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A FAMOUS TIDAL BORE.

By Norman Patterson.

FOR a summer tour, a lengthy holiday or an ideal wedding trip, the Maritime Provinces offer superior attractions to Canadians living farther west than the Lower St. Lawrence Valley. Prince Edward Island, with its sandy dunes, its green landscape and its cool atmosphere, is most attractive. Cape Breton is more rugged, less cultivated, and more the land of the pedestrian and the fisherman, though the Bras d'Or Lakes are alluring to all classes of wanderers. But the land about the Bay of Fundy, the land dominated by its huge tides, presents a weird attraction which is not easily excelled.

When the small boy of western Canada gets his geography lesson on eastern Canada, the teacher tells him that the Bay of Fundy has high tides. It would be just as effective, though perhaps less truthful, to tell him that the Bay of Fundy had measles or tuberculosis. He has never seen a field where the ditch runs dry and is again filled with ten feet of dirty water twice a day. He has never seen a river, out of which the water would run in four or five hours, leaving the bed of the stream exposed and the ships stranded in the mud; he has not seen that same river fill again in a few minutes, in less time than was required to empty it. He has no idea of what a tide means if he lives west of Montreal, nor has the teacher. Who ever heard of an Ontario teacher going to the Maritime Provinces to study the special geography of that region? Even most

of the great and mighty school inspectors never saw a tide. It is doubtful if even the almighty Ministers of Education in Ontario, Manitoba and British Columbia ever saw that most wonderful tide in the world—the tide of Fundy. Yet they all tell the uncomplaining small boy that there are high tides at that spot on the map—"down here," as the teachers say—and the small boy remembers it until the examination time and then straightway forgets it. Perhaps some day when he is not a small boy, when he does not come in at the ding-dong of the bell, he will go down to see that wonderful sight and weep for gladness that he has been spared to see Nature in such inimitable majesty.

Standing on a pile of bricks on the rickety docks of the town of Moncton, I watched a small vessel unloading molasses from the West Indies. The vessel's hull was visible to the keel resting in the gravel mud of the Petitcodiac River. The muddy stretches, that had a few hours before been a river of thirty feet in depth, lay at my feet. Beyond were the fertile fields of the Petitcodiac valley. But my gaze was riveted on this waterless river.

Fundy, the huge, the mighty, was filling, drinking in the tide from the sea; and I was assured that when she sucked in seventy feet of sea water between her high rocky banks, filled the harbours of Digby and St. John, flowed up past Blomidon and the Land of Evangeline, filled the great bays running in to Truro and Amherst, then