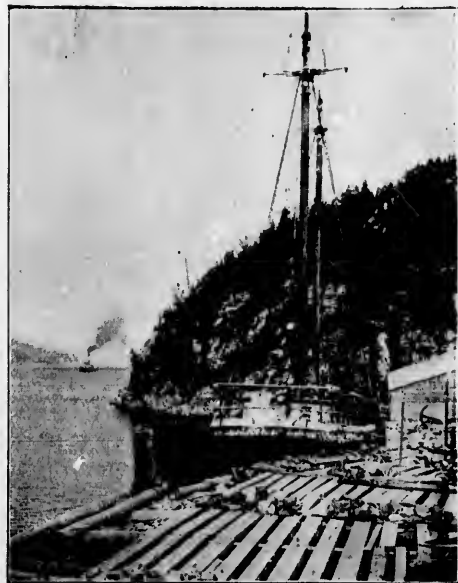


take any of the Street Railway Cars, running towards the "North End." At Douglas Avenue, having first obtained from the conductor a "ten-cent check," we alight, and take any of the Duck Cove conveyances, which run on a regular and convenient time table, to Duck Cove, passing the village of Fairville, a distance of three and a half miles from King street, Saint John, all for the modest sum of ten cents.

"Here like a kind hand on my brow,  
Comes this fresh breeze,  
Cooling its dull and feverish glow,  
While through my being seems to flow  
The breath of a new life,—the healing of the seas."  
—John G. Whittier.

At Duck Cove you will find one of those quiet, cosy nooks, much in vogue among the good people of Saint John for a quiet picnic, with a few seaside cottages here and there where some of the business men of the city return on the summer evenings



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to enjoy that quiet and peaceful repose, which is so much appreciated after a busy day in an active life. The Seaside House, which has only recently been opened,

will be found to be a quiet and pleasant place to spend a few days.

Should you so desire, you can here enjoy an ocean bath, or sitting upon the sunny bank, look out at the ships and steamers that pass by, the seals that come upon the Shag Rocks, within rifle shot of you, and look at you with their sad and mournful eyes, or watch the ebb and flow of the tide upon the shingle, with the rattle of the pebbles upon the beach, as it was since the world began, and as it shall be till time shall be no more.

"I never was on the dull, tame shore,  
But I loved the great sea more and more,  
And backward flew to her billowy breast  
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest."

—Barry Cornwall.



Plate 5

**Avenue, Public Park, St. John.**