, forming peninsulas, whereon are the homes of the fishermen, in well-tilled fields, showing that they are farmers as well, and exhibiting the care and industry of the “good frau” during the absence of “her man” on the “Grand Banks” or at the “Labrador.”

Now turn from the ocean view, and yet still westward. Can any scene be more exquisite? Slope after slope of green and cultivated fields, dotted with white cottages, embowered in foliage, and beyond and over the rolling hills, until “Friedeburg” obstructs the gaze. This is a famous point of observation, being the highest altitude in the vicinity. Here is an observatory. From the north window is seen Lunenburg and its environments, and the Atlantic shimmering in the background. Turning to the left, the sparkling waters of Mahone Bay catch the eye. Farther away, and there is Chester Bay, with the noted summer resort, Chester itself, in the foreground of Aspotogan, a giant ranking next to Blomidon, the highest promontory in the province.

History suggests that our American cousins have a peculiar interest in the town of Lunenburg,—that in the year 1782 one of their fleets captured the old town, held it to ransom, but finally sailed away, and has never yet demanded the redemption.



LUNENBURG VIEWS.

GRAND OLD HALIFAX,

THE GIBRALTAR OF AMERICA.



It is a five hours' sail from Lunenburg to Halifax. Entering the harbor, your attention is most attracted by the high cliff at your left, which rises so precipitous and steep. That is York Redoubt, with so many of the largest and deadliest guns pointing out toward the mouth of the harbor as to make getting into Halifax a most unpleasant enterprise for people who are not wanted. This large island at your right, which stretches across the harbor from side to side, sheltering it from the winds and waves of the Atlantic is McNabb's Island, with a fortification at either end. Passing McNabb's Island and steaming on toward the city, you come to another island smaller than McNabb's. This is George's Island, where Fort Charlotte is situated. At your left is Point Pleasant, which is the southernmost point of the peninsula on which Halifax is situated. And a few minutes later the swift steamer on whose substantial decks you have passed many a delightful hour is

rounding into the dock, and the cabmen soon have you—those Halifax cabmen, the most wonderful masters of the gentle art of persuasion in the world. It is only a matter of fifty cents, however, to ride up to your hotel.

Speaking of hotels, Halifax is thoroughly to be commended in this respect. Nothing could be more comfortable, commodious and complete than the "Halifax," or the "Queen." They give you wonderfully spacious apartments, and their table will tempt you far beyond your needs.

Halifax is a thriving and picturesque city of some forty-five thousand inhabitants, the commercial and political capital of a prosperous and wealthy province, possessing much to interest and attract.



ENTRANCE TO POINT PLEASANT PARK.

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

Halifax, however, is seen to best advantage from the water. Myriads of pleasure boats thread their way in and out on the water-alleys among the ships at anchor. His Majesty's flag-ship and its consorts lie motionless as forts amid animated scenes.

Besides its historic importance as the capital of the great Maritime Province of Nova Scotia, Halifax has a special importance as the only garrison town now in Canada, and as the chief naval station of Britain in the New World. In this latter respect it seems to form one distinctive and inseparable link of connection between



NOONDAY GUN, HALIFAX.



MILITARY HALIFAX.

the colony and the mother land. In its origin, not only is the link with Britain close and intimate, but, in what may be termed its mediæval era, the link is strengthened by the fact that it was once the residence of the Duke of Kent, father of the late Queen Victoria, while commanding the forces of Britain on the North Atlantic Station.

The distinctive feature of the city is its military and naval character. Here, on any summer day, may be seen throngs of "jolly tars," or, in the popular phrase, "blue jackets," parading the streets, a company of red-coated soldiers marching with measured tread from some one of the many military stations to another. But sternly as she is guarded by forts and battlements on shore, and by a noble fleet on sea, Halifax invites her American cousin and inland Canadian sister to come and see her, and assures them all a most cordial welcome.

Halifax is not only the headquarters for King Edward VII's North American Squadron, but he keeps two regiments of soldiers posted here, consisting of infantry, artillery and engineers. The soldiers are a very conspicuous and enlivening feature of the landscape. You can distinguish them in this way: the infantry wear red coats and Scotch caps; the artillery, blue coats and box caps; and the engineers, red coats with blue collars, and the little box cap.



FORT CAMBRIDGE.

In the afternoon you must surely go to the Public Garden, for the military band plays there, and all Halifax is out to hear it. The Public Garden is a charming spot from any point of view,—rich in trees and flowers and lakes and running streams. Handy itineraries, describing all points of interest about Halifax, issued by the Tourist Association, will be found at the hotels, etc.



THE PARK, HALIFAX.

THROUGH EVANGELINE'S LAND.



