

• Massey's Illustrated •

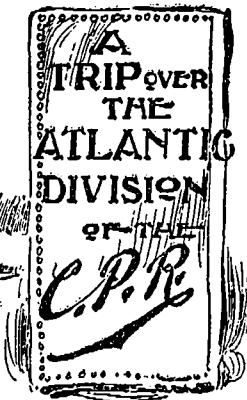
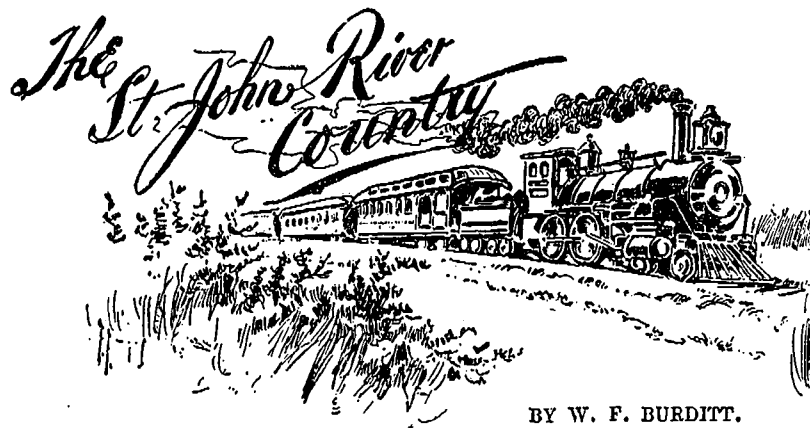
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BY W. F. BURDITT.

of the Bay of Fundy, forming what Bob Burdette, the humorist, has facetiously dubbed "Our patent reversible cataract." These falls certainly present something unique among natural phenomena, for there is probably no other spot on the globe where all the conditions necessary for producing such an effect are present together. At low tide the water in the harbor is several feet—perhaps fifteen or twenty—below the level of the water in the river above the falls, and the water in the river then flows outward through the gorge in a succession of turbulent rapids, which it is somewhat misleading to term "falls" (in the

EMERGING from the handsome and commodious station of the Intercolonial Railway at St. John, we find ourselves in a few seconds skirting the north side of the harbor, and as the C. P. R. train slowly climbs a steep grade, a fine view is obtained of city and bay. In the stream and alongside the wharves lie half a dozen or more large ocean-going steamers loading deals for Great Britain. Sailing vessels from and for every quarter of the globe occupy the remaining wharf frontage, and the slips or docks are filled with smaller craft engaged in the coasting trade. In the distance the *Monticello* is steaming away across the bay to Nova Scotia, the palatial steamer of the International line is just leaving her wharf for Boston, and blustering tug boats go about puffing and blowing with an apparent souse of their own importance. The scene, full of life and interest, is one of no little beauty, and never fails to attract the attention of travellers as it suddenly bursts into view in approaching the city from the west. The city itself, mounted upon its rocky promontory, and rising tier upon tier from the water front with its numerous church spires pointing heavenwards, presents at all times a very picturesque and imposing aspect from this point of view. Imagine, then, what the sight must have been on that June evening eighteen years ago when all that portion of the city now in view across the harbor was enveloped in a sea of flame, and over twenty million dollars worth of property, the accumulation of a century, was, in a few short hours, reduced to smoke and ashes.

While we thus contemplate, the view is cut off by an embankment, and the next instant we are rumbling over the cantilever bridge above the "falls." It is but two or three minutes since we left the depôt almost at tide-water level; now we are ninety feet or more above it. It is here that the mighty waters of the St. John, after traversing a distance of several hundred miles, and swelled by the accession of half a dozen other large rivers, with scores of smaller streams, finally tumble through a narrow gorge to meet the salt waters



MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED

GRAND FALLS, ST. JOHN RIVER.