

valley was part of a great inland sea, whose waves lapped the sides of the distant hills. Now the stately elms, the well-tilled acres, the far-extending meadows of Mangerville, and other flourishing settlements, tell of a time—more than a hundred years ago—when New England energy and industry began the task of tillage; and everywhere, on interval and hillside, the sweep of the river brings into view a smiling landscape that shows how well the example of thrift and industry has been followed.

Lower down, on the right, nestles the quiet village of Gagetown, where two hundred years ago a French seigneur held his forest court, amid rude followers and still ruder savages. On the right we pass the entrance to Grand Lake, the Washademoak, and then the "blue" Belleisle opens entrancingly to view, with the promise of side trips at an early day. But Saint John is our mecca now, and passing the Hampstead hills, and the rugged scenery of the lower Saint John, we have feasted to the full on the glories of the ever-changing beauties of this river.

But if the tourist by the Intercolonial would enter New Brunswick by the "North Shore," he will continue his journey beyond River du Loup on the train hurrying along the banks of the St. Lawrence. Leaving this majestic river, and turning to the south, the railway winds through the beautiful Metapedia into the picturesque valley of the Restigouche, whose cool sparkling waters, from distant fountains in the wilderness, are ever the delight of the canoe-man and angler of the lordly salmon. As we near the busy railway town of Campbellton, the river expands into a broad estuary, on whose waters was fought the last naval battle between the British and French in their war for the possession of Canada.

And would you spend a few days in a quiet retreat, choose Dalhousie, a few miles distant, a pretty little village nestling close to the edge of the