If you have time without limit, it will well repay you to extend your Nova Scotian trip into Prince Edward Island or far-way Cape Breton; but if you must place some restrictions on your summer tour, your best course on leaving Halifax is to take the cars of the Dominion Atlantic Railway and go back to Yarmouth, two hundred and eighteen miles away. The country traversed by this road is much more familiar to the American tourist than the bold South Shore along which we have so recently sailed, but this familiarity does not serve to impair one's interest; for it is a wonderfully attractive country, a land of history and romance and poetry.

You leave Halifax from the Intercolonial station, and ride on the rails of the Intercolonial road until you reach Windsor Junction, some fifteen miles away. There the road branches; the Intercolonial goes eastward to Truro and Pictou, and to distant Cape Breton, but your train at this point switches on to the rails of the Dominion Atlantic, which reach from Windsor Junction to Yarmouth. The ride from Halifax to the Junction, however, along the shore of the Bedford Basin, is too pretty not to be entitled to at least a scant word. A charming sheet of water is Bedford Basin, and the Haligonians fully appreciate it, for they have built their summer residences along its shores, and have their boating regattas here; and those who cannot afford a town house and a country house come out to Bedford Basin for their picnics. If you are on the right-hand side of the car and look out at just the right moment, you will see, high on an embankment above your head, a white band rotunda, now used as a bicycle clubhouse. Take a good look at it, for that is all that remains of what a hundred years ago was the "Prince's Lodge," where Prince Edward used to stay. The lodge itself was long since devoured by the gnawing tooth of time, but the little house with encircling pillars, built presumably for the accomodation of the band, stands intact,—a fine illustration of the preservative power of music.



After passing Windsor Junction you strike across to Windsor, thirty miles away, through a wild and rugged country. You must certainly alight at Windsor. There are at least four things there that will interest you. The



BEDFORD BASIN.

first is old Fort Edward, just back of the station. It will well repay you to clamber over the fence and mount to its top. You will find an old blockhouse there, built many years ago to defy the wily Indian, and near it two still older buildings,—the officers' quarters when the fort was in active use. Around these old buildings you will see the moat, now almost filled. But perhaps the best part of the fort is the fine view it affords you of the town and its environment. Off in front of you, over the roof of the station, you see the Avon River, on which the town is situated. To the right, flowing into the Avon, is the St. Croix, from whose banks, a few miles up, they quarry great quantities of gypsum; while back of you lies the town, sheltered by encircling hills. Windsor's second attraction, perhaps its first in point of unique interest, is the Avon River. Looking out on it now you see a broad, ruddy river, a half-mile wide. Big ships, four-masted schooners, and deep-draught square riggers are sailing over its waters; but if you look for that same river a few hours later you will find it is gone,—evaporated, vanished. It is only a matter of twelve or thirteen miles from Windsor to Grand Pré, which Longfellow made most famous of all Nova Scotian towns.



WINDSOR SINCE THE FIRE.



"GASPEREAU VALLEY."

WOLFVILLE.



OLFVILLE, whither you will go after doing Grand Pré, is a charming little town with big dikes in front of it to keep out the water. It has become quite a resort for Americans within the last few years, while in the winter the town is given over to students; for there are several schools here, chief among them Acadia College. You will notice its principal building, a big, white structure, half way up the hill, that looks like a small edition of the capitol at Washington. It will well repay you, by the way, to climb that hill, keeping on past the college a quarter of a mile till you come to the top of the "Ridge." You get a glorious view. To the north rolls the basin, mile after mile, past distant Blomidon to the shores of Cumberland and Colchester, twenty miles away; while immediately at your feet nestles the pretty little town of Wolfville. Turning around to the south, what a contrast! There, nestled between two mountain ridges, is the little valley of Gaspereau, too exquisite to seem real. It lies before you so hushed, so tranquil, so out of accord with this jarring, rushing world that you will rub your eyes to see if it is not a dream.

A ride of seven miles on the railroad takes you from Wolfville to Kentville, the shire town of the county of Kings, and a place of considerable importance in the railroad world, being the headquarters of the Dominion Atlantic Line. It is a town of some social prominence, too, with a distinct English flavor; and it is in the very heart of a famous fruit-growing section, for to the east of it lies the Cornwallis Valley and to the west the Annapolis Valley, the garden of the whole peninsula.

Be sure not to leave Kentville before you have strolled across the little bridge and up the street that runs along Mill Brook up to the old mill. It is one of the shadiest, most retiring nooks in the whole world; and as you walk under those great overarching elms with the little chattering stream racing along between its rocky banks, with barely room here and there for a house to stand, it will seem incredible to you that you are on the same planet with Washington Street and Broadway. You will envy the people who live in that reposeful corner, even if some of them do have to climb precipitous paths to reach their doorsteps.

Kentville, too, like Wolfville, has its hill. It is back of the schoolhouse, and a brisk fifteen-minute walk will bring you to the top, where you can look to the eastward twenty miles to the Basin of Minas, and to the westward twenty miles down the valley of the Annapolis.



