



A General View of Newcastle, a prosperous Town on the Miramichi. On the upper Miramichi, the chief occupation is lumbering; on the lower, principally fishing and farming.

the opposite, low-lying shore, still known as the Canadian Marsh. This was "the first line of defence" against both English and Micmacs; the second was a powerful battery on the east or tidal end of Beaubair's island; which was supplemented by a shore battery on the north bank of the river still further up. Only the sites are left of these evidences of French prestige in this part of *Acadie* in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but local tradition still embalms them and pays generous tribute to the valour and misfortunes of France's knight-errants of those troublous times.

One of the pretty sights of Newcastle, the shire-town, is its square, situated in the heart of the town, close to the water. There on that melancholy night in October, 1825, when the Great Fire spread devastation and death along the river, two prisoners were burned to cinders with and in the county jail. There also began the great election riot of 1842, when the rivalry between the two towns embittered both sides of the contest and led to regrettable excesses. At the first onset the Newcastle men retired to the rear of the town where they had piles of stones in readiness, covered with sods. After that it was "Save himself who can!" for the men of Chatham. They were driven headlong to their steamer and barges. One participant assured me that the steamboat which conveyed them to Newcastle, and which plied in ordinary commerce to Prince Edward Island, had coal enough thrown as missiles upon her deck to feed her furnaces on her return trip to the island. At least one man was killed in this melee.

A notable feature of the river is its Micmac Indians. They have at least three reservations, secured to them by royal charter, inalienable, and under the control alone of the Department of the Interior at Ottawa. At El Ground, a few miles above Newcastle on the northwest branch of the river, the Julian chiefs hold sway. Other chiefs there are with quasi-independent chieftainships, but to the family of Julians belongs the highest rank. The Archbishop of York may be primate of England

as a matter of courtesy, but the Archbishop of Canterbury is primate of All England as a matter of fact. So it is with other chiefs and the Julians. Here in the home of the last descendant of this notable aboriginal family one is shown ancient documents—one dating under royal seal from 1794—bearing witness to the steadfast loyalty of this line of sachems, and paying a well-deserved tribute of acknowledgment for their services in protecting the first British settlements.

Canada has very little to reproach herself with in her treatment of the Indian tribes, but nowhere, perhaps, in the Dominion has a better feeling—a sociable, man-to-man feeling—existed than between the old British settlers, their descendants, and the Indians of the Miramichi. This was in part due, of course, to the Indians themselves. They were primarily *men*—physically giants, ready to take a share in the white man's work; while in mental acumen they were distinguished. Some of their quaint expressions have already passed into proverbs: "Too much bush for a birch canoe" is a warning which can be given a value entirely apart from the occasion which it first served.

As evidencing at once the wit and *naivete* of the Micmac the following story, of actual occurrence, is told. Lewy Julian, in his day—say forty or fifty years ago—chief, was a man of unusual presence and intelligence. Moreover, in a commercial sense he was trustworthy and reliable. At one time he needed a loan of three pounds in currency and he applied to a white friend of his, a Mr. Salter of Newcastle. Salter, knowing Lewy's character and respecting him, immediately lent him the money. In due time Lewy repaid the loan, and then, to the white man's surprise, asked for a receipt.

"How is this, Lewy?" Salter enquired. "I lent you the money without asking for your note. Why do you ask me for a receipt?"

"Well, you see," Lewy explained, "when I die and go to the Gates, St. Peter he say, 'Lewy, did you pay back the three pounds you borrowed? Where's your receipt?' I be in bad fix, Salter. I

can't go all over hell look for you to get receipt. No; I take him now."

Strange to say, the Micmacs have no recollection of the French occupation of the river—not a tradition even, yet the old men who might have linked the present with that forgotten period are dead. Moreover—an unusual thing—the Micmacs were almost irreconcilable enemies of the French.

On the lower reaches of the Miramichi, where it spreads into a bay before merging its waters with the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the inhabitants live principally by fishing and farming. They are fishermen to whom farming is an avocation—farmer-fishermen. The waters abound with fish of all kinds from the smelt to the salmon—cod, shad, mackerel, halibut, gaspereaux, salmon, with that toothsome crustacean, the lobster, closer to shore, and smelts in millions for net-fishing through the ice in winter. Their catches are sold on the spot, and the market is unvaryingly good. Under such conditions, with the products of their farming between times to live upon, they naturally live easy, and are independent—no slaves to bell or factory whistle.

IN a very large part of Canada—not including the Arctic Circle—there are as yet no rats. A year ago rats began to appear in large numbers in Winnipeg. But in most of the Canadian West the rat as yet is a rarity. The invasion of Europe by the rat is supposed to have taken place in the earlier years of the eighteenth century, when some rats were brought over in a ship from India. Captain John Smith, on his visit to the Bermudas in 1617, was much pestered by the vermin. "They used all the diligence they could for the destroying of them, nourishing cats both wilde and tame, for that purpose; every man was enjoined to set twelve traps, and some of their owne accord have set neere an hundred, which they ever visited twice or thrice in a night; they also trained up their dogges to hunt them, wherein they became so expert that a good dog in two or three hours would kill forty or fifty."

FIRING A SALUTE ON THE KING'S BIRTHDAY



In the leading Cities of Canada, on November 9th, a Salute of 21 Guns was given in honour of King Edward VII.



In Montreal the custom was duly honoured, as these pictures show. Afterwards came the usual "Three Cheers for His Majesty."

Photographs by A. A. Gleason