

ations, and princely entertainment was given there to the wealth and culture of the capital. The buildings have long been in ruins, but the place is full of interest for those who like to link the past with the present.

What is to be one of the great attractions of Fredericton, and is already in such form as to give some idea of its beauty, is the Wilmot Park at the upper end of the city. It is the gift of a generous and public spirited citizen, Mr. Edward H. Wilmot, and the plans have been carried out under the direction of Mr. George E. Fenety. In May, 1894, Mr. Wilmot purchased from the McDell estate some twenty acres of land, in part beautifully wooded and in part grassland, for the purposes of a park to be given to the people. Since then a vast amount of work has been done in the way of clearing up the land, laying out walks, planting young trees and arranging for a fountain. More than 500 young elms have been set out along the carriage drives, and a few years hence—for the elm grows rapidly—the avenues will be most attractive. Mr. Wilmot spent over \$10,000 within the first year after acquiring the property, and has since donated \$10,000 more to the city corporation, in order that the people may have a park well worthy of the name and without its peer in the province.

Across the river from Fredericton are the towns of Marysville and Gibson, the scenes of the Gibson industries in lumber and cotton. They are reached by a highway bridge for the general public, and a splendid steel bridge carries the traffic of the Canada Eastern railway. To deal with these towns would require a book of itself.

Times have changed as regards the facilities of communication with Fredericton, even within the memory of those who are comparatively young. Before the days of the railroad, the great highway, save in the winter, was the river. Rival lines of steamers ran between the capital and St. John, and the arrivals and departures of the boats were the events in which everybody was interested. The river is now chiefly sought by the pleasure seeker, while the busy man hastens by train. There may not be as much poetry in travel now, but there is a great deal of the spirit of the nineteenth century.

Few scenes are more tranquil than that presented by Fredericton and its environs on a calm evening in summer. The day has been bright and warm, but as the sun drops behind the western hills a softening haze fills the air, while a gentle breeze is borne upon the broad waters of the placid river. Hundreds are abroad, on the bridge and by the riverside, quietly enjoying the spirit of rest which has fallen upon the place. Through the still air at intervals come the sweet voices of the cathedral chimes, or it may be that the bugle call floats upon the evening breeze. All is very peaceful; it seems well nigh a pastoral peace; and yet it is only because of eventide in a busy city, the capital of New Brunswick.