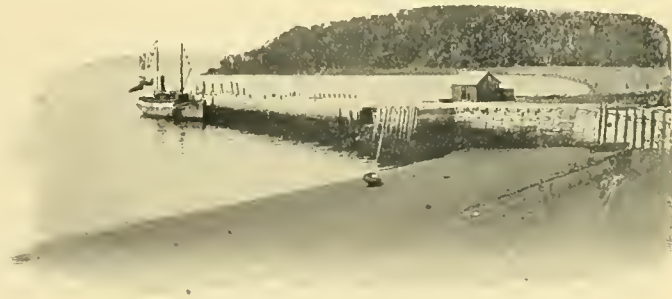
WOLFVILLE AND GRAND PRE DIKE.

KENTVILLE TO BLOMIDON AND MINAS BASIN.

IT is a fourteen-mile ride from Kentville to Kingsport on the Basin of Minas. When you reach Kingsport you will find the stanch little steamer "Evangeline" awaiting you. Board her and take a sail across the basin to Parrsboro. It will give you a grand opportunity to see what Cape Blomidon looks like from the water side; and as you approach the other shore you will find much to occupy your attention. There are the Five Islands to the eastward, Mount Cobequid to the north of you, and Cape Split and Cape d'Or and Isle de Haute to the west of you.

But for the view. That you get at "Look Off." To reach this point you must leave the train at Canning, a station nine miles out from Kentville, and keep going up until you reach the crest of lofty "Look Off." Though you live to be twice the age of Methuselah, you will never forget that view. Seven hundred feet below you, down the sheer side of the mountain, lies the Cornwallis Valley. It stretches off before you southward to South Mountain, fourteen miles away. It rolls away to the westward to Kentville, fifteen miles away, and for many miles beyond that. Six different rivers wind along down the valley. In the foreground the little Pereau; beyond that at intervals of two or three miles come the Habitant, Canard and Cornwallis, and Gaspereau and Avon at the farther side of the valley. You can see as many towns as rivers.

There is Kingsport, four miles away on the shores of the basin, and Canning, which you have just left, whose spires you can see peeping up over a little hill. Then there are Kentville and Port Williams to the westward, and Wolfville and Grand Pré towards the south. To the eastward lies the great basin, red with the perpetual strife of its tides beating against the dikes and climbing up Blomidon's ruddy slope, a height of forty, fifty and sixty feet each day; and away off to the east you can distinctly see the farther shore of the basin.



PARRSBORO PIER, SHOWING PARTRIDGE ISLAND.



PEREAUX RIVER.



"OLD BLOMIDON A CENTURY GRIM
STANDS OUT TO STUD THE DEEP."

A Side Trip to Bridgewater, Mahone and Chester, via the Central Railway.



T is a charming ride on the railroad from Kentville to Annapolis, a stretch of sixty miles down the Annapolis Valley. Halfway in your ride you come to Middleton, notable by reason of the mineral springs that lie near by, and also because it is the junction point from which the Central Railroad of Nova Scotia runs across the peninsula to Lunenburg, a distance of seventy-five miles.



NICTAUX RIVER.

Making close connection at Middleton, you change trains and soon are climbing up the mountain side at an easy grade, until, as you near the top, you can look out upon a scene of grandeur in strong contrast to the peaceful, pastoral scenery through which you had lately been passing. This Central Railway has been a great factor in the summer tourist business. All along the line at each station one may see the people gather as the train arrives; and the hotel man is ready to carry the traveller to his inn, where plenty and comfort solace the body, and a charming vista rests the mind.

Down the other side of the mountain you enter a fine country of hill and dale, forest and stream, and while all about us are the evidences of natural wealth above ground, you hear wonderful stories of untold wealth beneath, for there are gold mines galore. Surely nature has been lavish in the bestowment of its charms and has established a solid basis for the peace and prosperity which seem everywhere to exist in this highly favored region.

Continuing on our journey we reached Bridgewater early in the evening and here we decided to stay.

BRIDGEWATER ON THE LA HAVE.



THE La Have River, called by some the Rhine, and by others the Rhone, of Nova Scotia, is beyond all doubt the most beautiful river in the province. Fourteen miles from its mouth is located the beautiful town of Bridgewater, where many summer tourists find themselves located, year after year, because of the facilities it offered for attractive side trips, as well as the beauty of the place itself. Cross the bridge and walk for miles up and down the river and you will find it difficult to get any adequate idea of the town from what you can see. Why? Because you are looking upon the side of a steeply sloping hill, and, except for the water front, all you can see is an occasional row of roof tops breaking through the luxuriant foliage of the shade trees which line both sides of every street. Bridgewater is young compared to the places we have been visiting, but she has made good use of the fifty years of her existence. There is a spirit of enterprise that impresses you immediately. Few places in the province have so ample and well appointed a court house, so capacious a music hall, and such a handsome and substantial railway station. Imagine a stairway of streets. That is Bridgewater. From the river front to the brow of the hill, street after street runs parallel with the river, with just room enough between to allow a good-sized backyard or orchard for the houses which line the streets, and at regular distances others intersect these from the river to the top of the hill. As you stand at the bottom of one of these streets, you are not at a loss to understand how people come down in the winter, but the thing that will trouble you is, how do they get up?

