

ber was undoubtedly much larger. Whole families were destroyed, and hundreds were made homeless and destitute. Newcastle was swept from existence almost in the twinkling of an eye. In three hours from the appearance of the sheet of flame, every house, save one or two, had vanished, and desolation was upon the land. It was a scene of which the terrible grandeur can be but feebly realized; the most common place accounts of it as related by the few survivors to-day are thrilling in the extreme. The reality must have been appalling in its horrors.

After leaving Newcastle, the Miramichi Railway Bridges are crossed. Every one admires their beauty, and no one is surprised when told that the cost of this part of the road was in the neighborhood of a million dollars. This represents a vast amount of work, much of which is hidden under the water. Each of the bridges is 1,200 feet in length, and they are models of strength combined with beauty.

From Miramichi until Moncton is reached the railway passes through a country which has no particular attractions for the eye. It is so far from the shore that none of the flourishing settlements are seen, and the traveller is apt to gain a poor idea of the country. There is, however, a fine farming and fishing district all along the coast, and some large rivers of which only the head waters are crossed. The Richibucto is one of these, and the town of the same name is worthy of more than a passing mention. A branch railway is being carried to it from Kent Junction.

MONCTON.

Here is the heart of the Intercolonial, the centre from which the busy operations of the system are controlled. No one can doubt that he is in what is essentially a railway town. You smell a railway odor in the air; you hear the noise of a railway at all hours of the day and night; you see railway trains going this way and that way, and you meet railway men in all sorts of places. The railway finds Moncton a convenient point, and Moncton is pleased to have the offices and work shops in its midst. It dreamed of such a time as this when it was only known as The Bend, and the railway was merely a vision of the future.

Moncton is now a town of between five and six thousand inhabitants, and is still growing. Its streets are spacious and regular. Those in the business portion are lined with stores in which a large amount of business is done. In the other parts of the town are private

residences of tasteful design, and in many cases the grounds are arranged in a beautiful manner. Hotels are numerous and their representatives salute the stranger, as he steps from the cars, with a "greeting glee," of which the words, "Free Coach," etc., form the burden. The Weldon House is the most popular hotel. There is also a railway dining room at the depot. Various industries incident to a place of this size are successfully carried on. The Sugar Refinery is one of the late additions, and speaks volumes for the enterprise of the leading citizens. A large cotton factory is also in course of erection. Ship building has been carried on to some extent, and, take it all in all, Moncton is one of the live towns of New Brunswick.

The town is located at the Bend of the Petitcodiac, one of the rivers to which the traveller must get accustomed ere he proceeds much further on his journey. At high water it is quite a majestic stream, though a trifle discolored; at low water the river disappears, with the exception of some water in the channel, and acres of smooth, slippery mud appear. This mud is not a nice thing to get into, but as a fertilizer it is a great success—the manure with which Nature enriches the vast areas of marsh which are found at the head of the Bay of Fundy. The Petitcodiac River, at Moncton, is a good place to see the tide come in with a "bore." Thousands of well read people, trusting to books written by men of imaginative minds, have lived and died in the belief that the tide at the head of the Bay rose 120 feet. Old editions of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* used to say so, and one geographer is responsible for the statement that this extraordinary tide was seen thirty miles away approaching in one vast wave and with a prodigious noise. The truth is, that the Bay of Fundy tides rise as high as 60 feet and upwards, and with great rapidity, but take plenty of time to fall. When they enter certain long and narrow estuaries a bore of six feet, and in some cases, even higher, is formed. This is, however, worth seeing, and worth keeping out of the way of, if you are out in a boat and don't know how to manage it; but a traveller who has set his heart on a bore of sixty or a hundred feet is apt to be disappointed.

Seven miles beyond Moncton is Painssee Junction, where the tourist changes cars for

SHEDIAC.

Everyone has heard of the Shediac oysters, those marvels of flavor on the half-shell or in