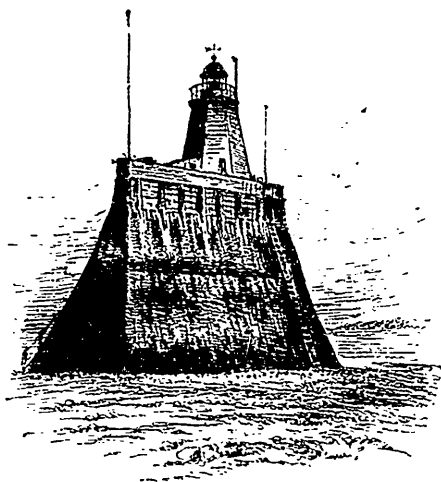


tunity to see the great "bore" or, tide-wave, for which the place is famous. When the tide is out, there is only a vast sloping mud bank on either side. At the beginning of flood-tide, a wave of water from four to six feet high comes rolling up the river, and within six hours the stream rises to sixty or seventy feet.

At Moncton, the St. John branch of the Intercolonial bears off at a right angle from the main line, to the chief city of the province. It is a ride of three hours, through pleasant but not striking scenery.



BEACON LIGHT, ST. JOHN'S HARBOUR,
AT LOW TIDE.

At Salisbury, connexion is made with the Albert Railway to Hillsboro and Hopewell, on the lower Petitcodiac. We soon enter the famous Sussex Valley, a beautiful farming country. The long upland slopes, flooded with the mellow afternoon light, formed a very pleasant picture. From Hampton, a branch railway runs to Quaco, a favourite sea-side resort, where the red sandstone cliffs rise abruptly three hundred and fifty feet from

the water, commanding a noble view. Continuing on the main line, we soon strike the Kennebecasis River—the scene of many a famous sculling match—the hills rising on either side in romantic beauty. The approach to the city of St. John is exceedingly picturesque. Rich meadows, elegant villas, and bold hills meet the eye on every side. I never before saw such stacks of hay. I was told the crop reached four tons to the acre.

The most striking approach to St. John, however, is from the sea. Partridge Island guards the entrance to the harbour, like a stern and rocky warder. We pass, close to the left, the remarkable beacon light shown in our engraving. At low tide this is an exceedingly picturesque object. Its broad base is