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



Bridgewater derives considerable importance from the fact that it is the headquarters of the Nova Scotia Central Railway.

A visit to Crescent Beach should not be omitted by any one who finds himself in Bridgewater during the summer or autumn months. It can be reached by the steamer "La Have," or by carriage—a beautiful two



BRIDGEWATER, LOOKING UP THE RIVER.

hours' drive. The beach in reality is an enormous gray sand dike jutting out from the rock-bound mainland seaward about one and one-half miles to an extensive group of islands of all sizes and forms, and separating the waters of La Have Harbor from Petite Riviere Bay.

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

In Bridgewater glorious sunsets are witnessed from the hills above the town, whence may be seen, almost any summer evening as the sun sets, a gorgeously colored panorama taking in the lower part of the river and La Have Harbor, with its hundreds of islands.

PLEASANT MAHONE.



TWELVE miles from Bridgewater, and six from Lunenburg, by the Central Railway, nestling under the hills, and at the head of a bay of the same name, lies beautiful Mahone. It is a town of some fifteen hundred inhabitants, principally of German extraction, and is fast becoming a favorite resort of tourists, bidding fair to rival "Charming Chester" as a watering place. Three hundred and sixty-five islands (so the knowing ones say) lie scattered upon this magnificent sheet of water,—a veritable bay of islands,—and a sail upon it, passing in and out through the numerous channels, is one of the most delightful of summer pastimes. A steamer plies between Mahone and Chester, connecting with the railway at the former place; and, as the course is between the islands and mainland, avoiding the swell of Old Ocean, and, consequently, all danger of seasickness, the delighted passenger surrenders himself to the full enjoyment of the trip, and fairly revels in scenery which no pen can depict nor painter transfer to canvas.

Constantly changing with each altered turn of the boat's prow, it is a bewildering panorama of Nature at her best. Gliding swiftly and silently through the deep, narrow channels, the idea suggests itself, What an ideal resort for pirates! And such was its reputation in days of yore. But these are prosaic days; the pirates have vanished, and there is now no prospect of stirring adventure on the trip.



MAHONE BAY.



CHARMING CHESTER.



HERE is, perhaps, no spot in this little province better known to New Englanders than this enchanting watering-place. It was settled originally, in part, by sons of New England's soil (their descendants survive), so that from the earliest date in its history people of the United States were aware of the beauties and advantages of this locality; and now each summer tourist from New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and other American towns hie here for health, rest and recreation, and a good time generally.

Chester has been better advertised than any other district of the county of Lunenburg. Visitors from the United States have attended to that, as attested by the increasing number of tourist arrivals each year.

The scenery is superb. The undulating country; the variety afforded by the intermingling of land and water; the pure air to be breathed whilst sojourning amongst the hills; the special facilities for bathing, boating



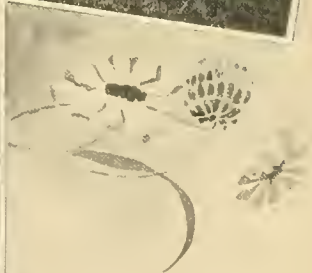
LOOKING TOWARDS CHESTER BASIN.

and yachting; the many opportunities for sport awaiting the disciples of rod and gun,—these, and more also, make Chester what it is,—a Tourists' Paradise! The harbor of Chester is a haunt of the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron in the summer season, and a favorite vacation resort for Haligonians and their families.

One of the many, perhaps the choicest, of picnic grounds, and of which the Chester people are particularly proud, is "Deep Cove," formed by an arm of the sea running up to the base of Aspotogan, about a mile in length, and at the head, some nine hundred feet in width, varying towards the mouth. The water is exceedingly bold, and large ships can lie close to the shore. A climb to the summit of Aspotogan well repays one, as nothing can excel the beauty and grandeur here displayed.

There is comparatively little fog, and it seldom lasts longer than a day, generally disappearing before the sun is at the zenith. The days are usually bright, while the nights are cool, and warm wraps are needed of an evening.

Chester, being a watering-place, is, as a matter of course, well provided with hotels, and the town has earned a reputation for the manner in which its hostelries manage to provide for the comfort of the "inner man."



ANCIENT ANNAPOLIS.



UT everything must come to an end, and so with your mind filled with pleasant memories, you leave fair Chester behind and return by rail to Middleton on your journey to Annapolis, on your way passing through the pleasant towns of Lawrencetown and Bridgetown, both of which are provided with comfortable hotels, and whose citizens take pride in bringing to the tourists' notice the many beauties and attractions with which the locality abounds.

