

line to Fredericton. For some distance east and north of McAdam the country is almost a wilderness. There may be seen giant granite boulders, half buried in the yielding earth, and lakes hollowed out in the primeval days, when huge ice masses clasped the land in an iron embrace, excavating basins, and leaving huge boulders and drift on the surface to mark the retreat of the glaciers. Everywhere the country is intersected with streams, and dotting the surface are lakes innumerable, furnishing abundant fishing resorts.

Soon we enter the valley of the Nerepis, expanding into broad meadows before it flows into the Saint John, the beautiful stream winding hither and thither, its placid surface mirroring the blue sky or fleecy clouds, and the foliage of elm and maple, viburnum and alder, bending gracefully from its banks.

At the pretty village of Westfield we come in sight of the Saint John river, with its magnificent stretch of "Long Reach," fourteen miles of broad and busy current, losing itself to the eastward in the distant hills of Hampstead.

The whiff of salt air that comes up from the Bay of Fundy is an invigorating tonic to the tired traveller. Winding quickly round the curves that overlook Grand Bay, into which the Saint John and its tributary, the Kennebecasis, expand before entering the "Narrows," the train reaches the bridge that spans the "reversing falls," and "slowing down" the tourist catches a passing glimpse from the car window of the ever-shifting waters of the rock-bound gorge, and the wondrous beauty of point and island, and spruce-clad hill beyond. Winding through rock cuttings, over trestle-work spanning ponds filled with lumber, circling the extremity of the busy harbor, we enter Saint John.

Why do tourists year by year come to Saint John