

residences of goodly proportions and by no means devoid of beauty; palatial hotels opening their doors to guests from every clime; institutions that care for the fatherless and the widow, the aged, the poor, the unfortunate, the sick, the insane; churches with their heaven-directing spires; schools whose teachers are numbered by the hundred and pupils by the thousand; public libraries, courts of justice and public offices; factories of every sort and description; business establishments whose accredited agents find their way into every nook and corner of old time Acadie; railways and steamboats that connect the city with all parts of the globe; splendid bridges that span the rocky gorge at the mouth of the river where twice in the course of every twenty-four hours the battle, old as the centuries, rages between the outpouring torrent of the mighty St. John and the inflowing tide of the Bay of Fundy.

Our old pioneers of 1762 would scarcely recognize the ancient landmarks; the ruggedness of old Men-ah-quesk is gone—valleys filled up and hills cut down. The mill pond where the old tide mill stood has disappeared, and the splendid Union depot with its long freight sheds and maze of railway tracks occupies its place. All that survives is nothing but a name and "Mill" street and "Pond" street alone remain to tell of what has been. The old grist mill at Lily Lake, too, has gone, and the patrimony of Hazen and Simonds in that vicinity would hardly be recognized by its original proprietors. They were the pioneers of the improvements made in that locality, but we can hardly claim that it was for the benefit of the public of our day that they laid out the first road to Rockwood Park.

Then and now! For the better appreciation of the astonishing changes time has brought about suppose we contrast a modern Saturday night with one in