You must indeed be a singularly insensible person if you do not feel a distinct thrill as the train pulls in at the station at Annapolis, and you find yourself in the oldest town, with the sole exception of St. Augustine, on the American continent. It was founded in 1604. That was three years before Jamestown and a good twenty-six years before Boston came into existence; so you see that you are in the presence of venerable antiquity. You probably will be most interested in the old fort, which is still in a sufficient state of preservation to convey a fair idea of its departed glory. One still has to walk across a bridge over the old moat to get within the earthworks. There he will find the old officers' quarters, now inhabited by the dusky caretakers whose ancestors doubtless came many years ago from Barbadoes. There, too, is the old French magazine,



ANNAPOLIS RIVER.



BEAR RIVER VILLAGE BETWEEN ANNAPOLIS AND DIGBY.

built in 1741; and there is the subterranean passage through which a garrison, too hard pressed, might have escaped. And, oldest and most interesting of all, just at the edge of the fort is the old pier, built in 1640, the oldest pier in America. From the embankments of the forts one can see the hilltops where the French, when driven out by the English, took their last stand and made their last fight. The old graveyard, which is also in the fort, is a very interesting spot to visit; and one will see some quaint old headstones there, with dates now nearly two hundred years in the past.

By keeping along the main street past the fort, one comes to the court house, with an enormous willow in front over eighteen feet in circumference. Farther down the street are many exceedingly handsome residences, for there was a time when the people of Annapolis, like the people of Yarmouth, built many ships and made much money. There is, in fact, a very conspicuous savor of aristocracy about the place; it is decidedly English.

There are many delightful drives in this vicinity, one that they call the "Three Bridges Road," leading by the Indian village, and another to Young's Mountain, seven miles away, from which the most extensive view may be obtained; and another to the La Quille River, where the original French located their fort, and where traces may still be seen of the first sawmill ever built on American soil, erected two hundred years ago.



OLD HOUSE, ROUND HILL, 1760.

PICTURESQUE DIGBY.

DIGBY, the Newport of Nova Scotia, will claim a well-deserved meed of praise, as your admiring gaze takes in its splendid harbor and hillside panorama of pastoral loveliness.

Digby was first settled by the French, probably two hundred years ago. Afterwards, fugitive Loyalists from the victorious Thirteen States found it a good place, and located there.



POINT PRIM LIGHT, NEAR DIGBY.

to be had from any point, but especially attractive from the hilltop above the village, where the reach of vision up the beautiful basin is simply magnificent. The view from the end of the long pier is also charming in its variety. Before you lies the deep blue basin which every one who has been there says looks like another Bay of Naples. Off to the north, cut clean and sheer through the eternal rock of old North Mountain, is Digby

But for some years Digby has been owned by the summer boarder; it capitulated over a decade ago; and now, through July and August, it is his own. There are, all told, some dozen pretentious and unpretentious hotels, large and small, which are filled to overflowing with American vacationists; and a more delightful place in which to pass a vacation, a more picturesque, quaint, breezy and restful little spot, could not well be imagined. In the first place, there are the views,



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DIGBY.

Gap, between whose high, bold walls the great Fundy tides come rushing in and out. Just back of the gap Beaman's Mountain rises up like the top of a sugar loaf; and, if any one wants good muscular exercise, he can be commended to attempt its summit. It is not very high, as mountains go with us in this country, being only

seven hundred feet, but it is steep and rugged. Under the base of the mountain is the Raquette, the big mouth of a small river. Here the Indians are camped all through the summer in their scant little wigwams. Then back of the pier rests the delightful little village, clinging to the hillside, and seeming on the point of slipping off, with head on the hilltop and feet in the water; while over to the right are "The Joggins," the wide, red shoals where the tide, as it rushes in, gets so heated racing along over the hot sand that one may bathe in the water with as comfortable a sensation as if it were in the Gulf of Mexico. And over beyond "The Joggins" is the entrance to Acacia Valley; and still farther to the right



DIGBY, FROM MOUTH OF BEAR RIVER.

Bear River and Bear Island. It is a view as varied as it is beautiful.

There is excellent boating, also, at Digby. One can venture out upon the broad basin in a frail canoe, if he choose, so quiet is the water; and yet it is deep enough for the largest ocean steamers that float. There is good fishing, too; and one may drop a line almost anywhere with the assurance of receiving a quick reply. There is also shooting in this vicinity of a character to please the most ardent sportsman,—snipe, woodcock, rabbits and foxes, to say nothing of an occasional moose.

WEYMOUTH.



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

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



A PART OF WEYMOUTH.

HOMeward-BOUND.



SHORT ride from Weymouth and you are back again at Yarmouth. You will be glad to put up at the "Grand," not that other hotels have proved so poor, but because this has proved so good. And you will enter the dining-room with an appetite brought to a fine edge by the memory of your former visit.

If in your flight through the province you have left any desire unfulfilled,—if you still want more boating,



YARMOUTH LINE PIER, YARMOUTH, N. S.

more fishing, more cycling, more scenery, you can easily supply the deficiency before you leave Yarmouth. If you have not yet had your fill of fishing, get a guide and go out to Tusket Lakes—you will find it a glorious ending to your summer's sport. If it's boating you want, try the harbor at flood tide, and if you still feel an aching void for scenery, take the little launch once more over to Bay View Park, clamber up again to its peak, and drink in that supernal scene—and then board the "Boston" for home.

The Yarmouth Line steamer leaves shortly after the arrival of connecting trains and boats at about five in the afternoon, and it will get you down the harbor and out on the broad ocean in ample season to see the great Atlantic catch fire in

the west, burst into a blaze of splendor, and then gradually die away from crimson to purple, and from purple to gray, as the sun drops into his watery bed. If there is a moon, you will find the evening perfect, and if there isn't a moon the stars will do just as well. But you will find that your sojourn in Nova Scotia has made you a prodigious sleeper, and by ten o'clock you will tumble into your berth to sleep as sound as a saint, while memories of the delightful outing you have so recently enjoyed will hover round your pillow and give color to your dreams.

Next morning the ship will be in Massachusetts Bay, fast drawing near the land. Soon she turns her sharp prow toward the old, familiar lighthouse that stands like a tireless sentinel at the entrance of Boston Harbor. Next she is in the channel, steaming between Hull and the rocky reefs to the northward, past green old Warren, looking so serene and peaceful notwithstanding its big-mouthed guns. Then you see flashing in the morning sun the gilded dome, and you unconsciously straighten a little when you point it out to those unfortunates whose lives have been such an utter blank that they are now approaching Boston for the first time. A half hour later you have walked down the gangplank. And the customs officer, as he dives into your baggage, notices, even with his hurried glance, that you have brought back a great many things which you did not take away,—thousands of dollars' worth—but, poor fellow, he has to let you enter them duty free, for there's no tariff on round cheeks and clear eyes, hard muscles and hardy nerves, nor on the great stores of vitality that will last you for a big year's work. And as you talk over your vacation with your friends, they will discover that you have gained new experience, seen new sights, broadened your horizon; and that the land of "Evangeline" has gained a new friend who will surely, in season and out of season, continually sing its praises.



BOSTON LIGHT.

of dollars' worth—but, poor fellow, he has to let you enter them duty free, for there's no tariff on round cheeks and clear eyes, hard muscles and hardy nerves, nor on the great stores of vitality that will last you for a big year's work. And as you talk over your vacation with your friends, they will discover that you have gained new experience, seen new sights, broadened your horizon; and that the land of "Evangeline" has gained a new friend who will surely, in season and out of season, continually sing its praises.

NOVA SCOTIA HOTELS.

The following is a partial list of the principal Hotels and Boarding-houses of the Provinces. Outside of Halifax (whose two leading hotels, the Halifax and Queen, can comfortably house 350 and 250 guests, respectively) they will accommodate from 15 to 75 or 35 to 40, on an average. Rates will range from \$4 to \$9 per week, but will average \$5 to \$6. It will always be well to communicate with the proprietors, in advance, as to terms and accommodations.

TOWN	HOTEL	PROPRIETOR	TOWN	HOTEL	PROPRIETOR
ANNAPOLIS	Clifton House	T. Millidge Gavaza.	DIGBY	De Balinhard's	J. A. C. deBalinhard.
"	Queen	Riordan Bros.	"	Digby House	Misses Smith.
"	Hillsdale	C. A. Perkins.	"	Burnham's	Mrs. Burnham.
AYLESFORD	Aylesford	M. N. Graves.	"	Bay of Fundy	J. O'Conner.
"	Aylesford House	Mrs. Corbin.	FREDERICTON, N. B.	Queen Hotel	J. Edwards.
BADDECK	Bras d'Or House	Frank Anderson	GRAND NARROWS	Grand Narrows	McDougall & McNeil.
"	Telegraph	J. Dunlap.	GRAND PRÉ.	Clear View	Hy. Mitchell.
BEAR RIVER	Bear River	R. Harris.	" "	Delamere	Mrs. G. H. Roscoe.
BERWICK	Central House	Mrs. Vaughn.	" "	Grand Pré	W. C. Trenholm.
"	Evangeline	Geo. Kirkpatrick.	HALIFAX	Halifax	Hesslein & Son.
BRIDGETOWN.	Grand Central	E. M. Langley.	"	Queen	I. P. Fairbanks.
"	Revere	Mrs. Russell.	"	Waverly	Miss Romans.
"	Mt. Pleasant Farm	H. I. Munroe.	"	Albion	S. LeBlanc & Co.
BRIDGEWATER	Fairview	Fred Clark.	"	Lorne	J. S. Lomas.
CANNING	Waverly	A. E. Baxter.	"	Grosvenor	J. Williston.
"	Queen	M. O. Bennett.	"	Royal	I. Salterio.
CHESTER	Loyett House	L. C. Manning.	"	Acadian	S. C. Fiske.
"	Columbia	E. M. Robinson.	"	Carleton	F. W. Bowes.
CLARK'S HARBOR	Sea View	J. L. Nickerson.	"	Revere	Wm. Wilson.
COW BAY	"	Mrs. R. Thompson.	"	Arlington	Mrs. Lattimer.
DIGBY	Columbian	C. A. Jordan.	"	Provincial	Thos. Andrew.
"	Manhattan	W. S. Troop.	"	Hillside Hall	Mrs. Tupper.
"	Dufferin	C. A. Jordan.	"	Elmwood	H. C. Preedy.
"	Trefry House	Mrs. J. Trefry.	"	Victoria	Cassion & Chisholm.
"	Myrtle	Aubrey Brown.	"	Belmont	Mrs. J. McLean.
"	New Waverley.		HANTSFOOT	American	E. W. Dalton.

NOVA SCOTIA HOTELS.—Continued.

TOWN	HOTEL	PROPRIETOR	TOWN	HOTEL	PROPRIETOR
HANTSPOK	Hantsport House . . .	Jas. Wall.	SALMON RIVER . . .	Buena Vista	W. J. Foley.
HUBBARDS COVE . .	Gainsborough	A. W. Shatford.	ST. JOHN, N. B. . .	Royal	Raymond & Doherty.
HORTON LANDING . .	Dunedin	Thos. Harris.	“ “	Victoria	D. W. McCormack.
KENTVILLE	Aberdeen	H. L. Cole.	“ “	Dufferin.	
“	Porter	W. H. Townsend.	SHELBURNE	Atlantic	D. B. Frost.
“	Kentville	Jas. Lyons.	TRURO	Learment	A. H. Learment.
“	American	Jas. McIntosh.	TUSKET	American	Mrs. W. S. Gilman.
“	Forest Hill	J. D. Moore.	WEYMOUTH	Ashley House	W. W. Jones.
KINGSPORT	Kingsport House . . .	E. C. Borden.	“	Weymouth	R. L. Black.
“	Central House	E. Viner.	“	Goodwins	J. W. Goodwin.
LIVERPOOL	Thorndyke	Geo. Schultz.	WINDSOR	Victoria	T. Doran.
LOCKPORT	Clifton	M. Ringer.	“	Dufferin	John Cox.
LUNENBURG	King's	J. W. King.	WOLFVILLE	Royal	J. W. Beckwith.
MAHONE BAY	Acacia House	Mrs. McDonald.	“	Acadia Seminary Hotel	Rockwell & Co.
MIDDLETON	American	D. Feindel.	“	Elmslea Cottage . . .	C. D. Blair.
“	Middleton	C. C. Dodge.	“	Central	J. W. Selfridge.
NEW GERMANY	Morgan House	J. H. Miller.	“	American	Mr. Messenger.
NEWPORT	Newport	W. Gibson.	“	Kent Lodge	Mrs. Moore.
PORT WILLIAMS . . .	Port Williams	M. A. Orr.	YARMOUTH	Grand Hotel	GrandHotel Co.,Ltd.
PORT MAITLAND . . .	Ellis House	A. E. Ellis.	“	Queen	E. M. Nichols.

Abstracts from the Game Laws of Nova Scotia.

MOOSE AND CARIBOU.—Open season is from September 15 to January 1. Possession of green meat in close season is presumptive evidence of its having been killed in close season. Any person killing Moose or Caribou shall carry the meat out of the woods within ten days, but not later in any case than the fifteenth of January. No person shall kill in one season more than two Moose and two Caribou, or attempt to set any snare or trap for same.

HUNTING WITH DOGS.—Unlawful to hunt, chase or pursue Moose or Caribou with dogs.

No person shall hunt or kill American Elk or Red Deer before the first day of October, A. D. 1904.

BEAVER.—Open season from November 1 to April 1.

RABBITS, HARES.—Close season from February 1 to October 1. No snares shall be set in close season. Clear space of one hundred feet must be left between each hedge and the nearest hedge.

OTHER FUR-BEARING ANIMALS.—Close season for all other fur-bearing animals, except Bear, Wolf, Loup-cervier, Wild-cat, Skunk, Musquash, Raccoon, Fox, Woodchuck, Otter and Weasel, from March 1 to November 1.

BIRDS.—Woodcock, Snipe, Teal.—Close season from March 1 to September 1. No person shall kill any Woodcock before sunrise or after sunset.

PARTRIDGE AND GROUSE.—Close season from December 1 to October 1. Unlawful to sell, buy or have in possession during such time. No snare or trap shall be set for any Bird included in the definition of Game.

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

PHEASANTS, ETC.—It is unlawful to hunt, kill, or have in possession any Pheasants, Blackcock, Capercaillie, Ptarmigan, Sharp-tailed Grouse, Spruce Partridge or Chukor Partridge, under a penalty of \$5 for each Canada Grouse and Spruce Partridge, and \$25 for each other bird mentioned in this section.

LICENSE.—No person whose domicile is not within Nova Scotia shall kill or hunt any of the above-mentioned animals or birds without having obtained a license.

EXPORT OF HIDES, ETC.—Unlawful to export Moose or Caribou hides from Nova Scotia.

FISH.—Salmon.—Close season from August 15 to March 1, except that Salmon may be fished for with the fly alone from February 1 to August 15.

TROUT, ETC.—Unlawful to fish for, or to have in possession, any speckled Trout (*salvelinus fortinalis*), Lake Trout, or Land-locked Salmon, between October 1 and April 1. Unlawful to fish for Trout by any other means than angling with hook and line.

EXPLOSIVES.—The use of explosives to kill any kind of fish is prohibited.

BASS.—Close season from October 1 to March 1, 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 six inches extension measure, nor by means of seines.

SHAD AND GASPEREAUX.—Close season for Shad and Gasperaux shall be from sunset on Friday evening to sunrise on Monday morning in each week. By a late amendment to the game laws, agents of the Game and Fishery Protection Society are appointed in various places in the province, where non-residents are likely to arrive, for the purpose of selling licenses, and of generally carrying out the law. This has been chiefly because strangers have complained of the difficulty of finding the officials who hitherto have had authority to sell licenses. Severe fines will be imposed on all offenders. It is the intention of the Game Society rigorously to enforce the above laws, and therefore this publicity has been given to them.

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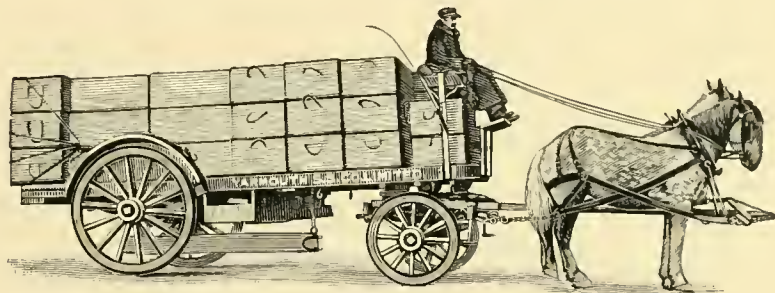
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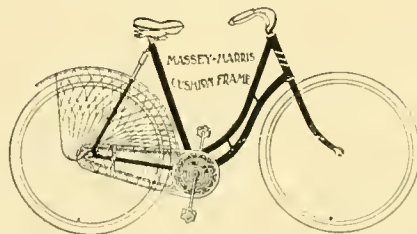
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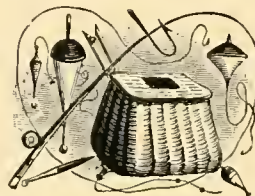
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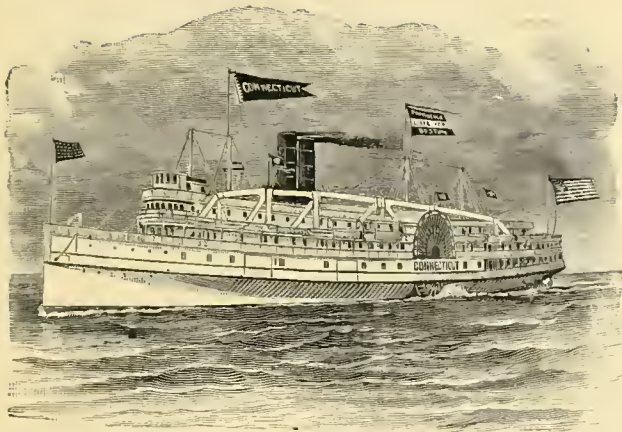
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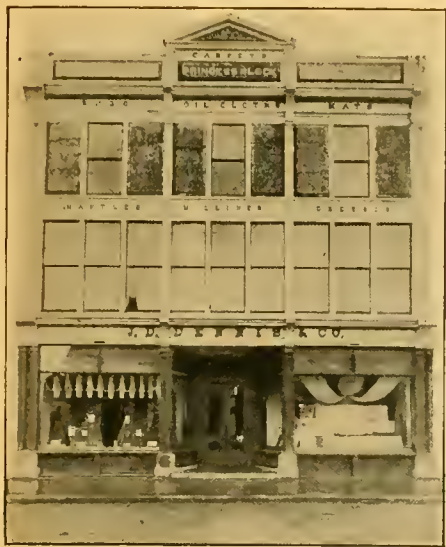
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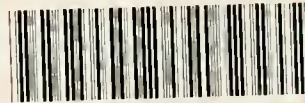
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